

DEMOCRATIC TIMES

HIT THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION VERY HARD.

The Box-Office Receipts a Fair Indication of the Prosperity that Followed the Election of Cleveland and His Party.

It is time to give particular attention to the condition of the theatrical profession in the United States this year as compared with 1892 and 1893, and show the large number of unemployed actors who have been the recipients of charity from a fund especially collected for that purpose.



ACT I. 1892.

In order to investigate this condition more fully a number of the leading theaters in different states in the country have been asked to furnish a comparative statement of their receipts during the first three months of 1892 and 1894. Taking 100 to represent their receipts from January to March, 1893, the figures in the second and third columns represent the receipts during the corresponding three months of the two years, as follows:

Table with columns: States, 1892, 1894, Loss. Lists receipts for various states like Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, etc.

The foregoing shows reports from forty-seven of the leading theaters of the United States. For every \$4,700 received by these theaters during the first three months of 1893 their receipts amounted to only \$5,408 during the first three months of the present year, the loss being \$1,292, or 27 per cent for the whole country. While the actor is not directly protected by a tariff, it is very evident that the prosperity of the country under a protective tariff affords larger receipts to those engaged in the theatrical profession than the disturbed condition of the country will permit under the



ACT II. 1894.

mere threat of free trade. When people are not earning money at all, or are not earning good wages, it is impossible for them to spend money upon amusements. Protection to American industries means prosperity to the theatrical business.

Some Facts About Wool. If American manufacturers are to supply themselves with foreign wool, it would be only because it would be cheaper to them than American wool. Who, then, will be left to buy the American clip, and what is to become of it? If American wool falls to the foreign price under free trade, the American sheep will be fattened and sent to the butcher, and woolgrowing in America will cease to be an industry except in limited cases where the farmers can produce the coarser wool sheep for the meat as they now produce cattle for that purpose. They would then have to consider the wool a by-product, as bullocks hides are now considered.

If the duty be soon removed or even reduced at a time when the government needs more rather than less revenue, the only way to procure even the same revenue that is now collected is to double our imports. If we double our imports we obtain our supplies from abroad instead of at home. We cripple our manufacturers and lessen our market for our wool. We give a great industrial impulse to foreign mills, and to this extent take employment from our American mills, and for what? Simply in order to raise as much revenue under reduced duties for revenue only as we now collect under duties that are prote-

ective. Why, therefore, should we destroy a well-established industry that pays taxes to our government and instead promote a foreign industry that pays nothing toward the support of our government.

Waive From a Miner. Lots of us don't like it; but you know its three more years of Grover, and then the clover will be on top of us I think. We have over 29,000 miners idle in Illinois, and fourteen companies of the state militia in different places in the state at present. That's democracy sure enough. We had to work before, so you see we can do without it now and get the soldiers to watch us, as they do over in the old country. We must be English, they say. Don't you think it's pretty like it? Twenty cents per ton of a reduction will help to bring us nearer to it. And many of our republicans here said it was better over there than here. They did not expect it to come so soon. All I hope is that they will smother that bill in congress so dead that it will never live again, and all the bourgeois and copperheads with it forever. The monster, the southern confederacy, would like to show its slimy head again—that's my honest opinion. A man's bread is his life, and when they bargain for my bread I must kick. ROBT. BOWIE. Braidwood, Ill., May 29, 1894.

The Pottery Strike. In the settlement of the pottery strike the wage scale hangs on the degree of protection accorded the industry in the democratic tariff bill. This is a practical illustration of the point which republicans have made and democrats denied, and there can be no wriggling out of it. The democrats will have to take their medicine. The democratic politicians can no longer throw dust in the eyes of the men who earn their living in American potteries. They have learned, if they did not know before, that the tariff has something to do with wages.

Some of them understood this thoroughly and did not wait for the democratic party and sad experience to teach them the lesson.—The Intelligencer, Wheeling, W. Va.



Wages in Japan. The Japan Mail, published at Yokohama, is authority for the following, in regard to the wages of mill operatives in Japan, also as to the value of Japanese money and the cost of coal, all of which may throw some light upon the problem of successful industrial competition with the "Yankees of the east."

The daily wages of a factory girl in Hiogo is nine sen, whereas in Tokio it is thirteen sen, and in Osaka it is twenty-three yen in the latter city, can be had in the former for from eighteen to nineteen yen. One yen equals a Mexican dollar. One Mexican dollar equals 50 cents United States gold. One sen is one one hundredth part of a yen or one-half cent gold. Nine sen for a girl is equivalent to four and a half cents gold per day. Wages of a girl for one year, or 300 days, \$13.50 gold, or \$27 silver, per year. Coal at nineteen yen for five tons equals about \$1.90 per ton.

In 1892 we had absolute men employed in our business forty-five, and these forty-five remained with us until October, 1893, when business fell down to such an extent that we cut them down to forty. April 1, 1894, we cut the men down to twenty-three. This gives the standing exactly of the house to-day. In 1892 with a capital of half a million we employed forty-five hands. The same capital, the close of 1893, could only give employment to forty hands. The same capital in 1894 can only employ twenty-three hands. In addition to this we have been obliged to cut off six branch houses, which, in 1892, yielded good returns; but made a loss in 1893 and the continuance of them in 1894 would have been ruinous. Comment is unnecessary and the figures stand for themselves. The articles we have manufactured and sold are agricultural implements, every one of which was manufactured in the states of New York, Ohio and Illinois and fitted up and finished here.—Charles H. Dodd, president of Charles H. Dodd & Co., dealers in agricultural implements, hardware and steel, Portland, Ore., April 21, 1894.

Weary Waiting. The democrats have often told us to "just wait." And we have arrived at a point where that is all we can do—"just wait." All labor organizations on a strike, the farmer can not sell his wheat, corn, hogs, cattle, poultry nor any of his farm products. The merchant can get no goods of any kind; business of all kinds is on a standstill. How do we wish the democrats would tell us how long we are to wait and what we are waiting for.—The Bloomfield (Indiana) News.

EVERLASTING LIFE

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S LATEST SERMON.

There is No Rest for the Weary in This World.—"Arise, Ye, and Depart, for This is Not Your Rest."—Text from Micah 2: x.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on his globe-girdling tour, has selected as the subject of his sermon for to-day, through the press, the words, "Everlasting Life," the text being from Micah 2: x: "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

This was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays, and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to mid-life who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully; and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but finite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They built themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night, "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell; it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Kiches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead, and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest."

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest!

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From house tops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How

can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with his head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest! no rest!"

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the midway of prosperity harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him, when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them!

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon and Thebes and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the Land of Gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dispositions, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses; I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desires that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—wary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claves at your tongue and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

You whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he be-moaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, tonight. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up."

"JEANNIE, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate, and gave him the motto—he is fond of reading, you know."

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A TICKET IS NAMED.

STATE CONVENTION OF NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS.

Lieut. Gov. Majors, of Nemaha County, Nominated for Governor on the First Ballot.—R. E. Moore Will Make the Race for Lieutenant Governor.—The Platform Upon Which Republicans of Nebraska Will Go Before the People to Stand or Fall as the Voters May Elect.

Nebraska State Republican Convention. GOVERNOR..... THOMAS J. MAJORS. LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR..... R. E. MOORE. SECRETARY OF STATE..... J. J. PIPEL. AUDITOR OF STATE..... EUGENE MOORE. TREASURER..... J. S. BARTLEY. ATTORNEY GENERAL..... A. S. CHURCHILL. SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION..... H. E. CORBETT. COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS..... H. C. RUSSELL.

OMAHA, August 24.—The republican state convention in session in this city yesterday, placed in nomination the ticket above given. Thomas J. Majors, for governor, was nominated on the first ballot, the result standing Majors 55 1/2%, McCall 40 1/2%, Crouse 6, Cady 1.

THE PLATFORM. The republicans of Nebraska in convention assembled deplore the disastrous result of the "change" in the policies of the national government, decreed by the people a time when the mental balance of the country was temporarily disturbed by the exhilaration of a long course of peace, progress and material prosperity, and the clamor of demagogues and political quacks, and confidently appeal to the people of the state for a return to the conditions that existed prior to the elections of 1892.

Disarmed by the financial revulsions that paralyzed the business centres of the country, when the results of the national and state elections made it certain that the policy of protection of home industries and the guarantee of public credit and a sound currency were about to be overthrown by a democratic president and a congress democratic in both branches, the leaders of the party, wholly in power for the first time in thirty years, have had neither the courage to embody the principles set forth in their national convention at Chicago in legislation, or the wisdom to abandon their threatened raid on the industries of the country. But they have kept the business interests of the people in suspense and uncertainty during twelve months of unprofitable debate over the work of framing a revenue bill founded on no definite or recognizable commercial system, corrupt on its face, discriminating against northern industries for the benefit of the south, openly denounced by a majority of those whose votes carried it to its passage, and not only fraught with disaster to the people, but confessedly stamped with "party perjury and party dishonor," as an abandonment of the cause of a "tariff for revenue only," and the principles and pledges upon which they were placed in power.

"How can they face the people after indulging in such outrageous discrimination and violation of principles" as are found in almost every paragraph of the sugar trust tariff bill? In view of the practical results of a year and a half of democratic rule, we reaffirm with renewed faith and fervor the platform of the national republican convention at Minneapolis. We demand the restoration of the American policy of protection and commercial reciprocity with our sister republics of Mexico, Central and South America and the governments of the West India Islands.

The republican party of Nebraska has always been the consistent friend and aggressive champion of honest money and it now takes no step backward. While we favor bimetalism and demand the use of both gold and silver standard money, we insist that the parity of the value of the two metals be maintained, so that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government, shall be as good as any other.

We adhere to the doctrine that all railway lines are subject to regulation and control by the state, and we demand the regulation of railway and transportation lines to such extent and in such manner as will insure fair and reasonable rates to the producers and consumers of the country. To that end we insist that laws shall be enforced forbidding the fictitious capitalization of such corporations and that the constitution of the state shall be rigidly enforced wherein it is provided: "No railroad corporation shall issue any stock or bonds except for money, labor or property actually received and applied to the purpose for which such corporation was created, and all stock dividends and other fictitious increase of the capital stock or indebtedness of any such corporation shall be void."

We are in favor of the enforcement of all laws, whether they affect the individual or the corporation, and we therefore demand the enforcement of the maximum rate bill passed by the last legislature until the same is declared void by the courts or is repealed.

We are in favor of the enactment of laws by congress that will provide for the supervision, regulation and control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, with a view to preventing the fictitious capitalization and excessive bonding of such corporations.

We denounce all combinations of capital organized in trusts, or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the conditions of trade, and arraign as criminal legislation the manifest concessions of the tariff bill now in the hands of the president to the sugar and whisky trusts.

We recognize the rights of laborers to organize, using all honorable means for the purpose of dignifying their condition and placing them on an equal footing with capital, to the end that they may both fully understand that they are necessary to the prosperity of the country. Arbitration should take the place of strikes and lockouts for settling labor disputes.

The extirpation of anarchy is essential to the self-preservation of the nation, and we therefore favor the pending bill in congress for the exclusion of anarchists.

We recommend that the ensuing legislature submit an amendment to the constitution, to be voted on by the people at the next general election, providing for the investment of the permanent school fund in state, county and school district bonds.

We believe that the industries of our

state should be diversified, to relieve the masses of the people from dependence upon one class of agricultural products subject to crop failures, and it being demonstrated that the soil of this state is adapted to the production of sugar beets, even in dry seasons, a source of incalculable wealth, we favor legislation that shall bring to our people its full realization.

Ever mindful of the services and sacrifices of the men who saved the life of the nation, we protest against the illiberal and unjust policy of the pension department under the present administration, and pledge anew to the veteran soldiers of the republic a recognition of their just claims upon a grateful people.

NEW STATE COMMITTEE. The list of state committee members is as follows, by districts:

- First—A. R. Keim, Falls City. Second—M. H. Christy, Sterling. Third—J. J. McKee, Albany. Fourth—George Sheldon, Nehawka. Fifth—H. M. Clark, Ithaca. Sixth—H. H. Boyles, Frank Burman, Peter Schwenck. Seventh—J. R. Sutherland, Tekamah. Eighth—John D. Haskel, Wakefield. Ninth—J. F. Boyd, Oakdale. Tenth—R. B. Snyder, Fremont. Eleventh—J. M. Alden, Pierce. Twelfth—E. T. Hodsdon, Schuyler. Thirteenth—Sanford Parker, Butler. Fourteenth—George A. Eckles, Chadron.

- Fifteenth—M. E. Getter, Ord. Sixteenth—Aron Wall, Loup City. Seventeenth—F. W. Gray, St. Paul. Eighteenth—J. H. Mincey, Osceola. Nineteenth—W. H. Husemattar, Lincoln. Twentieth—J. H. Clay, Lincoln, and J. J. Trompen, Hickman. Twenty-first—J. E. Hays, Beatrice. Twenty-second—J. N. Van Duyn, Wilber. Twenty-third—John Hesty, Fairbury. Twenty-fourth—C. A. McCloud, York. Twenty-fifth—

- Twenty-sixth—H. Galusha, Red Cloud. Twenty-seventh—C. F. McGrew, Hastings. Twenty-eighth—S. C. Stuart, Axtel. Twenty-ninth—C. D. Fuller, Imperial. Thirtieth—A. E. Allyn, Cozad.

The following are ex-officio members of the committee, the first six being the chairmen of the republican congressional committees and the last two the president and secretary of the Republican State League.

- H. M. Bushnel, Lincoln, First district; B. H. Robinson, Omaha, Second district; C. C. McNish, Wisner Third district; S. H. Steele, David City, Fourth district; R. Q. Stewart, Campbell, Fifth district; Henry Cutting, Kearney, Sixth district; Frank Collins, Lincoln; H. M. Warring, Omaha.

KIND WORDS FOR PULLMAN.

Witnesses Who Think the Pullman Car Magnate is All Right.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—Several of the witnesses examined by the strike commission to-day gave testimony more favorable to the Pullman company than that which had previously been heard. Frank W. Glover, a real estate agent, said he considered the Pullman houses at \$18 and \$20 a month really cheaper than \$12 a month houses in surrounding towns. The Pullman houses were well equipped and beautifully located, he said, and rents were not, in his opinion, too high. In reply to a query of Commissioner Wright, he denied that he was in any way connected with the Pullman company.

Paul E. Hermes, a news dealer, who formerly worked in the Pullman shops, said he did not place much faith in the complaints of the men. Their trouble, he thought, was largely due to their fondness for beer. All the saloon keepers in the surrounding towns had grown rich, and a large number of Kensington beer wagons were well supported by Pullman employes. Of real estate values he knew little, but did not believe that Pullman rents were unusually high.

L. H. Johnson, a Pullman furniture dealer, testified that store room rents in the town had been cut, though no reduction had been made in the residence rentals.

Chairman Wright announced that the commission had concluded its inquiry into the strike from the side of the employes and would now hear the statements of public officials and those of the employers who wished to testify. Mayor Hopkins, Chief of Police Brennan, Fire Chief Sweeney and other city officials have been summoned and Governor Altgeld will probably be called upon. The commissioners refuse to say whether or not Mr. Pullman will testify.

A NEW RIVAL FOR AMERICA.

Siberian Wheat Will Enter the World's Market With the New Road.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—United States Consul General Jonas at St. Petersburg, in a report to the department of state, points to the fact that the early completion of the Siberian railroad is likely to have a depressing effect upon the prices of grain throughout the world. No reliable estimate can be formed of the probable export of Siberian grain to Europe by this road, and one rough estimate placing it at 6,000,000 bushels for the West Siberian side is regarded as decidedly too low. Moreover, the completion of the road is expected to greatly stimulate the planting of grain in the black soil belt, famous for its fertility. In 1889 Siberia produced a surplus of 30,000,000 bushels of grain.

To lessen the depressing effect upon the local St. Petersburg market of the expected in-rush of Siberian wheat, a new outlet is provided by a line of railroad from Perm already connected with Western Siberia to Kotlas, on the Drina river, offering an easy way to Archangel on the White sea, whence the wheat can be exported to other European countries.

A Justice Short \$9,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 23.—The county court gave out for publication at 2 o'clock this afternoon the report of the County Accountant E. D. Slater on the office of Justice of the Peace Ross W. Latschaw. It shows that Latschaw is short to the county to the extent of \$9,066, with all credits allowed. The report further shows that Latschaw has exacted a tribute from the keepers of disorderly houses, the great bulk