

ever buried in my bosom, same as in a tomb.

The parsnip magnate's counsel, by the way, informs the court that Mr. Mockorange is entirely willing that I should repeat the conversation. Gracious, that doesn't help. I don't care if he is willing—I'm not. In the meantime the district attorney suspects more than ever that there's an understanding between me and the defense, and he is ugly about it.

In my desperation I moseyed out to the judge's house this evening and rang the door bell. I was going to explain how it would break my poor heart to answer that question, and put it up to his manhood to let me ignore it. But I guess I made a raw error trying this. It was late when I got there. He raised the window, looked out, and saw who it was. He gave me the glassy eye the moment I began to chirp.

"It is vastly improper for you to come here," yelled the judge. "Go home!"

And bang went the window.

(Continued.)

NOW THEY CAN HAND IT TO THE PROPERTY OWNERS

Washington, Oct. 30.—In passing the Kenyon "red-light" bill, the senate of the United States has joined with twelve states in enunciating a new policy in dealing with the baffling question of prostitution.

Hereafter in the District of Columbia not only the helpless inmates of houses of prostitution, but the property owners are to be prosecuted.

"At present in the District of Columbia," said Senator Kenyon, discussing the bill, "there is no way to reach the property where these disorderly houses are conducted. The inmates can be reached, dragged before the police court and fined, but the owner of the property goes on unmolested. The testimony before the committee by the chief of police was to the effect that many of these disreputable houses are owned by prom-

inent people of Washington, and such ownership is true as to prominent people in many other cities. Such places, which ordinarily would rent for a very small sum, are rented at very high figures for these purposes. The man who owns such property ought not to be the one who can go scot-free and be permitted to coin the flesh of these women and girls into money for his own purposes."

In addition to closing a house of prostitution and forbidding its use for one year (unless a bond is furnished to insure that it will not be so used in future) the bill imposes a heavy tax penalty on owners convicted of using property for this purpose.

"The purpose of that provision," said Senator Kenyon, "is simply this: Where the man who owns such places and wants to coin money out of them is not touched in his pocket-book you can not stop him; he will go right on just the same and rent the property again; but when he is subject to a tax he will be more careful."

This so-called "Iowa red-light law," already adopted by eleven other states, is to come before numerous state legislatures this winter. In the absence of measures which will eliminate poverty—the principal cause of prostitution—this Iowa law has been found to be one of the most effective means of combating the evil.

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When a pretty young lass
Seeks a big looking glass,
Where the ladies are certain to find
her,

Does it need Hallowe'en
Or the good fairy queen
To show a man's face close behind
her? —From Judge.

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"You tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor-car. Could you swear to the man?" "I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me."