

SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1901

Mrs. Bonine's Jury.

Mrs. Bonine's counsel made a mistake in the jury selected. In trials for capital offenses, counsel for the defense should never permit a juror to sit in the case over thirty-years of age. The young are merciful, the middle-aged and old have little or no consideration for human passion. We sat with six young children confronting twelve men for three months, and every juror over thirty years of age voted to inflict the death penalty. We were saved by three jurors under thirty. We have made a study of the subject since then, and we have found that whether married or single, the middle-aged and the aged jurors alike unemotionally renders a verdict on the charge of the court and the testimony of the prosecution; while the young men on the jury sympathize with the defendant, where the charge involves human passion. The young men on the jury are, besides, appalled at the responsibility of depriving children of their father or mother. Not so the middle-aged and advanced in years; their experience admonishes them that there is much of selfish sentiment in parental love and that children soon reconcile themselves to the loss of father or mother and get along somehow in the world. In other words, the finer and more sensitive emotions are dead in the middle-aged, he is a hanging juror and justice without sentiment and in accordance with law guides his findings. Mrs. Bonine has decidedly the worst of the fight in the selection of her jury and the District Attorney knows it.

Nevertheless, we believe that Mrs. Bonine's able counsel will make it impossible for even the middle-aged juror to find a capital verdict, and there can be no other grade returned. "Neck or nothing," first degree murder or acquittal (unless, indeed, there is a disagreement) is the only logical alternative verdict which can be returned, taking into consideration the nature of the charge. It will be a decided victory for the District Attorney if he "hangs" the jury, he has no possible chance of doing so with Mrs. Bonine, from our point of view, unless he develops testimony other than that foreshadowed or outlined in his opening statement for the people. But he has a chance to secure a drawn battle through the oversight of counsel for the defense in permitting so many men past the danger line of thirty years of age qualifying as jurors in this celebrated case. The criminal bar of the District will make a note of the "tip" touching the age of jurors so frankly given in these comments.

The National Tribune and Evans.

In the National Tribune of last week that paper began a perfunctory criticism of Commissioner Evans; and this week again it has an article criticizing his last report. The Tribune is a strong partisan, and took an active part in deceiving the veterans as to the fraud committed by the late Commander-in-Chief Shaw (now gone to his accounts where deceits are impossible) in turning down the resolution of the Philadelphia Encampment for rating all veterans alike. That fraud is at the base of what the Tribune this week criticizes, the many rejections of civil war veterans under the June law. The Tribune has to keep up some kind of criticism in order to stand in with veterans. Its credit with the veterans is its leverage for aiding Evans in his material work of reducing pensions. Evans permits the Tribune to assume an antagonistic attitude on points more or less immaterial to Evans effective work of reducing the laws. It was so with order 164, until Evans permitted the Tribune to hallow for order 164, until the Encampment took it up. Evans thought there was no danger of the Encampment getting away with the G. A. R. officials; but some one, like Rasseur, got on the committee of resolutions, who, when the committee was sent back, in the Philadelphia Encampment, to make recommendations (the first report having been a blank cartridge), had the manhood and independence and strength to stand for the right against Evans' minions, and the resolution passed with a bur-

rah. Then it was that Evans had the Tribune turn tall and pretend that the Pension Committee were O. K. and for the resolution; although the Tribune never again mentioned order 164. It was then plain to everybody who watched the case, that the Tribune had gone under Evans' wing. The Tribune turned to giving Evans a scoring on other points, without coming down to the explicit remedy. It wants to keep up a general and indefinite howl, it knows that the vets, who are sure of the great bias of Evans, will not down; but they in general cannot detect the exact difficulties and modus operandi and history by which they are defrauded. The scheme is deep laid and the Tribune has a special assignment in the work.

The Prison Congress.

In the recent three days' session of the National Prison Congress, Professor Blackman, of Kansas University showed how terrible are the conditions in county jails which "warrant a demand for central State authority to control all the penal institutions within each commonwealth." The jails in the United States have scarcely felt a ripple of the great wave of prison reform that has washed away so many abuses. While probation laws are lessening the number of jail inmates, to the great blessing of the community, there are still enough young offenders committed to their darkening doors to feed the prisons and reformatories, for, as all the experts maintain, no boy or young man can spend thirty days, or even ten, in a common jail without coming out far better fitted, and too often inclined for crime than when he went in. The battleground of reform in penal matters must include the countries of the land, and classification, separation, industry, cleanliness and instruction must be insisted upon, in place of the promiscuous intermingling of all sorts and conditions of men in idleness and ignorance.

And that in the jail at the capitol of the nation, the inmates are compelled to lap their food like dogs is an impeachment of the Christianity of the American people through the sin alone of their Congress and the administration which no professions of either piety or disgusting cant can relieve them. The expectation is but reasonable that in the capital of a great Christian nation, a model jail, with all modern environments of reform could be found by the philanthropist or criminologist, but no extremist would look for the actual existent conditions where men are confined for months and even years on a stretch, denied labor and degraded to the condition of beasts. Out upon churches, religions and humanitarians, all of whom in this chief city of the American Republic are aware that human beings, men and women confined in the District jail, and locked up for weeks, months, and years without occupation are compelled to lap their food from corroded tin vessels like the mangy house curs of these praying hypocrites.

The Herald Eats Crow.

The American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company secured the past week from the New York Herald the most humiliating apology that great newspaper has ever been known to make. The Herald specifically admitted, (1) That it lied when it said that the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy was the only system used in reporting the yacht races. (2) That it also lied when it stated that the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company did not report the said races. It admitted that the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company correctly reported by its system the international yacht races and practically agrees that the statements put forth by the said company, as published in The Washington Sunday Globe, November 10, 1901, were true. The Herald had the alternative of either correcting its false and concocted libel on the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company or take the legal consequences of its malicious statements. In its efforts to boost the Marconi system, of which its proprietor is the principal stockholder or backer, it overshot the mark and was forced to the humiliation of publicly admitting in its own columns that it deliberately lied. See last Sunday's New York Herald for a complete blank down of a great newspaper as has ever been exhibited in the press of this or any other country.

The Internal Revenue office has lost some of the "prize" beauties. The Dames transferred and their male admirers better watch out a little from now on. We shall insist on palpable evidence of reformation.

President Roosevelt will only commission the sons of army and navy officers and the scions of ex-Confederates of distinction in the military and Naval service of the United States. This is an aristocratic Republic now, like Rome used to be when riding to her fall.

Statements' Views.

There has been quite a goodly number of interviews published in the morning and evening papers in which the views of returning statesmen have been given to the public. They have been interesting, if not instructive. Indeed, in one way they have been instructive, i. e., they have given the readers of the several papers to understand that under no circumstances will the burden of the people be lessened. It is true that under the Spanish war internal revenue tax, aided by the Dingley bill, there are many hundreds of thousands of dollars collected than is necessary for the needs of the Government, but that seems to make no difference. There is now more than one hundred millions of dollars of the people's money in Government depositories, which means national banks, for which they get no interest and which if they do get any of it, they must pay interest to the bank that loans it, still the return members of Congress say not a movement must be made looking to a reduction of the revenue.

The reasons given for this extraordinary state of mind by the said returning members, is that if the revenue is not needed it will be later on. Senator Burrows, of Michigan, more frank than many, hits the nail squarely on the head when he says the surplus will be needed to pay future appropriations; the isthmus canal must be built, and the ship subsidy bill must become a law. Not to mention other expenses likely to occur. This is at least an honest declaration and shows the bent of mind of the majority. The honesty of such a state of affairs toward the men who will be obliged to foot all these bills, and to defray the extravagant expenditures that will be made, does not seem to enter anywhere with any of the discussions. It is taken as a matter of course, that they will be obliged to be satisfied no matter what takes place. The farmers and merchants of the middle west and far west, it is true, can reap no possible benefit from a ship subsidy. It will not add a dollar to the annual income of any one of them. They will be losers rather than gainers by every cent of tax wrung from them, but they are expected to make no protest, or if they do, must bear the stigma of being unpatriotic. It is curious how patriotism is always involved to sustain stealing from the masses. We will not quote what Dr. Johnson says, but it has its application every day in the year.

Reciprocity is another question. Republicans who are ready to apply the epithet traitor to every voter who believes honestly in tariff for revenue only, which Republicans call free trade, roll the word reciprocity under their tongues as a sweet morsel, yet it is only another name for free trade. Reciprocity between nations is free trade, yet a free trader is an enemy to his country according to modern Republicanism, a reciprocity advocate is the highest type of a patriotic citizen. It is strange voters are so easily duped. Reciprocity is free trade in spots and Republicans will see to it that only those countries which they believe can be easily plundered will be selected for the experiment.

From the several interviews there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to what reciprocity really is. No two statesmen seem to give the word the same definition. One is for Blaine reciprocity, whatever that may be, another for a vague sort of something that neither they nor anyone else understands. But all agree upon one thing and that is that under no circumstances must there be an exchange of commodities whereby the tariff robbers will lose any chance to plunder the people with whom they trade. It is "heads I win; tails you lose," all the time. In other words, protection is so sacred that the tariff robbery must still go on and colossal fortunes grow while the toiling masses must toil on. Protection is the sabbath and all must bow to it. And that is all there is of it. Protection is responsible for all the good there is in the world and free trade responsible for all the evil. There is one thing, however, that protection advocates lose sight of, and that is that under the protective system we now have the people of the United States pay more for many manufactured articles than the people are obliged to pay for the same abroad. That once acknowledged to be true the argument in favor of protection falls to the ground, for an article that can be sold cheaper abroad than at home needs no protection, and it also shows it never did need any. What, therefore, has brought about prosperity is not protection; it is abundant harvests, good seasons and gold discoveries. Let a drought follow next year in Missouri, Kansas and Texas, such as has existed this year, 1901, where will protection be then? Let a general blight come, then it will be seen that protection, instead of helping will be a positive curse. And such times may come. The droughts preceding Cleveland's last election brought about a dearth of crops and at once Tracy, Blanche and Sweetheart set up the howl that it was Cleveland's

free trade, when in truth and in fact, the panic was impending during Harrison's administration. And John Sherman's purchasing aid helped to bring it about. Recurring to what we said in the opening regarding interviews, we will venture the prediction. There will be no revision of the tariff; there will be no reduction in the revenue; there will be millions of appropriations for our isthmus canal; there will be millions appropriated for ship subsidy; there will be fat contracts given to favored syndicates; there will be no reciprocity that will lighten the burdens of the taxpayers; extravagance will run riot and a patient public will be expected to pay all bills without murmuring.

SUPPRESS IT.

The Pool Room Reported on by Major Sylvester and Lieutenant Jones.

Lieutenant Jordan of the Metropolitan Police force complained some time ago as to the character of a pool-room on Eleventh street, northwest. The resort, it was reported, constituted a menace to the neighborhood, and was a greater evil than a barroom. It was charged by the police that schoolboys played truant from school in order to congregate at this place, and that loafers came out of the pool-room at noon and 3 o'clock and attempted to flirt with and make insulting remarks to the girls going to and from the two large colored schools located on Tenth street, between U and V streets. Lieut. Jordan recommended that the poolroom be closed and that no license be granted in that location.

Major Sylvester at the time suggested that if he resorted was as bad as reported the assistant attorney for the District should be called upon to see whether it would be possible to procure a warrant for the proprietor on a charge of keeping a disorderly house. Lieutenant Jordan reported that Attorney Muldowney declined to issue a warrant, but later one was issued. The proprietor's personal bonds were taken. Lieutenant Jordan later again recommended that the license be revoked. In reporting upon the case to the commissioners, Major Sylvester stated that there was no question but that the license would be revoked, if possible, and if it could not be, that a renewal should be denied. He stated, in this connection, that it has been the policy of the police department to prevent the renewal of licenses for places known to be patronized by minors, or where disorder prevails, and it is important that the police be advised of all applications for renewals as well as those for original licenses. The matter was referred by the District Commissioners to the assessor for consideration and report.

The Globe notices that the report of Lieutenant Jordan and Major Sylvester clearly and unequivocally shows the character of the place. There ought not to be too much red tape in dealing with matters of this kind, hurtful to public morals, especially the morals of the young.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Of the Gallant Boer Prisoners in British Camps—An Appeal in Their Behalf

Rev. Harman D. Van Broekhuizen will today address the congregation of Grace Reformed Church during the evening service, which begins at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. John M. Shick, pastor of the President's church, has extended this courtesy to his brother minister for the sole purpose of furthering the relief of the Boer women and children. Mr. Van Broekhuizen in the minister, who closed the South African Volksraad with prayer, when it adjourned to enter upon the present war. His text will be that pathetic verse from Jeremiah, which describes Rachel mourning for her children, "because the were not," and his discourse will be devoted to the charitable and non-political side of the Boer cause.

In connection with the Boer's pastor's sermon it may be stated that information of a positive character has been received here that a wealthy syndicate of Hollanders proposed to the British cabinet a scheme by which the reconcentrated could be domiciled on the sea coast of Cape Colony, under British guards. The Hollanders bound themselves by the most solemn commercial agreement to erect houses, supply the clothing and blankets, and furnish sufficient food for the 199,000 reconcentrated. Their offer was refused. Gen. Samuel Pearson, who left Washington last night to deliver a lecture in New Haven asserted that the reason for the refusal was that so long as the women and children remain camped on the railroad lines the rations for the British soldiers are secured, because the Boer commanders would not attack the food supply trains or impede their passage. To do so would jeopardize the sustenance of the Boer women and children.

The midday edition of the Times is a sour luncheon for the Star.

Congress will soon be grinding and the investigating committee will have fun with Gus, Mickey, et al.

The polarization of the human body can be proved by allowing a strong current to flow through the body from one end to the other, the hands being placed in two basins connected with the poles. The hands are then dried and placed in two other basins of water connected with the wires of a delicate galvanometer. A current in the reverse direction to the original one is then found to flow from the body.

GENORE WHITE

Tells Sunday Globe Readers a Pretty Tale

WITH A MORAL ATTACHED.

The Chorus Girl Who Sleeps in the Far Away Tokio Cemetery—How She Trod the Primrose Path and Fell Before the Temptations to Which Grace, Beauty and Talent are Subjected.

I'm going to tell you a little story of a chorus girl who was greatly admired by the chappies three years ago and whose sensational exit from the stage is still remembered, especially in San Francisco, by the "By Jove" coterie who besiege the alleys leading to the back doors of the theatres.

She was known to the Johnnies and Willies simply as Millie, and she came to San Francisco from a ranch near the pretty town of Santa Barbara, where she had grown from her birth to the age of 17, among the orange groves and flowers. The charm of her childhood's environments left its imprint upon her face and form, and she carried with her that air of bucolic sweetness, that delicate rusticity of manner, and that unconscious grace obtained only through habitual association with the refinements and beauties of nature. She was a pastoral poem, in the flesh, that told of clever halcyon, new mown hay, sunny skies and balmy zephyrs fragrant with the exhalations of vines and blossoms; in short, she was a "sweet little country maid" and beautiful.

The girl's ambition was to become an opera singer and having had a little musical training and a very sweet contralto voice, she left her rural home and sought a position at the Grand Opera House. Her face, figure and modest deportment appealed strongly to the manager, so she was placed in the front row. The transition was fairly like; but she kept her head and her child-like innocence and modesty were in striking contrast to the artificiality of the other units of the chorus. The "Johnnies" discovered her and she became the rage. The "Oglers" soon watched and waited for her, and flowers and billet-doux were showered upon her. Invitations to wine suppers were numerous, but she declined all advances, and the chappies were repulsed but not vanquished.

Among the number of her admirers was a merchant millionaire, who threw bunches of the most expensive flowers at her feet from his box, but never permitted himself to be seen. Hidden among the flowers, thus thrown, were notes of admiration, and often costly jewels were found by her; but the name or identity of her adorer was not revealed.

"Tis said that a drop of water constantly falling will wear away a stone, and chorus girl's hearts are not adamant.

There was one handsome, dashing young fellow who by constant perseverance and reckless expenditure of money had so far ingratiated himself in her favor as to be permitted to call upon her, and he took advantage of the privilege to the fullest extent; but never to a degree of presumptuous familiarity.

So, time moved on. The merchant millionaire continued to throw his jewels and billet-doux nestled in flowers, at her feet, while the young man besieged her heart with ardent repetitions of his love. Thus months went by and the identity of the merchant was still unknown to her.

One night at the close of the performance the manager called upon her and asked permission to introduce a gentleman friend who had long desired to make her acquaintance. She consented, and within a few moments the merchant millionaire was ushered into her presence. She found him to be a handsome gentleman of, perhaps, 50 years; vigorous as a youth, with the well bred air of a man of the world. That night the young man escorted her home, as was his custom of late; he was, however, less communicative than usual and seemed to be laboring under some mental depression. She questioned him in regard to his taciturnity, and he explained frankly that he had reached the end of his financial resources; but that he was engaged to an heiress, who, in the event of his marrying her, would bring him wealth. What was he to do?

She heard him to the end without comment; then, pointing to the door, she said, "Good night."

Like dew upon wood-violets glistened the moisture in her pretty eyes, and when he had gone a plaintive suspiration swelled up from her heart—and that was all.

The following night the merchant prince escorted her home, where he passed a delightful evening.

Magnificent apartments, servants, horses, carriages and every luxury that money could produce were now all hers. Silks, laces and diamonds were substituted for her former inexpensive gowns and adornments. There was no limit to her dresses and no stint to her gratification—and to do her justice, she entered upon her career of magnificence as one "to the manner born." But the pastoral air of graceful simplicity, that was her greatest charm, had departed forever with her innocence. The subtle suggestion of clover fields and wild flowers that her presence formerly conveyed, accompanied her no longer. The bucolic maiden of the Santa Barbara ranch was metamorphosed into a grand dame. She had crossed the Rubicon that separated her from her only parent and her childhood's home, and tearful remembrances of the past were all that was left to her.

Her father died—"tis said—of a broken heart."

In the merchant's private office a scene was being enacted of which she knew nothing. The young man and the millionaire were engaged in spirited conversation.

"You shall never marry my daughter."
"But we are engaged."
"True, but unfortunately, but if you marry her, not one dollar of my money will she receive."
"She has money in her own right."
"Not a penny. You must break off the engagement."
"Impossible. She loves me."
"But you do not love her, and as she has no fortune other than what I choose to give her, you will make no sacrifice by leaving her."
"She loves me."
"Do something to cure her of her infatuation and I will hand you a check for \$20,000."
"What can I do?"
"Run away with some notorious woman and that will have the desired effect."

The nefarious bargain was made; the young man received the check and departed, and the merchant chuckled over his success.
Of course, the foregoing dialogue is purely imaginary; but something to the point must have occurred, for it was a well-known fact that the millionaire's daughter was madly in love with the young spendthrift, and the fact that he received a check for \$20,000 from her father and his subsequent conduct will prove its accuracy.
The merchant's passion for the one-time chorus girl had crystallized into a tender and devoted love, and he fondly dreamed that she would be his companion through life; but this one condition, now so necessary to his happiness—to his very existence—he himself had destroyed, as the sequel will show.

He received a letter purporting to be from an invalid sister who resided in Los Angeles, stating that if he desired to see her alive he must hasten to her bedside. Here was a duty that must be performed. He repaired at once to the apartments of his inamorata, explained the nature of the letter, and with painful emotion he kissed her an affectionate good-bye and took the evening flyer to the City of Angels. He was sad and gloomy during the journey; but he looked forward to his return with delightful anticipations. She would be anxiously waiting to receive him, and her loving caresses would be all the sweeter because of the interim of deprivation.

He arrived at his destination only to find that his sister was in better health than she had been for years.

He had been deceived, but by whom, and for what purpose?

On returning to San Francisco he discovered all. His adored's apartments were empty, dark and deserted. He suffered a fearful shock, that ended in paralysis and death. His daughter became possessed of the major portion of his great wealth. The young man returned from Japan, renewed his attentions to the heiress and married her. And what became of the girl? Deserted by her lover, her heart gave way, her beauty faded; she had gone the pace that kills, and all that remains of her lies under the crypts in the American corner of a Tokio cemetery.

CAMERA FIENDS

Cause Colonel Bingham to Take Action to Protect the President's Children From Annoyance.

An out of town correspondent writing to his paper on the capital nuisance known as the camera fiend, says:

"The mania of the camera fiend to snapshot every movable object at or near the White House has reached the proportions of a nuisance to the occupants. The demand for pictures of the president and his family causes a horde of cheeky photographers about the White House, to the annoyance and inconvenience of their victims. For several days there has been a frantic craze to get a snap shot at the Roosevelt children, and the camera reporters have waylaid them as they went in and came out of the White House, morning and evening. To escape them the children have been going to school in the market wagon belonging to the White House, and have started out on the back way. Recently the photographers got in the White House grounds at the rear of the mansion and tried to get pictures of the wagon as it was started off. The president was not pleased by the affair, but made no disturbance about it. Colonel Bingham, who is in charge of the public grounds, however, took action, and it was ordered that the gates to the park should not be opened, except when the grounds are used for the weekly Marine band concerts.

It has been the custom to keep these gates locked during the day except for a half hour morning and evening, when the department clerks are going or coming from their work and are allowed to pass through the grounds as a matter of convenience, as it makes a short cut over town. During the first Cleveland term these gates were left open all day, and the park was enjoyed by the public as any of the parks of the city might be. When Cleveland came to the White House the second time the gates were locked, so that the little Cleveland girls might enjoy the grounds. Up to that time the public had not been kept out of the place since General Grant's time, when the gates were locked to afford a safe pasture for Nellie Grant's pony. Mrs. Cleveland would not suffer sightseers or newspaper picture-makers to meddle with her little girl, and insisted on their being protected from the public, as was right. President McKinley when he came made no change in the rules about the grounds, and the park was kept as the private grounds of the president's house. There is little enough privacy in the life of the occupants of the White House, and a reasonable public will not begrudge the president and his family the use of one of the parks of a city full of them."

"Boys" be tender with Mrs. Bonine, she is furnishing lots of copy, "you know."

Mrs. Bonine stated that she killed Ayres. The District Attorney would do well to let it go at that.