

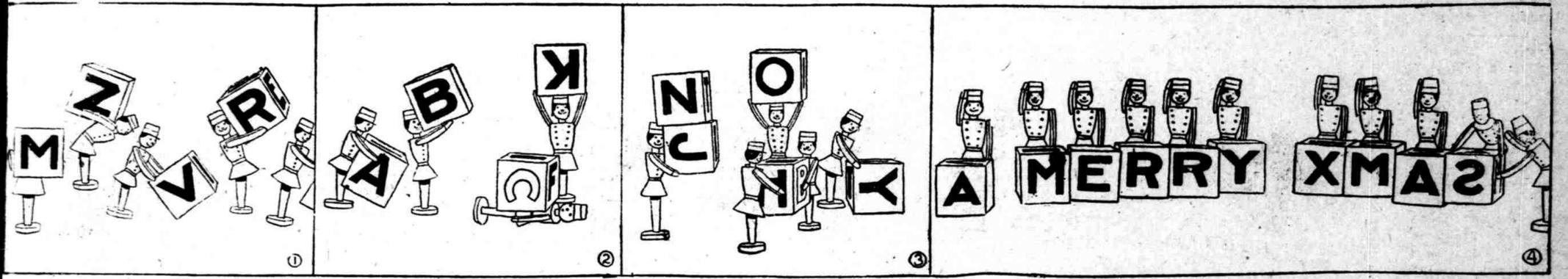
TOYLAND

Greetings

Watch the Series

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By Myrtle Held



Social Parties Enliven Christmas in Washington

CHRISTMAS cheer permeates the homes of the Capital's society folk today. Informal dinner parties, family reunions, gift-giving and the exchanging of the compliments of the Yuletide season make the day one of happiness and good cheer, despite the fact that many of the socially prominent are elsewhere for the holidays and their homes are empty.

Numerous small dinner parties will be given Christmas Day for those of the diplomatic corps and in resident society.

This afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Magruder will be hosts at their annual Christmas tea, with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Gulick as the honor guests.

Blossoms and Christmas greens will form the decorations for the occasion and those assisting in receiving the guests will be Mrs. Westcott, Mrs. Sedgwick and Mrs. Palmer.

A wedding of much interest in Washington will take place in Virginia when Miss Julie Annie Kern, daughter of Senator and Mrs. John W. Kern of Indiana, will be married to Dr. George B. Lawton, of Roanoke, Va.

The wedding will take place at the summer home of Senator and Mrs. Kern near Hollins, where the family is spending the holidays.

Mrs. Frederic Young will be at home informally Monday, December 31, at 5 o'clock, at the Olympia.

Epistolary Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity, George Washington University, has issued cards to the members of its alumni for a reception on New Year afternoon at the chapter house, 1522 M street northwest.

The committee in charge of arrangements includes William H. Woodman, Harrison Brown McCawley, Chauncey L. Johnson, Frank A. Howard, and Carl A. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Foster and Mrs. Robert Lansing will be at home in Washington after Christmas to attend the wedding of Miss Margaret and Deane Edwards, which takes place at Auburn, N. Y., on Tuesday, December 30. They will not return until January 1.

The chief attraction at the home of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels is a huge Christmas tree cut down in the woods near "Single Oak" and carefully adorned and lighted with wireless tiny electric lights. The young boys will have the other young members of the Cabinet circle who are in Washington today to visit them this afternoon.

At the home of the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Houston today a large and beautiful Christmas tree is the center of the children's festivities. The Postmaster General, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and the Misses Burleson will give informally this afternoon.

The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Wood are having a very informal party this evening, and at the home of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson an informal family dinner party will be given.

The boxes for the charity ball, which will take place at the New Willard on January 5, have been sold, with the exception of three. The Russian Ambassador and Mrs. Baksteff, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mrs. G. G. G. and Mrs. Lutz Anderson, Mrs. Margaret M. and Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, Dr. and Mrs. Satterwhite of New York; Edward B. McLean, and Mrs. Boyd W. Bowers, who is chairman of the ball, have taken boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. Terence James Gorman have announced the marriage of their daughter, Marguerite Louise, to Lieutenant William Henry Rupertus, U. S. M. C., at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart.

The bride was gown in a traveling suit of blue broadcloth trimmed with lynx fur banding. She wore a hat of French beaver, trimmed with blue plumes and a corsage bouquet of white and blue flowers. The bridesmaids were May Gorman Walker, gown in blue and wearing valley hills, and Miss J. J. Gorman, a classmate of the bridegroom in the class '12, E. C. G. were present. Lieutenant and Mrs. Rupertus departed immediately after the ceremony for Trip South.

A quiet wedding ceremony Tuesday at the residence of Dr. Howard, 1335 Massachusetts avenue, united Miss Anna E. Sawyer and Dr. C. Hugh Monroe, both of Washington. Upon their return their residence will be 1731 Lanier place.

Miss Mary Frances Mixon, of Marianna, Ark., a student at Sweetbriar College, Virginia, is visiting friends in Washington.

Robert L. Mixon, of Marianna, Ark., a student at Washington and Lee University, is spending the holidays with friends in the city.

For the Children Just at Bedtime

ATHOL'S WOLF-HOUND.

LITTLE ATHOL, the only son of the Earl, was out walking one day in his father's great park with his nurse. As they strolled along the lovely walk which was covered with fallen leaves, the boy caught sight of a small puppy running as fast as his fat legs could carry him, and yelping at the top of his tiny voice. For behind him came a crowd of rough farmer lads pelting him with sticks and stones. Athol took the trembling dog up in his arms.

"You shall not hurt him," said the boy bravely, standing sturdily before the crowd of young ruffians. "He is going to be my dog and no one shall harm a hair of his head."

So the mob of boys ran off to their homes and Athol went back with his new puppy in his arms. That night when the Earl, his father, came into the hall he met the boy with the puppy tumbling about his feet.

"It is a fine dog, my son," exclaimed the Earl, as he examined the small bit of rolling fur. "He looks as if he might have a bit of wolf blood in him. You must take good care of him and he will no doubt be a good guard dog for you."

Athol was very devoted to the puppy, which he named Olaf. It would sleep in the big white rug at the foot of his bed and follow him in his long walks about the great Russian estate, and it was easy to see that the dog loved his little master dearly.

But the boy was motherless, and the Earl, thinking to better things, married a noble lady in the neighborhood; but the marriage proved unfortunate. For the new wife was selfish and cross and did not believe in pets of any kind. She kept complaining of the dog till Athol took to spending most of his time away from home in the woods taking long strolls with the dog.

"I will not have that ugly beast in the house," she exclaimed. "Out he must go and stay. Ivan, see he is driven off the place entirely and not allowed to return."

So Olaf was beaten and driven away at the wife's orders, while Athol stood weeping but helpless. The father was not in the house, and there was nothing the lad could do. For days he kept in his room, spending most of his time in tears, until one day he slipped out of his room and hid in a hole in the wall.

Behind him came a crowd of rough farmer lads who were hunting for him. They were shouting and laughing as they searched for the boy. Athol was very nervous, and he was afraid to go out.

One day he was found by a wolf, and he was taken to its den. The wolf was very kind to him, and he stayed there for many days. The wolf was very old, and he was very weak.

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TOYLAND REALITIES

By Eleanor Schorer



Make the Best of Your Looks

By LIANE CARRERA. (Anna Held's Daughter).

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TO be beautiful one must begin early. Every mother of daughters should bury that truth in her heart. For if she is a true mother, she desires that her little girls shall become beautiful women, almost as much as she desires that they shall be good.

Physical loveliness implies health, calm nerves, an untouched reserve strength. But often all three of these things are destroyed in little American girls because they do not live the right sort of life. Their parents love them dearly but not wisely.

The children suffer from what I call "too muchness" too much food, too much excitement, too much petting. When he heard the story of the weeping nurse he was very angry, and calling his men, sent out on horse to follow the tiny tracks in the snow.

All the tenants of the vast estate came with lanterns and dogs, and man by man they searched for the boy. The search was long and fruitless, and the boy was not found.

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Use of Slang Is O. K. Is Educator's View

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 25.—The use of slang terms to a moderate extent has the indorsement of Prof. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. In an address before the Oregon Teachers' Association he said:

"Not on your life" is O. K. I like "on the level," and "she's a good sport." There is nothing wrong with "she's a peach," and "she's a pippin." "Take to the tall timber" is a fine expression, according to my way of thinking.

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Some Poiret Gowns In "The Great Adventure"

By JULIA MURDOCK.

WOMEN, and the men, too, who go to the Belasco next week to see Arnold Bennett's latest play, "The Great Adventure," will see something in the way of gowns that will literally make them hold their breath. The "creations" which are to be worn by the women members of the company are said to be the last word in the art of the footlight modiste, having been designed by Paul Poiret, the French authority on dress, who designed them exclusively for this production.

When Monsieur Poiret was in the United States not long ago it will be remembered he made several interesting remarks regarding American women and their dress. Although on the whole he was a great admirer of American woman, he found that she lacked individuality, or, rather, that she lacked the courage of her convictions when it came to dress.

Would Have Woman Wear Whatever Is Becoming. "She does not hesitate to wear whatever ridiculous absurdity may be the fashion," this French visitor remarked, "but she hesitates even to adopt an inconspicuous fashion if it is not the style. I would have a woman wear whatever is becoming, and then an inspiration comes to seize her. Picking up a piece of turquoise peau de soie, she held it up against the purple and black striped material and said: 'The effect had been achieved, and the result is one that women may judge for themselves next week.'"

And, by the way, Washington will see for the first time a completely entirely new in the way of mourning. When the widow of one of the victims of the Titanic disaster made her first public appearance after her widowhood swathed in white, lusterless cloth and white crepe, the fashionable world gasped in astonishment.

No One Had Seen White Used For Mourning Gown. Heretofore nobody had ever heard of anything but black for mourning, at least not in civilized countries, though they had memory of a vague impression that in some of the semi-civilized countries the bereaved wife wore a red when mourning. But no one had seen white mourning until the young millionaire appeared in spotless white, and the fashionable world wondered for a while.

"The Great Adventure" Miss Roxane Barton, as Miss Honorie Looe, is a woman of rather eccentric taste, yet she is a lady, and she must not wear all black," declared the artist in gowns. That would not have been Poiret. So he dressed her in black and white. The way the two were combined set a new fashion in mourning, which was influential in the world. The all-black gown could possibly have been.

Draped Chiffon Coat. The nimble fingers of Monsieur Poiret fashioned first a simple white crepe de chine gown, with long flowing lines. Then over it he draped a long black looking at it he exclaimed: "D'une tristesse infinie." But the gown was not complete without the hat, and he placed on Miss Barton's head a broad-brimmed hat, from which hung a delicate veil of tulle. The veil is doubled and swathed so that the woman looks shrouded in grief.

And yet, when one looks at this remarkable mourning costume, one feels that the woman who wears it is a frivolous woman, one who thinks more of herself than of the person for whom she is dressed. Carried out in a less extreme fashion, the gown should be suitable to any woman, and if copied in other color schemes than black and white, would be most effective for afternoon wear.

Poiret Chose Black and Purple in Striped Effect. Another gown that Miss Barton wears is as daring as the black and white combination. First, M. Poiret chose a black and purple striped effect in satin. Then he cut a hole in the goods for the head to go through, and slashed it here and there until it fitted at the waist-line.

He edged the skirt and the sleeves with strips of black velvet, and then stood back to admire the result. It seemed to lack something, and the French artist stood back and studied the effect a moment, and then an inspiration came to seize him. Picking up a piece of turquoise peau de soie, he held it up against the purple and black striped material and said: "The effect had been achieved, and the result is one that women may judge for themselves next week."

Napoleon and His Mother. The relationship between Napoleon Bonaparte and his mother, Mrs. Letizia, who was thirty-four when her famous son was born, had always been complete mistress of her household. Even when her son was Emperor and his word was law, willing as she might have been to please to do his honor, in private she insisted on the privileges of her motherhood. Baron Latour, in his historical essay, writes: "One day there was a family meeting, and Napoleon gave his mother his hand to kiss. 'at Mme. More moved aside the profusion of hands, Napoleon then took his mother's hand and kissed it, and she said to him, 'Sir, you know quite well that in public I must treat you with due respect, because I am your subject, but in private I am your mother.'—Dunode Advertiser."

Plenty of Momentum. The old mountaineer, who was standing on the corner of the main street in certain little Kentucky town, had never seen an automobile. When a good-sized touring car came rushing up the street at about thirty miles an hour and slowed down just enough to take the corner on two wheels, his astonishment was extreme. "The old fellow watched the disappearing car with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then turning to a bystander, he remarked solemnly: "The horses must shilly 'ha' been traveling some when they got loose from that 'big iron' carriage!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Oversupplied. The presence of mind of an impetuous lover was illustrated recently at a church bazaar, where there was a stall for the sale of watch-charms. "Oh, George," said the lady, "buy me a charm!" "Dorothy," answered he, "you have too many already."—Exchange.

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Anecdotes of Old-Time Actors

By Edw. LeRoy Rice.

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SOME years ago at the corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, in Detroit, was located a dilapidated, two-story, well-known resort, much frequented by actors and sporting men. It was while the excavating for a big fire was being done near the corner of the bar, where, a short time after, Jack Jardine, the head bartender, had his first glimpse of the extreme portion of some departed human name and pedigree unknown.

"An' what were Jardine's first words? Exactly what yours and mine and all others of Shakespeare's would be: 'Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him well.'"

In fact, several of the saloon's patrons made the same remark, all of which was duly taken in by Billy Patterson, an under bartender; so that when a stranger came in and made inquiry as to whom the bonehead might be, Patterson said: "He's a friend of Jack's. I think his name is Yorick."

Mettler As the Mikado. Some years ago, when "The Mikado" had considerable vogue, it was burlesqued at Carnross' Minstrels in Philadelphia. "Jack" Rafael was cast for the title role. Mr. Rafael, however, was not destined to play the part, owing to a

William Henry Rice's Bargain.

Some years ago (in 1880 to be exact) I was traveling with my father, the late William Henry Rice. The attraction was Rice's World's Fair Minstrels. On this particular occasion we failed to attract. You know it sometimes happens that way.

We were playing Lebanon, Pa. It was about 3:30 p. m., and I was on the door. "So was 'Dad'." I was on the door with him, and knew just how he felt, and was careful to let him do all the conversation that was absolutely necessary. "That was how affairs stood when a small boy accosted by father with 'Mister, how much to see the show?' 'Dad' warmed up at once. 'How much you got?' 'Steens cents.' 'Talk louder!' 'TWO CENTS!' Then father cut loose. So did the boy. 'I had to stay.'"

LOCAL MENTION.

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