



Miss Hazel Carleton at Opera House One Whole Week, Commencing Monday, February 19th. Opening Play, "The Whirlpool," a Western Comedy Drama.

## Reforming Mildred

Mildred was astonishingly proficient in the gentle art of self-depreciation. She had a horror of permitting people to think herself or her possessions better than they really were. She could not bear that any one should believe she was trying to appear smarter or nicer than she was in reality.

For instance, if a person casually admired her bracelet, which was set with tiny French brilliants that defied the criticism of anyone but an expert with a magnifying glass, Mildred always spoke up hurriedly.

"They aren't real diamonds, you know," she would explain. "They look real, don't they? But they aren't." When visitors chanced to remark on the beauty of the Flemish woodwork in her home she would hasten to say: "But you know it isn't real oak—it's just pine stained. The effect is exactly as good and you couldn't tell the difference unless it was explained to you—but it isn't real oak at all!"

One day she said to visitors: "No, father isn't rich enough to own an automobile." Yet these same visitors had been assured ten minutes before by her father that he disliked cheap cars and was waiting until American manufacturers did better work before he bought a machine.

Sometimes Mildred's despairing family would take her aside after such outbursts and remonstrate with her. Their words ranged from tearful supplication to roaring threats. But the effect in all cases was precisely nothing. Mildred would turn her rather prominent, accusing eyes upon her mentor and say: "Well, but it's true, isn't it? What's wrong about telling the truth?"

As time went on her family despaired of ever finding a cure for this obliquity of Mildred's mind. They would sacrifice much in order to jolt her into a becomingly tactful state of conscience. They finally concluded it was hopeless.

It irritated Mildred's mother to sail out in a brand-new gown made from an old one sent her by a rich aunt and then to hear her daughter chirp: "You'd never guess mother hadn't gone downtown and bought that goods by the yard, would you? Aunt Sarah is so much larger than mother that things cut down nicely for her!"

In response to her mother's somewhat heated remarks after this particular performance Mildred retorted, shocked: "Why, you actually weren't trying to make them think it was new when it wasn't, were you? That would be deceiving them!"

Of course, this reply would floor any perfectly good mother. Still, as Mildred's mother said, it was infuriating to have a daughter so devoid of common sense.

Mildred was just as downright in regard to abstract things, too. She carefully explained that her brother's eyes didn't really fall him at college, but that he was expelled because he got into so many scrapes. She also pointed out that, even though he did have a prominent jaw, his character lacked decision and that he threw his things on the floor instead of hanging them up.

So when she became engaged to Rufus Price her family, in spite of their disappointment, were relieved. They felt that henceforth Mildred would be kept busy pointing out all of Rufus' defects and faults and sins to him, so that they would get a much needed rest.

If there was anything Rufus had in abundance it was faults. If he had stood ten miles away and let you fire a shot at him it would have been impossible to escape hitting a fault or so. The more Mildred's family thought about it the more Rufus appeared to them like a great blessing.

They were talking it over one evening when Mildred was supposed to be upstairs.

"He is so homely," said Mildred's mother, "and so awkward and so slow—"

"And he'll never make a dollar," interrupted Mildred's father.

"And his temper!" suggested Mildred's brother. "Gee! Cross grain-ed!"

Then they all stared at Mildred, who, apparently, had risen out of the floor.

She breathed hard. "I should think you'd all be ashamed of yourselves!" she stormed. "To malign a perfectly wonderful man like Rufus! Homely! Where are your eyes? He has a marvelously strong face! And just because he doesn't hop around like a dancing master is no sign that he is awkward! He has the sweetest disposition on earth! As to making money, if he isn't ten times smarter than any of the men in his family I'd like to know it! He is perfectly splendid, and you can just all apologize!"

"We apologize, all right," gasped her brother, who was the first of the family to recover. "If falling in love with Rufus has reformed you we shall never cease to sing his praises!"

### To the Bitter End.

Mrs. Brown-Jones—Mrs. Smith is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?

Mrs. Smith—It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age.—Harper's Magazine.

## BRYCE LEADS LINE

British Ambassador First at Reception to Diplomats.

MAY SOON BE DEAN OF CORPS

Austrian and French Representatives Likely to Be Recalled—Amusing Incidents of New Year's Day at White House.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—The president and Mrs. Taft have just held their first official reception of the year. The New Year's day reception is not considered as one having to do with officialdom, although curiously enough there are more officials of government present at it than at any one of the four other receptions to which the term "official" is applied.

For the first time since he came to America the Right Honorable James Bryce, the British ambassador, led the line at the reception of the diplomats. Mr. Bryce is ranked in length of service by Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and by Baron Hengelmueller von Hengerrar, who is the dean of the diplomatic corps. It recently has been rumored that the ambassadors of France and Austria-Hungary are to be recalled, and if this prove true it is probable that the representative of Great Britain for the first time in a good many years will hold the rank in position in Washington of the corps of foreigners. There also have been rumors that Mr. Bryce is to be recalled, but from the best informed sources it is learned to be likely that he will remain here until the present ruling party in England passes from power, unless, of course, it should keep its place for a great many years to come.

Something in These Names.

What's in a name is a question and a quotation in one which has passed into what the flippant call the class of the bromides. A good deal is found to be in some names when one reads the list of the diplomatic representatives of Austria-Hungary to the United States. The ambassador's name, as will be seen by a glance at it above, has a good deal to it, but it becomes a small affair when compared with the names of some of the subordinates in his office. For instance, there is Capt. Baron F. Preuschen von und zu Liebenstein, naval attache. The wife of the captain baron carries the same name. Then there are Count Felix von Brusselle-Schaubeck and Ivan Ceeconics de Zsombolja et Janova. Then also, for fuller measure, there is Secretary of Legation Stephen Hedry de Hedri et de Genere Aba. Why the secretary spells Hedry, which occurs twice in his name, two different ways not even the attaches of the embassy seem to be able to tell.

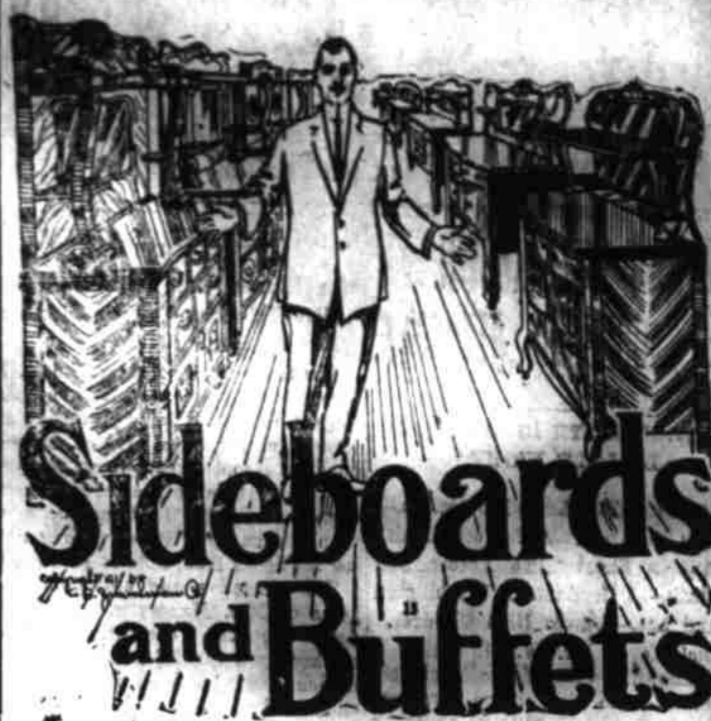
There is a wide difference between the New Year's day reception and the receptions which are now being held at intervals of two weeks. Children are admitted to the reception on the first day of the year and an interested army officer observer who stood close to the president at the great reception of citizens without regard to race, color, creed or previous condition of servitude, has told one or two little stories about things which happened under the eye of Mr. Taft when the crowd was passing by.

Bound Not to Miss the President.

A boy about seven years old, gloomed up to the minute, with shining face and slick hair, was in line unattended by any elder in the capacity of guardian. This boy was mortally afraid that he would not know the president when he reached him and consequently would lose the opportunity to shake the hand of greatness. So as a matter of precaution he began shaking hands the instant he entered the front door of the White House. He grasped the palm of a chief usher and then the palms of four or five naval and army officers in quick succession; then he bowed gravely and shook hands with Chief John E. Winkle of the United States Secret Service, who is perhaps the handsomest man in Washington, and then he shook hands with Major Butt, who turned him around kindly and headed him straight toward the president. Then at the supreme moment the youngster fell flat at the feet of greatness. The president could not keep from laughing. The boy was unhurt—a fact which the president more quickly than anybody else discovered, for he leaned over, lifted the boy up, put him on his feet, patted him on the head; asked him how old he was, shook his hand at least half a dozen times and finally waved to the lad, who was overburdened with smiles and joy, as he disappeared into the outside corridor.

A young man and his wife brought their year-old baby to the White House. The baby was arrayed in its best and through all the long minutes of waiting outside and inside the White House it kept its good nature, smiled at everybody, grabbed at the gold braid of army officers and crowded and had generally the time of its as yet short life.

The father and mother approached the room when the president stood. The baby's straggling locks were pushed back under its cap, it was chucked under the chin to insure a continuance of its good nature and then it was turned about to face the president—and that instant it opened its mouth and let out a wail which could be heard as far as the treasury building.



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By VAUGHAN KESTER



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## The Tribune

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