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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1912.

Mr. Wilson's Growing Popularity.

Again Virginia is the mother of Presidents. Staunton, Va., realizes its dignity as the birthplace of a President-elect, and is making the effort of its life to do honor to Gov. Wilson, who is visiting the town in which his father was once the pastor of a church. Quite the most striking feature of the celebration was the signaling of his progress by bonfires from the time his special train crossed the State line till it arrived at Staunton. As the light of the farthest bonfire was seen the bonfire next was started, and Gov. Wilson approached his native spot under the guidance of flaming heralds.

For the first time since his election the President-elect has spent a short quarter of an hour in our midst and his popularity already seems established. A President of the United States, setting out on a true course and firmly resolved to follow it, would not have nearly as much to fear as is popularly supposed from any private interest or any combination of private interests. The American people, irrespective of party, would be at his back at the first call to such encounter. There may be men of highly developed intellect and artificial authority who are contemptuous of the wisdom of the rank and file of the American race, or of any race of ordinary beings, but they have a very discriminating respect for the temper and power of the American nation.

Back of a President striving to do his duty for the nation will always be the nation. It will be charitable with shortcomings, if he has them, so long as his aim and effort are genuinely in sympathy with and unselfishly devoted to the public. Nothing is easier than for a President to preserve the affection and with it the aid of the people. The fine thing about Gov. Wilson seems his deep sense of obligation to those voters who have trusted him with doing, or trying to do, what they wish to be done.

Mr. Wilson may be wrong in his economic theories, he may, because of mistaken policies, never succeed in achieving for the public the benefits his imagination has pictured as coming with Democratic government. But as long as he is working for those people, resisting the efforts of selfish politicians and sordid interests to use him for their ends, he will have the esteem of the masses of his party that voted for him and of other parties that did not vote for him. And he will have the popular support to buttress him against his enemies.

Many more than his partisan followers already are prepared to give their heartiest New Year wishes to Woodrow Wilson, who in a few weeks is to enter the White House. Progressive members of not only the Bull Moose but the Republican party are showing their sympathy with his plans for the new administration, so far as hours of them come from conference and council.

An International Pariah.

Ex-President Castro, of Venezuela, presently will knock for admission into the United States, and the Federal authorities are trying to decide what they will do with him.

Castro, after succeeding Andrade as Venezuela's President in 1900, for eight years maintained his defiant and corrupt dictatorship. Three years after his accession Venezuelan ports were blockaded by English, German, and Italian warships in an effort to obtain a settlement of claims due to citizens of these nations. The result of Castro's appeal to our government for intervention was the reference of the issue to The Hague tribunal. By its decision Venezuela had to pay about $5,500,000 to the "preferred creditors," meaning those who sent warships, but there was a matter of more than $4,000,000 still due other creditors. The repudiation of what was owing to Belgium and a quarrel with Holland were followed by the destruction of Venezuela's mosquito fleet by Dutch gunboats. In December, 1908, Castro saw fit to visit Europe for a surgical operation. In his absence Juan Gomez, the Vice President, headed an insurrection against the little tyrant, and was installed as President in June, 1910. Since then Castro has been hunting in vain in every land for harborage to instigate efforts to win back his forfeited authority.

One of the uncomfortable questions asked an arrival at Ellis Island is whether he is an anarchist. Castro cannot dodge that query. During his eight years of misrule and his subsequent wanderings at large he has established his character as one opposed to constitutional law and accepted international procedure. America has not yet become the happy camping ground or refuge of those who meditate sedition, as the insurrectionary junta at San Antonio and other points in Texas found out during the Mexican revolution. This is a free and hospitable country, but it does not need to run the risk of becoming the citadel of immunity for the enemies of mankind.

Farmer vs. Protection.

The Democrats have shown their intentions toward the steel and chemical, the wool and cotton tariffs. They are for an income tax, and the House passed a free sugar bill. But the bills which were railroaded through to meet the President's veto included no legislation on farm products, although the party had gone on record as favoring free trade in agriculture with Canada. Democrats have scoffed at all arguments that the American farmer needs tariff protection. Southern Democrats thank their stars that the Republicans in 1897 failed to put a duty on cotton. Had it been applied the subsequent advance in the price of cotton probably would have been successfully claimed as a fruit of the protective policy and sufficed for the development of a strong Republican party among the cotton growers of the South.

At the same time the Democrats realize that they carried many a Western State which turned from President Taft solely by reason of his reciprocity policy. It is doubtful how far the Democrats elected from Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Minnesota will be willing to support a "farmers' free list bill," consisting of the articles the farmer raises rather than those he buys.

Should the Democratic tariff revision rest content with a reduction instead of an obliteration of the duty on agricultural products, it becomes a question whether the change will ever be discernible in the householder's weekly market bill. Few tariff problems ever bore so directly upon the immediate welfare of the individual as that which will be discussed on January 20.

The Food Tariff.

A single day, Monday, January 20, has been set aside by the Ways and Means Committee for hearing those interested in the tariff on agricultural products.

If all should attend who are affected thereby many millions would invade Washington on that day. The pressing problem of the increasing cost of living is related more closely to the agricultural schedule of the tariff than to any other. More has been heard of "Schedule K," but if the protective tariff on wool is, as it often has been called, the "keystone of the arch" of protection, the agricultural schedule is the foundation of the whole structure.

The framers of the McKinley bill brought the American farmer into the protective partnership. His every product was generously protected. The result was that that element of the population which formerly carped at high tariffs as a special privilege for manufacturers came to believe that they had a stake in and drew benefit from the protective tariff. The firmness of their faith was demonstrated by their desertion of President Taft when he fathered Canadian reciprocity, which was simply free trade in agricultural products with Canada, the nearest and most formidable farming rival of the United States.

Delaware's Disgrace.

Delaware papers are conducting a rather heated argument over the proposal to eliminate the "voter's assistance clause" in the ballot law of that State, and, though it is freely admitted that this feature of the election act has been a great instrument of corruption, yet vigorous defense of this provision is made in some quarters.

Fear is expressed that the ignorant voter will be disfranchised; but in these days of widespread educational opportunities it has become an axiom that a man commits an offense against the State by remaining ignorant. The ability to read and mark his own ballot is surely not an onerous obligation to place upon a man offered the boon of American citizenship, and if he voluntarily works his disfranchisement by a neglect to use advantages so freely provided, he is not worthy to exercise it. The actual ground of apprehension among a large class in Delaware is that with the "assistance clause" eliminated, it will not be so easy to consummate a bargain in votes.

His Omission.

From Judge.

He boasted loudly of the pies
His dear old mother used to make.
He never said a word about
Dyspepsia pills he used to take.

The Real Victim.

From Judge.

"Is your wife a victim of bargain days?"

"No; I'm the victim. She seems to enjoy them very much."

Obstinacy by any Other Name.

From Judge.

Mary Mild—Cholly says he has great will power.

Carrie Caustique—All donkeys have.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CHRISTMAS DELINQUENTS.

Sister sent out ninety gifts;
Ninety was the score.
Quite a lot,
But she got
Only eighty-four.

Thus it is that sister now
Feels a trifle mad;
Spent her pelf,
Finds herself
Six gifts to the bad.

She is checking up her list.
She will make a stir,
We suppose,
When she knows
Who the culprits were.

Probably Exaggerated.

There is a rumor that one of the English suffragettes threw a brick at Santa Claus.

It Was Defective.

"How about that girl who married the duke?"

"She has entered suit."

"For divorce so soon?"

"No; against the company that guaranteed his title."

December 28 in History.

December 28, 1534.—Henry VIII refuses to eat any more turkey hash and gives the skeleton of the turkey to a tramp.

December 28, 1755.—Boswell and Dr. Johnson hold a rummage sale of useless gifts.

Several Sizes.

"Got a dictionary at your house?"

"Several. Want to look up a word or press some clothes?"

Little G. Washington.

Ere all the holidays were gone
No doubt George in his glee
Had tried that little hatchet on
The Christmas tree.

Issuing Stock.

"Papa, the boy next door wants to merge our toy railroads."

"Um, I suppose the consolidated roads will be operated from his house?"

"Yes; I'm to get cigarette coupons for my road."

"Beware, son. That boy is a frenzied financier."

Just Escaped.

"I see they are going to revise the tariff from agate to zinc."

"Lucky escape for me. I manufacture xylophones."

GEN. MENA TO GO FREE.

Revolutionary Leader to Be Released from Hospital.

Orders have been issued from Washington for the release of Gen. Luis Mena, who has been confined in the United States Hospital at Ancon, Panama Canal Zone, ever since last September, when he surrendered as leader of the revolution in Nicaragua and accepted safe escort out of that country on a United States warship.

The State Department believes that Mena's condition is such that he is no longer a menace to the peace of Central America. It is expected that Mena will go to Costa Rica, where he owns a farm and has many friends.

Club's Governors to Meet.

A joint meeting of the boards of governors of the National Republican Club and the Capital Club will be held this afternoon at the clubhouse, 1247 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest, to make arrangements for the transfer of the assets and liabilities and to execute the articles of incorporation for the new organization.

Talk on Association.

"The Power of Association" is to be the subject of Evangelist C. B. Raymond in an address before the Washington Temple Congregation (nonsectarian) in the auditorium of New Masonic Temple, New York Avenue and Thirteenth Street, to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Court Gossip on Subjects of International Interest

A woman of high social position at Sofia, the wife of a Bulgarian staff officer, was found guilty of betraying that country's mobilization plans to the Turkish authorities, and was shot.

A few years ago she fell in love with an officer attached to the Turkish Legation at Sofia, but her parents objected to the marriage, and she finally wedded a Bulgarian officer. Some time later that Turkish officer renewed his friendship with his old sweetheart, and one day he said to her: "I have been ordered by my superiors to obtain the Bulgarian mobilization plans. If I do not succeed I shall be relegated to some distant command in Asia Minor, and we shall have no chance of seeing one another."

A day or two later the woman handed him a bundle of documents containing the Bulgarian war plans, which she had taken from her husband's desk, telling him to photograph them and return them the Turkish officer was captured by the Bulgarians in one of the first engagements, and in his pockets were found papers revealing the whole affair. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to die. The young Bulgarian woman was arrested at Sofia, tried by a special court, and, being found guilty, was shot.

Military spies of the fair sex are comparatively common. Only a short time ago a woman named Petersen was arrested at Kiel on suspicion of being a spy in the employ of France. She had entered into a love affair with a noncommissioned officer named Diedrich, of the German Explosive Department, for the purpose of obtaining from him some important naval secrets which she believed that he possessed.

This reminds that some years ago a young English lady attached to the British secret service was detailed to secure, if possible, certain army secrets of France. With the hope of being successful, she attracted the attention of a member of the French headquarters staff, who promptly fell in love with her. Her conscience, however, reproached her with the traitorous part she was playing, and finally she found herself returning the affection of her victim. As a consequence she resigned her post, and was led to the altar by the young officer.

At the time that the Rock of Gibraltar was being turned into a strong fortress a young German girl took up her residence there and a large number of the officers became victims of her charms. A middle-aged major, however, suspected that the fascinating "fraulein" was a spy in the employ of Germany, and during a few discreet chats he had with her he discovered that she knew a good deal concerning guns and other matters. After communicating with the British war office, he politely but firmly requested the German girl to return to her native country.

It has been said that the German war office has female spies in all parts of the world, and recently a number of barmaids of German nationality employed in hotels and cafes on the eastern frontier of France were expelled from the country owing to the fact that information had been placed before the French war ministry to the effect that they were spies in the employ of Germany.

Perhaps one of the cleverest spies that ever lived was Bernotzki, a Russian. In 1907 he laid the entire plans of a campaign elaborated by the Grand Duke Nicholas before the Turkish government. He was a very daring fellow, but he allowed himself too much latitude and was discovered. He was brought before the Grand Duke, who sentenced him to a long term of imprisonment in one of the subterranean dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg. Bernotzki's jailer was so bitter against him that he declined to supply the prisoner with food, and, in consequence, he later starved slowly to death.

Another notorious spy was the French Sergt. Hoff, who has been described as the greatest military humbug in history. Again and again he pompously announced to his brother-officers that he had killed scores of Prussian soldiers single-handed; but, strange to tell, he was never seen to kill even one. Hoff's duty was to go out scouting by night, and when he returned he nearly always brought into camp a number of rifles which he boasted were the property of the Prussians he had slaughtered.

After a time Hoff's superior officers became suspicious, and one night they sent a lieutenant to follow the sergeant. Hoff was seen to march into the Prussian's camp and chat with their officers. When he returned to the French lines he was taxed with being a spy, and when the lieutenant produced evidence that he was a traitor to his country, and in the employ of the Prussians, an officer snatched Hoff's revolver and shot him dead then and there.

The Russian war office has spies all over Europe, a goodly number being of the fair sex. The most notorious and daring women spies, however, are attached to the Russian secret political police.

Zinaide Joutchenko, nee Gerngross, a member of a well-to-do family at Vitebsk, was a noted Russian police spy. This woman made her first appearance as an "agent provocateur" in 1904, when she was twenty-three years of age. In the following year she betrayed the plot of Rasputine against Czar Nicholas II, at the time of that Emperor's projected journey to Moscow. Rasputine and his friends were arrested, and, to avert suspicion in the minds of the revolutionists from Miss Joutchenko, the police, on her instructions, also arrested her, and she was kept in prison eleven months.

For years "Zina" Joutchenko sent her comrades to prison, to the scaffold, and to Siberia, while showing them the utmost tenderness. In 1907 she elaborated the plan of Reinbot's execution in one of the theaters of Moscow and handed it over to Frania Frumkin, a young revolutionary. At the time Reinbot was prefect of Moscow, but before Frumkin could shoot him at the theater she was arrested. The unfortunate girl was sent to the gallows in ignorance of the fact that Joutchenko had betrayed her to the police.

The Kaiser and his Empress are now in residence at the Neue Palais in Potsdam, where they will remain until New Year's Eve (the historic German Sylvester night), when the Imperial pair will go to Berlin where the Kaiser will hold the usual New Year's reception in the "Weisse Saal" of the "Delte Schloss."

The autumnal court hunt (Herbjard) at Letztingen was a "great success," 200 wild boars and 200 deer being slaughtered in a single day.

Wonder what Frederick the Great, the ancestor whom the Kaiser has taken for his especial prototype and who abhorred the needless slaughter of dumb animals, would say to such dreadful carnage! And it is not even a case of genuine sport and the pleasure of the hunt that excites the hunter, for the poor beasts actually are driven by a squad of foresters almost under the muzzle of the rifles of the "chasseurs," who simply pull the trigger as the beasts are hurrying past to cover.

Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm, like his imperial father, is also a mighty huntsman and is entertaining his annual shooting parties this month at Oels, his magnificent estate and forests in Silesia. The Schloss and its dependencies are situated on the Oder River to the south of Breslau, the capital of the province of Silesia and often the center of operations during the famous seven years' war between Frederick the Great and Empress Maria Theresa. Oels up to 1915 was the seat of the Duke of Brunschweig Oels, a principality belonging to the Brunswick dynasty until absorbed by Prussia.

FLANEUR.

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It Depends.

From Judge.

Student in physics—Could you get a shock by holding onto the receiver of a telephone?

Professor—It depends upon who is talking.

A Professional Opinion.

From Judge.

First M. D.—Has he any deep-seated trouble?

Second M. D.—Yes, a wife waiting for him in the subway station.

HOPE

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

Hope is a beautiful and romantic fever with which most men are plentifully supplied.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast and runs without meter rates or stop clocks. It is the cheapest thing in the world and is the most useful, and also the most unprofitable of human qualities.

Hope keeps a man working after all his friends declare that his business can never pull through.

Hope made Cyrus Field a regular nuisance about the Atlantic cable until it was finally laid after four failures.

Hope keeps an old maid agreeable, a wife patient, and a husband extravagant.

Hope sustains fainting sailors on desert islands and keeps the grand stand filled after the home team is nine runs behind.

Hope accounts for the great sale of cantaloupes and the phenomenal increase in gold mines.

Hope heads off many divorces, but produces just as many.

Hope makes perpetual political candidates. It also sustains the people while they are electing Aldermen, legislators, and Congressmen.

Hope has made crushed nations rise and aviators fall, crushed, to earth. It is the chief sustenance of inventors and the main composition of fishermen. It makes sick rooms endurable, glorifies birth, and softens death. But it also keeps a young man at the gambling table long after he has emptied his pockets and disposed of his shoes for a mere song.

We could not survive without hope and we can scarcely survive hope itself. Without hope men would revolt at poverty and give up the struggle. But without hope men would be content with comfort and stop watering stock. Society consists of a few positions pursued by a vast number of hopes. Politics is progressive hope. Love is blind hope. Optimism is hope without a flywheel. Revenge is perverted hope. Childhood is 100 per cent hope, but so is speculating.

Anyway, hurrah for hope!

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.)

"Hope provides for the great sale of cantaloupes."

OVATION FOR WILSON IN VIRGINIA TOWN

Alexandria Citizens Surround President-elect's Train and Shake His Hand.

Alexandria, Va., Dec. 27.—A crowd of about 1,000 people, including city officials, members of the Wilson, Marshall and Carlin Clubs, together with women, assembled at the union passenger railway station this afternoon and greeted President-elect Woodrow Wilson, whose train pulled into the railway station at 3:30 o'clock.

Much to the disappointment of the throng, Mr. Wilson did not make any speech as was expected.

As soon as the train stopped Representative Carlin, who was among those on board the train, came forward and said: "My fellow-citizens, I regret to advise you that our distinguished fellow-citizen, the President-elect, will be unable to address you to-day, as you had expected and as he desired, but has kindly consented to bow his acknowledgment and his appreciation." With this brief introduction Mr. Wilson doffed his hat several times to the crowd.

The spectators surged forward to grasp his hand, and Mr. Wilson removed one of his gloves and was kept busy handshaking until the train pulled out. Among those coming forward to grasp the hand of the President-elect were a number of women. The first to greet him was Mayor Thomas A. Fisher. Mr. Wilson had his usual smile on his face during the five minutes he was engaged in the task of handshaking. Before this begun Representative Carlin said: "I want to present the real President of the United States," whereupon Mrs. Wilson appeared on the platform and smilingly bowed the acknowledgment. She was the cynosure of all eyes and attracted almost as much attention as her husband. Afterward she retired to the car and from the window bowed acknowledgments of greeting from both men and women in the crowd. Mrs. Wilson appeared greatly pleased at the ovation. Among those seen behind the President-elect on the platform was Senator Claude Swanson.

Just as the train pulled out of the station three cheers were given for Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Swanson also was given a cheer.

Elks' Christmas Party.

More than 1,000 little children were made happy this afternoon at a big Christmas entertainment furnished them at the Elks' Home under the auspices of Alexandria Lodge, No. 758, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It was one of the most elaborate entertainments ever given by the order, and during the afternoon from 2:30 until 5:30 o'clock the children made their way to the home, where they were furnished candy and toys.

There was a mammoth Christmas tree in the center of the hall. City Councilman Thomas Chauncey appeared in the roll of Santa Claus and distributed presents to the children. In addition to the distribution of candy and toys to the children, there were a number of large toys drawn by lot, which afforded the successful contestants considerable pleasure. Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett assisted in the work of the distribution of the toys. There also was a special programme of exercises given for the benefit of the children in the auditorium of the home.

Members of the order and their friends this evening enjoyed themselves at a brilliant musical entertainment, which was opened with an informal reception, after which refreshments were served, and the affair was concluded with dancing, lasting until midnight.

Fire Damages Residence.

Fire at 6:25 o'clock to-night considerably damaged the house occupied by John Wells, 224 North Alfred Street. The fire started on the top floor, which was a sort of an attic. Its origin is unknown, although it is thought that a defective flue was responsible for the blaze. The fire got under the eaves of the roof and the firemen experienced considerable difficulty in subduing it, the work requiring an hour. The upper floors of the house, together with the effects, were considerably damaged by water. The house is owned by Miss Fanny Dixon and is a two-story affair. The loss on the house is covered by insurance.

Mrs. Julia Gregory Chapman's funeral will take place at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon from her home, 223 North Washington Street. Services will be conducted by Rev. William J. Morton, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, and burial will be made in the Presbyterian Cemetery. Mrs. Chapman was the widow of Capt. John S. Chapman. She died last night. Three children survive.

Lodge Elects Officers.

Alexandria Council, No. 3, Fraternal Order of Americans, has elected the following officers to serve for the ensuing year: N. Duffy, past president; George R. Smith, president; Frank Glasgow, vice president; James R. Mansfield, recording secretary (twenty-third year); H. C. Clarke, assistant secretary; Fred W. Eberhardt, financial secretary; Robert Ayres, marshal; John Kimball, warden; T. W. Nelms, inner guard; Ernest Davis, outer guard; L. D. Tyler, chaplain; George K. Bender, representative to grand council; O. H. Daniels alternate; John H. Trimmer, trustee for three years; Frank Glasgow, captain of the degree team; T. E. Fones, janitor. The officers were afterward installed by George K. Bender, deputy State president.

Christmas celebrations were held to-night by the following Sunday schools: Grace Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Trinity Methodist, Methodist Protestant. At all of them interesting programmes were given, which were followed by the distribution of candy, nuts, and fruits to the scholars.

Canton Alexandria No. 1, Odd Fellows, has elected these officers: W. L. Martin, captain; J. J. Flynn, lieutenant; T. C. Trenary, ensign; D. R. Stansbury, clerk; W. E. Latham, accountant.

Miss Pansey Fendlea, nineteen years old, daughter of F. H. Fendlea, died yesterday at the Alexandria Hospital. She lived at 622 South Patrick Street.

The funeral of John W. Smith, better known as "Delay" Smith, will be held at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon from his home, 111 North Payne Street. The services will be conducted by Rev. C. E. Strausburg, pastor of the M. P. Church.

Charles W. Fadeley's funeral took place this afternoon from Wheatley's undertaking chapel. A delegation of members of R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which organization he was a member, attended the funeral.

Miss Margaret M. Hepburn and J. Harvey Robinson were married last night at the parsonage of St. Mary's Catholic Church by Rev. L. F. Kelly.

SUNSHINE SOCIETY MEETS.

Probation Officer Sanford Makes Address to Members.

The members of the Sunshine Society met yesterday afternoon at the Willard. Joseph W. Sanford, probation officer of the Juvenile Court, addressed the meeting on the procedure and aims of the Juvenile Court. Judge De Lacy was to have told the members of the needs of the court, but was unable to attend because of the press of business in the court. Mrs. R. Willard, chairman of the library committee, reported that a circulating library for the District has been established. Mrs. Sanford Taylor, chairman of the hospital branch, reported on the work done by that branch and a number of other routine matters were taken up.

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VOL. VI. NO. 33. WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 28, 1912. ONE CENT.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

WAS UNMENTIONED.

Big Stick Correspondent Unearths a Scoop.

Editor av Th' Big Stick: Feller-Cuttizen—Dear Surr. Tis not often that ye treats a special from shantytown; but, surr, if ye heard wuss av th' conversation that takes place arr-round here, you'd spit wud her mamey more soogan av news than it do now.

"Twas on Christmas eevnin' thut Moses Johnson came along our way, an' he wud inter ould man Hoobhan's th' two bein' grate friendsi, an' he c-r-a-d to 'im fr'y wurrud about th' Mack Lass Christmas three—fr'y wurrud thut was in Th' Herald av Monday. An' whin he get done readin', Mose, he says, says he:

"Did you har me read 'bout dat pahty to de little outbud orphans in de stable—in de stable, sah?

"Yis, Mose," replied ould man Hoobhan. "I heerd ye read thut."

"An' did you all har me read 'bout dem Muthah Goose pictures in dem 'lectric light bulbs runnin' from dat tree, an' 'bout de marble statues on de top ob de tree?"

"Yis, yis, me frind, I heerd."

"Well, den, 'twus bad judgment to put dem things so clost togeddr. 'Twasn't right to mix up dat statyoo with all dem Muthah Gooses an' sich!"

"An' where wud ye hav put it, Mose?"

"Ahmo' any place 'cept dat. I'd er rather put it out in de stable."

"Oh, no, no, no, Mose; 'twouldn't hav done to put it out there!"

"Wern't de Lord born in er stable?—answer de dat!"

"He was bodade, me frind; he was thut. But 'twuld hav been Mashemy to hav put sean a picture av th' Christ-child out there! 'twuld hav deserved excommunication to hav put th' statoo av th' babe in th' stable wid your little black er-rabans. 'Twould hav been an awful wrong, jabade it would, because—

"Because why, Mistah Hoobhan—'kause why dat be sich er awful wrong?"

"Because, me friend, they didn't nade it out in the stable. The big Provider himself was there!

A Happy New Year.

The Big Stick had such a Merry Christmas and prosperous year that the staff is still out celebrating the event, which also accounts for the fact that this issue has been done up the best they could by the junior cub reporter and the office boy. This comprises the whole editorial staff this morning, and believe us forever.

THE MANAGEMENT.

THE CHAMPION KNOCKER.

Bound to Make the Bell Ring at Top Notch.

Knocker is the very last name The Big Stick would apply to our cut, Ch. Fleming Thom, Convention Thom, who is expected to be the guy that pots the baton in inauguration.

But there's all the difference in the world, as well as a distinction, between a knock and a strike, and Ch. Th. never delivers anything but a ten or a lucky strike. When we closed the forms last eve, preparatory to waiting the day to come in and turn the press, Ch. Th. had lifted the indicator to 21,000 on his third stroke. Odds that he would ring the bell at 30,000 in a few more strokes are prohibitive.

"I must tell you," said Ch. Th. modestly to The Big Stick man as he rested last night—that is, Ch. Th. rested—and leaned lightly on his mallet, "that not all this pep is mine. There are two or three hundred other fellows that I expect to help me. Every one of them is giving a tap."

However, The Big Stick thinks Ch. Th. is the main whacker, and when he rings 400,000 and gets a couple of two-fers for his pains, he ought to have as prominent a place as almost anybody in the parade.

NO BEER.

"Even though the Rock of England has the right of selling beer without a license," said Eldridge Jeeter, the financial wizard, this morning, "I don't think I shall introduce the custom in my banks, that is—not yet for a while."

SAMUEL T. KALBFUS.

"Brighteyes"! Mattingly has been appointed title and sin editor of The Big Stick, later adding a few personal remarks on the moon, the stars, Foggy Bottom, the dump, the gashouse district, Butterick's patterns, and Laura Jean Libbey.

JOE JACKSON.

LETTER BOX.

Miss Maggie Murphy: Dear girl—Thank you so much for that beautiful snakewood cane, which so reminds me of your beauty and charm. I shall take it with me to the next reception at the Executive Mansion, where I will show it to the Prez, who asked me the other day about you. Give my best wishes to Brogan, and believe me as ever, yours, devotedly,

ASH HURST.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.
Dear Old Billy Richardson; how we shall miss you.

COURT CHATTER.

I received a wireless yesterday from my personal friend, Lee Hung Chang, to the effect that the Dragon Empress has been discharged and that a republic has been established in China.

A confidential message from my intimate friend, Count Yamamura, tells me that the Japanese Army has captured Port Arthur.

A secret cipher cable informs me that my dear friend, King Manuel, of Portugal, has lost his throne.

To cap the climax, my dear personal friend, Czar Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, sends me a personal cipher stating that the Balkan states are preparing to go to war with Turkey.

LONDON TIMES REPRESENTATIVE.

ARTISTIC COIFFURE.

The Federated Citizens' Association has passed a resolution to the effect that William McK. Clayton's style of dressing his beautiful black hair should be recommended to the public as it would contribute to make Washington the true City Beautiful. Hugh Harvey came in a close second.

JUDGE GUS SCHULDT.

WELCOME AND GOOD LUCK.

If anybody thinks that Mr. Coffin, the manager of the new Business Men's Club, is a dead one, they have another guess coming. On the contrary, you never saw such a live wire in your life, and if any Coffin ever belied his name, it is this one. He is all wind and a yard wide and knows his business.

THOMAS A. GREEN.

A Second Nathan Hale.

William J. Neal, a Jeffersonian Demosthenes of the purest classical type, and eminent Hamiltonian scholar, recently announced at a meeting of citizens and democrats who lent him their ears, that he was a firm believer in the efficacy of the growler and the Jim Crow car, and that there are certain mollycoddles opposing this transcendent idea who ought to efface themselves into a state of nonexistency. All this was said in strictly statesman tones and a striking attitude with the right hand fondling the placid bosom of his China crepe shirt, and the right thrown carelessly behind his back, where it carelessly clung to a button. (There was lots of applause.)

TEEBEE EUK LOFF.

Such Is Fame.

Says our frivolous and jealous contemporary, the New York Evening Mail: "What so fascinating as the parapet for the theatre of Things? Do you suppose that Mr. Bud Fisher got the idea for his w. k. series from the firm of Stanyt & Jeffff, Washington, D. C.?"

Capt. HARRY SHANNON.

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