THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ARMADA

By Stephen Chalmers

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"INDEED, you are good to the enemy."

"Hech, aye," said my father, his eyes twinkling as they rested on me and the sword. "When an enemy mak's ye laugh in spite o' yersel' it's hard t' be serious wi' yer enemy. Forbye, ye're no enemy o' mine that I ken o'. . . . But I'm gey sorry for ye."

"And why?"

"Weel," said my father uneasily, "the laird's a hard man, an' it's yon ye will hae the dealin' wi'."

"Ah?" said Don John, and that pale shadow of weariness returned to his face.

But it was not there long. Presently he began to whistle his lilt, and when he came to the yard, and Caesar, our collie, smelt a stranger, Don John just said a word or two in a strange tongue, and Caesar's ears stood erect. Next minute the old dog and the Spaniard were as friendly as bees and buttercups. And when we came into the farm kitchen and my father said to my mother, "Roire has brought home a strange cow," she just looked into Don John's face for a moment or two, then said quietly:

"Will ye hae a sup o' meat, my lord?"

In that moment I knew that, whatever his faults might be, Don John was a good man as women judge.

My mother bustled around and set out her best on the scoured board. There was a bowl of porridge and a bowl of hot milk, and there were hot scones and fresh and kept butter. And for some reason not then clear to my young mind, Don John's eyes filled with sudden tears when my mother said:

"It may not be what ye will be used to my lord, but wad ye hae an oatcake?"

He caught my mother's hand and bent to kiss it; but she pulled it away and ran into the byre with a brave blush on her face, for this way of showing gratitude is a thing our people are not used to. But Don John looked very grave, and presently he said to me:

"Rorie, will you tell Mistress Maclean that I hope I have done no offense, for I swear I would like that oatcake."

That completely won my mother. She sent in two or three bannocks, for she was busy in the byre, milking; and while Don John and I were eating them with butter and honey, he asked me about the laird.

"I would rather ye asked o' father," I said. He seemed to catch my meaning, for he went on:

"Did any of my friends come ashore—alive?"

"Aye," was all I could say, for my mouth was full.

"What has become of them?"

Now, how could I say "hangit" to a man like Don John? So I ventured no answer and crammed my mouth full of oatcake until my face must have been raw and red. At that my prisoner siged; but in a little while he leaned back, satisfied with his meat, and began to hum his tune. By and by my father came in from the byre with the milk pails and said:

"Hay, Rorie, ye would best be gone. Y'are late, lad, and the laird will not be a patient man."

Don John stopped humming and looked, first at me, then at my father.

"It's as you please," said my father—rather sadly; "but ye canna bide here long. If ye care t' gang as ye came, it will no be me nor Rorie that's seen ye awa', but and ye stop the laird will chairge me wi' shieldin' an enemy o' the land."

"I am at your command," said Don John.

"It's as pleases yersel', but the laird'll find ye hereaboot sooner than thereaboot. It's go the road ye cam' or face the laird in his cas'le."

"So be it," said Don John, bracing his shoulders as he stood up, "And the sooner the better."

"He hangit yer friends," said my father in a tone that neither commended nor condemned the act.

No fear crossed Don John's face, only a momentary look of great sadness. Then his eyes flashed and he smiled.

"We shall see if he hang me," he said.

"So be it," said my father. He turned to my mother, who had entered after him, and said: "Bring a dram, Maggie."

As Don John lifted his cup he said:

"Be it a short memory, or a long one, I shall not forget."

The two men drank. My mother wiped away a tear, and presently Don John and I were on the road to the castle. His sword swung at his side, for it was not in my heart to keep it from such a fine gentleman; forbye, as he said after I had given it to him, it might have looked to the laird as if he angled mercy through a child.

When we came to the point of the clachan road, where it branched off to the left, Don John came to a halt and looked at the bay. There lay all that was left of La Trinidad—as he said the Spanish ship had been called—a ribbed thing like a great bird-cleaned fish, but charred to blackness. Scores of men from the clachan—and women, too—were prowling along the beach, rifling the dead. In the big elms at the beginning of the castle wood, the sunlight glowed upon seven or eight corpses that dangled and tossed in the southwest breeze. Don John sighed, crossed himself, and stood for a while in silence. I think he was praying.

"A sad, sad night, Rorie," said he huskily, after a while.

He pased a hand over his eyes as he turned into the woods, and presently he whistled softly; but I think his heart was not back of his lilting air, or else he piped to brace himself for the laird.

As we rounded a turn of the path, we came upon Mistress Mary, who was walking toward us with her chin low and her hands clasped before her. I had never seen her look so bonny as on this morning. Although seeming sad, the sun glossed her brown hair, and the breeze played with the white feather in her highland bonnet. Her arms were bare, and lay, white and shapely, against the plaid skirt that scarce reached her ankles. Her bosom seemed merely to be enfolded in some white stuff that was brought together by a silver brooch, which also held a bit of fresh heather.

Daon John stopped as if he beheld a wraith. And, certes, she was like some spirit of the summer moors, fluished with the pride and beauty of Scotland, and as lovely in grand simplicity. Full of life as a happy burn in spring, she still minded one of the placid lake where the currents move unseen. As a man, I write of a vivid memory of her.

She became aware of us when she was still a little way off. I say "us," but I think her eyes saw only Don John, and into them leapt a look of sorrow and fear. Her first words showed that the fear was for him.

'Oh, sirrah!" she cried; "if you love life—hide!"

Don John said nothing—only looked at the bonny woman before him with wondering admiration.

"Rorie," said Mistress Mary to me, "has he not got the Sassenach tongue?"

Whether Don John's tongue could be called Sassenach, he promptly found it.

"Aye, lady," said he, and his hand reached to his head for the bonnet that wasn't there. He colored up at that, and Mistress Mary, seeing what was wrong, laughed a wee. And then Don John laughed, too.

"But ye must go," said Mistress Mary. Has Rorie told ye?"

"Lady," said Don John, "I have come to surrender as a prisoner of war. Surely I have nothing to fear but the humiliation."

Mistress Mary turned white, and her fingers clasped and unclasped in her distress.

"Oh, will ye no understand?" she cried. "This is no your country, nor yet England. This is the Hielan's, and the Hielan' ways are hard."

"I understand," said Don John slowly; "but what else can I do? This is a far shore from my own. Would you have me like a savage, living on what I may steal, or accepting food and shelter from those who, by their acts, may incur their master's displeasure? There is but one way. I go to surrender myself, come what may of it."

"But ye canna see the laird," said Mistress Mary, as a subterfuge. "He is abed wi' pains."

"Then must I offer you my sword," said Don John with a most gallant smile. War has brought me to sweet misfortune."

Mistress Mary went very red in the face.

"It't could be my right to take it," she said with some confusion, "ye wad fare better." Then, remembering the gravity of his position, she cried: "Oh, will ye no heed and go back?"

"Nay, but I thank you," said he softly. "I cannot go back—now."

"Rorie?" and, in her agitation, Mistress Mary found herself appealing to a lad of eight summers, "will ye no tell him to go?"

"Mistress Mary," I said, "he will no tak' heed, even o' the hangin'." I admired Don John's purpose much, but it was pleasant to take the side of so sweet a lady as my kinswoman.

"Indeed," said Don John, smiling, "the Scots are a generous people. I offered this lad my sword, and he gave it back to me; his father drank my health, and his mother fed me with oatcakes and honey. And now, my lady, you entreat me to safety. Is there none in Scotland to accept my sword? Or is it unworthy the honor?"

Mistress Mary stepped to one side of the path and said angrily:

"Weel, gang yer ain gait!"

Don John moved on, and I followed after; but Mistress Mary caught my arm and whispered:

"Oh, Rorie! Rorie Dinna let them kill him, Dinna." Then she remembered my age, I suppose, and she cried after Don John desperately:

"Come back! Oh, come back! Ye'll hang in an hour."

"Thank you, Mistress Mary," said Don John. "If you will remain here, I shall return in an hour."

tA that, Mistress Mary lost all patience and stamped her foot. But I saw big tears in her eyes, and that she liked Don John as much as I did. The last I saw of her she was standing on the path with her back to us.

We came to the front door of the castle, and Don John knocked with the hilt of his sword.

Big Aundra opened the door, and when he saw the Spaniard he was like to drop in a fit. But the sight of me in the rear brought back his sense of reality, and he demanded to know Don John's business.

"Here's another one, Rorie!" laughed Don John. "How difficult it is to be hanged!"

"Hangin', is't?" said Big Aundra, who only half understood English. "Ye'll hang, sure enough!"

"Thank you," said Don John; and, much to Big Aundra's amazement, he stepped into the hall. "You come, too, Rorie," he added.

I set down the milk pails at the door and followed Don John and the astonished Aundra, who seemed to have collapsed under a new thought. What it was I did not understand at the moment, but the man's face had turned as white as if he had seen a ghost.

"To the laird," said Don John.

Big Aundra, now as docile as a lambkin, led us up a flight of stairs to the upper story of the castle. Presently he stopped before a big oak door. From behind it came subdued groans, mingled with an occasional curse in Gaelic. Aundra pointed to it. Don John knocked with his sword hilt, and a voice roared in answer:

"Come in, you gommeril!"

Don John pushed open the door and stepped inside, with me and Big Aundra close on his heels. Before Aundra, or I could see what happened, the laird, who was lying in bed with the pains, gave a fearsome skreigh and cried:

"Aundra! Aundra! A ghost! A blackamoor! A ghost!"

Aundra, instead of coming to his master's assistance, took to his heels. I could hear his great bagpipes slapping on the wooden stairs, and presently there was a wild gabbling among the superstitious Hieland vassals.

As for the laird, he was doubled up in bed with his plaid wrapped over his head, and he was moaning. Don John looked at him in pitying amazement; then he chuckled.

"My lord," said he quietly.

The moaning ceased, and presently Black Jamie's shock of hair, and then his face, gray as rainmist, came out of the plaid. His look of horror changed to amazement and anger.

"Oh!" he chuckled. "So ye will be a real blackamoor. Eh-hay?"

"What makes you think I came down from a tree," asked Don John.

"In the name o' Heven, wha' he ye?" cried Black Jamie, unconsciously dropping into English, which should have told him that it was no ghost that had addressed him. "Are ye man or deevil?"

"A man," said Don John contemptuously. "Sit up, my lord, or I may think you are not."

Black Jamie sat up in a rage.

"If A'm no a man," he snarled, "A may be a deevil, Maister Blackamoor, as ye may find."

I saw Don John's face darken and heard his breath sough through his nose. But I nudged him, and he calmed down.

"I am here, my lord, to claim the courtesies of war and of equal rank—at least."

"Eh-hay? Toot!" said the laird, his manner visibly changing. "An what may you be?"

"Don John of Murcia. I offer surrender, but the lad claims that."

"Hoy, Rorie, is it yourself?" said the laird in Gaelic, noticing me for the first time. "And what will ye have to say, Rorie?"

So I told my story, not forgetting Don John's mercy to me. As I spoke of it, Don John became uneasy. The laird's mouth curled in a sneer.

"Eh-hay? He thocht t' clip favor by sparin' the bit lad, eh-hay?"

Then Don John broke out in wild wrath. His long, thin sword leaped from its sheath. He pitched it in the air and caught the blade half way between the handle and the point.

"Sirrah," he cried. "I will offer you my sword. Will you take the hilt or the point?"

The laird's fierce orbs never qualled, but his gray, bectling eyebrows seemed to bristle a wee. He calmly reached out a hand.

"I will be takkin' the haunl'e, thankee," said he.

Don John hesitated before the great gnarled hand that had strung seven of his companions on the yule-tree. Then, with the movement of a man who knows it is the last cast of the die, he surrendered the blade. The laird's eyes gleamed.

"Aye, aye," said he, bending the blade on the floor. "It's a bonny weepon, but doesn't bear the mark o' much use."

Don John's teeth snapped together. The laird loked curiously at him. The two men fought a battle of proud staring.

"Y' are a brave man," said the laird finally. The Spaniard's face flushed. "Hoo did you ship come here?"

"La Trinidad was of the Invincible Armada," said the prisoner mechanically. "Your brave sailors defeated us in the English channel. We cut off and attempted to return to Spain through what you call the Pentland Firth. We were marked for disaster from the first, and when we rounded Cape Wrath, our troubles were only beginning."

Don John's face clouded.

"We were overtaken by a terrible storm. Day after day our galleon met tremendous seas upon a broken coast. Many of our sailors had been landsmen up to that time. The slaves mutinied at the oars, and our vessel was filled with sick and wounded. Food ran short, but there was wine. We d'd not touch it until we rounded a stormy point and found ourselves in a great, calm channel. Fearing to face the open sea in our weakened condition, we determined to follow the channel and surrender. The slaves were put to the oars with promises of drink. The food, such as was left, was rotten, but we drank. We were defeated men," Don John added with a flush of shame. "We were voluntarily seeking mercy of our enemies. We held a bitter carousal, from which we were awakened by the fire and, I think, the grounding of the galleon. When all was lost, I leaped overboard and swam ashore."

The laird listened to this terse, simple narrative with glowing eyes.

"An' ye were beaten by Howard, eh?" he presently cackled. "Ye will not ken that my son, Archibald, was wi' Howard, eh? Mebbe," and the laird grinned sourly, 'mebbe the Black has gied ye a bellyfu' already. Ooch, aye, we'll no hang ye—my son, Archibald, micht like a crack wi' ye when he comes hame frae the wars. He'll be for tellin' ye hoo rhe din it, an' ye'll be for tellin' him hoo it felt. Eh-hay?"

And the laird chuckled hugely at his own cruel jest. He went on jeeringly.

"What say ye, Rorie? We'll no hang him? Mebbe yer father lad, could gie him a bit wark, mulkin' coos, maybe, or dowkin' dung. Aye, we'll no hang him till Airchibald comes hame, so's he'll be at the hangin'.

"Here's yer preen," he added contemptuously, returning Don John his poor sword. "Gang an' howk dung wi't. It's a' it's guid for!"

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

INDIAN STUDENTS GOOD INVESTMENT

Former Commissioner Valentine Says They Are Valuable Asset When They Return.

Vigorous measures for the preservation of health, for sanitation and hygiene, and the giving of industrial impulse and opportunity to the Indians of the United States, are among the essentials of training to make the Red Man a good citizen, according to former Indian Commissioner Valentine.

In his last annual report, given to the Secretary of the Interior preceding his resignation, Mr. Valentine declares the American Indian should be released as soon as possible from the paternal care of the United States Government.

The greatest investment the Indian Service has, continues the report, is in the students who have been away at the larger schools and have returned to live at or near their home reservations. There are about 25,000 of these Indians, who represent an economic investment estimated at about $50,000,000. The principal held by the Government for the Indians, including lands, waters, forests and minerals, amounts to $750,000,000.

DEATH TAKES FORMER OHIO CONGRESSMAN

Chapel L. Weems, Who Represented Sixteenth District Three Times, Expires.

News was received in this city yesterday of the death of former Congressman Chapel L. Weems, at his home at Steubenville, Ohio. Death was due to valvular heart trouble.

Mr. Weems represented the Sixteenth district of Ohio in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, and Sixtieth Congress. He was fifty-three years of age.

Mr. Weems began his public career in 1884, when he was elected prosecuting attorney for his home county. At the end of his first term he was elected to the lower house of the general assembly o fOhio. He was elected to Congress in 1903.

ELECTRIC BOARD TO HOLD HEARING ON "EXPRESS" CARS

Chevy Chase Citizens Will Appear Thursday to Urge Better Service.

Hearing of the Chevy Chase express service question, originally scheduled for this evening in the Interstate Commerce Commission building, will not take place until Thursday evening, when the District Electric Railway Commission will conduct it in the boardroom of the Interstate building. The hearing room will be crowded that evening, because Chevy Chase and Cleveland Park Citizens' Associations are coming en masse, it is reported, the Capital Traction Company, will have representatives present, and a number of persons interested in the question will be on hand.

Conviction is growing that the District Electric Railway Commission ultimately will order increased service to Chevy Chase, but that this will not necessarily be "express" either for the whole or part of the line.

Traffic Is Growing.

The volume of traffic to Cleveland Park, Chevy Chase circle, and Chevy Chase Lake has been growing so steadily that to some of the commissioners it seems more important that there should be more cars running out to the end of the line than that some should run in or out as "expresses."

It is argued that the service on the Chevy Chase line is now the fastest in the city and is also the most regular.

"You can practically set your watch by the way the Chevy Chase cars run," one commissioner has often remarked.

Everyone who rides on the line knows that the cars run in and out faster than on most other lines. The Chevy Chase cars from Fourteenth and U streets run over the same tracks as the Florida avenue and wharves lines of the Capital Traction Company, from Fourteenth street to the loop at Rock Creek bridge. It is obvious to any observer that the Chevy Chase cars run much faster up U street, up Eighteenth and so on past the loop than do the other cars named also owned by the Capital Traction Company.

Little Short Haul Travel.

The speed at which these cars run, the brevity of their stops at street intersections, and the fact that they fun no farther than Fifteenth and New York avenue down town combine to keep short haul passengers off them, according to the argument of the traction company, and hence there is no great need for express service, it is maintained.

What is needed according to the commissioners is more cars to run past the loop at Rock creek bridge and out to the circle and the lake. oNt long ago the stub line from the lake to the loup was ordered to double its service, but even this addition does not suffice. One solution of the problem will be to require the Navy Yard or Seventh-Street-Wharves line cars, which now circle round the loop at the bridge, to run through to Chevy Chase Circle, an order which will mean the abandonment of the loop.

Such an order might carry with it a requirement for the continuation of underground trolleys from the loop northward as far at least as the District line.

"At all events," in the words of one of the commissioners, "the northwest suburban section is growing so fast that more cars, express or otherwise, must soon be scheduled. It does not make much difference which."

Fishing Club to Dance.

The eighth annual ball of the Italian Fishing Club will be given tonight at the National Rifles Armory Hall. The United States Marine Band Orchestra will furnish the music.

CUSTOMS SMASHED BY SAVIOUR, SAYS CAPITAL RECTOR

Pastor Russell, in First Sermon in Washington, Predicts Millennium.

Christ as the Divine Radical, the greatest revolutionist of all time, was depicted by the Rev. James Shera Montgomery, pastor of the Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church, in his sermon, "Christ in Judgment of His Own." Dr. Montgomery contended, in all reverence, that Jesus Christ shattered more customs and usages than any man before or since and, brushing aside precedent, established customs which will stand as long as time exists.

"We say it with reverence," said Dr. Montgomery, "that Christ was simply a revolutionist in many of his declarations; in many ways he broke down established customs and precedents. He is the Divine Radical of all the earth. With the ease and simplicity of childhood, He hammered down standards and mutilated many of the old ways of thinking."

Pastor Russell Prophesies.

Pastor Charles T. Russell, of the New York and Brooklyn tabernacles and the Washington Temple Congregation of this city, delivered his first sermon in Washington yesterday on the text "Thou Hast Put All Things Under His Feet." Pastor Russell declared that because the world had found the solution to almost every question which has been labored over by philosophers for centuries, the millennium is at hand. He urged them to prepare themselves for this great occasion and not be found wanting when the elect are selected.

In speaking of the attacks made upon him Pastor Russell stated that he had no malice in his heart against those who attacked him, but was filled with charity toward all. He was introduced to the congregation, which more than filled the hall of new Masonic Temple, by Eliot Thompson, chairman of the business committee of the congregation.

Real success in life is not in having beautiful feathers in spite of what is seen in F street every afternoon, according to the Rev. C. E. Smith, rector of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church. Dr. Smith showed that while feathers were good to look at, they were rather slender for the work-a-day world and fell below the standard of utility.

Sunday School Meeting.

The Congregational Sunday School Institute of the District of Columbia is holding its first annual meeting in Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church today and tomorrow. The Rev. Milton S. Littlefield will speak tonight on "The Functions of the Teacher." Tomorrow night he will deliver another address on "The Boy and His Bible."

Mgr. W. T. Russell, of St. Patrick's Church, has issued an invitation to all non-Catholics to join the League of the Good Shepherd, which organization was established by him shortly after he took the pastorate of St. Patrick's. He stated, when the invitation was extended, that joining the league imposed no obligations except attendance on the meetings. Already the membership of the league numbers several hundred men.

New Maine Sheriff Raids Grog Shops

BANGOR, Me., Jan. 6.—Sheriff W. W. Emerson, who took the oath of office last Wednesday continued his liquor raids today, making in four days' confiscation of $2,000 worth of spirits. The raids are the first made in two years.

AVIATION PLANS HURT BY PUBLIC

Lieutenant Foulois Declares More Interest Must Be Shown If United States Is to Take Proper Position Among Nations of the World.

According to Lieut. Benjamin D. Foulois, Signal Corps, U. S. A., rated by Orville Wright and others as one of the most capable aviators in any army, the lack of public interest in aviation in this country is most deplorable. To this lack of public interest, Lieutenant Foulois charges the responsibility for the fact that the United States occupies the humiliating position of being at the foot of the list of all the great powers in the development of military aviation.

Writing in the current issue of the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Lieutenant Foulois, whom Washingtonians know as a College Park aviator, though he is now at Fort Leavenworth, suggests a remedy for the state of affairs he asserts exists.

Spirit Needed.

"The public spirit that prevails abroad is the mighty factor in this rapid development," he says, "and it is the lack of this spirit in the United States that is responsible for our being so far behind. We can never expect to see any great amount of public interest displayed in the development of aircraft in this country until it is satisfactorily proved to the people of the United States that it is a good financial investment.

"The fact that this new science is particularly useful for military purposes does not appeal to the great majority of our complacent money-making people."

In Any Winds.

Lieutenant Foulois, in another part of his paper, expressed the opinion that at present skilled aviators operating properly designed and constructed machines, equipped with powerful motors, can fly in almost any wind that blows.

Lieutenant Foulois then goes on to quote Orville Wright, whom he refers to as being "without doubt the most reliable and conservative authority in the world," as having recently stated that it is now possible to construct aeroplanes that would carry twenty-five persons and which could be driven at a speed of 100 miles an hour if necessary. Such a machine, Foulois adds, could cross the United States with but two or three stops.

TWELVE PUPS DIE TO SAVE BOY'S LIFE

Five Square Feet of Dog Skin is Being Grafted on Burned Lad.

ST. LOUIS, January 6.—Five square feet of skin from dogs is being grafted on Ralph Keris, seven years old, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Keris of Baden.

The lad was burned when playing Indian five weeks ago. One-fourth of the grafting has been completed. At least twelve dogs will be sacrificed in an effort to save the life of the child, Dr. Van Hoefen says.

Physicians say if the skin grafting is a success Dr. Van Hoefen will have completed one of the most remarkable operations in the history of skin grafting.

George Ade Injured.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 6.—George Ade, author and playwright, was rendered unconscious by a fall at Lafayette, Ind. He was revived in a short time.

INSIST ON MUNYON'S COLD REMEDY IT WILL CURE

Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obstinate Coughs, and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c. All druggists.

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AMUSEMENTS

BELASCO Tonight at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Prices for This Wonder Week, 50c to $2. A Momentous Theatric Event. Recently Solitary in Crowded Pre-Eminence. EVERYWOMAN. Its Fame and Honors World-Wide. Spectacle, Opera, Drama, Ballet.

ACADEMY Eves. 25, 35, and 50c. Mats. All Seats 25c. Mr. Thomas E. Shea. Tonight and Matinee Tomorrow. A Man and His Wife. A Modern Play of New York Life. Next Week—Bernard Daly in Dion O'Dare.

NATIONAL Tonight at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. The Henry G. Harris Estate Presents ROSE STAHL. In Charles Klein's Comedy Drama, MAGGIE PEPPER. Next Week | Mats. Wed. & Sat. Seats Thursday. OTIS SKINNER IN KISMET.

T. Arthur Smith announces the most important event of the entire musical season in a JOINT RECITAL of MME. CLARA BUTT and KENNERLEY RUMFORD. The Greatest Living Contralto. The Distinguished Baritone. Sunday Eve. 8.15. Tickets $2 to $3.50. Seller at 1227 F st., or Sanders & Stayman's.

COLUMBIA Tonight at 8:15. Matinees 2:15. Thurs. and Sat. KLAW & ERLANGER PRESENT (Direction of Joseph Brooks). The Great Play MILESTONES. By Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. NEXT WEEK—EDDIE FOY.

FRIDAY Jan. 10 4:30. ALICE NEILSEN AND Gabriel Ysaye (Son of Eugene Ysaye.) Soprano and violinist. Tickets, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.00. On sale at theatre.

CHASE'S POLITE VAUDEVILLE. Most Beautiful Theatre in America. Attractions Rivaling the N. Y. Theatres. Mats., 25c. Eves., 25, 50 & 75c. LASKY'S Latest Hit, Presenting THE COURTNEY SISTERS. Late of Ziegfeld's "Follies" in "The Bird and the Girls." Daniel Frohman's First Vaudeville Production. Detective Keit. Mr. & Mrs. De Voy. NEXT WEEK—14th Anniversary Bill. KATHRYN KIDDER. (Late Star of "Miss Saus Gene") & Co. in "The Wanderwunsch-Duchess." "Cy Tesher All-Star," All-New Bills.

POLI'S. ALL THIS WEEK. Charles Leonard Fletcher. Famous character impersonator. The PROSIT DUO, Jessie P. Cook & Co.; GERMAINE'S ACROBATS, WILSON BROTHERS, MEEHAN'S DOGS, and the FOUR BALDWINS. POLI'S ELITE CONCERT SUNDAY NIGHT.

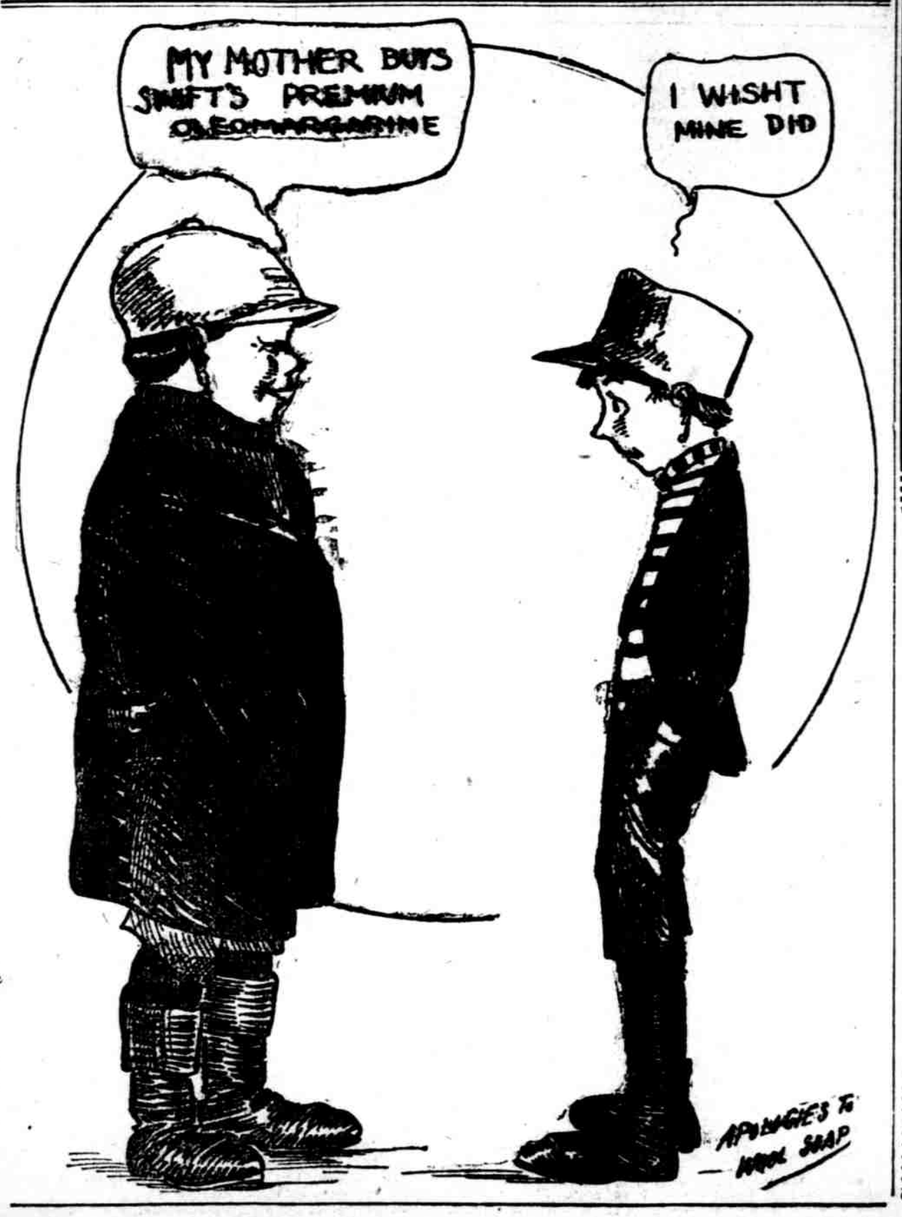
ANNUAL Charity Ball. FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. AT THE NEW WILLARD HOTEL. TONIGHT. TICKETS (Including Supper), $2.00. Tickets for sale at the New Willard and at Thompson's Drug Store.

GAYETY. Two Performances Daily by The Bowery Burlesquers. THURSDAY NIGHT—Chorus Girls' Waltzing Contest. Silver Loving Cup the prize. Next Week—The World of Pleasure.

SMOKE IF YOU LIKE LYCEUM MATINEES DAILY. The Oriental Burlesquers. With All-Star Olio, Including Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Ward & Co. — IN — When the Devil Comes to Town. Two Lively Farces and a Real Beauty Chorus. FRIDAY NIGHT—COUNTRY STORE. NEXT WEEK—ZALLAH'S OWN COMPANY.

EIGHTH GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF THE Italian Fishing Club. Mon. Eve., Jan. 6, 1913. At National Rifles' Armory Hall. U. S. Marine Band Orchestra. Tickets, 50c Each.

EXCURSIONS

WEEK-END TRIPS TO Old Point Comfort. Tickets Including Stateroom and Accommodations at CHAMBERLIN HOTEL. Sat. to Mon. ..... $7.50. Fri. to Mon. or Sat. to Tues. 11.50. Fri. to Tues. or Sat. to Wed. 15.50. NEW YORK and BOSTON BY SEA. City Ticket Office, 731 15th St. N. W., Woodward Bldg. NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.

WINTER RESORTS. Atlantic City. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. AMERICA'S FAMOUS ALL-YEAR RESORT. For Rest, Recreation, or Pleasure. Marlborough-Blenheim. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Josiah White & Sons Company.