

THE TWO OFFICIALS

Who Rob the Old Soldier, His Widow and His Orphans.

HITCHCOCK AND EVANS

By Their Gross and Outrageous Misinterpretations of the Laws of Congress—Citations With the Record Which Convicts Them Both—Fire Hitchcock and Evans, Mr. President, and Earn the Gratitude of the Veterans and Their Widows.

In their last reports, Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, and Pension Commissioner Evans clearly admit that, in adjudicating claims, they appeal from the pension laws to the surplus. These men occupy quasi judicial positions. The fact, that they are not lawyers gives one plain indication that they were not selected to adjudicate cases under the laws, but for the ulterior purpose of "saying" the money by crushing out the pension laws, as explained in the GLOBE of November 17.

In the Washington Star of November 26, Evans' copies Hitchcock's praises of him; and promises to save "the surplus" if continued in the Pension Office eight years. Who ever before heard of a judge looking at the surplus to interpret the laws? That declaration by Evans was not an appeal to law-abiding people, but to anarchy. The pension holder believes that the end justifies the means.

Secretary Hitchcock in his report states that Evans has no interest in nullifying the laws. Mr. Hitchcock, is money interest the only test of bias, spleen, malevolence, hate and a distempered mind? Had Congress any interest in his anarchistic evils, other than the above traits?

When fairly read, Hitchcock's report convicts him of two vices: 1st, of trying to deceive the President and Congress by a bold lie; and 2d, of giving anti-pension anarchists the "tip" that the pension laws shall continue to be crushed out.

Hitchcock states what he knows to be, and what he intends to be, a barefaced falsehood, and he knowingly makes a false charge against the veterans in pretending that the veterans criticize Evans for refusing to ignore "both the letter and spirit of the pension laws, and for declining to permit the imposters, whether claimants or agents, to share in the bounty which is provided for the veteran."

This assertion of Hitchcock's is a piece of bold smartness about on the level of the low cunning of a cross-roads debating society.

Why does Hitchcock substitute pretended charges against Evans in place of those unanswerable charges against him made by Judge Ranssieur? Those charges cite the law, the cases, the decisions, the orders and the facts. Why does Hitchcock not answer the twenty-six counts in the indictment published against Evans during the last week in August, 1897? Those counts cover over four hundred thousand claims and whole systems of oppression invented by the Pension Bureau for ramifying every branch of pension practice and for defrauding the legal rights of veterans in each class of claims. Those counts cite the decisions, orders, rules, books and papers. So do the charges against Evans published in a supplement of the American Tribune of Indianapolis, Ind., about November, 1899, an old and reliable G. A. R. newspaper, and in issues of that paper in May, June and July, 1900, to which our attention has been called.

Hitchcock knew all about those charges when he wrote his false charges against the veterans. The veteran has constantly demanded careful adjudications, but at the same time has denounced those bold frauds to which Evans has been constantly resorting in order to increase the surplus.

Evans stands convicted by the decisions of the Interior Department with having oppressed the claimants in all of those cases, and to have unlawfully and unjustly taken those oppressive steps without the consent of his superior officer. Your brazen charges against the veteran, Mr. Hitchcock, show the extent to which anarchists will resort. Your charges stand on a par with those which Evans constantly makes to avoid discussion of his official crimes, or to justify suppression of law.

Evans controls the board of pension appeals in your office, Mr. Hitchcock, and he permits, or not, the reversal of certain classes of his rulings; and he declines to regard reversals as binding on him as precedents in any other case of similar points.

Take your ruling pretending to interpret the law of May 9, 1900, which you made June 30, 1900. You, Mr. Hitchcock, have never yet printed that ruling for public consideration. That decision and Evans' order for concealing disabilities, were published with high praises by one of the G. A. R. newspapers in your confidence and service; but you have not dared to publish the decision. It is too outrageous between Evans and the G. A. R. pension committee as a reward for the treason of the G. A. R. officials against the Philadelphia resolution and throwing overboard order 164 for rating the veteran himself. By the deal you were to hold that the law of May 9, which Evans had drawn so open that he could drive a horse and cart between the lines, should be interpreted to give the veterans no new benefits; and Evans was to be told to go ahead and adjudicate widows' claims under the May law. You were not to construe the widows' law, but by copying the law in your decision you were to give the appearance of having construed it. Evans was to privately hold, contrary to 7 P. D., p. 48, that the words in the widows' law "without other means of support than her daily labor" were inoperative; and as a "sop" to the G. A. R. officials for their part in the deal, Evans was to pension all the wealthy widows in the country who had not an actual net income in excess of \$250. This is being carried out by Evans by private instructions in his bureau; and you delivered the swag on your part. There was big money in it, if anarchy is to prevail, and the corruption of the judiciary in the Interior Department is to stand with the consent of Congress. There are 250,000 veterans unpensioned and 400,000 veterans pensioned less than the law allows them, while there are only about 75,000 wealthy widows who have a less income than \$250, but have from \$5,000 to \$50,000 in money and unproductive property who are to be unlawfully pensioned. Evans makes a nice profit on the deal to return to the "surplus." The veteran is defrauded of his legal rights to pay the widow, and increase the surplus. Thus it is being carried out to this day.

As a part of the deal this medical order

for concealing degrees of the veterans' diseases was to be issued the same day, June 30, 1900, and it was so issued; and it has been industriously prosecuted for over a year against the veterans.

We know that there are Congressmen in this deal, and some of them, as Ray of Pennsylvania, stood on the floor of the House January 19, 1900, and applauded Evans without stint for his unlawful reduction of law in cases where the Interior Department reversed Evans as in case of his unlawful conduct against the accused pension under the minor's law. Ray did this, because, as he said, he did not believe in that law. That is anarchy, pure and simple. Why has not Congress the independence to demand the enforcement of the laws until repealed? If Congress should reduce the pension laws one-half to-day, Evans would continue his same unlawful tactics against the reduced laws, because he is lawless by nature; it is constitutional in his make-up. If a country substitutes a cabal of conifers for the supremacy of law, how long thereafter will that government float? Spain, from the largest and most powerful empire in the world, has become a single hulk drifting as a derelict in the national sea. Better have no pension laws than to have Evansism rampant in all the bureaus of government. Better, still, to oust Evansism and Hitchcockism, and adopt the recommendations of Judge Ranssieur made at Cleveland.

SOME REFLECTIONS

On the Gallant Parade of the Men Who Stake Their Lives For a Bare Living—Reform Called For.

The parade of the Police and Fire Department of the Capital City of the Nation Thursday last was an inspiring sight. Fine stalwart, determined-looking men marched past with the precision of trained soldiers, carrying their "loot" jauntily in their right hands, while the gallant fire ladders, with their engines, fire lawless by nature, and the minister arrived the bridegroom was absent. He had "flew the coop."

This is of too frequent occurrence all over the country to merit more than a passing notice, and the expression of the usual sympathy for the deserted and outraged young lady. But the Washington papers elaborated the affair to the extent of columns with big headlines. In fact gave it display out of all proportion to the very common place occurrence of a humble plate printer jilting a very nice respectable girl of good family. This excited our surprise at the time, and making some inquiries among Cruzan's fellow workmen, we could ascertain no cause for the lavish display of printers' ink, except, indeed, some mysterious smiles, winks and unexplainable gibberish "you wait," "watch the outcome, etc."

The "outcome" came quicker than we looked for as in the columns of one of the dailies we found this paragraph the very next day. Here it is.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 12, 1901. Editor of the Sunday Globe: Did you see the parade? What did you think of those firemen; didn't they look like men that could enjoy a little of home life, or a social event like the rest of us?

Do you know that they are on duty twenty-four hours a day for five days—the sixth day off to get acquainted with their families? No possible chance for them to attend a religious service or any social affair whatever. It seems that they give up all that makes life worth living.

I am quite old, but until recently, did not know there was a department under this Christian government that was under such barbarous requirements. Is it because this government is too poor to employ two forces of firemen?

Twelve hours out of twenty-four ought to be enough to require of any man. While so much is being done for the "heathen" we ought to see to it that we do not make heathens of our own people. Surely if we can spend so much time, money and lives to benefit those who, in many cases, repay by kidnapping and slaughter, we ought to be able to do better for these men who risk their lives for us. I believe there are very few of the people who know how little time these men have with their families. I am acquainted with only two firemen, and I am sure they would enjoy a little of home life as well as any of us.

You seem to enjoy fighting for justice for all, can't you fight a little for these men, none more worthy.

I am not a fireman or government employee; never have been either, and never expect to be, but I am a lover of humane and just treatment for all.

A READER OF THE GLOBE.

The points here made are well taken by this honest citizen, and if hypocrisy does not honeycomb the District as it does the many departments of the Federal Government, there will be speedy reformation in the present condition of treating men who risk their lives to save the property and lives of others, and who are on watch through the silent hours of the long night to guard and protect the sleeping citizen, his family and property.

A Successful Business Man.

Mr. Benjamin F. Edwards, who has recently opened a licensed loan office in the handsome basement under the bank building corner of Twelfth and G streets northwest, has had more than the usual run of success of those faithful servants of the government who are so numerous as business men in Washington. Serving his connection as a department clerk four years ago, Mr. Edwards has accumulated, by strict attention to business, honest and honorable methods, coupled with a genial disposition, a fair capital, which he has now embarked in a licensed loan office at the location mentioned. Patrons will be sure of having their collaterals for loans honestly appraised and the highest amount loaned on them consistent with a conservative, honest business, the legal rate of interest alone being charged for all such loans. While Mr. Edwards caters to the general public he has a soft spot for his former fellow drudges who are still in the employ of our paternal government. All such applying to Mr. Edwards will be generously treated and loan made easy for them. He has fitted up his loan office with burglar-proof safes, and the building being fireproof, the most valuable securities, gems, jewelry, plate, etc., will be safer than in the owners' possession.

The utmost privacy is a feature of the establishment, and all kinds of collaterals are placed away under seals in the vaults of the office. Ladies and gentlemen in need of loans need have no hesitation in visiting Mr. Edwards' office, as all business is strictly confidential. His four years' career from department clerk to his present recognized position in the business community is the best guarantee of Mr. Edwards' probity, popularity and close attention to business. His patrons become his personal friends.

HE JILTED HER

And Now He Is Published As a Colored Man.

WM. S. CRUZAN, PLATE PRINTER

Flew the Coop and Leaves a Lovely Bride-to-be in the Lurch—Elaborate Account of the Affair, But No Mention of His Race Until Next Day When It Was a Sure Thing He Had Flew—Disreputable Reportorial Work of the Daily Press.

The ways of the Washington newspapers are past finding out. Listen to the following statement of facts and convince yourself, gentle reader, that there is "a nigger in the wood pile" without the GLOBE's aid or assistance. There has been working for years in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing an employe or plate printer named William S. Cruzan. He was universally known and accepted as a white man of pure Caucasian blood. In course of time he fell in love with a beautiful girl named Cordie Emmert, daughter of the late George Emmert. He kept company with her for two years.

He proposed, was accepted and Miss Emmert appointed the day and the hour for the marriage ceremony, her mother and other relatives consenting. But when the hour and the minister arrived the bridegroom was absent. He had "flew the coop." This is of too frequent occurrence all over the country to merit more than a passing notice, and the expression of the usual sympathy for the deserted and outraged young lady. But the Washington papers elaborated the affair to the extent of columns with big headlines. In fact gave it display out of all proportion to the very common place occurrence of a humble plate printer jilting a very nice respectable girl of good family. This excited our surprise at the time, and making some inquiries among Cruzan's fellow workmen, we could ascertain no cause for the lavish display of printers' ink, except, indeed, some mysterious smiles, winks and unexplainable gibberish "you wait," "watch the outcome, etc."

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Col. William Murrell, who was one of the colored leaders in Louisiana during the reconstruction period, knows Cruzan and knew his people before him in the south. Colonel Murrell has resided here at intervals for nearly twenty years, and has long been connected with the lighthouse service under Admiral Farquhar. When seen at home, 1933 L street northwest, he said: "The father of Cruzan was for many years my confidential secretary while I was a member of the Louisiana legislature, having gone from Mobile to New Orleans with me. He was a very able man and served also as clerk to several committees of the legislature. In 1873 I was commissioned as colonel of the Fourth Regiment, Louisiana National Guard, composed of colored troops, and appointed Cruzan as my adjutant, his commission being signed by Governor Kellogg. He was associate editor of the Madison Vidicator Journal, which journals were bought by me and combined. The paper was printed in Delta, Madison Parish, La., and was devoted to the interests of the negro."

Now it appears plain enough from this paragraph that William S. Cruzan, the plate printer, is a colored man and of the negro, instead of the Caucasian race. But what if? It is not a crime to be a negro, and why this beating about the bush and this dodging and avoidance of the plain statement of the fact in the big head-lined articles announcing his flight from the marriage ceremony? Why wait until next day and slip in a paragraph naming his race and color surreptitiously as if it were criminal to be a colored man?

We confess that we cannot understand it at all. If, as the daily papers assert, on the testimony of Col. William Murrell (who very properly is not ashamed of his lineage and race) that Cruzan is a colored man, why was that fact omitted from the scare head lines and elaborate write-up to be sneakily dropped in, in a subsequent issue, as "a give away?"

This is not decent and it is not right. It makes out or leaves the deduction that Cruzan would feel belittled, by being called a colored man, when there is no such evidence furnished on the part of Cruzan or his friends. If Mr. Cruzan ever denied he was a negro and that he passed himself off for a white man, why in the name of goodness did not the papers mention that fact honestly, instead of stabbing him in the back and leaving the impression on their readers that he had done so?

This is a cowardly way of reporting facts and is given as an illustration of the methods in vogue in Washington. Here is the account verbatim et literatim taken from the daily press of Cruzan's jilting Miss Emmert, and there is not one word in the whole article intimating the race or color of the absent bridegroom.

"A merry wedding party gathered at the residence of Rev. H. Schroeder, the pastor of the Trinity German Lutheran Church, 307 H street northwest, about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and waited three hours or more in vain for the arrival of the bridegroom, William S. Cruzan, twenty-six years of age, a plate-printer at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who resides at 1143 Tenth street northwest. Miss Cordie Emmert was the prospective bride. With her was her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Emmert, widow of George Emmert; her sister, Mrs. Hans F. Roberts, and her husband; Mr. F. N. Ogden, step-father of Mr. Cruzan, the missing bridegroom; Mrs. Ogden, the mother of the young man, and several other intimate friends of the two families.

"Mr. Cruzan's relatives became alarmed at his absence, but a search by the police last night tended to show that the young man had left the city. He had been paying Miss Emmert attention for two years or so past, and their engagement met with the approval of most of their relatives. Miss Emmert is a most estimable young woman, and with the members of her family enjoys the esteem of a wide circle of friends.

"About eighteen months ago, Cruzan's friends say, he became infatuated with another woman, and it is hinted that she is responsible for the indefinite postponement of the marriage announced for yesterday. She has left the city. At least this was the information given out at her home last evening, when a reporter called and inquired for

her and Mr. Cruzan. There is reason to believe that both have gone to New York."

The balance of the column article is taken up with details of the jilting and an interview with the minister, but nowhere is it even hinted that William S. Cruzan, the plate printer, is of the negro race and a colored man. That fact was left for a subsequent issue of the paper and sneaked in as a separate and special item of news.

All of which the GLOBE is unable to understand and herewith passes the matter up as probably a greater case of reportorial miscigenation than the marriage of the colored plate-printer and Miss Cordie Emmert would have had had it taken place.

EDITH AN ADULTRESS.

The Female Descendant of Lord Rodney and Her Numerous Co-Respondents—Lieut. Rodney Wins Out.

The descendant of the renowned Admiral Rodney of the British navy has been officially declared an adultress by a Washington judge! This is a sad commentary on blue blood, aristocratic birth and gentle training. This lady was confronted with a list of co-respondents that it seems as if the adultress was committed with almost every male of her short acquaintance in Washington.

Lieutenant Commander Rodney has, therefore won out, notwithstanding his eccentricities and peculiar views of civil law. Sued for limited divorce and alimony by the wife, who denied him even a kiss, much more, his marital rights to her bed, he has turned the tables on the festive dame, and by a cross bill charging cruelty and adultery, secured an absolute divorce and is released from squandering any more of his pay upon this descendant of the famous lord admiral, whose pedigree is in Burke's peerage.

Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King at Arms, will now place the bar sinister opposite the name of the voluptuous and frail Edith, late wife to Lieutenant Commander Rodney, U. S. navy. The daily papers state that—

"In deciding the case Justice Hagner said that he would sign a decree refusing the limited divorce prayed for in the bill of Mrs. Rodney and granting the husband an absolute divorce because of the cruel treatment of the wife and for acts of adultery proven against her."

"The acts of adultery proven against her" and the list of co-respondents are omitted precisely for the same reason that we do not report the "happenings" south of the avenue.

They are too numerous, commonplace and of too frequent occurrence to be news. The GLOBE can only congratulate Lieutenant-Commander Rodney and admonish him that in taking his next wife he omit the available dams in Burke's Peerage and hitch on to a full-blooded American girl who will not only admit him to his full marital rites (rights) but who will lock the bedroom door on applicants for the role of co-respondent. Vale! Edith, descendant of the "Renowned Lord High Admiral of the British Navy."

THE GLOBE FAVORS THE PROJECT

And Our Correspondent's Remarks Are Substantial Ones and Timely.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 12, 1901. Editor Sunday Globe: I notice in the morning and evening papers of last Tuesday a series of resolutions submitted by Col. Sam Stratton, of the Union Veterans' Association, among which is one asking the soldier element of the country to join in a petition to Congress requesting that body to legislate in favor of examining the structure known as the "Temple of Music," in the Pan American Exposition grounds at Buffalo, N. Y., with a view of testing its moving capacity, and if it is a substantial iron structure to arrange for its purchase and removal to Washington, D. C., to be converted into a Little Abbey or Memorial Hall, to be called the "Soldiers' National Museum," in which relics, mementoes and other insignia of the Civil War may be deposited.

This kind of a building is much needed and the recent sad history connected with the building referred to makes it especially important that immediate consideration be given to the project. Col. Stratton is to be commended for his happy suggestion and patriotic zeal, and from conversations on the street and elsewhere among the soldier element of the city, the project is looked upon with great favor.

It has been stated that all the buildings in the Pan American grounds have been attached for debts due contractors and others, and will subsequently be sold at auction. Now is the time and the opportunity for Congress to act, and it is hoped it will do so without delay.

Hoping the GLOBE will have something of its own to say in this direction, Yours anxiously, OLD SOLDIER.

Lyceum Theater.

At the Lyceum Theater next week the New Big Sensation Company under the direction of James J. Johnson, comprising the best European and American vaudeville talent now appearing in this country, will be the attraction. This big show is better than ever this season, and can always be depended on to give a good performance, as Manager Johnson spares no expense when he is selecting or arranging his company to go on the road. His experience as a manager enables him to have a very clear idea of what particular kind of acts to make up a good show. The company this season includes such clever people as Collins & Collins' parodists and punsters, Conroy and Keeler, Irish comedians, who are certainly the cleverest in their line, they being producers as well as comedians; the Batchelor sisters, the only musical sister act now before the public; these two young ladies play all kinds of musical instruments; the Seyons in a comedy entitled, "Mr. Button Bender's Reception," which is one continuous laugh; Farnum and Nelson, the comedy acrobats who have a standing challenge of \$5,000 to any person who can duplicate their feats; the Nevell sisters, song and dance artists, two very winsome little ladies; Miss Josie Le Roy, the German troller, and Zittella, the queen of burlesque; the Grunly trio, who can always be depended upon to keep the audience in a continual roar of laughter; their songs and dancing cannot be surpassed, as the Grandys are always up to date and a little ahead of the calendar; and the Watermelon Trust, which is the best big colored specialty act and makes one of the most pronounced hits in the performance. This big show is brought to a close by a very funny burlesque. The scenic effects are grand and the costumes beautiful.

"The Busy Corner."

Market Space.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

100,000 Pounds of Pure Fresh Sweets

That's the order we placed with makers of candies. We have been drawing quite lively from this assortment. Our selling is beginning to show that candy buyers are in the foreground. Our facilities for serving the public are far greater than in the past. We are making a specialty of three grades:

Our standard 12-cent quality which embraces twenty-five or more different kinds of pure flavors and ingredients are strictly harmless and equal to any 25-cent confections sold elsewhere.

Our own line of 10-cent chocolates and bon bons and all sorts of creams is as pure and delicious as any candy sold in this city at 40 cents and even 50 cents per pound. From this assortment you can select at least thirty different kinds.

Now we offer our 30-cent grades, which is as fine and pleasing to the taste and as pure in making as any candy which is sold at 60 cents or even 80 cents per pound. All the dainty bon bons, filled chocolates, glazed fruits, and a score of other such delicious kinds in this assortment.

It will pay you to leave your orders at once or for future delivery—Churches, Sunday and Day Schools, entertainments, and even private families can have the benefit of reduction if the quantity bought is 25 pounds or more. Then again we will include half pound boxes with every order.

TOOK HIS MEDICINE

And Died on the Scaffold for the Crime of Another.

HANGED THE WRONG MAN.

Circumstantial Evidence Illustrated in a Case So Strong That There Was Not a Single Link Wanting and Yet the Man Murdered by the Law Was Innocent—A Detective's Story and the Letter he Received.

"After all is said and done, said Kelly, the old detective, quietly hailing the latest listener, "after all, the commonest weakness of the best policeman is his anxiety to force the evidence against his prisoner. The law regards all men as innocent till proved guilty, but a copper is dead anxious to convince himself and every one else that his "catch" is right. Sometimes it's easier to fasten a crime on the first suspect than to catch the real criminal, and few policemen can resist the desire to "make a case" against their man. Known crooks are always paying one another's debts to the law, and it's a cinch more men are falsely arrested than escape the long arm of the law."

"The queerest experience I ever had was a murder that was pulled off right under my nose. I was detailed on one of those long-winded embezzlement cases, and in order to get next my man I had taken a room in a pretty swell apartment house near the park. My landlord roomed next to me in the flat, but he was out of town most of the time, and as the rest of the family was made up of an old Creole housekeeper and her cats, I had the place pretty well to myself. In the flat right under mine lived a man and his wife named Catherwood—a fine looking, prosperous couple. I couldn't quite make them out, didn't try very hard for that matter, but I knew enough about them to believe that she was his best-half of the partnership and at least held her own as a money-maker. She was an artist—a miniature painter, gave lessons to a lot of the 'four hundred' and I understood, got fancy prices for little likenesses on porcelain. He classed up as 'a broker' which doesn't always mean much, and he wasn't past sitting in at some pretty mixed poker games in the tenebrous. But they were both stunning lookers, and seemed to live in peace and happiness."

"Well, to get back to my story. I got home one night about 12, and, coming into my dark room, noticed that the light from Catherwood's window, below mine, was glaring on the opposite dead wall of the adjoining building. There wasn't a sound in the narrow court, and I guessed Mrs. Catherwood was alone. It was a fine autumn night and my windows were open. I was turning around to make a light when I heard a hoarse scream, a crash as of breaking dishes and then the fall as of a body in the room below. I stuck my head out and listened but saw and heard nothing. But I was not satisfied. I went down to Catherwood's door and rang once, twice, three times. No answer. I tried the door; it opened and I went in. She was on the floor, her face staring at the lighted chandelier. I could see the cut across her neck. I got out my pistol and then latched the door on the inside. It was the only outlet to the rooms, and I thought the murderer must be inside. I noticed that the open window was just next to a fire-escape, and I went there first to take a quick look. I didn't see any one in the court below, but I didn't get a good look, for, hearing a noise behind me, I whirled around in time to see a man making for the door. In two jumps I had my gun against his head, but he didn't make any fuss at all. I put the bracelets on him and examined the body. It was quite dead. I took my man out without making any noise and had him at the corner, where I was notifying the patrolman of the crime, when Catherwood went past toward his home. I sent the policeman after him and took my prisoner to headquarters."

"Well, the thing looked like a cinch to us all, and I was promoted for the catch. The fellow gave his name as Bolton, but he never offered any defense. Murder for robbery was proved against him, but he never offered to explain anything. He was one of those gentle babos with an English accent, but the most I could find out about him was that he had been living about town in cheap lodgings and doing nothing. When I searched him in Catherwood's room he had in his pocket a roll of money and a little gold miniature of the poor woman herself. Oh, it was the straightest case of circumstantial evidence I ever heard of. I felt sorry for Bolton all the time—he was such a hopeless, friendless, mild sort of a chap. I tried to cheer him, and did a few turns that pleased him, but there was no way of saving him, and he went to Sing Sing almost cheerfully at last. That was

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"After all is said and done, said Kelly, the old detective, quietly hailing the latest listener, "after all, the commonest weakness of the best policeman is his anxiety to force the evidence against his prisoner. The law regards all men as innocent till proved guilty, but a copper is dead anxious to convince himself and every one else that his "catch" is right. Sometimes it's easier to fasten a crime on the first suspect than to catch the real criminal, and few policemen can resist the desire to "make a case" against their man. Known crooks are always paying one another's debts to the law, and it's a cinch more men are falsely arrested than escape the long arm of the law."

"The queerest experience I ever had was a murder that was pulled off right under my nose. I was detailed on one of those long-winded embezzlement cases, and in order to get next my man I had taken a room in a pretty swell apartment house near the park. My landlord roomed next to me in the flat, but he was out of town most of the time, and as the rest of the family was made up of an old Creole housekeeper and her cats, I had the place pretty well to myself. In the flat right under mine lived a man and his wife named Catherwood—a fine looking, prosperous couple. I couldn't quite make them out, didn't try very hard for that matter, but I knew enough about them to believe that she was his best-half of the partnership and at least held her own as a money-maker. She was an artist—a miniature painter, gave lessons to a lot of the 'four hundred' and I understood, got fancy prices for little likenesses on porcelain. He classed up as 'a broker' which doesn't always mean much, and he wasn't past sitting in at some pretty mixed poker games in the tenebrous. But they were both stunning lookers, and seemed to live in peace and happiness."

"Well, to get back to my story. I got home one night about 12, and, coming into my dark room, noticed that the light from Catherwood's window, below mine, was glaring on the opposite dead wall of the adjoining building. There wasn't a sound in the narrow court, and I guessed Mrs. Catherwood was alone. It was a fine autumn night and my windows were open. I was turning around to make a light when I heard a hoarse scream, a crash as of breaking dishes and then the fall as of a body in the room below. I stuck my head out and listened but saw and heard nothing. But I was not satisfied. I went down to Catherwood's door and rang once, twice, three times. No answer. I tried the door; it opened and I went in. She was on the floor, her face staring at the lighted chandelier. I could see the cut across her neck. I got out my pistol and then latched the door on the inside. It was the only outlet to the rooms, and I thought the murderer must be inside. I noticed that the open window was just next to a fire-escape, and I went there first to take a quick look. I didn't see any one in the court below, but I didn't get a good look, for, hearing a noise behind me, I whirled around in time to see a man making for the door. In two jumps I had my gun against his head, but he didn't make any fuss at all. I put the bracelets on him and examined the body. It was quite dead. I took my man out without making any noise and had him at the corner, where I was notifying the patrolman of the crime, when Catherwood went past toward his home. I sent the policeman after him and took my prisoner to headquarters."

"Well, the thing looked like a cinch to us all, and I was promoted for the catch. The fellow gave his name as Bolton, but he never offered any defense. Murder for robbery was proved against him, but he never offered to explain anything. He was one of those gentle babos with an English accent, but the most I could find out about him was that he had been living about town in cheap lodgings and doing nothing. When I searched him in Catherwood's room he had in his pocket a roll of money and a little gold miniature of the poor woman herself. Oh, it was the straightest case of circumstantial evidence I ever heard of. I felt sorry for Bolton all the time—he was such a hopeless, friendless, mild sort of a chap. I tried to cheer him, and did a few turns that pleased him, but there was no way of saving him, and he went to Sing Sing almost cheerfully at last. That was

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