PART II.
FOURTEEN PAGES.

# New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY,
MARCH 1, 1903.

## SALVATION ARMY HOTEL AND ITS LODGERS.

### *EVERY ONE REQUIRED TO BATHE BEFORE SLEEPING—GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS AT LOW COST.*

A man of forty years, ragged and dirty, drifted down the Bowery the other night in the utterly aimless fashion of so many of that motley crowd. He tacked into Chatham Square, where his attention was arrested by the blazing lights of the new Salvation Army Hotel.

"Nothing doing—might as well go to bed," he muttered to himself.

A dirty hand went into his pocket, and he drew out a few small coins, counted them, and put them back.

"Seems a shame to pay for sleeping when I can hardly afford to eat," he remarked to no one in particular.

He hesitated in his indecision for a minute, and then went into the office.

"Give me a bed," he said to the uniformed clerk. He paid his 15 cents and gave the expansive name of Smith.

"The bathroom is downstairs," the clerk said, pointedly.

"Let it stay there," snapped the man. "I'm going to bed." He started for the elevator.

"Hold on, my man; hold on," said Major John C. Smith, who has charge of this latest venture for the army; "no one goes to bed in this hotel without first taking a bath."

The man looked incredulous.

"Do you mean for me to take a bath?" he asked.

"Don't you think you need it?" questioned the officer.

"Me take a bath!" exclaimed the fellow, when he saw that Major Smith was really in earnest. "Me take a bath in the winter time! No, sir; I take them in summer. Why, I'd catch my death of cold."

"Then you'll have to sleep somewhere else," said Major Smith, handing over the 15 cents which the man had paid for his bed.

The man went, and in going said things.

It is this rather peculiar rule which has caused the new lodging house to be dubbed "Hotel de Bath." It is a ten story brick building, which looks out on Chatham Square from the north side and down upon all of the surrounding buildings. It stands on one of the highest spots below Twenty-third-st.

There are eight floors of dormitories and nineteen private rooms. The price of lodging is 15 cents a night or $1 a week. A private room is 10 cents more. The bath, with towels and soap, is thrown in without charge.

In the early evening the bathroom in the basement is a busy place. There are eight slate booths fitted with shower and needle baths. Most of the "guests" are glad of the chance to make themselves clean, and look upon the bath as a positive luxury.

In another basement room are three tubs, in which the men can wash their clothes. There is plenty of soap, and there are washboards to spare. Some men put everything into the tub, from their socks to their coats and trousers. There is a drying machine near by, and by the time the men have finished bathing their clothes are dry. This is a good thing, fo. few of them have a change of apparel.

It is a case of early to bed for most of the men. More than half of them are called before 6 o'clock each morning, which goes to show that the cheap lodging house is no longer a nest of "hoboes."

An Irishman caused some trouble a few nights since by attempting to smoke his old clay pipe in bed.

"I never go to sleep," he explained, "until I've taken a puff or two."

"But it is against the rules for any one to smoke except in the reading room."

"Well, I'll just pass on, then," said the old man. "No pipe, no sleep, and to-morrow is going to be a hard day."

Major Smith, who is in charge of the hotel, used to have direct control of all of the social work of the army in this State. On a recent night no less than twenty Smiths registered, and even John Doe came limping along.

"I believe we are doing a good work," said Major Smith to a Tribune reporter as he showed him over the model hotel. "We are trying to give the workingman who has no wife or home ties a great deal of comfort for very little money. Some of the other cheap hotels seem to think that we are trying to put them out of business. We are doing nothing of the kind, though I am afraid that some of them will be forced by our good example to improve their accommodations.

"Outside of the bathing and smoking rules we are absolutely without restriction. Even a drunken man can get a bed here if he is not noisy. He gets no lecture in the morning, either. We recognize no creed, and will not draw the color line. On Thursday we have a musical and social evening in the reading room, which the men can attend if they choose. On Sunday we hold a praise service. These are the only religious features of the biggest religious lodging house in the city."

Although it is only four weeks since the hotel was opened, the managers have already begun to talk of enlargement. With every one of the 325 beds for sale at present occupied every night, space it had not been thought necessary to use at first is now being fitted with additional beds, and next week the hotel will accommodate four hundred men nightly.

"And bless you, they enjoy it, too," said Major Smith.

The men certainly act as if they not only enjoy but appreciate the comforts of the hotel, but, whether they do or not, the majority of its patrons entertain a high regard for Major Smith. When he walks through the sleeping rooms or the reading room of the hotel he is greeted with marked enthusiasm on every hand.

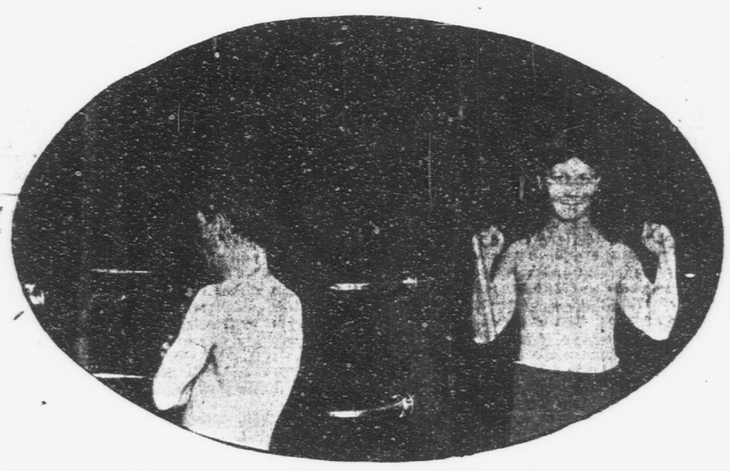
Human nature can be studied in many phases at the Salvation Army Hotel. Humor and pathos go hand in hand down the line of applicants at the clerk's desk. A man who has evidently seen better days, a man plainly honest and hard-working, with gray hair and deep lines about his mouth, stands shoulder to shoulder with a man whose breath is a violation of the liquor law. A young man with unmistakable signs of the country about him registers just ahead of a Bowery product who makes a bad shot at the cuspidor and calls the clerk "pardner."

But mixed as the throng is that applies nightly for lodging at the Salvation Army Hotel, it is an orderly throng.

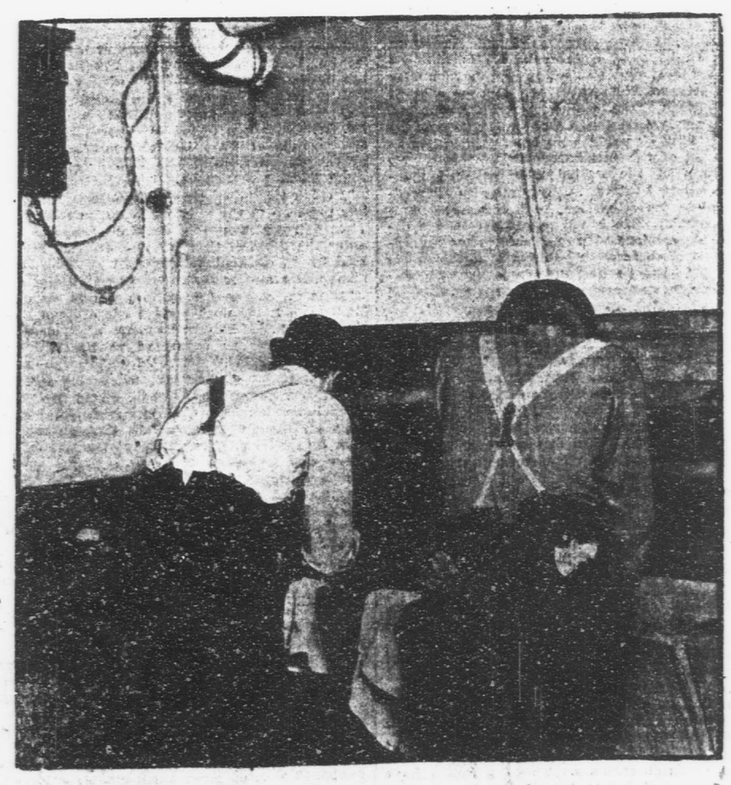
The reading room is large, clean, well lighted and supplied with all the leading daily and weekly papers. There is no game room as yet, but that is to come later. Patrons ride to and from their floors in elevators and act much as if they preferred the Salvation Army Hotel to any other.

NOT WILLING TO BATHE.

When the clerk said, "Downstairs to the bath!" the man at the head of the line protested and walked out.



LODGERS ABOUT TO TAKE THE NECESSARY BATH.



PATRONS WASHING THEIR OWN SOCKS AND COLLARS.

## THE FUR BUSINESS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

### *ATTAINING CONSIDERABLE PROPORTIONS—ANIMALS CHIEFLY CAUGHT—GROWING DEMAND.*

Lyons, N. Y., Feb. 28 (Special).—The snap of steel traps on clear winter nights in frozen swamps and beside icebound streams is becoming so frequent in Western New-York that soon this part of the country will have another industry to bring it into prominence besides its apples and its wheat. To view the hundreds of busy villages, smoky cities, isolated dryhouses and long low brick manufactories along country roads, the Gotham traveller would never for a moment suspect that when the wind blows colder from the northwest and the frost is followed by the snow the industry of the fields is not slackened, but only directed along another path. In a word, Western New-York is establishing a record for itself as a fur producing centre. It never hopes to rival the Hudson Bay country, nor the cold plains of the Far Northwest, but in its own way its swamps and underbrush furnish many a rich woman with the luxurious warmth which surrounds her form in bitter days of winter.

The extent to which this industry has developed is seen from the fact that a fur company has already been formed, with headquarters in this city. Its head, H. G. Dickerson, has so far this winter purchased $12,000 worth of furs and shipped them to New-York. The season is not yet over, and it is probable that at least $5,000 more will be expended in further purchases before the warm spring rains break up the ice and free the streams. The company handles the product of many of the west counties, such as Wayne, Ontario, Steuben, Yates, Monroe, Genesee, Orleans, Niagara and even as far south and west as Allegany and Chautauqua. The direct labor of gathering the furs is done by the company's agents, who drive through the country collecting the pelts from the trappers, and paying cash for their purchases. These are brought into headquarters at Lyons, assorted and shipped on to the metropolis, where they are dressed, dyed and made into whatever style of garment or wrap the retailers demand.

Of all the pelts purchased for New-York shipment, the most useful, and at the same time the most numerous, is that of the offensive and despised skunk. To the trade this skin is known as "black marten," and at its best is a very thick, warm and smooth fur. Its value lies, however, not so much in its intrinsic worth as in the ease with which it may be worked over, dyed and disguised. When gray squirrel is the fashion of the hour, the humble skunk furnishes many a beautiful garment, which meets the requirements of the woman of fastidious taste. When the style changes, the skunk skin is changed also, and only the expert knows the difference. The inroads into the number of these little animals should soon have an effect upon their presence in this country, but so far they appear to thrive without apparent decrease. One man in Alton recently brought in eight hundred skins of skunk, shot and trapped by him. For these he received about $1,800 for the skins, which in their rough state are worth from $2 to $3 and $4 each. When cured and dressed, the profit which they yield is enormous.

Another animal in whose capture there is a great profit is the muskrat. This small frequenter of the streams is to be found in vast numbers along all of the larger creeks and lake inlets, and in the low swamp lands. They are usually trapped, although many hunters shoot them with fine bird shot, in order that the pelts may be torn as little as possible. Of course in this latter way many more may be brought to bag, but their skins do not command as high a price as those caught in the traps. Last spring, when the rains and melting snows broke up the ice in the small streams and in the upper waters of the Genesee, the muskrats were captured in vast numbers. Their fur is very soft and beautiful, and is much used for lining purposes.

These two animals furnish nine-tenths of the skins shipped from this part of the State, but occasionally some lucky farmer boy comes in with mink or a coon, or perhaps a fox skin. The first named is almost like a nugget of pure gold, for almost any price asked is cheerfully paid. Sometimes a persistent hunter will succeed in getting half a dozen gray squirrel skins, perhaps a black one as a contrast. These, too, are valuable, for the gray squirrel is becoming rare in the western woods, while the great black squirrel is almost never seen.

The causes which go to make this part of the State so rich in the smaller fur bearing animals are found in the hundreds of streams and the scores of inland lakes and ponds. For example, Seneca Lake, near Geneva, is a favorite spot for muskrats, and they have been taken by the hundreds in the season. Skunks are found chiefly in the dense swamps, where the creatures are to be caught by the thousands. Any township which can boast a low stretch of marshy land, a broad creek or a pond is a mine of wealth for the industrious farmer boy whose winter hours are not occupied so laboriously as are those of the harvest days. His gun or his skilfully set snares bring in his game, but when the red mittens of the struggling young Tonawanda boy administered the fatal blow to the struggling captive of his pitfall he did not call it a squirrel; he said emphatically that it was "one o' them durned ole pesky skunks."

### SKUNK MEAT PALATABLE.

#### So Say Hunters Who Have Been Induced to Partake of It.

The intrinsic value of the useful skunk does not necessarily end when his pelt is stripped. Sometimes, by those who are used to him and his ways, he is eaten like a rabbit or a squirrel or any other animal which comes within the category of game. This may seem improbable to the reader whose acquaintance with the skunk is confined for the most part to his reputation, but the men who have tasted the flesh of the animal declare that it is as tender as young chicken, as full flavored as duck, juicy as goose and reminiscent of rabbit, especially when served up in a steaming potpie with a crust and much gravy.

To say that anybody makes a practice of devouring skunk in the season of his taking would be an exaggeration, but it is a fact that many trappers do not hesitate to use his skinned body for food, and find it palatable, too. As nearly every farmer in Yates County is a skunk hunter during the winter, the number of carcasses that go into the stewpan rather than the snowdrift may be imagined. It is hard to get any of them to admit right out that they eat skunk frequently, but it is a generally admitted fact that the most numerous body of skunk epicures in the world are to be found within the borders of Yates County. One old trapper had this to say on the subject:

"I have eaten skunks, and I don't make no bones of saying so. I don't do it regular, any more than a hunter eats ducks or rabbits every day of the week, but an occasional skunk, well cooked and served proper, is a dish that one has only got to try to like. I was broke in on it without knowing what I was eating. If I had been told I suppose they couldn't have hired me to touch the stuff. As it was, I was helped to a dish of steaming potpie, and I cleaned it up and asked for more. I thought it was rabbit. When they told me what I had been eating I'll admit it made me feel mighty oneasy in the regions of my stumick, but the flavor of the durned stuff got into my tongue, and the next time I trapped a skunk I cleaned it careful and gave it to the ole woman to cook into a potpie. Tole her it was rabbit, and dinged if she didn't like it. She thinks they're rabbits now whenever I bring 'em home. The great thing in dressing them is to be careful an' not git any of the scent on the meat, for if you do it's all off for a potpie."

Another expert with gun and trap said that he had frequently eaten skunks and also woodchucks. The former, he said, were a good deal like the black meat of tender chickens, although sometimes he had tasted them when the flavor was more like that of a duck. The woodchuck, he said, was like a cross between pork and goose, very fat, juicy and tender. The only way to cook the skunk, he observed, was to stew it in a potpie. Like rabbit, it did not seem to take well to frying or broiling.

## HUMOROUS SIDE OF LEGISLATIVE LIFE AT ALBANY.

### *"ISSY" COHN'S EXPERIENCE WITH COHOES DANCE—DINNER THAT WAS NOT EATEN.*

Albany, Feb. 28 (Special).—A practical joke of such huge proportions was played on Assemblyman Isidor Cohn of the VIIIth District, New-York, recently, that he has not yet fully grasped all its details. It all came about from Mr. Cohn's ambition to become a philanthropist. On hearing of a dance which was to be given at Cohoes, Mr. Cohn conceived the idea of inviting up twenty-five couples from New-York, from the élite society of "De Ate." At the same time he would pay off a few campaign debts and strengthen his fences for re-election.

With such a beneficent purpose, Mr. Cohn drew heavily on his savings bank account, bought fifty tickets to the dance, and exhibited them to his fellow Tammany Assemblymen. He then dilated on the beauties of the belles of Cohoes, and went into intricate details in telling of the diamonds, sunbursts, rings, silks and furs which would be worn by the fair twenty-five maidens from "De Ate."

Mr. Cohn has introduced a bill taxing spinsters and bachelors, and has accordingly been regarded by the other unmarried Democrats as having made a treacherous coalition with Governor Odell to assist him in his indirect tax schemes. The opportunity had now come for revenge, and the bachelors, along with a few married men, who wished they were bachelors, quickly framed a plot.

When the day of the dance came the conspiracy was complete. Assemblyman Ellis went to a telephone booth about three hours before the hour for the dance, and rang up Keeler's Annex, where Mr. Cohn has his rooms. The time was indeed ripe. Mr. Cohn was in a bathtub enjoying the filtered water of Albany, raised to a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and reading the last act of "The Merchant of Venice." Assemblyman Bourke, of New-York, sat in an adjoining room reading "The Village Blacksmith," when a knock came at the door. As Mr. Bourke was one of the conspirators he quickly opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Dere's some one as wants to speak with Mr. Issy Cohn," said the bellboy.

"He can't do it," replied Mr. Bourke. "Mr. Cohn is in the bath. Who wants to see him?"

"Some bloke in New-York," said the bellboy. "He's on the long distance."

"Well, then," said Mr. Bourke, as he knit the first loop in the skein of the plot, "you tell the clerk to take the message for Mr. Cohn. Hurry, now, before the battery runs down."

Mr. Cohn was just in the midst of a scene when Mr. Bourke knocked on the door of the bathroom.

"Message for you over the long distance telephone," he said in answer to Mr. Cohn's "Hello!"

Book and bath were at once abandoned, and the Assemblyman from "De Ate" hastily dressed and ran down to the hotel office. There the clerk handed him this laconic message:

Dear Issy: Am coming to Albany to-night. Want you to meet me at the 7 o'clock train. Important. Want you to fix something big. It will make you a millionaire. FLORRIE.

"Ach!" exclaimed Mr. Cohn, losing control of himself for the nonce. "From Florrie Sullivan, mine boss? Something big? I vonder vat? And dis is de night of de dancing? Mine peoples is already on de train!"

The little Assemblyman, still muttering between his teeth, went to his room and told the story to Mr. Bourke and some other conspirators who had come in.

"Don't let it break your heart, Issy," said Mr. Bourke. "Wipe away your tears. I'll take those fifty tickets off your hands for fifty cents on the dollar, so you won't lose much. Then you can see your district leader when he comes, and if you are going to make a million out of this deal what do you care for a little inconvenience."

"But my peoples," wailed Mr. Cohn. "Vat vill I do by dem ven dey comes?"

"Walk 'em up and down the street," suggested Mr. Ellis, who had just entered the room. "Show them Albany after dark. Take them up on the Capitol steps and let them count the electric lamps. There's lots of ways you can entertain guests in Albany."

Mr. Cohn was at last reconciled and turned the tickets over to Mr. Bourke, who immediately distributed them among his fellow Brutuses. An hour before the ball Assemblymen Bourke, Ellis, Butler, McCormack, Cadin, Grattan, Cook and a dozen or more others boarded a train for Cohoes, while Mr. Cohn wandered about the bleak station waiting for Florence Sullivan, his district leader, and the "something big."

The dance proved to be a gala affair, but the Cohoes belles kept asking after Mr. Cohn with such persistency that it was with the greatest difficulty that the plot was kept a secret. Between the dances Mr. Butler, the Assemblyman from the IXth District, sang ditties used in the Devery campaign, and told stories about "Big Bill" which charmed the maidens of Cohoes. Mr. Butler is also a master of the Devery method of speaking English, and his singing is regarded by his friends as equal to that of Andrew Mack or Chauncey Olcott.

But the hearts of even the hardest of the conspirators were touched when they returned to Albany to find the little Assemblyman still waiting at the station for his leader. His guests had come and gone. Despite his overcoat, Mr. Cohn was shivering with the cold. It had been planned to reveal the plot and have a huge laugh all around; but no one had the "nerve," as one of them put it, to "break the egg." They finally persuaded him, however, that Mr. Sullivan would never come that late at night, and got him back to his room.

Mr. Cohn's experience, however, may turn out almost as good as the "something big" of the telephone message. His Tammany friends, together with the big Democratic leaders, could not help but be impressed with the devotion of the little legislator to his leader and what he considered his duty. In politics Mr. Cohn has thus shown that he considers pleasure of secondary importance, and such are the kind of men wanted for promotion from the ranks. As a result a small sized boom is under way to make Mr. Cohn a Congressman in 1904, and among the most enthusiastic of these boomers are Messrs. Bourke, Ellis and Butler.

At the "House of Commons," where the Republican leaders of the Assembly eat and sleep, map out their battles of debate or twist the fuses of political mine and countermine, they are still telling the story of "The dinner that was not eaten."

It all came about through an invitation which Speaker Nixon received from Washington L. Jaques, of the Murray Hill Hotel, New-York, and Frank N. Bain, of the Palatine Hotel, of Newburg, to attend with his fellow "commoners" a dinner at the Hotel Ten Eyck, in Albany. The understanding was that the Assemblymen should be down to the hotel about 7 o'clock, at which time their guest would arrive on a New-York Central train.

The fact that two hotel men of such prominence as Messrs. Jaques and Bain were to be the hosts led the legislators to think that the dinner would exceed their fondest expectations, and accordingly they began training for it a day in advance. They curtailed their appetites as best they could, ate pickles instead of sweet stuffs, and drank large quantities of aperient water. Assemblyman Morgan, who had turned over a new leaf this session with the resolve that he would smile an hour each day, forgot his vow, and all showed the severe discipline of body and mind which they were undergoing.

When the fatal night came it was found that the dinner party had been cut down in numbers for the reason that Assemblymen Morgan and Burnett had to go out to dinner elsewhere because of previous engagements. James G. Graham, the secretary to Governor Odell, had accompanied the chief executive of the State to Washington, while Assemblyman Dickenson, of Cortland, was compelled to stay at home.

At thirty minutes of the hour of 7 a party of five, consisting of Assemblymen Nixon, Rogers, Bedell, Fowler and Apgar, left the "House of Commons." All were faint from hunger. After waiting about the hotel for nearly twenty minutes one of them made bold to inquire at the desk if either Jacques or Mr. Bain had engaged rooms. Nothing, it was said, had been heard of either one. Another dreary twenty minutes passed and still no Bain or Jaques. Some one telephoned down to the station and found that the train had come in a half hour before, but still no Jacques or Bain. The Speaker by this time complained of a headache caused by lack of nourishment, and Mr. Fowler, whose introduction of a skunk bill this session has won him marked recognition in the Assembly, at last confessed he had pains in the small of his back. After a short parley it was decided to return home, where the wouldbe diners found Assemblyman Dickenson warming himself before a grate fire with the satisfied smile of having eaten an extensive dinner. The chef scurried about, culled out a few cold victuals and prepared a "picked up" meal, which at last allayed the headache and backache of the Chautauqua County members. Some hours later, when Mr. Bedell was just getting ready for bed, the telephone rang, and this voice sounded over the wire:

"Hello! Here we are, Jacques and Bain. Just got in. Missed train. Too bad, but can't be helped. Come on down."

"Sorry, but we're just going to bed," moaned the Speaker.

Jacques and Bain then ordered eggs and toast and followed the example of the "commoners."

Henry Marshall, who is the only Republican Senator from Brooklyn this year, was a newspaper man in his early days. Even now there are occasions when the Senator delights to tell of his former experiences as a journalist and to dream of the fortunes that he would have made had he stuck to this profession.

Thus it was the other day, that the Brooklyn Senator joined a circle of fellow statesmen to hear this old and mellow story, told by a new member, who thought that the tale was likewise new. It ran as follows:

"Once on a time there was an Irishman, whose wife, Nora, lay on her deathbed. Finally the wife said:

"'Pat, Ol've a lahst bit of koindness to ashk of ye. Will be ye so good as to roide with me mudder to me funeral?'

"'Oh, yes, thot I will; but it'll take all the pleasure out of the day,' said Patrick.

"That makes me think of the time when I assumed the editorship of 'The Seneca Falls Courier,' remarked Senator Marshall, gravely, after a moment's silence. "The next week after I had taken charge of the paper a hayseed came into the office and wanted me to publish a half column obituary of a friend of his who had died out West.

"'Well,' said I, 'I can't give up all that space to your friend. I'd like to, but I've got to print some other news, too.'

"'Never mind,' said the hayseed, "it'll increase the circulation of your paper.'

"'How do you make that out?' I asked, thinking that after all he knew more about the newspaper business than I did.

"'Why,' said he, 'Hiram's got a heap of friends and all of 'em will be mighty glad to see his funeral notice.'"

It has come to be a tradition that Seat No. 6 in the Assembly is hoodooed. No. 6 is in the bottom of the well of the chamber, and if one did not know the shadow that hangs over it he might pick out this seat in preference to all others. There are in all twelve chairs in the first row, ranged in a semicircle, with the centre aisle between Nos. 6 and 7. For this reason No. 6 is easy of access, or, if necessary, easy to escape from for the man who desires at times to dodge a rollcall.

For many years the occupant of No. 6 has never been returned to the legislature. He has always met with defeat at the polls as a candidate for re-election, or in some other way he has been overtaken with political humiliation. Despite all efforts to escape the fate which seems to attend him who sits there, the ban has not yet been removed.

J. Mayhew Wainwright, the Assemblyman from the IId District of Westchester County, is the present occupant of No. 6. Shortly after his election Mr. Wainwright was thrown from his carriage in a runaway.

"For this reason," said Mr. Wainwright yesterday, "I feel that I have already satisfied the spirit of the place. I cannot believe that the genius of No. 6 is so insatiable as also to demand political catastrophe."

Robert Mazet occupied No. 6 in 1899, and in the following fall he was defeated for re-election in the XIXth District by Perez M. Stewart. In 1900 No. 6 was held by Edward H. Fallows, the representative of the XXIst Assembly District, New-York, who took a prominent part in the session of that year. Mr. Fallows, however, joined his fortunes with those of the Austin faction, and went down to defeat before the victorious leadership of Abraham Gruber, who secured the election of William S. Bennet. Eugene F. Vacheron, of Queens, sat in No. 6 during the session of 1901, and Mr. Vacheron was defeated for re-election by Francis X. Duer, the Democratic candidate. Last year the fated chair was occupied by William Schneider, of the IVth District of Erie County. Mr. Schneider was defeated in his efforts to secure an election to the Senate.

Assemblyman Clark, of the XXIXth District, New-York, disclosed the fact the other day that he was a novelist as well as a legislator. Since Mr. Clark came to Albany he has been struck with certain "manifestations of extravagance," as he is pleased to call them. If Governor Odell wants to cut down the expenses of State government there are many ways which Mr. Clark is able to suggest because of quiet studies which he has pursued, both in the role of a statesman and that of a writer.

Thus it was that in going through the report of the Controller recently Mr. Clark was amazed to find out what the State printing amounts to in a year. He set about seeing how this sum could be cut down, and finally it occurred to him that there were too many bills printed which were never passed. In looking over the files he found several bills which have been introduced session after session for the last ten years, and on inquiry he was much grieved to hear that their sponsers had only introduced them to "lay them aside." Mr. Clark then conceived the idea of establishing a kind of legislative hopper, which would permit only those bills to escape which deserved to be printed and passed.

"Why," said Mr. Clark yesterday, "just to show how absurd the present system is, I may introduce a bill as an amendment to the charter of the city of New-York which would be nothing more nor less than one of my novels."

"Novels?" exclaimed a Tammany man who chanced to overhear the Republican member.

"Yes, I once wrote a novel," replied Mr. Clark, "which I sent to all the publishers, only to have them send it back to me. Now, you see I can introduce it as a bill, and get it printed at the expense of the State. Just to think of that."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Democrat. "I think the law of treason would prevent your novel getting into print that way."

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