

THEIR ONLY JOY

By Charles Welsh.

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(In the smoking room of the Players' club, New York.)

Frank Gayman (blowing an enormous cloud)—By Jove, I must write to Cecile! She looks for a letter from me every day, and I hate to disappoint her. She says my letters are her only joy, and it must be pretty dull for her down there at Newport with only Hilda for a companion.

(Writes.) "My Darling Wife—I have been so busy that I have not been able to get up town to the house to dinner, so I have just dropped in here."

(Enter George, his chum.) "Busy, Frank?"

"No; only writing to my wife."

"Oh, drop that and come and have a game of billiards."

"Well, I don't care if I do."

(They go to billiards. After an hour's play.) "What do you say to a look in at a roof garden for an hour or two, Frank? It's too jolly hot for anything else."

"I'm with you, George."

(At the roof garden.) "Why, there are the Dennis girls, and alone!"

The Dennis Girls (together)—Oh, you forsaken husbands! This is the way you console yourselves for the absence of your lawful spouses, is it?"

"Yes, come along and join us."

(Cooling liquids, badinage and flirtation for the next two hours; later on, supper for four at a Bohemian restaurant.)

(Midnight. Frank at home preparing to retire.) "Gee whiz! I never wrote to Cecile." (Seizes a postcard and writes.)

"At Home, Midnight. Important business all day. Too late for more. Letter tomorrow. Yours, FRANK."

(Gayman puts on hat and overcoat, rushes out, puts card in letter box, returns and soliloquizes as he gets into bed.) "That was a lucky thought. Only just saved my bacon that time."

(The same day in the drawing room of a Newport cottage.) "Now, Hilda, dear, don't talk to me. I must write to my husband. You can't understand what we can have to write about every day? Why, I should be the unhappiest woman in Newport if I did not get a letter from Frank every day. Ever since we were engaged we have always

very busy, as usual. We never have an idle minute. We read and bathe and swim and botanize and lead a thoroughly healthy and simple, plain living existence."

(Looking up again.) "Where did you put those chocolates, Hilda, dear? Thanks, I always like to have candy near me to nibble at. It seems to give one something to do. That's why men are so fond of smoking, I suppose. These are very good. Frank is so funny. He hates to see me eating sweets. Says they are bad for one's health."

(Turns again to her letter.) "We have lots of riding and boating. Hilda rows finely now, and we have great times on the water."

"Oh, by the way, Hilda, what are you going to do this evening? Nellie Vibert's coming to dinner, is she? You two girls won't care to have an old married woman like me listening to all your talk, so I'll go out with Baron von

Knoblauch in his canoe. I want to learn to navigate a canoe, you know. But I shan't tell Frank. He'll only be nervous. He always expects I shall get drowned or break my neck or something."

"Oh, no! The Baron isn't really a noisy fellow. It's only his way. I knew him ages before I was married. Frank, I believe, almost hates him, but I can't help that. Poor fellow! He tells me all his secrets, and I give him the best advice I can. You know we never met until after I was engaged to be married. (Sighs.) I suppose it was fate. Of course I never cared for him, but it seems so strange and so sad that one should be able to have such an influence over a person's whole life when one only likes a person. It seems so unequal. But how can you help these things happening?"

"What's that you say? It's unsafe and compromising to make such protestations to a girl that is engaged or married? You ought not to talk like that about things you can't understand. I think it's an awful mistake for a girl to try to be cynical. Yes, though you are older than I am you will always be considered a girl until you marry. I'm only frank like this because I like you, and I don't want you to stand in your own light. It is such a pity for a nice girl like you to get a reputation for being jealous and spiteful."

"Now, Hilda, don't be a little goose. I never said you were old and ugly. You often don't look a day older than 23, and you are quite too effective in that last hat you had from Mme. Loubert. Here, have some chocolates and do let me finish my letter."

(Writes.) "I can't say I admire your taste in playing golf with Amy Dearborne. However, I hope you keep your temper better than when you play with me, and I'm sure you don't say naughty words when you miff a shot when Amy Dearborne is there. I want you to get me some bright red chiffon de sole. If I write for it to Jenkinson's, they will send me some of last year's rubbish, and I want the latest shade from Paris, and you might ask them if they have anything good and new in

dress linens, ginghams and organdies. I will inclose a slip about the number of yards and the names of the shops where I want you to try at."

"Hilda, Hilda, do listen to me! I declare you were asleep and snoring! Are you sure that Taylor can make boating skirts nicely? You know I can't possibly stand things that do not fit well."

(Resumes writing.) "Do try to remember to send me the housekeeping accounts every week. I'm sure you are being robbed. And do take care that

that horrible groom you are so fond of does not charge you enough to feed two elephants instead of two horses. You ought to be living for next to nothing now, and I consider \$30 a dozen for Quickkill whisky is perfectly sinful. Surely you can get a cheaper brand. Did you send the carriage to be repaired? You don't need it while I am away, I am sure. You always say you don't care for riding alone, and I should think you would enjoy going about on your wheel or would find walking healthy. Thanks, dear; I shall be glad of another check next week. The money seems to melt away like ice in the sun. Don't be disappointed at not hearing from me tomorrow. We are going to a big picnic, so I shan't have time to write. And now goodnight. With best love, your ever loving wife,

"CECILE."

(Throwing down her pen.) "There! That's done! Yes, it is rather a bother writing every day, but I make a point of doing it, for I know my letters are poor Frank's only joy. And now I must run away and change, for I asked Baron von Knoblauch to drop in to lunch. You don't mind, dear, do you?"

Superstitious Samba.

Few of the older down town colored residents can be induced to cross Washington square after nightfall, says the Philadelphia Record. In fact, some of them cannot be persuaded to pass the limits of the square after nightfall under any consideration. This fact led Policeman Skinner of the Nineteenth district into a queer predicament the other night. While on duty he noticed an aged colored man acting in a very suspicious manner. The old fellow timidly approached the square and hesitated about entering. The policeman was about to step up and make inquiry when the man asked a passerby what square it was. "Why, Washington square," was the reply.

Without another word the old man darted away, with the policeman in pursuit. When caught, he could give no explanation, and it was decided to lock him up. This necessitated a trip across the square, and the captive begged piteously: "Don't take me across dat, mister policeman. Dat's an old graveyard, and I'll done hab no luck all my life if I step on dem dead men."

The policeman brushed up his history a bit and found that the old man was right about the graveyard and let him go his way. A number of Revolutionary soldiers are buried in the square.—St. Paul Press.

The Reviver.

"Baby was taken very bad while you were out, muma," said the new servant girl.

"Oh, dear!" said the young wife. "Is he better now?"

"Oh, he's all right now; but he was bad at first. He seemed to come over quite faint; but I found his medicine in the cupboard!"

"Found his medicine! Good gracious! What have you been giving the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard!"

"Oh, yes, there is, muma. It's written on it."

And that girl triumphantly produced a bottle labeled "Kid Reviver."—London Tit-Bits.

Making the Most of It.

In Hull recently a little girl was invited to a party at a friend's house. After ten different games were engaged in until it was time to go home. As the guests were leaving the hostess offered the little girl a bun.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said the girl. "I could not eat any more."

The hostess then told her to put it in her pocket.

"I can't," replied the mite; "it's full already; but the next time I come I will bring a basket."—Hull Times.

Where They Went.

The professor was demolishing (as he believed) Darwin and his theories—a task which he frequently engaged in—when he triumphantly wound up with the question:

"If we are monkeys, where are our tails?"

The lecturer, who had been speaking his full hour, was startled to hear in reply from one of the audience:

"We have sat on them so long that they are worn off!"

Horseshoes.

Horseshoes are of uncertain date and have caused some discussion among military historians. Nailed shoes were not known by the Greeks, for Xenophon gives minute instructions for hardening the hoof. Nor did the Romans use them. Nero had mules shod with a plate of silver fastened by crossed thongs to the hoof. With Poppa, his later wife, it is said these plates were of gold. The earliest positive evidence of nailed shoes is furnished by the skeleton of a horse found in the tomb of Childeric I (458-81) at Tournay in 1653.

The very people who talk about "vulgar trade" are usually the ones who never pay their bills.—Philadelphia Record.

Dignity may stoop to conquer, but it never grovels in the dust.—Chicago News.

Wonders of New Hampshire.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 663 creeks and 87 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 149 rivers.—New York Press.

In the Crimea the British left 60,000 corpses, which are interred in 130 cemeteries on ground occupied by the troops during that long and disastrous war.

A BOON TO FARMERS.

What Republicanism Has Done for the Farmers of Nebraska.

How Prices for Farm Products Have Increased the Last Four Years

Important Facts Bearing on Local Affairs in Connection With the Poynter Administration.

Omaha, Sept. 3. Slowly yet surely public sentiment in Nebraska is crystallizing against Bryanism. Hard times and low prices under Democratic rule are so firmly impressed on the memory of the voters that the attempt of Bryan to divert attention, through the instrumentality of vulnerable and fallacious doctrines, has fallen flat.

The people of Nebraska are too intelligent and too discerning to be deceived by the mocking-birds of Democracy on the question of "militarism" and "imperialism," and they have only to take their pencil and paper and do a little quiet figuring to determine what Republican victory really means for them.

Tell-Tale Figures.

The following figures will show the real difference between applied Democratic and Republican principles, the first column showing the prices under Democratic rule in 1896, and the second the prices prevailing now under Republican rule:

Table with 2 columns: 1896 and 1900. Rows include Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Hogs, Labor, Horses, Cattle (fat), Cattle (feeders), Sheep.

This means that the Nebraska farmer tilling 160 acres of land, and that is not considered a large farm in Nebraska, will receive at least \$900 more for the same amount of stock and grain in 1900 than he received in 1896.

There are thousands of 160-acre farms and thousands of farmers in Nebraska, so it can be seen at once that this increase in prices in the aggregate amounts to a large sum.

These figures are unanswerable. They deal staggering blows to Democracy and they at the same time attest the wisdom and reveal the substantial benefits of Republicanism. It can be seen by this that Republican prosperity has in four years increased the value of every cow, steer, sheep, horse, and every bushel of grain in Nebraska more than 30 per cent. It has increased the value of every acre of farm land, and, aside from household effects, has in many instances doubled the value of all the personal property on Nebraska farms.

The Republicans in Nebraska pin their faith to this record. They are willing to stand on it, confident in the intelligence and judgment of all the people.

Under such conditions it is possible that Bryan and the Democratic campaign orators can mislead the people into deposing the Republican party and voting the Democracy back into power? Is it possible that the voters of Nebraska can, by the seductive and alluring strains of the political siren, be duped into voting for Bryan and a return of the depression and distress of four years ago? A vote for Bryan means that and nothing else. Nor is this any more true of Nebraska than of the rest of the agricultural states. The report of the bureau of statistics of the agricultural department just issued shows to what extent the farmers have profited in the last four years on live stock values alone. Here are the figures:

Table with 3 columns: Jan. 1, 1896, Jan. 1, 1900. Rows include Horses, Mules, Milch cows, Other cattle, Sheep.

Total \$1,541,396,339 \$2,042,840,813

This shows a net increase in values—a clear and clean profit to the farmers and stock owners—of \$501,444,474.

Adding to this the increase in the value of swine and farm cereals, which is even a greater amount, and it is found that the entire gain amounts to the enormous sum of more than \$1,000,000,000.

Have a Right to Know.

The people of Nebraska have a right to demand of Governor Poynter an explanation of his conduct in connection with the management of the various state institutions.

They have a right to an explanation as to why he has permitted officials to transgress the law without even so much as a public protest or reprimand.

Within the last few weeks reports of official corruption have been published—charges upon which prompt inquiry should be made—yet Governor Poynter has refused to act, and has made no apparent effort to stop these abuses.

The gravest charges have not even commanded official attention, yet these charges are of such a nature as to be of the utmost importance to tax payers, involving as they do a reckless dissipation of the public funds. With wholesale pilfering going on in many of the state institutions it is no wonder that a large deficiency, conservatively estimated at \$100,000, is staring the Poynter administration and the people of Nebraska in the face.

For this, and for demoralizing the management of the public institutions

by the appointment of political adherents irrespective of fitness, Governor Poynter will be held to answer. Proper management of public institutions is not a partisan question. All political parties profess to favor it. What shall be said or done with a party or official who proves recalcitrant to this trust? That is the problem before the voters of Nebraska, and that is the charge upon which Governor Poynter and his party must stand trial in the high court of public opinion. Economy in the administration of public affairs is a matter of dollars and cents to every tax payer, and the fact that, with general appropriations approximating more than \$2,000,000, there is an apparent shortage of \$100,000 of itself proves that Governor Poynter has not practiced it.

Other Officials Extravagant.

Governor Poynter is not the only public official who has fallen short of party promises and public expectations. The names of State Treasurer Meserve, Attorney General Smyth and Land Commissioner Wolf may also be added.

It is no secret that a portion at least of the state school funds has been farmed out to favorite patrons. There is at least \$200,000 of school funds upon which the state is receiving no interest and which is no doubt deposited with such concerns as are "friendly" to the administration. Diligent inquiry has thus far failed to disclose where this money is, or why the state is not drawing interest on it. This alone represents a clean loss to the state of \$1,000 per year.

In regard to the attorney general's department, the records show that that department has not alone been extravagant, but has made excessive demands on the treasury.

The constitution expressly provides that the attorney general shall receive a salary of \$2,000 a year and no more. It declares further, that nothing shall be allowed that department for deputies or clerk hire. The records show how openly this has been disregarded.

The following figures show to what extent the treasury has been milked during the present term of two years:

Table with 2 columns: Attorney general, W. D. Oldham, Assistant attorney, Stenographer, Printing briefs, Postage, telegraph, telephone, etc., Traveling expenses.

Though this is a much larger amount than was ever before required by the attorney general's department, it, even, was not sufficient. The records show that the \$5,000 "prosecution fund" placed at the disposal of the governor has been attacked and of this amount nearly \$4,000 has been used, a portion of it as follows:

Table with 2 columns: C. J. Smyth, W. D. Oldham, Ed P. Smith, G. F. Corcoran.

Other allowances have been made in addition to this, so that upon the whole this department under the present administration has been the most extravagant and expensive in the state's history.

More or less odium is attached to the land commissioner's department. The manner in which building contracts have been awarded and executed almost approaches a public scandal. Certain contractors have been awarded contracts and have signally failed to properly fulfill them, yet after having failed at one place the board has turned right around and awarded them contracts at another. In some instances the bondsmen of the contractors have been required to complete the work and in each and all instances the state has sustained pecuniary loss.

Contracts for groceries and provisions are now largely awarded to Lincoln parties, attending which action is circumstantial evidence of rank favoritism. These contracts have been manipulated in the interest of the friends of the state house ring at Lincoln, and against the interest of the business men of the towns in which the institutions are located. Commissioner Wolf and Governor Poynter are directly responsible for this, as the former is chairman of the board of public lands and buildings and the latter chairman of the state board of purchase and supplies, boards that have direct charge of these matters.

It may be claimed by the state house officials, in justification of their acts, that the state is getting its groceries and supplies cheaper on this account. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In the first place, the way business is managed, prices become a secondary issue. The principal issue now is that of weight and quality. There is scarcely an institution that has a weighing scale, and there is scarcely an official at any of the institutions competent to judge as to quality.

The Tramp's Advice.

She was standing on the front porch reading the story paper, which had just come in the mail.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "did I see you brush away a tear just now?"

"'Sposin I did," she returned. "It's no business of yours."

"I spoke in kindness, lady. You ain't treatin' yerself right to cry an read both at once. It's a double strain on yer eyes, an you might as well listen to my hard luck stories an save yer eyes exclusively for de weeps. If you likes touchin' stories, lady, here's yer chance to have 'em brought to yer door, an you needn't pay \$2 a year's subscription in advance, neither. It's de chance of yer life, lady, to trade off cold victuals for pathos."—Washington Star.

BRYAN'S GREENBACK IDEA.

Is Similar to the National Debt Paying Scheme Away Back in 1898.

The Bryan financial scheme is apparently the grand old idea that carried the democracy of Ohio off their feet in 1898, and that was simply to print enough greenbacks to pay off the national debt and have done with it. This beautiful thought had a majority in the convention that nominated Seymour and Blair. The actual conversation referred to was this:

Energetic Greenbacker opened the talk by saying: "Hello, you, here; don't you think you want some more money? Don't you think we all ought to have some more money?"

Second Citizen (speaking mildly)—Well, yes, I think I'd like to have some more money, and—

Energetic Citizen and Lending Democrat—Well, then, why don't you help us have it? What are you standing around for? Why don't you come and go with us? You want more money, and I want more money. If we all say so we can have it, can't we? Ain't the people going to rule this country any more? If we say print the money they'll print it, won't they? You belong right with us.

Second Citizen—But how about redeeming it? How about paying it up?

Stalwart Democrat (again)—Redeem it! What the devil do you want to redeem it for? Let it wear out, and print more of it!

Now, that was the grand old way of paying the national debt in '98. It doesn't look unlikely that Mr. Bryan will have to make that the paramount issue in this campaign after all, for there will be wildfire in the woods about the proffered coin in the Philippines and the Monroe doctrine in Asia.

—Murat Halstead.

CORN CONSUMPTION.

What Business Activity Means to Farmers Who Feed Millions of Wage Workers.

The corn crop of the United States will bring to the farmers more money in 1900 than ever before. The department of agriculture reports the price of corn during the first week of September as more than double what it was in 1896 and much higher than at any corresponding date since that time. This increased price—due both to the increased consumption at home and the efforts made by Secretary Wilson, the present head of the department of agriculture, for an enlargement of American markets abroad.

With business activity and people in every line of industry actively employed, the home market is by far the most important one to the farmer; while with business depression, factories closed, mines running on half time, railways with light earnings and a reduction of employees, the consumption and prices in the home market are correspondingly reduced. This is illustrated by the fact that the home consumption of corn fell off \$450,000,000 in 1894 as compared with 1892, and that the price of corn in Chicago in 1896, at the close of the democratic and low tariff period, was less than one-half what it is to-day.

The table which follows shows the home consumption and exportation of corn in 1892, 1894 and 1899, and the exportation only in 1899, the home consumption figures for that year of course not being obtainable.

Table with 4 columns: Year, Home Consumption, Exportation, Total Consumption. Rows for 1892, 1894, 1899.

*Export figures are for fiscal years.

GROWTH OF COMMERCE.

Increased Volume of Trade with Tropical Countries Under McKinley.

Two especial features of the growth of our foreign commerce under President McKinley have been the increase in the importation of tropical and subtropical products and the increase in the exportations to those countries which furnished those tropical and subtropical products. The people of the United States are spending a million dollars a day for classes of merchandise which they cannot produce, or at least are not at present producing in the United States. These include coffee, raw silk, India rubber, fibres, fruits and nuts, tobacco of high grades, tea, gums, cocoa and chocolate, spices, rice, cabinet woods, dye woods, indigo and certain chemicals, all of them of tropical or subtropical production. This class of articles form a constantly-increasing proportion of our imports, both because of the increased demand through our manufacturers and through an enlarged consumption by the people and also because of the reduced importation of manufactured goods. In 1895 the importations of this class of articles amounted to \$315,707,698, and in the fiscal year 1900 amounted to \$351,353,246. A large proportion of these articles reach us from Asia and Oceania. The proportion of our sugar imports which is furnished by the Hawaiian islands and the Dutch East Indies is constantly increasing, while the bulk of the raw silk, tea, Manila hemp, jute, gums, spices, indigo and dye woods come from the countries of Asia and Oceania, and the remaining articles of the list are furnished by tropical and sub-tropical countries.

If Maximo Gomez, the late commander of the Cuban army, should take to the wilds of the eastern part of the island—something which he will not do—what, in Mr. Bryan's opinion, should this country do? Should it get out and leave the island to anarchy, or should it fulfill its pledges made in good faith to the Cuban people?



GAYMAN RUSHES OUT AND PUTS CARD IN LETTER BOX.

done so when apart, and, whatever I do myself, I make him keep it up. It's only like keeping a diary, and then I like to know just what he is doing. Poor fellow! He would be miserable without my letters when he is alone like this. He says they are his only joy amid all the worries of his horrid business.

"Why, yes, of course I tell him all I do, except the little things that might worry him. It's only kindness to keep those away from him. The best of men are so funny that you never know what they will take it in their heads to worry about."

(Writes.) "My Own Darling Frank"—"Hilda, can you make me a nice J pen? Thanks, dear. Do you like those writing cases? They are awfully useful. This is real Russia leather, with scissors and all sorts of things. Frank gave it to me last Thanksgiving, but I was awfully disappointed, for I expected he would give me that ring with sapphires and diamonds that we admired so much at Bauble's. Don't you remember it?"

(Resumes writing.) "Many thanks for yesterday's letter. I wish you could spare time for a longer one. As you say you never go out after dinner, you ought to have plenty of time to write me good long letters."

(Looking up.) "You seem very deep in that book, Hilda. What is it? Oh, 'The Language and Poetry of Flowers.' That reminds me that I mean to go in for botany. Mr. Black says he will teach me, and there are all sorts of lovely rambles about here to botanize in. I don't care for scientific men, as a rule, but he has nice manners for all he is so learned. I think he is rather good looking, too, don't you? No? I always admire dark eyes. Frank's are rather a light gray, though. Still (musingly) he is ever so much taller than Mr. Black."

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Knoblauch in his canoe. I want to learn to navigate a canoe, you know. But I shan't tell Frank. He'll only be nervous. He always expects I shall get drowned or break my neck or something.

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