

Humorous Department.

Whittier as a Casuist.

The extreme d'taste of the modest Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, for foolish hero-worship, and the skill which he attained in politely eluding too enthusiastic admirers, have been exemplified in many anecdotes. Even now, however, new ones occasionally come to light. One such recently related tells how two women of the type at once sentimentally gushing and overconfident of their own importance, visited Amesbury to seek the poet in his home.

They went astray in their search for his house and bustled into a small general store to be redirected. The clerk, smiling a little queerly, informed them that the Whittier house was near by—but a few steps round the corner.

One of the women, a big, florid, overdressed being with languishing eyes, caught the smile and clasped her hands with a rapt air.

"Oh don't you think he'll see us?" she demanded. "He simply must! We've heard he doesn't like to be seen; but we won't go away till he does. We've thought up ever so many things we want to ask him."

The clerk, still smiling, glanced casually toward a quiet man in a shadowy corner, sitting on a barrel, surrounded by a group of other leisurely customers. They had all been talking politics together, village-fashion, when the strangers came in.

"Think he will see the clerk?" "Well," replied the man on the barrel, hesitatingly, "these knows Greenleaf does not find it easy to refuse a lady. I think perhaps he will—if he is at home."

The women bustled away again, excited and expectant, and a chuckle went around among the laughing men. The man on the barrel, with a trace of apology in his tones, rose from his perch to go.

"They will not waste five minutes," he murmured. "It is such a little while, besides, she knows very well that exercise is a good thing for stout ladies."

"That's so, Mr. Whittier," assented the clerk—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

It Was a Long Chase.

After more logs had been thrown on the fire and pipes lighted the talk drifted around the middle fork of the American river and the country round about. "The strongest remembrance I have of that country is of the big grizzly that chased me out," said Bill Bailey.

"It was a pickin' wild strawberries up on the side of a mountain when some pebbles, dirt an' one thing and another come a-clatterin' down; you all know how it is on a hill side when something heavy 's movin' about you. I looked up, and 'slep me if I wasn't a whoopin' big grizzly a stalkin' me; yes, sir, doin' the sneak act right up on me. You ought to see my tracks in the mountain; I'll bet some places I didn't leave no tracks—I jest nacherally went through the air. But that bear was hittin' only the high places, too, and the faster I went, the faster he came. I could hear his 'whooop' right behind me, and sometimes I believed I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck. But I fooled him good and plenty."

"How?" "I'd crossed the river on my way up, an' while the ice would bear me I knowed it wouldn't hold up no 1,500 pound grizzly, so I headed for the river bank and out on the ice. So did the bear, but not far out. He went through an I kept on; I didn't even stop to see if he got out. I was afeared he would."

"Oh, you said you was pickin' strawberries?" "So I was; so I was; but I didn't tell all the story, for it would be too long. That bear chased me from August to January."

INTRO ENEMY'S HANDS—"Mary, my dear," said a gentleman to his wife a few mornings ago, just before leaving for his place of business, "Mary, I expect a couple of gentlemen will be down here today to look at our place with a view of buying. Don't be careless with them and neglect to show them all the good points about the premises. If you are a little discreet now we can get a good price for the property."

"I understand lovey; I'll not neglect them," hearing which the "lovely" departed.

In the course of the day two gentlemen called, and Mary gave them all the aid possible in inspecting the place. No estate agent could ever have been more valuable in describing the property than was this loyal little spouse.

"Why, gentlemen," said she, "we have actually received repeated offers of \$1,000 for this property, and have held it all along to be worth \$1,500."

"That night, as the husband entered his home, he said: "I was sorry today, Mary, but those gentlemen had some comment so that they could not come down."

"What's that you say?" exclaimed the wife.

"I said those gentlemen couldn't come down."

"But they did, though; and I tell you I cracked up the place to them. I verily believe I made them think the old rooster was worth \$1,000."

"How did they look?" asked the husband.

The wife described them, when the husband threw up both hands and yelled:

"Mary, you have undone me completely. You have been talking to the assessors!"—TIT-BITS.

SHE'D WAIT FOR HIS RETURN—A Philadelphia clergyman was talking about the late Sam Small.

"I once heard him speak," he said, "his humor and eloquence impressed me deeply."

"He had a happy knack of illustration. He wanted, I remember, to illustrate the frailty that is a part of even the best characters, and he told a story about a brave young soldier."

"This soldier, he said, enlisted in the Spanish-American war, and he fought like a lion for his country. The firm he had worked for, pleased with the record he was making for himself, told his wife that all the time he was away they would pay half his wages for her."

"Accordingly, at the end of the first week the young woman called at the office, and the head of the firm handed her \$9."

"She looked at the money, and her face clouded over."

Miscellaneous Reading

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

LANCASTER.

News, March 30. The many friends of Mrs. Leroy Springs, who is undergoing treatment in a Baltimore hospital will be pleased to learn that there is a gratifying improvement in her condition this week. Col. Springs who has been with her for some time, returned home yesterday. Mr. D. J. Jones met with a bad accident last Tuesday. While at work on a gin house being built on Judge Jones's Old-wood farm, near town, he fell and sustained painful injuries, being terribly bruised in a number of places. .... Mr. Judson Kennington and Miss Nellie Rollins, daughter of Mr. W. H. Rollings, of the Ebenezer section, were married last Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. Pardue, at his home. .... A colored girl about ten years old, named Lily Jackson, was arrested here Thursday by Sheriff Hunter, for stealing a valuable ring from the residence of Mr. B. C. Hough, belonging to Mrs. Hough. The ring was stolen Wednesday, and was found in the girl's possession. Mr. Hough requested, that the girl, on account of her tender age, be whipped and turned loose. .... Very little cotton is being sold on this market now, and it is thought that there is but very little more in the country to sell. The receipts thus far to this time last year. Mr. Nesbit, the public weigher, having weighed about 10,750 bales of last year's crop. It is not likely that the total receipts of the previous season will exceed those of last year, as there were about 1,000 bales sold here last June and July. It is not expected that any will be marketed in Lancaster during those months this year, as what little cotton is still being held will doubtless be "turned loose" ere that time. .... Mrs. Elizabeth Hoke, mother of Mrs. E. Knight, of Lancaster, died Thursday at her home in the Leslie neighborhood, York county. She had been in feeble health for some time. Mrs. Knight was with her mother when she passed away, having gone to her bedside the day before. Mr. Knight went over to Rock Hill yesterday morning to attend the funeral, which occurred there yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. It will be recalled that it was only a few weeks ago that Mrs. Knight lost a brother, Mr. David Hoke, who died in Shreveport, La. Mrs. Hoke was the widow of the late John C. Hoke, of York. She was the daughter of the late William Robinson, of Chester county, and was in her 70th year, having been born May 7, 1837. She was a member of the Methodist church and was a lady of exalted Christian character. She is survived by the following sons and daughters: Mr. W. H. Hoke, of Fort Mill; Mr. J. A. Hoke of Catawba; Mr. Munerlynn Johnson Hoke, of Winnsboro; Messrs. Johnson and W. H. Hoke, of York; Mrs. W. E. Knight, of Lancaster; Mrs. P. M. Berry, of Tunnell Hill, Ga.; Mrs. J. L. May, of Florida, and Miss Maggie Hoke, of Waycross, Ga.

CHESTER.

Lantern, March 29: Miss Mary Ann Christopher of Fort Lawn and Mr. Leckie of Statesville, N. C., were married at 3 o'clock yesterday, March 28, 1907, by Rev. J. H. Yarborough, at his home at Fort Lawn. .... Miss Josie came at Fort Lawn from Union yesterday evening to spend the Easter holidays. Miss Josie Fewell of Rock Hill, who teaches in the same school, accompanied her and went on home this morning. .... Major Lee of the Southern Power company, stopped over in the city Wednesday on his way to the Falls. The mayor and water and light committee took him out to the power house. After looking around for a half hour, he and the machinery is first-class and of the latest and best type, and suggests that we could use the same building for the substation, which would be a saving to us in taking power from his company. He said that he could bring the power here in about six months. Engineers are at work between here and Broad river locating a line which will pass through or near the city. .... Mr. W. H. Finch died about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, March 28, at this home at Fort Lawn, after an illness of nearly three months, with lung trouble. He was a native of North Carolina, but has been living at Fort Lawn for about twenty years, and has been postmaster at that place for a number of years. He was a thorough Christian gentleman and had won the confidence and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He was about forty-five years old and is survived by his widow, who was Miss Martha McDow, of that neighborhood, and five children, Mrs. W. T. Gladden and Hugh, Mrs. Martha and James Finch, all of the place.

Reporter, March 29: Miss Beulah Carlisle of Newberry, is expected here today to spend the Easter holidays with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Kennedy. .... The following is an extract from a letter received by Mayor Hardin from Col. M. B. Hardin, chief chemist at Clemson college, in reference to certain samples of our city drinking water, which were sent him for analysis: "Water slightly turbid and partly yellowish. Chief constituents, carbonates of calcium and sodium, with smaller quantities of carbonates, sulphates and chlorides of magnesium, sodium and potassium. There is very little organic matter in the water and, there is no evidence of contamination by impurities of animal matter. The water is safe, but would be more acceptable if perfectly clear and colorless." .... Judge Dantzier in his charge to the grand jury Monday morning stated to the body that the purpose of the law is to avenge crime in an orderly and legal fashion, and that herein lies the difference between observance of the law and disregard of the same. The whole future of civilization hinges on this one vital point; that is, whether we are to make our courts subsidiary to wild and inflammable mob spirit or whether the courts are to maintain their ancient dignity and continue to dispense impartial justice to all comers, unhampered by any disposition on the part of the citizens to take the law into their own hands. The test of our faith in our institutions is the disposition to stand by them at all times, particularly in this matter of robbing the courts of their prerogatives to gratify some personal call for revenge.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, March 29: A chicken fight took place Tuesday somewhere near the South Carolina

line, between the fanciers of the two states, and it is reported on good authority that the North Carolina chickens licked the sandpipers on the tune of seven out of five. A. .... from Gastonia was present to witness the fight. This score is not verified, but at any rate some Gastonia folks know about it. .... Mr. Dorie Craig, an employee of the Page company, was the victim of a most distressing accident Wednesday afternoon when he had the misfortune to have his right arm broken, the bone crushed and the flesh badly lacerated. The limb was caught by a set screw while Mr. Craig was engaged in work at the office of Dr. C. E. Adams uptown and the wound was dressed. Drs. Sloan and Reid assisting. Though very badly mangled, Mr. Craig refused to have the arm amputated, hoping that it can be saved. Mr. Craig has many friends who learned with regret of the accident he had sustained and who hope that he will entirely recover from the effect of it. .... Four Gastonians went to the lotte yesterday to test the value of the mad game. They were Misses Estess and Kate Jenkins, the young daughters of Mr. John Jenkins, who lives near the Loray mill, on the north side of the railroad; Mr. Jas. Howell and the young son of B. W. Spratt, who lives in the western section of town. All four were bitten Tuesday by the rabid dog belonging to Mr. Howell, which was later killed. Wednesday Mr. Spratt took his young son to Charlotte and the madstomper applied, adhering for fifty minutes. Yesterday morning the two girls, Mrs. Howell, Mr. Spratt and the latter's wife, having weighed about 10,750 bales of last year's crop. It is not likely that the total receipts of the previous season will exceed those of last year, as there were about 1,000 bales sold here last June and July. It is not expected that any will be marketed in Lancaster during those months this year, as what little cotton is still being held will doubtless be "turned loose" ere that time. .... Mrs. Elizabeth Hoke, mother of Mrs. E. Knight, of Lancaster, died Thursday at her home in the Leslie neighborhood, York county. She had been in feeble health for some time. Mrs. Knight was with her mother when she passed away, having gone to her bedside the day before. Mr. Knight went over to Rock Hill yesterday morning to attend the funeral, which occurred there yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. It will be recalled that it was only a few weeks ago that Mrs. Knight lost a brother, Mr. David Hoke, who died in Shreveport, La. Mrs. Hoke was the widow of the late John C. Hoke, of York. She was the daughter of the late William Robinson, of Chester county, and was in her 70th year, having been born May 7, 1837. She was a member of the Methodist church and was a lady of exalted Christian character. She is survived by the following sons and daughters: Mr. W. H. Hoke, of Fort Mill; Mr. J. A. Hoke of Catawba; Mr. Munerlynn Johnson Hoke, of Winnsboro; Messrs. Johnson and W. H. Hoke, of York; Mrs. W. E. Knight, of Lancaster; Mrs. P. M. Berry, of Tunnell Hill, Ga.; Mrs. J. L. May, of Florida, and Miss Maggie Hoke, of Waycross, Ga.

FAMOUS TRIALS.

Those of Webster, Harris, Kennedy, Fleming and Others.

While murder is one of the commonest of crimes in New York city, only a very small percentage of the murder trials are reported at any length in the New York newspapers. The ordinary variety of killings, lacking in "unwritten law" attachments and fixtures, and with persons of neither wealth nor beauty figuring as defendants or witnesses, do not even get a "stickful" of a day of notice in the New York papers. On conviction or acquittal in such cases a bare three or four lines noting the verdict are printed. Yet there are several murder trials going on in New York on every calendar day. There are scores of murderers now awaiting trial in New York, and a good many of these trials are held back by the delay of the prosecution, of which the chief force of the district attorney's office has addressed itself from the day following the shooting of Stanford White. About once in two years a really "big" murder trial happens in New York. That, at least, has been the average during the past twenty years.

After having reported for various New York newspapers a good many of these famous trials of the past twenty years or so, one finds it more or less interesting to run over some of the most notable of them and to revive impressions formed at the time concerning the principals in such cases.

One of the first murder trials which I reported for a New York newspaper was that of Burton Webster, in 1888 or 1889. The so-called "unwritten law" was not involved in this case, although it might well have been. Burton Webster, a bookmaker of the best repute in his class and among the most notable of men in and around the city, was shot and killed, in the company of the woman upon whom he had lavished his affections—Evelyn Granville, an actress and a very beautiful woman. Webster had repeatedly warned the man to remain away from the apartment in which he and the actress lived. When he returned to the apartment one night and found the man there in spite of all warnings, Webster promptly shot him dead, and was afterwards committed to prison.

He did not do the deed, but took his medicine in silence, although he had many influential friends who might have turned the tide in his favor had he invoked their aid in that direction. He was sent away for twenty years, and finished out his term, with the usual time off for good behavior. Webster, a very quiet, somewhat pre-tenturely old man, well liked, and a strict attorney of New York, and he tangled up some of the details called by the defense in a sad sort of way. He had a bullying, hectoring way with alienists much the same as that employed by Mr. Jerome, and he generally succeeded in bulldozing the alienists into silence or submission, but he struck a snag when he went up against the leonine Dr. Spitzka, a noted New York specialist on nervous diseases. Spitzka came out with flying colors, alone of all the testifying experts. Dr. Spitzka early in his life had been a veterinarian. McIntyre thought he was going to discountenance and discredit Dr. Spitzka by alluding to this fact at the beginning of his examination.

"Is it not a fact," McIntyre asked him, "that not many years ago you were consulted solely in connection with the ailments of horses?"

"Yes," promptly replied Dr. Spitzka, "and it is additionally true that even now I am sometimes called upon to treat asses."

"Probably the biggest sweepstake that I ever engineered," he said, "was in 1897—Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee—when we had on board a whole bunch of American millionaires. There was a coterie of these men—twenty in all—and they stuck together during the entire trip. They played cards in groups of fours and fives, dined at one table and had little to say to the other passengers. They left their wives behind, for, as one of them explained, they were out for a 'good time.'"

"Well, the second day of the trip one of them came and asked me to get up a sweepstake between the party, and put the entrance fee at \$20. I got the names, collected the \$400, distributed the numbers, and the prize was won by a gentleman from Montana. When I handed him the money he picked out two twenty dollar bills, handed them to me and quietly pocketed the remainder. Then he ordered drinks with long drinks and, five minutes later, he had probably forgotten all about the matter."

"Later in the day, however—the ship's run being posted at 12 noon—these gentlemen called me up and said: 'Kaiser' (they called me 'Kaiser' for fun), we want a sweepstake with a little interest in it, not the kind of game a lot of schoolboys would join in, but something worth while. Now, make out another set and put the entrance fee at \$500. Stick the notice on the board, and make it so that there is no limit to the number allowed to enter—we'll welcome every one on board this tub. Mark the twenty of us as paid, and then, if you'll come back, we'll hand you the cash."

"Well, I did as they said, and when I returned each man handed me notes for \$100 (we were running east). The \$2,000 I promptly deposited with the pursuer, and I felt a good deal easier when I knew it was safe keeping. As I had anticipated, no outsider came into the game, and so the result lay bonafide between the twenty of us. A curious coincidence the gentleman from Montana won again, and when I handed him the money he gave me ten \$5 notes for my trouble. When we arrived in New York we found that the news of the big sweepstake had preceded us, and as soon as the game-plan was run out I was surrounded by reporters all clamoring for details. However, I didn't tell them very much, though every New York paper reported the next day with about a column of 'my remarks,' and the good-natured German laughed heartily at the news. The ordinary sweepstake runs from a sovereign to £5 a ticket, so that even in the smallest sweep the prize is worth having. Some of those who go in regularly for these sweepstakes are extraordinarily lucky. On our last western trip, for instance, there was an Englishman on board who went in for a \$5 draw six times. The first three he won straight off the reel, and then finished up by annexing the last. Altogether he won \$200, without deducting the \$30 which he had himself contributed to the fund.

"After the first couple of days the passengers get to know pretty well how the ship is running, and the elements are favorable then there is quite a little gambling among the members of a sweepstake in bidding for anything but chance. Those who have known a man hold a favorite number, for which he paid originally \$5, and it ran \$25, buy a ticket on his side for \$15 and after that carry off the prize. Of course, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the result cannot be anything but chance. There are times when sound calculation will go far toward landing the pool."—TIT-BITS.

ON THE RUN.

How Passengers Bet on the Performance of Steamships.

It was the smoking room steward on one of the big Atlantic liners who spoke, and he was relating some interesting stories in connection with the many big sweepstakes he had organized since the ship's daily runs. For those who never cross the Atlantic it may be mentioned that it is always the smoking room steward who gets up these little gambles—collects the names, rakes in the money and hands out the prize. For this work he is generally paid 5 per cent on the amount received, though of course there is no obligation to pay him anything should the prize winner feel so disposed. But those who cross very well, and what with the prizes and interest in the sweepstakes he probably does better than any other servant on the ship.

The steward, a round faced, good natured German, who spoke English without an accent, stated, in reply to a question, that he had been getting up transatlantic sweepstakes during the last ten years, and he thought it more than likely that he would be getting up transatlantic sweepstakes for ten years to come. He had handed out many valuable prizes during that time, and the amount of money which had thus passed through his hands would probably total up to tens of thousands of pounds, had he only kept a record. But, unfortunately, he had not, though he acknowledged that he could recall many remarkable sweepstakes which he had organized, the prizes in which would have made any ordinary man's fortune.

"Probably the biggest sweepstake that I ever engineered," he said, "was in 1897—Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee—when we had on board a whole bunch of American millionaires. There was a coterie of these men—twenty in all—and they stuck together during the entire trip. They played cards in groups of fours and fives, dined at one table and had little to say to the other passengers. They left their wives behind, for, as one of them explained, they were out for a 'good time.'"

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Passing over the case of Dr. Buchanan, the poisoner, who to everybody who came into contact with him seemed to richly merit the legal death which he finally met, the next "big" murder trial in New York was that of the dentist, Kennedy, who was accused of beating Dolle Reynolds, an actress, to death at the Grand hotel. He ingeniously wove a purely and un-equivocally circumstantial and there were two mistrials right off the reel, both of these costing the "people" a tidy sum. Contrary to the custom in such cases for the "people" assuredly seemed to have it in for Kennedy for some reason or other—he was tried for the third time again with the hung jury result. This time he was turned loose, with the charge still hanging over him. If Kennedy was guilty of having killed Dolle Reynolds then he certainly succeeded in fooling the great majority of the newspaper men who reported his various trials, and most of them had been in more or less close contact with noted criminals for many years. Even if he were guilty, some of the evidence adduced against him was so palpably cooked up that it would have seemed subversive of all the aims of justice and an outrage had he been convicted.

The case of Mary Livingston Fleming, accused of murdering her mother by putting arsenic in a pall of clam chowder which she sent to her, was another one of the "big" trials in which a huge bill was rolled up against the "people," largely on account of the great number of alleged chemical experts and "alienists" who were called to testify. This was the trial in which the dogmas of the writers of the Lomax and McQuinn type were first yanked into an American murder trial for the purpose of proving the alleged "degeneracy" of the defendant. The "alienists" fairly revelled in that trial.

Mary Livingston Fleming was a rather plain but with an extremely accomplished and interesting, not to say fascinating, woman, and nobody seemed to be greatly worried for the future of society in general when she was acquitted. A great effort was made to prove her a "degenerate," and an equally heroic effort made to prevent that stigma from being fastened upon her. The testimony brought out in these encounters between her counsel and the prosecutors was more salacious than anything of the sort before or since, but it was kept out of the newspapers by a general understanding of the men reporting the trial, as well as by an agreement reached by the proprietors of the newspapers.

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Passing over the case of Dr. Buchanan, the poisoner, who to everybody who came into contact with him seemed to richly merit the legal death which he finally met, the next "big" murder trial in New York was that of the dentist, Kennedy, who was accused of beating Dolle Reynolds, an actress, to death at the Grand hotel. He ingeniously wove a purely and un-equivocally circumstantial and there were two mistrials right off the reel, both of these costing the "people" a tidy sum. Contrary to the custom in such cases for the "people" assuredly seemed to have it in for Kennedy for some reason or other—he was tried for the third time again with the hung jury result. This time he was turned loose, with the charge still hanging over him. If Kennedy was guilty of having killed Dolle Reynolds then he certainly succeeded in fooling the great majority of the newspaper men who reported his various trials, and most of them had been in more or less close contact with noted criminals for many years. Even if he were guilty, some of the evidence adduced against him was so palpably cooked up that it would have seemed subversive of all the aims of justice and an outrage had he been convicted.

The case of Mary Livingston Fleming, accused of murdering her mother by putting arsenic in a pall of clam chowder which she sent to her, was another one of the "big" trials in which a huge bill was rolled up against the "people," largely on account of the great number of alleged chemical experts and "alienists" who were called to testify. This was the trial in which the dogmas of the writers of the Lomax and McQuinn type were first yanked into an American murder trial for the purpose of proving the alleged "degeneracy" of the defendant. The "alienists" fairly revelled in that trial.

Mary Livingston Fleming was a rather plain but with an extremely accomplished and interesting, not to say fascinating, woman, and nobody seemed to be greatly worried for the future of society in general when she was acquitted. A great effort was made to prove her a "degenerate," and an equally heroic effort made to prevent that stigma from being fastened upon her. The testimony brought out in these encounters between her counsel and the prosecutors was more salacious than anything of the sort before or since, but it was kept out of the newspapers by a general understanding of the men reporting the trial, as well as by an agreement reached by the proprietors of the newspapers.

John McIntyre was then the district attorney of New York, and he tangled up some of the details called by the defense in a sad sort of way. He had a bullying, hectoring way with alienists much the same as that employed by Mr. Jerome, and he generally succeeded in bulldozing the alienists into silence or submission, but he struck a snag when he went up against the leonine Dr. Spitzka, a noted New York specialist on nervous diseases. Spitzka came out with flying colors, alone of all the testifying experts. Dr. Spitzka early in his life had been a veterinarian. McIntyre thought he was going to discountenance and discredit Dr. Spitzka by alluding to this fact at the beginning of his examination.

"Is it not a fact," McIntyre asked him, "that not many years ago you were consulted solely in connection with the ailments of horses?"

"Yes," promptly replied Dr. Spitzka, "and it is additionally true that even now I am sometimes called upon to treat asses."

"Probably the biggest sweepstake that I ever engineered," he said, "was in 1897—Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee—when we had on board a whole bunch of American millionaires. There was a coterie of these men—twenty in all—and they stuck together during the entire trip. They played cards in groups of fours and fives, dined at one table and had little to say to the other passengers. They left their wives behind, for, as one of them explained, they were out for a 'good time.'"

"Well, the second day of the trip one of them came and asked me to get up a sweepstake between the party, and put the entrance fee at \$20. I got the names, collected the \$400, distributed the numbers, and the prize was won by a gentleman from Montana. When I handed him the money he picked out two twenty dollar bills, handed them to me and quietly pocketed the remainder. Then he ordered drinks with long drinks and, five minutes later, he had probably forgotten all about the matter."

"Later in the day, however—the ship's run being posted at 12 noon—these gentlemen called me up and said: 'Kaiser' (they called me 'Kaiser' for fun), we want a sweepstake with a little interest in it, not the kind of game a lot of schoolboys would join in, but something worth while. Now, make out another set and put the entrance fee at \$500. Stick the notice on the board, and make it so that there is no limit to the number allowed to enter—we'll welcome every one on board this tub. Mark the twenty of us as paid, and then, if you'll come back, we'll hand you the cash."

"Well, I did as they said, and when I returned each man handed me notes for \$100 (we were running east). The \$2,000 I promptly deposited with the pursuer, and I felt a good deal easier when I knew it was safe keeping. As I had anticipated, no outsider came into the game, and so the result lay bonafide between the twenty of us. A curious coincidence the gentleman from Montana won again, and when I handed him the money he gave me ten \$5 notes for my trouble. When we arrived in New York we found that the news of the big sweepstake had preceded us, and as soon as the game-plan was run out I was surrounded by reporters all clamoring for details. However, I didn't tell them very much, though every New York paper reported the next day with about a column of 'my remarks,' and the good-natured German laughed heartily at the news. The ordinary sweepstake runs from a sovereign to £5 a ticket, so that even in the smallest sweep the prize is worth having. Some of those who go in regularly for these sweepstakes are extraordinarily lucky. On our last western trip, for instance, there was an Englishman on board who went in for a \$5 draw six times. The first three he won straight off the reel, and then finished up by annexing the last. Altogether he won \$200, without deducting the \$30 which he had himself contributed to the fund."

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