

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

SOCIETY BUDS WHO WILL APPEAR IN SPECTACULAR PAGEANT

Amateur Thespians Will Stage "Columbia" for Benefit of the Noel House.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL FEATURES PREDOMINATE

Miss Helen Buchanan to Lead the "Dutch Girls" in Catchy Songs and Dances.

Washington's amateur thespians are preparing for the presentation of a spectacular musical pageant, "Columbia," at the Columbia Theater for five nights, beginning February 2. Five hundred girls and young men of the Capital will participate in the production, which is to be staged for the benefit of the Noel House.

Mrs. Summy As Pepita. During this scene Mrs. Anna Brett Summy will have the leading part on the stage in the character of Pepita, the Genoa beauty.

The curtain rises on the second act, showing the Island of San Salvador with a company of Indians before a campfire. They are dressed in Buffalo robes and decorated with feathers.

The spectacle of the Indians kneeling in worship of the sunrise is one of the beautiful stage effects of the production. The savages see the approach of Columbus' three ships, the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria. Then they discover the white men paddling toward the shore. The leading part in this scene is given to Earl Carbaugh, who has been cast for the Indian chief.

Miss Buchanan a Leader. Miss Helen Buchanan, daughter of Brig. Gen. James A. Buchanan, will lead the "Dutch girls," who appear in the second act. The Dutch girls do a catchy dance and sing some catchy songs. They will wear the typical Dutch costume. Miss Eleanor Wilson shows considerable interest in this group and has attended rehearsals with the Ruth Hall, who has a prominent part in the cast.

Others in the dance are Miss Mildred Bacon, Miss Dasha Allen, Miss Eloise Orme, Miss Agra Bennett, Miss John Anderson, Miss Eleanor B. Griffith, Miss Jeannette Allen, Miss Helen Kendrick, Miss Dorothy Adams, Miss Clara Chester Bell, Miss Miriam Beckett and Miss Emily Beatty.

Intermittent Scoroscopes

By EDITH LOBERT.

THE planetary influences for this day are said to be unlucky for portly gentlemen who slip upon banana peels. The clouds also have an evil aspect for the lady who forgets to bring her umbrella. It is not a favorable time to go bathing in the tidal basin. The aspect is said to be particularly good for the health of certain persons who rock the boat, not knowing that it is loaded. According to ancient lore the auguries are not favorable to fishing in the mountain in front of the Congressional library. There is misfortune for certain Democratic Congressmen is forecast from sufficient headquartens. Clerks and employees who arrive late to their places of business are said to wander a rule which is generally un- fortunate. Persons whose birthdate it is should remember the excise law to keep it when horn on this day will be perplexed at times, and be subject to capricious and fickle moods.

A Chamber of Horrors.

IN PERIA," said the barber, "we barbers combine medicine and dentistry with our trade. When I visited Lord Lovelace, the explorer, often used to visit the Persian barber-shop just to see the fun, you know. Once I was being shaved when a snake came in with the rheumatism, vomiting himself to me, the barber, he bit the patient and offered a short prayer. Then he touched the patient three times with a hot iron, that was the cure. On another occasion, while I was cutting a hair-cut, a man came in with toothache. Excusing himself, the barber punched and gouged away at the tooth for twenty minutes. Finally he succeeded in breaking off the piece. "Ah," he said, "that's the piece the Chicago Record-Herald."

Putting Off Evil Hour.

A YOUNG lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of being a lady in a state where the court rules allow each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near. "How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury?" he asked in a rather pompous manner. "The full hour," was the gruff reply. "The full hour? Why, I intended to take only fifteen minutes." "Take the full hour," replied the old lawyer. "But why?" "Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."



MISS ELOISE STUART ORME



MISS DASHA ALLEN



MISS EMILY BEATTY

Child Labor and the Prize Ring

By TONY BIDDLE. Millionaire Athlete and Society Man.

IF Eddie Hanlon had not fought too often and too hard when he was a young boy, he would probably have been champion of the world. Eddie began fighting when he was seventeen years old; at eighteen he was a sensation, at nineteen he was in his prime and at twenty he was an old man, broken with hard fighting and hard training.

There is a valuable lesson to be learned from Eddie Hanlon's story. If you start working too young, or work too hard while you are undeveloped, you never will develop as you ought to. Many a wrecked body has been caused by boyish overindulgence in athletics; many a stunted mind by the efforts of misguided parents to force the mental growth of a child-prodigy. Worst of all, thousands of children are hopelessly deranged and stunted every year through the cupidity of employers who prefer to grind the lives of children in the machinery of their business rather than pay adult wages.

It is a far cry from child labor to the prize ring, but the case of Eddie Hanlon furnishes an example of the evils of early overstrain that cannot be surpassed.

Hanlon made his appearance in the preliminary bouts in the San Francisco ring early in the present century. He had a left hook that was a wonder, one of those hooks that is born on a man, and comes naturally to some from their earliest years.

He was a clear-skinned, good looking lad, little more than a child when he first began to distinguish himself. Soon his punch became famous, and he was given matches with men of local repute.

He was more than usually precocious in ring matters, and picked up boxing quickly, developing a crouch from which he was able to hit with his right hand as well as his left, a feat which crouching fighters seldom accomplish, and an impregnable, turtle-shell defense.

As the boy wonder improved he was matched with men of national reputation, beating all whom he was called upon to face. Sport critics of the coast never tired of bragging of his youth and prowess and could see nothing less than the lightweight title ahead for him.

Then they matched him with Battling Nelson, who was just making his way to the top of the lightweight heap. Nelson was always noted as a "heart-breaker." He had not the punch to put his antagonists quickly and mercifully to sleep. Instead he clubbed and mauled them until they were too exhausted to pull themselves to their feet. After men fought flat they were held good for much.

For nineteen long rounds he hammered and mauled Hanlon. Then the latter collapsed, and they carried him to his corner. That was the beginning of the end, but his admirers would not see it that way. Youth recuperates quickly, they said, and matched him with Young Corbett, the crafty boxer and terrible puncher who had beat the reputedly invincible McGovern for the featherweight title.

All through a long twenty-round fight the pugilistic child prodigy gave the mature and powerful veteran a hard fight, and at the end it was called a draw. Hanlon's admirers were jubilant. "He held Corbett even this time. He's developing every day. Next time he'll beat him," they said. But the mauling he had received interfered seriously with the development expected. When the two came together again soon after, Hanlon fought a poor fight and was knocked out after receiving a terrible beating. After the fight Hanlon was sick for a long time. He never fought another good fight, and started in business a broken old man at twenty, when he should have been just beginning to come into physical manhood.

How many Hanlons are the employers of child labor turning out every day?



MISS MILDRED BACON

CONCERNING FREAKS AND FADS

ONE of fashion's latest freaks is the six-inch-wide sash, in gold cloth ribbon that starts at the center of the back of the neck, is carried forward and smoothly brought down to the belt line and then forms a flat glittering bordering for the fronts of the waistcoat. One end of this length of ribbon passes round the waist, makes the first and last for a sash, having a single end finished with silk fringe in black or whatever color best accords with the after-dinner costume. Of course this rather startling accessory is not intended for wear with an ordinary street costume, but to dress up the three-piece suit designed for receptions, luncheons and church weddings.

Another theme of the sash line is a wide corset girdle, running high up the center of the bodice's front and at the left side falling in a single silk cord to the knees, where it is looped under the drapery of the frock. In dull red, tea green or sapphire blue ribbon velvet, embroidered with gold or silver thread, this sash wonderfully amazes a simply made house frock. The fashionable model is broad in the center, tapers to a narrow, flat waist and is lightly trimmed with fox. This combination of accessories with a blouse will go with a surprising variety of skirts. It is stunning with either black or dark blue velvet or satin or with white bronzed, wool satin or net and the woman who cannot afford an unlimited number of new clothes will find it a most useful addition to her wardrobe.

Sashes of matching cloth or of silk in contrasting color are worn with simple afternoon frocks. When become a wide belt which shortens and raises the waist line, but mingles the touch of material in crushed or folded until the ends have been brought together in the back, where they are finished with drop ornaments in metal, beads, or beads.

No Hairy Growths After This Treatment

(Beauty Notes.) After much experimenting it has been found that delatone is as effective for removing hairy growths as the electric needle. And the argument in favor of the new method is that it is inexpensive, painless and takes little time. Here is the treatment: With powdered delatone and water mix enough paste to cover the undesirable hair, apply and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off and with it comes every trace of hair. The skin should then be washed to remove the remaining delatone.—Adv't.

Reflections by a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND.

(Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co.) DIVORCEE is one who has graduated from the co-residence school of experience.

Wisdom is the salve, philosophy the pill, and time the balm which will cure the worst pains of love. Funny, but no matter how many motor cars a man may have, he never seems to keep more than one collar button—and that one always either under the bureau or in the wrong shirt.

A man is sometimes in love a woman is never out of it. Here is the sweet, old-fashioned wife who used to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning and cook her husband's breakfast? Gone, gone, alas, with the sweet, old-fashioned husband who used to come home at 6 o'clock in the evening and STAY there!

"Civilization" is the substitution of politics for war, of eugenics for love and divorce for ground glass. In olden times a man's "ideal woman" was one with an eighteen-inch waist, a two-inch brain and a half-inch conscience, and, somehow, men don't appear to have changed much.

A man can get so used to his wife's presence that he couldn't concentrate his mind on his newspaper unless she were talking to him. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and—consolation prizes.

Time it! In five minutes your upset stomach will feel fine.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; it's harmless; it's certain unflinching action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. It's millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach, all such distress vanishes. It's promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv't.

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BEDTIME STORY.

Mamie Quack and Johnnie Quackles—Part II.

YOU remember I said I would tell you who it was that looked over the rocks back of Johnnie and Mamie when he was cooking the meat well, it was Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, and without being invited they climbed over and came down to the picnic before Mamie or Johnnie heard or saw them. "How dare you have a picnic on my grounds," said Mr. Bruin without even introducing himself; "we will have to take you young people to our cave and eat your food for all this," and before Mamie or Johnnie could explain that they did not know the land belonged to Mr. Bruin (which it didn't at all) they were being carried off, and the next thing they were tied to a tree. The Bruins went back to the picnic, and in a short time everything had been eaten even the matches, which Mr. Bruin did not like at all, and went down to the water to rinse his mouth out as soon as he could.

"Now, my dear, we will take these young things home with us," said Mr. Bruin; and, while they will not be more than a mouthful, they will help a little on tomorrow's dinner. "We should give them something to eat, Bruin dear," said the wife; "they will be so thin they will not even make one mouthful for you. There is some corn and meal in the closet, I will get it and make a pudding, there is nothing like it for fattening."

Mamie and Johnnie were so hungry they ate every bit of the pudding and then, having their hunger satisfied, they began to think of the terrible fate that awaited them on the morrow. Johnnie Quackles forgot all about being brave and began to cry and wish he could see his mother.

"You stop that noise this minute," said Mrs. Bruin, coming to the door of the room where Mamie and Johnnie were prisoners. "How do you think I can sleep if you make such a racket."

"Johnnie Quackles, if you don't stop crying you will be a mouthful for Bruin tomorrow," said Mamie. "But I want to go home," said Johnnie.

"You will never reach there if you cry and wake up the Bruins," whispered Mamie. "Now come with me and don't you dare stub your toe."

Johnnie and Mamie crept out of the room very, very softly, and very, very softly they crept past the Bruins, but just as they did so Mr. Bruin gave a very loud snore, and poor Johnnie Quackles fell right over on the floor, hitting Bruin as he went.

Mamie waited until all was quiet—that is all but the loud sleeping noises Bruin and his wife made—and then she pulled Johnnie from under Bruin's paw very, very carefully and dragged him to the door, which she opened very, very softly.

The air seemed to revive poor Johnnie Quackles, and he stood up on his feet and spread his wings and opened his mouth.

It was just sunrise when a very much bedraggled Mamie Quack and a forlorn looking Johnnie Quackles waddled into the yard of their home and two mother ducks came running toward them.

"Oh! where have you children been?" they asked, embracing Johnnie and Mamie. "We thought the old fox under the hill had caught you."

"Oh! mother, dear, it was much worse than that," she assured you," said Johnnie Quackles, beginning to cry.

Mamie Quack had to tell the mother ducks all about the picnic, and the Bruins, for Johnnie Quackles was crying so hard he could not talk, and his mother was so glad to see him she forgot to recall what she heard about the fire that was built to cook the meat, although she well knew a match had to be used to light the fire.

"I guess you will not say I am not just as good as a boy to go with on a picnic," said Mamie's mother, and Quack to Johnnie Quackles later that day when they were sailing along on the pond. "If it hadn't been for me you would have been roasted for Mr. Bruin. The next time we go on a picnic, we will go to a place nearer home."

"I know where there are some big bugs and a cool place to rest," said Johnnie, ignoring Mamie's remarks and off they went and forgot all about the picnic and the Bruins. I will tell you more about Johnnie Quack and Mamie Quackles some day.

Tomorrow's story: "Tom Kitten Becomes a Real Hunter."

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