

SLAVES OF CIRCUMSTANCES

Down-and-Out-er is Finally Induced to Tell a Tale.

HOPE LEAVES THIS CLASS

Have Nothing to Live for and Are Harmless for Fear of Bringing Ordeal on Their Heads.

This is the story of the men who have quit, and parted with Watson Marsden, who clung to the ragged edge of a little while and then fell. It is no attempt at analysis of causes, but simply a narrative of certain paradoxical conditions and a description of strange men who wander with the down-and-outs.

Often I have asked myself why men of more or less culture and refinement and apparent ability elect to cohabit with tramps and thieves, and in seeking the answer Marsden was one of the men I met in Omaha, in the dirty dump on the banks of the Missouri river.

Much hard-earned money I spent for bottled beer and ham sandwiches before the tongues of some of the benevolent beggars were loosed, but the entertainment I received in filthy places under sidewalks or in ramshackle and dimly lighted haunts was fair recompense.

Among those ragged men who toil not for gold, I have heard romance, ignorance, superstition and even scholasticism quarreling over absurd metaphysical propositions, reaching no agreement. They did not crave agreement, but talked and talked, desiring merely to pass away the dragging hours.

Some Were Malevolent. Some among them I have met who were malevolent with a malevolence to stagger a strong man with its force; full of hate, cynicism and evil. There was no optimism in them, no humor, no hope. They had been beaten down or had fled full till before the exactions of life, to hide in dark corners and hiss and hate. They were socialists, anarchists, rebels, who had rejected for neither life, property or government.

"If your stomach sickens and you feel pale," Marsden once said to me, "if you feel sick and turn pale when you see a street urbin digging in the gutter for a banana peel or a decayed apple, hang on to your job, for when you hit the drag such things may fall to your lot. It is not a nice life. We are an unlovely lot, but the majority of us have lost the sense of proportion, we have forgotten the meaning of niceties and levelness."

One man I heard with until the night waned and day drew near proved that Marsden's observation was at least partially correct. He said his name was Jon Hill and admitted that it was not. Marsden, I know, had chosen his name because of its sonorous dignity, for he had a peculiar sense of the grotesque. He approached the grove in appearance, with his big, soft black hat; long, ragged coat, his keen-cut face and shaggy head on his drooping shoulders. He was tall and angular and affected a Van Dyke beard, which was picturesquely unkempt. Hill was weak with hunger when he asked me for a dime as I tramped down a darkened street. He was a harmless fellow, chiefly because he did not have the stamina to do wrong. Knowing that men have heretofore broken the bonds of custom and, driven by hunger, appropriated that to which they were not legally entitled, I marvelled much why this blue-veined gutter-snipe did not do so. I told him the cells in the city jail were warm and the food, though bad, was better than mine at all. He could not make a light offense and the offense would land him there.

"Haven't you to steal?" "Steal?" he said, querulously. "I haven't the nerve, pal. It's not that I'm afraid of the jail or even the pen. I've been in both. Either is a hell-of-a-sight better than this sort of thing. I'd knock you down for a ham sandwich and a cell in the city jail, but I haven't got the nerve. I'm afraid to do anything but shuffle around and whine for a handout. The thought of a policeman's club on my head or a strong man's fist in my face sickens me. I'm sick, sick, sick! My nerve's all gone. I'm a living dead man. God help me!"

And so he seemed to me when I saw him the next day skulking in Jefferson square, his thin clothes pulled tight about him. He seemed to be hurrying-hurrying on to the end of a cheerless, hopeless journey.

Curiously enough I found that Marsden, outcast that he was, held no hate in his heart, no irony, no great carelessness and an impersonal love. Over plates of beer, which I purchased and which we drank from the bottle, hours after the "lid" was down, we fought royal battles over such burning issues as ambition, hope and life itself. The banter-carrier maintained that life is a little thing. He had a greater knowledge of literature than I. He smiled as he quoted from Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird."

"It is death that is the guide of our life, and our life has no goal but death. Our death is the mould into which our life flows; it is death that has shaped our features."

Quoted Shakespeare.

His mind flashed with what seemed to me inescapable irrelevancy from one subject to another. He quoted copiously from Shakespeare and chanted a line from Lalla Rookh:

"What profit hath the sea Of her deep-throated threnody?"

"Philosophy of the mystic blended with poetry like the faint exquisite music of a dream," he said.

I had known him for three weeks—a long residence in any city for him—before he gave me a glimpse of his broken life and a hint of what he was. He was in a melancholy mood, which came upon him periodically, and as we sat down in the back room of a saloon to consume the sandwiches and the cold bottles, he began, and I knew he was speaking of himself.

"I once knew a young man about your age. He graduated from one of the best colleges in the country. His father was a manufacturer of what I need not say, and he took him into his business. The young man, after four years of hard work (and he actually worked it) showed strange as you may think it) showed symptoms of seeing his wild oats in earnest. A talk with his father one day argued him and he gathered his 'gang'—three disolute young fellows—and proceeded to make a night of it. It was probably the wildest night of his life, and the saddest.

"It must have been 2 o'clock in the morning when the thing happened. The young rascals were in a noisy tenderloin dance hall when a row started and the police were called. The fight had become a general rough house when the gang of the police patrol rounded and the screaming women and the drunken men dashed for the exit.

"My friend found himself in the crisp air of morning with a fair-faced girl clinging panic-stricken to his arm. They strolled to a little park a few blocks distant, and experiencing the first reaction stood wearily to a seat. Exhausted they fell into troubled sleep, and in this slumber ghastly dreams haunted the man. And always they were woven about the distorted image of the girl he intended to marry. She was a lithe, clean girl.

"He awoke in a cold, clammy sweat. Something chill was crawling him. He was a brave man, in a way, unswayed by physical fears, but the horror of the dreams had shaken him. He tried to laugh, and looked at the girl whose head rested upon his shoulder. Her eyes and mouth were open and she was blue. He touched her. She was icy cold. Terrified, he sprang up.

"There was no sequence in his thoughts but a something intangible—a fear that he would and wild and incomprehensible—blew-sized him. It was the fear of sickness and death and disaster. It obsessed him, crawling like a slimy rodent into the crypts of his conscious mind and spawning there. And then it became a specter with great, red eyes which glared into the privacies and intricacies of his very soul, and mocked him. Somehow death then would have come as a relief, as a nurse glides to the bed of a suffering man and soothes him.

"Since that morning this man has faced many dangers and he has fondled the cold barrel of a revolver with suicide in his mind, but he has never suffered as he suffered then, and he never will, I know.

PACKERS HAVE EGG CORNER?

Inquiry Said to Show They Control 55 Per Cent in Storage.

INVESTIGATION STIRS COUNTRY

Secretary Houston Learns of Alleged Attempt of Speculators to Buy Up Short Crop of Potatoes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—A new phase of the cost of living problem was brought to the attention of the Department of Agriculture today. T. P. Gill, secretary of the Irish Board of Agriculture, told Secretary Houston that speculators in the large cities of the United States were actively buying up this year's short American potato crop and planning to hold out for high prices, counting upon the existing quarantine against potatoes from many foreign countries to aid them in their undertaking.

Mr. Gill is here to urge the removal of the embargo on potatoes from his country and has received private advice from various sources on the potato situation in America. He declares that powdery scab found on potatoes imported from Ireland no cause for a quarantine because a similar blight already is common in the United States and says that continuance of the embargo will contribute to the growing cost of living.

Secretary Houston and the federal horticultural board held a conference after Mr. Gill's statement, but no action was announced. Representative McKellar of Tennessee, author of a pending bill to prohibit the keeping of products in cold storage for more than ninety days, was in conference today with Department of Justice officials over the department's investigation of the storage of eggs, poultry and dairy products. It is said that a preliminary inquiry has revealed the fact that 85 per cent of the present egg supply held in storage is in the hands of the great meat packers of the country.

Letters and telegrams poured in today from all parts of the country, from individuals, associations of various kinds and from business men, praising the department's effort to break high food prices by proceedings against the alleged combination of cold storage dealers.

Housewives who say they have felt the oppressive hand of high prices in many ways wrote telling of their individual experiences and heads of organizations, which have taken an active part in trying to reduce the living cost, expressed eagerness to tell what they knew. Many of the letters contained accusations against the packers of Chicago and charged them with responsibility for cold storage prices. Others blamed the middlemen.

"We are the slaves of circumstance," Marsden had said, but as I crawled between warm sheets at break of day, feeling that somehow the night with the Gemet had taken its toll of the pessimism in my soul, I wondered if the slavery was not often self-inflicted.

Still I know there are those who beg and whine and are without hope through no fault of their own.

Surveying of George Washington Checked Up and Found Good

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—George Washington's surveying, done in 1731, when as a lad of 19 he ran lines with chain and compass through the wilderness of the Virginia hills for Lord Fairfax, has been checked up by government surveyors, who have just made their reports. They found the work of the immortal patriot perfect.

Washington, running his lines with primitive instruments and baptisms on hill tops, left monuments and boundaries to which technically educated surveyors using high power transit and all the refined and accurate methods modern instruments allow, have been able to find no variation.

From the top of Middle Mountain in the Massanutts range, the old Fairfax line may be distinguished without the use of instruments and can be followed between boundary fences dating from the earliest days, and by blocks of timber which come up from the county lines and stand out like squares upon a checker board. Across the valley, of the south fork of the Shenandoah as far as the eye can distinguish the line shows plainly.

Washington's survey blazes cut into the trunks of trees and long groves over have been rediscovered and all are several feet higher from the ground than the woodsmen of today would make. Some authorities contend Washington made them from the saddle with a long handled ax.

POP! POP! BANG! GOES THE PATROL BARGE

Police Commissioner John J. Hyder yesterday got himself into an embarrassing situation because of his zeal.

He was walking up Douglas street when the police patrol came popping along making a rattle like a gaiting gun company in action. Quick as a flash the commissioner was out in the street.

"Hey, stop!" he shouted to the chauffeur. "What do you mean by violating a city ordinance by running that machine with the muffler cut out?"

The driver became uncomfortable and answered: "B-b-boss, there ain't no muffler on this here barge. When they rebult it, they forgot to put one on. We've been running around like this for six months."

The patrol chauffeur stepped on the accelerator and drove the patrol popping down to headquarters station, after the commissioner had disappeared.

POLICE WILL INVESTIGATE RECORD OF "FISH HOUSE"

Whether Arthur Lewis, a negro known also as "Fish House" is the "strong-arm" negro for whom the police have been looking for several weeks, or whether he is merely a benevolent party as alley close by the negro, pretending to be intoxicated, staggered weakly about. The negro, looked up and down the street and seeing no one around, went up to Murphy, and at the same moment, the latter arrested him.

Lewis was seen at Tenth and Pierce streets by Policeman Anton Vanous, Jr., and the officer thought he was acting suspiciously. Detective Frank Murphy came along at the time, and Vanous pointed the negro out. Murphy went into an alley close by the negro and pretending to be intoxicated, staggered weakly about. The negro, looked up and down the street and seeing no one around, went up to Murphy, and at the same moment, the latter arrested him.

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Police Make Raids and Arrests in Hunt For "After-Eighters"

Suspicious that Demon Rum has quietly returned to Omaha and is beginning to again appear around his favorite haunts after 8 o'clock, police sergeants redoubled their efforts last night to accomplish his capture. Over two score of saloons, cafes and hotels were visited by the officers and, although they failed to arrest Mr. Rum, they landed four of his close friends.

The places raided and the men booked at headquarters as the keeper follow: Colorado Walters' club, 28 South Thirteenth street, Eugene Thomas, keeper; Tuthill's saloon, rear of 1312 Douglas street, J. A. Tuthill, keeper; Mickey Muller's saloon, 211 North Sixteenth street, Michael Muller, keeper; California hotel, Max Grossman, keeper.

At the Tuthill place the police arrived just as Tuthill was making his escape. The bartender was held as keeper, and later when Tuthill came back to his place under the impression that the police had left he was arrested. When the police entered the Walters' club they found Eugene Thomas and several "waiters" so sound asleep that their suspicions were aroused.

In police court Friday morning Tuthill and Mickey Muller were each assessed a \$5 fine for keeping open after hours and were also warned that a second offense means double fine.

Tuthill was fined \$150 and appealed. Muller's hearing is set for next Wednesday.

CHARGED WITH MURDER OF MOTHER WHO HAD SUED HIM

CHICAGO, Mo., Nov. 29.—Tilly O. Puckett, a farmer, was placed on trial in the district court here today on charge of first degree murder in connection with the death of his mother, Mrs. Susan M. Makinson.

Puckett's home burned September 28 last. When the ruins were cleared away the charred body of Mrs. Makinson was found. An autopsy showed the woman's skull had been fractured. Two empty rifle cartridges were found near the body. Testifying before a coroner's jury Puckett said he shot his mother after mistaking her for a burglar. A suit brought by Mrs. Makinson to recover farm property decided to her son was pending in the circuit court here at the time of her death.

Constipation

When the bowels do not move freely it shows that the liver is inactive, and the bile, instead of being eliminated by the intestines, is taken up by the blood. In consequence the internal organs are deranged and you have a bilious attack. After frequent attacks the skin becomes sallow and rough. You are troubled with headache, coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach, loss of appetite and you feel out of sorts. The contents of the alimentary canal should be well evacuated every day.

Warner's Safe Pills do this without griping, or leaving any bad after effects, being purely vegetable and free from injurious substances. They restore and maintain the normal action of the bowels and effectively remove all complaints arising from constipation.

Warner's Safe Remedies

Back 1—Kidney and Liver Remedy
for a 2—Rheumatic Remedy
purpose 3—Diabetic Remedy
Sold 4—Athletic Remedy
by all 5—Nervous
Druggists 6—Pills Constipation
and 7—Pills Biliousness

Write for a free sample giving the number of remedy desired to Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Dept. 222, Rochester, N. Y.

Cheerful Credit to All Santa Clauses

Each year, as we impress upon the people the glorious advantage of our liberal credit plan, there are fewer and fewer families that have no visitation from his royal merriness, Santa Claus. Christmas at one time meant a stinting for weeks beforehand, in order that enough money might be saved to get a little something for each member of the family. This is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and we think our modern business methods have helped make it so.

Any man may now play Santa Claus to his family. He may select what he wants from our stocks, pay for it in bits and have it while paying for it. He can make wife, daughter, son or mother happy without depleting his own treasury—and at the same time secure the best furniture the world marts afford. We make new Santa Clauses every year. Is it to our credit or discredit? Our credit, by the way, is CHEERFUL CREDIT.



What Better Gift Could You Find Than a Handsome Buffet? Over one hundred different styles to select from, in all the various woods and finishes. See the special Buffet (similar to illustration) that we are offering in either golden oak or turned oak finish, worth \$25.00; sale price..... \$22.50

A STEEL RANGE Makes an Ideal Christmas Gift Nothing would please Mother better than to give her new Steel Range. We are showing a splendid line of Steel Ranges at prices lower than you would expect to pay. Ask to see the special \$24.00 4-hole range, with upper w.r.m. in g. close, and nickel trimmings that we offer at..... \$24.50

A FEW FURNITURE GIFT SUGGESTIONS A Ladies Writing Desk. A Pretty China Closet. A Handsome Bed. A Pretty Parlor Suit. AND MANY OTHERS. A Fumed Oak Library Table. A Solid Brass Bed. A Duofold Bed. An Upholstered Rocker. AND MANY OTHERS.

A Handsome Rug Makes One of the Finest Gifts You can Possibly think of! Our Rug Department contains the largest and most complete assortment of Rugs in the city. A \$27.50 Wilton Velvet Rug, \$12.15 less in size, only \$15.95

A Most Welcome Gift is a KITCHEN CABINET It is a gift that no one ever tires of and is always there to remind one of the giver. Ask to see the special cabinet (similar to illustration) we offer this week. It's worth \$20.00; sale price..... \$19.75

Why not get a new one for Xmas? An immense line to select from. A \$25.00 value, this week, only..... \$12.50

UNION OUTFITTING CO. S. E. Cor. 16th and Jackson Sts. Consolidated with The Peoples Store

GENERAL RABAGO KILLS SELF State Governor, Losing Tamaulipas Capital, Commits Suicide.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SLAIN Rebels Blow Up Troop Train and Batcher All in the Party—Pen is Raised and All Inmates Freed.

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 29.—Luis General Jose Gonzalez Salas after the battle of Riolano in March, 1912, General Antonio Rabago, military governor of the state of Tamaulipas, killed himself after losing the capital. The suicide of General Rabago is not admitted by the government, but the news is contained in a private telegram to his relatives here who do not telegraph its authenticity.

General Rabago as military governor was responsible for the garrison when Victoria was attacked by the rebels November 17.

It was not until this morning that the newspapers of the Mexican capital published any intimation that Victoria had been taken. Rabago was credited with having evacuated the city.

The private message fails to give details of his death. Among the incidents connected with the capture of Victoria by the rebels one is related of the execution of Captain Thomas James. He was told that his life would be spared if he forewore the government.

Given an Hour. He refused and was given an hour for meditation. When the hour had elapsed and his guards had come for him, he asked to be taken before the man who ordered his execution. He embraced the military judge assuring him that he cherished no resentment, and then marched to the place designated for his death.

There he distributed among the firing squad all but one of a package of cigarettes. This he lighted himself and signalled the officer in command to give the order to fire.

Among those killed was a young civilian cousin of Enrique Caballero, who is the leader of the rebels at Victoria, and one of the chief lieutenants of Venustiano Carranza. The young civilian was condemned to die because he had helped the federal troops to defend the city.

The young man's mother, who is an aunt of the rebel officer, went on her knees and begged that the life of her son be saved. Caballero's reply was to have his hands brought from the prison and stood in front of a firing squad of revolutionists, who shot him down before his mother's eyes.

Erre Penitentiary. The constitutionalists burned the state capital and razed the penitentiary after liberating all prisoners. Reports from the north continue to indicate increasing rebel strength south of Matillo. Since the dynamiting of a troop train yesterday no effort has been made to resume traffic, but the railway men refusing to take out the trains.

It is reported that after dynamiting the train the rebels attacked the troops, who numbered about 100, and thirty or forty women and children belonging to the soldiers, killing every one of them. This report has not been confirmed.

General Diaz, ex-president, may be called upon for active service at any time. Several months ago he was invited by President Huerta to return to the army. He accepted and has been placed on the list of available unassigned generals.

Summons Bank Managers. President Huerta summoned the managers of the Bank of London and Mexico and the National bank before him this afternoon and explained to them the necessity of their financial assistance to meet the obligations of the National Railways December 1. Interest payments of the railways, due December 4, aggregate 80,000 pesos, gold.

The gross earnings of the railways since December, 1912, show a decrease of practically \$5,000,000 pesos, gold. Losses on fixed charges and on property, track and equipment aggregate many millions additional.

Carranza Busy with Pins. HERMOSILLO, Sonora, Nov. 29.—Sticking white pins, which represent the towns held by the constitutionalists, into a map of Mexico posted on the wall of his living quarters is the latest occupation of General Venustiano Carranza, a pastime in which the bearded insurgent chief takes as much delight as a small boy with a puzzle picture.

Within a fortnight white pins have made their appearance at dots representing two state capitals, Victoria in Tamaulipas and Culiacan in Sinaloa, while black pins denoting federal occupancy have been moved from Juarez, Carranza has shiny white pins ready for Chihuahua and for Guaymas and Mazatlan, ports on the west coast.

Villa Moves South. EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 29.—The movement of General Francisco Villa's troops to the south to attack the federal stronghold at Chihuahua was begun today when nearly 1,000 men under General Rosendo Hernandez departed from Juarez.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Business Success. BRIEF CITY NEWS Copley, Jeweler, 215 S. 16th, 25th year Fidelity Storage & Van Co.—Douc. 1314. Have Root Print It—Now Beacon Press. Life Ins? Yes, Please Mutual. Gold. Lighted flintstone. Burgess-Grandon Co. By Making This responsible trust company executive and trustee you will avoid all contingencies and disabilities of individual trusteeship at moderate cost to your estate. Peters Trust Co., 1222 Farnham street.

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development of ear-mindedness, making auditory sensitiveness and responsiveness the touchstone of good usage, so that in the place of the blight of literary bookishness there might be substituted a reliance on the auditory sense and judgment instead of the premeditations of the pen—in short, the democratization of the art of letters.

Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin referred to the possibility of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the English language.

Prof. Jastrow told the result of an inquiry as to what would be the outcome if fifty objectionable expressions, caught in ordinary conversation were fined such amounts, varying from 1 cent to \$1, as seemed a fit punishment for each separate offense. The judges, sixty-eight in number, include twelve women. Half of the sixty-eight reside east of the Alleghenias. Among them were college professors, leading editors and readers for prominent publishing houses.

An average fine of nearly 45 cents for each offense was the outcome. Prof. Jastrow suggested that the revenues from enforcement of fines would make a substantial fund to be distributed in prizes by a society of cruelty to English speech.

Injured in a Fire or bruised by a fall, apply Bucklan's Arnica Salve. Cures burns cuts, wounds, boils, sores, eczema, piles. Guaranteed. 2c. For sale by your druggist.—Advertisement.

The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success.

ONE LAUNDRY BUNDLE is all we need to show you what quality work really is.

TRY IT ONCE and compare with what you are now getting. You owe it to yourself.

OMAHA'S QUALITY LAUNDRY

Nonpareil LAUNDRY CO. Douglas 2560