

Secretary and Mrs. Lansing Returns From Visit to White Sulphur Springs

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing will return to Washington this morning from a week-end visit to White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Thomas Riley Marshall was a guest at the luncheon which Mrs. Willard Saulsbury gave yesterday. The other guests included Mrs. John H. Bankhead, Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, Mrs. Albert B. Cummins, Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, Mrs. Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Mrs. Atlee Pomerene, Mrs. James A. Reed, Mrs. John T. Shafroth, Mrs. Ollie James, Mrs. Harry Lane, Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, Miss Mabel Stone, Miss Mary Phelan, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Charles C. Walcott, and Miss Helen Squire.

Representative and Mrs. Charles Bennett Smith were hosts at dinner last evening at Congress Hall, entertaining in compliment to Miss Grace Gronna and her fiancé, Mr. Carl W. Lewis, of North Dakota, whose marriage will take place tomorrow.

Miss Gronna was the guest of honor at an informal tea which Miss Iris Hawley gave yesterday afternoon at her apartment in the Woodley.

Representative and Mrs. Charles B. Miller entertained at dinner last evening.

Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House, has returned to Washington from New Orleans. She spent several months with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Thomson.

Owing to illness, Mrs. William P. Board will not be at home today.

Mrs. William R. Wheeler received yesterday afternoon at the Willard for the last time this season. Mrs. Charles C. McChord and Mrs. Key Pittman presided at the tea table, which was adorned with American Beauty roses. Assisting Mrs. Wheeler in receiving were Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham, Mrs. Clarence D. Clark, Mrs. Francis E. Warren, Miss Phelan, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Ira Copley, Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, Mrs. Andrew A. Jones, Mrs. Alexander Vogelzang, Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mrs. Theodore Henckles, Mrs. Carl Vrooman, Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mrs. Mary Temple, Miss Amy Bennett, Mrs. Margaret McChord, Miss Darling and the Misses Beach.

Mrs. Wheeler will leave Washington March 10, to spend several months at Coronada Beach, Cal.

Representative and Mrs. Frederick W. Rowe entertained thirty-six guests at dinner in the Presidential suite of the Willard last evening.

Capt. and Mrs. Jesse F. Dyer were hosts at a dance last evening, entertaining in compliment to their house guest, Mrs. E. S. Brower, of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. William Phillips received yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Hampton Gary presided at the tea table.

Mrs. James A. Shipton will be at home today for the last time this season. She will be assisted by Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Percy Bishop and Mrs. Dennis Nolan.

Mrs. James S. Palmer will receive informally today at her residence, 1227 Sixteenth street.

Mrs. John Miller Horton, Mrs. Paul Hudson, Mrs. C. J. Lintbicum and Mrs. E. Leary are among those who have taken boxes for the benefit to be given this evening by the Women's League of the National Junior Republic.

Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Miss Mary K. Fitter, Miss Mary Lockwood, Miss Dorinda Rogers and Mrs. Eugene Thompson are among those in charge of the benefit.

Mrs. Robert H. Kelton will be at home tomorrow afternoon from 4 to 6 in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Charles Woodruff, of Boston. She will be assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. George F. Wells and Mrs. John C. Kelton. Mrs. John Van Rensselaer Hoff and Mrs. Lysses G. B. Pierce will preside at the tea table, assisted by Mrs. William S. Kelton, of Seattle; Mrs. Edwin Kelton, Mrs. Adelaide Ames, Mrs. Arthur Sweetser, Miss Fay Pierce and Mrs. Johnston.

Mr. Edwin Morgan, American Ambassador to Brazil, will be host at a musicale this afternoon at 4:30 at the Willard.

Mrs. Newton D. Baker, Mrs. Charles Curtis, Mrs. Atlee Pomerene, Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, Mrs. Arthur Ramsey, Mrs. Milton Carroll, Mrs. Edward E. Gann, Mrs. William H. Bailey and Mrs. Russell Harding, of New York, were the guests at the tea given by the College Club in the clubrooms at 1024 F street, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Earl Cranston and Mrs. Allen Martindell presided at the tea table. The drama League plays gave a performance of the comedy, "Suppressed Desires."

Mrs. Martin A. Morrison, wife of Representative Morrison, of Indiana, and Mrs. M. B. McReynolds will be at home tomorrow afternoon from 4 to 6 at 1410 N street, for the last time this season. They will be assisted by Mrs. Bo Sweeney, Mrs. William C. Humphrey and Mrs. Harmon W. Craven.

An interesting society event will be the Shakespeare recital to be given by Marshall Darrach at the New Willard on Monday morning, March 12, at 11 o'clock. A portion of the proceeds will go to the army section of the Lay Women of the Red Cross service. Among the patronesses are: Mrs. Perry Belmont, Mrs. Charles L. McCawley, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Mrs. Henry Dimock, Mrs. James W. Wyden, Mrs. Richard Townsend, Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, Mrs. Charles J. Bell, Miss Mary Phelan, Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, Mrs. Mary Temple, Mrs. R. S. Reynolds Hill, Mrs. William Kearney Carr, Mrs. Henry C. Perkins, Mrs. Marcus A. Hanna, Mrs. George T. Marrye, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Mrs. Anson Mills, Mrs. Victor Kaufman, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. L. M. Koon, Mrs. Randall H. Hagner, Mrs. Ralph W. Hall, Mrs. Sidney Ballou, Mrs. C. Payton Russell, Mrs. W. M. Ritter, Mrs. J. Wilton Lambert, Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, Mrs. Richard A. Harlow, Mrs. Carroll A. De Vol, Mrs. Charles C. McChord, Mrs. Charles B. Smith, Mrs. Gust Eclair, Mrs. Thomas E. Chatard, Mrs. John Crayke Simpson, Mrs. William Corcoran Hill, Mrs. Duncan C. Phillips, Mrs. Robert M. Thompson, Mrs. Medora Crawford, Mrs. W. C. Gorgas, Madam Roso, Mrs. Edward C. Walker, Mrs. Henry H. Taylor, Mrs. D. A. Upson, Mrs. H. Holcombe Brown, Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley, Mrs. August C. Dowling, Mrs. Charles A. Traylor, Mrs. B. R. Howard, Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, Mrs. Charles Howry, Mrs. Henry P. Fairbanks, Mrs. Robert H. Chapman, Mrs. Henry S. Graves, Mrs. Walter R. Tucker, Mrs. Victor Cushman, Mrs. Charles Du Fref Fowler, Mrs. Perry Johnson and Mrs. Richard F. Ely.

A brilliant ball was given on Saturday evening at the Burlington. Among the guests were Representative Jeff McLemore and Mrs. McLemore, Representative E. J. King and Mrs. King, Representative Rufus Hardy and Mrs. Hardy, Representative P. D. Norton, Representative R. C. Johnson, Mrs. and Mrs. H. B. Oakleaf, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Marble, Mr. and Mrs. N. Nolan, Mrs. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. E. A. Martin, Mrs. F. C. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Stagg, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hancock, Dr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Oakley, Mrs. R. K. Williams, Mrs. F. S. Southard and Mrs. Southard, Mrs. S. G. Eberly, Mrs. Brockway, Mrs. J. N. Shawhan, Misses Lohar and Kastner, of New York; Allice Carusl, Byrd Milligan, Elizabeth Nolan, Bernadine Budget, Agnes Graf, Margaret Richter, Daisy Taylor, Mrs. E. A. Martin, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. John Gainer, Mrs. E. J. Hackney, Mrs. R. B. Bryant, Miss Frances Hynson, Dr. R. Arthur Hooe, Dr. Walter Alleger, Messrs. Edward Eberly, J. C. "Reddy" Marble, E. B. Martin, W. M. Tucker, J. L. Nelson, W. I. Hitchcock, Ray Norton, Roy Dillon, Frank A. Milligan, Dr. Thomas Evans.

TOMORROW'S MENU. FOR WEDNESDAY.

Cereals presents a plate of vermicelli. For love must be sustained like flesh and blood.—Byron.

BREAKFAST.
Oatmeal and Steamed Flg.
Nausage.
Graham Gems. Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.
Oyster Fritters.
Graham Bread. Celery.
Cheese Wafers.

DINNER.
Carrut Soup.
Beefsteak.
Macaroni and Spinach.
Apple Salad.
Flg. Pudding.

Oatmeal and steamed flg.—While the oatmeal is hot mix one teaspoonful of chopped steamed flg with it and put into individual cups or moulds. Serve cold with cream.

Oyster fritters.—To make them beat two eggs with a cupful of milk. Add flour to which a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder has been sifted until a stiff batter results. Then add a dozen and a half oysters. Drop a spoonful of batter and an oyster into hot lard and cook until the fritter is golden brown.

Carrut soup.—Use a cupful of grated carrut to three cupfuls of milk, which has been thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour rolled in a tablespoonful of butter. Season with salt and pepper and just before serving stir in another tablespoonful of butter.

DESERTS NO DRIER THAN AVERAGE ROOM

Health Service Conducts Tests Proving Aridity Indoors.

You have read in wide-eyed amazement thrilling magazine stories of Western adventures, lost in the desert and always seeking a burning sand, blazing sun, and tormenting thirst, and perhaps your throat has grown dry as you subconsciously have prayed yourself in the position of the hero, but listen, did it ever occur to you that the air in the average heated room in cold weather usually is drier than the driest of air on the driest of deserts?

The United States Public Health Service is authority for the statement. It points to tests conducted by S. D. Florin, observer of the United States Weather Bureau at Topeka, Kan. For the period during which the observations were made, the average indoor relative humidity was found to be 22 per cent. This is the same average as that obtained in Death Valley, Cal., during the summer of 1891. The outdoor humidity in Topeka at the same time averaged 32 per cent.

The average relative humidity during the driest month of the year is stated to be for Yuma, Ariz., 35 per cent; for Santa Fe, N. Mex., 29 per cent, and for Pueblo, Col., 38 per cent.

The rooms in which the Topeka measurements were made are said to have been average steam-heated, well-ventilated rooms, with a temperature of about 72 degrees Fahrenheit.

PUSS IN BOOTS, Jr.

By DAVID CORY.

Butcherman Finds a Red Beard.
By and by Taffy stopped stroking Puss Junior, and said in a kindly voice: "Well, my fine little cat, what can I do for you?" Puss Junior didn't know just what to answer. In fact, as he hadn't come for anything, he couldn't think of anything to fit the question. Tom Thumb, however, called over from where he was sitting in the Welshwoman's lap, that they had merely come to make a call; they were strangers in town, traveling through on a journey of adventure.

"Yes, we did," replied Puss, "but, somehow, I didn't believe it then; and I'm very sure I don't believe it now."

"What was you for that, cried the little Welshwoman, "My Taffy is a cat, and there has been a great mistake about it all."

"Yes, that there has," said Taffy, "but how can I prove it? Some one with a red beard stole a piece of beef from the butcherman, and then they said it was I. But I was never near his place, nor did I lay hands on meat or marrow-bone."



"Look What I Have Brought to Show You."

At that moment there came a loud knocking at the front door. When the little Welshwoman opened it, she found the butcherman standing outside. "Look what I have brought to show you," he said, holding up a false red beard. "I found this today behind a barrel in my shop. It is very much like your Taffy's beard, only his is real, and this isn't." The little Welshwoman opened her eyes wide and tried to speak, but she couldn't. Then the butcherman went on to say that perhaps the man who wore this beard was the one who had stolen his beef. At this, the little Welshwoman began to cry very softly, and the big butcherman, who had a very kind heart, said: "Don't cry, my good woman. I don't think a thief who would steal the beef, and that's the reason I've come the way you here to show you the beard and tell you what I think. So you tell Taffy that I shall tell everybody in town that it was not his real, and this isn't." But some thief who stole my beef, and then, I'll show them what I found in my shop, and that will prove what I say. Everybody will be glad to know that Taffy never, never did such a thing."

"As soon as the butcher had gone, she flew upstairs to tell Taffy the good news. And it almost made Taffy cry. If he hadn't been a man, he would have cried. But it was hard work for him not to, just the same.

"My head feels better already," he said with a laugh that had a big catch in it. "Take off the bandages, little woman. I'll come down to supper, and these two old friends of mine shall spend the night with us, for they have brought us good luck today, that they have."

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WILSON MAY ATTEND WELCOME TO MILITIA

President Wilson has been invited to attend the reception and celebration of the Military Service Legion and Board of the in honor of the District Guardsmen when they return from Europe.

The affair is to be staged at Convention Hall some time after the inauguration, but before members of the Third Regiment and Troop A are mustered out of service. The soldiers who have already returned will also be entertained.

Secretary of War Baker, the District Commissioners, Brig. Gen. William E. Harvey, commanding the Guard, and representatives of the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce will also be invited.

Col. Clarence Sayers, chairman of the legion's committee, announced yesterday that the legion expected to have jobs for as many of the Guardsmen as need them.

"Mother" Jones Scornful Of Court's Injunction

Chicago, Feb. 26.—"Mother" Jones, 55-year-old insurrectionist of labor, and Miss Gertrude Barnum, New York garment worker's leader, are in Chicago today to lead the striking garment workers, whose efforts to picket the places of their former employers have resulted in scores of women being bundled off to jail.

"Most before she had landed in the city," "Mother" Jones was served with a copy of the injunction forbidding picketing.

"What a lot of stush," exclaimed the aged labor leader. "The idea of an old judge issuing a thing like that in the twentieth century, and she tossed the document to the floor."

Cooking and agriculture constitute an important part of instruction in the Philippine Islands.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MR. TUCKER'S SECRET.

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Such queer things make people interesting all at once, don't they? Up at the studio there was one of the men who always seemed to be rather quiet and even commonplace. That doesn't seem very kind to say of a person, but I only mean he never seemed to do anything special or out of the ordinary. He was just Tucker. That isn't his name, but we mustn't use his real one.

Then several times I noticed that Mother stopped and chatted with him in such an interested way, and I wondered about it. He was young, about twenty-five, maybe, and he had looked worried for several weeks about something that was just being nice to him. She's that way to everyone around wherever I happen to be working.

Then I forgot about Mr. Tucker for a few days, we were so busy getting through "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and preparing to leave for California. But there was something very mysterious about the way he acted. He would stand apart from the rest of the company, and he'd look so preoccupied and anxious, that you couldn't help noticing him. When I wasn't in a scene I'd catch myself looking at him, and making up all sorts of secret sorrows for him to have on his mind.

You can think of any number of worries if you once start in. One day I just caught myself smiling because Buttercup's old line about the canker worm that was gnawing at her very vitals, came to mind. I thought, "How could I love that. Lot would I love to see her Weller, 'werry witals.'" And there I was, wishing I knew about Mr. Tucker's "werry witals."

Then I thought to ask Mother what she thought about him, but she slipped my mind. So it was only when I'd catch him off guard, as it were, that I'd take side glances at him on the quiet, and was up to his ears in debt, or maybe he was in love and couldn't tell the girl, or maybe the doctor had looked him over, and ordered an operation. Really, and truly, since Mother was so sick, I'd asked you doctors, didn't she have a wonderful one and got so quick?

By I mean I'm afraid that they will tap at you and look you over suspiciously, and then order an operation. So when I made up my mind I'd tell Mother to find out where he mattered with him, and we'd try and help him somehow, because it bothered me awfully seeing him around so blue all the time.

It always seems to me as if there must be a remedy or a way out of anything if other people will only take an interest and give a helping hand. Jack says I've always "budded in," ever since he could read, and tried to fix everything from his broken toys, and his neighbor's bantam rooster that died near us once. Jack says I dug it up to see if it had sprouted, but I don't believe a word of it. But I did try to feed bird seed to his pet turtles, and he never gets tired of telling that as a joke on me.

Anyway, to get back to Mr. Tucker, one

day we worked long past the lunch hour, re-taking one scene several times until I was so hungry I didn't know what to do. Then when I was through and ready to eat, mother stopped to speak to Mr. Tucker, and there they both were with their heads together, talking, talking, and I was standing first on one foot then the other. I'm sure that being pleasant is just a habit one.

Finally, I began to catch a word here and there.

"Nine and a half pounds. Wonderful muscular development—born quarter past two this morning, Mrs. Pickford. Happy day."

Then I understood. Ever since Little's baby came, you can catch mother any time if you bait the hook with baby talk. She seems to scent a brand-new baby, and she'll talk to anybody at all who will let her. I think that's what the mystery was. Mr. Tucker's secret sorrow. One nine and a half pound boy. When we got upstairs I asked her just for fun if she was as wild about me when I was a baby. If you could have seen her eyes dance and her smile. But all she said was:

"Oh, go on with you, Mary. Lunch will get all cold, dear."

Aren't mothers darlings?

Answers to Correspondents.

Elizabeth G.—Such a dear letter, that twilight one of yours was. It was such fun to hear from one girl who did not write to me in a long time. I should wish I could see one of your barn performances in the country. Geraldine Farrar's last picture was "Joan the Woman."

Mrs. George G.—Our new picture is "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I do appreciate the interest and kindness of all the friends who write to me. Ethel Barrymore is with the Metro Company.

Warren K.—Why not try the Chicago studio and let me market you scenarios there if you can, as you get into personal touch with their needs. "Less Than the Dust" was taken on Long Island.

Mrs. Grace K.—It is best to submit a typed manuscript. Why not try something easier as a means of livelihood? It takes experience and technique to prepare an acceptable script. I am sure if you care for your picture, you should know exactly how to do, and not branch out in a new field.

Rex T.—I wore boy's clothes in "Poor Little Peppina," but only when she is disguised as the boy Beppo. It is Marguerite Clarke you are thinking of. "The Foundling" was taken at the Famous Players' studio in New York, excepting of course, our out-door scenes.

Jean McC.—I think you are wonderfully brave. With two big brothers fighting in France, you must be a mother's little soldier at home. I was born in Toronto.

MARY PICKFORD.

Folk We Touch in Passing

THE DEVIL'S WEDGE.

By JULIA CHANDLER.

Even if you have never read the familiar fable of folk-lore concerning the Devil's Wedge you have touched in passing many a man whose accomplishment was either wholly or partially paralyzed by Discouragement according to how intimately he was concerned in his life this pernicious guest.

The fable describes it to a T.

The story goes that once upon a time the Devil made public announcement that he was going out of business and that he would offer his tools at public auction. On the evening of the sale folk gathered to look the over and found them most attractively displayed. There were Malice, Envy, Hatred, Jealousy, Sensuality, Vanity and Deceit, and over in one corner all by itself lay a wedge-shaped device bearing a higher price than any of the rest.

Being questioned concerning it the Devil made answer:

"That is Discouragement, the most useful weapon in all my aggregation of tools. It is worth more than all the rest put together. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with Discouragement when nothing else avails me."

"And," went on the Devil to explain, "it is worth more because I use it on nearly everybody for as yet there are very few folk who know that it belongs to me."

At the conclusion of this recital which recently I read its narrator added:

"It hardly need be added that The Devil's price was so high that Discouragement was never sold. He still owns it and is using it daily."

Which reminds me of the antidote to it.

"Time was," he told me, "when I was so easily discouraged that if things didn't come my way at once I would begin to doubt the goodness of God, begin to enquire if I was not a fool, and all the time of devilizing my mental conditions which follow in the wake of Discouragement."

One day in the midst of a miserable attack of the blues there rushed into my thoughts a beautiful experience that had been mine that day, an unexpected manifestation of Love and Goodness. The memory of it brought me a sudden sense of gratitude. The more I thought of the happening the more grateful I became, and to my astonishment Discouragement fled.

"Soon after that the misadventure gripped me again, and I remembered that Gratitude had before proven an antidote so effective to my experience that time, but there is no human being who, if he tries, cannot uncover in his consciousness the thought of something worthy of Gratitude. I found my 'something' and clung to it, the contemplation of it until again the potency of my antidote was demonstrated.

"There is no man sick with Discouragement who cannot be cured with a good stiff dose of Gratitude," commented the Minister of the Gospel, and proportionately in its success with his recognition of this beautiful Truth.

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YOUR WEDDING DAY

And the Famous Men and Women Who Have Shared It.

By MARY MARSHALL.

February 27—William II and Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, land Penfold and Anna Weightman Walker.

Several years before the outbreak of the war an English writer in an English magazine made the statement that the Kaiser was one of the most home-loving of all monarchs and that the Kaiserin was one of the most domesticated of all royal ladies. And, however, the opinion of most British folk regarding the Kaiser and other things Germany may have changed since she broke out in a collar pattern, can be little doubt in any quarter that the Kaiser's family life is especially attractive and that the Kaiserin has always been an ideal wife and mother.

Before her marriage she was the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick. She was brought up at the court of Dolzig in Silesia and there was well-trained in all the virtues that go to make the perfect hausfrau. She trimmed her hair and wore home-made frocks out of preference and knew all any one could know about household management and cookery.

The Kaiser, or the prince as he was at the time, first saw the future empress when he was 20. She was a few months older. He had gone to make a visit at the home of her father and following a whim of his he arrived sooner than he was expected and gained admittance to the palace grounds and began to stroll about upon a summer house embowered with vines and flowers and, peeping in, saw a very pretty young girl sleeping in a hammock. He withdrew hastily and was perfectly enchanted that evening on being presented to his host's family, that the sleeping beauty was one of the daughters. Thorough-going German that he was he was reminded by the first glimpse of the princess of the old German song known to Mrs. Penfold of 1810,000 to various characters attracted by the princess when he met her awake because of her unaffected and girlish manner.

The wedding took place two years later on the prince's twenty-second birthday. Devoted to the prince was the girl who was to be his wife he did not let the events of his honeymoon make him forget his duty. An hour before his wedding he was drilling his company and rushed off before sunrise the day after the wedding.

Coming to the imperial throne after the Empress Frederick the Kaiserin, who was by no means so intellectual as that woman, faced a difficult task. But what she could not do in intellectual gifts she made up for in charm and devotedness of character. The Kaiser's ideal woman is one versed in the three R's—kitchen, kinder, and kuche—and in this respect the Kaiserin has no peer in the empire.

Nine years ago today a wedding took place in New York City between a widow and a widow which attracted country-wide attention, because the bride was universally admitted to be one of the right women in America and because the bridegroom was a diplomatist, author and Egyptologist of note. They were Frederic Courtland Penfold, our Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, and Mrs. Anna Walker, an Englishwoman, of Philadelphia. The wedding took place at 10:45 in the morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City.

One of the most interesting events incident to the wedding was the gift by Mrs. Penfold of 181,000 to various charities and relatives on her wedding day. This generosity was especially commented on as it contrasted so strangely with the stinginess of her father, who, it is said, never gave a cent to charity, and never trusted any one with a shilling if he could help it.

Mrs. Penfold's first husband was Robert J. C. Walker, who was a distinguished lawyer, and a good many years member of Congress from Pennsylvania. He died four years before her second marriage.

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FARM LOAN MEMBERS NAMED BY M'ADOO

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo announced the selection of the following officers for the Federal Farm Loan Bank, of Omaha, last night:

President, D. P. Hogan, banker and farmer, of Massena, Ia.; vice president, J. M. Carey, cattleman, Cheyenne, Wyo.; secretary, F. G. Odell, lawyer, Omaha; treasurer, E. D. Morcom, economist, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; director, W. C. Baker, farmer, Mitchell, S. Dak.; registrar and attorney, M. L. Corey, lawyer, Hastings, Neb.

Secretary McAdoo believed that farm loan legislation would be formed rapidly in various States. Organization of twenty farm loan associations in Virginia to start with \$500,000 loans has just been completed.

VICTROLA OWNERS!

Have you investigated our special sale of Albums for Victor Records that we are holding this week? Real bargains they are—

12-Pocket, All Quality, 10-in., were 75c; now..... 53c
12-in., were \$1.00; now..... 68c
12-Pocket, All Quality, 10-in., were \$1.00; now..... 75c
12-in., were \$1.25; now..... 95c
17-Pocket, All Quality, 10-in., were \$1.50; now..... \$1.15
12-in., were \$1.75; now..... \$1.15

Percy S. FOSTER Piano Co.
1330 G St. N. W.

HARVARD POKES FUN AT ITS PACIFISTS

Placards Reply Sarcastically to Their Neutrality Posters.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26.—During the enrollment for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Harvard University a small, anonymous band of undergraduates organized the "Harvard Union for American Neutrality," and placarded college buildings and shop windows in the vicinity of Harvard Square with declarations of their beliefs. The placard reads as follows:

THE HARVARD UNION FOR AMERICAN NEUTRALITY BELIEVES THAT:

1. War need not follow the break with Germany.
2. War with Germany cannot establish neutral rights.
3. Retaliation is not the highest form of honor.
4. Democracy demands a referendum before war.

DO YOU?

Posted as conspicuously as the first declaration are printed in yellow ink appeared the ironic counter-placard of the "Harvard Union for American Neutrality." It read:

THE HARVARD UNION FOR AMERICAN NEUTRALITY BELIEVES THAT:

1. This country should invite the Kaiser to annex it.
2. The best way to avoid the cause of neutrality is by bending the knee and not by arching the back.
3. It is unlaudable to stand up for our rights.
4. Demoralization demands that we should not bear arms.

IS IT?

More than 1,000 students have joined the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and are devoting nine hours of their time a week to drills and lectures under Capt. Constant Corder and other army officers detailed to the campus by the War Department. In addition to those enrolled in the training corps, nearly 100 students have joined an aviation corps with airplane work in the summer, and according to a census made by the Harvard Crimson, a university daily paper, 25 members of the university not in the training corps are either in the Massachusetts National Guard or the State Naval Reserve.

BOY SCOUT FIRST AID READY FOR INAUGURAL

Finishing touches are being put on the first-aid stations of the Boy Scouts of Washington. The equipment of every troop has been completed and the 200 boys who are to be stationed at information booths are ready to answer all questions.

Trouble in finding lodging quarters for the hundreds of scouts who plan to visit the city for the inauguration, is being manifested by the local scout headquarters. Telegrams are pouring in to headquarters asking for reservations.

Scout masters of Washington will hold a meeting tomorrow at the Board of Trade rooms in the Star Building, to assign the troops to their positions in the parade.

Harmless Means Of-Reducing Fat

Many fat people fear ordinary means for reducing their weight. Here is an extraordinary method. Extraordinary because while perfectly harmless no dieting or exercise are necessary. Marmora Prescription Tablets are made exactly in accordance with the famous Marmora Prescription. A reduction of two, three or four pounds a week is the rule. You cure them from any druggist or if you prefer, send 75 cents to the Marmora Co., 84 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., for a large case.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL TONIGHT at 8:30. -Mata, Wed. & Sat.

JOHN DREW

MAJOR PENDENNIS

Company of 18.

ELMENDORF

THURSDAY SPAIN

MME. LOUISE

HOMER

National Theater, Tuesday, Feb. 27, 4:30

Central High School Auditorium

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 28, 1917

Washington Community Symphony

Sixty-five Experienced Musicians.

Hamlin E. Casper, Conductor, assisted by Miss Frances Kasper Lawton, soprano, and Samuel Wood, organist.

Proceeds for High School Cadet Band Fund.

YSAIE

GODOWSKY

Belasco

ALONE AT LAST

Next Week

HELD

"Follow Me"

B. F. KEITH'S

EVELYN NESBIT

AND JACK CLIFFORD

DOLL'S

"ROMANCE"

GAYETY

ROSELAND GIRLS

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE

LES INSTRUMENTS ANCIENS

The Playhouse

THURSDAY, March 1, at 4 o'clock

LEWIS COLUMBIA

MARGUERITE CLARK

"THE FORTUNES OF FIFI"

EVERY ONE wishing Washington

remembrance of the visit to the National Capital, or as a gift for friends

NATIONAL REMEMBRANCE SHOP,

14th Street. Opp. Willard Hotel.

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