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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

"AS GOOD AS HE CAN."

"I would like Santa Claus to be as good as he can to all poor little boys and girls."

So wrote yesterday, a seven-year-old contributor to THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas-Tree Fund.

The declaration embodies the very principle upon which the Fund rests, and because of which the chance of swelling the total sum is held open to the very latest comer.

THE EVENING WORLD, too, wants Santa Claus "to be as good as he can." It wants to reach a glorious range in this good Christmas work of 1891.

It wants everybody who has felt an impulse to become a contributor to that Fund, but who circumstances may have held off during the earlier days, to come right to the front now.

It wants the season's campaign in a perfect blaze of happiness for the little ones who get their share of the tree.

Only the blaze won't be a transient one. In the heart of every child whom you help to cheer by aiding this project the remembrance of this coming Friday will long keep a place warm and bright.

The feeling that this is so will bring a sense of blessing to every subscriber to the Fund. Take the blessing while you may.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION OF MURDER.

Mrs. RICHARD FOOTE, of Broome County, confesses that she killed her husband last October. The crime was a horrible one. Foote was murdered by blows on the head with an axe. Then his body was dragged into the barn, which was set on fire and burned.

All the details of the awful work the woman relates with blood-curdling particularity.

Before this, on the woman's testimony, a man named Frawas had been charged with the crime and indicted. It is likely that Mrs. Foote, holding her peace, might have escaped the consequences of her crime, which would then have fallen upon the man she accused.

"I and my husband did not live happily together. We quarrelled frequently," says the wretched woman. Well, she got rid of her husband. What was the matter then? The shadow of one fiendish crime, to which she nearly added that of letting an innocent man die for her awful misdeed.

The case is strikingly like that of Mrs. Dars, who killed her husband and burned his body in the stove several years ago in Herkimer County. Do the annals of crime contain more shocking records than these, which have been made by two women?

The city of New York pays over half the entire State tax; it is not represented on the State Board of Assessors, consequently it is taxed without representation.

The city is entitled to be represented in such a way that interests vital to her may be properly regarded. The Speaker of the next Assembly should come from New York. He would then be a man who would understand the affairs of the city, while having also the requisite knowledge of State matters in general. He would also be an ex officio member of the Board of Equalization of Taxes, thus giving the metropolis representation there.

Justice and right demand that the Speaker should come from this city.

From the way the Elevated people put it, one might think that instead of being tolerated as a necessary nuisance their skeleton railway system were a blessing to the streets. Judge INGRAM'S decision yesterday that the Manhattan Company must pay 5 per cent. of its net income for the use of the streets occupied by the old New York Elevated lines will perhaps correct this impression.

The United States Supreme Court got off quite a load of New York cases yesterday. CLAASSEN and SIMMONS, the tank wreckers, must go and serve their sentences. McLAUGHLIN and TREZZA, murderers, must die in the electric chair. That an end should be reached in the haggling over McLAUGHLIN'S worthless, menacing existence is particularly gratifying.

TOLSTOI says railways are a curse and will ruin Russia by taking away the peasants' winter occupation as carriers. The rest of the world has found its great transportation systems conducive to the propagation of more lines of industry than they destroyed. Tolstoi's curse will hardly ruin the railways, even in Russia.

Revolutionist GARA will lay down his arms if Mexico will give him either \$10,000 or a Consulate in the United States. If preferences only are consulted this side the border, Mexico will give him the \$10,000. If advice is sought and followed, she will give him fits.

Warning to Drinkers. German physicians say that the patient who is an alcoholic has the smallest chance of recovery from the grip.

That Famous "Understanding." Of course there is an understanding between Blaine and Harrison. Each knows that the other wants to be President.

old news-woman, MARY KENNEDY, was promptly reached. There is peace in a while a guardian of the city's peace who needs to be taught that it is true blue he should wear.

By vote of the Aldermen Brooklyn is to have the trolley system of street-car motors. Presently the trolley system will have Brooklyn. Then even those latter Aldermen may find themselves repeating the same story.

The English people don't have to wait long between scandals. Another Lord and Lady have already appeared to fill the briefly existing void in the divorce court.

Justice has been so tardy heretofore with McGLOTHY that the least delay in bringing him to trial is regarded with suspicion. Let his trial go on promptly.

That half of the world which a high authority has declared to be mad is making itself a trifle more than usually conspicuous just now.

EDWARD M. FIELD continues to refuse jail food. But he gets a pretty dainty diet of fresh indictments.

THE CLEANER.

Proprietor H. M. Kinsey, of the Holland House, the most colossal hotel in Pittsburgh, is a Chicago man and, according to the Western papers, one of the most enterprising citizens of the Windy City.

Mr. Kinsey was formerly in the hotel business, but of late years has distinguished himself as a caterer to Chicago swindlers. It is said that he has arranged for some time to find an opening for a first-class hotel in Chicago, but found the local field so well filled that he finally embraced the opportunity offered by New York.

Chicago people say that Gothamites will now learn for the first time that a genuine first-class hotel is like Chicago's modesty has always been proverbial.

Seated in a Broadway car this morning were two men, each intent on his morning paper. The conductor entered. One man carefully unbuttoned his overcoat and drew from an inner pocket a well-filled money-skin purse. From its contents he selected a much battered quarter. The conductor took the coin and gave in change two nickels and a dime.

The passenger eyed the coins suspiciously, turned each over in his hand, and after weighing them in his hand, returned them, with a sigh of relief, to his money-skin purse. As the conductor approached the second man the latter fumbled indifferently about in the change pocket of his overcoat for a moment and then produced a dollar bill.

The conductor speedily made change and drew from a pocket a well-filled money-skin purse. "Without so much as a glance at the fiver, slid the amount into a convenient pocket. The conductor looked from one man to the other, and as he turned towards the platform, a broad smile of satisfaction lighted his face as he muttered: "Well, that's honest and honest, anyhow."

"LA SONNAMBULA."

Bellini's mild and pleasant opera, "La Sonnambula," was staged at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night. The performance was a bad one, and it is best to say so unhesitatingly and without mincing matters. Miss Marie Van Zandt was put forward as the star, and failed to do justice to so prominent a position. Miss Van Zandt has an agreeable voice. It is, however, thin and light, although cultivated. Twelve years ago, in Paris, she sang at the Opera Comique and made a hit. In grand opera, surrounded by the accessories of pretentious Italian productions, Miss Van Zandt does not fulfill one's expectations. She looks young—ten years younger than she is, whatever be her age. Still the audience applauded her, but the same enthusiasm was manifested over Kallisch.

Miss Ida Klein sang the role of Lisa, and was not uncreditably, while his negative praise, but all that can be accorded her, is the Count Rodolfo; Rinaldini, Alfredo, and Gianni, Elvino. It was Gianni's first appearance. He is not good.

Edouard de Bezeke was, unfortunately, ill. The sudden indisposition of Italian opera singers is rapidly becoming serious.

And No Listeners at That.

The strap that the Clerk of the Senate or the House has may lately be noticed by recalling that each had to read the President's Message through word for word.

The Hub's Divided Heart.

Sir Edwin has had the best of the best English he has heard in America was spoken in Boston will now share the admiration of citizens of the Hub with John L. Sullivan.

Moneyed Eligibles, Beware!

In addition to the usual advantages conferred by leap year on energetic young ladies, 1891 will give them fifty-three Sundays in which to employ those advantages. Next year is going to be a crucial one for bachelors.

"Things 'Twere Better Not to Dwell On."

Congressman Mills, of Texas, is not talking much. There are times when the English language utterly fails to express a fellow's inward thoughts. Upon such occasions silence is golden.

Blair Gets His "Pinac."

Mrs. Blair's noble struggle for recognition has at last been rewarded. He got a place in the President's message.

Music for Front Ranks Only.

The whole of the season has an opportunity to distinguish itself by ordering the removal of Gen. Grant's remains to Washington, where the last resting place of the great soldier may not be left undisturbed.

Also to Give Chicago \$5,000,000.

The new Congress has an opportunity to distinguish itself by ordering the removal of Gen. Grant's remains to Washington, where the last resting place of the great soldier may not be left undisturbed.

Papers We Never Hear Of.

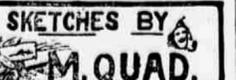
Twenty-two newspapers in the State of Kansas are edited by women.

Warning to Drinkers.

German physicians say that the patient who is an alcoholic has the smallest chance of recovery from the grip.

That Famous "Understanding."

Of course there is an understanding between Blaine and Harrison. Each knows that the other wants to be President.



She Knows Ephraim. I saw a little old woman sitting on the stairs in the Post-Office the other afternoon, and she seemed to be a stranger in Gotham. I offered my assistance to help her find one department in the big building she might desire.

"Oh, I'm just a watchin' here," she replied. "You haven't seen a man walkin' around, have you?"

"The last of the Hogsans." I have not the time to use it for you today. The useful little words must be slighted as far as the "Last of the Hogsans" is concerned, for there is nothing in the faintest degree uncertain about the fate of this play.

Unhappily it will be a great success. I cannot be sure that you have a complete excuse for success because—because—well, because it will be a success. Harrigan produced it. Harrigan wrote it. Harrigan cast it. Harrigan persuaded it. And there you are.

It is not necessary to go to Harrigan's Theatre in the ordinary mood you take when you go to a performance of "Hamlet." It is scarcely the thing to look for hidden gems of language or thought with the axe of analysis in "Helly and the 400" or "The Last of the Hogsans." You enter the theatre prepared to grin and enjoy yourself. And if you are not quite sure that you have a complete excuse for enjoyment, other than the wretched farce, comedy excuse of brainless laughter, you can say: "Harrigan does for the types of New York—the Irish and the negro types—what Dickens did for the types of London. He does it in a better way, so Harrigan, I want to be educated; ergo: I am at Harrigan's." That is very nice and very pleasant and very soothing. Perhaps Harrigan is a little Dickens in his way; perhaps he isn't. It is so near the holidays, why not go into the discussion just now.

"The Last of the Hogsans" will run just as long as "Helly"—all things being equal. It contains more of the elements of popularity, in the shape of striking scenic effects, wonderful bits of stage grouping and admirable dark choruses. It has a slight plot, which binds the strange characters by a certain amount of consistency, and it has plenty of good Brahmesque music of the good old order. Brahms is an artist. Some of his melodies are gems. They are nearly all of them saved from the possibility of being called absolutely original by one or two clever and unexpected notes.

Harrigan, in this latest play, appears as Judge Donahue McKeever, of New York, and we see him settling disputes among darkies and among a crowd of Irish people, who are looking for the last of the Hogsans. Harrigan's songs are as well rendered as ever, but the part he has written for himself is not a good one. It resembles the role of the interlocutor at a minstrel show. All the Judge does is to ask questions, to which the other characters give funny answers. Harrigan works very hard, and looks a somewhat worn as a notice. He perspired profusely, swung his arms aimlessly about and was evidently on pins and needles. Mrs. Yeaman was miscast. (Now, I can't help it, Mrs. Yeaman, you were miscast. You know you were. If you were not, did you not know it? I shall—well, I shall be charmed to receive you, of course.) She wore a blonde wig and some swell dresses, and did as well as she could under the circumstances, though the part played by Charles F. McCarthy, a new-comer, would have suited her better. Mr. McCarthy is a good actor, and will be a great boon to the company. One of the witlesses supplied him by Harrigan conducted the house. He was a "widow-lady" looking towards further matrimony.

"Why," asked the Judge, "can't you remember the name of your memory?"

"Sure," retorted the widow, "I can't take memory in me arms." The "tough girl" is nowhere in "The Last of the Hogsans." She has the small part of an untidy servant girl, but she makes very little of it. Johnny Wild as East's coldish received an ovation. I hope he won't let these ovations turn his head again, and cause him to imagine that he can star. As a matter of fact, he can't. James B. Haddiffe, Harry Fisher and John Bente all made hits, and did Miss Annie Buckley, who had a part of about three lines in length. Miss Buckley uttered her speech so faintly and with such unconscious humor that she will make a sort of a "tough girl" hit in this play.

The songs in "The Last of the Hogsans" are called "Hany by My Side," "Take a Day Off," "Marry Ann," "The Last of the Hogsans," "The Knights of the Mystic Star," "The Rainbow Road" and "Hats Off to Me." ALAN DALL.

While many may apply the term "patent leather" to all kinds of enameled leather, still, strictly speaking, it is only used in the harness trade and in the cheapest grade of shoes, while patent calf is the material from which fine shoes are made, and is used in the best quality of shoes.

Only Used for Harness—Enamelled Calf for Fine Shoes.

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Deep epaules revive the old-fashioned taiman. They are plain on the shoulders and five yards wide on the lower edge. Some are bordered and others lined with fur.

Of making spoons there is no end. To perforated blades, steeled perforated bowls, these retain the form of the teaspoon, but are intended for drinks. Some of the larger spoons have the bowls formed of a spray of silver rose leaves. The leaves are admirably adapted for the purpose. Silver, gilt and Russian enamel prevail. In the latter articles the Moscovite craze, that is occupying the attention of European jewellers to a great degree, seems to have worked a great influence.

Quantities of velvet are used on the camel's hair and ladies' cloth gowns; stripes, figures, large fleecy plaids and plain materials, all may be in for a share of attention in brown, navy, tan, lead and black. Cloth bodies are worn with the long-haired, rough-furred gowns for skirts and sleeves, with accessories of velvet.

It wriggled into the wagon and made matters lively.

The following snake story is evolved from a Texas exchange:

Thursday evening last Judge A. McFarland and his son Guy were driving homeward they saw a large snake lying in the road.

The Judge attempted to kill the snake by crushing it with the wheel of his gig, but instead of "bruising the serpent's head" the Judge's wheel passed over its tail.

Instantly the snake coiled itself around a spoke and at every turn of the swiftly revolving wheel made vicious strikes at Guy's only means of escape was a backward tumble from the gig, which he took falling into a pool of dirty water.

Then there was a mad boy as well as an angry snake. Strange to relate, the snake freed itself from the wheel and attacked Guy in the neck. A shower of stones from Guy's hand finished the snake.

A SPANISH PARADOX.

I came across the following paradox in a Spanish newspaper the other day, and, anomalous though the assertion sounds, a little consideration will suffice to show that it is well within the bounds of possibility.

"Two women, each with a child in her arms, meet in the park. A shower of stones from Guy's hand finished the snake."

The Big Taxpayer.

Mr. Furness (Impassionedly) "What is that party man who makes such a bluster about being a taxpayer?"

Mr. E. Very May—"He's the owner of about forty houses, and raises his rent on each five dollars a month every time the taxes go up fifty cents."

Getting Ready.

Cubbage—"I wonder why they are paying this street."

Hubbage—"They probably intend to put a sewer down as soon as the paving is done."

A HEALTHY and delicious beverage, MEXICAN CHOCOLATE, made to order, and of choice by a celebrated Mexican, New York, and get free sample with directions.

THE LAST OF THE HOGANS.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Prettiest Gowns of the Season Worn by Young Girls—Lace Ruffles for Sleeves—Deep Capes Lined with Fur—Capes for the Servant Girl.

Perhaps the prettiest gowns of the season that are worn by young girls are those of ladies' cloth trimmed with accessories of velvet and an edging of fur. They cannot exactly come under the head of "inexpensive gowns," yet the cloth at \$1.50, velvet at \$1.25 and mink edging at \$1.75 are all stylish and sumptuously nice.

The velvet forms a corset or half yoke, collar and cuffs, with the fur as a piping at the head of the hem, cuffs and finishing the low neck over a glimpse. Brown and black furs are worn on old rose, pearl gray, tan, gray blue and violet gowns.

Ladies who love dogs and wear box coats carry keeled strollers. Those made of silver coat between 75 cents and \$10; the gold range from \$4 to \$20, and the chain job adds about one-third to the cost.

Instead of buying Bridget a pair of rat-skin gloves or a gingham dress for Dec. 25, give her a \$2 bill. Bridget has very dainty tastes, and the chances are she would rather have a pair of tin earrings or a pussy-cat fur collar than your more substantial offerings. More than that, there is a fascination about spending money that the humblest laborer appreciates.

The tendency of the new generation is toward unusual height and graceful slimmness. The situation would be embarrassing to thousands of men who have been too busy to think about growing upward, were it not for the fact that the tall girl, who must be looked up to, is almost invariably benignant, and bears her height with a sweet timidity that charms far.

Some sleeves are trimmed with a ruff of lace falling below a band of fur. The lower close part of the sleeve is of velvet and the upper full part of silk gathered by a black satin ribbon tied on the outside of the arm to form a ruffing full at the elbow.

Buy your brother or sister a collar button for Christmas. The silver ones range from 50 cents to \$1.00; plain and colored gold, from \$1 to \$4; chased and enameled gold, \$1 to \$2; with soft pearls or turquoise, \$1.50 to \$5; and set with precious stones, from \$5 to \$40. A button of this sort will last a lifetime, and a woman will find a hundred uses for it in her own or the toilet of her baby.

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PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

He Had a Magnificent Bed, but Slept Under It.

An English resident of Russia describes the merchant of that country as knowing the pecuniary value of what is called "a good position in society," says Yout's Companion. He has a fine house and gorgeous furniture and gives sumptuous feasts, but he really sighs for the simple life which he formerly led as a peasant.

The corporation of a country town honored me with a dinner, and I slept at the house of a rich merchant of the place. The old gentleman took me, according to custom, into every room of his house, and showed me all the expensive property he had stuffed it with—pictures, furniture, ornaments, clocks, carpets, silver and gold, and was obliged on to exhaust my vocabulary of admiration.

Among the rest he showed me his own bedroom, furnished with a very fine bed, and he asked me the inevitable question: "What do you think of that?"

I admired it properly. I thought it magnificent! It was covered with blue silk and lace.

"Yes," he said, "that cost a deal of money, but with a wink such as nobody but a Russian knows how to give, I don't sleep a-top of that bed. I sleep under it!"

MORRISSEY'S GRATITUDE.

Thad Stevens the Only One to Congratulate Him in Congress.

"Few people know," said John K. Ricker, of Missouri, yesterday at the Public on a San Francisco Call reporter, "that John Morrissey was a man in whom the finer feelings were very largely developed. He felt keenly the reproaches which were heaped upon him because of his having been a gambler and a prizefighter, and he told me that when he was elected to Congress from New York City he made up his mind to show to the world that he could rise above his antecedents."

When he took his seat in the chamber of the House of Representatives he felt that he was looked upon coldly by his associates on the floor. But instead of attempting to resent it he maintained a discreet silence and paid not the slightest heed to what was going on about him.

On the second day of the session, he informed me, a tall, stately old gentleman walked up to his desk, and extending his hand, said: "I am Mr. Morrissey?"

"It is," he responded.

"Then I must congratulate you, sir, upon your election, and I am proud to welcome you here."

"That old man," said Morrissey, in a broken voice, "was the famous Thad Stevens, and that greeting was the proudest moment of my life."

ON DESEDMONA'S COUCH.

An American Beauty Pays for the Privilege of Sleeping.

Una writes from Washington, according to the Philadelphia Record, of Miss Leiter, whose father has a long lease of the Blaine mansion, there is a little story being told now that snatches of the romantic are interspersed with the prosaic.

When in Venice recently the Chicago beauty was shown a palace, within the walls of which the famous pillow scene is said to have been enacted, and was shown a room where Desdemona slept on that fatal night when Othello took her life.

No one is allowed to occupy the room, and few show any inclination to do so, for the story runs that at night, when the fatal hour comes, strange things appear to the occupants of the room, with jealousy, love and anger, hangs over the couch, and for another time repeats the evil deed for which his soul still must wander and wander in the house.

Miss Leiter became possessed with the desire to sleep in that room. Desdemona's couch was a temptation not to be resisted, and the idea that none had used the room for many years made her determined to sleep there. It took an immense amount of talking, but the persuasive power that finally proved effective was the usual tonic—American gold—and a trusty companion accompanied her. She, however, was not to be persuaded to sleep in the room, but in the adjacent chamber and, with the companion in the next room, Miss Leiter finally settled herself on Desdemona's couch. For a time she slept in the room, but she was languid and joking. Then the American belle fell asleep on the silken couch and not even a dream of the hapless beauty came to disturb a long night's slumber.

WAS IT HYPNOTISM?

A Vicious Horse Easily Controlled by a Child.

J. B. Glaus, a Cleveland horseman, who was at the East Buffalo horse sale last Tuesday, told a remarkable story of a child's control of a vicious horse, says the Buffalo Enquirer. Said he:

"It seemed to be a case of hypnotism. A former named White has a very fine steed from about three miles out of the city. He is a good horse trainer, and prides himself on being able to handle the most vicious types of horseflesh that can be brought to him. But last Spring he got more than his match.

Somebody sold him a black stallion that was the worst-tempered creature I ever saw. He would bite and strike and kick with such ferocity that no one could get near him, and White was finally obliged to turn him out to pasture. He thought that he would have to kill him, but of course, he hated to do that, for he was really a valuable beast. But he was no good, for no one could get near him, and he was a real nuisance.

"White had a little boy, seven years old, who is one of the brightest, but most trusting of children.

He—And your genealogy has been traced back to the sixteenth century? Do you know much of the collateral branches?"

She—No; we were interested in our ancestors only, and made no researches as to any of our children.

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