

SHOULD HAVE COUNSEL, Says Attorney H. A. Clarke.

A brief has been submitted to Judge Alexander R. Muldowney, presiding in the United States branch of the Police Court of the District of Columbia, by Attorney H. A. Clarke, protesting against the arraignment, trial, conviction and sentencing of persons charged with the commission of criminal offenses in the District of Columbia, cognizable in the United States branch of the Police Court, without the assistance of counsel for their defense.

The contention of Lawyer Clarke is that the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that, "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to have the assistance of counsel for his defense," and if the accused is arraigned, tried, convicted and sentenced without the assistance of counsel for his defense, he is deprived of his liberty without "due process of law," within the meaning of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Lawyer Clarke further holds that "the assistance of counsel for the defense of the accused," is equally as imperative, in courts and jurisdictions where the Constitution of the United States is applicable, as "the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury," and that if the right to the assistance of counsel can be waived, as the right to a trial by jury in many jurisdictions, the waiver is the privilege of the accused and can only be affirmatively waived, after the accused has been informed of and offered his constitutional rights by the court.

In support of the constitutional question raised by the attorney, he has cited decisions handed down by the courts of many States of the Union, whose Constitutions are in harmony with the Constitution of the United States, reinforced by an opinion handed down by Chief Justice White, when an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which held in part, "That the Constitution was applicable to the District of Columbia, and was dominant and controlling where applicable." This opinion was concurred in by Justices Harlan and Brown.

In addition to the above, the attorney cited an opinion handed down by Associate Justice Harlan in a case, in which the accused was tried without a jury in the Police Court of the District of Columbia, for the commission of a criminal offense. In this case the accused contended on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, that he was arraigned, tried, convicted and sentenced for the commission of a crime, within the meaning of the Sixth Amendment, and was deprived of his liberty without "due process of law," within the meaning of the Fifth Amendment. Justice Harlan in delivering the opinion for the Supreme Court, sustained the contention of the accused and directed his discharge from the custody of the marshal of the District, on the ground that he did not have a constitutional trial. Extracts from Judge Muldowney's letter to Lawyer Clarke is as follows:

"Yours of the twenty-sixth instant received, suggesting that counsel be assigned all defendants tried in the United States branch of the Police Court. The present practice of trying cases has been in vogue since the organization of the court, over forty years ago. Your letter, however, raises a very interesting question which ought to be determined in some judicial proceeding."

Under Adversement.

The case of Charles Owens, alias Young, habeas corpus No. 549, in line with the above contention, was argued before Justice Wendell P. Stafford, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Thursday, March 9, 1911, by H. A. Clarke, for the petitioner, and Stanton C. Pele, for the government. At the conclusion of the argument the court requested the submission of briefs. Among some of the reasons the government assigns in opposition to the contention of counsel for the petitioner is the following: Neither the courts of the District nor the Supreme Court of the United States have up to this time been called upon to decide whether the failure of a prisoner to demand the assignment of counsel for his defense constitutes a waiver of his rights under the Sixth Amendment. The bone of the contention of counsel for the petitioner on this point is that the prisoner could not waive affirmatively or negatively a guaranteed right that he did not know of.

The Consolidation Coal Company is planning for the development of a 100,000-acre tract in Pike County, Ky. The company has already built a sawmill to cut and prepare lumber for the various buildings to be erected. Bonds have been issued for \$40,000,000, which amount will be invested in this Kentucky development.

Work on the construction of the Mukden-Antung Railway, which was stopped by the plague, has been resumed. Chinese workmen have been brought in from the plague-stricken districts.

In San Francisco a spectacular raid in Chinatown by immigration officials resulted in the capture of six Chinese slave girls, said to be illegally imported and purchased for the sum of \$25,000.

Rumor has it that Henry O. Tanner, the artist, is to paint the portrait of former Congressman John Langston, which is to be placed in the Carnegie Library, Howard University.

The bill introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature prohibiting the intermarriage of white and colored people was not passed.

Gale P. Hilyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew F. Hilyer, a junior in University of Minnesota, is winning fame along oratorical lines. He has been selected to compete for the Pillsbury prize. The University of Minnesota is the Alma Mater of his father, Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer.

According to reports, Cornell University is drawing the color line. It is reported that it is impossible for young colored women to obtain rooms in the women's dormitory.

THE FISHERMAN.

By L. C. Moore.

Sitting by the placid stream
In the glorified sunset beam,
The green trees waving at my side,
Sky painted in the moving stream.

It was a pleasant Autumn day,
Came two ladies thin and gray,
My company they accepted with content,
Fishing and pleasuring they were bent.

Many strangers passed us by,
I lifted my hat with up-cast eye,
Their smiles I delighted to see,
But innocent as a child could be.

They pleasantly continued their view,
Looking over at the landscape fair,
Fish in brook, hills and the trees,
Listening at the buzzing bees.

Finally I saw one give me a look
Not recorded in any good book;
Then I thought of my Sunday clothes
That would give me a graceful pose.

I will hope, trust and pray,
Until I'm bent, old and gray,
That restful scenes and sweet repose
May be theirs till life shall close.

The Chicago Defender says the colored people of Chicago should wake up. There are now only seven colored firemen left, out of twelve, and one by one they are being relieved of their posts of duty by foreigners. It is time the people of Chicago were waking up.

For the first time in the history of Texas a mixed jury, of which half were Negroes and half were whites, is trying a white man for his life.

They are eating and sleeping together.
The lion and lamb are bunking together.

There have been 21 deaths from cholera in Honolulu. Dr. Clegg, of the United States Public Health, says the disease was brought from the Orient by what is known as chronic bacilli carriers.

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RETENTION AND INCONTINENCE OF URINE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Constipation, Pain in the back. It removes **Uric acid from the blood**, thereby relieving Rheumatism and many other long-standing diseases of the Kidneys & Bladder due from habit-forming drugs.

PRICE 50c.

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WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received as spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regula jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

CRAWFORD IN KILTS.

The Novelist Expressed Great Surprise When He Saw Himself as a Child.

One of the best known guides in the capitol at Washington used to be Colonel Jasper E. Snow, formerly a Kansas City lawyer, who always sat in Republican conventions and voted for Blaine as long as there was a Blaine to vote for.

Colonel Snow used to tell this little story of the late Marion Crawford.

He had met Mr. Crawford in Florence, Italy, and when the novelist came to Washington Colonel Snow was the first person who showed him the doors made by the novelist's father, Thomas Crawford.

These are the senate bronze doors on the eastern portico. They represent scenes connected with the Revolution and the founding of the government.

The panel representing Washington's reception at Trenton when on his way to his inauguration in New York contains among the populace portrait figures of the sculptor, his wife, his three children and Randolph Rogers, the sculptor of the main doors of the capitol.

The novelist, who had never seen the doors before, quickly identified his mother and father.

"Yes," said he, "mother used to wear her hair just like that."

Then, gazing at the largest child, a Fauntyerish figure in kilt, with long, flowing hair, he added speculatively: "But I wonder if I ever really did look like that."—New York Sun.

Bogus Antiques.

Old statuary is made in great quantities in Italy, Bohemia and Belgium furnish glass of the middle ages, and every European capital has its makers of antiques. Berlin and Vienna makers are kept busy with the home trade, but Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, Florence, Smyrna and Munich are commercial centers for this class of merchandise. The business has grown to such proportions that Nuremberg, Vienna and Livorno have museums where counterfeit works are exhibited and where their style of manufacture may be studied.—Berlin Post.

Chinese Flat Noses.

"The Chinese mother," the ethnologist explained, "carries her babe in a sack on her back. The babe's nose is pressed against her. Day in and day out, all through its babyhood, the little thing's soft and malleable nose is pressed against its mother's back. Hence it is no wonder, is it, that the Chinese are a fat nosed race?"

Too Much.

"Of course," said the lady with the steel bonnet glasses, "I expected to be called 'strong minded' after making a speech three hours long in favor of our sex, but to have it misprinted into 'strong winded' was too, too much."

He Traveled Light.

"That hall room boarder moved today." "I didn't see any trunk go out." "There was none. I guess he placed his effects in an envelope and mailed 'em to the new address."—Kansas City Journal.

Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant:

"I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

"Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."

Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked:

"Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here today is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author."

"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."—London Chronicle.

Coquelin's Memory.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play tonight if need be?" somebody once asked Coquelin. He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of fifty-three plays of his repertoire. His friends laughed.

"You are boasting surely, mon ami?" said the Viscount de Lovenjoul.

"You have every one of these plays in your library," said Coquelin quietly.

"Get them all out and put them on the table." The viscount did so.

"Now," said Coquelin, "let anybody select a cue from any one of these plays at haphazard and give it me."

They tried him with sixteen plays out of the fifty-three, and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.—Fortnightly Review.

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DROPPED IN AT RIGHT TIME

Burglar's Opportune Visit Enabled Woman to Rid Herself of Much Undesirable "Trunk."

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of 25 feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still."

She advanced upon him and poking the muzzle of the gun in his face reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in."

The burglar obediently stepped inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman.

He sat down.

She got a huge ball of cord from her bureau and spent the next 20 minutes in tying him up.

Then she pointed out of the window.

"Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who was hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes.

Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

The woman began cutting his cords.

"I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyesores that we have had in the house for these many years," she said, merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind-hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card parties, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."

—Life.

Good Turn by the Ol' Clo' Man.

"That old clothes man back on the corner just now saved me the price of a new suit," remarked a young business man yesterday, on his way down Euclid avenue past the old Arcade.

"None. Guess again. I didn't sell him anything and I haven't any idea of buying a suit of second-hand clothes from him. But until I walked by him just then I was of the opinion that I would have to lay aside this last summer's suit I've been wearing and pay forty or fifty dollars for a new one. Now I've changed my mind. That fellow on the corner asked me: 'Got any ol' clo's to sell, mister?' I told him I didn't, and our conversation ended right there. But it was enough. He wouldn't ask a seedy-looking man if he had any old clothes for sale, would he? Naturally he'd think a shabbily-dressed person was wearing about the only clothes he owned and wouldn't want to part with those. The ones these old clothes people like to deal with are the dressy ducks—the boys that get a new suit every little while and dispose of the old ones for little or nothing. He must have thought I was that sort. So I judge this suit must stack up pretty well. I'll just make it do this summer for every day and take that forty or fifty dollars out of one pocket and put it in another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Poor Boy's Opportunity.

Once more we realize that our resources, our true resources of strength and of greatness, are not to be sought for in mine or field, but reside in man. When we take account of these resources, we find once more impressing upon us that we are not to look exclusively to the favor dome of exceptional opportunity, to sheltered childhood, to youth blessed with extraordinary advantages, to those upon whom fortune has smiled and who are led along the paths of life with constant counsel and ready inspiration. But we must take all America within our view—the homes of the poor, the unfortunate, those who seem thrust aside from the fair avenues of opportunity, those upon whom it would seem a blight had rested at the very beginning of their career. Probably today in some lonely home, where there is the hardest work to achieve even a decent support, where some little lad is looking out on life apparently without a chance, is the future leader of the great people of this nation.—Governor Hughes of New York, in Leslie's.

He Liked Life Term Best.

He was one of Magistrate Gallagher's "regular" prisoners. His ready tongue had generally contrived to get him off with a reprimand, but one day the magistrate, holding the scales of justice from the desk in the Fifteenth and Vine streets police station, decided to take severer measures.

"You'll take the pledge or go to the house of correction," he told the apparently penitent prisoner. "Which?"

"Pledge for life?" said the man.

"Well," said the magistrate, leniently, "better make it for a year first. Then you can renew it."

"Oh, that's all right," the prisoner remarked, cheerfully. "I always take it for life."—Philadelphia Times.

Always Late.

They had gone to a theater at eight and found it empty. The people strolled in about half after, and by nine the house was filled.

The next night they went to a club dinner at seven, and the diners arrived at half after eight and nine.

It was the same at a five-o'clock tea that did not start until seven.

"I believe," he said, "that these New Yorkers would come in late to their own funerals."—New York Press.

MODERN IDEAS IN TURKEY

Medical Practitioners Are No Longer Rigorously Excluded from the Harem.

The attitude of the hanoums to medical practitioners has changed much of recent years. Twenty or 30 years ago no Turkish woman would ever have submitted to a physical examination by a doctor. All he could have persuaded her to do would be to show him her tongue through a rent in the yashmak or let him touch her pulse from behind a heavy curtain and in presence, of course, of an argus-eyed eunuch or old female slave.

Any attempt to apply a stethoscope to the chest would have been spurned as an impertinent presumption of western "barbarism." No matter how severe the illness the medical man could not go beyond certain strict limits of Islamic usage and traditional custom. Even in cases of imminent danger to life these scanty limits were never allowed to be overstepped, and the belief in the incantations of a priest and the house remedies of old, ignorant and superstitious women held unlimited sway and was always greater than the faith in the efficacy of medical skill and science.

This is now changing, and changing rapidly. There are of course still many exceptions where antiquated views and conceptions are fanatically adhered to and practised, but these become rarer and rarer with each advancing year. Many Turkish women will now when ill voluntarily call on a medical practitioner and never hesitate to submit themselves to a thorough physical examination.

The general public opinion on these matters among the Turks is fast altering for the better and only in very rare cases is there now any difficulty at all raised as to letting the hanoum submit to an examination with stethoscope or other instrument.

In the Chorus.

What's it like to be in the chorus? "Perfectly fascinating!" thinks the shopgirl as she measures off another yard of percale and pictures herself in pink tights.

"Awwful!" remarks the prima donna with a look of disgust that forbids all reference to her own days among the spear carriers.

"Remunerative," suggests the cynic, recalling the inexhaustible supply of Pittsburgh millionaires ready to thrust riches upon the airy little fairies of the ballet.

"Dangerous," urges the moralist, with his mind on stage entrances and champagne suppers.

"Impossible!" snaps the woman in society.

"A foothold on the ladder to fame," declares the manager, wisely.

"Great!" says the chorus girl. That is translating freely into her own language.

It's great if she happens to be in right with an easy berth in a good company. But if she's lashed to a bum outfit where she has to hustle to corral three squares a day, it's rotten.

Women Get Wireless Fever.

Women who are now employed as operators in the "wire" companies are getting the wireless fever. Many are experimenting with home made apparatus, while others bestir the commercial wireless companies for jobs.

The manager of one Chicago station says he has had to refuse a number of women applicants in the last few months. "They come," he says, "with only a smattering of the knowledge necessary, and are indignant when refused jobs as operators. Even the few who have acquired sufficient skill I will not employ because they are too prone to be temperamental and under the tension which the operators' work would acquire 'nerves' too quickly."

"There is perhaps only one woman who is a wireless operator on a boat. She is on one of the Pacific boats running between San Francisco and Seattle."

Making a Railway Man Work.

E. J. Naylor, general agent of the Hawley lines, at Los Angeles, was in the city last week on business, and while on his way to the Flood building Thursday left his suitcase in the office of the Canadian Pacific. The boys in the office loaded it with lead pipe, and when Naylor got the suitcase later in the afternoon and walked with it to the Manx hotel nearly every railroad man on the row walked behind and watched the struggle.

"Gee, I only got about two coils and three ties in this, but it is heavy!" he said when he was about three blocks from the Manx.

"Well, it gets heavier the longer you pack it," volunteered J. R. Holcomb of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient.

Naylor didn't open the grip until the next day, and since that time he has been looking for the Canadian Pacific agents with a piece of lead pipe in his hand.—San Francisco Call.

Emigration of Children From England.

The other day two large parties of children left Liverpool by the Allan liner Corsican, Captain Cook, for Quebec, says the London Times. One party, consisting of boys and girls, was from the Birt home, and the children were under the care of Miss Birt, who traveled in the ship. This lady has been engaged for 37 years in rescuing children and has taken out over 6,000 and settled them in the Dominion of Canada. The party in the Corsican was the eighty-first which has gone out under the auspices of the home.