

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Stage Life and Outdoor Sports Can Both be Beauty Doctors

By JULIA MURDOCK.

HERE are two young women playing in Washington this week, one of whom has already "arrived," and another who will not be long in arriving, if pluck and wit work for anything. The first is Miss Pauline Frederick, at the National, and the second is Miss Ruth Rose, who is playing a minor role at the same theater.

Last summer when the suffragette decided to hold the grand pageant which made New York sit up and take notice, and which almost convinced those who saw it that women really were entitled to the ballot, they persuaded Lillian Nordica, queen of American songstresses, to sing of the Coming of Woman. Sarah Truax, who, it is said, has the most perfect speaking voice of any woman in America, was chosen to appear as Justice, and to prophesy the triumph of woman. Then the question arose, "Who is the most beautiful woman in America? All they could be so superlatively beautiful that no mere man would refuse her anything she asked. To the consensus of a number of the most beautiful women in the world."

Mr. Fisher did not leave the room. In fact, he did not leave his chair, but answered immediately with an air of conviction: "Get Pauline Frederick." "No," he said, "I want the most beautiful woman in the world."

Non-Suffragette Rose in Suffragette Pageant. So New York was treated to the strange spectacle of a non-suffragette leading a great demonstration intended to win the ballot for womanhood.

Harrison Fisher's has not been the first great compliment paid Miss Frederick's beauty. As Zulieka in the production of "Joseph and His Brethren," a New York paper heralded her as a "Venus of the American theater."

She is the daughter of Edward Rose, who, in his time, was stage manager of the Boston Museum, when Miriam O'Leary, George Wilson, Kate Ryan and John Mason were members of his company. He was also the stage director at the Castle Square Theater for some time after it was built.

Miss Rose made her debut in stock, and last summer played principal parts in the Pittsfield, Mass., musical comedy, "If-it-were-distributed," and immediately the handy little letters got busy, and she touches, humorous and otherwise, have been pouring into the Treasury ever since.

Most of them demand that the \$33.11 be sent at once, and nearly all of them contain tales of distress. From every section of the country they have written, and ever since the statement was made to the Treasury department, the papers have been busy explaining the scenario.

Dear Uncle Sam: "If you are giving money away as a reward, please remember your niece. Please oblige, respectfully," "The Treasury Department:

As I have seen in the paper that there is \$33.11 for each child, I am twelve years old, going to school every day. My father is dead and my mother has to work every day, as I need clothes and shoes. Yours truly, "The Treasury Department:

The Greek perfection some leading points. In this connection it is interesting to note the following table the comparative measurements of the two standards of beauty, Greek and American.

	Venus de Milo.	Miss Frederick
Height	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 10 in.
Chest	35 in.	37 in.
Waist	24 in.	25 in.
Hips	34 in.	35 in.

Miss Frederick is not having her introduction to Washington theatergoers this week by any means. She has not, as yet, played in Washington for a number of years. The last time she made a visit to the Capital City she appeared in Channing Pollock's play "The Little Greek Lady." Before this she supported William Gillette in "Samson" and made her professional debut in "The Fourth Estate," shortly after her engagement in this play she married and retired from the stage for several years.

Miss Ruth Rose is an outdoors girl, and while much of her life has been given up to study, she has never neglected what she terms her "safety valve."

Hard labor has been laid aside for at least three hours each day to enable this young actress to take some form of outdoor exercise, and to this she attaches excellent health and unusual strength.

She was practically Born on the Stage. It might be said of Miss Rose that she was practically born to the stage, for one of her earliest recollections is of being held up in her father's arms to press a button that rang up the curtain on the first performance ever given in the Castle Square Theater, Boston.

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"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne



Joke Hurts Uncle Sam and His Nephews and Nieces

By EDITH LOBERT.

SEVERAL hundred persons throughout the country who "saw a piece in the paper" are now having their fond hopes of getting something for nothing dashed to the ground. Uncle Sam is doing the dashing, not to say dodging, for through no fault of his own, these same several hundred people took their pens in hand and tried to start a run on the mint.

It all came about by the publication of a statement of the Treasury's executive, responsible in a facetious mood sought to relieve the dry tedium of figures with a delicate touch of humor by advising all persons who haven't received their \$33.11, each person's share according to a per capita division, to write to the Treasury for it.

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WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE.

GOOD LITTLE FISTFULL

Uncle Sam Counts People's Cash

OF MONEY FOR ALL

There is at large in the United States this day the sum of \$35.41 for every man, woman and child.

Treasury Department says so. You can write to them if you haven't got yours.

Figures are, money in circulation, \$3,775,464,096, as follows:

Gold coin.....	\$2,000,000,000
Bank notes.....	757,000,000
Silver dollars.....	565,000,000

The rest is in change.

WHAT UNCLE SAM SAYS.

Sir: The Treasury Department is in no way responsible for the newspaper article to which your letter refers, and there is no truth in the report that the Government has money for free distribution.

Respectfully,

GEORGE E. ROBERTS,
Director of the Mint.

"I want to know if I am going to get that \$33.11 that amount is due to me? I would like for you to send it to me. I have my own money. Send it to me if it is due me. Yours truly,"

Shows Coming Next Week

There will be quite a change in the theatrical scene to be dished up for Washington theatergoers next week. In place of operatic dramas and musical comedies will come into its own at the National, the sentimental comedy will be seen at the Belasco and the Columbia stage will be the scene of a revival of a book play.

National. Donald Brian comes to this house with "The Marriage Market." The production is of course still under the management of Mr. Frohman and the original cast which appeared during the New York run at the Knickerbocker Theater is promised. In addition to the new production, "The Darling Widow," a play by the dramatist, Miss Kate Manning, Miss Sewell, Guy Nichols, Arthur Reynolds, Irene Hopping, Edith Burch, Elizabeth Wood, Viola King, Mary Annis and Percival Knight.

Belasco. A purely sentimental play dealing with the love affair of an opera singer and a clergyman in "Romance," by Edward Sheldon which will be seen at the Belasco next week with Doris Keane in the stellar role, supported by an English actor, Leslie Faber. There is an element of novelty in the production inasmuch as the acting part of the play while it includes a prologue, is "backward instead of hence," and the leading man is called the "last" instead of the "first" middle-aged bishop and then jump back forty years into the role of a youthful clergyman. The remainder of the supporting company includes H. Nye, Gaila, Gilda Varese and Mary Elizabeth Forbes.

Columbia. Those who have read the novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," written by John Fox, Jr., will have a chance to see the play, which Eugene Walter has evolved from the narrative of the Virginia hills. It comes to the Columbia Theater next week. It is a tale of the mountains, with a wild, primitive life as the pivot on which swings a thrilling plot. In Mr. Walter's version, you follow the author's lead in the book guided you up to reach the lone mountain cabin, and the tall, rugged, lonely tree through the mountains. The play has cast a more subtle veil of romance over its protagonist, June, and her romance with the cowboy who starts between the fractional mountaineers, Klaw and Erlanger have proved a fine stage play. The company is headed by Charlotte Walker.

Keith's. A new dance feature is announced as the headline act at Keith's next week. It is called "The Spark of Life" and will be danced by Miss Adelaide, assisted by J. J. Hughes. Another new act to Washington will be presented by Madge Terry. This is described in the billing as "novel musical suggestions" and is called "Waltz Without Song." Miss Nord and Paul Nicholson will present the love story of a ribbon counter girl and a department store clerk in a comedy

Before the Tango Came

NEW ENGLAND farmers less than 10 years ago found their flocks big and fat and the most valuable assets of the farms. The wool they turned over to the "women-folks," the two Sams and Montomab and his wife, were mottled and black, but they were carded and made into rolls. In the farmhouse these rolls were spun into yarn on the big wheel.

Since most of the wool was white and only a few pure white garments were ordered by the farmers, these rolls were knit by the women-folks. Knitting was a universal. Every housewife and every girl knit.

Ever self-respecting woman always had her knitting. She knit for herself, knit white while visiting her neighbors, knit white she sat warming herself by the stove or the fireplace, knit when she was half asleep and was waked up by dropping a stitch, knit in the morning, knit at noon, knit at night. The gentler sex of the whole countryside knit, knit stockings and socks with blue toes, blue socks with red tops, and for variety, sock socks with blue toes, blue socks with red tops, and for variety, sock socks with blue toes, blue socks with red tops.

Their knit mittens, so comfortable on frosty days; mittens white, mittens grey, mittens blue or blue striped, with white for the boys, and such pretty red mittens for the dear girls; knit comforters to wrap around the boys, white for the boys, and such pretty red mittens for the dear girls; knit comforters to wrap around the boys, white for the boys, and such pretty red mittens for the dear girls.

Never had the engine run better. The huge car raced along the road, raising the dust in clouds, and fitting past milestones with an easy regularity almost monotonous.

"Ah," gasped the driver, as the car battled with the wind which swept the high ground, whence for miles around the surrounding country could be seen. "This is the place for view—my boy? Have you ever come across such a landscape as that before?"

Almost lost in the roaring of the wind came his friend's hoarse grumble. "Never! I've already had a good deal more than I can swallow."

BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS—PAPE'S First dose of Pape's Cold Compound relieves all gripe misery.

Don't stop stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold. It is either in the head, chest, body, or limbs. It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and discharges the mucus, relieves sneezing, soreness, and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known, and costs only 25 cents at drug stores. It acts without harm, does not irritate, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.—Adv.

Diary of a Little Boy

(Copyright, 1913, by the Press Publishing Co.)

YESTERDAY my grandmother took me down to the stores to look at the Xmas toys. She was talking about taking me for about a month and she got me all excited, and every time I'd do something mischievous she would say now, William, be good or else grandma won't take you down to see the Xmas toys, so I was very good and very maraboi for about a month all on account of this trip.

So yesterday when I came home from school she made me wash my face and hands and she brushed my hair with a wire brush and like to put my eye out with it. Then she put on my patent leather shoes what buttin' instep of lace and my Sunday overcoat and then we went in the subway and when I was exploring in my pocket in the subway I found a half of a piece of chown gum my mother had me last week to keep in my pocket.

And I know my grandmother has a very strange horror of chown gum so I was very skillful and sneaked it in the other corner of my mouth and just when I had got it all chewed up in my mouth she got her eyes on me and together she got her evil eye on me and she I nearly choked to death on krumbs! And that was the first thing that didn't make me feel contented.

Then when we was going up in that elevator in the store, every woman was so big and fat and I was so littel and thin that they didn't do a thing to me, I felt just like a coal miner waiting to be rescued.

Well, we saw about 100 million tons of toys. They was the wonderfulest toys I ever saw, but my grandmother she had had of me like a handkuff and I koodint rest anywhere near them. She wood stop in front of a toy and she would say look at the beautiful toy William do you like the toy William and then just when I was beginning to wonder how the thing worked she wood give me a yank by the arm and pull me on to so other line.

So I went on, after she thawt she had did her duty to the toys and me she led me to the counter to treat me to ice cream soda. That soundved like a real treat to me and she took me to the counter and I got on a big, high stool and she ordered hot chaw-kuff. It taste just like my coco that I have to drink every morning and for drinking which my father gives me a dime a week because it is good for my heart so I told my grandmother I wood like it. I kint any treat for me because it taste just like my coco that I have to drink every morning and for drinking which my father gives me a dime a week because it is good for my heart so I told my grandmother I wood like it.

But anyway afterwards when it was dark my mother sneaked into my room and she kuddled me in her arms and I told her all about it and she new what I ment (my mother always knows even though telling her) and she bawt me a hole lot of cookies and I ate em in bed and I got the place all full of krumbs but I didn't care.

So that may talk all they want about grandmothers but I don't think they're such a much, I'd take mothers every time, I wood. I guess the grandmothers some of them having been deceived by a blamed long since they was littel that they shoobind be saved 'sponduil for their mistakes. So, I kint any treat for me because it taste just like my coco that I have to drink every morning and for drinking which my father gives me a dime a week because it is good for my heart so I told my grandmother I wood like it.

RED CROSS Sold Everywhere Nothing Better Anywhere 5c PER BOX Cough Drops

The Sterling 13" and E Streets Business Men's Lunch, 40c Served in the Cell.

Washing Treasury:

"I seen in the Newark paper where you had \$33.11 to give away if so. I am a young married and have shurly had lots of bad luck. Our house caught on fire and burnt about everything we had and we had no insurance. So I am shure that it wood shurly be acceptable to us. If so please send to us."

Here are some of the appeals: "U. S. Treasury: "I read in the paper that every man and woman and child should have \$33.11. Well, I have a husband and baby eleven months old, so it said if I didn't get any I thought I wood write. I am eighteen years old, my husband twenty-four, and the \$33.11 wood shurely come in handy now. My husband has not work for one month. "Obliged from a U. S. PERSON."

"To the Treasury Dept!:" "Seeing this article in the paper which I inclose, that if one would write to the Treasury Department one could get the sum of \$33.11. I take my chance and write that you know I may need it. Will state that I am an inmate of St. Luke's Home. While I have a home, I am a woman over seventy years of age. I have any good money, but I am a great benefit to my family not able to earn any."

"Treasury Department, Dear Sir: "In reading the paper about there being so much money in the Treasury Department, and that everybody was entitled to some of it. I wish to state that I am a married man with three small children and I am out of work. There is no money coming in the house. As we have hardly anything to keep us from going to bed, I wish to state to me if you would be thankful to send me some money and make my family happy. I wood thank you a thousand times.""

"I want to know if I am going to get that \$33.11 that amount is due to me? I would like for you to send it to me. I have my own money. Send it to me if it is due me. Yours truly,"

Watch Her Shopping Bag

"I WANT you to see my lovely new shopping bag," said a certain lady caller the other afternoon. "My husband gave it to me for my birthday, and it's simply grand! And it's so economical! You see, you open this, and there are two compartments, and you open the compartments on this side, and there is a little pocket in that, and you open the little pocket, and there is a cute little pocketbook for change, with one side partitioned off for street car tickets."

"Bring up some pear and peach preserves," said Billy Pig, very softly, as Madam Pig told a fib and Billy Pig had not returned, but she did not know just what to do, for she felt quite sure that Mr. Bruin had not left with the best of intention towards Billy Pig.

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"I see," said the caller. "But why do you call it economical?" "Why, it takes so long to open all the things and get to your street car tickets that, by the time you do, whoever is with you has paid your fare."

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TIMES BEDTIME STORIES

BILLY PIG'S REVENGE.

BILLY PIG and Billy Goat, as you will remember, were shingling the barn when we last heard of them. Well, I must tell you what happened and how Billy Pig revenged his wrong.

From the top of the shed Billy Pig and Billy Goat could see quite a distance, and all at once Billy Pig dropped his hammer and said: "Look, Billy Goat, who is that coming along the road? It looks to me very much like—"

"It is," said Billy Goat: "It is Mr. Bruin, and he is carrying your dress suit case, Hurry and get down. We must be in the house with the doors and windows locked before he reaches here."

By this time Mr. Bruin had reached the gate and was walking up the path, looking the house well over to see if there was any sign of life to be seen. "That is too bad," said Mr. Bruin, sitting down on the steps and listening. "Here I have come to bring home Billy Pig's suit case, and to inquire why he left us so suddenly, and after all my trouble I find the house closed."

Then he knocked very loudly on the door, and this time Madam Pig put her head out of the attic window. "What is wanted?" she asked.

"Oh! good day, Madam Pig," said Mr. Bruin, with his most polite bow. "I thought you all were away. I came to inquire if Billy Pig was at home. He left his suit case at our house and I have brought it back."

Madam Pig told a fib and Billy Pig had not returned, but she did not know just what to do, for she felt quite sure that Mr. Bruin had not left with the best of intention towards Billy Pig.

"Bring up some pear and peach preserves," said Billy Pig, very softly, as Madam Pig told a fib and Billy Pig had not returned, but she did not know just what to do, for she felt quite sure that Mr. Bruin had not left with the best of intention towards Billy Pig.

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is coming to get me, and I will have to dance again and be called Minnie. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Yes, it is he," said Billy Goat, "but he could not have come at a better time than this. Remember, Billy Pig, come out from under there and watch the fun. He will never stop to find you."

Billy Pig did not quite understand what that was to mean, but he came out from his hiding place and went to the window with his mother and Billy Goat. The Man, when he reached the house, stopped and looked it over, and then he came in and started for Mr. Man.

Mr. Man almost fell right down where he stood for he was so frightened, but he knew he must run if he wished to escape, and he did, and Bruin after him. He could have caught him if he had tried, but he only wanted to have a little fun, so he chased and growled for a short distance, then he remembered the preserves waiting for him, and giving one more growl, which made Mr. Bruin almost faint, he trotted off towards Madam Pig's house.

By this time he did get what he expected, for while he was gone Billy Goat said to Madam Pig, "Now is our chance to get rid of Bruin and get Billy Pig's suit case."

So Billy Goat slipped down to the yard and took the suit case, and then he took the kettle of water, which was boiling by this time and carried it upstairs.

Billy Pig took all the bricks he could carry from the fireplace and bring them up also, and when Bruin returned he set down under the window to laugh.

He did laugh, and then he told Madam Pig to lower some more preserves, and to lower them quick, too. He felt very safe, now that he had Mr. Man out of the way.

"I will send them right down, Mr. Bruin," said Madam Pig very sweetly. "Here they are," and she spoke and tipped the kettle and let the boiling water fall on Bruin, and at the same time Billy Goat and Billy Pig threw the bricks, and made a loud noise, such their feet against the well until it sounded as if the place was filled with demons that had come to destroy Bruin. He did not stop to find out what had happened, but took to his heels and toes, too, and ran faster than Mr. Man had, much faster, for in a few minutes he was out of sight and he never came back.

And now that we have Billy Pig at home with his mother and good friends, with Billy Goat as well as good-bye to him, but I must tell you that Billy Goat lived with Madam Pig and Billy Pig the rest of his days, and a very happy family they were.

Sometimes one long winter evening Billy Goat and Billy Pig will sit by the good times they had when they were young and how they got rid of Bruin, and Mr. Dog, and Mr. Man, and Madam Pig will look with pride at her boys and knit as she sits.

Tomorrow's story: "Mr. Fox and His Crutch."

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