

## THE PENSION BUREAU

Why Commissioner Evans Should Resign or be Removed.

### THE G. A. R. COMMANDER

And the Ex-Commander's Opinion of Henry Clay Evans—The Hardships and Services of the Veteran Soldier in the Civil and Spanish Wars and Why Mr. Evans Does Not Understand the Nature of those Services.

The election of Judge Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic was a victory for the West. Kansas voted unanimously to support General Sikes, who withdrew before a formal ballot was taken, and Kansas and other Western States elected Judge Torrance. General Stewart, of Pennsylvania, was the candidate representing the Evans sentiment. The report of ex-Commander-in-Chief General Leo Rassieur scored the Pension Commissioner in plain terms. The majority sentiment was clearly against Evans remaining in the Pension Office. Kansas took a prominent part in the proceedings of the encampment, as the State has always done.

Judge Torrance is a lawyer by profession, and for more than 30 years has enjoyed a large practice. He comes of good patriotic revolutionary stock. He was a private soldier for nearly three years in company A, 9th Pennsylvania reserves, and participated in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, when not disabled by wounds. At the close of his three years' enlistment he was honorably discharged and again entered the service as second lieutenant of company K, of the 193d Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. In 1864 he was transferred to the 97th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and assigned to Baltimore, where he had the honor of guarding the body of President Lincoln when it lay in state at Baltimore June 17, 1865. He was discharged from the service at the close of the war.

Judge Torrance is well known in G. A. R. circles all over the country, having served as judge advocate general twice in his own State and twice as judge advocate general to the Commanders-in-Chief Gobin and Shaw. The selection places an able and distinguished citizen at the head of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The new commander-in-chief, it will be perceived, served three years as a private soldier and did not receive a commission until the latter part of the war. He is, therefore, out of touch with the "House of Lords," or flask-carrying major-generals who have been dominating the councils of the G. A. R. for so many years. And from this fact we take great comfort. But the most significant feature of all was the defeat of Pension Commissioner Evans candidate, General Stewart, of Pennsylvania. The retiring commander-in-chief, Leo Rassieur, has been a subscriber to The Sunday Globe since its first issue and gleaned from its columns some of the cold facts which he pulverized the tin god mismanaging the Pension Bureau. Every honest ex-soldier in the country who served in front of the enemy, either in the Civil or Spanish wars, recognize in Commissioner Evans an open and determined enemy who has burned the bridges behind him, and is undisguisely the obedient servant of the Wall Street money sharks and manipulators. Mr. Evans was not a soldier himself, from our point of view. No man was a soldier, in the proper acceptance of the term, during the war of the rebellion who did not see service in the field. This service consisted of marching, starvation, vermin-covered bodies, the most laborious of manual labor in felling trees and building breastworks; cold, hunger, thirst and exhausting marches and want of sleep constituted the duties of private and officer in the ranks—or the rank and file—of the armies which fought out the issues at stake from 1861 to 1865. And none of these did Mr. Evans suffer or endure. He has no more conception of the hardships which the surviving ex-soldier conquered than Grover Cleveland has who purchased a substitute to undergo his sufferings! Mr. Evans had no money to purchase a substitute, but for the few months of his service he located himself in a comfortable clerical berth and drew the salary of two clerks! This, Mr. Evans can not deny, inasmuch as the very officer he served under testified in these columns, in an interview to that fact.

It will be observed that among the duties of the soldier in the field he omitted fighting. "Well, strange as it may appear to Mr. Evans or Grover Cleveland, the soldier in the field counted fighting, standing up in line of battle to get killed, or charging a battery—relief from his intolerable hardships, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred didn't care a continental whether himself or the rebel shooting at him was killed or wounded. A wound in our soldiering days, Mr. Evans, sir, meant a bath, clean linen, something digestible to eat, and, oh! a good long sleep on a bed! We have seen, Mr. Evans, sir, men whom we knew to be naturally cowardly, fight like the devil without fear of being wounded or killed! They reasoned it this way, Mr. Commissioner: "If killed they were relieved from marching, starvation, and lice; if wounded, they got the luxuries of bath, bed and board; if unscathed in the fight, they lived on, to eat mouldy hardtack and fat pork, when they could get these field luxuries, march on, fell trees, build breastworks and accommodate more vermin on their emaciated carcasses! The grey backs, Mr. Evans, which the field soldiers suffered most from were not the gallant fellows led by Lee, Jackson and Johnston; they were the loyal swarms of vermin engendered by filth and dirt and mud and hunger, by rain and cold, and by heat and sweat. We wore the same shirts, Mr. Evans, from the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, to the siege of Petersburg, in the latter part of

June, almost two months feeding our united bodies to these voracious grey-backs, without a chance to diminish their numbers day or night, as it was march, fight, run, charge, and sleep at intervals, sitting down, standing up, or lying down, where we halted for a few hours, provided there were no fence-rails to carry, trees to fell, breastworks to build or "Johnnies" making night attacks.

And men who went through this hell on earth for months, and for over four years, you, Mr. Commissioner, are the deadly enemy, because they ask you to give them the money appropriated by Congress, but which you turn back into the Treasury to please the money sharks of Wall Street. Why do you do it? Disguise yourself and go out among the old soldiers—the real old soldiers—and ask. They hate you, too, Mr. Evans, almost to a man, and the same cases we have cited in these columns of old soldiers shot through the neck and paralyzed, living in almshouses because you turned in \$5,000,000 to the Treasury a few weeks ago, and denied them the pensions to which they are entitled by the hardships and services recited, is the cause of this hatred. Under the circumstances, Mr. Evans, the consensus of the soldier opinion throughout the Republic from General Leo Rassieur to Private Daniel Oberly, is that you should resign an office you have conducted with such open hostility towards the men for whose benefit it was created, and if you do not resign it is the heartfelt and unanimous desire of the surviving veterans of the Civil and Spanish wars that President Roosevelt name your successor before the leaves fall in this present month of October.

### ANOTHER CASE

Where Employes Were Worked Despite President's Proclamation.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 23, 1901. Referring to article in last Sunday's Globe, under the caption, "Who is Running Things?" your attention is invited to the fact that the Mail Bag Repair Shop is not the only bureau that disregarded the President's order to close out of respect to the memory of President McKinley.

The office of the Commissary General, War Department, was open for business on all three days. Of course, they do these things better in the Embroidered Beef Bureau. In this case volunteers were called for to work on those days supposed to be and intended to be held sacred to the memory of the martyred chief, and what could of the martyred employes who are terrorized and driven under whip and spur, when asked to volunteer with the intimation that it might save them some overtime to do so, especially as they are working now until 5 daily, and not so very long ago were compelled to work from 8:30 to 5:30, without hope or expectation for compensation for extra time.

Uncle Sam is too poor to furnish enough clerks to do his work, so what he has got in the Subsistence Office, at least, have to work overtime and can not even be spared to attend the funeral of the Chief Executive, regardless of the express orders of the new Executive.

Can you imagine a whole division of Government clerks so wedded to their office and their work that they must perform volunteer to work and keep the Department open in the face of an executive order to the contrary, just for the love of it, or from patriotic motives, without any intimation? The Globe should investigate this little but malodorous office, where many things of public interest transpire.

This is intended only to blaze the way; it will not be difficult for The Globe to substantiate the above assertions.

Very truly,  
ONE OF 'EM.

### The White House Flag.

THE WHITE HOUSE FLAG  
EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

I would like to ask why, at this time, should the flag on the White House fly at full mast in place of being allowed to remain at half mast, as on other Government buildings? If I remember correctly, the flag on this building was kept at half mast for 30 days after the death of Garfield, Blaine, Hobart and Harrison. Why should it not be so now?

I suppose that the argument will be made that the President is at the White House now, and that this flag is his ensign. Is this so? Has not the President a flag of his own? Is the flag of the United States any individual's private ensign? From my observation of the uses of the flag, I would call attention to the Navy. The flag officer of any fleet has his individual flag, and the flag of the United States is raised at 8 o'clock and lowered at sunset all over the world where our ships are. If the officer should die, his flag is lowered and the flag of the United States is half masted on the fleet. Why should not this be the case at the White House? Figuratively speaking, this house is the flagstaff of the United States, and all Government buildings should follow it. I would also call attention to the fact that when the President is out of town this house flies no flag. Should this be so? The chief element I wish to express by this letter is the propriety of this flag flying at full mast on a Government building when, as I understand it, the country is in mourning for 30 days.

Yours respectfully,  
(Since the foregoing was put in type the flag has been half-masted, and our correspondent is consequently happy.—Ed. GLOBE.)

Cabin John's Bridgits is the comprehensive nickname bestowed upon the Sadie and Mamie contingent who frequent the famous Potomac resort.

Guests at some of our capital hotels have been heard to complain that while they are billed regularly and heavily every week, rats are given the free run of the house.

Some restaurants in Washington are calculated to take your appetite away before you order anything.

## FRESH INTERVIEWS

With Several Very Entertaining People Who Talk

### THE PROFESSOR KOCH CURE

And What a Specialist Says—An Old Cynic On the Manner in Which the Ladies Wear Their Dresses and Lampton's Poem Other Interviews on Interesting Topics of the Day.

"Doctor," said The Globe to a well-known Washington specialist, "is Professor Robert Koch, M. D., of Berlin, connected with the 'Koch Lung Cure'?"

"Why, of course not. Professor Koch has a specific for consumption which has been widely celebrated, though some of the medical profession doubt its efficacy. Be this as it may, he has no branch medical department in the United States."

"But the Koch Lung Cure is advertised in the papers."

"Yes, yes; of course. Quacks can assume anything. Let me tell you this much. The German professor, as a matter of fact, does not claim any specific qualities for his tuberculin, but recommends and uses it principally to diagnose tuberculosis in both man and beast, used hypodermically, and in no other way. Professor Koch's researches and discoveries have been published broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land, and this fact has in return given him a world-wide reputation as an authority on infectious diseases, tuberculosis, etc.

It seems that some one conceived the idea of establishing an American Medical Company, and to help deceive the people, a man by the same name, Koch, was secured. Edward Koch is his name. The idea was to associate the two as intimately as possible in their advertisements, making the two Kochs appear in the newspaper cuts as much alike as possible and directly intimating, through their advertisements, that they have been and are associated together, and thereby producing an impression that Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, was in some way interested in the so-called Koch Lung Cure, as practiced in many American cities."

"Do you know of any cases where people have been deceived by this confounding of names?"

"Oh! yes. Occasionally I treat a patient who has been through the mill, as you call it. Recently, a Mrs. B. consulted this Koch Lung Cure business. She was told that it would require at least two bottles of the first month of treatment. She was to use it by inhalation! The stuff was \$30 per bottle, and one month's treatment \$49."

"Did she take the treatment?"

"She says not. I examined her. In the first place, Tuberculin is not administered by inhalation at all. A bottle of genuine Koch's Tuberculin is kept on hand in these places to show 'em—Globe outside.

people, but is never used. I had another patient who had simply nervous prostration, and she was put through the mill in great shape. One of her lungs was in a serious condition. She had tuberculosis and unless she took immediate treatment, her name was Bridget."

"Well?"

"Why; she is all right now, and has no more tuberculosis than you have, but the American people, you know, like to be humbugged, and I expect that the Koch Lung Cure will have its run and its suckers," and the great specialist jumped in his buggy, laughing good-naturedly.

"I bustled the buttons off my vest" laughing at that poem of Lampton's you published Sunday last on the way the women hold their skirts and show their shapes," said a gross widower who holds down a nice berth in the Treasury Department.

"It pleased you, did it?"

"Pleased me? My dear sir, it cured my dyspepsia. I sent it that wife of mine, and then I just laughed as I imagined the expression of her face as she reads it. She is dead stuck on The Globe, because she says you give the women the best of it, but when she reads that poem your name is Dennis. But it's all right. I buy two copies every Sunday. You know that the first domestic trouble I had was on account of this fashion imported from the demi mondaine of Paris, whose stock in trade, of course, is their figures. If you will notice all the fashions the women adopt is either in the front or the rear of their dresses. Well, they changed back and forth so much that it got to be a chestnut, and so the gay Parisian girls struck on this new craze of walking model."

"Not so bad as that; merely cleanliness in keeping their skirts from wipink up the male tobacco expectorations."

"Is that the racket? Humph! What do you think of that walking dromedary?" and the cynic pointed to the rear view of a lady who was crossing the street at Eleventh and F.

"Why, I could straddle that projection and find a surer seat than on a horse's back. Now, isn't that modest, and she isn't 20, I'll bet a new hat. You can suppress the hocho coochy, and the Carmencita wiggle as demoralizing and indecent, but what effect do you suppose that kind of muscle motion has upon young men? They gaze so intently upon the exhibition that when walking after these ladies they will bump into a lamp-post, a show case or any other obstacle they would ordinarily avoid, but they can see nothing else except this free muscle performance, which they formerly had to pay for at the side shows and low varieties."

"Say, Mr. Globe," said an attaché of the legations, I was pleased to see that The Globe, Sunday last, did not surfeit us like the other newspapers with the Schley Court of Inquiry proceedings."

"Thought you were a Schley man?"

"Well, if you find any other kind in Washington, outside Crowninshield's clique, I will buy him from you. Being a Schley man is natural to an English-

man, as we generally give credit where credit is due. What I object to is the space this inquiry is getting in the newspapers of this city to the exclusion of all other reading matter. Who cares what this court finds? The American people and all other readers of newspapers and books and magazines in every country under the sun know that Sampson was absent when the naval battle of Santiago was fought, and that the second or next in command fought and sunk the Spanish ships."

"Well?"

"This being so, how is the verdict of a naval court of inquiry, even if it censures Schley for any neglect of detail before, during or after the battle, going to alter the facts of history and establish the presence of Sampson when everybody, including himself, says he was absent?"

"The Globe gives it up."

"I tell you now, as a state secret, that this Court of Inquiry's verdict will be just what certain woman thinks it ought to be."

"And this woman?"

"Is—well, I won't name her, as I do TWO—Globe outside.

not know whether she is Schley or Sampson, but she is all potent in this matter, and everybody who knows inside matters is talking about her commanding influence."

"Married or single?"

"Oh! she is—well, she is a sailor's wife, and a good one, too," and this associate of foreign ambassadors mounted his back and drove off.

## WADES WALL

Writes an Insulting Letter on Pension Bureau Stationery

### TO MR. DON C. CAMERON,

In Which He Calls The Globe a "Dirty Sheet" and Uses Other Filthy Language for a Government Employe and Gentlemenly Critic—His Malice and Falsification of Facts Touching Mr. Cameron's Record.

On the stationery of the Pension Bureau, and during office hours, of course, unless we assume the hypothesis that Mr. Wade stole the stationery and took it home, he indicts the following elegant epistle to Mr. Don C. Cameron, whom he assumes to be the "scout" who recently criticized the bureau.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1901.

"Don C. Cameron,  
"Treasury Department.  
"Sir: I wish to thank you for your very readable article in The Sunday Globe, signed 'Scout.' Inasmuch as you have thrown a little mud at me, I wish to say that my feelings are still unruined, as I know that all decent people hold in supreme contempt a man who uses a dirty sheet like The Globe to vomit his filth upon honest people, and who is too cowardly to sign his name. The whole Southern division has spotted you and express their utter contempt for a man who had mentioned in the article why Mr. Don C. Cameron was never promoted, the public would then understand your reason for writing this scurrilous article. Suppose you tell them next time about your dissipated habits and utter worthlessness as a clerk. Your disapproval of my conduct is the best endorsement I could have amongst decent people."

"CHARLES J. WADE,  
"Section 'C,' Southern Division.  
In the upper left-hand corner of the letterhead is this printed legend:  
"Address your reply to the Commissioner of Pensions, with return of this letter."  
The Globe will endeavor to comply with the request. In the first place, Mr. Wade assumes that the correspondent signing himself "Scout" is Mr. Don C. Cameron, and presuming on that assumption, he writes on the Bureau stationery, during office hours, for we will not accept the other hypothesis that Mr. Wade is a thief and stole the stationery of The Sunday Globe. He insults Mr. Cameron on the bare assumption or mere suspicion that he furnished The Globe certain information under the nom de plume of "Scout." This establishes to a certainty that Mr. Wade is a very choleric individual, and his filthy language places him outside the pale of gentleman, hence he is not qualified to speak authoritatively on the character of either The Sunday Globe or its correspondent "Scout."

In the vindictive paragraph, where he refers to Mr. Cameron's record, Mr. Wade is not in ignorance of the fact that Mr. Cameron was twice promoted during even Mr. Wade's connection with the Southern Division. This establishes either Mr. Wade's inaccuracy of statement with a deliberate intention of becoming offensive, or it demonstrates his ignorance of the transactions in his division. As to the intimation that Mr. Don C. Cameron is the "Scout" who trimmed up the Bureau and exposed its dry bones, we have on file more than a dozen letters ascribing articles on the Pension Bureau to others than the real authors of the same. If Mr. Don C. Cameron will call at this office or write a card acknowledging himself to be the "Scout" complained of, we will confront him with evidence that he has a "double" beyond all doubt or peradventure.

The Sunday Globe does not depend on one or two or even half a dozen "Scouts" for its news of the Pension Bureau. We are kept constantly supplied weeks ahead with Evans' literature by the old soldiers who have been robbed out of the pensions to which they are entitled, while such men as Wade hold down soft berths and write insulting letters on the stationery paid for by the taxpayers. Mr. Wade's opinion of The Globe, we are pleased to perceive, does not prevent him reading it, and this is the only redeeming feature about Wade. It encourages the hope that in time The Globe will accomplish his reformation, in so far as inspiring him with a desire to imitate its purity and decency of expression when writing future letters on the stationery of the Pension Bureau.

## THREE PLANTERS

Hanged for the Murder of an Unknown Slave.

### AN ANTE-BELLUM TRAGEDY

Related by Judge T. J. Mackey to a Globe Scribe—Torn to Pieces by Their Hounds the Slave is Avenged by the Sovereign State of South Carolina—The Peculiar Ideas of Law Entertained by Justices of the Peace.

"Your arrest and holding to the Grand Jury by this fellow Beckwith reminds me of our South Carolina justices hanging the peace during the carpet-bag regime and when I was presiding judge on the circuit bench of that State," said Judge T. J. Mackey to The Globe's editor.

"In what particular, Judge?"

"Well, in the peculiar construction of criminal libel law, or rather the readiness of the police prosecutor to issue warrants of arrest. Among some of the absurd cases I recall being brought before me was that of a woman held by the justice of the peace, before whom she was arraigned on the charge of rape!"

"You are joking, surely?"

"No, indeed. The records of my judicial circuit will bear me out. The woman's name was Margaret Shannon. When I examined the docket I ordered the sheriff to bring the prisoner into court, under the impression that, as in many Latin countries a woman's name was worn by a male. But great was my surprise when a handsome, buxom young woman of 25 entered the prisoner's dock. I called the prosecuting witness to the bench and examined him. He testified that he was standing against the fence near the edge of a swamp, when Margaret Shannon, whom he knew, asked him if he had seen a missing cow belonging to her mother. He replied that he had seen such an animal enter the swamp some time before, whereupon she assaulted him and committed the crime. After lecturing the young man privately, I dismissed the case without asking the defendant to plead."

There were many as absurd cases in those days in which our justices of the peace displayed a remarkable amount of unadulterated ignorance of not only law but common sense. However, before the war, South Carolina took leading rank in the administration of criminal law, irrespective of persons. I recall one of the most remarkable cases ever tried, I will venture to state, below the Mason and Dixon line, in which three white young millionaire planters were publicly hanged for the atrocious murder of an unknown negro slave of an unknown master."

"That certainly is marvelous information, Judge. What are the particulars?"

"About 50 miles from Charleston, three young men, two of whom were brothers named Blackledge and the third a cousin named Mott, were out hunting with their hounds. They had combined three packs and had some 50 or 60 hounds in the hunt. The two Blackledges were aged respectively 26 and 24, while Mott was a year or two the elder of the brothers. During the hunt some of the hounds went off on a fresh scent, which the chief huntsman of the party declared to be 'nigger.' The boys consulted and decided that it was a runaway slave, and they agreed to hunt down the human game as more exciting. Calling in all the hounds, they started them on the trail of the unfortunate negro, whom they treed in the course of a few hours. Surrounding the tree were the hounds when the three young men rode up. They commanded the negro to descend but he refused, as he was afraid the hounds would tear him to pieces. They assured him that the dogs would not touch him, and they drew off the animals to convince him, whereupon the negro descended, when the three half-crazed young ruffians turned the dogs loose and the wretched slave was speedily torn into shreds. The skull and bones they threw in the brush, remounted their horses and rode home, thinking no human eye had seen the awful deed."

But a humble farmer had witnessed the diabolical affair and gave information to the authorities. The Blackledges and their cousin Mott were arrested, indicted and placed on trial for the murder. They were defended by 16 of the leading counsel of the bar of South Carolina, and after a desperate contested trial, were convicted and sentenced to hang.

John L. Manning was then governor of the State. The legislature was pledged to elect him to the United States Senate. This legislature petitioned him for a commutation of the sentence, with the implied threat that if it was not granted he would not be elected United States Senator. All the wealth and influence of this portion of the State was brought to bear, but the governor stood firm. He pointed out the atrocious nature of the crime and that a jury of slave-owners and planters had condemned the perpetrators. Finally the sheriff notified him that he had been offered \$100,000 in gold to escape with his three prisoners to Charleston, where a ship was in readiness to take them to South America. The sheriff also sent the governor proofs of the fact that a powerfully armed organization was perfected and in readiness to rescue the prisoners in case the bribe was refused.

Governor Manning was equal to the emergency. He threw a brigade of South Carolina militia around the jail before the mob could act, and kept them there, with himself in camp as commander-in-chief, until the day of execution. The Blackledge brothers and their cousin Mott were led out for execution and ascended the scaffold in full view of the thousands of people who flocked from all round the surrounding country. They were three magnificent built young men, tall, handsome and accomplished, and of the cream of Southern chivalry. But amidst the cries, the groans, tears and prayers of the people they swung off into eternity, a magnificent sacr-

fice to the offended justice of the sovereign State of South Carolina. Now for the sequel to this tragedy. After the war, and while I was on the circuit as judge, I ascertained that this John L. Manning, who had sacrificed a seat in the United States Senate, was living in poverty with his aged wife in the decayed family mansion, on a mere pittance. I visited him and was shocked at his poverty. I proposed to nominate him for the State senate, which would pay him \$5 per diem, upon which he could live. I was then a Republican judge, and nobody but a Republican could be elected to the legislature. However, for the first time in my life I went into politics and appealed to the negro delegates, telling them of the sacrifice Manning, the Democrat, had made to avenge the murder of an unknown slave. The negro delegates rallied to a man, and ex-Governor Manning was nominated and elected. He held the position for the 16 years of his life by the votes of the negro Republicans, and was the only Democrat for a long period in the legislature of South Carolina.

"How did you become a Republican—you were a white South Carolinian and an ex-Confederate soldier?" The Globe ventured to ask the Judge.

"Yes; we have been in South Carolina since 1847. My family were Whigs. I opposed the ordinance of secession while maintaining, as I do now, the perfect legal right, under the compact, of a sovereign State to secede. I was the last Confederate field officer to surrender in June, 1865, as chief engineer of the Western army. I accepted the arbitration of the sword and was elected by the legislature Circuit Judge. A laughable circumstance must close this interview. I had been a year on the bench when I was waited on by a committee of the legislature with a request for information as to why I had sent to the penitentiary 87 Republican office-holders and but one Democrat. Of course, I pointed out to the committee the irregularity of their proceedings in questioning the judiciary on its acts, and suggested impeachment proceedings as the proper form. But, said the spokesman:

"Judge, we must make a report, and you will oblige us by a statement."

"Well, gentlemen, the reason I have sent but one Democratic official to the penitentiary is because there was but one Democrat in office in my circuit. I have sent 87 Republican sheriffs, probate judges, county treasurers, auditors, school trustees, etc., to prison. I suggest to the legislature that inasmuch as the proper material is in the penitentiary, they organize that institution into a separate county, as the officials are already there to run it."

"I heard no more from the Republican legislature, and when, in the course of time, it became Democratic I had the honor of being the only Republican who was ever unanimously elected to the bench, where I served for 15 years my native State." The Judge straightened up, throwing his shoulders well back, and raising his hat, bade The Globe good bye, with the parting admonition: "Keep right on; you have done more good already than the combined press of Washington."

### DON'T LIKE MOVING

And Thinks He is a Mark Does This Ohio Man from Darke.

"Say, you are an Ohio man; so am I, and what I want to know honestly and squarely is, Do I look like a mark?"

The question was jerked at us by a perfectly sober individual who holds down a Government clerkship as a representative of the Buckeye State. Assuring the questioner that he looked the average intelligence, he interrupted with:

"Let me tell you my experience in this town. I rented two unfurnished rooms and put in the necessary bedroom and sitting-room sets. After three or four months, I discovered that I was paying twice more rent than I had ought to pay."

"Well?"

"I shut up the rooms and took a furnished room, for which I paid \$10 in advance, on the assurance of the landlady that there was not a bug in the house. I intended to store my furniture the next day, but that night I had to leave the furnished room shortly after retiring to bed."

"What was the matter?"

"Bugs! bugs, sir; married and with large families. I went back to my rooms, and next day removed my belongings into my old quarters. The landlady said she would send around my \$10 when her son came in."

"Did she?"

"No; her son hasn't showed up yet, and this was over two months ago."

"All right now, are you?"

Worse than ever. I rented two rooms Monday last and had my things moved in while I was at work. When I returned in the evening the landlord jumped me like a crazy man."

"Why?"

"Damnfo. He said the rooms were not ready, and that I had no business to move so soon."

"Didn't you pay the rent?"

"Of course I did, and held a receipt from his agent."

"What next?"

"Had to move out in two days; landlord wanted the rooms."

"Got your rent back?"

"Yes; this time I did. But look at the thing, will you, sensibly, please, what kind of protection has roomers or renters in this burg?"

"Why don't you resign and go back to civilization?"

"I am thinking about it. If I have to move again it will be to Darke County, Ohio, and if Colonel Kilbourne is elected governor of the State I will sign an agreement never to return to Washington."

And the "soft mark" moved down the Avenue, mingling with the throng of pedestrians with one hand on his watch-chain and the other holding his roll of money in his trousers' pocket to notify any "dip" in the vicinity where "it was at."

"Parting (with your money) is such sweet sorrow," if you are lucky enough to bid it farewell at Kann's Busy Corner, where you may be sure of receiving double value for any purchase made.