RK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

N AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

# AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

-PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
D—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
D—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
RTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
TH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
IXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
VENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

### Now Amend the Charter.

The Journal's mass meeting at Cooper Union, its proceeding before the Attorney-General for the annulment of the Ramapo charter, and Comptroller Coler's statement to the Board of Public Improvements would seem to have put the finishing touches to the steal. But so long as section 471 remains in the charter the power for some equally dishonest corporation to fleece the city exists.

That section must be repealed. It was drawn in the interest of the Ramapo Water Company. It gives too much authority to the Board of Public Improvements. That Board at present organized cannot be sted. Let us not put its successors in the way of temptation.

The Journal has prepared an amendment to the charter which will remedy the defects of section 71. It will be presented to the egislature with the practically animous support of the citizens Greater New York.

**his amendment provides at the Commissioner of ater Supply shall not exete any contract for water ith any person or corporaon unless said contract has en authorized and approved resolution of the Board of lic Improvements, and an nance or resolution of the icipal Assembly. The Board blic Improvements must ise for thirty days for posals. Successful bidders st furnish security to be apd by the Comptroller.**

mendment has been carewn. It protects the city ture raids of the Ramapo It divides the responsibility making contracts, gives the ic information of every propoand, most important of all, it ers harmless any Board of blic Improvements whose mems might be tempted to look with r on a $200,000,000 raid of the asury.

### HE TANGLE IN RTO RICO.

Porto Rico is at present a problem for American statesmen. The report of the Insular Commission outlines the nature of which General Davis is to accomhe report says:

of office-holders is eating up the subthe people. The taxes gathered from ible source are not used for their benefit, ir oppression. * * * After more than a pancy of the island by the United States far as courts, prisons, taxes, district al extravagance are concerned, no betwhen under subjection to Spanish

mmission also approves of the sugrecently made by the Journal, that iff rates should not be allowed to freedom of commerce between Porto d this country.

hat is required to place Porto Rican ity upon a solid basis is that we open our ports to her sugar, coffee bacco.

rto the Government has been so esslike as to ship South American the soldiers in Porto Rico, at a thirty cents a pound, while better uld be bought in the island for nts a pound."

beneficent reforms have no doubt luced by General Henry and General Davis. The plundering Spanish notaries have had their talons cut. The pompous and inefficient alcaldes, or mayors, have received vigorous reminders of the duty they owe to the people in their charge. Farmers have been assisted by an order preventing the foreclosure of mortgages for one year. Several unjust taxes have been abolished, as well as a number of privileges granted by the Spanish Government.

But these improvements are only preparatory to the work of education that must be accomplished before Porto Rico can take her place in the great family of self-governing States.

### COLER AND HOLAHAN COMPARED.

President Holahan, of the Board of Public Improvements, at the hearing on the Ramapo job sneered at Comptroller Coler as an "amateur statesman" who was trying to get personal glory out of his opposition to the steal.

Mr. Coler cannot be hurt by the jibes of Holahan. He is as far above that impudent defender of the Ramapo steal as is the sun-tipped spire of Trinity above the Broadway sewer.

Mr. Coler is a faithful, capable public official. And what is more important in the present crisis, he is scrupulously honest. Holahan may be all that—in his own estimation. But the public reserves the right to hold that a man who will support a $200,000,000 job, constitute himself its leading advocate, and shows neither shame nor contrition for his acts is not an infallible judge of his own integrity.

We might add, for the fuller information of Holahan, that from the ranks of the "amateur statesmen" of the Comptroller Coler type will be drawn future Mayors, Governors and Presidents, when the Holahan brand of politicion is nosing for dirty dollars in the municipal muck heap.

### THE BRIDGE CYCLE PATH CONDEMNED.

Chief Engineer Martin has reported that it is impossible to build a bicycle path across Brooklyn Bridge. The Evening Journal has shown how it could be done without interfering with the present traffic arrangements. The decision of the chief engineer will be a severe disappointment to wheelmen. The "insurmountable obstacles" at the New York terminal which he describes could be easily overcome by adopting the plan proposed by the Evening Journal.

If this bicycle path were a money making concern for the corporations that have seized the Bridge we have no doubt a place would have been found for it. They can overload that structure, run their cars as close together and as fast as they please without a protest from the Bridge officials.

The maiming and killing of wheelmen will continue until the people take the matter into their own hands and elect a set of men who will devote more time to the safety and comfort of the public and grant less favors to the murderous trolley cars.

### WOMEN IN FEDERAL OFFICES.

It is very suggestive news that comes to us from Washington city that women are practically being barred out of the Government departments there.

Women have not always been in the Government service. It was Treasurer Spinner who, under the Lincoln Administration, first introduced them into the Treasury Department.

It now seems that whenever there is a place to be filled the head of the office invariably asks for a man.

There seems to be many reasons for this preference for men: In the event of a rush the chiefs of departments can work the men harder than they can or would like to work the women; next, it is found that women cannot adapt themselves to as great a variety of work as can men; again, women often expect special consideration and special favors; lastly, women do not seem to have the faculty of exercising as well as men that judgment which must be used in dealing with many matters in certain offices.

The Civil Service Commissioners declare that they have a long list of excellent women stenographers and typewriters eligible for appointment, but that they cannot get the appointing officers to take them.

We all know that it is only during the last decades of this century that women have had access to employment in public and private offices, and that it is mainly the invention of the typewriter that gave them the opportunity. In the offices in Washington city the women, of course, are paid the same salaries as men for the same work; but in private employment they must work for less than men would ask. It is the wage system that now obtains that determines this difference in wages, and in spite of all the protests that are made the difference will remain as long as the wage system lasts. Men will be paid more because they, as a rule, have others dependent on them, or expect to have.

Undoubtedly, when we attain to a perfect industrial system, as we some time shall—when we obtain the co-operative commonwealth of which Socialists dream—then women, we verily believe, will not be engaged in any industrial occupation, as a rule. Women then, as now, will generally prefer to be mothers of families and mistresses of their home, and they will have their wishes gratified, for the simple reason that men then will be able to gratify them.

To be sure there will always remain some, a comparatively few, women who will decline marriage, and who generally will possess a peculiar capacity for public functions; they will be given every opportunity for exercising their peculiar gifts in the public service.

### THE RIGHT PLATFORM; THE RIGHT LEADER.

These are memorable words to which Comptroller Coler gave utterance at the great mass-meeting at Cooper Union:

"I have no feelings of compunction in standing here to-night upon this broad principle of municipal ownership of franchises, and if any party or organization that has elected me takes a position different from that it is not I but the organization that elected me that is untrue to the trust."

No wonder that these words from our young leader met with uproarious applause. They in themselves furnish a courageous, a far-seeing platform—just the platform that the New Democracy stands in need of.

And the man who uttered them has thereby stamped himself as worthy of leadership.

That is the true way, the only sensible way, of attacking the trusts—to utilize their splendid organization of production, but to use it for the benefit of all, so that we have production carried on for public need and not for private greed. And let us feel grateful to the trusts for having conclusively proven to us that system is better than planlessness.

And Comptroller Coler said some other words that New Yorkers should bear in mind, because he knows their truth better than any other official.

Here they are: "I am willing to stake my reputation that the city of New York—if its finances are properly administered—has money enough, not alone to own its own water works, but it has money enough for rapid transit throughout the city."

We have stated the way of attacking the trusts—the place to commence the attack is the municipality, and especially the metropolis of our country.

### THE CURFEW LAWS IN CHELSEA.

Chelsea, Mass., is not noted as being a very rapid town, but it has a medieval chief of police, who is too much of a Dogberry even for the Chelseans.

It seems there are certain wise or unwise curfew laws in Chelsea which forbid children under sixteen from being on the streets after a certain hour at night.

Consequently Chief Drury, full of righteous zeal for the public welfare, stationed policemen at the gallery exit of the theatres and captured half a dozen bloodthirsty youngsters whose parents had given them money to see the plays.

The dangerous culprits were marched to the police headquarters, and their distracted mothers were notified about midnight that their children were in jail.

The city fathers of Chelsea will probably lose no time in informing Chief Drury that jails were not made for little children, and that his zeal can be expended in some wiser way than in preventing boys from enjoying the pleasures of the theatre.

The crime committed in locking the iron doors of a jail on a terrified group of nervous young boys is far greater than any possible violation of curfew laws. Such unjust treatment has often left its mark upon a child so indelibly that years could not efface it.

## CONDENSED EDITORIALS

THE PROPOSED SECESSION of Amazonas from Brazil will be an unfortunate step. Amazonas is the largest and most prosperous State in Brazil, and objects to paying the largest proportion of the national revenue. The Amazonasians overlook the great additional expense they will incur by setting up a Government of their own.

THE KOREAN GOVERNMENT is not strictly democratic, but it has a way of dispensing justice which seems ideal to any one who has been following the Dreyfus case. Some high officials were found to be connected with a lottery fraud, whereupon the Government gave back the $20,000 which the promoters had paid for a license, compelled the return of all money which had been paid for tickets, and banished for three years the officials who were implicated.

GENERAL "JOE" WHEELER will command General Funston's brigade. The intrepid young Kansan will return home for a well-earned rest. The Filipinos have a surprise in store for them. If they thought young Funston was a cyclone in uniform, wait until old "Fighting Joe" gets on their trail.

DR. ANDREW VON GRIMM, of this city, may die as a result of a child's bite. He was operating on a little girl at the Post-Graduate Hospital when the accident happened. Blood poisoning is threatened. In speaking of the case Dr. von Grimm said: "The child's life was saved at any rate." Here is an example of pure unselfishness. The heroism of the physician who risks his own life to save others is one of the noblest qualities in human nature.

THIS COUNTRY HAS HAD an epidemic of sending poisoned candy through the mails, but in Italy they have invented new death-dealing devices. Bishop Riccardi, of Nardo, received a package marked "dried fruits," and when it was opened eight deadly vipers sprang out of it. The assassin who shoots his victim down in the highway is a civilized being in comparison with the person who would plan so cowardly an attempt at murder.

THE TWO EXTREMES of the Republican party met this week in Frankfort, Germany, when Senator Mark Hanna and Andrew Dickson White shook hands. It was a case of white and black, so to speak.

THE DESTRUCTIVE FIRES that occur so frequently in Japanese cities may be accounted for partly by the light and inflammable nature of Japanese buildings and partly because Japan has not yet adopted the most improved methods of fire fighting. It is said that one of the large towns in Japan refused not long ago to modernize its fire de tment on the ground that it would result i discharge of a large number of firemen.

# COLER'S IDEA FOR THE CITY TO ADD TO ITS OWN WATER SUPPLY.

## The Comptroller Writes to the Journal Showing That the Condition of Public Finances Makes the Outlook Favorable for Municipal Ownership of an Extended System.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Having shown by competent authority that any proposition to increase the city's water supply by private contract is not in the public interest, it is timely to show that the city of New York is in a position to extend its own water system.

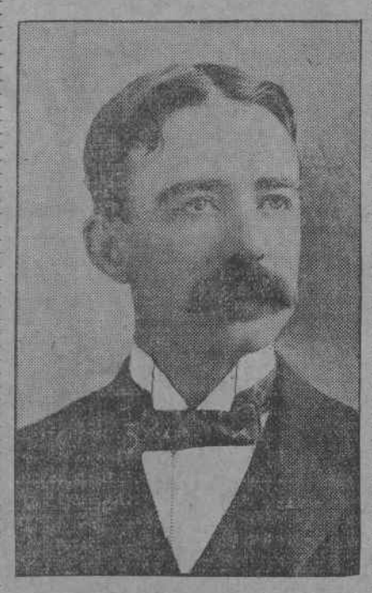
It has not been claimed that the city would be unable to issue bonds to provide for this purpose, since. Indeed, the Constitution expressly permits the issue of such bonds in excess of the limitation otherwise prescribed for municipal indebtedness. The claim has been made, however, that if the necessary bonds were to be issued for this purpose, the city would be prevented by constitutional provisions from issuing bonds for other highly necessary purposes.

The present debt of the city is within the constitutional limit thereof by more than $22,000,000.

At the next election an amendment to the Constitution is to be voted on which, if adopted, will add nearly thirty millions of dollars more to the debt-incurring capacity of the city. As this amendment has been favored by both the principal political parties of the State, there would seem to be no reason to doubt its passage. Assuming its adoption, the city will enter upon the fiscal year 1900 with the power to issue $50,000,000 of bonds for new liabilities not now contracted for.

In addition to this, the revenues of the Sinking Fund will amount to more than $13,000,000 in 1900, and will steadily increase after that year. This figure, therefore, represents the amount by which new bonds can be annually issued without any increase of the city's net debt.

In order to judge the ability of the city to enter into any large scheme of public improvement it is necessary not only to know the estimated cost thereof, but also the period of time within which payments will be required. Both of these elements cannot now be said to be definitely known—no more to the Commissioner of Water Supply, I believe, than to myself. I hope to be able to throw light on this highly important question when the reports of my engineers are presented. In the meantime, however, attention may properly be called to the following facts:



Comptroller Bird S. Coler.

Prior to the construction of the new Croton Aqueduct, with its appurtenant dams and reservoirs, the water supply of the city amounted to 114,000,000 gallons daily.

By the construction of the New Aqueduct that supply has been increased to 268,000,000 gallons daily.

The expenditure required for that purpose has amounted (to August 28, 1899) to $40,059,531.16, but that expenditure has extended over a period of sixteen years. The average annual issue of bonds has been only $2,293,825.53, and the largest amount of bonds issued in any one year has been $4,500,000.

If the present Aqueduct Commission were to proceed to develop other additional sources of water supply it might be possible to proceed with greater speed than has been displayed in the past; but it cannot be doubted that the prosecution of such a work would necessarily extend over a considerable number of years, and that the payments required to be made by the city could be easily met as occasion required.

It seems to me that the ability of the city to proceed along the time-honored and amply justified lines of municipal ownership is the only question involved in this discussion worthy of serious argument; for, if that be granted, the objections to handing the city treasury over to private interests become absolutely unanswerable.

In the light of the figures herein stated, I think it will be extremely difficult to disprove the city's ability to supply its own water, and in view of the fact that, by common consent, an adequate water supply is a public need entitled to precedence over all other public improvements, it would seem that the burden of proof is on those who deny that the city is able to perform its most important governmental function.

Bird S. Coler.

# MACK HAS A NEW PLAY AND NEW SONGS.

## ALAN DALE SAYS, "WHERE IS OLCOTT?"

WHAT proportion of the population suffered from chafing dish and indelicatessen dinners last night goodness only knows. But it was a great night with Sarah Ann and Mary Jane. Andrew Mack came to town, with no rival attraction. There was no alluring Chauncey. Merciful powers! Where was Chauncey? In fact, there was nothing in Fourteenth street to compete with the Academy of Music and Andrew Mack. The Gilmore-Tompkins temple was crowded to the doors. There was Sarah Jane in all nationalities—a Finland Sarah and a Swedish Sarah and an Irish Sarah and a German Sarah. For the Hibernian drama appeals to all hearts, irrespective of flags.

Mr. Mack's play was brand new. It had been put up for him this time by Ramsay Morris. It belonged to the sort of play that comes in tins. You soak the tin twenty minutes before using, and out comes the play, boiled and ready for presentation—reckless young Irishman, cute little colleen, babbling chee-yild, ancestors, retainers, villanous squire, and all. Mr. Morris called it "The Last of the Rohans." I don't know why. It wout be the last, by a long sight. Mr. Mack is still young, and there are Rohans galore.

The popular young gentleman this time, however, has stolen a march on Chauncey. (Merciful powers! Where IS Chauncey?) He has introduced a horse into his drama, and has made of himself a sort of singing Tod Sloane. Mary Jane was wild with excitement as she saw Andrew seated on a chestnut charger (chestnut in color only, if you please), singing a song called "Pat and His Pipes," while the charger kept time with his feet, and behaved in the most charming manner throughout. There was an element of uncertainty about it all that was not uninspiring. Suppose the charger had leaped into the orchestra! What would have happened if he had precipitated Mr. Mack right into Sarah Jane's lap? To my mind, "Pat and His Pipes," fraught with this delicious peril, offered infinitely more delight than Ramsay Morris, playwright.

But an Irish drama is an Irish drama, and Mary Jane doesn't want to spend her evening out with Ibsen. "The Last of the Rohans" displayed Mr. Mack in an almost flamboyant prodigality.

"A child of seventeen sold to a leper!" he cried as he heard of sweet Mary Lee's deliberate engagement to the fetid squire. Nobody could have said this better than Mack. He was superb in his sweeping disdain.

"If he ever leads Mary Lee to the altar," he exclaimed, his brave young tones all a-wet with tears, "it will be when I am dead-d!" (Mary Jane wept a little at this. It seemed too sad. It did indeed!)

"Out of my sight!" he commanded later on as the villain said rude things about his defunct papa. And there was a lovely filial flavor to the words.

In "The Last of the Rohans" Mr. Mack is Clifford Rohan, known as Carew, and heir to a castle of which you see only the front door and a window or two. He is eked out in his cozy suit of beautiful Mary Lee by the infamous Squire Kerrigan, who is quite as bad as any squire against whom Chauncey has battled. (But, merciful powers! Where IS Chauncey?) Then there are Neil McNeil, a "bird of prey," also famishing for Mary's hand; a blind boy, who has a strong scene all by himself in the middle of the stage; a wandering prophetess, with a tangled gray switch, who "sees things" in dreams and insists upon telling them; the usual Father, who has nothing to do but scramble himself up with the proceedings; a bad voiced Irish lady with a rosy petticoat, and a dear little child who rattles off pert speeches with the utmost facility. In fact, Mr. Ramsay Morris decided that the old songs were the best songs to sing, and he sang them with a lusty voice. And as he is appealing to a clientele that is perfectly satisfied with nothing more than Andrew and Chauncey Where—where IS Chauncey?) he can scarcely be blamed for harping upon the familiar chords.

Mr. Mack was quite at home. He worked industriously and smoothly, on the shining fawn hat and the dear old knickerbockers that the Irish drama cries for—and gets. If you ask me—also if you don't—I preferred him in his musical moments. He sang variously and evenly, apropos of nothing whatsoever—in the courtyard of Castle Rohan and in other resorts. Of his efforts to eclipse Mr. Sloan, I have already spoken. His best song was "The Story of the Roses," which will be popular. It is a very dainty affair, with a catchy waltz refrain, tenderly harmonized, and, although Mr. Mack's voice was not made to go very far, he spread it thickly over the song, with very felicitous results. Another ditty was warbled to the child, who must have most elastic ears, for Mr. Mack has plied her with songs for several seasons, and she can still stand more.

The "supporting company," headed by the horse, was as neat as possible. I don't know when I have seen a better actor than that horse. Whether it ever attended Mrs. Wheatcroft's or Mr. Sargent's school, I don't know, but it is a most apt young animal, and I shouldn't be surprised if, later on, it acquired Mr. Mack's songs. One never knows. B. T. Ringgold was the villain with a Camembert air that was most gratifying. It must be tiresome work, night after night, being sat upon by Mr. Mack. It is rougher on a man than it is on a horse, I should say.

Edwin Brandt was the bird of prey—a very meek and innocuous bird, and George W. Deyo was the good old Father. The sweet young ingenue was Miss Josephine Lovett, who wore loose dresses and a flower-like manner. She was the object of Sarah Janes's bitterest envy. As he sat beside her and loved her many a young Irish-Swedish-Finland heart went pit-a-pat. How do I know it? Well, I watched faces, which are, after all, the mirrors of hearts. Georgia Olp was the leetle chee-yild—a clever little maiden, one of the best child-actresses I have seen. Mrs. Samuel Charles was the prophetess who saw things, and Miss Jennie Satterlee the Irish lady with the loud voice and the rosy petticoat.

"The Last of the Rohans" was leafily set. Everybody wandered among trees, and there was a splendid assortment of sunsets and twilight effects. At the close of the second act, Mr. Mack was generously presented with some very lofty and expensive bouquets. Householders of New York, let us protest against this prodigality. Sarah Jane's wages are getting to be so extremely elevated that the question is attracting general attention. The reason? The frightful drain upon her purse strings made by these Irish comedians. Why can't Andrew and Chauncey be satisfied with a cheap posy? Why those stupendous mounted harps and costly floral "creations" that were passed over the footlights last night. You and I pay for those baubles, householders of New York, and go dinnerless into the bargain, every time they are presented. It is no joke, when you come to think of it. But—but—I ask again: Where IS Chauncey?

ALAN DALE.

# DREYFUS TRIAL FARCE COMEDY.

## NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS FIND IT A FRUITFUL FIELD.

JUDGE—Did you say your name was Alfred or Alphonse Dreyfus? Be careful how you reply.

Dreyfus—Alfred Dreyfus is my name.

Judge—Ah, ha! Why did you say "Alfred Dreyfus is my name," instead of "My name is Alfred Dreyfus?"

Dreyfus—Really, mon Colonel, I don't——

Judge—You hesitate. You look confused. I note the fact that you uncrossed your legs when I asked you this question. That is proof of an uneasy conscience. What have you to say?

Dreyfus—I can't——

Judge—He can't. This is a confession. He is guilty. (Sensation.)

Dreyfus—No, mon Colonel, I am innocent.

Judge—If you are innocent, perhaps you will tell me where you were night before last at 10:15 o'clock?

Dreyfus—'n jail.

Judge—Where were you on January 11, 1896?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Where were you on the night of March 3, 1897?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Where were you when the Suburban was run in 1898?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge (triumphantly)—Always in jail, yet this canaille claims to be innocent. Once more, where were you on the 29th of February, 1899?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Sacre bleu! You convict yourself. There was no 29th of February, 1899. We shall see. You wrote the bordereau.

Dreyfus—No, mon Colonel; I am innocent.

Judge (sternly)—How long have you known William Patterson?

Dreyfus—I do not know Monsieur Patterson at all.

Judge—Are you not the man who struck him?

Dreyfus—I never heard of him.

Judge—Do you use Pears' Soap?

Dreyfus—I do not.

Judge—The reporters will observe that he does not use soap. Do you believe in the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, independent of any other nation on earth?

Dreyfus—I cannot say.

Judge—Have you not been in correspondence with Jack Chinn and Deadhorse Jake since this trial began?

Dreyfus—I have not.

Judge—Do you deny that you received a cipher cablegram from Hinky Dink yesterday morning?

Dreyfus—I do.

Judge—You change color. Your guilt is now established. You can explain nothing. You claim the authorship of poems which were written by Mademoiselle Ella Wheeler. You are always in jail and you can't even prove an alibi on the 29th of February. It is therefore established that you communicated secret documents to the German Government and that you wrote the bordereau.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

"NOW," says paw, wipin His whiskers and Folden up His napkin after we was thru' eaten this mornin, "if you'll keep quiet I'll read about This Dryfuss trile to you Before I start Downtown."

So we all Got Bizzy Lissenen, and paw Drawed a Long breth and Began.

"Rennus, the twent"——

"Hold on," maw says, pullin out a peace of paper with a Lot of printen on it, "what's the name of that place?"

"Rennus," paw says, "the place where they are Havin the trile. Why don't you read and remember a little sometimes?"

"Oh," maw says, "I thot the name of that place was pronounced Ren."

Paw only looked with contemt and started agin.

"Colonel Jowst called M. Doochesney to the"——

"Oh, paw," maw says, "that name is pronounced Dooshane."

"Say," paw hollered, "I'd like to know what Idsens you got callen me Down on French? Whare was I enny how? Kerneel Jowst"——

"His name is Zhuost," maw sed, kind of low, lookin' at her paper.

Then He got anuther start and was goin along Like a Horseless Carridge on the Bolevard with no Teems in Site when maw Suddenly Hollered out:

"Say, paw, how is it that all them Frenchmun's front names Begins with M.?"

"Oh, that's the fashun over thare," paw says. "Thare names is all Mike. Mike's a fambly name over in France."

"Oh," maw says, "then I s'pose thay must of Had some grate woman over thare by the name of mamie, too?"

That was anuther Strange thing. Every woman in the case was Mme., which stands for Mamie, except two or three. Their furst name was Millie.

"No," paw says, "it only jist happened that way. Thay ain't never enny grate wimmen that people name Babies after."

So by that Time paw Had to go and He lade Down the paper and maw got a Hold of it, and was lookin at the names and all of a sudden she says:

"Paw."

"What?" paw ast.

"Ain't you never found out since you learned French that m-m-e stands for madame and Don't spell Mamie?"

Paw purtended he couldn't find his umbrella and maw says:

"Nor m double l e Don't spell Millie, paw. Say, paw, who was this Mike you spoke about?"

Then thay was a Cold Glassy Glitter Com into paw's eyes and he says:

"If you want to Discuss all the Detales of Them Dissreputable people before your children go ahed and Do it, But I ain't agoin to Stay around to Hear the Shamefull Story."

So He left fer downtown like people gits away frum the Sal washen army when They start to pass the Hat.—Chicago Times-Herald.