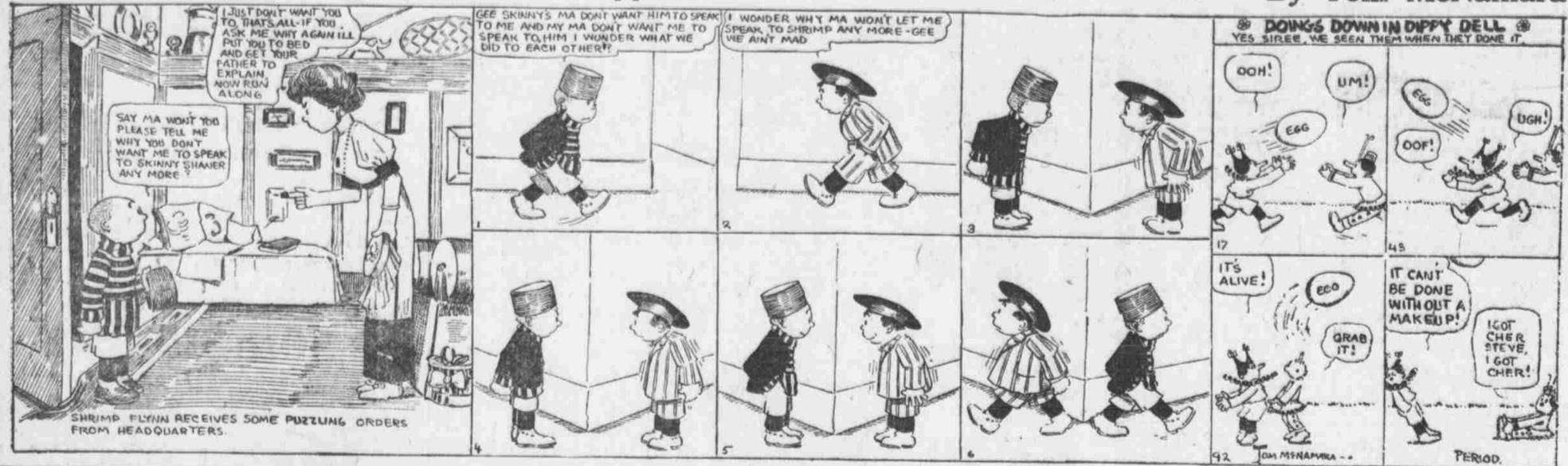


"US BOYS"--Something's Liable to Happen Yet

By Tom McNamara



Postmaster General and Santa Claus

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

(Postmaster General Hitchcock and Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, are old friends, having come together at Woolhurst, the home of Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado miner and many times millionaire, who was one of Captain Jack's scout and Indian fighters as pioneers of the Black Hills, when the poet scout was the chief of the Rangers, and all three were together at the notification of Mr. Taft after his nomination for the presidency, when Captain Jack gave an evening at the pen and pencil club at Cincinnati. The following is a copy of a letter and a poem which Captain Jack is sending to his friend, Frank Hitchcock, because of his action regarding letters sent by children to Santa Claus, and it will be appreciated by all lovers of children and of Santa Claus.)



CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

To Postmaster General Hitchcock—My Dear Friend: One of the greatest compliments I ever had paid me was when a little child said to its mother, "Oh, mamma see! That's Santa Claus." This was on a train a few days ago, and soon after hearing this remark, I came down the aisle of the car as if talking to everybody, saying "There is a little boy who wanted a choo-choo engine last Christmas—I want to find him," and the little fellow who had made the remark about Santa Claus and who was just behind me, spoke up and said, "That's me, Santa Claus."

I picked him up in my arms, hugged and kissed him and said, "So it is. Well, well, you did not get your choo-choo engine did you?"

"No," said he, "but papa said he would try and get you to send me one next Christmas."

"Indeed, he won't have to ask me—why should he when you are here to ask for yourself; and by the way dear, what else would you like to have next Christmas?"

The boy's daddy's eyes opened, but he said not a word, and the little blue eyes danced as he replied, "I want a sure enough engine that, choo-choo, and a train of cars, and a company of soldiers and a gun and a new sled, and—"

But I stopped him saying, "Hold on. Don't you want any other boys to get anything?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I want you to send my cousin Willie a little sled like I have got and—"

But I stopped him again, saying "Now, listen, you have asked for a lot of expensive things for yourself, but you must remember that our poor little boys and girls must have some things, too, and you must give some of your old playthings to some little boy that I may not see on my rounds. You know it is an awfully will send you the engine, the train, the soldiers and the new sled, but you must busy time for me at Christmas. Now, I

wait until you are a little older before I send you the gun."

And the little fellow threw his arms around my neck and said, "Dear Santa Claus, I will do just what you tell me and I will be good."

"Then," said I, "you must do as your papa and mamma tell you; and if you do that, then Santa Claus will know you are a good boy."

And later, when his father accompanied me into the smoking apartment, he said, "Well, Captain Jack, you have bankrupted me and that boy must have everything you promised him."

And I said, "Why not? Would you have him lose confidence in Santa Claus for \$5 or \$10?"

"No," said he; "not for \$1,000. Have a cigar."

"No, thank you," I said, "I cut that out seven years ago. You see that I have had a wonderful experience with boys who smoked cigarettes and I have had to put a considerable number of them behind prison bars, and when I talked to newspaper men and thousands of boys in the reformatories, I have felt that I could not do it conscientiously and smoke, and while talking to a bunch of boys one day, I agreed to quit smoking cigars or a pipe if I could get half a dozen of them to promise to never smoke any more cigar-

ettes, and one little red-headed, freckle-faced kid, with patches on his pants, and barefooted, jumped up and said, "Pard, I'll go you for a starter." Then seven boys there and then gave me my promises, I took two cigars out of my pocket, rolled them in my hand in dust, and threw them on the floor. That's seven years ago and I have never taken a puff since. I have the same desire today that I had when I swore off, but I have got the nerve to let it alone, and I am richer by about fifteen pounds, and my voice is 50 per cent better than when I smoked to excess, and had a bad case of tobacco heart."

Now, my dear Hitchcock, you are responsible for this letter and this story for in the papers the other day, I read an editorial about what my friend, the postmaster general, said regarding letters from the children to Santa Claus, and as I remember reading a story about how President Lincoln, when a young man, acted as a substitute for Santa Claus, and distributed the presents among about fifty children in the rural district, and one man named Hutchinson will preserve the first pair of red-top boots he ever wore and which were handed to him when a boy from the Christmas tree by young Abe Lincoln, so I have been a substitute for Santa Claus when I had to wear a white wig, but I don't need the white wig now, and I love to have the children call me "Dear Old Santa Claus"—it is the sweetest name of all names except Christ, and that suggests a thought—I will try and write a verse or two as a substitute for Santa Claus. I've been reading in the papers that they tried to stop the children's idol on his loving Christmas eve, and that suggests and they tried to send my letters to the mortgage, and just because of the selfish possibilities that's afraid of Santa Claus.

But the Savior comes on Christmas and He helps me pack my load; He is with me in the palace and the humblest abode; With His "Suffer Little Children" children love Him more because He knows the children's wishes and He tells old Santa Claus.

So I want to say "God Bless You," and the children bless you too, And some day you may be president, through love they have for you, And remember you are the Lincoln was a substitute for me.

When they have old Possimber on a four apple tree.

With love and blessings from your old friend, SANTA CLAUS.

Per Captain Jack, Assistant, Chicago, November 24, 1911.

through its conference, this organization has done notable service. But will this movement prove less futile than that of twenty years ago?

It was the late Goldwin Smith who said bitterly:

"You might as well expect tigers to clean the jungle of their hiding places as to expect law reform from lawyers."

Is it possible to conceive of anything more fantastic than that the issue of justice should depend very largely upon the wit and skill and, it may often be added, the utter unscrupulousness of the defending attorney?

I believe that there can be no reform worth the powder until the whole question of crime and punishment is taken from the hands of prosecuting attorneys, of defending lawyers, of judges, and courts of appeal, and put into the hands of men trained to utterly different ethics and ideas—that is, sociologists, criminologists and physicians.

No man commits crime because he wants to. There is no man, whether he be the most hardened criminal or the most bread grabber of franchisees, who does not dread the sting of being branded as a felon. The vast majority of criminals, of course, are simply mental, moral and physical defectives, which a more intelligent social organization of the future will largely eliminate.

For the present they probably cost the healthy, decent people of the United States \$500,000,000 a year or more—that is, every family of the nation pays a tribute of \$25 per year or more to crime (and needless). This criminal class is growing in numbers and in expense yearly, and this largely because, in spite of this tremendous outlay, the administration of criminal justice in America has become a travesty and a farce.

There is probably not a tribe of savages anywhere on earth where there is not more even handed justice and a better enforcement of the tribal law than in the United States.—Carl Snyder in Collier's Weekly.

FATE MADE HIM A JESTER

Joe Miller was a Grouch and Never Cracked a Joke in His Life.

The man whose name is now the representative of the very idea of joking, Joe Miller, is said never to have uttered a joke. This reputed here of all jokes, in reality an eminent comic actor of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, was born in the year 1784; he was no doubt of obscure origin, for even the place of his birth appears to be unknown. In the year 1715 his name occurs for the first time on the bills of Drury Lane theater as performing the part of Young Clinche, in Farquhar's comedy of "The Constant Couple; or a Trip to the Jubilee."

For rather a long period Joe Miller acted as a member of the Drury Lane company, and, in the vacation intervals, first associated with Pinkethman and subsequently established as an independent both theater manager himself. Joe appears also to have been a favorite among the members of his profession, and it has been handed down through tradition and anecdote that he was a regular attendant at the tavern known as the "Black Jack," in Portsmouth street, Clare Market, then a favorite resort of the performers at Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields theaters and of the wits who came to enjoy their society. It is said that at these meetings Miller was remarkable for the gravity of his demeanor and that he was so completely innocent of anything like joking that his companions, as a jest, ascribed every new jest that was made to him. Joe Miller's last benefit night was April 13, 1758. He died on August 15 of the same year.

Among the society in which he usually mixed was a dramatic writer named John Motley, the son of a Jacobite officer. This man was reduced to the position of living on the town by his wits, and in doing this he depended in great measure on his pen. Among the popular publica-

tions of that time was a tired easy of compilation, consisting substantially of the same jests, ever newly vamped up, with a few additions and variations. It was a common trick to place on the title of one of these brochures the name of some person of recent celebrity, in order to give it the appearance of novelty. Thus, there appeared in the sixteenth century "Scogan's Jest," and "Skelton's Jest," in the seventeenth, "Tartton's Jest," "Hobson's Jest," "Peele's Jest," "Hugh Peter's Jest," and a multitude of others, and in the century following previous to the death of Joe Miller, in 1728, "Pinkethman's Jest," "Polly Peachum's Jest" and "Ben Jonson's Jest." It speaks strongly for the celebrity of Joe Miller that he had hardly lain a year in his grave when his name was thought sufficiently popular to grace the title of a jest book; and it was Motley who, no doubt pressed by necessity, undertook to compile a new collection which was to appear under it. The title of this volume which was published in 1729, and sold for 1 shilling was "Joe Miller's Jest; Or, the Wit's Vade-mecum." It was stated in the title to have been "first carefully collected in the company, and many of them transcribed from the mouths of the facetious gentlemen whose name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq." This was, of course, a fictitious name, under which Motley chose to conceal his own. It must not be concealed that there is considerable originality in Motley's collection—that it is not a mere republication, under a different name, of what had been published a score of times before; in fact, it is evidently a selection from the jokes which were then current about town, and some of them apparently new ones. This was perhaps the reason of its sudden and great popularity. A second and third edition appeared in the same year, and it was not only frequently reprinted during the same century, but a number of spurious

CHIMNEY TWO MILES HIGH

How a Copper Smelter in Wales Disposed of Injurious Smoke.

Wales has probably the longest chimney in the world. It is two miles high, and has a brook running through it. The chimney is connected with the copper works at Cymavon, near Aberavon. This is how it came to be built. About sixty years ago the copper smoke from these works was the plague of the neighboring countryside. It settled upon and destroyed the grass for twenty miles round, while the sulphur and arsenic in the fumes affected the hoofs of cattle, causing gangrene. The company tried all sorts of devices to remedy the trouble, but in vain.

Finally Robert Brenton, who was later engineer of the 82nd railway in India, solved the problem. The copper works are at the foot of a high, steep mountain. Mr. Brenton constructed a flue or chimney running continuously from the base to about 20 feet above the summit, following the natural slope of the ground. The brick which lined it, and of which it was largely constructed, was burned close by. A small spring, rushing out near the mountain top, was turned into the chimney, and allowed to flow through almost its entire length to condense the smoke. Once a year it is swept out, and about a ton of precipitated copper obtained. Its top can be seen for between forty and fifty miles.—London Mail.

Didn't Get Even the Brick.

"Did that man hand you a gold brick?" "I should say not," answered the amateur financier, "he sold me an interest in the gold brick on credit and took a mortgage on that together with everything else I owned. Then he called the loan and foreclosed the mortgage and took possession of the gold brick along with the rest."—Washington Star.

BREAKDOWN OF JUSTICE

Shocking Record of Crime Conditions in the United States.

LAW ENFORCEMENT OF LAW

Proposal to Take Administration of Justice Away from Lawyers and Give it to Trained Criminologists.

There are more than 100,000 murderers now living in the United States, of whom more than three-fourths have never been imprisoned for their crimes. Last year in New York City the coroner reported 250 homicides; the grand jury composed 119, and there were forty-five convictions—one in four. In Chicago last year there were 202 murders reported; one was hanged, fifteen sent to prison, 186 went out free. This is nearly nine out of ten.

In Texas there have been over 2,000 murders in the last two years. There were 1,048 indictments. In Dallas county alone there were fifty-six murders in one year, twenty-three indictments; one conviction, sentence five years. In Harris county, fifty-seven murderers; two hanged, in Tarrant county, forty murders; none hanged.

In Alabama for the last two years 620 murder cases were tried; twenty-seven death sentences—one in twenty-three. In Louisville, Ky., 123, forty-seven murders; no hangings.

For the whole country, 8,375 murders in 1910, in 1909-9, 102. Hanged for murder in 1910, ninety-four. Hey one in ninety.

If we step across the line into Canada, we find that the number of murderers per million of population has there dropped six-sevenths. The suggestion, therefore, that the atrocious conditions prevailing in this country are caused by those of a newly settled country, with a large influx of foreign population, is simply a miserable pretense. Canada has a large population; it is much newer than the United States; and as for the rest, our foreign born population is far more orderly and less murderous than the native-born population.

Conditions in Texas.

In Texas conditions have become so bad that at a convention of prosecuting attorneys the president of the association stated that 41 per cent of the accus-

ations were reversed. And here is a fair sample of the cases.

One Walter Hickey shot and killed Tom Dickson, near Haskell, Tex., in 1904. He was tried six times. Two of the trials resulted in discharges of the jury; in the other four, convictions were obtained. Three times the life sentence was imposed, and once a term of imprisonment for twenty-two years. Each time the court of appeals reversed the conviction, and finally the prosecuting attorney gave it up as hopeless, and said it appeared to be impossible to conduct a trial in such a way as to meet the requirements of the reviewing court.

And here is another: One Grantham was convicted of burglary. The indictment charged that the crime was committed in a certain house occupied by six persons, named therein. But the evidence disclosed the fact that this house was occupied by only the first five of the persons designated. The court of appeals held that this variance between the allegation and the proof was fatal, and the conviction was therefore reversed.

Is it any wonder that under such conditions "Texas Justice" should become a byword and that this judicial scandal should be a subject even of party platform, and that in two messages to the legislature Governor Campbell should urge a sweeping reform? In one of these messages Governor Campbell said:

"The people and the press of the state are protesting against existing conditions and have the right to expect relief at the hands of your honorable bodies. The technicalities and high sounding oratory, literary nonsense now obstructing the course, encouraging crime, defeating justice, should be swept away by some common sense legislation. With this done, the bar and courts could be reduced, instead of increased, and criminals could be more speedily and certainly punished."

Granting Appeals.

Consider now a few of the causes upon which appeals have been granted. In South Carolina an indictment was dismissed because the word "father" was spelled "farther." In Alabama another indictment was quashed because the word "madec" was left out in spelling the word "madec." In North Carolina a case was found to reverse a decision because "breast" was spelled "brest." In West Virginia a horse-bite gained a new trial because in the indictment the name of the state was once abbreviated as "W. Virginia." And these cases could literally be multiplied by hundreds of others. In Missouri the court of appeals set aside the verdict in a peculiarly aggra-

vated case of assault, although the guilt of the defendant was clearly proved, because the indictment closed with the words "against the peace and dignity of state" instead of "the state," as prescribed by the constitution.

Commenting upon this decision, Frederick W. Lehmann, in an address as president of the American Bar association, said with bitter scorn:

"Had a mob assembled to lynch the fiend in this case, and had I appeared upon the scene and pleaded with them to let the law take its course, they would have said, 'We have no respect for a law which puts the definite article "the" in sanctity above the chastity of our wives and daughters.'"

Possibilities of Delay.

In a strong message to the legislature of Florida, Governor A. W. Gilchrist drew a vigorous picture of the almost limitless possibilities for delay in the technicalities by which the courts defeat justice. Among the cases cited by Governor Gilchrist was that of Mobley against State, in which the defendant was convicted in the trial court of the larceny of a cow. The supreme court of Florida reversed the judgment of the lower court and awarded a new trial on the grounds that the case charged the defendant with stealing a cow, whereas the evidence introduced was that he had actually stolen a steer. This was held by the court to be a fatal variance between the allegations and the proof.

Twenty-five years ago England found itself face to face with conditions like those in medieval, Chinese America now. It swept them away with ruthless stroke, and is today pointed to as "the leader of the world in swift and accurate justice."

But consider for a moment the storm of protest which would arise from every shyster in the land if our criminal judges were denied the right of granting new trials! And this brings up, I believe, to the existence in the community of a body of men whose business and profit it is to cheat, obstruct and nullify the law.

How many members of the legal profession are there in the United States who would refuse, or have refused, to defend at the bar men whom they knew to be guilty of crimes that they knew to be vile?

What Will Lawyers Do?

Under the lead of men of high character, there is in the profession itself a strong effort toward reform. This has crystallized in the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology with headquarters in Chicago. Already,

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The Palace management itself is opposed to "hold-up" prices, while the "Palace patron" simply won't be "held up"! Yet the Palace patron expects much—and GETS it—even at anti-hold-up prices.

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\$6.75 That's all you need expect to pay at the Palace for Suits and Overcoats that are sold elsewhere without a blush for as much as \$12.50. Palace patrons simply won't pay too much.

A Shirt Sale Just When You Need Shirts Most. A lot of \$1 values are to go **69c** at only

Palace buyers came across a jobber who had more short shirt lines than he cared for, and the result is \$1.00 shirts for you at only 69c each. Choice percales, stripes, etc., in coat styles with collars to match. Sizes fair if you are here before crowds gobble the popular sizes up.

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SWEATER COATS—Grey and red, blue or Oxford, also in \$1 grades at 49c

SWEATER COATS—Wool, in Oxford, blue, maroon, etc., \$1.50 value at 99c

UNDERWEAR—Men's wool 75c grade, garment 49c

UNDERWEAR—Grey wool shirts and drawers in \$1 grades at, garment 69c

UNION SUITS—Fleece lined, or heavy ribbed, \$1.25 kind, at, garment 99c

SHOE, HATS, NECKWEAR and several other lines specialties Saturday. No room to tell of 'em here. Better shop around here and see.

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Good warm caps with silk linings and fur inside bands. Made up of cloth or corduroy. Grab 'em quick, or zero weather.

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