

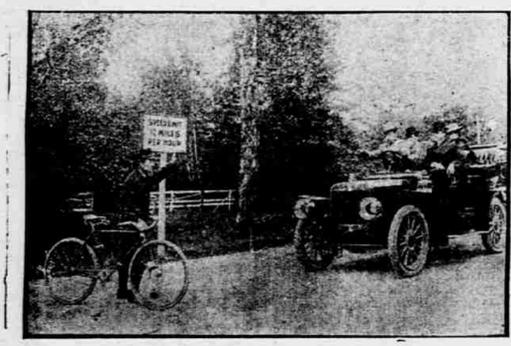
SMALL BUT SUFFICIENT.

BOY MAYOR, BOY MARSHAL, DIMINUTIVE VILLAGE.

But They Are Too Much for Cabinet Officers, Foreign Ministers and Swaggering Automobilists—The Laws of Maryland Must Be Obeyed at Glen Echo.

Just about as big as a bag of peanuts! That's the size of the man who has been holding up princes, potentates, mayors, priests and the President's chosen friends for one year the first day of this present July.

by like a blazing cannon ball. It is followed by a ghostly ivory-white puff, encircling woods in a long, swift chase after the encarninated ro-carr; then your vision is crossed by a brilliant green fuz-smelling mist that leaves only a trail of distant foliage; that mist is cut by a huge black demon with two blazing headlights eyes and a siren like a calliope, quickly followed by a light spider-like brown "oil wagon" driven by two women who squeal when the black siren bellows, and laugh its bulk to scorn as they slam by it, leaving a trail of laughter behind. And then they come



MARSHAL COLLINS MAKING AN ARREST ON THE CONDUIT ROAD. Grand, hold-up, what you will, this Pint of Peanuts, who wears a blue uniform with brass buttons, who walks with a bump, who would have to stand on a chair to see out of a window five feet from the ground, whose real name is...

his pirate lure over to the Mayor, John A. Garrett.

A Beautifully Picturesque Spot. And what's all about? That is exactly what a great many people, including the War Department, would like to know. Glen Echo, up to a year ago, was an insignificant little hamlet hidden in the hollows and tree-shaded hills of Montgomery County, Md., both to fortune and to fame unknown.

Glen Echo was established away back about 1850. It was to be a literary center, a musical center, a Chautauque center and the center of the universe.



MAYOR GARRETT, of Glen Echo, might have won that time, for the people back of it were of the leisure class largely, with some money to spend, and could have a little, but the crash of 1892 sent them to earth, and Glen Echo languished and went back for years.

Cabin John Bridge. Of course, everybody knows that the Conduit road is Government property. It is a finely macadamized road, laid over the huge pipes that give Washington its water supply.



MARSHAL COLLINS, of Glen Echo. Great Falls, some seven miles above Glen Echo. It is unexcelled down to near Glen Echo, and then crosses a tremendous deep gorge on the great stone structure once covered the eighth wonder of the world.

DAINGEROUS WAR TALK.

Entirely Too Many People Playing With Fire—Prominent Americans and Japanese Talking Strongly for Peace—Elements That are Stirring the War Feeling—Fickleness of the Popular Feeling.

It is very difficult keeping the war spirit in check. It has flared forth the past week with great flourish. The war talk has been heard everywhere, and the opportunity to develop a popular feeling that nothing but a clash of arms with the little Japs will suffice. The country on the whole is something of a loss to understand just what the sending of the battleship fleet to the Pacific means.

All these things by no means comprised the range of war gossip crowded into six fleeting days. A Japanese spy was arrested at San Diego, revealed the had details of the fortifications. No spy these days, be he German, French, or Japanese, is ever caught without a copy of a drawing of the person.

The commission has been educated on many phases of a war. The financial resources of the two nations were discussed. It is estimated that \$200,000,000 of Japanese bonds are held in this country.

Charles M. Schwab, former President of the Steel Trust, contributed a bit of interesting information. He said that the United States could build five warships while Japan was building one.

Meanwhile, remember that President Theodore Roosevelt is enjoying the peace and quiet of his country. He has removed from the madding throng, occasionally a paragraph comes out about a luncheon of notables entertaining at Sagamore Hill.

Perhaps the whole matter may pass as a dream in the night. It may prove to be only a week's diversion, such as Americans are very fond of, especially at this time of year.

The Army did not overlook its opportunity. The Army is always jealous of the Navy and vice versa. If one is getting into the public eye watch for the other to become active. Suddenly there came forth articles about the activity of strengthening the fortifications on the Atlantic Coast.



A Steep and Narrow Way.

Incidentally Japanese-American war talk is now the only war talk of the world. Every summer there used to be a European war scare. There has been none this summer.

Development after development has followed in rapid succession. The throwing of a few bricks at Japanese restaurant in San Francisco became an international affair.

Could not some strong hand have checked the succession of untoward events, which undoubtedly threaten at some date the sacrifice of many lives and tremendous treasure? Possibly so.

A large portion of the Pacific Coast population welcome the agitation, as it furthers their desire to force some measure of Japanese exclusion. The race problem there has attained serious proportions.

Harshness as all the activities may have been thus far, far-seeing officials of the Administration are uneasy. They of course are not without their own apprehensions that it cannot be checked and that the situation will gradually grow worse.

Of course many war clouds disappear over the horizon. The enthusiasts seemed almost as near to war with Germany only a few years ago as they are now to a war in the Orient.

Republican Aspirants. Vice-President Fairbanks as a Rescuer. Gov. Hughes Not to Be a Tail to Anbody's Kite—The Candidates Athletically Considered.

Secretary Taft's head was grazed by a golf ball, propelled by a monied Englishman on the course near Point-a-Pitre, Murray Bay, Canada, and nearly killed the next President.

Everybody has been asking whether Vice President Fairbanks waded into the water of Yellowstone Lake and by reason of his great height stood on solid ground as he reached for the unfortunate waitress.

The Vice President's would annual effect of the cocktail incident that Methodists and Prohibitionists have been discussing at the instance, of course, of the Vice President's political enemies.

The Vice President has not been engaging in athletic pastimes, as has been Secretary Taft. In Washington the Secretary is too busy to go on his golf courses. The Chevy Chase Club, with many notables go to play golf, is really in Maryland across the District line.

woods, and don't seem to lead to anywhere, except into the side of a ravine or up against walls of primeval rock. It is intersected by a trolley line which starts bravely out from Washington as the Washington Traction Company, but when it gets you five feet over the District Line into Maryland the conductor holds you up for another fare, and you pay money or you get off and walk.

THE CONDUIT ROAD TERRITORY. It is a fine macadamized road, laid over the huge pipes that give Washington its water supply. This water comes from the Potomac River, and the intake is at Great Falls.

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE. It is unexcelled down to near Glen Echo, and then crosses a tremendous deep gorge on the great stone structure once covered the eighth wonder of the world. It is known as "Cabin John Bridge" and had when built the largest stone arch in the world.

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