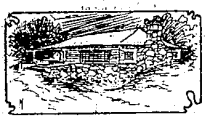


DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Employees to Found "Bungalow Town"



WASHINGTON.—Although not at all Utopian in any of its details, the project now being carried out by a sociological experiment, a group of officeholders in the capital, most of them government clerks, has practically completed plans for the execution of one of the most novel schemes in the history of real estate trading in the capital. Their primary object is to escape the burden of paying rent in the city and to substitute suburban life for urban life, and with this end in view they intend to found a bungalow town, in which the limits of cost of nearly everything necessary to household sustenance and maintenance will be held to the lowest possible level.

Just where "Bungalow Town" will be located has not yet been definitely determined, but it will comprise an area of 15 to 20 acres, containing some of the suburban trolley lines. This land can now be secured at a cost not to exceed \$1,000 an acre, and when it is subdivided there will be no effort to secure profit upon the investment, because the purchase will be distinctly a cooperative affair, and each participant will be entitled to his share of the increased value of the land incident to the making of improvements in the section.

This joining of interests in the ac-

District of Columbia Seeks Lost Domain



CONGRESS will have its hands full at the next session. The particular matter which will be agitated will probably not disrupt the union, although it has been the subject of contention since the district got together. It all came about through an incident in connection with the part of citizens of the District of Columbia. They set up a dinner at the New York hotel last night, Washington, and invited President Taft. Then they "sprung it" on him that they wanted representation in the government; wanted representation on the floor of the house and senate; wanted a vote in electing the president and a few other little things.

President Taft told them that if they wanted little things like that they ought not to crowd the big things. He suggested that it would be more to their credit if they started a movement to get back the site of the original District of Columbia, which two previous congresses had given back to the state of Virginia.

The citizens of the district jumped at the opportunity. They welcomed it. It was more interesting than a political campaign. It would be more

Retirement of Wilson Is Intimated



Early in the career of the new administration Secretary Wilson and Secretary of the Interior Ballinger had a sharp disagreement, which at one time looked like an impasse. It was suspected that one of the two would retire. President Taft smoothed over the differences, only to have them break out at a new place, and now, in this last entanglement, Mr. Ballinger has taken the point. It related to the jurisdiction over forests within Indian reservations, and Mr. Ballinger gets the jurisdiction, taking it away from the agricultural department's bureau of forestry.

It is known certainly that close friends of one man who is likely a pianist for the Wilson seat at the cabinet table have been informed that there is altogether likely to be a change, and that the work of getting support organized is quietly on in behalf of this man. He is Representative Charles F. Scott of Kansas, chairman of the house committee on agriculture.

Willow Farm Conducted by Uncle Sam



ONE of the many activities of the department of agriculture at Washington is the conduct of a willow farm. The purpose of the department is to encourage willow growth as the best type of willow in this country, but extensively practiced in Europe. There, willow is largely employed in the making of baskets and furniture. In this country, the willow is grown in the form of the Potomac river at Washington had

FATHER SEWS BUTTONS ON BABY GIRL'S TONGUE

GIVES AS EXCUSE THAT HE TRIED TO CURE HABIT OF SUCKING THUMB.

Sonoma, Cal.—An inhuman father, who starved his one-year-old baby girl, sewed buttons on his tongue, threw it into pools of cold water, carried it by its legs, held downward, and tortured it in a dozen other ways, was captured in Madera county and brought to Sonoma.

The child, after undergoing tortures which almost surpass belief, was found alive and not seriously injured, although worn and emaciated from starvation. Its father had carried it with him hiding in the hills to escape capture.

The name of the father is E. A. Liebsher. He came here with his



Mrs. Bateman Tried to Feed the Baby.

wife and baby last May from Fresno, and since that time they have been camping out a mile north of town. The other day, for some reason unknown, Mrs. Liebsher left her husband and baby and returned to Fresno. Some one reported the fact to the authorities, and Liebsher and the baby were taken to the juvenile court, where the child was given over to the manager of the detention home.

It was then that the evil effects of the cruelties became known. When Mrs. Liebsher tried to feed the baby, she was horrified to find two buttons sewed fast to the little one's tongue. They were medium-sized white buttons and were fastened, one on the upper and the other on the underside of the child's tongue, by means of common cotton twine. The cord has been passed twice through the child's tongue by means of a darning needle and the ends firmly tied.

The buttons were cut loose and the child did not utter a complaint during the process. Liebsher went with the child to the doctor's office, and while the physicians were cutting off the buttons he remarked: "You might as well take out her teeth, too."

When asked to explain his treatment, he said: "I did that to keep her from sucking her thumb, as it was the only way to cure her of the habit."

LIVED ON RAW MUTTON.

Sheep Herders Killed by Flood Rescued as They Are About to Drown.

Albuquerque, N. M.—A few hours before the island was submerged by the Josephine and his 14-year-old son, who had been submerged for nine days upon the shifting sand island, in the middle of the flooded Rio Grande river, 20 miles above this city, were discovered and rescued. Both were suffering from hunger and fear, and collapsed after reaching safety.

A band of sheep, which they had driven to the island a few weeks before, was destroyed. For nearly a week the man and boy had lived solely by killing sheep and eating the raw flesh, and drinking muddy water from the river.

Arrando is foreman of a large sheep ranch. He said he and his son took the sheep to the island because it was covered with grass. The island was then three-quarters of a mile long and 200 yards wide. The river flows on one side and a shallow arroyo on the other. Melting snow in the mountains flooded the river and arroyo, cutting off man, boy and sheep. The sandy island washed away slowly, and the water rose steadily until men and sheep struggled for foothold on dry land. When rescued Arrando was up to his waist in water, holding tightly to his son.

Dream True: Chum Faints. Chester J. Hartley, a Tolson, a local merchant, directly after supper the other evening retired for a nap. He dreamed that Harry Whitlock, his chum, had fainted when informed that his son, Martin Whitlock, was ill with typhoid fever, and was conveyed to the Crozier hospital.

Tolson awoke as if from a nightmare, and hurriedly dressing himself, he rushed to the home of his friend. He found his dream was correct. Mr. Whitlock had just recovered from his fainting spell, and his son was being placed in the hospital ambulance.

WINS HUSBAND IN UNIQUE MANNER

MESSAGE OF LONELY MASSACHUSETTS GIRL WENT TO STORE IN MEXICO.

INCLOSED IN BOLT OF GOODS

Son of Proprietor Found It and Correspondence Is Started Which Ends in an International Marriage.

Puebla, Mexico.—A remarkable international love romance, which recently culminated in the marriage of Miss Nettie Beland of Lowell, Mass., and Mr. Francisco de la Pena of Puebla, is the sensation of the hour in society circles of this mountain city of Mexico. The happy couple arrived here a few days ago and are now established in their own home.

The story of the romance is being told and retold by the friends and relatives of the bridegroom in this part of Mexico. Mrs. Pena is the daughter of a mill superintendent in Lowell, and the factory there are manufacturing various grades of cotton goods, which are sold and shipped to remote parts of the world. Despite the noise of the mills and the busy life of the thousands of working people who comprise most of the population of Lowell, the young daughter of the mill superintendent found her lot in life a lonely one, she says. She was given the freedom of the factory, and it was her custom to wander through the big stockroom and shipping department and make silent visits to herself that she could take some of the long trips of the bolts of goods were going. One day, three years ago, in a spirit of fun, she wrote upon the smooth pine board upon which a bolt of goods was about to be wrapped these words: "Oh, I am so very, very lonely, please do write me a letter. Nettie Beland, No. 5081 Mulberry street, Lowell, Mass."

The bolt of cotton goods found its way in the course of time to the dry goods store called the Gran Centro de Lujo, in this city. Francisco de la Pena, son of the principal owner of the establishment, was assisting in selling upon customers one day during the rush hours. He had just measured off the last piece of goods from



It Was in English and He Could Not Read It.

a bolt, when his attention was attracted to the written inscription upon the pine board. It was in English, and he could not read it, owing to his lack of knowledge of that language at that time.

His curiosity was aroused, however, and an English-speaking clerk in the store was called upon to translate the strange message. Young Pena made a careful note of the address and in the room that night he wrote a letter to the unknown young lady, who had sent the appeal to this remote part of the continent. This letter was written in Spanish, but he had it translated into English. It contained a few formal sentences, saying that he would be glad to correspond with her. Miss Beland was surprised and delighted to receive the letter from an unknown person in a foreign land. She replied to it, and a correspondence which was then begun was continued without interruption.

Pena became deeply interested in the unknown American girl and devoted himself to a study of the English language in order that he might be prepared to converse with her when he met her. They exchanged photographs and were well pleased with each other's appearance. They came to the marriage proposal, Miss Beland's father objected strongly to the match. Pena resolved to make a personal appeal for possession of the young lady. Accompanied by his father, he long trip from Puebla to Lowell was made several months ago. The senior Pena and his son were received at the home of Miss Beland's parents and the couple there for the first time met each other personally. Their love for each other was as strong as ever, and the objection of Belmont to the marriage was quickly overcome.

The Penas returned to Puebla after the plans for the wedding had been satisfactorily arranged. It took place recently, and the couple, after a lengthy honeymoon trip, are now in Puebla to make their permanent home.

TROUBLE IN ROYAL PALACE

Tidings Borne by Amateur Actor SuffICIENT TO Lead Healers to Expect the Worst.

The Shakespeare club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a high-pitched voice: "The swoon has ceased."

"The swoon has ceased,"

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt:

"The swoon has ceased."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said in a voice which could be heard all over the house: "Come off, you doggone fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The swoon has ceased."—Success Magazine.

Had Strange Idea of Fun. Two strangers alighting from a train were injured in Washington, Pa., in a panic which ensued when a large bridge dog ran through the streets with flecks of foam flying from his wide-open mouth. The canine made its appearance in a residence section of town and, pursued by a howling mob, hurling stones and clubs, ran clear through the business section. As it passed the station, where a train was pulling in, two men stepping from a car were caught in the mad whirl and hurled to the ground and trampled. As soon as they could escape the men again boarded the train. The dog was pursued by the mob two miles, when it took refuge under a porch. George Eagleson secured a long pole and went after it, and it was not long until he discovered that the supposed mad dog was merely a harmless brute which had been lacerated about the mouth with soap suds. The perpetrators of the practical joke have so far escaped.

A Realist. "I am a great believer in realism," remarked the poet.

"Yes," we queried with a rising intonation, thereby giving him the desired opening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of realism to a ridiculous extreme," continued the poet.

"Indeed?" we exclaimed in amazement, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his wit.

"Yes," continued the poet, "the other day I wrote a sonnet to the gas company and purposely made the meter defective."

At this point we fainted.

He Needed It. This happened on the Lake Shore. Byr not long ago. A man rushed in from the car behind, evidently in great agitation, and said: "Has anybody in the car any whiskey? A woman in the car behind has fainted." In a dozen of drinks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork and put the bottle to his lips. With a long satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good. I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint."—Argonaut.

Prepared for the Worst. "How long had your wife's first husband been dead when you married her?"

"About eight months."

"Only eight months? Don't you think she was in a good deal of a hurry?"

"Oh, I don't know. We had been engaged for nearly two years."

Never Satisfied. Her—Oh, oh! Something's crawling down my back!

Him—Well, you'd make just as much fuss if it was crawling up your back. Let it alone.—Cleveland Leader.

Ready Cooked. The crisp, brown flakes of Post Toasties



Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, indigestion, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Allowing kidneys are the cause. "Cure them. Mrs. S. D. E. Elmer, N. Broadway, Lamar, Mo., says: 'Kidney trouble wore me down till I had to take to bed. I had terrible pains in my body and limbs and the urine was annoying and full of sediment. I got worse and doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health.'

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GAVE HER AN IDEA.



Cycle Dealer—Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, where you have only ridden one.

Miss Do Byg—You haven't any of that kind, have you?

Aid Fight Against Tuberculosis. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Bill Posters, held in Atlanta, Ga., it was decided to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,200,000 worth of publicity. The bill posters in all parts of the United States and Canada will have the next spaces on their 3,500 bill boards with large posters illustrating the ways to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' association has also granted \$200,000 worth of printing and paper for this work. This entire campaign of bill-board publicity will be conducted under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in cooperation with the National Bill Posters' association.

Look at the Names. In A. D. Fearatbarch-Ploastashna was an Irish dog, a "fool just and good prince," who was slain by his successor, Ploastash-Ploastash, who was treated to a similar fate by Ploastash-Ploastash, "the prince with the white cows," who died at the hands of the "Irish plowman of Connaught." Enoch-alm-Moimodhna was one of the half dozen who died of natural causes, and Ploastash-Ploastash was one of the two to resign the monarch's scepter for the monk's cowl.—New York Press.

They Were Good Mothers. Elizabeth (Cady) Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen of the goose.

An Argive Cowherd. Argus was boasting of his 100 eyes. "Fuss of putting on 50 pairs of goggles when you want to motor?" we cried.