

WON PUBLIC ESTEEM

Mrs. McKinley Admired by All Who Knew Her Here.

HER HOME LIFE WAS IDEAL

Insisted on Attending to Public Duties at White House, Despite Her Frail Condition—Bore Her Suffering Bravely for Twenty Years—Love for Children Her Most Decided Trait.

When Mrs. McKinley came to Washington as the wife of the President there was naturally an interest in social and official circles, and, in fact, among the people of the Capital generally, as to her personality.

Although she had spent the seasons of Congress here while her husband was a member of the House of Representatives, she was little known, her illness preventing her participating in social functions. Apparently she had no desire to shine in a social way, preferring the company of her husband and a few intimate friends to more general association.

The devotion of the McKinleys to each other, and particularly Mrs. McKinley's constant care of her invalid wife, was known to a small number of people only at that time. It was not until they took up their residence at the White House that the loving care and regard of the President for Mrs. McKinley and her great affection for him and pride in the greatness he had attained became known even to many of those who had been acquainted personally with them during the President's career in Congress.

Nearly every White House family has been subjected to more or less adverse criticism by Washington gossip. Most of this has been unfounded, and nearly all the scandalous stories that have been circulated about the private habits of those who resided in the Executive Mansion have been utterly untrue. But no word of scandal ever touched the McKinleys.

Family Life Ideal. Everything that the curious world heard of them and their ways dealt with an ideal family life, and people began to appreciate something of the nobility of the President's personal character and the beautiful fortitude with which Mrs. McKinley bore her suffering.

For more than twenty years Mrs. McKinley was an invalid. Since the death of her children she had been afflicted with a nervous disease, and required almost constant attention. In all that time her husband had been constant in his devotion to her, sacrificing many pleasures to give her comfort, and caring only for her welfare. To her intimate friends Mrs. McKinley never tired of praising these traits of Mr. McKinley's character. He was to her the perfect man and husband. Her affection for him was manifested all who came in contact with them in the White House, and his devotion to her was that of a loving husband.

It was evident to all who saw Mrs. McKinley that she had suffered. Her face showed that, but her physical disabilities had, if anything, brought to her countenance that sweetness and calmness which she bravely carried. Despite her bodily troubles, however, she persisted in performing as far as possible those duties which the public expects from the First Lady of the Land.

At the White House receptions she sat in a chair at the left of the President, and on the right of the line of standing women of the Cabinet circle. For all who came to these affairs she had a bright smile, with the addition of a pleasant word to those she knew personally. She did not follow the handshaking custom of White House social functions and a glance at the delicate, fragile hands, usually folded, explained why.

Surrounded by Friends. Nearly every evening friends of the McKinleys came to the White House to pass the evening with Mrs. McKinley in one of the parlors on the lower floor, while the President was working at his desk in the office section of the mansion. Whenever Mr. McKinley had the opportunity, he would slip down to the parlor to have a brief chat with the callers, but on these occasions he never left the room without exchanging a few words with his wife. Each evening Mrs. McKinley's regular evening amusement, and she was always ready and anxious to take a hand in the game.

Twice a day, usually, Mrs. McKinley went driving. In the morning she was accompanied by a nurse, and in the afternoon by the President. These drives were always taken with the carriage. In fine weather, when the windows of the carriage were open, Mrs. McKinley bowed pleasantly to passers-by, and always seemed pleased when a man raised his hat or a woman waved her handkerchief. Perhaps the most decided trait of Mrs. McKinley's character was her love for children. She showed this on every occasion presented, whether while driving, or walking through the White House lobby from her carriage, or when friends brought their little ones to see her. At noon, when she usually returned from her morning drives, the White House was as a rule pretty well filled with visitors. Many of these would stand in the lobby to watch the frail, sweet-faced woman pass through the White House lobby to the mansion leading on the arm of an attendant. If Mrs. McKinley spied a child in the crowd she would invariably stop and call the youngster to her, sometimes attempting to coax the bashful ones by offers of flowers. On several occasions where Mrs. McKinley was particularly attracted by a child in the lobby, she would have him or her brought to her apartments. No little boy or little girl ever went away without some presents.

Notices Boy Soldier. In the war with Spain, a boy of fifteen, who had managed to enlist in a Tennessee regiment stationed at Camp Alger, Va., was seen by Mrs. McKinley while he was visiting at the White House. He did not look his age, and Mrs. McKinley was attracted by his youthful appearance. The young soldier was bashful, but Mrs. McKinley insisted that he should follow her to the Blue Parlor, where she asked him many questions about himself and tried to make him feel at ease. The boy went away with a big bunch of bananas and other things to eat, the product of her own hands. When Mrs. McKinley died at Buffalo, in 1901, there was fear on the part of the country that Mrs. McKinley would not survive the shock of her loss. But the expected did not happen. She bore up bravely. Relatives and friends remained with her constantly and kept her mind diverted from her sorrow. Since returning to Canton she spent a calm peaceful life, finding solace in the frequent remembrance that her husband's memory was kept green.

Gunboats to Be Sold. The gunboats Leyte and Calamianca have been stricken from the list of naval vessels, and will be sold. These two vessels were captured by Admiral Dewey in May, 1898, and have been used ever since that date by the navy as patrol boats.

GOES TO HER LONG REST.



MRS. IDA SAXTON MCKINLEY, Widow of the Martyred President, Who Died at Her Canton Home.

"IDA."

If ever a star fell from Heaven into the arms of man—if ever a flower grew into a woman—that star and that flower was Ida Saxton McKinley. There was an aroma of sweetness and grace in the very name. Her husband never addressed her, never referred to her, except as "Ida." By an interposition of the supreme divine the full knowledge of the supreme tragedy which descended into a life yet in its noon, was spared her; the angels drew a veil of grief between her and his full realization.

God had given it to Ida Saxton to be fitted mated. There were many beauties and virtues in the character of William McKinley; his career was abundantly fulfilled, and the crown of glory he wore with such consuming modesty was studied with jewels both rich and radiant; the soldier, the civilian, the man of affairs, and the party leader; but the rarest of all that shone in that priceless diadem was his devotion—simple, constant, unerring—to "Ida."

It seems a strange, a most mysterious, inexplicable decree of Providence that ordained the death by the assassin's hand of three such men as Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, each so unoffending, so filled with the love of human kind, so gracious and generous.

Of the three, McKinley was least aggressive. Lincoln lived in deadly times, and Garfield's very intellectuality raised up both enemies and enemies. Garfield, lovable as he was, had a rough side to him, and Lincoln, big of heart and of brain, was outwardly, even as a grained oak. McKinley lived a primitive Christian man. He emulated St. Paul in the desire to be all things to all men. It gave him pleasure to give pleasure; it caused him pain to inflict pain. No man ever grew as fast as he in the Executive office, both in mental stature and in breadth.

He came to power during moving times. Immense responsibilities descended upon him. War, which he had religiously opposed, and for which the country was ill-prepared, was suddenly thrust upon him. The White House became an armed camp. There was not an hour of the day, or night, which the President could call his own. But, night or day, there came never a moment when that sweet voice might not summon him to the side of the wife whose peculiar affliction had imposed upon him the care of a nurse for a child—none other nurse than he. It was the knowledge of this in those who personally knew and loved them which gave to the awful finality at Buffalo an added and inexpressible poignancy of grief.

The people of the South especially will ever hold the memory of William McKinley deep in the heart of their hearts. He it was to whom it was given to complete the sublime intention of Lincoln with respect to the disunited section of the Union. He was quick to see the meaning and the opportunity of the Spanish war. The last, eternal treaty of peace between the North and the South was written by the pen that signed the commissions as general in the army of the United States of Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee and John Breckinridge Casleman, and never did statesman and patriot perform an act greater in reach and more benign in effect than did William McKinley when he restored those Confed- erate soldiers to the service of a once more united country, literally turning gray into blue, and giving to generations of Southern men yet unborn the signifi- cant, along with the deathless assurance, of complete moral emancipation.

Let the winged spirit take its way to the immortal spirit waiting for its mate. Much shortened is the distance to Heaven from earth between these two. Around the seraph stand in robes of light. The gates are flung open wide. But, be sure a single voice will alone be heard, just only the one word, "Ida."—Henry Waterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

JOHN J. CARROLL DEAD.

Served Through the Civil War—Employed in Pension Office.

John Judson Carroll died at his residence, 113 Fourth street southeast, yesterday, after a brief illness. Mr. Carroll was born in New York City in 1835, but later removed to Troy, N. Y., where he resided until the completion of the civil war, when he enlisted in the Fifteenth New York Volunteer Regiment Engineers, and was promoted to a lieutenant, serving as such until the close of the war. Shortly after that he came to Washington to accept a position in the Federal government service, in which service he had been continually employed. At the time of his death he was a clerk in the United States Pension Office. He was a member of the Union Veteran Legion and B. B. French Lodge, F. A. A. M. He is survived by two daughters, Miss Fannie E. Carroll and Mrs. Moses M. Swan.

Mr. Carroll had a large circle of friends and acquaintances who will mourn his loss.

HORSES RUN AWAY.

Riders Badly Frightened, but Are Rescued.

Several thousand persons saw an odd runaway along Fifteenth street yesterday afternoon, which, happily, did not end disastrously. James Hanson, who has apartments in the Portner, was exercising two spirited saddle horses in Sixteenth street, near his home, when Thomas Randolph and Hamilton Young, each nine years old, asked permission to get into the saddles.

No sooner had the little chaps been seated when the horses bolted and started down the street at a dead run. The shouts of the boys attracted the attention of pedestrians, and soon a crowd was pursuing the flying pair. The horses turned from Sixteenth street into R, and then into Fifteenth, and were not halted until they reached I street.

The boys, one of whom had never been on a horse's back before, were greatly frightened, but had managed to hold onto the saddles, and were taken home uninjured. Now they are the heroes of the neighborhood. Randolph lives in the Portner apartments and Young in the Alexander, in U street.

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MRS. MCKINLEY DIES AT HOME IN CANTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

and through them came a sound not articulate, but like a sobbing, joyous, gentle sigh. Once more she breathed gently. "Not more soft was the flight of the soul than was the exhalation. Some of us were kneeling at the bedside, and it seemed as though we almost saw the reunion between the wife and her beloved one. In death Mrs. McKinley's face is stamped by a beauty ineffably sweet and a contentment not less than divine."

BORN—CANTON—1847.

Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton and was the daughter of John A. Saxton, a banker, of Canton, Ohio, and granddaughter of John Saxton, the veteran Ohio journalist, who in 1815 established the Ohio Repository.

Mrs. McKinley was one of three children, and was born in Canton in 1847. John A. Saxton had the idea that girls should be able to provide for themselves, and after his daughter had been graduated from a private school at Media, Pa., and had had a year's travel abroad, he made her a clerk in his bank. Later she was made cashier, her father saying that she got the place strictly on merit.

It was in 1867 that Miss Saxton, the bank cashier, met Maj. McKinley, who had returned from the war and was something of a hero. The major went to visit his sister, who lived in Canton, and met his future wife at a picnic. They were married on January 25, 1871, in the Presbyterian church in Canton. After the marriage the young couple took up their residence in Canton in a home given to them by Mrs. McKinley's father, and Mr. McKinley started to practice law there.

It was while living in Canton that Mrs. McKinley met with the bereavement which shattered her health early in life. This was the death of their two children, Kate and Ida. The former was born in 1871, and lived to be three years old. The latter was born in 1873, and lived but a few months. Their deaths, following shortly that of Mrs. McKinley's mother, brought on a nervous affliction, and it was in his devotion to his wife, which early made her a martyr, that Mr. McKinley showed some of the qualities that afterward endeared him so to the nation.

Heard Her Husband's Speeches. In the fourteen years Mr. McKinley was in Congress, and in his term as governor of Ohio, and later President, this affliction of Mrs. McKinley's was a bar to many social pleasures which might otherwise have been enjoyed, but even his many public duties never seemed to interfere with her husband's tender care for her.

When Mr. McKinley was governor of Ohio he and his wife lived in the Canton cottage they had begun housekeeping in, and there it was that he received the delegations that called upon him in the memorable campaign of 1866. On many of these occasions Mrs. McKinley would stand at a front window overlooking the famous porch, and it was said that she heard nearly every speech her husband made in that campaign.

After the election Mrs. McKinley was at times able to discharge some of the social duties falling to the mistress of the White House. She had frequently visited the White House before as a guest of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes. She accompanied her husband on most of his trips and when he started out on the tour of the South and West, a few months before the tragedy at Buffalo, Mrs. McKinley went with him. When the party reached San Francisco Mrs. McKinley was taken so ill that for some days her life was despaired of. Her husband remained almost constantly at her bedside and as soon as she showed improvement she was taken back to Washington.

Not With Him When Shot.

She accompanied her husband again on the fateful journey to Buffalo in September, 1901, having improved greatly in health in the summer. Mrs. McKinley accompanied her husband when he was shot. She had accompanied him that morning on the trip to Niagara Falls, but becoming tired had returned from the Falls to John G. Milburn's house, where the Presidential party was staying. The news of the shooting was broken to her shortly before the President was brought to the house.

Throughout the week the President lingered Mrs. McKinley was the object of much solicitude, and her pathetic figure elicited the sympathy of the entire world. She was one of the first persons to whom her husband spoke before he died. She accompanied her husband's body to Washington and then to Canton, where she took up her residence in the house to which she had gone as a bride. By her husband's will all his property was left to her in trust.

After her return to Canton Mrs. McKinley was critically ill for a time, but later on she improved so that her health became better than it had been for years. Since the death of her husband she had made a point of driving out to his tomb every morning with flowers. It was part of the daily routine of her life.

ROOSEVELT LEAVES TUESDAY.

President Will Attend Funeral on His Way to Indianapolis.

President Roosevelt was informed of the death of Mrs. McKinley in a telegram from Secretary Cortelyou, received at the White House about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

He immediately replied that he would attend the funeral.

The President was to start on his trip to Indianapolis and Lansing on Wednesday afternoon, but in view of Mrs. McKinley's death he will leave to-morrow evening, reaching Canton in time for the funeral on Wednesday.

The President will be accompanied by Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson, who were in the Cabinet of President McKinley, and by Secretary Loeb.

After the funeral at Canton, the President will proceed to Indianapolis, where he is to attend the unveiling of the Lawton statue and deliver the Memorial Day address. He will be in Lansing on Friday, and will reach home late Saturday afternoon.

Search for Robbers of Shoe Store.

The police of the Fifth precinct are looking for the thieves who broke through a heavy plate glass window in the store of Bleiber & Kaufman, at 901 Eighth street southeast, and stole twenty-five shoes, which were on display. The entrance to the store was made late Saturday night, the thieves completely demolishing the window, valued at about \$100.

Run to Mayor for Aid.

As Putnam's body crashed against a pile of stove wood and rolled lifeless to the floor close beside the unconscious form of her mother, the three remaining children fled screaming from the house. Down the road they came upon May, who stood rooted to the ground with terror at the sound of the firing behind her. It was a little after 9 o'clock when they arrived at Mayor Payne's. The men who went to the scene found Mrs. Beavers still alive, but unconscious. She died two hours later.

Early yesterday afternoon an undertaker's wagon drove up the lane to the Putnam house. A large white wood coffin and a smaller one of cherry were carried into the basement. Around the doorway clustered a little knot of men and women.

ORPHANS TELL STORY

Children of Mrs. Beavers Describe Putnam's Crime.

RESULT OF JEALOUS RAGE

Little Ones Choke Down Sobs as They Tearfully Relate Details of Saturday Night's Tragedy at Falls Church—Woman Refused to Wed. Lived in Fear of Death.

Church bells called across the green meadows and woodlands of Falls Church yesterday morning; through the drizzling rain came the faithful, their horses slogging over the muddy roads, their carriages wheels crunching through the gravel and splashing through the mud hollows.

On a hill crest near the little city, half hidden in a dripping grove, the churchgoers passed a shabby white cottage, where a group of grave men, a few pale women, and two frightened little orphans stood face to face with grim tragedy—two stark, cold forms, huddled in the red sorrowfulness of death on the cement floor of the basement kitchen.

The group of men included the county coroner and his jury. The women were relatives and guardians-to-be of the two children, May and Gertrude Beavers, whose mother's body lay cold and still beside the lifeless form of her slayer, Silas Putnam.

Bravely the sisters, the two oldest of the five orphaned by Saturday night's tragedy, choked down their sobs and related to the inquisitors the ghastly details of the murder and suicide to which they had been helpless, terror-stricken witnesses the night before. Their recital dimmed the eyes of their hearers and hardened their hearts against the dead man at their feet.

Orphans at Mayor's Home.

A mile away-up the road along which the four screaming children had run through the darkness of night with their message of horror—the two other children, Ruth and Abie, waited in the parlor of Mayor John Payne's residence for the return of the coroner and his jury, when they, too, were to be questioned. On the lawn in front of the mayor's house four-year-old Nathan Beavers, who had been left sleeping in his crib when his elder brother and sisters fled from the house, pattered about with a mallet and croquet ball, blissfully unconscious of the meaning of death. To all visitors he would utter his chubby face and in baby's prattle say: "Mamma us dot dead last night." Then he would run laughingly after the rolling croquet ball.

May, fifteen years old, the eldest of the five, was the only one of the children to whom the lifeless body of her mother brought even partial realization of the situation. Smiling at the other of her two younger sisters, little May was the champion of her mother in all the many quarrels between her and Putnam, and is now the little mother of the orphaned group. It was May who tried to save her mother's life Saturday night, for which, it was learned yesterday, she nearly paid the penalty of death, the mark of a bullet beside the door out of which she fled showing how narrowly a triple tragedy was averted.

Little Witnesses Terrified.

Terror and excitement blurred the accuracy of the four little witnesses' memories as to the details of the shooting, but on all the main points their stories were identical. Each remembered best the part she played during the fearful moment's rage, destruction, and death. By eliminating all that was not corroborated by each of the four witnesses to the tragedy, the main facts that appeared yesterday show the bloody act to have been that of a mind inflamed beyond control through whisky, jealousy, and rage.

Ruth, twelve years old, and May accompanied their mother to Alexandria Saturday. In the town they saw Putnam sitting in a saloon. He did not speak to Mrs. Beavers, but followed the three on horseback as they drove about the city. May asked her mother what Putnam was following them around for, and Mrs. Beavers told her that he had been repeatedly asking her to marry him and that she had refused.

"He is jealous and is watching me to see if any man speaks to me," said the mother.

Mrs. Beavers Feared Death.

On the drive home Mrs. Beavers became more and more nervous. She told her little daughters that she knew death stood at her side. She begged them to remember her counsel and advice and told them if anything happened to go to their aunt, Miss Lizzie Beavers, who lives in Washington, at 435 L street northwest.

At Bailey's Crossroads, Putnam met them and followed them to the house. As they entered, he began to force a quarrel with Mrs. Beavers, who, in fear of her life, tried to pacify him. Putnam was plainly drunk. He snatched Mrs. Beavers' hat from the table, tore it to shreds, and burned it in the stove. Mrs. Beavers' remonstrance and he struck her in the face. She snatched a carving knife from the table and sprang forward, while the other children huddled in the corner in terror.

Turns Pistol on Girl.

With blazing eyes, little May faced the infuriated brute and told him that she would kill him if he struck her mother again. Putnam then drew his revolver, and the same that eight years ago his daughter Helen had used to commit suicide in her room above, and pointed it directly in the face of the little girl. Her sisters say she did not move, but dared to stand unflinchingly before the muzzle of the revolver. Then the screams of the other children and her mother's cry, "Run, May, before he kills you," unnerved her and she turned and fled out of the door, crying that she was going to Mayor Payne's for assistance. Putnam fired as she ran but the bullet struck the wall near the door.

He then turned on the woman, seized her by the arm and fired two shots, one of which entered her brain, the other going wild. Coolly he raised the revolver and shot himself through the temple. Excitedly the children to believe that more shots were fired, but investigation showed four empty shells in the revolver and one loaded cartridge.

Run to Mayor for Aid.

As Putnam's body crashed against a pile of stove wood and rolled lifeless to the floor close beside the unconscious form of her mother, the three remaining children fled screaming from the house. Down the road they came upon May, who stood rooted to the ground with terror at the sound of the firing behind her. It was a little after 9 o'clock when they arrived at Mayor Payne's. The men who went to the scene found Mrs. Beavers still alive, but unconscious. She died two hours later.

Early Yesterday Afternoon

an undertaker's wagon drove up the lane to the Putnam house. A large white wood coffin and a smaller one of cherry were carried into the basement. Around the doorway clustered a little knot of men and women.

Bring Casket Out.

Out of the doorway shuffled a group of struggling men, carrying the large white box. As they brought it into the daylight, a broad red, streaky stain showed on its side, running downward from its top. The box was shoved into the wagon and the men returned to the kitchen, reappearing with the smaller casket. Little May hid her face upon Miss Beavers' arm and sobbed.

Some one slammed the door shut. May and Gertrude drove away with their aunt. The coroner, undertaker, and the assistants were scattered to their homes. The little white cottage stood deserted in its grove of green. Four violent deaths have been met under its roof. At night it will be a fearsome place to pass, when the moonlight shadows dance fantastically upon the white painted walls.

SURVIVORS HONOR DEAD.

Men Who Enlisted from District in 1861 Hold Services.

Ninety members of the Survivors' Association of the District of Columbia Volunteers of 1861 stood shoulder to shoulder last night in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, at a public memorial service. Although time has greatly thinned the ranks of the old soldiers made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers, and the congregation, which helped them celebrate, co-operated with them heartily.

The faded uniforms which the soldiers wore in the trying campaigns of the Potomac were taken out of the cedar presses yesterday and donned in honor of the occasion, and the old fellows swelled with justifiable pride at every allusion to the glory of the District regiments and the part they bore in the war.

Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the church, delivered the memorial sermon. He chose for his text a passage in Kings, which tells of the loyal guards gathering about the king and with determination and valor making certain his coronation.

With this as his theme, Dr. Bristol compared the heroes of the Scripture with the men before him, who suffered about Abraham Lincoln, and who were with him until he had crowned himself by his courage and martyrdom.

After the sermon the roll was called, and it was a deep silence that greeted the names of the dead. As the roll, as the preacher said, "joined Lincoln."

LINEAL SOCIETY MEETS.

Chaplain Brown Addresses Memorial Meeting at Fort Myer.

The inclement weather did not prevent a large attendance at the memorial service of the Lineal Society in the chapel at Fort Myer yesterday morning. The Episcopal service preceded the memorial sermon, which was preached by Chaplain Henry A. Brown, who said, in part: "The sons of to-day should keep before them the memory of the heroic deeds of their fathers."

"The benefits and blessings we enjoy were awarded us by those who have gone before; the tree of liberty was planted by those in the past; our institutions of freedom are the product of the patriotic work of our fathers. The world would be poor indeed without the inspiration of ancestral memories; the influence of ancestors is incentive to noble effort and achievement."

Chaplain Brown concluded his eloquent sermon by an impressive reference to the importance of memorial observance.

Officers of the Lineal Society present were: Mrs. G. W. Driver, Mrs. Allyn K. Capron, Mrs. E. S. Hedges, Mrs. K. Lawson, Miss A. Ferriss, Mrs. Flora Lewis, Mrs. L. Ferguson, Miss Drake. The District of Columbia Department, U. S. W. V., was represented by Messrs. Harlow, Gwynne, Lawson, Hayles, Brown, Wheeler, and Burke.

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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF OUTSTANDING BONDS OF THE CAPITAL TRACTION COMPANY, D. C.—WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 21, 1907.

Notice is hereby given to the holders of the outstanding bonds of the Capital Traction Company, which have a face value to one million and eighty thousand dollars (\$1,880,000), of a total issue of one million and eighty thousand dollars (\$1,880,000), issued April 2, 1906, payable twenty years after date, with interest on the principal at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and secured by deed of trust upon the roads, franchises, and certain other property of the said company to the Federal Deposit, Savings and Trust Company of the District of Columbia, trustee, that the said Federal Deposit, Savings and Trust Company hereby exercises the option reserved to it in the body of the said bonds to redeem the same at any time after three years from their date, with accrued interest thereon, and at the rate of 100 for each 100 of the principal of said bonds.

The said bonds will be paid on FRIDAY, the 31st day of May, 1907, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., with accrued interest at par, and at the rate of 100 for each 100 of the principal of said bonds in full, at the principal office of the company, at the corner of Thirty-sixth and M streets northwest, in the City of Washington, D. C., or, if the holder prefer, at the Riggs National Bank in the said city. All holders of said bonds are hereby notified to present the same at said time and at either of said places for redemption as aforesaid. Interest will cease upon the bonds with the day of May, 1907, and no interest will be paid thereon thereafter. By authority of the board of directors of the Capital Traction Company, GEORGE T. DUNLOP, President.

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