

THE MEAT WAS UNFIT FOR USE.

Beef Furnished the Soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico

Declared to Be Inferior in Quality and Anything but Palatable.

Presented Such a Repulsive Appearance That the Men Turned From It in Disgust—Synopsis of Reports of Officers Sent to General Miles, and Submitted by the Latter to the War Investigation Commission.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The War Investigating Commission held only a short session to-day, devoted to executive business. There were no witnesses ready for examination. The Swift Packing Company of Chicago, which protested against the statements in General Miles' testimony derogatory to their canned fresh beef furnished his expeditions, has notified the commission of its inability to be on hand January 4th, as expected, and January 9th has been set as the date for the appearance of their representative.

So far no action has been taken on the insistence of Commissary General Eagan that he be called to testify in answer to General Miles' charge, and no decision has been reached as to calling General Miles and Shafter. The commission to-day made public a synopsis of reports of officers to General Miles as to the results obtained as to the use of canned fresh and roast beef in campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico. These reports were submitted by General Miles when he gave his testimony last week, and were presented in substantiation of his vigorous denunciation of the canned beef. General Miles stated at the time that he had started an investigation of the matter of the canned beef supplies, and the reports submitted follow his official inquiry along this line.

The statement given out includes a statement from Major John D. Black, Chief Commissary Sergeant, U. S. V., and Commissary at headquarters of the army in the field during the Porto Rico expedition, dated December 10th, on the canned fresh and roast beef received, issued and transferred by him. It shows that the totals received from all sources were 12,004 pound cans, 86,252 two-pound cans, and 2,220 six-pound cans.

Commanding officer Fourth Army, Major Baker: "The beef seemed to be of inferior quality, and was anything but palatable. Quite a number of men could not eat it."

Commanding officer Sixth Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Minor: "The meat was utterly unfit as an article of diet for either sick or well. It had no nutriment in it, and turned the stomachs of the men who tried to eat it."

Commanding officer Ninth Infantry, Colonel Powell: "The meat produced disordered stomachs; is not nutritious; soon became putrid, and in many cans was found in course of putrefaction when opened."

Commanding officer Twelfth Infantry, Major Humphreys: "The meat presented such a repulsive appearance that men turned from it in disgust. 'Nasty' is the only term that will fitly describe its appearance. Its use produced diarrhea and dysentery."

Commanding officer Thirteenth Infantry, Colonel A. T. Smith: "Many complaints were made concerning the meat. It was found very unpalatable, and is unfit for issue to troops."

Commanding officer Seventeenth Infantry, Major O'Brien: "The nutritious qualities having been cooked out of the meat, it was neither nourishing nor palatable. It was unfit for use. It should no longer be issued."

Commanding officer Third Cavalry, Major Jackson: "The meat for campaign was too fat, and as an article of diet soon became nauseating to a large majority of the men. If made of good beef and properly seasoned, it might be satisfactory."

The Parson's Grim Humor. After Amherst College had been established and its first building erected the institution was supported for many years by systematic and persistent begging.

One Sunday the Rev. Dr. Parsons of Amherst, preached at Pelham, a town not far from the college, and at the close of the sermon asked for a collection for the institution. The boxes were passed, and came back as empty as when they started. The subsequent

proceedings are narrated in "The History of Pelham."

Dr. Parsons, on his return to Amherst on Monday, called on his old friend, Aunt Rene Cowles, and related his experience at Pelham. "Just think of it," said he, "I went to Pelham yesterday, preached there morning and afternoon, and at the close of the second service I asked for a collection for our college. Can you believe it?—not a cent did the deacons get!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Aunt Rene. "Yes," continued the doctor, "didn't get a cent; but when I learned that no one had given a penny I gave out Dr. Watts'."

"Oh, what a wretched land is this, that gives us no supplies!" "Did they sing?" asked the amused old lady.

"Yes, they did, and with a will, too." The people of Pelham had generously contributed building material for the first college edifice, and the calls for contributions had become monotonous; but they were descendants of Scotchmen from the north of Ireland, and therefore appreciated the grim humor of Dr. Parsons in giving out that hymn.—Youth's Companion.

AN INNOCENT SMUGGLER.

Diamonds Brought in by an Unsuspecting Passenger.

They were talking about the \$80,000 diamond smuggling case, and many curious, bold and humorous cases of a similar nature were recalled. One man who does odd jobs at detective work in the large department stores in the fall and winter seasons, and has since worked in one of the Saratoga hotels in the summer, was an interested listener until all had told their stories, and then, taking the half-smoked cigar from his mouth, said:

"I know of a big case in which the man who got the 'sturr' past the customs officers was ignorant of the crime and never made a cent by the operation."

"It is well known that nearly all the big custom-house seizures are the result of tips given by enemies of the smugglers. Letters with either no signature or with manufactured names are sent to the customs authorities with the information that John Smith or Mary Jones, passengers on a certain vessel, should be watched for diamonds, dress goods, laces or some other valuable article which Smith or Jones will try to get through without paying duty. Several years ago a letter of that kind was received, and on the arrival of the steamer the man was seen and his baggage was carefully searched. He had declared a few Swiss watches and some other articles of jewelry, but denied having anything else, and the closest search failed to reveal anything further."

"A few weeks later I heard the sequel to the story, and that's the point. I met a man whom I have known for years, who told me that he came over on the same ship with a diamond smuggler, and that he had helped 'do the job,' and the fact worried him. 'We had taken the pilot aboard,' the man said, 'and everybody was making preparations for landing. I had only a small trunk in my cabin, which was soon packed, and I went on deck to get a glimpse of the papers brought on by the pilot. One of our passengers, an elderly German, whom I had met often in the course of the trip, and who was known on board for his fondness for pinocchio and his queer English, sidled up to me, and we remained together most of the time until we went ashore. Just as we were going he handed me a couple of canes and an old umbrella and asked me to carry them ashore because he had 'zu much baggage.'"

"Our baggage was examined, and when we reached the place beyond the custom-house line I happened to think that I had left the canes and umbrella behind. I ran back and found them on the floor in a baggage heap, of which I had a little more battered-looking than that had been. As we parted my German friend handed me one of the canes and said: 'Bring that to my hotel and I show you some things,' and he gave me the name of a hotel in Fourth avenue much frequented by Germans. A few days later I called there and saw the man. He was in high spirits, glad to see me and to renew our friendship. He told me that he would leave town the next day, but he would look me up when he came again. I had already said good-by when my host happened to remember that he wanted to 'show me something,' and he went to a corner of the room and brought out the battered umbrella. 'He unscrewed the little ivory handle and showed me that the rod was a tube. Then he took from an inner pocket a leather wallet, opened it and took out a number of tissue-paper parcels, each one of which contained a small quantity of diamonds. The winks and smiles of the wily German told the rest, and I knew that I had carried ashore and came dangerously near losing a big consignment of contraband goods."

"A long time afterward it became well established in customs circles that the man with the Swiss watches and the man with the rickety umbrella were one and the same, and that despite the information given to the customs department the goods came in free of duty."—New York Tribune.

A Dangerous Sign. Mr. Blimbuss—I'm afraid John has got into bad company down there at college. He must be gambling.

Mrs. Blimbuss—Why, what makes you think that?

Mr. Blimbuss—I got a letter from him this morning in which he didn't ask for money. I wonder if he knows how to stock the cards?—Chicago News.

TO-DAY AT 9:30 A. M. Sale of Blankets, Sheets, Pillow Slips, Blue Prints, Flannellettes and Towels.

LOT I.—About 15 to 20 pairs of heavy brown and white mottled blankets, California make, full size. These are a serviceable color, but have not been rapid sellers at \$4 pair. Friday's price will change the situation.

FRIDAY'S PRICE, \$2.45 pr

LOT II.—Cotton sheet blankets, outside folds slightly soiled. We have withdrawn them from regular stock at 75c and shall offer them in this sale at

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 58c pr

LOT III.—Bleached pillow slips, ready hemmed, 45 inches wide, 36 inches long. Satisfactory quality of muslin.

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 7c ea

LOT IV.—Also one lot of bleached sheets, hemmed ready for use, 81 inches wide, 90 inches long. Good for every-day use.

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 31c ea

LOT V.—One case of about 2,000 yards of indigo blue and white figured dress prints, fast colors, standard quality; 25 yards for \$1, or any length desired, at

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 4c yd

LOT VI.—Fleecy flannellettes. Not the usual kind sold at this price, but warm, nappy flannellettes; colors mostly pink and blue. For cold, frosty weather, should be good for nightgowns, etc.

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 5c yd

LOT VII.—Turkish hand towels, unbleached, a good absorbent for every day and kitchen use. In bundles of 12 for 72 cents, or

FRIDAY'S PRICE, 6c ea

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K Street, Sacramento.

SATURDAY AT 9:30 A. M. Sale of Fine Cut Glass for New Year's Gifts, etc. Also China Vases, Busts, etc.

We have decided to take every piece of our American cut glass marked until now—\$5.50 to \$21, and reduce it to prices that will close it out promptly. There is absolutely nothing the matter with the glass itself. The patterns include the latest designs and the cuttings are as brilliant as on any offered for sale in the country. We simply wish to reduce our stock, and especially just before stocktaking. Therefore these fifty pieces of fine glass will all be largely reduced for this sale. The makes include Berzens, Libby's celebrated brand, Corning's (considered the finest made) and Mount Washington.

Table with 2 columns: Former price, Sale price. Items include Fruit bowls, Celery glasses, Salad bowl, Plates, Bread or cake tray, Spoon trays, Small punch bowl.

Lot III—Real Cut Colored Bohemian Vases. This lot consists of four sizes of real cut colored Bohemian vases. They are of the tall, graceful shape; colors are ruby, green and lavender.

Lot IV—Real Bonn Vases. Will take in all our fine real Bonn vases that stand from 8 inches to 24 inches high. This pottery is too well known to say much about it.

Lot V—Teplitz Bisque Busts. Takes all our real Teplitz bisque busts which are all works of art. The coloring is all done by hand, beside the features are perfect.

Lot VI—Limoge China Dinner Set Reduced One-Third. We have taken from our stock one of our Limoge china patterns of 1898 design. It is in a blue bordered design, in a very nice shape, and of very thin Limoge china. The price is what you would pay for plain white German china. We shall have several complete sets at the opening of sale, but all will be marked as separate pieces.

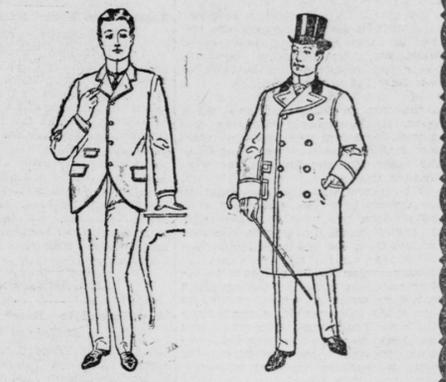
Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Items include Dinner Plates, Breakfast Plates, Teapots, Coffee Cups, Saucers, etc.

Our Annual Cloak Sale Now in Progress. Wednesday began the clearance of hundreds of jackets, cloth and boucle capes, misses' jackets, fur collarettes, etc., at reduced prices.

The best proof of the big values offered is the great success of the sale. All day long the department was thronged with buyers and extra sales people were required.

If you have any idea of buying a wrap of any kind this season, we feel quite sure it will be to your interest to first see the offerings in this sale.

Many desirable suits for dress or business wear at \$10. Some in black, others fancy plaids, small checks, tweeds, mixtures, etc. This season's fabrics in this season's new patterns. Our \$10 suits are so good that they make many friends for the house.



A dressy all-wool kersey cloth overcoat in black, blue or brown, with velvet collar and fly front. Made by a high class manufacturer and finely tailored. A great deal of overcoat goodness at a modest price. Other qualities at \$15 and \$20.

THE WASHER LADY.

Spotted the Friendship of Two Well Meaning Families.

Mr. Brown, who lives on Fourteenth street, near Thomas Circle, told the listener all about his trouble. His name is not Brown, but that does not matter. The fact is that Mrs. Brown lives in the second flat and Mrs. Hudson in the third. Once upon a time they were fast friends, but they are not just now. It was all the fault of the washerwoman, and the garret was at the bottom of the trouble. So far this garret, which they used in common as a drying place for the washing, had given them no trouble, for Mrs. Hudson did her washing Mondays and Mrs. Brown on Tuesdays. Each had her own washerwoman until two weeks ago, when the Hudson washerwoman fell ill, and Jane of the Brown household was engaged for both families.

That was the end of the beginning. When Mr. Brown and Mrs. Hudson sat at the corner that evening he pulled his friend into the nearest refreshment stand and discussed the situation over a friendly glass of beer. "Our old women have got down to the same laundress now," Brown began, "and it's all up between the two old men."

"Guess you're right, Brown," said Hudson mournfully; "there'll be trouble about those undershirts." Brown did not understand the allusion, and as he was not interested, he forgot all about it over the next glass. For twelve months the two families had lived in peace in the same house, one above and the other below; had used the same garret and had patronized the same larger beer, but they knew what it meant to have the same washerwoman. Not that there was anything specially wrong about that washerwoman. At least Mrs. Brown had always assured her husband that she had the finest laundress in the city, so that there was no need of sending Mr. Brown's linen to a steam laundry. Nevertheless, Mr. Brown and Mr. Hudson knew that the washerwoman was a washerwoman.

The following evening, Tuesday, when Mr. Brown came home from work, his wife was bubbling over with eagerness to tell him so many new things. "Say, Fred," began Mrs. Brown, before her husband had his hat out of his hand, "you know what? I've found out a lot of things about those Hudsons upstairs. Why, they quarrel all the time. Never hear them quarrel, you say? Of course you don't. They just put, Fred, they just put, my goodness, I always did kiss my baby good-by for over a week. Fiddlesticks! No, Fred, there's no fiddlesticks about it. Oh, I'm sure he's mad at his wife right now, the old brute. Just listen. Now, there, you can't hear a thing, can you? And that's the way he puts it the next Monday."

"Now, what do you think about it, anyway, Fred? What do you say? Sure, supper'll be ready in a minute. But just let me tell you, dear. Did you ever go up stairs to the garret on Mondays, Fred? My, that's too bad. You bet I'm going up there next Monday. I'd have done it before, only I was afraid that she'd come poking around Tuesdays, the horrid thing. Just think what I heard about Mr. Hudson's underclothes. Why, Fred, really they're terrible, and his socks—well, Jane tells me they're so full of holes Mrs. Hudson wouldn't even put them in the garret, but always dries them in the kitchen, you know. I'm going to find out all about that, Fred."

Mr. Hudson had come home. Mrs. Hudson is not as effusive as Mrs. Brown, and she allowed her husband to eat his supper in peace. After supper she leaned back in her rocker and began:

"John," she said, "John, I believe it will be better if in the future we do not associate too much with those Browns down stairs."

"But, my dear—"

"Now, John, never mind. You don't happen to be posted the way I am. I've had some authority for my statements, and I know that Mr. Brown drinks, and Mrs. Brown—well, I've always known that she is an old gossip, she is. I've found out how Mrs. Brown gossips about me to her domestics, and I can't bear that, really I can't. I know all about this yesterday, and thought it all over carefully before speaking to you."

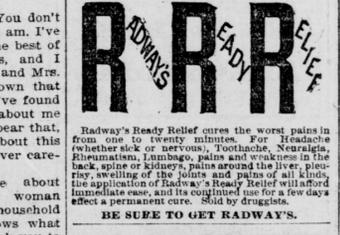
"Now, John, don't mumble about washerwoman gossip. That woman Jane has been in the Brown household for six months, and she knows what she is talking about. I don't ask you to give the Browns the cold shoulder altogether, John, but just don't be too familiar with them."

Meanwhile Mr. Hudson sat in the corner silently chewing his toothpick, while down below Mr. Brown was trying to turn the conversation from the Hudson affair. "That was the beginning of the end. It was just a week later, another Tuesday evening, when Brown and Hudson met as they jumped off the same car on the Fourteenth street line. They smiled faintly, but their wives were watching above, and so they passed upstairs, each to his own apartment, without having shaken hands or said "good evening" above a whisper.—Washington Post.

How War Horses Act. When horses are hit in battle they stop, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show wild astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the straw about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others of these interesting animals were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field between the two hostile lines. They smiled faintly, but their wives were watching above, and so they passed upstairs, each to his own apartment, without having shaken hands or said "good evening" above a whisper.—Washington Post.

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