



## EXTRA

### SEDUCED HIM

#### And Now Mrs. Robinson Must Pay for Her Fun.

### MRS. BAKER SUES HER

#### For \$25,000 for Alienating the Affections of Her Husband and Seducing Him From His Allegiance—The ex-Assistant Superintendent of Delivery Department of the Post-Office Sold Out Cheap by His Deserted Wife.

Department scandals are at length finding their way into the District courts for reform, adjudication and redress. But recently Sam Gregory's troubles were aired, and we notice by the press dispatches that somebody kidnapped Mrs. Gregory's little boy in Philadelphia on Wednesday last. Of course, Sam is suspected as no stranger would want to kidnap another man's child. Passing Sam and his troubles in the Agricultural Department, the GLOBE turns its attention to the Post-Office Department and the case of Mr. Baker, until recently assistant superintendent delivery department City Post-office.

Mr. Baker is a Hoosier and lived happily with his wife in Hoosierdom, otherwise known as Indiana, until in an evil hour he accepted a Government position and removed with his wife to this city. He was not long a Government office holder in Washington before he ascertained that it was old-fashioned and out-of-date to live the humdrum life of a married man, as he did in Indiana. So casting his eye around for a co-partner of the opposite sex to enjoy his society he selected a rich or well-to-do dame named Mrs. Robinson, who, although youthful and handsome, is, we believe, the mother of several children. She is divorced from her husband, hence there were no obstacles to the customary Washington co-partnership for carnal and other pleasures. At least no obstacles on Mrs. Robinson's side, but Mr. Baker's equal half of the co-partnership developed a serious one, in the person of Mrs. Baker, who decidedly objected to sharing her hubby's person and society with the gay and festive Mrs. Robinson. This was soon arranged, however, by Mrs. Robinson monopolizing the whole of Baker, and Mrs. Baker retired to Indiana.

After Mrs. Baker left the city Mr. Baker resided in a house on Sixteenth street northwest, where, it is alleged by Mrs. Baker, he lived with Mrs. Robinson. This house has been recently given up, and it is stated that Mr. Baker and Mrs. Robinson are living on Madison street. Mrs. Robinson, it is understood, is quite wealthy, her fortune amounting to about \$200,000. She is the daughter of a wealthy man, who at one time owned large portions of the northwest section of the city before that part became the principal residence portion of Washington.

It is set forth in the bill filed Wednesday last by Mrs. Baker that "the defendant wrongfully, wickedly and unjustly, intending to injure the plaintiff and to deprive her of the comfort, fellowship, society, aid, assistance and support of her husband, and to alienate and destroy his affection for her, on the first day of June, 1901, and on other days between that day and the present time, after destroying the affection of Mr. Baker for the plaintiff, persuaded, induced and caused him to leave the plaintiff and live with her." It is also added that Mr. Baker continues to live with the defendant.

Mrs. Baker is represented by Attorneys Davis and Tucker.

The Indiana divorced wife wants just \$25,000 of Mrs. Robinson's wealth as the price at which she valued the affections, society and other things connected with Mr. Baker, now owned in fee simple by Mrs. Robinson.

This sum of \$25,000 is dirt cheap for a well trained husband from Indiana, and Mrs. Robinson will have made an excellent bargain when she completes the purchase. She has had Mr. Baker on trial long enough to know his full value, and the GLOBE anticipates no trouble for Mrs. Baker in her collection, through the courts, of the \$25,000. Of course, men can be purchased much cheaper in Washington, but an Indiana husband, thoroughly broken in, is worth more to a grass widow or divorced and festive dame with plenty of rocks than the beggarly sum of \$25,000.

There is assuredly a good time coming for the department clerk and official. When wealthy widows are ready to pay \$25,000 each for them on a bill of sale by their wives there can be no absolute necessity for the enactment of that law providing for the pensioning of superannuated clerks. No clerk can be too supernumerated as to be entirely worthless to grass widows and divorced women with bank rolls. He will be worth something, even if he does not come up to Mr. Baker's price, as set by his wife, who of all women knows his exact worth. There is no man better broken in than a government employe for a gay and dashing widow to handle to advantage. He has the more amiable characteristics of the French husband, who is too polite and civilized to shoot his wife's lover like the semi-savage and selfish Anglo-Saxon. Let the much abused department employe take heart and brace up—there is a sure provision for his old age as the co-partner of a rich Mrs. Robinson. And "the woods are full"—or rather Washington is blessed with a supply equal to the demand of grass widows, divorced dames and outclassed maidens on the alert for Government employes of the Baker qualifications. And all department employes have these acquired as well as natural endowments!

It may add something to the gaiety of this affair to state that Mr. Baker was elected president Saturday night last of the Indiana Republican Association. The Washington Republican Hoosiers are now shaking hands with themselves, and President Baker's inauguration ceremonies promise to be a gorgeous affair.—NIT.

### DREADFUL CHARGES

#### Filed in a Petition for Divorce by Mrs. Linscott.

### THE DIVINE HEALER

#### Whose Motto, "God is Love," and Known as the Rev. John F. Linscott, of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Has Been Guilty, His Wife Avers, of Obscene, Vulgar and Indecent Language.

A shot while ago the GLOBE gave some particulars touching the domestic troubles of Rev. John F. Linscott, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and chief high priest of the cult founded by that much married and divorced virgin, Mrs. Mary Baker, Glover, Paterson, Williams, Eddy, mother of the Church of Christ Scientist.

Among other things of which it was written in the Rev. Mr. Linscott the following appeared in the GLOBE's columns: "Rev. John F. Linscott, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, has been presented with a halo by Mrs. Eddy, the four times divorced virgin of this Christian cult. Mrs. Eddy herself wears a huge halo, more brilliant, as becomes the high priestess, than Mr. Linscott, her disciple.

"Mr. Linscott's church is located at 1105 G street, while his healing room is in an upper room of the Bond building. Mr. Linscott is waxing fat and rich on his fees for healing. Until recently his estimable wife helped him to rake in the shekels, but Mr. Linscott having a halo, and Mrs. L. not being able to secure one, they separated.

"Ten years ago the Reverend Divine Scientist and Healer was a Government detective. Mr. Linscott, to his credit be it said, spurned the lean, lowly and dependent position of a detective after he had become acquainted with the rich spinster who eight years ago became his wife. He resigned and made a racket for some more mental-minded paper sucker, and addressed himself to the pleasant task of spending Mrs. Linscott's \$15,000. It appears that Mrs. Eddy told him to marry the spinster, and Mr. Linscott obeyed, having, no doubt, in view the future halo and the spoons sent him by Mrs. Eddy."

"Mr. Linscott is a remarkable evolved tin god, having started in as a detective, he is now halo and all the high priest of the Eddy cult, with a congregation and 'meet-in'' house, 1105 G street. The old maid whom he married, and with whom he refuses to share his divinity, halo or spoons, after having expended her \$15,000, is now wondering where she is at.

The motto of the Rev. John F. Linscott's church is "GOD IS LOVE."

Faintly outlined in the foregoing extracts from the GLOBE a sample of how the Rev. Mr. Linscott observes the motto quoted by Mrs. Baker that "the defendant wrongfully, wickedly and unjustly, intending to injure the plaintiff and to deprive her of the comfort, fellowship, society, aid, assistance and support of her husband, and to alienate and destroy his affection for her, on the first day of June, 1901, and on other days between that day and the present time, after destroying the affection of Mr. Baker for the plaintiff, persuaded, induced and caused him to leave the plaintiff and live with her." It is also added that Mr. Baker continues to live with the defendant.

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### A DOUBLE SWITCH

#### Which Saved Ticket Broker Speidit an Electric Light Bill.

### THE SNAP DISCOVERED

#### By a Rival Ticket Broker Named Habell—Manager Shutt of the National Hotel Corroborates the Facts and Has Billed for Six Year's Electric Light—The Young Lady who Turned the Switches—How the Trick Was Done.

The National Hotel manager recently made a discovery which phased him. And it is not an easy undertaking to phase Col. Shutt. Inside the entrance to the hotel and up ticket scaler's office conducted by a gentleman named Habell. In the same building and next door to the main entrance to the hotel corridor is another ticket scaler's office conducted by Mr. Speidit. This gentleman is a German and Mr. Habell is a Hebrew. They are rivals, of course, in business and are not admirers of each other's methods of conducting ticket brokers' offices. In fact, either gentleman would be pleased to hear of the other's change of location or business.

Mr. Speidit's office has been brilliantly lit up of evenings, and made an attractive showing with its numbers of incandescent lights. Dark days or evenings when the incandescent lights in the hotel were not turned on Mr. Speidit's office seemed to get along with a subdued illumination, but when the hotel switch was turned on Mr. Speidit's office blazed forth in all the blinding brilliancy of numerous electric lights. Mr. Habell is an observant gentleman, and he noticed this phenomena. Being possessed of a fine analytical mind—the necessary equipment of a ticket scaler—he for some time compelled his mental faculties to do overtime in an effort to solve the problem of Mr. Speidit's varying illuminations.

By a remarkable coincidence he discovered that should there be any delay in turning on the hotel lights there was corresponding hesitation on the part of Mr. Speidit to light up. He watched and waited, and when the hotel manager sauntered past his office near the hotel entrance he called his attention to the problem which was bothering him. The manager took prompt action. When it came time to turn on the lights in the hotel he stationed himself where he could see all that passed in Mr. Speidit's office. There were a few city incandescent lights burning in the office of Mr. Speidit when the hotel switch was opened.

Presently a young lady employed by Mr. Speidit arose from her chair, and noticing that the hotel lights were turned on, she immediately turned off the city switch and turned on another one, with the result that Mr. Speidit's office blazed forth in all the glory and dazzling brightness of numerous incandescent lights. The manager of the hotel had arranged, in the engineer's basement, to turn off the switch at intervals of a minute as a test. Sure enough the lights in the hotel went out. So did Mr. Speidit! Again the current was turned on and simultaneously the lights in Mr. Speidit's office and the hotel incandescent lights blazed forth. This move or test was repeated several times with the same result. Thoroughly convinced that Mr. Speidit had run in a switch or wire on the hotel plant, Manager Shutt visited Mr. Speidit and in a frank, open way charged him with the fact. Mr. Speidit was astounded! Indignant incredulous! He denied the allegation and defied the manager. He would win suits of clothes enough to start Mr. Habell in a clothing store on Seventh street that Manager Shutt was mistaken, but the portly manager of the National gently led Mr. Speidit into the presence of his lady clerk and propounded the following inquiries.

"Miss—did you not turn off this switch and turn on this one?" (indicating the different switches.)

"Yes, sir."

"Have you not done so every evening when the hotel lights were turned on?"

"I have turned the switches every evening—yes, sir."

"Now Speidit you see you are caught, and to emphasize the matter here is the wire fresh cut which has tapped the hotel lights. But this won't save you, sir. I propose to bill you for the lights you have been using from our plant for the past five or six years."

Manager Shutt retired, followed by the protesting Mr. Speidit, but his protestations did not prevent the bill being rendered by Mr. Shutt for \$300. The bill will be placed in the hands of the hotel attorneys for collection as soon as Manager Shutt can bring the matter to the attention of Colonel Staples, proprietor of the National and the Riggs House.

Such were the facts developed by the GLOBE man in gleaning Habell and Manager Shutt. The former protested he knew nothing about the matter and was very anxious his name should not be mentioned as he had nothing to do with the detection of the "phony" wire and the "phony" B. & O. ticket, about which there is another good story, showing the sagacity, shrewdness and detective ability of Mr. Habell. Manager Shutt, however, stated to the GLOBE that Mr. Habell first directed his attention to the phenomena of Mr. Speidit's incandescent lights and the daily, or rather evening, task of the young lady who manipulated the switches. Of course, the young lady did as she was instructed by her employer and did not even understand nor as why she turned off the city switch and turned on the other when the lights in the hotel indicated that the current was turned on. She thought it was all right and innocently enough let the cat out of the bag

when questioned by Manager Shutt in the presence of Mr. Speidit. Mr. Speidit, it is fair to state, persists in denying any knowledge of the matter, and insists that there is some mistake. So does Manager Shutt also insist that a mistake has been made and that it has continued for about six years, for which Mr. Speidit will be asked to settle up or stand a law suit and an airing of the whole matter in court.

### HYDE CAUGHT!

#### Englishman Who Travels On Passes and Charges Mileage.

### HE IS IN A VERY BAD FIX.

#### Instructs His Lady Secretary and the Civil Service Commissioners "Tumble" to the "Prepared Questions and Answers"—The Usual Scheme Worked by Insiders to Keep Outsiders from the Public Teat.

Englishman John Hyde of the Agricultural Department has again been putting his big English flat feet in the trough. The Civil Service Commissioners caught him in one of his tricks. Here is the usual department chief scheme to keep outsiders from the public teat and permit only the "insiders," the cousins and the aunts of the chiefs and appointment clerks to pull the ulder. The developments show so far that the Civil Service Commission has canceled the examination for special statistical compiler for the Department of Agriculture, held June 18 and 19 last, and has made public its report on its investigation of the integrity of that examination.

The report says that employes of the Division of Statistics were improperly and unfairly assisted in their preparation for its examination by disclosures made by Mrs. Bertha Burch, an employe, in pursuance of instructions from John Hyde, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, directing her to give all the help in this examination which she "legitimately" could. The report says the testimony shows that advance information of a more or less definite character was given out by her covering at least six questions asked in the examination.

"An illusory hope was held out to those outside the government service," says the report, "while the official who framed the questions framed them in such a manner that he had not the least expectation they could pass. Competition practically was restricted to competitors who had actual experience in statistical work in government employ. Unclassified laborers in the statistical division had a decided and unfair advantage through their assignments of work."

The report calls attention to an apparent effort by Statistician Hyde to forestall the investigation of the commission in respect to one or more of the witnesses examined, and says threats were made to them. The report adds:

"We are under the very highest moral obligation to protect all witnesses who, as requested, have appeared before us and have given testimony in regard to this examination. The commission will exhaust all its powers before it will permit any of these witnesses to be dismissed or injuriously affected in any manner directly or indirectly, on account of information which they have communicated."

The Civil Service Commissioners are catching on to the GLOBE's exposures showing how laborers are appointed by department chiefs, given desks as clerks, and finally coaxed into life jobs under the civil service law. And every department and bureau of the government is full of them except the Census Bureau, and yet the commissioners are inconsistently fighting the enactment of the law to make these deserving census clerks permanent!

Hyde has been caught in several bad scrapes before this mention of which have been made in the GLOBE, notably his escape in the eleventh census and the resultant investigation, Hyde being an Englishman has naturally enough special privileges denied the native born American official. He is not supposed to know the "bloomin' American" law "you know." Now let the Civil Service Commissioners investigate Sixth Auditor Castle's department, and let both Castle and Hyde (strictly on the quiet) to Mr. Roosevelt (properly and deserving subjects to be kicked out of the government service, and the GLOBE will explain, notwithstanding their inconsistent and short-sighted policy of opposing the classification of the census clerks, "Well done good and faithful servants."

There were five "insiders" who passed out of the six applicants in Mr. Hyde's department under his instructions to Mrs. Bertha Burch to help them all she could "legitimately." The "rank outsider" who passed was in reality an "insider" also, as Capt. McMillan, of the Metropolitan Club, knows just as well as Mr. Hyde of the same club. The captain during the beautiful June evenings preceding the examination sat evening after evening with the successful "outsider" coaching her on the proposed examination and Mr. Hyde's residence was not distant but a few yards from her domicile. The GLOBE has more valuable information which the commissioners may obtain when the spirit moves us.

We have some sensations for the next issue of the GLOBE which will startle Washington and rock the Capitol on its foundations.

Has Congressman Grosvenor and "brother Dan" realized on that Choctaw Indian deal? The GLOBE is on to the whole scheme and it will make mighty interesting reading for "Carter's" Athens constituency one of these fine days. Ahem!

### THE INHUMANITY

#### Practiced in the Hospital of the Alms House.

### MISS FRANCIS ORDERS

#### Which Prevents the Sick from Bathing After 7 O'Clock a. m.—Not Allowed to Lie in Bed During the Day After Once Arising—The Rules Enforced for Shaving and the Patients Treated Stricter Than the Inmates of a State's Prison.

There is a decided antipathy by the heads of District institutions to soap and water for the inmates use. The GLOBE has shown that the inmates of the jail are denied soap to cleanse their hands of the accumulation of grease from dipping in their tin soup vessels after shreds of meat, bits of potatoes and vegetables which swim on top or sink to the bottom through their own rottenness, and also the other unmentionable filth and dirt adhering to their hands, all of which is due to the prohibition of knife, fork or spoon. We had supposed that this prohibition of soap and water was confined to the jail, and hardly dreamed that a hospital of all places in the world, would enforce such unsanitary and disease-breeding regulations. But, as will be seen, the maiden superintendent of the alms house hospital, Miss Francis by name, has restricted as much as she can the ablutions and personal cleanliness of the unfortunate inmates. Here is an extract from a private letter touching this subject.

"One of her latest 'orders' is that the bath room must be kept LOCKED all the time with the exception of one hour (6 to 7 a. m.) in which all patients must get washed. If they don't all make it in that time they go without or wash at the spigot in the closet. What do you think of that? Can you believe it?"

Yes—the GLOBE can believe anything in the line of inhumanity by the District servants who are responsible to nobody, and whom public opinion cannot touch. This correspondent goes on and says:

"There was another 'order' issued some time ago which was almost as good, but we have gotten pretty well used to it by this time, and don't mind it so very much, although I confess it is a little inconvenient. It is that no patient is to have a razor, and when he wants to shave himself he must have permission from the house-doctor. Then he waits the pleasure of the 'orderly' to get his razor, even then he must not dare go to work and shave himself unless said orderly has time to sit down and watch him and see that he does not shave any one who did not have permission, or cut his throat, or his horns, or do any other foolish thing. A prisoner could not possibly be made feel he was a criminal any more than Miss Francis makes a patient in this place feel he is a pauper. She loses no chance to show one that she is 'in' and he is 'out.' She is a very able manager, too, and practices economy to such an extent that about fifteen cups and plates do duty for twenty-seven to thirty patients—one-half waits for the other half to eat before they get theirs—so if you stand in with the pantry man you may get in with the first and get warm grub; if you don't you may be last, and then your grub is not warm. But why go on any further? I might write a yard more, but what's the use? A fellow has to endure such things in any place of this kind no doubt. I only want to show you that Stoutenberg is not the only one of his kind. He has a good running mate in Miss Francis. She is a peach."

From other sources the GLOBE has ascertained that the physicians, Doctors McFartyre and Manning, do their duty by the unfortunate pauper patients, as also the head physician, Dr. Hickling, in so far as prescribing for their ailments and fulfilling the duties of their profession. It is indeed a sad commentary that a woman—"gentle woman"—superintendent should be so devoid of the humanities as to oppress God's sick and ailing poor. Forcing helpless old creatures out of bed at 6 a. m. in order to secure the luxuries of a bath, or compelling them after 7 a. m. to wash from the spigot in a closet is an outrageous exercise of authority, and coming from a woman is almost unbelievable!

The treatment of these pauper sick and helpless people in other respects is just as harsh and inhuman. For instance, the rule is rigidly enforced preventing these poor old creatures from lying down on their beds during any portion of the day after they have once arisen from their beds.

Those who are unable because of ailments or helplessness to arise are permitted, perforce, to remain in bed, where they must remain the whole day and no part of which they are helped to enjoy sitting up in easy chairs. Sick and helpless old people are tortured when not permitted to lie down portions of the day and it is equal torture to compel others to lie in bed all day when, by proper assistance, they might sit up a few hours for a change. And how grateful this change is those who have been partially bedridden know.

The whole intention of the alms house hospital management is after the style of ex-Commissary Clerk H. Clay Evans treatment of the old veterans—die as quickly as possible and relieve the public purse from further expenditures! This is the humanity and this is the civilized treatment extended to the erring and unfortunate wards alike of the District of Columbia by its pampered officials.

We propose to keep on tearing the mask from the faces of these hypocritical officials, Congress and the District Commissioners included, and let the representatives of foreign countries (who are close readers of the GLOBE) know the manner and kind of treatment to which misdeameants, paupers and the afflicted are subjected in the Capital of the Nation.

### LAI'D DOWN

#### Did the Handbook-Makers on Their Victims.

### SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

#### Won With One Dollar on a "Parlay" and Only One Hundred Offered to Liquidate the Debt—Gambling in the District—No Poker Game to Be Raided Which a Congressman Patronizes.

The hand bookmakers have laid down hard on a few of their dupes and there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth accordingly.

To the unsophisticated it is necessary to explain that a hand bookmaker is a traveling, sporting capitalist who takes bets on the horses, after the manner of the bookies in the betting ring and similar to the regular pool room backers over in Jackson City. There is a distinction and a difference however between the hand bookmakers and the real pool room backers and gentlemen who write books in the betting ring at the race tracks. This difference is an essential one. The hand bookmen "lay down," using sporting slang, that is when they are hit they refuse to pay. In this respect they pattern after certain bucket shops of fragrant memory. Recently a number of these hand bookmen, who made certain saloons their rendezvous to receive bets were arrested under the gambling laws. They are out on bond and they claim that they will win out against the prosecution.

This remains to be seen, however. At present we are dealing with a special case of a well-known local contractor who placed a dollar and "PARLAYED" the same on seven horses. Parlaying means that winning on the first horse the full winnings and original bet are laid on the next horse in the combination, and so continues until all the horses in the combination are played to win. It is rare, indeed, that even the wise one "guess" five winners in a combination, but our contractor friend actually named SEVEN winners, and his original one dollar bet footed up a total of \$15,941.50 winnings. He called the next morning at the saloon, Seventh and D streets, to meet the hand bookman, who lives somewhere in the country, and runs some kind of a road house. Visions of what he would do with his almost \$16,000 winnings made his eyes elastic and his heart light as a maiden's. Presenting his ticket to the hand bookman that individual informed him that \$500 winnings was the limit, and no matter how many thousands he struck it for \$500 was the limit paid out to any individual winner.

The contractor swallowed the lump in his throat, and his disappointment having worn off by some further talk, he agreed to accept the limit. The hand-book manipulator was unprepared for this ready acceptance and seemed to be non plussed. Pressed, however, for the limit he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I will pay you \$100 and call it square."

This the contractor unwisely refused and bled him to a lawyer where he obtained the startling information that he was indictable equally with the hand bookmaker for gambling in violation of the statute made and provided, etc.

His only redress now appears to be as a witness against the hand book men or the saloons where these bookmakers are knowingly allowed to gamble. It is not, of course, known as a fact susceptible of legal proof that the saloon keepers are aware of the gambling going on, or the use to which their establishments are being put by the hand bookmakers and the men who foolishly place their money on the horses in such hands.

Speaking of gambling reminds the GLOBE to make a few observations on the peculiarity of the law which allows bucket shop gambling and prohibits pool selling or a quiet game of poker unless there is a Congressman or Senator in the game!

Fact gentle reader, such are the instructions the GLOBE has been repeatedly informed which have been issued during the sitting of Congress. Said a well known avenue merchant last night:

"I can open a poker game right here behind the stove in the rear of the store and no sleuth or policeman will bother me if I can get a Congressman in the game! Fact I assure you and I know what I am talking about. Instructions have been issued to the cops to be exceedingly careful and raid or bother no game in which a Congressman or Senator plays."

"Yes," remarked an old resident, "I have a friend, a Congressman, who complained to me that a fellow member lunched him into a game which was paying a rake off to his friend for playing or pretending to play in the game. The gamblers are on to the fact that no game will be pulled with a Congressman in it and hence they are on the look out for impetuous Congressmen who will lend their presence to the game for a specified rake off. This beats anything in my experience in Washington for forty years even when knighthood (of the green cloth) was in bloom," and the old resident made a small purchase and left the store sadly shaking his venerable head.

Further investigation into the hand bookmakers and the immunity of poker games from police raids which have Congressmen patrons corroborates the facts recited by our informants. The gambling laws of this District are responsible for this state of affairs. They are as senseless as they are absurd. Permitting or licensing a bucket shop and making the running of a pool room or a poker game a criminal offense needs no further comment than that the statesmanship which makes the distinction would be vastly improved by rest and treatment over at St. Elizabeths!

Remember the Elks' Midwinter Carnival.