

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Prehistoric Bones Are Found in a Maryland Cave



WASHINGTON.—James W. Gidley, assistant curator of the National museum, has completed his work of exploring the cave at Corriganville, Md., for the bones of prehistoric animals. The cave was opened when the big limestone cut was made for a railway extension from Cumberland to Conneltsville.

Thirty-two distinct forms of prehistoric animals were found, and when the bones are cleaned up and looked into closer the number may run up to more than 40. There are in all about 17 skulls, and ten forms are represented by good skulls.

In the find one of the most important yet made is the following: The mastodon, which lived in about the middle of the period, estimated at 150,000 years or more ago. An extinct species of the horse, similar in some

respects to the horse of the present day, but of which there was living at that time at least 14 distinct species. The tapir, now to be found no farther north than Central and South America.

An extinct peccary, a hoglike animal of more than twice the size now found in Central America. Bears, two small ones, about the size of the common black bear, but of extinct species, and one large one about the size of a grizzly bear.

The wolverine, an extinct species of an animal not now known except in northern Canada. An extinct species of a large dog like animal about the size of a gray wolf, also one or two smaller species of the same animal, now extinct. Several species of the rodent family, including woodchuck, porcupine and small field mice families. Two now extinct species of the rabbit family, one about the size of the jack rabbit, the other belonging to the group of little coney rabbits, now known only on the high peaks of the Rocky mountains and the high plateaus of Asia. Three different forms of bats now living in this vicinity, and one form of which is now living in New Mexico.

Congressman Fields Tells a Good One on Himself

WHEN I was making my campaign last fall," said Representative Fields of Kentucky, "I started out to cover a country in which I was but little acquainted. Believing, like Polonus, that a fine front was a valuable asset, I arrayed myself in my best. When I got off the train at the county seat, whence I was to make my start, I met the candidate for judge on my ticket, and making known to him my views, I found he agreed with me.

"Accordingly, after putting up in the best quarters at the best hotel in the town, we next morning engaged the handsomest rig the best livery stable could boast, and, with a haughty driver on the box, sallied forth to conquer.

"Night overtook us some miles from the village at which we had expected to put up, but soon after it fell we spled through the gloom an imposing looking mansion with many lights aglow.

"Ringing the bell, we announced ourselves; whereupon a hospitable gentleman came out and ushered us into a parlor whose modest furnishings seemed out of keeping with the dignity and size of the mansion.

"When, later, we went to a belated supper, we were astonished to find a spacious dining room furnished as barely as the parlor.

"It's the true yeoman spirit," explained the candidate for judge, and we got through a most meager meal as best we could.

"We were up betimes next morning, after sleeping in most primitive quarters, that did injustice to the noble mansion, and after a breakfast on a par with the supper we got in our rig and started away. Reaching the summit of a hill some half a mile away, we paused to look back at our night's resting place. Just then a horseman drew up beside us.

"What place is that?" I queried.

"That," he replied, "Why, that's the county poorhouse!"



When Boy "Put One Over" on the Congressman



CARTER GLASS of Lynchburg, Va., has his seat in the lower house tied down so hard and fast that the folks down in his district consider it almost a sacrilege even to talk about running against him. There was once a time, however, when the votes didn't come so easy, and in those days Glass made it a practice to get out in a buggy and cover his entire district, shaking every voter by the hand and kissing all their babies.

On one of these tours Glass, driving along a lonely stretch of Virginia road, came to a huge field of scraggly corn, being hoed by a boy of perhaps fifteen years. Glass drew his horse up, leaped out of the buggy, walked over and leaned against the fence. After a moment the boy, stopping hoeing,

came over and also leaned on the fence on the other side.

Glass introduced himself, and got directions as to how to find the boy's father. Nevertheless, he stopped to chat a while, but the boy was silent and then some. Finally Glass turned to the crops.

"Corn rows are pretty far apart, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yep, I planted 'em that way," responded the boy, briefly.

"Looks pretty small to me for this time of year," said Glass.

"Planted small corn," said the boy, and spat contentedly.

"Maybe you were a little late in planting?" suggested Glass.

"Nope," said the boy succinctly. "We aim to have late corn."

Glass was now rather peeved. He looked at the boy sharply. The latter was "chawin'" tobacco, and gazing calmly out into space.

"H'mmm," said Glass, clearing his throat. "There isn't much between you and a fool, is there?"

The boy looked up quickly, and then spat ruminatively.

"Nope," he remarked. "Just the fence."

Declares He Will Be More Careful in the Future

F RANK D. HESTER, chief of a subdivision of the division of war claims of the pension bureau, is at his desk again. Commissioner Baltzger decided that the 90 days' suspension he had imposed upon Mr. Hester was too severe for such a trifling indiscretion as Mr. Hester had committed.

In the latter's subdivision was a pretty temporary clerk who had completed her work and was about to leave. She had been a favorite, and as she was leaving she made a round of the room and planted a smacking kiss upon the mouth of every woman clerk.

Reaching the desk of her now former chief, the smiling young woman, amid the titlers of the other clerks, challenged Mr. Hester with:

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by, too?"

Mr. Hester, with mind engrossed on an official paper, but with chivalry upmost, rose to the occasion and gave the young woman as good an oculatory farewell as she presented.

The tale was carried to Commissioner Baltzger, who promptly suspended Mr. Hester for 90 days, for the story had been enlarged upon on

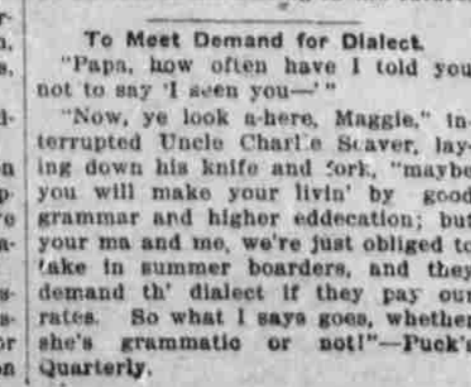
its final recital. Investigation by the commissioner resulted in the withdrawal of the suspension order.

Mr. Hester declares he is going to be careful of his kissing in the future.

To Meet Demand for Dialect.

"Papa, how often have I told you not to say 'I seen you'—"

"Now, ye look a-here, Maggie," interrupted Uncle Charles Scaver, laying down his knife and fork. "maybe you will make your livin' by good grammar and higher education; but your ma and me, we're just obliged to 'ake in summer boarders, and they demand th' dialect if they pay our rates. So what I says goes, whether she's grammatic or not!"—Puck's Quarterly.



BEAUTIFUL DEBUTANTES AT NEWPORT



Two beautiful debutantes, one from the middle west and the other from the east, have just been introduced to society at Newport. At the left is Miss Frances Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Miller of Chicago. On the right is Miss Hope Hamilton of New York, a favorite cousin of Mrs. George Gould.

ADMIRER U. S. GIRLS

Orleans Marriage Troubles Recall Flirtation in America.

Duke as a Youngster War With His Cousin Smitten by Two Beautiful Richmond (Va.) Sisters—Have a Jolly Time.

Birmingham, Ala.—Recent cablegrams from Brussels setting forth the escapades of the duke of Orleans and the duchess' suit for separation recall an incident of his career in Richmond twenty years ago.

One bright spring morning in 1893 something of a furor was created among the passengers on the little river steamer that plied between Norfolk and Richmond when they learned the identity of three distinguished personages aboard. They were traveling incog, but some one recognized them as the count of Paris, his son, the duke of Orleans, and his nephew, Prince Henry of Orleans.

The elder had come over to revisit battlefields along and near James river, where he had figured in 1862, when on the staff, with his brother, General McClellan of the Union army. The count was revising his book on the Civil war and desired a fresh view of locale and atmosphere. They had visited Yorktown and Williamsburg, in which battles he had taken part, and the itinerary was to take them to Gaines' Mills and Fair Oaks, where he had fought gallantly.

His son and his nephew were handsome, dashing young fellows, who had



Duke of Orleans.

seen service and hunted tigers in India. The old count pointed out and expatiated on interesting places along the historic route, scenes of notable engagements in which he had figured thirty years before, and became so absorbed in the memories that he did not discover the keener interest manifested by the young noblemen in two pretty sisters of Richmond, one a blonde and the other a brunette, vivacious and fond of admiration.

Misses Ophelia and Louise Bullington betrayed sufficient interest to embolden young Evan Chesterman, a feature writer for the Richmond Dispatch, to offer to introduce them. Not just then, though; the old count was watching the youngsters with rigorous solicitude. He was stern, proud, a stickler for etiquette, never forgetting that he was undisputed head of the house of Bourbon.

Before the boat reached Richmond, however, plans were arranged by Chesterman for the party to call on the girls at their home that evening. Weary from travel, the count was easily persuaded to retire early, and was tucked away. His room at the old Lexington hotel was across the hall from that of the duke and prince. Nine o'clock found him asleep, while a cab with drawn curtains was hurrying the party of three to spend the evening with the beautiful sisters. Both the young noblemen spoke good English, and a jolly party it was, with clever

stories and love songs dashed off in a glass of wine and the spice of adventure.

When the party returned at midnight the count awoke to learn the truth and things were blue around the hotel. Catching them sneaking into their rooms, he thundered his censure and threatened to disinherit the duke for so far forgetting himself as to visit strange women out of his station and start gossip.

"Picture the horrid American newspapers out with your escapades in ghastly headlines!" he growled. "Ugh! I'm most shocked and mortified. And you, sir, heir and head of the great house of Bourbon! Let us prepare to leave this damnable place by first train!"

Comte de Paris, with the duke and the prince, caught the 3:00 a. m. express for Washington. Luckily for the former, he did not even see the cautiously doctored story of the escape. Soon they sailed for Europe. A year later the count of Paris died and the duke of Orleans became the head of the house of Bourbon and claimant of the throne.

FOR SILENCE AT FUNERALS

League is Formed in France to End the Scandalous Disrespect for Dead.

Paris.—A "League for the Promotion of Silence at Funerals" has just been founded in France by a group of persons who are disgusted with the state into which the attendance at burials, so common a feature of French social life, has now fallen.

It is stated that for some time both religious and civil funerals have been no more than a rendezvous for friends and acquaintances of the deceased person to chat over affairs of mutual interest, as if at a fashionable at home.

On the road to Pere Lachaise cemetery, it is said, business deals and stock contracts are arranged, movements on the stock exchange decided, political groups formed and even ministers appointed.

At the funeral mass in the chapel things are not much better. Here financiers employ their time to check entries in their note books and literary people take care to bring a bundle of proofs to correct.

The members of the new league pledge themselves "not to speak at all and to maintain a perfect and respectful bearing from the beginning to the end of the proceedings."

The movement is receiving much support, as it is agreed on all sides that the present state of things is nothing short of scandalous. Some sarcastic persons are suggesting that among the fittest members for the league of silence would be the singers, who, under the pretense of honoring the dead, make what is often an unseemly noise at funeral services.

Spokane, Wash.—Plans are being prepared by the Spokane Humane society for an elaborate cat house, which, when completed in such details as sun porches and promenade for felines, will be the most unique and convenient cat domicile in the Pacific northwest. Preliminary drawings already drawn will be supplemented by suggestions to be made following a trip by F. H. Holman, president of the society, to inspect the largest model cat house in the United States, located in New York city.

With this haven, the society will be able to turn a few pennies by taking in cats to board and lodge. In connection with the institution, a complete surgical ward is being built for both cats and dogs. The new cat house will be 36 feet long by 17 feet wide, and will accommodate between 50 and 100 of the pets.

SEEK TO BUILD CATS' HOME

Will Accommodate Between Fifty and Hundred Felines—Pets Taken to Board.

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WHALE HITS LINER

Big Leviathan Kills Self by the Impact.

Raised and Shook Kaiser Franz Josef, Over Titanic Grave, as if by a Tidal Wave—All Hands Rush on Deck.

New York.—The Austro-American liner Kaiser Franz Josef came into port here with a large number of passengers, much cargo, and a story of a whale of great proportions which tried to butt the bottom out of the big liner, and died in the attempt. The Kaiser Franz Josef was shaken to such an extent that the skipper, all of his junior officers, half of the crew, and scores of the passengers rushed on deck in apprehension. Not until the dead body of the giant mammal was seen floating away to windward did the skipper and his men know what had been under them.

The account of the whale is vouched for by no less an authority than Gustav Millmoth, the first officer of the Kaiser Franz Josef, who at the time of the commotion happened to be entering on the log the fact that the big liner was at that moment passing over the grave of the Titanic. While he was still making this entry, the liner suddenly lurched upward, as if lifted by a tidal wave. The ship shook from stem to stern, and Captain Gerolomich, who was in his cabin, jumped to the bridge.

The passengers deserted smoke-room, lounges, and stateroom and crowded the decks. In about five minutes the cause of all the trouble floated out from under the ship. It was a whale at least 70 feet long, and a great gash in the middle of its back showed what the collision with the steamship had done to it. Those of the passengers who had cameras snapped the dead monster, and these photographs were shown. They showed a giant whale floating in the water, and a close look made it possible to see the great wound that ended its life.

The Kaiser Franz Josef had among her passengers the Baron Bela von Hazan, a son of the Hungarian minister of war. Baron von Hazan is here on a short vacation, the principal object of which is a chance to view Niagara Falls. He saw the whale.

CASTELLANE RULING IS HIT

Duchess de Talleyrand Says It Was Given Without Her Knowledge or Consent.

Rome, Italy.—The duchess de Talleyrand, who was Anne Gould of New York, in a letter written to the Giornale d'Italia concerning the decision recently given by the Rota tribunal annulling her marriage to Count Boni de Castellane, her first husband, says the decision was handed down without her knowledge and without her having a chance to defend herself. The duchess says her object in appealing from the ruling and fight-



Duchess de Talleyrand.

ing the decree of annulment is not to prevent Count Boni marrying again, but to keep him from reclaiming their two sons.

\$3,500 GOWNS FOR SQUAWS

Many Indian Girls of the West Wear Exceedingly Expensive Dresses.

Spokane, Wash.—About the most expensive dresses in the Pacific northwest are worn on state occasions by Julia and Rosa Webb, two Nez Perce Indian girls living on the reservation near Lewiston, Idaho. Each dress is worth \$3,500, not for the material, but for the 350 elk teeth used in the decorations, the teeth being worth \$10 apiece. The teeth were collected by ancestors of the Webb girls when elk were more plentiful than now.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

DEFIANCE STARCH is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c, 1-3 more starch for same money.

DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska.



TANGO The new White Striped Madras Ide Silver Collar

Mosquitoes seem to be troubled with chronic insomnia.

St. Louis trade boosters recently visited 22 cities in one week.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God almighty made 'em to match the men.—George Elliot.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

At the Railway Restaurant. "What shall I order for lunch?" "Since you need iron in your blood, why not order some railroad frogs?"

Queer Struggle. "There is one extremely odd thing which happens often in summer." "What is it?" "That there should be such a hot time over the price of ice."

Getting Close to Nature. "This is an interesting moving picture of frog culture." "Yes, and if it were a talking moving picture, we might even hear the frog's creak."

Strange to Say. "Here is a unique novel by a British author." "What makes it unique?" "An American girl is introduced in the story and she speaks very fair English."

Not Disorderly. "So you have been to the art exhibit?" "Yes, and I found several Whistlers there." "You don't say! Why don't a guard put them out?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Climbing Up. "Art in America is not respected," said Arthur Stringer, the poet and novelist. "What ice does a poet cut among us compared with a Rockefeller or a Carnegie?" "Poets are rated incredibly low here. As I reclined in a hammock poetizing on a farm lawn last week, a tramp approached and asked the farmer's wife for pie." "She gave him pie, and, while he ate, they conversed. I heard a snatch of their conversation." "You say you used to be a poet?" said the woman. "Yes'm," replied the tramp. "That's how I got my start."

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking — no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package — fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar — and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal—

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.