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L. M. BELL.....Managing Editor

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1918.

Our First Real Disaster.

The sinking of the Cunarder Tuscania, with a loss of American troops running into the thousands, will mantle America in black today.

The deadly sting of the submarine at last has reached us. Only yesterday we had plumed ourselves on having extracted its fang. We will have to revise our confidence downward—remembering always that the U-boat strikes when it is least expected; that it writes a new red tale of murder on the broad bosom of the Atlantic chiefly when its prospective victims have been lulled into a false sense of security.

A poignant cry of protest will ring through the land today that such a tragedy could have occurred. The details will be studied line by line. Let the blame fall where it may, the truth must be told—the War Department must not withhold any of it from the public.

It is the least we can ask for our honored dead—that the truth be told.

A new Death's Head grins at us from Berlin. ....Let us vow to repay this foul deed life by life, in overflowing measure.....Over the Irish coast also brood the souls of those Americans who were sacrificed on the Lusitania.

The Yell of the Dollar.

The English, whom the great Napoleon scorned as "a nation of traders," thus showing his lack of appreciation, continue to warmly discuss a trade boycott of the central powers after the war, and, if they reach this decision, there will undoubtedly be strong pressure to make the United States a party to it. Indeed, such boycott could not long continue without the American nations as participants. Too big a market would be left open to the boycotted, to say nothing of merit and prices of goods interfering with successful boycott in all cases.

But it is not remarkable that the British tradesmen are stirred up. If the truth were made known, it would, doubtless, appear that the trades people of the central powers, without foreign trade for over three years, are doing some mighty hard thinking and, perhaps, contributing a great deal to the unrest manifested in those countries.

While President Wilson's utterances have all been for trade freedom and equality, the statistics of our prewar trade with Germany and her allies are interesting. For the year previous to the war these statistics show:

	Imports.	Exports.
Austria-Hungary	$19,192,414	$23,320,696
Bulgaria	440,537	103,749
Germany	188,963,071	331,684,212
Turkey	9,917,890	2,217,073

While the total balance of trade was not against us, the smaller countries, Bulgaria and Turkey, did have balances in their favor. But balances don't tell the whole story. The total of business with these countries were $575,839,642, and it was a poor trade year throughout the world.

If, as a great many theorists, especially Germans, claim, it is a trade war, isn't it logical to believe that much of the squealing and dissatisfaction reported by the cables is the manifestation of the traders? The almighty dollar, bless its sensitive heart! is being biffed and buffed to the limit.

It Is a Big Victory.

It was American mechanics against German, and America won. It was the spirit of construction against the spirit of destruction, and constructiveness won. It was a conflict between American and Teuton brains, and the American won. It was a victory not less than that won by force of arms in a great battle.

When Uncle Sam seized the great fleet of German vessels found in his harbors, he discovered that their German crews had mutilated or destroyed the machinery. The Germans laughed and said it would be years before the intricate engines and other parts would perform their functions. But American engineers and mechanics went to work. They invented new methods of welding by which the damaged engines and other heavy parts could be repaired as they lay in the ships. Tests show that these repaired parts are stronger than originally, and that the ships are making better time than ever before, and every one of these ships is now carrying American fighters to France by the thousands.

We are the greatest people on earth, at anything. And we know it.

While the medals and honors are being passed out, we should not overlook the brainy Americans who have put 600,000 tons of German shipping to fighting Germany, in spite of Germany's dirtiest.

A Foolish Tempest.

The New York World has been wasting columns in demonstrating that the Constitution makes the President Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States—as if it had made an original discovery.

It proceeds from this bit of constructive thinking to assert that the Senate war cabinet measure would be an illegality, since it would divest the President of powers which the fundamental law of the land gives him.

Can it be possible that the World believes that anybody wants to cram an unconstitutional act down the throat of Congress, or is it merely using its position and its influence to discredit a measure which deserves even from intolerant, contemptuous opponents more serious consideration than they have chosen to give it? Is it merely saying "a solemn thing in such an indisputable way" to cover with ridicule a very serious question now before the Senate?

In much the same manner we find the once redoubtable John Sharp Williams upbraiding Senator Hitchcock for venturing the statement that the President does not know the full truth about the state of American war preparations. He asks, triumphantly, whether the Senator has any occult power of divining what is within the President's mind and what isn't, and follows by asking why, if the President can make one bad appointment in war administration, he can't make three—why the war cabinet the bill authorizes him to appoint would not be composed of men as unequal to their task as any that had gone before.

Piffle, John Sharp. This is neither the style nor the mood in which to discuss a momentous topic dealing vitally not only with the interests of the American people, but of civilization itself. It is not necessary to champion the measure to ask that it be treated in a somewhat different manner than this. Mental agility and sharpness of tongue are not exactly the ideal qualities for handling the administration's side of the case before the Senate.

No one doubts that the war cabinet measure will be killed. For better or for worse, the administration will continue its present policy. Indeed, by deft reorganization, it is going almost as far as it can in making the war cabinet bill unnecessary. But the President remains in the position of having a burden unequalled in the world today, a burden worthy of the real Nietzschean superman. He is called upon to pass on subjects ranging from the price of coal charged the luckless inhabitants of Washington to the latest recommendation from Gen. Pershing; from the intricate problems facing the Fuel Administrator, or the latest revision of the "trading with the enemy" blacklist, to the shortage of spruce required for airplane construction. Nothing like such concentration of power is found anywhere else in the world.

The Death Test.

The German strikers are not ready for a finish fight with the militarists now. If they were, a Teutonic revolution would be an accomplished fact instead of a topic for the futurists. The death test will not be met by them until the wild red crop that war has sown is ripe for the harvest.

It is quite in the order of things that the German Emperor won a victory—an empty victory—yesterday. He still holds his army in the hollow of his hand. The Russian revolution never would have been had the Czar's army been willing to shoot down the rioters in Petrograd. When they refused to murder their brothers and fellows, the house of Romanoff buckled and snapped and broke. The German revolution of the future, it seems, must follow similar lines. Points of contact in communion and sympathy and mutual wrongs must be found between the millions in the trenches and the millions in civil life—and they will be found, in the stress and tribulation of continued war, despite the cunning the Junkers show in keeping them apart, despite all that falsehood and suppression can possibly do.

The color and texture of the public mind in the central empires must be stained indelibly by the Berlin industrial crisis. Somehow mere military glory no longer affords stimulus for the flagging German spirit; the mood of blind, blatant confidence has been followed by one of cynicism; the point of saturation for the conventional harping on a "German peace" by the pan-Germans was reached long ago. But the fermentation of discontent and of unorganized, undirected revolutionary impulse must go on for a considerable period before it reaches consciousness of its power and confidence for direct expression.

If the strikers could be made martyrs now—if the Kaiser would only stand them up against a white wall at sunrise and shoot them down—what a mighty stimulus that would give to the cause of Germany against her masters! That would focalize the issue, draw in bold outline the rift between the Emperor and his people. Martyrdom is the best propaganda in the world. It is irresistible. When the German Emperor begins to shoot down German workers, Potsdam will never seem the same to him again. He will know that his grip on his people is gone. The whole underpinning of the throne will be shaky. The allies could ask for no greater fortune today than to have the Kaiser shoot down those industrial mutineers who are causing him such embarrassment. It would be worth many and many an army corps to them.

A restaurant advertises in a Capital Traction car: "A breakfast in our place makes you feel glad that you are alive these fall mornings." Evidently the "ad" writer "slipped."

We wager that the divorce proceedings started against a famous movie star will make him a more popular idol than ever.

Just at the time when we were about to resume our normal living again, along comes that fellow Garfield with another shut-down order.

A man in Nevada escaped from an insane asylum and shot his wife and the jury adjudged him sane. Alienists take note.

Well Mr. Paxton we are still waiting for you to clean the streets.

Heard on a Fourteenth street car. Motorman: "Move back there." Conductor: "Move forward, please; plenty of room at the front." What's the use?

Would Be a Hero.

Reference at a dinner was made to the beauty of being heroic, when a little incident along that line was contributed by Senator Henry L. Myers, of Montana.

One afternoon Percival Claude was rambling by the waterside with his charming Angelina, wondering what he could do to make her think he was the greatest ever, when a happy thought struck him.

"I say, Miss Angelina," he eagerly remarked, "couldn't you manage to fall into the wiver so that I could wescue you?"

"Why, I might," was the smiling rejoinder of the fair Angelina, "but I thought I understood you to say that you cannot swim."

"I cawn't Miss Angelina, not a single stwoke," was the startling rejoinder of Percival Claude, "but I always cahwy a police whistle, don't you know."
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Our Sweetheart.

(P. S.—My wife has black hair and brown eyes.)

The angels took the golden moon
To make a strand of hair;
They took the pink of rosebuds
To make a cheek so fair.

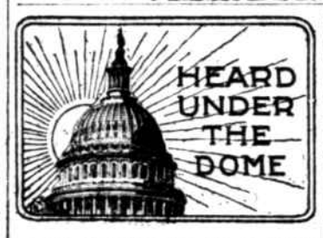
Two stars that glowed in heaven
They used for maiden's eyes
And colored them with azure blue
To hide the love that lies.

The warmth of summer sunshine
They put into her smile;
The beauty of the springtime
They gave to her for style—

And when they had her finished
They said she was "divine,"
And then I called her "sweetheart"
For she's mine, all mine.

—W. M. Vaughan.

WE ARE LIKELY TO HAVE SOME INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS ON WHO IS HEAD OF THE HOUSE



After the war we are to reconstruct our entire industrial system.

There will be less time then for some of the foolish and vain battles we have been waging between capital and labor. The people are going to provide the ways and means whereby everything will be done in their interests, and nothing will be done for any selfish interest.

And this revolutionary change will be effected without so much as changing, by one phase, the right of the individual to hold property and to prosper when he can do so by the exercise of good business judgment, and by going about his business with alertness.

When this time comes, of course, those who work for the public, as well as those who work for themselves or for big concerns will profit by the change. They will have ample pay for what they do and they will give ample service in return. And they will have ample time to spend with their families, and they will have a multitude of conveniences and necessities that the ordinary family didn't dream of when this war broke out.

Just a hint of some phases of the subject are given in one of Sampel Gompers' recent assaults on the attitude of Representative Borland on the work of employes of the Agricultural Department. In this he pointed to the eventual solution for some of our practical needs by saying:

"Because of the long delay of Congress in establishing a pension system for government employes, we are following the uneconomical and inefficient system of retaining employes no longer able to furnish their best ability, though receiving highest pay, because of seniority.

"There ought also to be agencies for adjusting difficulties that arise in the course of work between clerks and their chiefs to provide for discussion of conflicting claims and conflicting purposes, and to furnish a permanent means whereby those who are working can express their ideas and their demands in regard to things that concern themselves as well as the service.

"Efficiency and economy in government service, as in all other kinds of work, will result only from organization—organization of the work, organization of employes, so as to bring out the best that is in them, and for the development of a spirit of humanity co-operation and democracy. The tendency in all government work has been toward the establishment of a bureaucratic system and all of the evils and pernicious effects of a bureaucratic system. Sooner or later the spirit of autocracy that is inherent in such a system crushes out the ambition, the individuality, the spontaneous spirit of work that ought to be fostered in all employes as invaluable for the attainment of highest efficiency."

One of the splendid things about America's fight for the right of democracies to live is the fact that our school system has been thrown into the breach and now is doing a vast work to help in actual war work and some of those arts which are needed farther back of the lines.

The educational leaders of the nation have done much in these lines and will do much more as time goes on. They are just beginning to see where they can be of vast assistance. The renunciation of some of the theoretical pursuits with which some of the educators have contented themselves in the past, and the energy with which they have devoted themselves to the dread business at hand, are more than commendable. They show that deep delving into vagaries and theories has not entirely unrooted their Americanism, and their basic love for democratic institutions. Americanism is basic after all—it must be if we are to survive as a nation—and these educators give the best evidence of the desirability of refusing to check our national growth of this quality.

The belief is entertained among some of the long-time foes of the railroads that the higher officials are doing everything they can to retard the efficient operation of their property by the government. While the case may be somewhat overdrawn there are unquestionably a number of the railroad heads who would be glad to see a mammoth fall-down of Secretary McAdoo and his associates. The fact is the weather is the worst enemy the government has had thus far. If mild weather joins the operating side of the government it will be more welcomed than any other factor. Until that time comes, however, enemies of governmental legislation should not endeavor to point to the step as a failure and friends should not insist that the railroad men are throwing barriers in the way of satisfactory operation. Let good weather tell the story.

Down in Mississippi they are urging the abolishment of the State legislature and the government of the State by the commission form. The idea is not a new one at all. The commission has long been one of the pet ideas of former Governor Hodges of Kansas and of other Western executives who have succeeded in having it tried out in all of the governmental forms below the State. The commission form of government for cities has been of vast aid to the people in getting some fiscal reforms, but a general sum-up of its efficacy otherwise leaves the investigators skeptical as to whether it really is an improvement on the form which is supplanted. If Mississippi tries the experiment we imagine it will be watched with much interest by a number of States.

There is one thing that may be put down here and now—labor will not content itself with patriotic work when tales are constantly coming to it of enormous sums of money made by some of those who are getting government contracts and who are profiting, in other ways, at government expense. Until those tales can be wiped out by the exhibit of a clean slate, there can be no hope of getting labor enlisted in the way it is necessary for it to be enlisted if we are to win. Labor is unquestionably willing to do its share but it does not want to see excessive salaries and other doubtful financial arrangements entered into for the benefit of a few men. Destroy the profiteers and labor will be waiting and ready to do its full share in the battle for democracy. Congress is just now beginning to realize the attitude of labor, and steps to clear the way so labor may come to our aid with all vigor are being taken.

An apple tree in the yard of Joseph Zavis, of Kent County, Delaware, blossoms every year with pink roses. The tree was planted years ago by Julian Emerson, who grafted a rose bush on the tree. Last year it bore hundreds of roses, but it will never bear fruit.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SINGERS.

Sing of gloom if so you must;
Dwell on sorrow, ashes, dust—
I'll not join the chorus dark,
But will rather choose the lark
As the model for my song,
Rising with a measure strong
When the black of night is done
Joyously to greet the sun.

(Copyright, 1918.)

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

New York, Feb. 6.—Pete Dailey used to say, as he came on the stage as if from a banquet hall in which some honored guest was being cheered to the roof, "Gay dogs, those stage hands." It always got a laugh, but stage hands and stage supes are now having their own little chortle at the expense of some one else.

They have refused to work for the 50-cent and dollar wage scale a performance. Just now there are a string of spectacular performances that need extra stage hands and stage supes, and as the result of their strike one big performance was called off for a night.

The stage supe is a queer will o' the wisp of the Rialto. In most instances he has to pay the man who gets him a job a commission and he has very little left to meet the high cost of living.

But they are among the best dressed men in the theatrical world. Nearly all of them started out with high ambitions, but the records show that only one stage supe has reached stardom.

They never give up hope, however, and all of them are obsessed with the idea that a good front will eventually land the coveted job. Consequently their life becomes a mad scramble for good clothes.

Many of them are said to get their sartorial raiment from "fences"—hidden shops where stolen clothes are sold by crooks. In one Broadway production where there were twelve supes it was discovered that each one had a fur-lined overcoat and all carried canes.

They live in the garret alcoves of the theatrical boarding houses along the theatrical belt. Free lunches help them to keep off the gnawing pangs of hunger. They never complain and they, unlike their more fortunate brothers and sisters of the stage world are not afflicted with jealousy.

There are many sad disillusionments in the whizzing world of the movie pictures. A New York sob sister went out recently to browse around on the other side of the screen and see the difference between movie stars' reel characters and real characters.

Her first visit was to the home of a vampire. On the screen this vampire thedabaraed her way through much film, wrecking a home every minute or so. But after office hours a dropped stitch is her wildest form of dissipation. Next to conscription she is the main reason why men leave home.

At the home of a famous child actress, the "child actress' was found reading fairy stories to three of her grandchildren. Then there was a cave man who on the screen wore nothing but a leopard skin and went around subjugating wild animals and wild women. He was found to be addicted in real life to perfumed cigarettes and was perfectly tea-broken.

Is bridge to be supplanted by dice-throwing in fashionable circles? Dice made of pearl are appearing in the art shops. A Fifth avenue traffic officer reported recently that he saw women "rolling the bones" in their limousines on shopping grips. At one of the de luxe hotels a party was given a week ago and the chief amusement was a game of craps—known in Harlem's Black Belt as African golf. In the subway it is reported that sets of dice can be seen in women's gold and silver mesh bags.

The playwright who can think of a snappy title for his show can collect royalties, it seems. This season the title more than the play is the thing. The successful shows on Broadway are: "Oh, Boy," "Why Marry?" "Yes or No," "Odds and Ends," "Going Up," "Flo Flo," "Chee Up" and "Over the Top." All of them suggest light and laughter. There seems to be too much gloom in the world for problem plays and depressing melodramas.

Oxen bought at a recent sale in Switzerland ranged from $440 to $480 the pair; cows sold for $240 to $280 each.

Army and Navy News
Best Service Column in the City

Resignation of Brig. Gen. Frederick W. Stillwell, national army, has been accepted by the President, effective January 29. Brig. Gen. Albert J. Logan, national army, has been honorably discharged from the military service of the country because of disabilities. Both officers were Pennsylvanians.

Maj. Frederick Mears, U. S. A., who has had charge of the construction of the government railways in Alaska, has been relieved from that duty at his own request and assigned to field service as a Colonel of Engineers. When Maj. Gen. Goethals declined to undertake the Alaskan railway construction job for the government he recommended Maj. Mears to Secretary of the Interior Lane as the man best fitted to direct the vast engineering scheme. Maj. Mears was then a lieutenant of cavalry. He was one of Gen. Goethols' chief assistants during the construction of the Panama Canal. The railway part of the Canal problem was intrusted to his charge. He will sail shortly for France, the regiment which he will command being one of the railroad units destined for service under Gen. Pershing.

The famous Seventh Cavalry, which fought under Custer and was cut to pieces, is again, after many months, assembled as a single unit. The last squadron of the regiment reported at El Paso, Tex., a few days ago. Col. S. R. H. Tompkins is in command of the regiment, which has been made part of the new Fifteenth Division of Cavalry recently organized under command of Maj. Gen. G. W. Read.

Camp Lewis, Washington, leads all the national army cantonments in the amount of war insurance subscribed for by its soldiers. The Ninety-first Division, which is training at Camp Lewis, had taken out $204,416,000 of government insurance up to January 19, the number of policies totaling 22,658 and the average amount of insurance was close to the limit allowed—$9,267 for each man. Camp Custer, Michigan, has subscribed for more than $176,000,000; Camp Wadsworth, S. C., $175,000,000; Camp Dix, N. J., $165,000,000; Camp Merritt, N. J., $162,000,000; Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., $157,000,000, and Camp Sheridan, Ala., $157,000,000. In all instances these figures have been increased since the reports were made public by the Treasury Department.

Many suggestions for the benefit of officers assigned to duty overseas are contained in a letter from an officer at the front in France that has been received by the editor of the Army and Navy Journal. Suggestions offered in making preparations for service in France follow:

Olive drab, cotton. None ever used in France.

Olive Drab, woolen, Suits made here extra heavy English cloth, now cost about $65, and take about a month to make.

Overcoats. Very warm needed. The sheep-lined short coat very good, but may have to be destroyed if it gets infected. A raincoat necessary, in Paris one can buy a raincoat with a linen silk lining that is waterproof. It has a woolen lining that buttons fast to the inside and is removable. Can be used as overcoat when removed from inside raincoat. This can be boiled if it becomes infected. The combination serves as both raincoat and overcoat for most of the year. Price about $55 now. Quartermaster attempting to secure stock. If secured will cost $28.

Hats. Kind required changes with conditions of service. Campaign hats, caps, and "bonnets de police," all have been or are used. Campaign hats hard to procure unless Quartermaster has a supply. Caps can be bought in Paris, but no cap ornaments can be procured in France. Bonnets de police (a soft cap) can be bought here. Are cheap and can be put in pocket when change to steel helmet is necessary. Will probably be used solely in the trenches.

Shoes and Boots. Very expensive here. Except for office work and rest billets, issue style is too light in weight. Very heavy soles with a sheet of rubber between the layers of the sole are desirable. A very satisfactory shoe or boot that is durable and waterproof, can be bought of English makers, sole three-quarters of an inch thick. Cost about $60 per pair. A fairly satisfactory French shoe not so durable or waterproof costs about $17. Rubber overshoes little worn in trenches, as they cannot be hobnailed.

Leggins. All kinds except canvas procurable in France. Cloth puttees worn some places. Leather usually worn. Cost about same as in United States. High-laced boots permitted in trenches, but not in towns.

Socks. Heavy socks needed altogether. Quartermaster woolen, light or heavy, much worn.

Underclothing. Medium in summer, heavy in winter. Quartermaster woolen much worn.

Bedding rolls. Warm bedding of small bulk required. Sleeping bag style desirable much of the year—bring cots. Dress suit cases or traveling bag. Staff officers and those who do duty as inspectors will need a traveling bag, as they usually stop at hotels when on automobile trips.

Sabres. Not used except for officers on duty with organizations armed with the saber.

Field glasses. Required. Hard to buy here. Bring with you.

Toilet articles. Usual field style needed at front and in trenches. In billets usual home kind.

Insignia. Most kinds of United States insignia are procurable in France. Eagles and General Staff collar ornaments still hard to obtain. Hat cords procurable but of poor quality.

Shoelaces. Bring a supply.

Uniform buttons. Hard to procure. Quartermaster now laying in a supply.

White collars. Best use French style that buttons to the blouse. Then, heavy shirt can be worn under blouse.

Compasses. Necessary. Bring with you.

Electric torch. Government can supply. Procurable in France also.

One pair extra warm gloves needed.

No chewing gum on sale here.

Sam Browne belt required in cities and on staff duty.

Articles sent by parcel post seem to arrive all right—limited to seven and one-half pounds. Things sent by express much delayed and difficult to get from express office in Paris to consignee.

Because of the many splendid applicants for enlistment in the United States Marine Corps who are rejected because of flat feet, Maj. Harllee has given several pointers which will cure flat feet and enable applicants to obtain entrance to the corps. They are:

During exercise at all times turn the toes in.

Walk with toe of each foot pointing to the front; in straight line if possible.

Stand with toes turned in; raise body on toes, slowly, as high as possible; rest a second; then, with weight of body borne on toes, lower slowly down to the floor. Repeat several times.

When in the house in stocking feet, walk on toes, heels not touching the floor and toes turned in.

When sitting, cross the legs, the foot always resting on the outer edge.

The wearing of broad-toe shoes, with the metal "arch supporter" absolutely abandoned, is advocated.

AMUSEMENTS.

Belasco—Tonight, 8:20. Mat. Tomorrow and Sat., 50c to $2.00. The management regrets phone orders suspended. HOT SHOW IN A WARM THEATER. OVER THE TOP. Ed Wynn, Justine Johnstone, Craig Campbell, Laurie & Bronson. SEE The Great Airplane Invasion Pulsating with Patriotism

NATIONAL THIS WEEK MAT. SAT., 2:20. POLLYANNA. LAST WEEK—Seats Now on Sale. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE IN THE COUNTRY COUSIN

Fourth Concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor. Soloist: HANS KINDLER, Cellist. THURSDAY, 4:30. Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c. Office of T. Arthur Smith, 1306 G st.

NOTE—The postponed concert of JAN. 15, will be given on MARCH 21.

Friday 4:30. Extra Attraction: LOUIS GRAVEURE. The Brilliant Baritone and ELEANOR PAINTER, SOPRANO. Tickets, $2, $1.50, $1, 75c; office T. A. Smith, 1306 G.

FEB. 15 EDDY BROWN. Destined to be one of the greatest violinists of the world.

SUNDAY EVE., FEB. 10—8:15. MADAME MARIE RAPPOLD. Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y. Assisting Artist. MISS IRMA SAYDEL, Violinist. Prices—Boxes, $30.00; Orchestra, $2.00 and $1.50; Balcony, $1.50 and $1.00; Gallery, 50c. Seats on sale at Knabe Warerooms, 1222 G St. N. W. Under Direction of Arthur Green.

Florence MACBETH, Soprano. Elias BREESKIN, Violinist. NATIONAL THEATER. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 4:30. Prices, $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1. Tickets now on sale at Mrs. Greene's office in Droop's, 13th and G.

POLI'S THEATER. Tonight, 8:15. Mats. Thursday and Saturday, 25c–50c. Poli Musical Comedy Players. 50 Singers, Dancers, Comedians. In the Screaming Musical Comedy. A KNIGHT FOR A DAY. Next Week—A Hawaiian Follie.

B. F. KEITH'S 25c AND UP. "One of the Best"—Post. Gus Edwards' Greatest ANNUAL SONG REVUE. LeRoy, Talma & Bosco, "The Slaves of Mystery." Josie Heather & Co. Sir Otken. Next Week—Julian Eltinge.

GAYETY Burlesque De Luxe. "Follies of the Day". With Frank Mackay, Gertrude Hayes and Chester Nelson in "OH, YOU SHAKESPEARE!" Next Week....Star and Garter Show

A FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By John W. Doorly, C. S. B. Member of the Board of Lectureship of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., at POLI'S THEATER. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3 p. m. Under the auspices of Second Church of Christ, Scientist of Washington. No Collection. All Welcome.

LOEW'S COLUMBIA. Morn., Aft., 10c, 15c. Nights, 10c, 15c, 25c. Continuous 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. ALL THIS WEEK. MARY PICKFORD In "STELLA MARIS"

MATS. 15c STRAND EVES. 15c-25c. TODAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. "The Price of a Good Time". With Mildred Harris and Kenneth Harlan.

MATS. 10c GARDEN EVES. 15c. TODAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. MAE MURRAY in "FACE VALUE."

PLAZA 434 9th St. N. W. TODAY ONLY. MONROE SALISBURY AND RUTH CLIFFORD IN "THE SAVAGE."

ARCADE. 14th St. and Park Road. The Popular Dance Palace. Tonight Ladies Free. The Big Social Dance. Splendid Music. Dancing Free Until 9. POPULAR PRICES.