

Underworld In Politics

"Strong-Arm Boys" and
Their Part in the
Great Game.

By Ernest McGaffey

Men Who Want 'One Put
Over the Plate' Resort to
Criminal Methods.

As the motto of the game is, generally, "win at all hazards," it follows that politics is in some ways, and in some exigencies, a desperate game. This applies both to the upper and lower stratas of the men engaged in it. If the man "higher up" wanted something "put over the plate" that required physical force, they could always find men lower down in the scale who were guaranteed to stop at nothing. These riff-raff of the undercurrent relied on political influence to bring them clear of any crime they might commit, and it often did gain them immunity. The code of morality seemed to be that the other fellows would do the same thing if they had the power and needed "the trick," so that not even deliberate murder was omitted on rare occasions to accomplish a political end.

If anyone thinks I am drawing on my imagination for this statement, he is respectfully referred to the books of the various cemeteries and the record of the murder trials in the criminal courts of the city.

In the practice of my profession as a lawyer, I had run across some members of what were known as "the strong-arm boys" of a certain section of the city. They had figured as witnesses in some criminal cases in which my firm was engaged, and I had an opportunity to study them. They were young fellows as a rule, and exceedingly well dressed. Some of them were very handy with their fists, and some were regulation "gun-fighters." All of them were "crooks" in various lines, from "card-sharps" and "confidence" men to "shell-game workers" and pickpockets.

When I broke through "the crust" of politics these "strong-arm boys" were very active in local politics, although they were far distant from my political bailiwick, and mostly did not belong to our party. Sometimes they held petty political jobs for a year or six months, and sometimes they hung around the saloons and polling places, the henchmen of some local politician.

Another time a local politician of considerable prominence was stabbed in a wrangle over the alleged stuffing of a ballot box and instantly killed. Certain of the witnesses testified that



Politician of Considerable Prominence Was Stabbed.

some one cried "set him" just before the fatal thrust. An open knife, ready there to "sharpen a lead pencil," was the cause of his death. His slayer, after a bitterly contested legal battle carried to the supreme court of the state, was sentenced to serve a penitentiary term. Another time one crowd broke into the doors of a closed meeting, with a revolver volley from both sides as the doors crashed in. Two men dead and several wounded was the result of this fracas. No one was ever tried for any crime in connection with this.

Of course these desperate affairs were not frequent, nor did they usually happen except in the tough wards; but they sometimes did occur in good wards, where the people were above the average in intelligence and orderliness. Anywhere, in the fierce animosities engendered by the excitement of an election, of a primary, or a city convention, there was a very strong probability that somewhere within the city's limits there would be a death to lay at the door of party politics. Whisky, of course, often was a contributory agent of no little importance. One time a would-be voter lined up to get into a polling booth, a pistol in his side coat pocket, and something like eleven drinks in his

immediate possession. A man of the opposite party approached from inside the booth with the salutation: "Hello, Jack, 'Ho! Ho! Andy," was the response, and instantly following his reply he drew his weapon and killed the man in his tracks who had just emerged from the booth. A jury acquitted him after it had been shown that the dead man was a "terror," who had shot three times at his slayer on one occasion, and had shot another man through the head who was then in an insane asylum from the effects of the bullets. The slayer afterwards said he had "keyed up" to "get" his man at that election, if he wasn't gotten first.

As for ordinary assaults and sluggings, they were a matter of constant occurrence. Even the most respectable of men who really engaged in active politics had to make up their minds to a fist fight, if necessary, rather than to "back water." When I was in politics the "scrapping" was mostly confined to the rougher elements; but you had to either be ready to fight, or convey the impression that you would fight, or you would lose caste. A man might get along all right without any personal encounters, but he had to make up his mind not to "lie down" if trouble presented itself.

The Australian ballot and the rigid house-to-house canvass in the wards did away with a good deal of the abuses of illegal registration, and about "knocked in the head" the "ancient and honorable" practice of "repeating." Sometimes these old-time schemes were tried, and the experienced men sent to the penitentiary for their pains. Ballot-box stuffing at the regular elections was much of a "lost art" also, and stealing ballot boxes a desperate, dangerous and generally futile means of gaining an end. Each party had its judges, watchers and challengers, and the closest possible "tab" was kept on every detail of the vote. When a man arrived at the polls and handed in his folded ballot he found that the men in charge sometimes knew more than he did about himself.

"What's your name?" asked one of the judges to a man who was depositing his ballot in the clerk's hand preparatory to having it slipped into the slot. "George H. Wilson." "Where do you reside?" "One hundred and forty-two James street." "How long have you lived there?" "Seven months, a little over." "How long in the state?" "All my life." "Why, you live with the Smalleys, don't you?" "Certainly," was the answer. Several men spoke up from both sides. "He lives with Smalley, all right." "Well, Smalley lives at 140 James street. I know you're all right, but how'd you happen to get the number wrong?" The man hesitated and then said: "Well, I'm single, and I get home at night so late that I can't see the number, and when I get out in the morning I never have happened to look for it. But I live with Smalley, all right." "Sure" was the universal chorus, and in went his vote.

On some occasions candidates have been "drugged" or "doped," so that they could not come out and make speeches, and in some ward elections certain candidates have been extremely careful what they ate and drank during their campaigns. Not that they feared being fatally poisoned, but they did apprehend a possible "doping," as such things had been done in the past. Put an orator's stomach "out of business" for a week or ten days and it may make the difference of a life time to him.

Springing some sensational charge in the opposition papers the day before election is a favorite method of trying to "cut under" a candidate's support. Sometimes these things prove a "boomerang," or a "roor-back," as it is sometimes called, and defeat their own aim by shifting support which had been with the party making the charge to the party against whom the charge was made. Sometimes they accomplished their purpose, but I recall one particular instance where a candidate had an influential paper "on his staff" up to the time he "sprung a roor-back" against his opponent. The paper promptly withdrew its support and he "lost out."

In the petty ward elections of delegates to the various conventions, one of the most common frauds practiced was getting the print shops to print them or getting a friendly printer in the ward to "hocus-poocus" the names so that certain delegates would be elected. This was one of the meanest and most contemptible of practices, but it was something that could not be stamped out and could only be guarded against by constant vigilance. Sometimes it was necessary to rout a printer up in the middle of the night before election and get out an entirely new bunch of tickets to offset the treachery or crookedness of some individuals.

"Jobbing" was a favorite method of "bringing down" a candidate. To "job" a man required enough plotters to "put up a job" of some kind on him so that he might be made an object of unpleasant notoriety and thus fall in the estimation of the voters. Sometimes this was accomplished in one way, sometimes another. The ingenuity of men's imaginations was the only limit to the scope of such scheming. To charge a man with "grafting" was one way. The opposition papers could be depended upon to make the most of the charges in the way of publicity, at least, and once you get a man "explaining" the next move was to ask him to "explain" his "explanation." "Alford interviews" at level treachery to the "party" or to particular candidates—those tricks and hundreds of others were resorted to to do away with a candidate or to beat him if nominated.

As for "counting out a candidate" who was honestly elected, that branch of the game was a really classic one.

It required the utmost solemnity and decorum, surrounded by all possible "legal niceties," and carried on with that artistic assumption of fairness and regard for liberty's palladium commensurate with the dignified hypocrisy of the proceedings.

It can be readily imagined from the foregoing that a man had to keep his eyes open when he went into politics. Ordinary treachery and double-dealing became accustomed to at once, particularly if he was in a ward where he could depend upon meeting men whose ideas of honesty were dim and fleeting; and whose word of honor was something less in substantiality than a burned-out match. He might make half a dozen iron-bound compacts with the members of his own political tribe in one night, to have day break with a different combination forming his alliance. The only way to rule an ordinary ward is to have the power over the "jobs" to be distributed, and use that power with the utmost rigor. Let every political worker know that he will "walk the plank" instantly if



"What's Your Name?"

he sidesteps or hesitates, and you will have discipline, faithfulness and results; never otherwise. If you hold the reins of patronage you can guide the political vehicle of your party safely.

From the newspaper end of the game you must expect not only a reckless regard for fairness and justice, but in the case of some sheets, steady stream of slander and libel. Caricature (even Lincoln was vividly caricatured) is a daily weapon, and criticism of officials, laden with ridicule and contempt, was a matter of course. Indeed, no man in any office need expect any less than this, and is foolish if he attempts to stop it. I recollect the excitement of an honored citizen who served with me on the board of local improvements (sometimes called "the board of local amusements") when a paper on the other side of the political fence said we were a "set of lazy, useless, good-for-nothing incompetents," or words to that effect. He wanted to see the paper for libel right away. But, pshaw, that was a mere bagatelle.

But sometimes, especially in the case of certain papers, they hesitated at nothing. I had an experience of this kind. One morning I was charged with the committing of the crime of attempted bribery. The article was the result of a petty ward conspiracy, and was without any foundation whatsoever. I read the article at noon, and by three o'clock, as soon as the necessary papers could be drawn, had the managing editor of the paper held for criminal libel before the nearest justice of the peace. In a few days the paper paid all the costs of the proceeding, paid my lawyer his fees and printed on the front page of their paper a complete retraction and apology which I dictated and headed. I then dismissed the charge against their managing editor. He was a nice fellow, all right, and had never seen the article, having instructions to rush everything through which he received from a certain "bureau." Yet he was the "responsible party" legally. I did not know who the reporter was who turned the stuff in, and did not care, as he would simply be the purveyor of the tale "as was told to him." I got to the bottom of the thing afterwards. Now all that can be done in these cases, no matter how foul the wrong, is to jail the managing editor six months and collect money damages from the owners of the paper. The only fair way to look at abuses of this kind is to give the press the fullest possible liberty and then make it a felony if they abuse the liberty.

The reputable newspapers do not libel nor slander, although they criticize bitterly. No man will object to partisan criticism, politically, however biting. But deliberate or even careless criminal libel should be punished when shown to be the result of malice or utter lack of caution.

In the political game on the lower levels while a man will meet good men and true occasionally, he will be surprised at the rarity of such individuals. I don't know what it is in petty municipal politics that makes men as they are, unless it is the cowardice that depending absolutely upon it for a living engenders. Or is it—

"Because their natures are little, and whether he leads it or not. Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous fies."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.
(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Graduated from the Bible.

Octave Thanet tells a story of an old dandy in Florida who was anxious to learn to read, so that he could read the Bible. He said that if he could read the Bible he would want nothing else. A friend of the narrator taught him to read. Some time afterward she visited his cabin and asked his wife how his Bible reading was getting on. "Laws, Miss Pandy," said this person, "he jes' suttinly kin read fine. He's done got outen de Bible an' in' de newspapers."

For the Hostess

"Labor Day Party" That Involves Little Trouble
and is Very Enjoyable—Birthday Sentiments for All the Months.

"Are you renewing your youth, my dear?" said Mme. Merri to a hostess noted for "novel entertainments," who was discovered in the toy department buying all sorts of diminutive household articles.

"No, I am only preparing for my luncheon to be given on Labor day. You know it is not far off."

Then I understood the selection of tiny brooms, dust pans, wash tubs, coffee pots, etc. I was so interested in the clever scheme that I begged it for the department, so here it is in detail for others to go and do likewise.

The hostess being gifted in drawing decorated each invitation with a young woman in some act of household labor. Besides this there was nothing else but the day and date, with the quotation: "Learn to labor and to wait;" also the request to wear a wash gown. When the guests arrive they are given aprons all finished except the strings, which are to be of ribbon. This sewing done, the first labor is accomplished. Bows to match the apron strings are to be worn in the hair, a long hairpin being thrust through each to keep it in place. The table center piece is to be a doll's wash tub filled with asters; the place cards are dust pans lettered in gold tied to the eustes of brooms. Before the dessert each guest is to brush her own crumbs with her broom and dust pan. And the dessert—it is to be the best of all. There will be eight guests, and four wee ice cream freezers are to be brought to the table. Four will freeze and four concoct the cream, put in the ice, salt, etc. If all goes well, the cream will be ready to eat in less than 15 minutes and ten for the coffee.

For the Birthdays.

"Tell us about birthday celebrations, how to make the day 'different,' what the birth stones are," etc.

Mme. Merri has received so many letters containing the above request that to-day the stones for each month are given with the verse. There are also flowers and sentiments for each month, but it would take too much space to put them in this week, so they will appear next Sunday. As a special favor, will all those interested please preserve these two articles for future reference, as it will not be possible to repeat them very soon. The

birth stone is supposed to bring good luck to the person who wears it, and they are always popular as gifts of sentiment; besides everyone likes an individual gift:

JANUARY.
By her who in this month is born,
No gem save Garnets should be worn.
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.
The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.
Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril, firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.
She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest better tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.
Who first behold the light of day
In spring's sweetest flowery month of May,
And wears an Emerald for her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.
Who comes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.
The glowing Ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.
Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No congenial felicity,
The August-born without this stone,
Tis said, must live unloved and alone.

SEPTEMBER.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast,
And hope will lift those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz, amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.
If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue;
Success will bless whatever you do.

MADAME MERRI.



The first costume shown is suitable to be made up in any pretty washings material, such as zephyr or lawn. The bodice is arranged in rather wide box-plaits with tucks between; this is set beneath a yoke with deep points in the center, three buttons being sewn in the point, the skirt is plaited into the waist-band and the plaits are pressed, but left to hang loose, not stitched. The collar and sleeve bands are of embroidery insertion. Hat of white straw, trimmed with a wreath of wild flowers. Material required for the dress: Six yards 28 inches wide.

The second is in spotted washing silk, the bodice has a deep yoke in the center made up of tucked Jap silk; lace insertion outlines the yoke and carries out the same line a little further out, and is carried to the waist each side. The skirt is cut to join the waist without fullness; it is trimmed with lace insertion. Materials required: Six yards 22 inches wide, about seven yards insertion; one-half yard plain silk.

The dress shown in the third illustration is for a girl from six to eight years; it is a design that might be carried out in cottons, nun's veiling or delaine. The bodice and skirt are both full, the latter finished by a plaiting of the material headed by insertion. The deep turn-over collar is of washing silk, edged with plaited lace, headed by insertion. Materials required: Four yards 36 inches wide, five-eighths yard 22 inches wide for collar.

The last design is a pretty little pinnoke dress of blue spotted zephyr; tiny tucks are made in center front, and on shoulders, and the skirt is tucked at the feet, both are gathered into a waist-band, over which is worn a ribbon sashed tie at the back. The blouse is of white lawn. Hat of Leghorn, trimmed with flowers. Materials required for the pinnoke dress: Four and one-half yards 28 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard lawn for blouse.

To Use Old Skirts.

The advent of the tunic, or, as it is called, the overskirt, has given rise to a new economy among women. This is using up a well-cut silk or satin foundation skirt to give an "air" to an overskirt and bodice of a simple striped material.

A woman who owned a smoke-gray silk foundation skirt had it carefully pruned, pressed out and left untroubled. She bought at the shops a remnant of gray and white striped cotton voile at a small price and made an overskirt and bodice of it.

For the latter she used a piece of the gray silk body lining, cutting it low-necked, taking out the sleeves and finishing the edges with a tiny point of lace.

The tunic was opened up the side, cut to points, put into a box plait at back, and its edges were bound with a three-inch bias fold of the material.

The bodice was simply drawn over a galunette of lace and was drawn into a draped empire belt of gray silk lined with old silver buttons at the back.

Corals are exceedingly smart with white dresses.
Young girls employ Grecian styles in hair arrangements.
Fall costumes will almost undoubtedly be of simple fabrics.
Effective belts of woven gold tissue have leather pieces in front, which serve as a support to the buckle.
The white linen collar is worn with tailored waists, and beautiful hand-embroidered ones can be had for comparatively little.
The little white snowflake with yellow heart is seen on many of the best silks.
Silk patchwork, now much in favor, is a revival coincident with the patriotic renaissance.
Satin Egyptianne, a silk with a woolen warp, is a smart material well adapted to the directrice mode.

HOSS SENSE.

When the peasant ceases drumming,
When the autumn cyclone's coming,
When the gaunt white wolf of winter is let loose
In the injun summer; so, my
Wouldn't you give ready money
For the wings and for the wisdom of a goose?

When the hoos that you are riding
Smells the cinnamon in hiding,
When he wheels and snorts and gives his head a toss;
When he tries so hard to tell you
That the cinnamon can smell you—
Don't you wish you had the hoos sense of a hoos?

—Cy Warman.

A Bride in Ultimate

By Don Mark Lemon

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"In God's name, sign the passport and let me go!"
"Pardon, monsieur; my signature will not make good the passport. Monsieur must get a new passport obtain from his legat."

"A new one! It will take hours—days—to do that, and he will be out of my reach by morning."

"Monsieur, it is the law."
"The law! Shall this man be allowed to rob me of my dearest possession, while the law binds me here hand and foot? Must I delay for a needless sheet of paper while every minute takes him nearer the sea coast and farther from me? Can't you see my cause is honest? Can't you understand that I am no fugitive—that I want only to come up with this man? That he has robbed me, and these formalities that help to cover his flight are an outrage against justice!"

"Pardon, monsieur; if the gentleman has robbed you, it is best for you to wait here and let the law—the officials, monsieur—seek him."

"The law again!"
"Yes, monsieur."
"Then I have lost her forever!" The traveler, who for some ten minutes had been pleading with the courteous official to honor his expired passport and allow him to cross from France into Spain, sank down upon a chair in the private quarters of the French railway station and buried his face in his hands.

"Lost her, monsieur?" the official questioned, with a new show of interest. "Is it a lady?"

"Yes! the other groaned. "He has robbed me of my wife!"
"And the lady?"
"Is with him."

"Pardon again, monsieur; the gentleman you seek journeyed alone. Ah, monsieur, is mistaken! He need not despair! Take courage! The gentleman journeyed alone!"

"No, I say. She is with him—and as helpless as the dead."
"Monsieur!"
"I say, yes—she is with him."
"In spirit, monsieur?"
"In body."

"Will monsieur explain to the officials how the gentleman has robbed him of his wife? We have the telegraph and may the gentleman detain before he reaches the sea coast. But if monsieur will listen, he will learn how the gentleman was not accompanied by a lady, nor by a servant attendant."

"The lady is dead!" came the amazing reply.

"Dead, monsieur?" exclaimed the official. "Ah! A doubt as to the other's sanity seemed to strike the Frenchman and he looked about uneasily. "Will monsieur read to pass the time?" he questioned.

"Read!" The American traveler laughed an unpleasant laugh. Then his smothered impatience broke out. "Can't I follow him on foot without a passport?"

"No, monsieur; not into territory Spanish."
"May death stop him then!" the other cried with uplifted hands.

The Frenchman's suspicions deepened; but, courteous even to a madman, he only begged the other to have patience.

"Yes, I know you think I rave," the American broke in, passionately; "and you would think me mad if I told you the whole truth. Yet I say he has robbed me of my wife and she is with him in person. You, yourself, saw her."

"Pardon, monsieur; I saw her not."
"Did he not wear a great diamond upon his hand?"
"Monsieur is right."
"Then—"

"It was a pool of light, monsieur," continued the Frenchman. "Ah, it is monsieur's jewel, and so lovely that he calls it his wife!"

"It is my wife!" came the amazing reply.

For a moment the other was wholly nonplussed. Then he questioned: "Has monsieur wedded a jewel?"

"No—I have wedded no jewel. That stone, I say, is no jewel! It is a woman—my wife—flesh and blood! Ah, honor the passport and let me go!"

Before the Frenchman could answer the sudden clanging of a bell, a hiss of escaping steam and the rumble of car wheels was heard without. Both men rushed to the door and out upon the platform. An engine with three passenger coaches attached drew into the station from the wrong direction and contrary to official time. What was wrong? The men were soon to learn. Two coaches from the rear of the train which had drawn out of the station about half an hour before had broken from their couplings and been wrecked and, a high French official being among the number injured, the engineer had reversed his engine and returned for surgical aid into French territory.

Despite the tragic nature of this return, the American gave a cry of joy and began searching among the passengers for the fugitive—the false friend who had robbed him of his wife.

That friend was not to be found among the living, nor among the injured, and four of the five dead had already been removed from the rear coach to the station! Would the fifth

and last corpse be that of the fugitive?

Brushing by the porters, the American leaped to where the fifth dead body lay, crushed and mangled past recognition save by its clothing, and—yes, the great white polar starlike diamond that flamed upon a finger of its bloodless hand!

Tearing the splendid jewel away, the American brought it passionately to his lips and murmured: "Darling, look up! I am here!"

"Will monsieur show me the ring?" the French station official questioned, when again in his private quarters alone with the American.

The latter drew the jewel from his breast and handed it with a powerful magnifying glass to the Frenchman. "Look at the heart of the stone through the glass," he said, softly.

The official did as he was bidden and a cry of astonishment escaped him.

"Monsieur, it is divine!"
"Divine! It is the work of God himself! Is not He an artist?"

The Frenchman turned again to the diamond in the ring, and for fully five minutes gave it his unbroken attention, scarcely breathing, as if he trembled to dim for a moment the magnifying glass or the lupid gem beneath.

And well might the jewel hold his gaze, for in the heart of the perfect 40-carat stone, attired in simple Grecian costume, with a red rose in the dark hair, lay in repose the minute, exquisite figure of a woman.

"Monsieur, she?"
"Is human."
"Ah!"
"Yes—and once a divine and stately woman."

"Monsieur, how?"
"She was my bride, and, as she reclined one day within a large artificial crystal, diamond-shaped—we were rehearsing for an entertainment in which she was to appear as the spirit of the diamond—as she reclined in the attitude which she now keeps, somehow—I don't know exactly how, but I think that the crystal in which

There Was a Gint of Steel, a Sharp Report, and He Pitched Headlong.



There Was a Gint of Steel, a Sharp Report, and He Pitched Headlong.

she was imprisoned had been made of an unknown sand with some strange inherent quality—somehow a bolt of lightning leaped out of the clear sky, that mysterious crystal seemed to draw down upon itself all the electricity in heaven, and when I found my sight again this diamond lay at my feet."

"And, monsieur, this is your bride?"
"Yes, yes!" A great passion shook the speaker and his voice broke painfully. "The force of the lightning compressed that crystal and her sweet body into what you see—into ultimate form."

"Monsieur, it is a jewel for a deity."
The other made no immediate reply, but stood looking upon the exquisite form in the diamond as a lover looks into the face of his beloved. Finally, he said: "She is not dead to me, and while I thus have her with me I care not what I suffer."

He took the ring from the hollow of his hand and was about to place it upon his finger—the diamond inward—when the lovely jewel slipped from his hold and fell to the floor. As it came in contact with the hard tiles, there was a slight explosive sound and a shower of minute scintillating particles seemed to burst from the ring itself and scatter like dust on the air.

With a cry of horror, the American stooped and snatched up the ring. The diamond was gone utterly from its setting!

"My God!"
The word was a shriek, and the American staggered back against the wall, his face drawn with unspeakable agony.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! Monsieur!" The American's right hand made a quick backward movement.

"She never died till now!" he cried. "Oh, my God!"

There was a glint of steel, a sharp report, and, as the Frenchman rushed forward, the other pitched headlong to his feet, dead!

Art in Spanish Bank Notes

To baffle the counterfeiters, who are both numerous and cunning in Madrid, the Bank of Spain has pursued the policy of changing its notes with great frequency and retiring each issue as fast as possible.

The bank has now determined on a new plan. It has placed an order for a series of notes with an English concern, and it will rely for safety upon a special color process. In addition

the notes are to present pictures of well-known buildings in Spain, executed with a perfection that will defy counterfeiting.

"The pictures are to be so beautiful that amateurs will be tempted to frame them," says one Spanish newspaper. "Hardly," rejoins another, "the cost of the set will be 1,675 pesetas, you see." To the Spanish mind \$338.50 is a great deal of money.