THE DEPARTMENT WORKERS

Interesting Gossip Gleaned Among Employes of Government Bureaus.

VERY DIFFICULT TO ROB THE NATIONAL TREASURY

A Clerk Walks Along the Streets With Eight and a Half Millions, But With No Chance to Get Away With the Money, Even if He So Desired.

It is not generally known that the Treasurer of the United States, of all the 5,547 employes of Uncle Sam's big cash repository, is the only one under bond. All the others are directly responsible to him for the honest transaction of the business of the establishment, and it is no small credit to the management that the defalcations have been fewer and of less magnitude than in any other financial house in the world. Occasionally some employe finds the temptation too great for his cupidity, time and opportunity seem ripe, and he appropriates some of the cash entrusted to him. But he never gets far with his dishonest gains, for the eagle eye of the omnipresent Secret Service is not far from him, and he lands in the net. So rare have been the cases where the criminal has escaped that they are but dim memories of the oldest employes. Every safeguard that can be put into operation is made use of to ensure the immense funds under the care of the Treasurer from peculation, and so intricate is the system that dishonesty is next to impossible and escape completely so.

The men and women handling the cash and bonds have grown so used to the sight of large sums of money that they no longer feel its power, and many of them daily have pass through their hands so many millions that they come to regard them as so much ordinary commodity, not as cash. A few days since the writer was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue when he met an acquaintance employed in the Treasury, and as they were both bound in the same direction they walked along together. The man from the Treasury stopped at an express office for a moment and invited the writer to wait for him and they would take luncheon together. At the counter the messenger laughingly said, as he handed his package to the clerk:

"There's a little bunch of money there that if we had we need never do any more work."

"How much?" queried the writer, casually.

"Eight and one-half million dollars," was the reply that nearly knocked the other off his feet.

"All in 4 per cent coupon bonds," added the first; "good as gold and just as negotiable."

For the last few years the United States Geological Survey has been investigating problems relating to the water resources and supply of New Mexico. One of the facts of general interest brought out by these investigations is that the Rio Grande, the largest stream in the region, is, between its source in Colorado and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, in reality three separate streams occupying different sections of a continuous channel.

The upper Rio Grande rises in the mountains of Colorado above Del Norte, but in passing through the San Luis Valley near the New Mexican border, its waters are almost entirely consumed in irrigation, so that it enters the latter Territory a comparatively insignificant stream.

The Rio Grande in New Mexico receives its waters principally from the drainage of the northern part of the Territory, there being no important tributaries below the central portion. In crossing southern New Mexico and western Texas the waters of the stream are again largely used in irrigation, and are lost by seepage in the wide, sandy river bed characteristic of this part of its course, until below El Paso, Tex., there is comparatively little flow.

The lower Rio Grande, comprising that section between the Concho River and the Gulf of Mexico, receives its supply mainly from Mexican States of Chihauhua and Coahuila from southeastern Texas below the Pecus River. Thus in its course the stream is twice exhausted and twice renewed, and furnishes an interesting example of the behavior of a river traversing successive stretches of desert and arid regions.

Among the many Virginians who have made Washington their home on account of their connection in a business way with Uncle Sam is Mr. Robert W. Christian, of 316 K street northeast. He is one of the very able corps of proofreaders who labor by night in the Government Printing Office while Congress is in session. Mr. Christian is very much interested in church work generally, and of late, with the substantial assistance of a few northeast gentlemen of prominence, succeeded in substantially and comfortably fitting up No. 716 F street northeast as a house of worship for northeast residents professing the Baptist faith. In conversation with Mr. Christian recently, in connection with the project, he said:

"Recently a number of Baptists in the northeast section of the city banded themselves together under the name of the Centennial Baptist Church, that title being chosen in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the denomination in the District of Columbia, the celebration of which took place a short time since. The membership is small, but enthusiastic in the cause. The congregation has fitted up No. 716 F street northeast, and occupied it for the first time last Sunday, when services were held morning and evening with a large attendance. There is a Bible school in connection with the organization, the size of which is most encouraging. Services will be held every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., conducted by Mr. Newton Wanger. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Seats are free and all are welcome."

It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more skilled expert, when it comes to examining the results of geniuses who have evolved the typewriting and linotyping machine, that Mr. Milnor R. Sullivan, head of the division of the Patent Office. He is thoroughly familiar with the typewriting machines from the earliest models down to the present time. He is also an expert with many other forms of highly complicated machines.

For the past eight years Mr. Christian H. Muller, familiarly known as "The Judge," has had charge of the messenger and laborer forces at the General Land Office. Besides his regular duties, Mr. Muller has mastered the details of many of the divisions of the Land Office, and is frequently of great assistance to the chiefs of the divisions. During his career in the Government service he has formed the acquaintance of many men prominent in public life.

It was through the "army route" that Mr. Joseph Klien, one of the veteran employes of the headquarters of the Army, War Department, reached his present position in the civil service. For many years he was one of the crack regulars in the United States Army, and was one of the late Gen. Phil Sheridan's most trustworthy men.

Major Porter House, manager of the Postal Telegraph messenger service, in a recent burst of confidence, told his bright particular friend, Lieut. Pinckney W. Smith, of the Treasury Department, a little story on Mr. William Colladay, also of the Treasury Department.

It appears that Mr. Colladay one day, during a lapse of work in his office, and while away the time, told a friend that he was going to play a joke on his wife. He had heard Mrs. Colladay say, before his leaving home for the office, that she expected a box containing some dress patterns she had purchased in New York some time that day by express. So Mr. Colladay found a right sized box, put a lot of light trash in it, nailed it up securely, got an old New York express tag and pasted in on the top, and addressed it to his wife. Then he got excused and hunted up an express wagon. While Mr. Colladay was absent from the office his friend (Major Glendie B. Young, it is whispered) called Mrs. Colladay up over the 'phone and gave the whole thing away. So when the expressman rang her doorbell Mrs. C. refused to receive the box and told the expressman to deliver it to her husband, Mr. William Colladay, Treasury Department. This he did, and charged double rates for having made two trips.

Mr. C. didn't just exactly appreciate the joke, as he happened just at this particular time to be short of "change." However, not to be outdone, Mr C. called up Major House and asked him who, among the many Masonic boys in town, would stand best for a good practical joke. The major 'phoned back that Mr. Gardiner, a Shriner, doing business on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, was a good subject. Mrs. C.'s name having been obliterated and Mr. Gardiner's substituted, the expressman was told to deliver the express package to the latter and collect $1 for his trouble. Mr. G. was not in when the box arrived, but his faithful assistant was, and he accordingly paid the charge, and the expressman departed without saying a word.

The fun commenced a few minutes after Mr. Gardiner's arrival a little later on. When that box was opened and the trash noted Mr. G. was inclined at first to feel a little out of sorts, but, after a certain lapse of time, on the appearance of Major House, Mr. Bill Colladay, and about half a dozen other Shriners, Mr. Gardiner "tumbled," and told his callers and friends they were perfectly welcome to the best in the house "on him," and as much of it as they pleased, if the "sell" was kept a secret from the other Shriner boys, for, if it became generally known among them, he'd have to sell out his stock in trade—or give it away.

Mr. J. F. McCormick, of the night bill force, Government Printing Office, is a candidate for honors as delegate to the International Typographical Union convention, which meets in Cincinnati in August. Mr. McCormick is one of the most favorably-known young men in labor circles in this city and hails from the Cotton State of Mississippi. He has taken an active interest in union affairs ever since he has been in Washington, having served on the committee having in charge the restoration of wages raised in the Government Printing Office from $3.20 to $4 per diem. For his successful efforts in that connection Mr. McCormick was tendered a vote of thanks by Columbia Union. He served two years as a Columbia Union delegate to the Central Labor Union and was also chairman of the delegation to the Allied Trades Union for over a year; he was chairman of the finance committee of the Columbia Union fair last year and succeeded in successfully soliciting large cash amounts for its benefit from the business citizens of the District—about $700 in all. He was twice elected treasurer of the union. Mr. McCormick is a Knight Templar and belongs to National Lodge, No. 12, F. A. A. M.

HER OLD MOTHER ILL, DAUGHTER GOES INSANE

Both Taken to Bellevue Within Short Time of Each Other.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Feeling ill-health overtaking her and worrying over the fact that her old mother would be left destitute when she was no longer able to work, Ella Lamb, a silk weaver, became insane and late Saturday night was placed in the insane pavilion at Belleveu. Catherine Lamb, her mother, was taken to Bellevue two hours later, suffering from senility. The daughter is forty years old, while her mother is eighty-five.

Ella Lamb's hours in the silk mill were long and her duties arduous. Her health failed, and neighbors remarked that her actions were becoming erratic. The woman said often that her mother would starve to death if she was not able to take care of her, as they had no friends. Worry seemed to affect her mind, and she became subject to delusions, which frightened persons living on the same floor. Carl Krupfner, the janitor, became alarmed at the woman's condition on Saturday night and called in a policeman.

Old Mrs. Lamb, when left alone in the poorly furnished rooms, did nothing but rock herself in a chair and cry. She refused to be comforted by the neighbors and would not touch anything to eat.

Fearing to leave the old woman alone and helpless, word of her condition was sent to Roosevelt Hospital. Dr. Russell transferred the mother to Bellevue. She is being well cared for in ward No. 20, but continues to cry and beg to be permitted to see her daughter.

STOPPED RUNAWAY IN THRILLING STYLE

Daring of New York Mounted Policeman.

Overtakes and Throws Frightened Animal on the Speedway Before the Eyes of Thousands.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Isaac H. Werner, a mounted policeman of the High Bridge squad, on the Speedway yesterday at noon thrilled the several thousand spectators lined up on both sides of the driveway by his chase and capture of a runaway horse attached to a light road wagon, which caused almost a stampede there. At the finish the policeman was hurled over the head of his horse, while the latter and the runaway animal were thrown to the ground. People hastened to the spot, believing the policeman had been killed, but it proved that he was uninjured.

George Crawford, of No. 209 West End Avenue, was the owner of the runaway horse. It is a spirited animal and made a good showing with the crack roadsters of the Speedway before it ran away. Mr. Crawford was accompanied by a friend, and for more than an hour the horse was kept busy speeding up and down the course.

Roadster Makes a Bolt.

After a brush Mr. Crawford drew up underneath Washington Bridge and had started to turn around, with the intention of returning to the beginning of the course, when the shrill blast of a whistle startled his horse. It bolted forward, throwing the two occupants of the wagon from their seats into the road. In falling they saved themselves from receiving serious injuries. Both men were badly shaken up and received contusions of the hands, besides having their clothes torn. Swinging full around, the horse proceeded at full speed toward the head of the smooth stretch where most of the Speedway brushes are started.

Policeman Werner was in the saddle about one hundred and fifty yards up the Speedway, and as the horse came toward him he prepared to stop its flight. At first the crowd thought he had lost the runaway, which seemed to draw away from the policeman and to be still full of vigor. Werner rode desperately. Digging his spurs into his steed he at last reached the runaway, overtaking it opposite the half-mile post, where he leaned far over and caught the bridle of the maddened animal on its left side. Unable to shake off the hold of the policeman, the runaway began to crowd him into the west curb, imperilling the man's safety and that of his horse, but Werner held on.

Both Horses Thrown.

His efforts to lift the horse from its feet while checking its speed materially did not stop the runaway. Suddenly the horse turned sharply toward the curb, and in doing so the carriage behind it swung around, striking the policeman's horse and throwing it to the ground. As the horse went down Werner was tossed over its head. He struck on his right shoulder and head. Before he was dismounted he gave a last mighty pull on the bridle of the runaway, which lifted it off its feet, and it stumbled and fell.

Werner was then between both animals and it was feared he would be kicked by them, as both horses made a desperate effort to recover their feet. When Werner got up and it was found that he was practically unhurt the crowd united in cheering him. He will be recommended by the Road Drivers' Association for a special medal in recognition of his brave act.

OPERATION FATAL.

Two Doctors Get Blood Poisoning and One of Them Is Dead.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, April 7.—Dr. W. D. Middleton, chief surgeon for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway system and dean of the medical department of the State University of Iowa, died here on Saturday of blood poisoning, following an operation he performed for appendicitis.

The patient was in a gangrenous condition, and both Dr. Middleton and Dr. Braunlick, who assisted him, were poisoned, the latter by puncturing his hand and Dr. Middleton by cutting himself with a ligature. Dr. Braunlich is in a critical condition.

NO NEWS OF NAVARINO.

Boston Steamer and Crew Believed to Be Lost.

BOSTON, April 7.—No news has yet been received from the crew of the Boston steamer Navarino, which is long overdue on a passage from Gonaives, Haiti, to New York.

It is feared that all hands may have perished, although there is a remote possibility that they might have been rescued by some vessel bound to a distant port.

John S. Emory & Co., of this city, the managing officers of the vessel, have just received from the shipping commissioner of Jacksonville, the names of the crew of the vessel.

Besides Capt. W. A. Sawyer, who was in command, the steamer carried six men.

MAYOR HARRISON WANTS TO SLEEP A WHOLE MONTH

Tired of Office and Says He Is Going to Get Out, Sure.

CHICAGO, April 7.—"New blood is needed in the mayor's chair. I am tired of the constant strife and crushed by the inability to further improvement because the city cannot get the money it needs for permanent improvements. I am weary of the mayor's office, and would fain get a rest." This is the plaint of Mayor Harrison.

"What will you do when you quit?" he was asked.

"I think I'll go 'way off somewhere and sleep for about a month solid."

"Ever go back into the newspaper business?"

"Not on your life. I have had enough of the strenuous life in this job and I don't want to get into anything worse."

He was reminded that his declaration to quit the office was not a new one.

"There is a good deal of influence brought to bear to keep a man from quitting," he said. "The last time they came after me on such a hot foot that I had to run; but I am going to get out sure this time.

BRITISH TRADE SHOWS A NOTABLE DECLINE

During March Imports and Exports Fall Off Heavily.

LONDON, April 7.—A report issued today shows a marked decrease in British imports and exports during March, as compared with the same month last year. The decrease in imports was £55,528,195, and that in exports £2,804,055.

THEY WOULDN'T TALK.

Policeman Non-Plussed by a Deaf Mute Family Quarrel.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Mrs. Hannah Roberts, a deaf mute, married to a deaf mute, ran out of 241 West Sixty-sixth street last night with a scalp wound. Policeman Gardner called an ambulance and looked on while Dr. McKelvay, who came with the ambulance, talked to the woman on his fingers. The policeman asked the doctor what was the matter.

"Ask her husband," said the doctor.

"I tried him," said the cop. At last he persuaded the doctor to tell him, "so I can make my report," that the woman said her husband was jealous of another deaf mute and had thrown an oil can at her. She wouldn't make a complaint.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THIS ENOCH ARDEN DEMANDS HIS WIFE

Returns in Stubborn Mood After Twenty-eight Years.

MIND HAD BEEN A BLANK

Mrs. Gilman, Now Mrs. Daubert, and Her Second Husband, Agree to Separate and Divide Their Property—Gilman Said to Have Inherited a Fortune.

READING, Pa., April 7.—A strange and unusual story will culminate some time today near Emaus, Lehigh county. The household effects of two elderly people, man and wife, will be sold and the old folk will separate, all because a former husband, thought to have died years ago, has appeared and demands his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Daubert for the past week have been sorely troubled and in tears. Ever since the woman's first husband, J. A. Gilman, appeared Daubert and his wife could not be comforted, but frequently walked the floor all night long.

Mr. Gilman will not surrender his claim, will not consent to a divorce, and as Mr. and Mrs. Daubert are Christian people, and want no trouble in the law, they have meekly agreed to separate, though it break their hearts. They have all their belongings torn up and separated, and after everything is sold the receipts will be divided, share and share alike.

Gilman's Disappearance.

Daubert is sixty-one years of age and his wife fifty-one. Twenty-eight years ago Gilman and his wife (who was Jane Thompson) lived in New York. Gilman went to Doylestown, Pa., to work. Nothing was heard from him for a long time until some one wrote to the wife in New York that Gilman was dead. He had been taken ill and was thrown into an asylum, where he remained for seventeen years. His mind became a blank. Four years after he became separated from his wife she, thinking herself a widow, married Daubert, and together they raised their children.

A few years ago Gilman, who is now sixty-six years old, was discharged from the asylum. It is said he received a legacy of $50,000 from a relative in Camden. He spent $5,600 in searching for his wife and children, but his mind was a blank. Finally he recollected the number of his Masonic lodge. He went to Doylestown, and from there was directed to Frankfort, Philadelphia. After a diligent search a married daughter was found and finally the long-missing wife was found. Gilman learned she had married again uniting herself with a man for whom she had kept house. They united his five children and her two children and got along well. Three children were born to the union.

Demanded His Wife.

When Gilman went to see his wife she recognized him. It was as if he had risen from the dead. He told her he wanted her, as she was his lawful wife. Daubert and his partner for so many long and happy years were prestrated with grief, but as Gilman was unrelenting the separation was agreed upon.

Gilman is not in the best of health. Mrs. Daubert will go with him to his home in Philadelphia. Their children are grown and married and doing well in several States. Daubert will continue to live in the old home and take care of his aged mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Daubert lived together for twenty-four years and their neighbors speak very highly of them. The elderly friends of the couple think it cannot be possible that they could be made to separate, as Mrs. Gilman would never have married had she not considered herself a widow.

TOO DEFT OF HAND FOR MAGICIAN KELLAR

Prestidigitator Despoiled of His $600 Gift Watch.

Friends Loath to Believe His Story, Thinking It a Rehearsal of a New Stage Trick.

NEW YORK, April 7.—"I've lost my watch!" exclaimed Harry Kellar late Saturday night, as he suddenly leaped from his seat in a New York Central train.

"That's Kellar, the magician," said a little man who sat in the corner chewing at the end of a cigar which was stronger than seemed good for him. "Must be hard worked to be thinking of his stage business in his sleep."

"Say, professor," remarked a Yonkers man; "don't you take any watch away from me. Ha! ha!"

"Look out," said the conductor. "If the professor gets to searching you he will find grand pianos in your pockets and rabbits in your hat."

"It's a case of being caught with the goods on us, eh?" asked the little man.

"I've lost my watch," persisted the magician.

"Isn't he great?" said Mr. Kellar's Yonkers neighbor. "Professor, you're a good actor all right. You know your business."

Mr. Kellar was not acting. His emotion was only too real, as was shown by the fact that yesterday, in sheer desperation, he visited police headquarters to report his loss. The man who had taken from the pockets of other men watches which they never owned has been robbed, he says, in all earnestness, of his own $600 timepiece. Or, to use the vernacular, he was despoiled by a "dip" who was pursuing his vocation of jumping the "rattlers." The professor thinks two pickpockets who were following him in a Madison Avenue car are responsible for his loss.

He had been appearing in Brooklyn, and late Saturday night was on his way to his home in Yonkers. He may have been thinking too much of the manner in which his deft fingers had been extracting strange objects from the pockets of other persons to notice the activities of the light-fingered gentry who ply their trade on the "rattlers," as the thieves, in their forceful jargon, call the trolley cars.

Mr. Kellar recollects that as the car neared Forty-second Street two men who had been standing near him jostled him in their haste to get out of the conveyance. It was then that he thinks his watch was taken. The timepiece was presented to him by his friends, and his name is engraved upon it. A gold medal also was taken. The magician did not know that he was robbed until he boarded the train for Yonkers.

HANNA TO GIVE $100,000 BAIL FOR RATHBONE

Ohio Senator Will Use His Influence and Sign Certified Check.

Senator Hanna has, it is said, made arrangements for furnishing the bail necessary to secure the temporary release from prison of Major E. G. Rathbone, former Director of Posts of Cuba, who was convicted of complicity in the Cuban postal frauds. The Senator has been advised by Rathbone's counsel that the court has fixed the bail at $100,000.

Mr. Hanna regards this amount as excesive, and will ascertain whether it is posible to have it reduced. He intends to obtain Rathbone's release nevertheless from prison, pending the consideration of an appeal for a new trial before the Cuban Supreme Court.

The Senator intends to guarantee personally Rathbone's appearance in court at the proper time. In other words, he will vouch for the prisoner's reliability and dependence to the extent of $100,000. A certified check for that amount will probably be sent to Havana, and every safeguard against its being diverted from its proper uses will be taken.

POOR BOY ON A FARM, DRAWS $12,000 A YEAR

Rapid Rise of State Senator Stranahan.

How New York's New Collector Has Profited by a Few Years in Politics.

ALBANY, April 7.—State Senator Nevada N. Stranahan, whom President Roosevelt has appointed Collector of Customs in New York city, is a remarkable instance of what a few years in politics will do for a man.

In 1890 he had not yet held public office. In 1902 he is selected for a $12,000 a year position—one of the most lucrative in the State.

Once a poor boy on an Oswego farm, he has in twelve years of political life captured a rich prize.

Mr. Stranahan has been a commanding figure in the senate for seven years. During this time he has been chairman of the cities committee, and some of the most important pieces of legislation have been molded to suit his way of thinking. His influence has never manifested itself in a conspicuous way, but has shown itself very decidedly in results. It is conceded that no other man in the Legislature put in as much real hard work in considering the New York charter as Stranahan did.

Collector Stranahan is just forty-one years old. His friends are fond of declaring that he resembles Napoleon strongly, both in features and ability. The Stranahan cast of countenance does contain a Napoleonic touch, although the new collector pooh-poohs the recemblance. He is of very serious turn of mind and apparently has very little time for the humorous side of life.

Mr. Stranahan was a member of the assembly three terms, and later served as district attorney of Oswego county. He is a graduate of the Columbia College Law School. He has practiced his profession since 1884 in Fulton, N. Y.

The appointment of Stranahan to a lucrative office is said to be part of a political arrangement between President Roosevelt, Governor Odell and Colonel John T. Mott, the Republican leader of Oswego county. The influence of Colonel Mott, is all-powerful about the capitol. He has named two excise commissioners, and is the power that has pushed Senator Stranahan forward so rapidly.

In the past Colonel Mott has been a stanch Platt man, but since the break between Governor Odell and the "Easy Boss" Mott has rather sided with the Governor. For this reason the selection of Stranahan was made comparatively easy. Platt is said to have recommended the new collector in hope that Mott would feel grateful, and Governor Odell is said to have recommended Stranahan's appointment in order that he might retain the support of the Oswego county leader.

Another reason given for the Stranahan appointment is that when President Roosevelt was Governor Senator Stranahan greatly aided the former on the floor of the Senate. In fact Governor Roosevelt came to regard Mr. Stranahan as his right-hand man in guiding legislation to which he was committed.

"BREAKING IN" FOR SEA DUTY.

Navy Department Hopes to Enlarge Training Facilities.

Plans have been completed by the Navy Department for important changes in the system of training men for the enlisted service.

If carried out the new policy will give the navy an aggregate force of 50,000 seamen in the next nine years. It is proposed to add 3,000 men annually, beginning this year and continuing until 1910, in order to secure a force sufficient to man the ships. There are now nearly 23,000 men in the service, including apprentices, and with the increase that is expected to be authorized this session the navy between now and July 1, 1903, must prepare 6,798 new men. This problem is the more difficult on account of lack of training ships and of the means of quartering and instructing the novices.

The withdrawal of the battleship Indiana from the service, May 1, for the annual practice cruise of the naval cadets will add to the embarrassment, and the old Lancaster is in such bad condition that she can cruise only in good weather.

To relieve this condition somewhat the department proposes fitting out the Yankee with a capacity for 450 men, the Panther for 355, the Reina Mercedes for 250, the Texas for 250, and the old Adams for 150. The Reina Mercedes has been at the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard for two years and requires extensive overhauling before she can be of services. She has never been to sea since she was towed from Norfolk shortly after being brought from the Cuban coast. Six receiving ships are now in use, capable of accommodating 1,590 landsmen. The eight training ships carry 2,580 men.

GIFT OF 50,000 PULPIT.

Presented by John A. McCall to the Albany Cathedral.

ALBANY, April 7.—John A. McCall, of New York, has presented a $50,000 pulpit to the Roman Catholic Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in this city. Mr. McCall is a native Albanian. On a recent trip he visited the Cathedral as the guest of Bishop Burke.

"There is room for a new pulpit here, as this old one is hardly in keeping with the architecture of the rest of the church," said the bishop with a sigh.

"Let me beg your reverence to order the very best pulpit that money will buy," said Mr. McCall, "and send the bill to me. I do not desire to figure as the donor, however."

The new pulpit will be completed within a few weeks.

ST. LOUIS' SEARCH FOR KRATZ IS STILL VAIN

Ex-Councilman Was to Be Tried Today.

He Is Said to Have Converted His Property Into Cash, and to Have Escaped to Mexico.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 7.—Charles Kratz, the ex-councilman, whose case is set for trial today, has not yet been found.

It is said he converted all his property into cash and securities some time ago and fled to Mexico, where he proposes to embark for Switzerland.

Circuit Attorney Folk has sent telegrams all over the country to stop him if possible.

He says Chief of Detectives Desmond ordered two detectives to shadow Kratz, and he was assured that the ex-councilman would not be permitted to leave the city.

Mr. Folk is vexed at the police department, and he declares that if Kratz is not produced in court he will make public the manner in which the police have failed to support the circuit attorney in the bribery cases since the investigation began.

A new grand jury will be sworn in today and will be instructed to continue the investigation of municipal corruption where the February grand jury left off.

SOME INCIDENTS OF A DRY SUNDAY IN GOTHAM

NEW YORK, April 7.—Manhattan was a Sahara yesterday, but a Sahara made passable by nearly 2,300 Raines law cases. Not since the Roosevelt regime has there been such a general closing of the saloons. The situation in a word was this: The Liquor Dealers' Association was watching the saloonkeepor, the saloonkeeper was watching the patrolman, the parolman was watching the captain, the captain was watching the district attorney, and no one took any chances. Conscious that the attention of the entire city was fixed upon them, the patrolmen made strenuous efforts to "make good," while the saloonkeepers determined to cut off any possible glory by keeping shut.

But there were a few saloons open also. Not open to the chance passer, not open to the public gaze, as of old, but open to the time honored guest. The dingy back room was turned into a barroom; elevated on a couple of chairs, a beer keg furnished a scanty cheer to the sadly diminished number of patrons. At the doors of these saloons their owners stood, carefully scrutinizing each thirsty, oppressed soul that clamored for admittance, and St. Peter himself could not have exercised more discretion at the pearly gates than did these guardians of the family entrance.

There were a few blind "tigers" in operation, too. This is a simple, effective method of supplying liquor without offering any opportunity for observation. The scheme is worked in this fashion: An opening is cut in the wall and a board is placed on a pivot so that it can swing in and out through the aperture. The customer shouts his order through the hole, the board swings in, and then it swings back laden with its burden of happiness. It reminds one of the operations of the genii, but it has the limitation of working slowly—a great limitation yesterday. Still, by next Sunday, if the drought continues, enterprising purveyors will probably have a few dozen of these apertures cut in the wall, and the business will be done with much greater expedition.

A striking evidence of the tightness of the town was the fact that nearly all the saloons exposed their bars. The result was that the windows were constantly crowded with bystanders, who gazed with wonder into the cleanly arranged interiors and waited for some sign of life. But in most cases this did not come. One man became so enraged at being shut out of the saloon which had sheltered him an almost endless number of Sundays that he kicked in the panel of the door. Another was seen by the reporter to climb up on the window sill and stare wonderingly into the empty saloon.

An enterprising sign painter, whose ability to paint signs exceeded his power of reading them, was discovered carefully inscribing letters on a sign in front of a saloon at Sixty-fifth Street and Third Avenue. Policeman Stephen Bure, who was passing, was horrified to read the following outrageous sentence:

"Don't mind the police. Come in the back way and get all you want." Justly enraged, the indignant patrolman arrested the offending painter, and testified that, in addition to spreading seditious sentiments, the man had insulted him and called him offensive names. For this latter offence Magistrate Pool fined the painter, who said he was Abraham Lipman, of 245 Eighty-third street, $5.

Another source of some merriment was the arrest of a bartender in O'Neill's oyster house, at Twenty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. When asked his name, the prisoner threw back his head and murmured a string of soft Italian syllables.

"Spell it," said the sergeant gruffly.

"G-h-o-i-z-z-i-x-e-r-n-d-o-s-i-u-s," said the prisoner.

"Say! on the level, is that all?" asked sergeant, in surprise.

The efficacy of the sandwich to cover a multitude of sins was tested. The old sandwiches which have figured in the production of the moral show the Raines law hotels have presented in the past were soon exhausted. Then the proprietors had recourse to various makeshifts. A few served real sandwiches. In one place where this was done a patron was charged for the sandwich. Outraged, he refused to pay and offered to clean out the saloon. The interposition of a vigilant policeman made a visit to the stationhouse necessary. In one Raines law hotel the exhaustion of sandwiches was followed by a hasty preparation of wooden blocks, which were cut in proper sizes. These were reported to be more palatable than the others.

Magistrate Meade, who was sitting in the West Side Court, described the situation tersely. Ex-Assemblyman Smith had brought an excise case before him and asked for an adjournment.

"Granted," said the magistrate, sharply. "A man who sells liquor on Sunday these days must be a lunatic."

Another result of the closing of the saloons was the attempt of various dry goods and hardware stores to supply the loud demands of the thirsty. A factory at 385 Broome Street was visited by several detectives, who seized a quart of whisky, which they asserted had been poured into a bottle from a demijohn carried by Froem Friedman. Several other cases of walking saloons were reported. Up on the West Side a patrolman could discover no excise violation, and was returning to the West 100th Street station much discomforted when he saw that Abraham Applebaum, the proprietor of a clothing store at 850 Columbus Avenue, had his store open for business. Hastening in, the patrolman purchased a pair of gloves and before Applebaum could ring the purchase on the cash register triumphantly hauled him off to the station.

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