HERE'S A BRAND NEW FUNNY PICTURE SERIES

SOCIETY CHRONICLES | JULIA MURDOCK'S THEATER GOSSIP | SANDMAN STORIES

Miss Frances Hodges Bride of Lieut. Acher

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MISS MARGARET McCHORD.

Miss Margaret McChord, daughter of Interstate Commerce Commissioner and Mrs. C. C. McChord, will entertain at a dance this evening in the red room of the Willard. There will be about 150 guests.

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Miss Lucie Hoke Smith will entertain informally at dinner this evening for her house guests, escorting them afterward to the dance at the New Willard which Miss Margaret McChord is giving.

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At the charity ball Monday evening at the New Willard, given annually for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, the guests will be received by Mrs. F. B. McGuire, president of the board of lady managers of the institution, assisted by Mrs. Leech, Mrs. Candee, Mrs. Corbin, and Mrs. Clarence Wilson.

Ralph Wilkins is chairman of the floor committee, with William Marrow as his assistant.

The Marine Band and the Engineer Band will be stationed at either end of the ballroom and will play continuously throughout the evening.

The boxes have been taken by the Brazilian ambassador, Senor da Gama, Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson, Mme. Hauge, Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Maryes, Mrs. Ely, and Mrs. Stotesbury, with the Presidential box reserved for the President and his party.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, of Boston, who are the house guests of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, will go to New York tomorrow for a day or two and then return to their home.

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Mrs. Edson Bradley will lend her music room for an address by Mr. Weller, of New York, on the National Recreation and Playgrounds Association, at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

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According to their annual custom, the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand entertained the members of the embassy staff at dinner last evening.

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The British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce were dinner hosts last evening, having the members of the staff as their guests.

—✣—

Mr. and Mrs. Beale R. Howard entertained at a large reception and dance at their residence in Sixteenth street last evening to introduce their daughter, Miss Margaret Howard.

In the drawing rooms the decorations were of pink roses, palms, and ferns, and in the dining room the Christmas decorations were used.

Assisting Mr. and Mrs. Howard in receiving the guests were Mrs. Swanson, wife of Senator Swanson, of Virginia; Mrs. Harold P. Norton, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, Miss Mary B. Adams, Miss Ruth Hitchcock, Miss Nina Stockton, Miss Elizabeth Noyes, Miss Ruth Jones, Miss Esther Foote, Miss Kathryn Gwynn, and Miss Edythe Howard.

Mrs. Howard wore a gown of blue and gold brocade, and the debutante wore a dainty French frock of flesh colored satin, veiled in tulle, caught with clusters of pink and blue velvet flowers, and edged with white marabou.

The President and Miss Taft, with several hundred persons, chiefly from army circles, filled St. John's Church this afternoon to witness the ceremony uniting in marriage Miss Frances Hodges, eldest daughter of Col. Harry F. Hodges, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hodges, and Lieut. Albert Hilands Acher, Engineer Corps, U. S. A.

The uniforms of the men of the wedding party, and the colors of the Engineers Corps, carried out in the decoration of the red poinsettas, combined with palms, ferns, and laurel, give an unusually brilliant note to the event.

Miss Hodges wore a wedding gown of soft white satin with old rose point lace in profusion, on both bodice and drapery. Her veil was of fine Brussels net, with a border of old Brussels lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and valley lilies.

Her young sister, Miss Alma Hodges, accompanied her as maid of honor, and wore a costume which carried out the color scheme of the wedding—white charmeuse under red chiffon, and a large white hat with plumes. The costumes of the bridesmaids also carried out the same idea, and Miss Zena Acher, Miss Mary Webb, Miss Aileen Gorgas, Miss Elizabeth Noyes, Miss Mary Devol, and Miss Faith Sanford, of Detroit, wore gowns of white charmeuse and chiffon with red girdles and large black hats with bands of fur and gold, and big red roses.

Mrs. Hodges, mother of the bride, wore a gown of shaded blue marquisette over white satin, with a hat and plumes of the same shades.

The bridegroom and all of his attendants were in full-dress uniforms indicative of their rank, the party being made up of Lieut. Daniel I. Sultan, best man, and Lieut. Daniel I. Sultan, best Lieut. Lindsey C. Herkness, Lieut. Francis C. Harrington, Lieutenant North, Lieutenant Reinecke, all of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and Col. Edward Greble, Field Artillery, U. S. A.

The Rev. William Harmon Van Allen, of Boston, performed the ceremony, assisted by the rector of St. John's Church, the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith.

Following the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Gorgas, in Masachusetts avenue, after which the bride and bridegroom left for a short wedding journey before sailing for Panama, where the bridegroom is stationed.

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The President and Mrs. Taft will be the guests of honor of the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. MacVeagh, at dinner this evening. This dinner is the second of the series of Cabinet dinners in honor of the President and Mrs. Taft.

—✣—

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Carpenter and Miss Carpenter held a large reception at their residence in Connecticut avenue yesterday. Miss Carpenter has been away from Washington for the past five years, one of which she spent in traveling around the world with her father, and the others at Smith College. The drawing rooms were decorated with Southern smilax and red berries, the Christmas color scheme being followed throughout. Mrs. Carpenter wore a gown of black brocaded chiffon with white and gold lace. Miss Carpenter's frock was of Alice blue brocaded charmeuse, and she carried an old-fashioned bouquet of violets and gardenias.

In the dining room were Mrs. Perry Heath, Mrs. Eugene A. Byrnes, Mrs. W. B. Bryan, Mrs. Frederick True, Mrs. Lloyd B. Wight, Mrs. E. P. Hall, Mrs. M. S. Zimmele, Mrs. J. L. Stier, and Mrs. W. J. Humphreys. The assistants were Miss Mabel Grandin, Miss Barbara Kauffmann, Miss Elizabeth Bryan, Miss Ruth Larner, Miss Margaret Larner, Miss Helen Baldwin, Miss Adele Waterman, Miss Virginia Gerhardt, and Miss Vivian Jenness-Miller.

Among the guests were several hundred of the official and resident circles. The receiving party were entertained at a supper afterward.

—✣—

Miss Helen Taft will be among the guests at the dance which Mrs. George E. F. Harrison is giving this evening at Raucher's for her debutante daughter, Miss Lelia Harrison. The guests have been asked for 10 o'clock and several informal dinners will precede the dance.

—✣—

Robert Taft left Washington last evening for Boston, and his guest, Mr. Kiots, left for New York.

—✣—

About 150 young folks attended the dance at the White House last evening which the President and Mrs. Taft gave for Charlie Taft.

—✣—

Miss Helen Taft and Robert Taft and their houseguests attended the dance at the Playhouse last evening which Dr. and Mrs. William Holland Wilmer gave for their debutante daughter, Miss Rebekah Wilmer.

—✣—

Mrs. Warren, wife of Senator Warren of Wyoming, will receive at the New Willard this afternoon and on the following Thursdays of January.

—✣—

Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, will receive informally Saturday afternoons during the season.

—✣—

Mrs. John Lewis Edwards will be at home the second and fourth Fridays in January.

—✣—

Mrs. P. J. Lennox of the Toronto, will not receive tomorrow afternoon.

—✣—

The British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce will entertain at dinner this evening at the embassy in compliment to Lady Aberdeen and Miss Asquith, who will arrive in Washington at 4 o'clock this afternoon, to be house guests at the embassy.

—✣—

Miss Elizabeth B. Bliss entertained a party of young people at luncheon today at her residence in Twenty-first street.

—✣—

The large house party entertained by the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer over New Year Day is breaking up today, several of the party returning to New York and Boston. Others will remain here until the first of the week. Miss Frances Staltonstall, Miss Violet Thayer, J. Parker, Lawrence Houghton, of Boston, and Lawrence Butler and Mr. Gardner, of New York.

—✣—

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Henry Vandergrift have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Alice Vandergrift, to George Angus Garrett on Saturday afternoon, January 11, at 4 o'clock at St. Thomas' Curch.

Rose Stahl Tells How She Imparts the Spirit Of Stage Characters That Have Made Her Famous

Actress Wrapped Up in New Part, Says Julia Murdock.

To one who has seen "The Chorus Lady," or who knows of the new Rose Stahl vehicle, "Maggie Pepper," the remark that Miss Stahl has a keen sense of humor is no news at all. Washington audiences will see Miss Stahl this time in the title role of "Maggie Pepper," Charles Klein's play of department store life, which comes to the New National Theater next week. Miss Stahl was possessed a deep fund of this most valuable asset when she started out in life, but subsequent trials and hard work, which are the stepping stones of every successful star, have imbued her with a quaint and cheerful philosophy which enables her to play such roles as "The Chorus Lady" and "Maggie Pepper" with wonderful intuition and feeling. After seeing Rose Stahl in either of these roles no one can doubt that the old saying that the world is kin is indeed true.

Much of this understanding Miss Stahl is able to impart to her audiences comes from the actress herself, for from her own explanation of her success, one can divine the keynote. She said:

"No, I don't think I did it by hard work alone. No, and not only by hoping. It was an intense sympathy with other human beings nurtured in that early home of mine, where love was so abundant, and the struggle so severe, a sympathy that grew deeper and stronger through years of toil and disappointments.

"For toil, and disappointments, and hardships," continued Miss Stahl, her face aglow with a wonderfully tender light, "have their compensations. Through them we get pretty near to the great throbbing universal heart. And that's where truth is, if we have eyes to see it."

Says Charley Klein Is a Highbrow.

Just as original as anything else is her opinion and her manner of expressing such opinion of Charles Klein, the playwright-producer, whose appreciation of Miss Sahl is manifested by the creation of the witty and admirable Maggie Pepper. She spoke of Maggie and Charles Klein with typical directness.

"Charles Klein is a highbrow. In ordinary conversation he can talk language that would send a college professor to a dictionary. But give him credit for coming down out of the clouds to give us an ordinary mortal like Maggie Pepper," said Miss Stahl.

"It takes a highbrow to appreciate modern types and American slang, anyhow. And right here I'd like to register a protest against having all picturesque Americanisms put in the slang class. The things Maggie Pepper has to say here are not strictly slang. They are simply the piquant things of everyday that mean more than all the sonorous English that could be evolved by a laborious grammarian.

"When Maggie Pepper faces the great crisis and says simply: 'So you put it up to me, do you?—she says the whole thing. The dramatist might have made her say, 'So you throw the burden of the decision upon the shoulders of a poor, helpless working woman,' but it wouldn't have the snap or the carrying power.

MISS ROSE STAHL.

Declares She Has Made Study of Working Girls' Ways.

"I love Maggie Pepper as I thought I should never love anyone but Patricia O'Brien. She is sure to make a wider appeal. And she represents a type of working girl that I've studied for a long time. Whenever I go into a department store the women fascinate me. I wonder how they get along, what is going on under their pompadours, and I wish they'd let me in on their love affairs and their fights and their confidences.

"I love to be on the inside. I never see a group of newsboys, the kind that shoot craps and marbles, that I do not long to fraternize. I have an ingrowing longing to be one of the gang. They'd let me in quicker than a group of girls would. Little girls are always very much 'up stage.' It's the acting instinct with girls. Everyone expects it of us. Boys are privileged to be natural. That is why, perhaps, so very few men on the stage are really actors."

Here something was said about men in Miss Stahl's profession. And Miss Stahl extracted a "not for publication" promise. And she knew that was a mean thing to do, for she is a newspaperman's daughter.

"That's why I have to work for a living," she exclaimed. "I know all about the newspaper game. Newspaper men always have big funerals and no wills. The widow probably congratulates herself if she is left enough to pay for renting those funeral folding chairs.

Became Actress By Accident.

"I'm a cook by vocation, and an actress by accident," she laughed. "I suppose I should have exercised my real talent on a husband and about eight children. But, somehow, I'm glad of the accident.

"I never have any leanings toward making the public cry, and would particularly dodge the psychological playwright. Psychology never filled a box-office. The public does not care for psychology, and I believe that when a man pays $2 for an orchestra chair, he is entitled to a good time.

"I don't like to smash my public over the head. I give them a chance to do a little toward the evening's enjoyment themselves. I want the husbands to have a chance to look at me, to share the joke with her, and I like to feel, when it's all over, that it's all going to leave them so good-natured that he'll be gentle about helping her into her coat. After seeing a comedy, a man might even give the arm of his wife an appreciative pat. But after a tragedy I can't blame him for jabbing her arms into her sleeves so that the sleeves split.

"If 'The Chorus Lady' lasted seven years, I think 'Maggie Pepper' ought to be popular for ten. I lie awake nights thinking up similar types to play when they are done, and no matter how long I stay awake, I can't get to the end of them. Any number of plays are submitted to me, but I do not have many that have distinction of type."

JULIA MURDOCK.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

THE GNOME'S GIFT.

ONCE upon a time two brothers lived on the shores of a river in a far-away land where the people were mostly very poor and made their homes in grass huts. The older brother was named Kama. He was a selfish man, who never gave a penny or a kind word to anyone. But the second boy, whose name was Tuma, had an entirely different disposition.

For he was kind and no one was ever turned away from his door who asked for bread. Both had huts of grass and lived in a large grove of mango trees, but all avoided the home of Kama, while everybody loved Tuma.

One morning Tuma went down to the river to fish, and as he sat on a log watching his line he heard a cry of distress at his back. He looked around and saw a tiny river gnome struggling to get his foot free from a stone which had fallen from the bank above. So Tuma lifted the rock and the little man capered about for joy.

"Follow me to my house and you will get your reward," said the gnome, taking hold of Tuma's hand and leading him down the bank to a cavern hidden in the side.

This cave was dark except for a huge stone which hung in the center and lit the entire room with its brilliancy. The walls were of white stone through which ran veins of gold, but the floor was carpeted only with black sand.

"Fill your neck-cloth with this sand," said the gnome, "put it under your head tonight and tomorrow look to see what has happened."

So Tuma laid his neck-cloth on the ground, piled it full of sand, then went home and put it under his pillow. At dawn he rose and oppened the bundle. And lo, to his surprise the cloth was full of tiny lumps of purest, glittering gold.

So he spent part of the money in fixing up his home neatly, a part he put away and some he gave to help his poor neighbors. Soon his hut was showing the prosperity of its owner, and there was an abundance of everything to eat and drink, while Tuma wore the best of clothing and showed all kinds of charity to his friends.

But all this made Kama jealous. He wanted to get rich, too, so he made Tuma tell him what had happened about the gnome's gift.

"I think I will try my luck," he said. So the next morning he went fishing and waited. Sure enough, he heard a cry and saw the gnome struggling with a stone holding down his foot. Kama helped him take it off and followed him home, where he filled a sack, which he had brought, with the sand. The gnome told him to wait till morning, which Kama did, and there was the bag full of gold, just as he expected.

So he bought all the fine things he could think of and ate till he was sick, but he never gave a soul a penny or a crumb of bread. At last, when he had spent all the gold on himself, he thought he would go back for more.

"I will take a cart this time," he laughed to himself, "and will be sure to get enough to last me for ten years.

So, off he trotted, pushing a big cart before him. He saw the gnome again, again he helped him to get free from the stone and again he went to the cavern in the rock. But this time he heaped his cart full to the brim with sand. And he went away without even thanking the gnome at all for his kindness. But had he looked back he would have seen the little man laughing and capering about and pointing at the cart of sand—for he cast a magic spell on it to teach the selfish Kama a lesson.

Early next morning Kama jumped out of bed and ran to the cart, expecting to see it piled high with shining gold. But he was horror-struck to see that there was no gold at all—not even a sign of a cart. Cart, sheds, trees had all crumbled into dust and as he glanced around even his hut fell into a heap of ashes. Only a stone in the chimney was left. And from behind this he could hear a small voice singing:

"Selfish, greedy pig,
You must get out and dig.
No more magic gold
Shall you hand ever hold."

And so ashamed did Kama feel that he fled far into the forest. But in a few days he came back, hungry, dirty and ragged and asked Tuma to give him shelter. So kind Tuma took him in and together they lived very happily, for Kama was cured of his greedy selfishness and began to work hard and think of others.

Tuma had enough gold left to set Kama up in business at the end of the year, so they built two new grass homes side by side, they grew rich and all loved them for their kindness. And all over the land they were known as the Happy Brothers.

And the little gnome was a happy fellow, too, for he would watch the brothers and sing as he saw them living in peace and kindness.

TOMORROW—THE GOLDEN AND THE WOODEN SHOES.

Seen in the Shops

Better than buying a whole set at a time is to buy brass desk pieces separately, for much better and heavier pieces may be had which will match almost every time, provided a rather plain pattern is chosen. An inkwell in a perfectly plain spherical style, massive and well made, with a sliding disappearing top, is to be had at the leather store on the north side of F street not far from the corner of Thirteenth for $2.50. A heavy jewel box, of wrought brass, with silk felt lined tray and compartments for smaller rings and pins, is marked down to $3.25. Ash tray sets of three trays with cigar rest, which fit one inside the other, are $1.25 the set. These trays are handy for card tables and are also made of brass. This shop has reduced all of the brassware in an effort to sell out, and no more is to be handled. On the 50-cent table are all sorts of brass pieces and bachelors' rolls, telephone pads and books, bridge pads, mirrors with wooden backs, etc. All brass pieces have been marked down at one-third off the regular price.

Many more young women than would be expected, in this country at least, have some sort of a dower chest in which they put away for some future period all of the daintiest and pretty things which are given them and which they purchase from time to time. No more appropriate use than this could be found for some of the dainty silk knickerbockers and vests which are to be had at the department store at the corner of Eleventh and G streets. They are made of the finest silk by a prominent clothing firm expert in the manufacture of silken undergarments, in all of the daintier shades of blue, pink, and lavender. Some are plain and some are embroidered, the knickerbockers being marked at $2.57, and the vests at $1.39.

Silk charmeuse will be just as desirable and just as popular during the spring and summer months as it is now. The more somber winter tones will be replaced by lighter blues, browns and grays, the latter relieved by bright splashes of color here and there in the pleating effects which promise to be so much favored. Taupe, relieved by Nile green or cerise, makes a costume which the most trying complexion could not reject, and this color, in the material mentioned, may be had for $1.69 a yard at a clothing store on Seventh street between D and E streets. The width is forty inches.

Neckwear is reduced at the women's store on the south side of F street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, and all of the collars are large pieces which may be had at one-third less than were originally marked. Seventy-five cent pieces are 50 cents and $1 pieces are 75 cents. There is great variety in the material and make of the neckwear, some being made for tailored waists and some, made of dark lace, buttons and silk, will match silk blouses.

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