

The Washington Times

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ITS STRENGTH ACKNOWLEDGED.

Attempts of Contemporaries to Stem The Times' Tide of Success.

The initial issue of The Times, about twenty months ago created no more than passing notice from its contemporaries.

But these contemporaries have seen the error of their earlier judgment and have substituted methods of warfare as vigorous as their feeble and fossilized organs can generate.

No more conclusive evidence of the recognition by these newspapers of the strength of The Times can be offered than the fact that certain prominent advertisers have been able to contract for space in these more or less valuable mediums for about one-half former rates.

The circulation of The Times for the week ending November 24 was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Day, Circulation. Monday, Nov. 18, 34,571; Tuesday, Nov. 19, 35,128; Wednesday, Nov. 20, 34,900; Thursday, Nov. 21, 34,980; Friday, Nov. 22, 34,948; Saturday, Nov. 23, 38,790; Sunday, Nov. 24, 23,490.

Total, 236,877. I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the daily circulation of THE WASHINGTON TIMES for the week ending November 24, 1896, and that all the copies were actually sold or mailed for a valuable consideration and delivered to bona fide purchasers or subscribers; also, that none of them were returned or remain in the files of the printer.

J. MILTON YOUNG, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of November, A. D. 1896. J. HENRY G. THOMPSON, Notary Public.

THANKSGIVING.

The next issue of The Evening Times will be discussed in connection with Thanksgiving turkey, and congratulations are extended in advance to all who have turkey and the tenderest sympathy for those who have not been able either by hook or crook to accomplish the possession of a fine specimen of the great American bird.

There are so many things to be thankful for that one knows not where to begin. One may say, however, that it is good luck that the fellows who have got too much haven't got it all. After they are served there is still a little left to place out among the rest of the world.

Let us give thanks that we Americans are not as other peoples are, racked and agonized with thoughts of political and commercial advantage.

Let us be thankful that the spirit of free government is so full of vitality that the Cubans are aroused to rebellion against the corrupt and offensive government of Spain.

Let us give thanks that the Turks live in Turkey and the Armenians in Armenia, and that the boundless sympathy expended upon them has not cost even Senator Hear a red cent.

Let us give thanks that Great Britain has chosen to war against the King of Ashantee and that the United States are temporarily safe.

Let us lift a voluminous voice in thankfulness that the Rothschilds bond syndicate has left a few millions of gold in the Treasury which it might have taken.

Let us be thankful that while we have the poor ways with us, we have fewer of them than any other country in the world, and that every day brings forth new evidences of spreading prosperity.

And so on, and so forth.

THE LATE SENATOR HILL.

Distressing news comes from the town of beer and hizzards that Senator Hill had almost no audience to listen to his carefully prepared lecture on the ethics of social, political, and industrial life.

ish patriotism for the entertainment of the townsmen, the epic of the lyric artist, or the critic of the student.

Mr. Hill, with the bravery of a man who has had a victorious success with offensive Presidential appointments in executive session, dared the elements and the judgment of a million audience, and, as the stars fought against him, so all forces combined in favor of the administration to humiliate the man who has plotted more than the square inch in the pillow of the master of the White House than all other men combined have been able to plant.

Apparently all the forces of political change conspire to bestow Senator Hill. The only faction of his party which could hope to give him loyal support was treated in a cynical way by the Senator and it had unexpected success. The things he supported fell to the ground. His proud declaration, "I am a Democrat," became a phrase in the mouths of cheap humorists. Senator Hill was transformed from a political gladiator into an embodiment of a meek and harmless as a heavy-weight prize fighter. From a warrior like Agamemnon he had degenerated into an automaton of the lecture room.

One might multiply classic and unclassic similes in this connection. The kernel of the whole matter is that Hill has no right left in him. President Cleveland leans from the attacks of his chief enemy now and evermore. He may nominate all the Hornblowers and other blowers in the world, for any office within his gift, and the former Bill of Bushan will rear as softly as a sucking dove.

LET ALL GIVE THANKS.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, the New York millionaire banker, in whose luxurious yacht President Cleveland has passed so many dreary days, eating the lotus which brings forth the wine of political life and drinking of waters drawn from the fountain of youth, declares it to be his conviction that the Chief Executive will in no circumstances accept a fourth nomination as a candidate for the office he now tries to fill.

Mr. Benedict has chosen an opportune moment for his revelation. It will reach the country through the columns of The Times in close companionship with Thanksgiving festivities. It will add infinite zest to the celebration of the day. Oysters and sage and parsley and celery and cranberries can give no such flavor to the roasted fowl of the great American bird as this sauce served up by the President's most intimate friend.

CAPITOL CIVIL SERVICE.

It is earnestly hoped that no matter who may be the lucky gentlemen in the contest for those offices of the House and Senate which bring the incumbent into closest contact with the public, they will be impressed with the benefits of civil service in the most exalted sense of the phrase.

Merely by way of illustration, and not for the purpose of instituting offensive comparisons, one may cite the multiple position of doorkeeper—those who sit at entrances to House and Senate and convey cards and messages to Senators and Representatives.

Several of these officials have filled their positions for long years, through all Administrations. In the most charming manner, and these will probably be retained. The numerous remainder will be selected from the hungry retainers of the party who will rule the roost for a longer or shorter period. These new ones usually come from places which are not indicated in the geographies of the schools, and fetch their crusa roads, dry-crocks-box-of-the-sunny-side-of-the-grocery men with them.

Flushed with a grandified ambition, of which they had previously had only the vaguest of dreams, they develop suddenly from the condition of jack-knife critics into proprietors of all they survey. To take a card or message to a Congressman becomes a labor of supreme contumacious. The superior expression of pity and contempt that fills over their faces makes the most brazen lobbyist as meek as Moses. Their loftiness permeates the atmosphere and compels the very corridors to bend in an attitude of abject submission.

It should be reported that this description applies only to the very new, and it is given to give more hint to the appointing power that it may put these necessary evils through a school of discipline and department which shall make their service the most civil thing in all the civil service.

INGERSOLL'S THANKSGIVING.

Beyond comparison the most unique observance of the national Thanksgiving festival will be that performance of three thousand Christian Endeavorers at Cleveland, Ohio, who announce that they will send upward a fervent and united prayer for the conversion of Col. Ingersoll, the greatest infidel on earth, announcement of which event is made in a telegram to The Times this evening.

Years ago discussion between agnostic and orthodox factions led to a challenge to a prayer test, and history declares that prayer was engaged in with the view to try its efficacy. The results have been lost.

About the test which the Endeavorers make there can be no mistake. The humorous and cynical colonel will either pursue his lively lecture career which is at once amusing and lucrative, or he will abandon his scoffing and join the Endeavorers or the Salvation Army.

It is a wonderful Thanksgiving experiment, the result of which will be awaited with profound interest, but one cannot avoid a wish that the Endeavorers had chosen something easier.

ONE WHO WAS NOT LYNCHED.

From away down in Georgia comes a cheering bit of news that a negro who was guilty of a crime which deserves the severest legal penalty was protected from a mob of lynchers by the law officers of the county where the crime was committed.

Such respect for orderly proceeding is so rare in certain regions of the country that it should not pass unnoticed. Virginia has been recently conspicuous for its successful legislation of the arm of the law in the prevention of the crime of lynching as a punishment for the commission of other crimes.

Maryland has not earned similar commendation. The city of Frederick has been twice disgraced within a few years by performances of this kind, the latter instance being of very recent date. It is related that young women of Frederick secured bits of the rope with which the last offender was hanged and proudly exhibited them as mementoes of the horrible act. This is a natural result of such lawlessness. It begets a blunted and brutish sensibility even in those who should entertain only the finest feelings.

Georgia and other far Southern States have been usually accustomed to deal with a species of criminals in the Frederick way, and the fact that a fiendish act of this kind

was prevented yesterday in the face of a clamoring mob shows that there is a healthy reaction of popular sentiment in response to the denunciations of this summary mode of inflicting the death penalty which have been general for some time in the press of both the South and the North and of the whole country.

The Philadelphia Press is so interesting a journal every day under the admirable management of the chief editor, Mr. Charles Emory Smith, that it deserves a special compliment, but its "woman's" special Thanksgiving edition of this morning demands more pretty adjectives than are contained in the English vocabulary. It is a splendid contribution, not only to sweet charity, but to literature, and journalism. The Times is peculiarly equipped for the office of critic in this connection, as its own "woman's" edition, issued a few months ago, in the interest of the House for innumerable, gained a national and lasting fame.

Thousands will give thanks tomorrow because they are able to see a general and vigorous kick about the gridiron.

Washingtonians will give thanks for a Reform District Committee at the hands of Speaker Reed.

Gambler are justified in making Alexandria county, Va., their headquarters. The sentence meted out to Hesther al. wasn't even a mild bluff.

Schlatter, the healer, is reported to be in Kansas, and is wisely keeping himself secluded in a hotel. He evidently doesn't want the breeze to have a whack at his whiskers.

The settlement of the Galt divorce suit has been brought about without the aid of a revolver.

Senator Hill will give thanks for his personal liberty.

Lord Benedict's brother, Ralph Disraeli, is living. He bears no resemblance to his distinguished brother, and has always lived a quiet, retiring life, having been for many years a close friend of Lord Disraeli.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie is writing for Padwick a new Scotch fantasy.

W. K. Vanderbilt, when in Beaver, Pa., about three weeks ago, offered, in behalf of the Pittsburgh railway, to erect a \$15,000 station, a \$50,000 hotel, and to donate \$50,000 in money for college buildings, in case the Masonic University is established at that place. Mr. Vanderbilt is a Mason.

William M. Evans, who soon will be seventy-three years old, is practically in retirement. To an interview he said the other day: "I am better satisfied with my present, otherwise I am in very good health, and I get about very nicely. I cannot see my eye to read, and this is a great deprivation."

Herr Reingarten, the Russo-German newspaperman who visited from King on a tramp around the world a year ago last August, has reached Tushnet, in Turkistan, 4,000 miles from his starting point.

The business of York has been the affection of every one about Halmston by her kindly manners and her willingness to have her little son go in and out among the people. The British Weekly tells a story of a workman who was heard telling a friend on the night after the duke and duchess arrived in the highlands: "I got a bonnet free the week and a better free the darkness, and I knew it was for me, for there wasa another man in the road."

Johannes Wolf performed before Queen Victoria during fifteen days at Bahawalpur. Her gracious majesty proved as generous as usual. She presented him with a gold cigarette case. Her British correspondent who communicated this important piece of news to the press, has been asked whether or not the queen gave 5 pence to Mr. Wolf with which to buy cigarettes to fill his case.

John W. Mackay has sent to the city of Nancy a large sum of money for the purpose of erecting a statue of Jeanne d'Arc by a Loraine sculptor upon the square of St. Nicholas at Port, where in 1429 Jeanne offered prayers for her town's sake.

Sir Henry James, who might have been lord chancellor had he liked, wears the shabby clothes, perhaps, of any celebrity of the day. His tall hats are, however, always conspicuous for their remarkable glossiness. He is a great favorite with the Prince of Wales.

Alfred Bell, Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, and three other big financiers in the city of Johannesburg are reported to have cleaned up \$195,000,000 among them, which doesn't seem to leave much for the several thousand other fellows.

Dr. Conan Doyle says: "I have myself ridden the bicycle most during my practice as a physician and during my work in letters. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle as a means of conveying one's self to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it."

There are some illustrations in the new list of candidates for the French Embassy in London and Madrid are also among the new ones.

M. Got, the great French comedian and dean of the Theater Francaise, is at present engaged in writing his memoirs. Like Bernard Shaw, he will leave an account of a most interesting life, that will be of great value to all lovers of art.

These Were Musical.

Gabrieli had a charming voice, but was so capricious that no one could tell when he was going to sing, when he was not, or a part in opera. Once, in Naples, he became offended and refused to sing above a whisper. The king went to prison, where he stayed for twelve days, and the prisoners, entertaining them with her choicest selections.

Sontag so pleased the people when she sang that at one place in Germany the mob, after taking out the horses and driving her in triumph from the suburbs to her hotel, went to the further extravagance of breaking the carriage to pieces, so that no one should ever ride in it again.

Arzwardi, better known as Las Bazar-dolia, had an incredibly high range of voice. Mozart heard her in 1770, and expressed the greatest delight. She sang B in Altissimo with perfect ease, and performed cantatas deemed impossible for the human voice.

Mozart had a memory for music and for nothing else. On attending the papal mass at the Sistine Chapel, he was greatly impressed with the musical service, and asked for a copy, but was told none could be given him, as the music was not allowed to go out. He went to the service, and attentively, went away and wrote down the whole from memory.

These Smell Sweet.

Nearly all animals are fond of one kind or another of perfume; lions and tigers delight in the odor of the rose; cats are attracted by the odor of catnip, and wolves and several other kinds of animals delight in the smell of asafoetida.

In medieval times the best perfumes were made in France and Italy, the perfumers of those countries acquiring a dexterity in their art, and performing, as we know, many secret methods of manufacture.

In the manufacture of pomades the fat is repeatedly melted, strained and purified, after which the essential oils are added, and the fat is impregnated with the odors of the flowers themselves.

Capua, the famous city where Hannibal's army was routed by passing one winter, was noted for its perfumery. Perfumes. The Capuan perfumes were sent in earthen and glass vessels to all parts of the Roman world.

Tennille's Great Clothing Sale is today

THEY WILL GIVE THANKS

Well-Known Washingtonians Who Will Give Thanks Tomorrow.

WHISPER THEIR REASONS

President Cleveland—Because He Has Only Three Girls—Recorder Taylor Is Pleased Because Mr. Riley Did Not Write More About Him—What the Professional Men Said.

The public and prominent men of the country and Washington took time today to tell The Times the reasons why they will give thanks tomorrow.

Inspector Hollnagel—Because of prosperity's return trip.

John G. Carline—Because he is the survivor of sound money.

Assistant District Attorney Pugh—Because he will get a day's rest.

Secretary Morton—Because the seeds are all gone.

Engineer Commissioner Powell—Because section 1 of the proposed street extension plan is in some one else's hand.

Simon Wolf—Because the American continent is no longer adding another republic to its number.

Attorney-general Harmon—Because he came to Washington.

Inspector Hollnagel—Because he will in all probability be dead before more crooks come to Washington at one time.

Commissioner Ross—Because Washington is beyond doubt the prettiest city in the world.

Judge Kimball—Because Washington gets her full quota of bargains.

Deputy Woodson—Because he is a year handier than last Thanksgiving.

Register of Wills J. Nott McCall—Because he was the fortunate man.

THE LAWYERS' REASON.

Judge Miller—Because he will have time for once to eat his dinner.

Harry E. Davis, because the need of lawyers is not yet a thing of the past.

District Attorney Barney, because Mr. Cleveland will be dead before more crooks come to Washington at one time.

Recorder C. H. J. Taylor, because the chapter Mr. Riley's book was not longer.

Dr. Hammett, because there is peace and plenty.

H. H. Warner, for things innumerable.

John J. Edson, because thrift and prosperity are not dead by any means.

John H. Edson, because the horn of plenty has dropped his way.

Thomas Blackett Reed, because the Maine woods were not so big that he wasn't able to get to the top of the mountain.

George Dunlop, because it won't be his busy day.

John Edson, to be alive.

J. J. Hamilton, because Judge Holt did make a will, or they think he did.

President Phillips, because street cars are still in style.

John B. Young, because vacation day comes to him with a will.

Manager Allen because of this merry, merry world.

Open this evening Open till 1 o'clock to-morrow.

You want

quality—style—fit—in an Overcoat—and we'll give it to you—lots of it—at \$10-\$12.50—or \$15.

Tell you what you do. Pick a coat out of either of these three grades—and if you can find one as good for a couple of dollars more anywhere else—we'll take ours back.

Listen—We've got the best tailors and cutters in this country—and they make these \$10, \$12.50 and \$15 Overcoats.

Ought to get into a coat. Promised colder.

Thursday at 1 o'clock ends the \$13.00 sale of all coats.

You can get a STAIN SHIRT for \$1 that's worth \$2 or \$2.50. Small lots.

SAKS & CO.,

Pa. Ave. and 7th St. "Star" Corner.

Such prices

as these are enough to make you wonder whether the goods are as represented, but you can see for yourself, handle the goods, examine them. The closer you examine them the better we like it, because then you will appreciate what wonderful bargains they are.

5c Unbleached Cotton... 3 1/2c

19c Drapery... 11c

15c Fine India Linen Remnants... 8c

12c Fine White Goods Remnants... 8c

19c Cashmere Gloves... 13c

15c Wool Mitts... 9c

25c Fascinators... 19c

15c Infants' Sacques... 9c

75c Feather Boas... 49c

Stamps

904-906 7th St. N. W. Open till noon tomorrow.

EXPLORING SUBMERGED CITY

Professor of Chicago University Goes to Aztec Land on a Very Strange Quest.

Houses of Unknown Origin Which Can Be Plainly Seen at the Bottom of Lake Chapala at Low Water.

Prof. Frederick Starr, occupying the chair of anthropology in the University of Chicago, will leave here on December 15 for a three months' trip to Mexico and Guatemala, says a Chicago correspondent of the New York Herald.

He has a twofold idea in making the trip, one being to make as thorough an examination as possible of a buried, or rather submerged, Aztec city, which lies at the bottom of Lake Chapala, in the state of Jalisco, in Mexico; the other to find out what he can about the dwarfs, or mountain idiots, who inhabit the mountains to the north west of Chapala, and interview the dignitaries of the interior of Guatemala.

This Lake of Chapala, which is in the southwestern part of Mexico, and is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, is situated in the mountains, about 250 miles to the northwest of the City of Mexico, and is reached by the branch of the Mexican Central Railroad, which runs westward from Toluca to Guadalupe, the town and lake of Chapala being not far from the latter city.

Lake Chapala is quite a summer resort for wealthy residents of the City of Mexico and other places, and resembles the beautiful lakes of Switzerland. It is about thirty miles in length from east to west and some five miles in width at its broadest part. A steamer plies upon it and touches at the various small towns upon its shores, the principal ones being Tizapan and Jiquilpan. The town of Chapala is not visited by this vessel.

"Nothing is known," said the professor today, "of this submerged city, except in the form of legend—that is, as to when it was built and when deserted by its inhabitants. The exact date, however, is known, as it can be distinctly seen when the water is low.

"When I was there, during the summer, the water in the lake was high, this being because of the wet season; but in the dry season it is plainly observable. I have a friend who has been there during the dry season and he, as well as others, has seen it. It was a city of stone, but as to its size I cannot say, as no examinations have been made as yet, either by scientific men or others. How much I will be enabled to find out about it, of course, I cannot say, but I will spend three days there and do what I can in that length of time in the way of investigation."

"According to the legends of the Indians living in the vicinity of Lake Chapala, of what age would you consider this sunken or submerged city?" I asked.

Thanks

For the more than liberal patronage of the past three months. We have tried to merit it by selling better shoes than ever before—and at half usual profits. Watch our announcements from day to day—the encouragement of your patronage spurs us on to greater undertakings.

WM. HAHN & CO.'S

Reliable Shoe Houses, 930-932 Seventh Street N. W., 1914-1916 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W., 233 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E.

AMUSEMENTS.

FOOTBALL CARNIVAL!

(CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES) THANKSGIVING DAY

Orient Athletic Club vs. Canterbury Ath. Club

Potomac Athletic Club vs. Gallaudet College.

National Baseball Park, 7th St. and Boundary. Tickets, - Fifty Cents

AMUSEMENTS.

METZEROTT MUSIC HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 2. "BOB" AND "HON." "ALF." TAYLOR "TANKER DOODLE" AND "DEXIE"

KERNAN'S LYCEUM THEATER.

RENTZ-SANTLEY NOVELTY AND BURLESQUE CO. Magnificent New Burlesque, ROBIN HOOD, JR.

Overlook Inn.

Beautifully Situated on East Washington Heights. Coaches connect at 5:00, 6:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 and 12:00 p. m. with F&O cars at 5th and Cap. ave. and with cable cars at 7th and Penna. ave. Fare round trip, 25 cents.

EXCURSIONS.

Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Co.

Every day in the year for Fortnes, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and all points South and Southwest by the powerful passenger steamers.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.

Special Thanksgiving Matinee. THE WHITNEY OPERA CO. in DeKoven and Smith's Phenomenal Success, ROB ROY.

Next Week THE BIG COMIC OPERA SUCCESS.

Princess Bonnie. The Big Comic Opera Success.

MR. NAT G. GOODWIN

IN HIS BRILLIANT SUCCESS AMBITION. By Henry Gay Carleton.

Gen. 35c Fiber Chamois.

29c a yard. Gen. 18c Fiber Ramie, 12c a yard.

M. Goldenberg, 725 7th St., near Mass. Ave.

MAY IRWIN IN THE WIDOW JONES

Next Week—THE WHITE SQUADRON. Lafayette Square Opera House, Monday, Dec. 2.

PRINCESS BONNIE.

At the LAFAYETTE SQUARE OPERA HOUSE, Monday, Dec. 2.

Open till 9 to-morrow To-morrow night noon.

THE MERRY WORLD.

"Snobs of the day mixed together in a decidedly attractive potpourri."—POST.

Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

Next Week—CLARA MORRIS IN REPERTOIRE.

Football.

THANKSGIVING DAY. Columbian Varsity