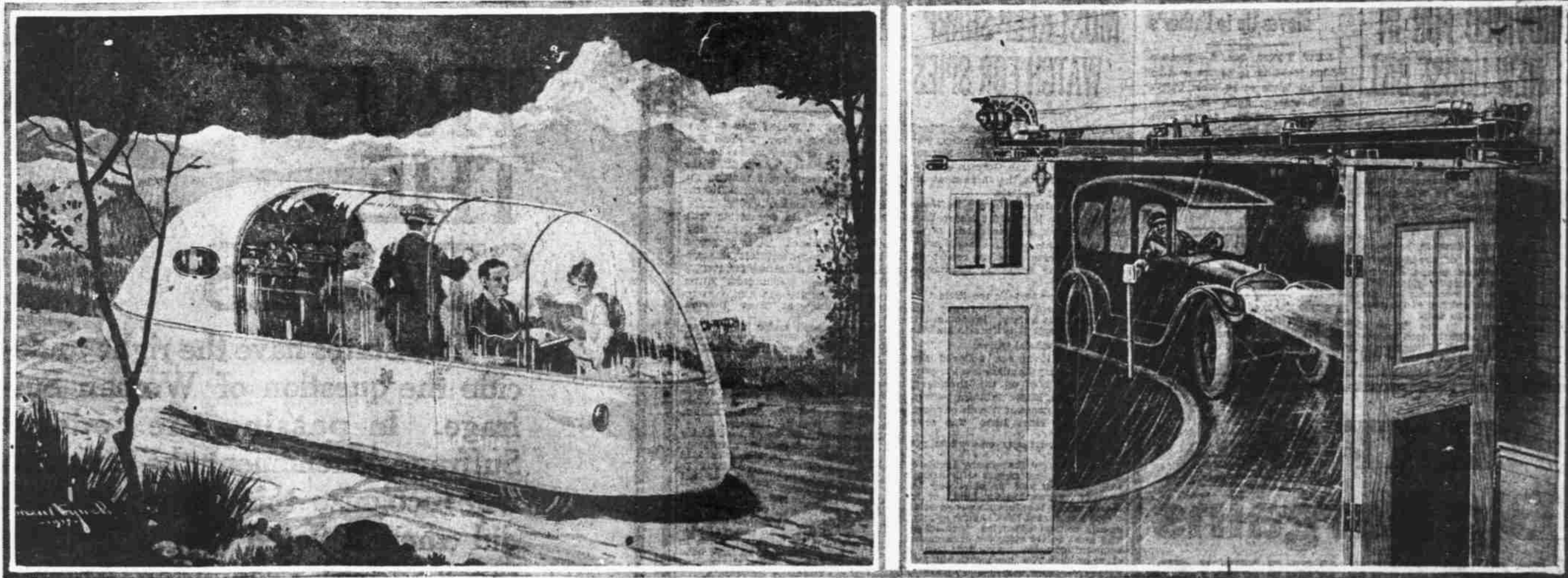


Automobile of Tomorrow Will Be Constructed Like a Moving Drawing Room

JUST PRESS BUTTONS AND LET ENGINE DO THE WORK



That the automobile of the next generation will be far different from the type in use today is the prediction made in an interesting article in a recent issue of the Scientific American. The entire control of the machine will be simplified and perhaps located in a set of push buttons. A recent invention makes possible the opening and closing of garage doors by this method, and the application of the theory, it is prophesied, will be applied to the automobile itself.

Here is the coming automobile. Sides and top of glass, steam or otherwise heated; plenty of room; no noise; no steering wheel, just some simple levers and buttons held on the lap, and tires that can't be punctured. Can you beat it? This is the way automobiles soon will open the doors of the garage. He drives up to a post outside the building, presses a button, and presto, open go the portals and on go the lights.

Change in Engine.
The writer then says: "The power plant of the car of the not-too-near future will be under the hood and on or near the rear axle. A thousand gasoline engines are about to arise and call me wicked names and tell me it can't be done. I dare say it can't—so a gasoline engine. But who said the car of the future had to have a gasoline engine?"

on country roads, on the rear seat. Driving will be then, what it ought to be, a mental, not physical exercise. "And don't protest that an electric cable can't carry all the controlling influences from driver to car, to engine, to lights, horn, brake, speed controls, steering. The modern church organ has five banks of keys and hundreds of stops. Every key has an electrical circuit, every stop, every coupler, every pedal has at least one and sometimes several, and they all—the whole several hundred of them—go in one flexible cable so that a modern console can be moved about in the church exactly as the modern control board of the future will be moved about in the automobile.

Congress What It Did Yesterday

Serbia's Admiration for Our High Ideals—American Army Clothing Compared With Swiss, Italian, and German—Curious Complications in Coal Regulation—"Live Wires" in Promotion—Unifying War Tax Bills.

By W. V. BYARS.
As the House was not in session, it was not one of our busiest days in Congress yesterday. But we did considerable. Among other things, we continued to make a careful study of expert financial methods, represented by percentages of fifty-fifty and of sixty-five to thirty-five in army uniforms.

Car That Is To Come.
"Pedals, levers, dials, contraptions of all sorts, will disappear. The interior of the car of the future will look like a little pleasure house, not the engine room of the U-boat. The engine—I won't quarrel with you as to whether it is electric, gas or steam, or located under the hood or the rear seat—will deliver and store enough power to do everything about the car that manual labor now does. "The motor car of the future will be low. You won't climb into it—you will step into it. Six-inch clearances will be ample, because the future won't have any bad roads.

Revelation is Going On.
The power of control of a motor "be continuous" and undergoing a revolution right now—and the end is far to seek. "The first automobile had an engine to pull the car, a man to start the engine, a man to stop the car, a man to pump the oil, a man to pump the tires, a man to fill the oil lamps, a man to light them—oh, it was the same man, but the point is the engine didn't do anything but pull him around. He had to attend to all the rest of it himself.

Electrical Control.
"By means of an electrical device patented the automobilist can upon reaching his garage press a button which will turn on the lights in the building, unlock the doors and fold them back clear of the opening all within a few seconds," says the Scientific American.

"The push buttons are arranged on a metal post outside in a convenient place at the side of the driveway where the driver can reach out with one hand and operate the device. One push button opens up the entrance to persons of machines, another stops the doors instantly. Provision has been made through a spring checking device to prevent accidents to persons of machines, should they, by oversight, be standing in the opening after the closing button has been pressed.

"In case of emergency, as power being off, etc., a slight pull of lever disengages gears, and the doors can be hand-operated. The doors are mechanically connected so that the opening of one section also opens the other.

"When the push button device is outside they may be operated with a cylinder lock, so that no one besides the owners can enter the garage. "The device is very simple to install and can be placed wherever there is twelve inches space above the doorway. The maintenance after installation is practically nothing.

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Also we made a distinct and independent study of other expert financial methods, illustrated in the co-ordination of coal, when men who "know a good thing" put that good thing over on a good man, who thinks well of his fellows, and is also one of the best qualified college presidents in this or any other country.

After doing a number of other things in addition to these, we gave our warmest applause to the enunciation of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount, to wit: That we are all born free, with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that we ought to love our neighbors as ourselves.

This reads like persiflage. It suggests sarcasm. It may seem to be prompted by the "sinister motives" Senator Lodge does not show in examining a Democratic food administrator. It is, on the contrary, a condensed perspective view of our actual proceedings. We did all these things in that order, and then some others of considerable, if not equal, interest.

We applauded our lofty ideals when we found how greatly we were admired for them by a distinguished visitor. This was Dr. Milenko Vesnich, chief of the Serbian war mission. He was escorted into the Senate chamber by a committee of the Senate. He was a very plain-looking man himself, but his distinguished staff glittered with orders. The gray-bearded, fierce-looking old general, who were the most orders stopped to pat one of the Senate pages on the cheek. Vice President Marshall made a speech of welcome. It was really one of his best efforts. He began with Patrick Henry's demand for liberty or death, and rose above it. Those who think our Vice President does not know how to handle the English language ought to hear him on an occasion that really calls for it. He voiced our national aspirations with a dignity worthy of the historic occasion.

As our distinguished Serbian guest told us how our lofty ideals and example have stirred the hearts of men for better things until we are the hope of the world, we forgot about 65-35 substitutes for all-wool goods and applauded him with warmth. If some one would only admire our sublime ideal of freedom, perhaps it might be better for all concerned. It was so yesterday, at any rate. When Dr. Vesnich congratulated us on our four distinct varieties of liberty—religious, political, commercial, and industrial—we applauded with sincere devotion to them all. We were proud of them as we were when he congratulated us on our principles of local self-government and our hatred of dominating the weak. He did us good. When he left the chamber, we felt loftier than we had felt before during the year.

The great Oil Lands Leasing bill, discussed in the Senate yesterday and in process of amendment, will be put on its final passage before 5 o'clock Monday. The Smoot bill, introduced and discussed yesterday by Senator Smoot of Utah, is amendatory of all war-tax bills now in force. It is intended to combine them into a single measure.

SEES HIMSELF DIE; THEN SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY POISON

(Continued from First Page.)

Blanchi, of New York, told the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that woollens are made of wool, and that when you put 35 per cent of shoddy into cloth, it is shoddy cloth, not woolen cloth. He said that prior to 1914, he had sold woollens for uniforms to Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. He had sold none to Europe since 1914, but he had lately sold out his entire stock to the United States Government at its request. He said he had no contract and no other interest in testifying than that of giving the Senators his opinion if they wanted it. The European governments who had bought uniform cloth from him sought woolen cloth, unadulterated, and all wool from the sheep. It was not shoddy, but woolen. In his opinion, the soldiers of the United States in Europe were entitled to the best clothing, and in his opinion clothing 35 per cent shoddy to 65 per cent wool was not as good as woolen clothing, and could not be made so.

Being a dentist by profession, and having had two years study in practical medicine, I was naturally familiar with drugs and poisons. No subject in my course held my attention more closely than that of poisons.

Wondered About Correctness.
I often questioned the truthfulness of my text books in regard to the after effects of taking deadly poisons. I wondered if the medical writers were correct in their conclusions. In my studies and from personal research I learned that acetone, an alkoid made from acetic acid, is the most deadly poison known. It struck me when I made this discovery, that there is scarcely any pain in its wake. Again, it leaves no signs of demarcation on the body. I am one who has been accused of being too tender-hearted in medicine, where the girl I loved made her home; where my family resided; where so much was expected of me, now that I had completed my dental course, hung out my sign and was a full-fledged dental surgeon.

I procured five grains of acetone. I learned from my text book that one-sixteenth of a grain was a fatal dose. Surely enough to kill eighty men would end my troubles. So heart was I on ending my life, so obsessed was I with the desire to know whether its action on me would confirm the assertions of the medical experts, that I do not remember penning the several letters to my family and friends that the detective found in my room at the hotel.

I was not frightened as I feared what I thought would be certain death. It was merely fascinated in its contemplation.

Help Sinner of Hell.
I approached the end with a deep sense of relief, for all my troubles would soon be at an end; they had already ceased to be a burden. I approached the end with a light heart—edness that I had not experienced in many months.

Adjusting the shades to my room at the hotel, I rearranged several articles on the bureau, placed the chair in their proper places, and turned on the electric light. Some small personal effects I

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placed in a box and addressed it to my mother. Among the several letters in the box I placed a brooch that I had purchased as a Christmas gift for mother. Among other things were some pictures of Alice, my dead wife.

In times past I had feared that I would become excited in my last moments on earth, but I found, to my relief, that I was calm and sober, that it was easy to be casual and deliberate in my actions.

Takes the Poison.
After turning down the covers, I disrobed, laid my clothes neatly on a chair and walked over to the washstand with my little tube of acetone. I emptied the poison into a glass tumbler, and after adding to portion of water, drank the concoction. As a precaution against others being poisoned, I rinsed the glass and turned it upside down on the stand to drain. It was in this position that the glass was found later by the detective, I hear.

Let me tell you how I felt at the time I expected to be my last long sleep. I had visions of heaven as I lay down that day, for I had only a few hours before been reading a Gideon Bible that had been placed in my room. (Johnson had marked certain verses in the fourteenth chapter of John, which, among other things says, "In a little while I go, and the world seeth me no more.")

Crossed His Hands.
Stretching myself out in bed, I crossed my hands over my breast for a time, for I remembered that was the proper manner for a man to assume in departing from this life. For several minutes I waited for those unmistakable signs that would convince me that the poison was taking effect on my system.

I lived for several seconds in mortal dread, but it took me off without my knowing it, for I wanted to know for myself whether or not the text-book had told the truth.

Soon I felt a peculiar tingling in my toes. It was a queer sensation, neither painful nor unpleasant. Slowly that sensation crept up my legs and through my body—it reached my stomach, then my chest, and then crossed through my arteries and veins. Never was my mind more active. I followed each and every movement of that poison-clutch as it took possession of one member of my body after the other.

Remembered Book.
It flashed through my mind that the book had told how the poison would produce a paralysis of sensation and motion; of how the finger tips of the patient would lose the sense of touch. I was almost excited as I thrust my hand from beneath the covers and grasped the sheet. Never had I seen more interested in the outcome of an

LOCAL MENTION.
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SPECIAL NOTICES
PURSUANT to Section 1, Article VIII of By-Laws, notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of The Capital Traction Company for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 9th and M streets N. W., Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, January 9, 1918, at 10:45 o'clock A. M. The polls will be open from 10 o'clock A. M. until 12 o'clock noon. H. D. CRAMPTON, Secretary.

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