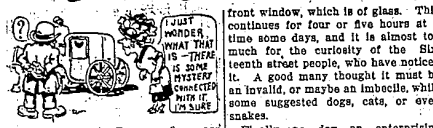


NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Strange Carriage: Has All Guessing



WASHINGTON.—For some five years past, the residents of Sixteenth street have been thoroughly mystified and made not a little curious by the presence of a most unusual carriage, which from time to time appeared there. It is an ordinary brougham, very sleek and span, drawn by one horse; a black one, had beautiful black hair. The coachman is a large man, with a clean-shaven, florid face and iron-gray hair, usually wearing a black coat. Thus far the carriage is most conventional, but when the eye lights on the door it stops, and one is tempted to turn and take a second look; for, instead of the usual glass at the window, there are oak panels filling the entire space. Each has a crescent-shaped hole cut near the top, as if to admit air to some one inside.

Only on bright, sunny days, spring and fall it may be seen, and usually in the morning. From Sixteenth street it goes, up and down, up and down, apparently never changing its course, for no one remembers ever having seen it anywhere else. The horse trots at a medium pace, never fast, and the shining, tightly closed carriage, gleaming in the sunshine, looks almost uncanny.

At short intervals the driver leans around, first on one side and then on the other, and looks carefully in at the

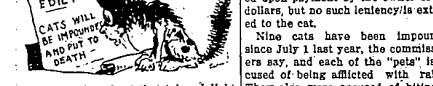
Your Uncle Sam Has Books to Burn

THAT you, Mr. Voter may get just the government publications that are of interest to you, and that you may be spared the expense of printing costly books which serve no further purpose than would a friendly postal card, congress is strenuously attempting to reform itself with relation to the business of printing. To accomplish this congress has appointed a joint commission to investigate its monster printing bills, and that commission has reported that the wastes in this direction amount to tens of millions, and that, despite the fact that the end aimed at is not accomplished.

Uncle Sam has, the commission states, a gang of laborers at work regularly destroying books which it has cost him millions of dollars to print. Almost any day these workmen may be seen with axes chopping vigorously into great stacks of leather and cloth bound books of what would be an ornament to any library.

Every few years the government finds itself the possessor of vast quantities of printed matter stored in many basements as is grain in granaries. In the vaults under the capitol it is no uncommon matter to find thousands of tons of worthless public documents

Plan to Stop Cats' Midnight Opera



THE species of cat that takes delight in enacting the antics of the back fence at undesirable hours and serenading would-be sleepers is doomed. The habits of the alley has incurred the displeasure of the commissioners, and as all other offenders have been put to death, the District officials say punishment will be swift and terrible.

An edict issued at the District building of one day provides that all stray cats hereafter found roaming at large will be impounded and put to death. The unfortunate feline must in the future be confined to the premises of its owner, or should its mistress deem it necessary to take it for an airing, it must be held in leash. This

Stray Yellow Dog Finds Good Friend



EVEN in staid and sedate Washington an amusing scene will occur and a stray yellow dog will find a friend. The gallant Ambassador Jusserand of France, in a faultless attire, was returning from a hall where he had delivered an address. A liveried footman was holding open the door of his carriage, and the coachman, sitting stily on the box, was the very picture of convention. The chivalrous ambassador was bowing right and left, when his eye fell upon a little dog who had made his way through the crowd and stood in front of him. The little animal looked beseechingly up into the eyes of the great diplomat, who forgot his white gloves and stooped down to pet the stray dog. But the sudden motion frightened the dog, who was used to being kicked and beaten, and with his tail between his legs he scampered away.

The ambassador thrust away all dignity of diplomatic custom, and to the

PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

Man Who Came Back

How One Who Thought He Was "Down and Out" Finally Succeeded

GRIT AND GOOD SENSE WIN

An Experience Which Goes to Prove That a Man Is Never Down and Out Until He Is Actually Dead

He Only Thinks That He Is

A man is never down and out until he is actually dead. He only thinks he is. Those around him who would have proved them to be true, in my own case, at least, which seemed pretty bad to me at the time. I had been working in a dry goods store in Milwaukee as an assistant. I was paid at the salary of \$1,500 a year. That seemed like a pretty fair income, but the duties and requirements of the position were such that my expenses went up all the time. I was not at the end of the year I had scarcely anything more than the \$200 I had saved up when I took up the position. I thought I could do better than that, so I resigned and went to Philadelphia, where I had been corresponding with another house about a similar position. I took with me \$50 of my savings, sending my wife to stay with her parents in Milwaukee.

When I got to Philadelphia I found there was no chance for the position I had been writing about, so I went to New York. I inquired at all the large stores without success. Pretty soon my \$50 was gone and I had to open another \$50. My wife kept writing me cheering letters, but I felt pretty blue about my prospects and had about given up when I was practically down and out. Then I realized that I must change my methods if I was to amount to anything.

Before morning I decided to go to business for myself in a small town in Minnesota. I remembered a vacant store on the main street which would do very well. I would rent that store and make the rest of the business. Then I started out to purchase stock. The first house I came to was a large place corner on Broadway, where I ordered a bill of goods amounting to about \$75. Then I asked to see the

owner. He was a man who had been in the business for many years. I found that the company for which I was to work was anything but popular in the community. The first night I was in the city I noticed an electric street sign on a prominent building was not burning. Upon inquiry I was told that it was the mayor's. I called upon him the next morning. I learned that the company had placed two wires in his store with a \$2 minimum rate on each. He insisted upon

but one meter, and the employees explained to him that he had the building wired for two meter service. One of the meters was in a little warehouse about twenty feet from the other, and its consumption of current would run about 50 cents a month, while he was charged \$2.

In talking with him about the matter he complained of the company, saying that he could not get any satisfaction or explanation from them. He also turned out as many of the lights as possible, and was negotiating to put in his own plant or change to gasoline for illuminating purposes.

"First, I asked that he turn on his sign that night, which he did. I then went back to my office and called for the meter man. He came to me, and I found after a few minutes' conversation that he was much better fitted to be a lumber jack than to fill the position he held. He was a big, inexperienced, uneducated fellow, wholly unfit for such a position. I inquired who had hired him and learned that it was the foreman of the construction force. I had this man transferred to the pole gang and immediately sent outside for a man more suitable for the position.

"We then changed the wiring of the building at a cost of \$25.00 and the meter would register all the current used, and the owner of the building said that all was satisfactory.

"This little grievance was of long standing, and this man had come out to be a better agent for the power company than others joined and he had been unanimously elected on a municipal ownership platform.

"Thereafter, at the suggestion of the officers of the company I resigned. I attended all the meetings of the city council and met all the troubles in exactly the same spirit until the council decided that we wanted to do what was right and became our friends.

"The newspapers of the town were practically all against the company. I began to advertise in the same way that any other business would advertise, telling the public through the medium of the press about the actual affairs we had for sale. I also kept the public informed as to the actual work which was being done in the way of extensions and improvements in the service. The result of this policy was that the newspapers soon recognized that the company was willing to do all it could for the community and became our friends.

"In answer to the question as to how to get along with the public, I would say generally: use a little common sense, be a good judge of human nature, and be diplomatic and patient. From my experience in contact with the public it is no hard matter to get along with the general public as long as you are firm in giving the public a square deal and fair treatment.

Handy Light Fixture. A colled wire spring that can be fastened upon almost any article of furniture forms the basis for a new electric light socket intended to bring the lamp close to where it is needed.

To Safeguard Stock. To project stock against predatory animals, Wyoming, Maine has patented a electric drive machine which revolves a searchlight, and discharges blank cartridges at regular intervals.

New Patent Envelope. To a New York man has been granted a patent upon an envelope that is really a blank, cut, marked, and gummed so that it can be folded over a letter and fastened.

To Keep Out Interfering. To prevent mischievous "plains" there has been invented a simple sliding plate to be mounted on a pet's so that it covers its opening.

Montana Public Service Official Has Experience Which Proves Correctness of Axiom.

W. B. McDonald, who manages the Idaho and Montana Power company at Kallispell, Mont., is a public service official who believes in being honest with the public. "When we have to turn on the lights at night, we are negotiating to put in his own plant or change to gasoline for illuminating purposes."

"First, I asked that he turn on his sign that night, which he did. I then went back to my office and called for the meter man. He came to me, and I found after a few minutes' conversation that he was much better fitted to be a lumber jack than to fill the position he held. He was a big, inexperienced, uneducated fellow, wholly unfit for such a position. I inquired who had hired him and learned that it was the foreman of the construction force. I had this man transferred to the pole gang and immediately sent outside for a man more suitable for the position."

Noted Author. "See that man over there with the black mustache?" said Tommy. "Yes," said the visitor. "Well," said Tommy, "he is the author of one of the most popular serials in a hundred years."

Well Defended. He whose study is among the shadows and lights of nature has an unexpected coat of mail defending him along all the turmoil.—Mrs. Oliphant.

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache, and headache, and some of the worst nervous and weak that I dreamed to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctor gave me medicine to ease me



those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like I, too. I can do all my own housework in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEXA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

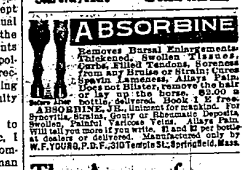
It's Best To Have

ready to use at first sign of trouble the best corrective for any disorder of the organs of digestion. The earlier you seek relief the easier it will be to get it—and the more certain it will be that the trouble will not lead to something worse. It is universally admitted that

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are the safest preventive as well as the most reliable corrective of stomach, bowel, or liver troubles. They bring about regular, natural, healthful action. All through the body—in every organ, every nerve in action, vigor and spirit—you will feel the benefit of Beecham's Pills—and quickly, too. You will save yourself suffering if you have this matchless aid to health.

Ready On Hand



The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief, they permanently cure. Get a box today. It is the only medicine that will cure you for money. It is the only medicine that will cure you for money. It is the only medicine that will cure you for money.

DAISY FLY KILLER. Place around the house, and it will kill all the flies that come near it. It is the only fly killer that will kill all the flies that come near it. It is the only fly killer that will kill all the flies that come near it.