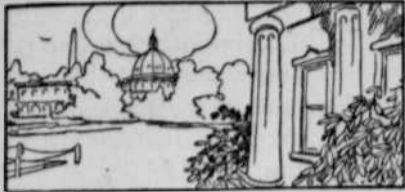


WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Is a City of Magnificent Distances



WASHINGTON. — Cities outgrow their clothes just as children do. Washington was known three-quarters of a century ago as the City of Magnificent Distances. The White House was known as the "President's Palace," and the government buildings, planned on generous lines, were considered to be far and away too great for the business of the country. Now the national capital is over 100 years old, and has outgrown everything that was planned for her. Tremendous wings were built to the capitol even before the war. The White House has been remodeled and remodeled until it presents very small appearance of the original. We have outgrown our beautiful treasury building, our state, war and navy building, we have outgrown two postal departments, and we long ago outgrew the ten miles square of the district boundaries. In fact, the residents of Washington have lapped over into Maryland and Virginia at a

great rate. The treasury building is of ancient Greek temple design, and simply cannot be remodeled. To add to or take from it a single stone would be to ruin it, architecturally speaking. It is said to be the most perfect example of Greek art in this country, but the treasury department had to have more room, and so they unpinned the roof and shoved it up some on the sides and made a little more room skyward. The state, war and navy building always was hideous, being what is called Italian renaissance, and not at all suited to the solid, last-forever necessities of the United States government, and it looks as tawdry as possible when brought, as it is, into juxtaposition with the White House and the simplicity of the Greek temple of finance. When the building was put up which was to house the United States postal department and the city post office some architects planned a sort of Cologne Cathedral building, which is a long ways off from being big enough for either department and doesn't match anything in the government building line in Washington. After this structure was put up there was a reform in ideas for government buildings, and since then they have been along the stately, substantial line. The

Bulk of Concealed Assets Recovered

THE United States has recovered nearly \$750,000 from the concealed assets of Gaynor, Greene and Carter, who defrauded the government out of \$2,000,000 in Savannah harbor improvement contracts in 1897. The actual amount unearthed and attached was \$636,966.69. This does not include \$40,000 forfeited surety of John F. Gaynor. This sum the government is endeavoring to recover by civil suit in the United States district court for the northern district of New York. More than half of the recovery came from the concealed assets of Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, the engineer officer in charge of the work at Savannah harbor and co-conspirator of Greene and Gaynor, the contractors. The total assets of Captain Carter seized by the government amounted to \$501,855.39. From B. D. Greene \$105,460.25 was recovered, and from John F. Gaynor \$29,651.05.



Most of the assets of Captain Carter were in trust funds. They were traced to and corralled in the hands of receivers for the estate of Captain Carter. These trust funds included real estate, bonds, stocks and cash. The government made attachment in this case. Of the \$501,855.39 recovered from the Carter concealed assets the Supreme Court of the United States allowed \$111,054.28 for Carter's counsel expenses. All the proceedings in the courts in the Carter case have been terminated, but all of the assets turned over to the government have not been converted into cash.

Government to Start Picture Shows



UNCLE SAM himself is going into the moving picture show business. With the authority of President Taft, a contract has been entered into by the government officials and a Chicago firm for the purpose of reproducing in moving pictures all of the various activities of the nation. The pictures will be shown in hundreds of moving picture houses. Marines at work on battleships, gunners firing at the hulk of an old battleship, cavalry drills, mine and rescue work, plant and animal industry, road building and every single activity of the government will be shown on the films. In the United States office of public roads, for instance, the director, Lo-

gan Waller Page, arranged to have pictures taken showing the effects of good and bad roads. In the case of the latter, the films will show the farmer trying to carry loads of produce over a bad road; how he became sick; how the doctor is unable to reach him, and how, because of the mud ruts, the undertaker finds it exceedingly difficult to get him to his grave. Another film will show another farmer carrying his produce—twice as much—over a model road constructed under the supervision of the government.

The department of agriculture will be able to show, in entertaining as well as instructive style, the effects of pure food and impure food; the secretary of war will be able to show the advantages of army life, and the secretary of the navy the advantages of life on the bounding waves, while the interior department will be showing how forest fires are fought and embayed miners are rescued.

Uncle Sam Builds Prison for Women

A PRISON within a prison is being built at Leavenworth, Kan., and it will be the first exclusive federal prison for women in the United States. The new jail is being built within the walls of the United States penitentiary, but it will have a wall of its own and the inmates will be more securely shut off from the world than the more desperate men confined in the men's prison.



This inside prison will have room for about 500 women, there being now about that number in the various state penitentiaries in the United States, the government paying the states for their keep. These women have been convicted mainly of violations of the postal laws, smuggling, counterfeiting or white slaving. While the women's prison will be under control of the warden, there will be a woman superintendent and under her a corps of subordinates. Because of being confined behind double walls no guards will be necessary. It will be a rule that no men,

especially men prisoners, be allowed in the women's prison. The women will be kept too busy to think about men, however, for upon them will devolve the making of all the bed clothing, tablecloths, towels and other things of that nature used in the prison and the repair of the men's clothes. They will make their own clothing, of course, although no type of uniform has been decided upon. It probably will be a one-piece blue dress, but without numbers or anything to denote the wearer is a prisoner. The women will have their own chapel and various entertainments will be provided for them.

The Girl of His Dreams

By IDA DONNELLY PETERS

Herbert Dayton was feeling very blue and low in his mind, so blue in fact that as he stood on the rear platform of the last car of the fast flying express thinking of the rapid rate at which he was leaving the girl of his dreams, indigo would have seemed lily white in comparison.

When a man has been ordered to a far off western territory to sell goods just after one glimpse of the girl he has been looking for the country over, the girl for whom he will remain a bachelor forever unless she will consent to make life an earthly paradise, he has a right to be low in his mind.

"Suppose in his absence some other fellow should—" he whispered with a shudder.

"But, avault, blue devils," added he bravely, "in that direction madness lies!"

At this period of his bitter musing, the gloomy mood began to pall on young Dayton's usually optimistic nature, and he looked about him for something to distract his thoughts.

Inside the car in the chair nearest the door reclined a delicate, sweet-faced woman, evidently unaccustomed to traveling and sick from the motion of the train. Her husband was ministering to her tirelessly, devotion in his every touch, while she glanced up at him frequently with an expression of extreme tenderness upon his face.

"By Jove," Herbert exclaimed aloud, as the man turned for a moment toward the rear of the car, "if that model Benedict isn't the one time gay and festive James Halstead. He must have lately taken unto himself a wife."

Then Dayton's eyes traveled to the next seat. And there just behind the Halsteads sat a girl dressed in blue! Her beauty, her dauntiness, would have of themselves compelled a lingering glance, but besides all these attractions she was the girl of his dreams, the very girl he had seen in his home town three short days ago, the very girl of girls he had been looking for north, east, and south, only to find her where he least expected it—in a train going west!

The color of his thoughts changed instantly to a more roseate hue. How can I make her acquaintance, he ques-



A Period of Bitter Musing.

tioned. It must be in a naturally accidental way to be tolerated by one so evidently well bred.

He was so absorbed in making and discarding plans to this end that he forgot all else. He even failed to hear the first call for luncheon; the second, however, succeeded in arousing him.

He immediately passed through the car, empty now of all but the sick woman, to the diner just beyond, only to find every table filled except the one at which sat the girl in blue. He was gazing longingly at the vacant place when suddenly he became conscious of a sobbing breath close beside him. He turned. It was the sick woman standing there staring straight at her husband, her face colorless with surprise and pain.

Halstead was seated beside a girl with whom he was having an animated and confidential conversation. It was plain to any onlooker that, for the moment, he had forgotten everything and everybody save the one to whom he was talking. The girl was evidently an acquaintance of his bachelor days.

His wife staggered back to her seat in the other coach, and Herbert followed to render her any assistance that might be necessary.

After Mrs. Halstead was seated, he started again eagerly, hopefully, for that vacant place beside the girl of his dreams, only to meet her returning to her seat in the parlor car.

And though he had lost his appetite as well as his heart, he kept on into the diner and did the best he could. Afterwards he was making his way

through the car to the rear platform when Halstead stopped him.

Mr. Halstead had, it was plain to see, been unsuccessful in reassuring his wife, and he looked extremely miserable.

"Hello, Dayton," he said; "I have just been telling my wife that you are as unfortunate as she in being train sick, and that I had to take Mrs. Dayton into luncheon for you. Now, do not thank me, old fellow, I was glad to do it."

And he turned to Herbert with such a look of appeal in his eyes that the young man's natural impulse to deny his statement died a sudden death.

"I can never repay you for all you and your family did for me when I was ill in New York," continued he, plugging it on in a way that he knew would be irresistible to his wife. "I want Jennie to meet Mrs. Dayton some—"

Before this ingenious prevaricator could say more, the train began to move slowly into a station, and Herbert was forced to make way in the aisle for the passengers crowding out.

He had retired to his old vantage point outside the car when the girl in blue, instead of going forward to alight from the car as the custom is, came to the door of the rear platform. She paused there until the train stopped. Suddenly she looked up, saw Herbert and an expression of scorn came to her face that made the poor fellow's blood run cold.

She had, he knew instantly, overheard Halstead explain his former girl friend to his wife, and of course she must have guessed he had been, tacitly at least, a party to deceiving a trusting woman.

And was this to be the end of his long search, his dreams, his dearest hopes? Plain killing was too easy a death for the prevaricating Mr. Halstead. He started forward to give that gentleman a generous piece of his mind when, glancing up, he saw that he was again administering to his wife, and that a look of peace and happiness had come into her face. This banished at once and forever all regret in him that he had been a party to the fraud.

Just then the slowing train stopped. The girl came out on the platform and was passing Dayton with unseeing eyes when the train gave a sudden lurch.

She staggered and was about to fall when Herbert caught her, but in doing so he lost his balance and was thrown from the car.

When he opened his eyes he was reclining on a couch in a beautiful room, and a kindly middle-aged man was placing a bandage about his head.

"He will be all right by tomorrow," this man, evidently a doctor, was saying, "and can safely proceed on his journey."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall proceed on my journey tonight."

At that moment a vision in blue appeared in the doorway.

"Is he better, doctor?" asked the dream girl softly.

"Doctor," murmured Dayton, "I shall not be able to leave tomorrow. I must first change a look of scorn into kindness, then to friendliness, then to—"

"He is delirious," said a hitherto unnoticed white-haired gentleman who was standing near the couch on the opposite side from the doctor.

"No," answered the medical man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "not delirious, only dreaming, but his case has assumed unsuspected complications and he may not be able to leave tomorrow."

"Thank you, doctor," whispered Herbert.

The happy consummation of his dream of winning the one girl was in sight, and a beatific smile illumined Herbert Dayton's handsome face.

Heroism to Be Recognized.

In recognition of the splendid heroism of a young miner named Frank Smith, a monument is to be set up at Otago, near Dunedin, N. Z. Smith and a fellow miner named Bates were at work the other day sinking a hole in a drifting quicksand. The hole had to be constantly pumped out as it quickly filled with sludge. Suddenly to the men's horror Bates slipped and fell at the mouth of the suction pipe. His toe entered the pipe, and his foot was quickly sucked in, and then his leg was broken. Smith sprang to his comrade's rescue, and wrenched open the mouth of the pipe so as to relieve him. But the drainage water had been slowly rising around, and before the men could escape, cooling slime surrounded their legs encasing them as in plaster of Paris moulds. It eventually buried them. When the relieving shift discovered the flooded hole and pumped it dry, they found the young hero standing erect, quite dead, still holding his comrade's hands.

Not a drop of Alcohol

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Said an English clergyman: "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Christain Register.

Professor's wife—You haven't kissed me for a week.

Professor (absently)—Are you sure? Then who—who the dickens have been kissing?

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