

The Skeleton in the Closet

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

I HAD MET the judge frequently and felt quite well acquainted with him. He was a politician of note and a member of the president's cabinet. Because of his prominence and his one-time important connection with the government, I shall forbear the mention of his name. It would be familiar to every reader.

One day I received a message from him requesting me to call at his office at my earliest convenience. Presenting myself I was given a private interview. After a little preliminary conversation the judge said that he wanted to talk to me in regard to a personal matter. He needed my assistance in an affair of much concern to himself and wife. He then related to me the history of his family troubles. There was a skeleton in his closet. He had sent for me believing that I might be able to devise some measure of relief.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried and quite prostrated with grief. She is in such a nervous state of mind I fear she will break down altogether." His eyes filled with tears as he explained the cause of their great trouble. "She was a widow with an only son when I married her. This son, notwithstanding his moral training and tender care, has turned out to be an unmitigated villain and a constant menace to our peace of mind. He seems to be heartless and devoid of decency and respect for our position. Besides, he is a thief. Only a short time ago he was arrested in Chicago, taken to Baltimore and charged with committing a robbery in a house of ill repute. I was compelled to settle the case or suffer the disgrace of an exposure. Wife and son are his hobbies. He is reckless in the use of money and will resort to any means to obtain it. Even now I am furnishing the money wherewith to gratify his vicious appetite. God knows what he will do next! We are living in constant fear that he will do something to publicly disgrace us. Now, if there is any way that he can be got out of the country without publicity, if you can devise any plan to get rid of him without killing him or sending him to the penitentiary, it will meet with my approval. I think it is a case where severe measures would be entirely justifiable. Just think of it! The scapegrace has gone so far in his depravity as to escort a woman of known bad character to his mother's reception."

My sympathies once aroused and a promise made, I felt bound to take some action. It appeared a difficult undertaking. The fellow was to be got rid of, but just how was the question that puzzled my brain. I had read of many strange disappearances of persons who were never afterwards heard of, but the manner of their disappearance was not always clear. It may have been a voluntary act, mental aberration or the result of a crime. I prided myself upon my skill in devising ways and means to accomplish an end, but the case in hand, after some deliberation, appeared somewhat like perpetrating a wrong deed for the purpose of accomplishing a good result.

If the story told by the judge was true, there would be but little difficulty in landing the rascal in the penitentiary for the crimes he was committing almost daily; but a measure of this kind would mean exposure and disgrace. To put him away by foul means was out of the question. He may have deserved a sharp medicine, and the world may have been better off without him, but there was no thought of doing him bodily harm. The idea was to dispose of him and alight him out of the country tenderly. The judge wanted to get rid of him, but could suggest no way. It was a delicate case to handle. I knew that the judge was a conscientious and humane man and that he meant no wrong, and it was difficult for me to understand the course I could safely pursue.

As I turned to leave the judge's office his wife entered the room. I was introduced, and cast my eyes upon her face. It did not appear quite new to me. Could I be mistaken? Had I not her before? As the possible recognition did not appear mutual I was unable to place her.

The judge turned away to converse with his disabusing clerk. The wife, who had evidently been informed in regard to the purpose of my interview with the judge, requested me to be seated. Placing her hand upon my arm she smiled pleasantly, while assuring me of her faith in my ability to do something to help them out of their deep trouble they were in. She spoke bitterly of her son and of the many indignities he had heaped upon her. She wanted to be freed from him. The manner in which he was to be disposed of did not seem to give her much concern. She wished him banished in some far-away country; if he were dead, she would feel relieved.

While relating her troubles she chanced to mention the name of her first husband. On the instant I recognized her as an old acquaintance. I

had known her when she was a rosy-cheeked young woman some twenty-five years before. She was then living with her husband in a little town in northeastern Ohio. This was before she became the wife of the judge. Her first marriage was said to be a runaway match. She was a remarkably beautiful woman then, but there was a cloud hanging over her life. I cannot say what it might have been that caused gossiping women to shake their heads and whisper as she passed by. Shortly after she gave birth to a son she left the village. I do not know just where she went, but it was shortly afterwards rumored that she had been granted a divorce.

She was now cutting a large figure in society and often spoken of as the handsomest woman in the capital city. Her husband, the judge, was up to this time quite successful in political life. Possessed of considerable brain force and much amiability of character, he might have risen still higher had not the intrigues set on foot by his ambitious wife contributed to pull him down. She planned schemes to exalt him and to acquire wealth. In making these efforts she aroused the jealousies of others and made the judge quite unpopular with the leading politicians. Her misdirected zeal not only crushed the political prospects of her husband, but finally resulted in expelling her from Washington society.

I was furnished a photograph of her profligate stepson. He was a fine-looking young man, with wavy hair, keen blue eyes and rosy cheeks; in fact, much like his mother in her youth. His face was indicative of animal tendencies. I was told that he was a difficult man to approach, that he did not care for the companionship of men. This being the case I was at a loss to determine how to reach him. It was necessary to introduce a stranger in order to carry out the plot I had in view.

After pondering over the matter for some days I hit upon an expedient that I believed would dispose of the young man without public exposure or resort to crime. There was in my employ at this time a man whom I shall call Reed. If ever there was a born confidence man he was the one; an actor that could assume a part, live it and play it through with a face as solemn as the graveyard; never vicious, but ever apparently in earnest while practicing a deception for misleading only those who ought to be misled. I had found him on all occasions to be a valuable assistant in furthering the ends of justice.

Reed hailed from the south, had just arrived in the city and was in quest of a private lodging place. The judge's stepson was now occupying an elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable location. He was so completely captivated by Reed's assumed manners and apparent wealth that he was delighted at the opportunity afforded to secure a roommate. The detective accepted the offer made by his new friend and soon found himself in quite a novel and dangerous situation. He was the companion of a thief whose exploits were liable to involve both in trouble.

He had led his roommate to believe that he was himself engaged in questionable transactions and that New York was the place to operate in. "There," said he, "are chances to

make big hauls." The judge's stepson took to a suggestion of this kind like a duck to water and was highly elated on account of the proposed trip. He no doubt imagined a broader field for the exercise of his own peculiar talent. On their arrival at New York they registered under assumed names at the Merchants' hotel on Courtland street.

For several days following they strolled about the city, taking in the sights and waiting for something to turn up. While walking along Broadway, near the old Astor hotel, they chanced to pass a middle-aged man who was gazing about in an uncertain sort of way. His dress and manner gave him the appearance of a green one from the rural districts, presumably from some place out west.

"Here," said Reed in an undertone, "is the very fellow we are looking for. Let us try a hand on him. I will make him think I have met him before." Reed now stepped up and accosted the green one with an air of assumed familiarity. Seizing him by the hand he said: "How do you do, Mr. Gilcock? I am so glad to see you. The verdant man responded: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is Jones, and I live at Fort Wayne, Indiana." "Never mind the name," said Reed, "I got the names mixed, but I remember now where I met you. You used to run a livery stable at Kokomo."

"Yes, I did."

"Then of course you remember me. I am the man that sold pumps and kept my team at your stable. You



and I have taken many drinks together."

"Oh, yes," drawled Mr. Jones; "what on earth are you doing in New York?"

"Just looking around and having a good time. Let's go and take something."

"Come along, Jones. Let us go around to our hotel," said Reed. The trio went to the Merchants. Jones accepted an invitation to go to the room of his friends.

"What is your favorite drink?" asked Reed.

"Plain brandy," said Jones. "I will go down and bring up a bottle." As Reed moved away he winked slyly to the judge's stepson. After an absence of some thirty minutes or more Reed returned with the brandy. He pulled the cork. While Jones was looking out of the window he slipped a small vial out of his pocket and, giving his partner an opportunity to see it, he turned the contents into the bottle of brandy. He gave the bottle a shake and set it down on the table. The judge's stepson's face flushed and there was a tremor in his voice. He seemed to comprehend the noxious power of the venomous ingredient that had been poured into the bottle. Reed appeared self-possessed and proficient in the art of deceiving and bold and bad enough to commit any crime, while the young man was evidently greatly frightened—not because of any compunctions of conscience, but for the reason that he was, as was afterwards shown, a natural born coward. He possessed none of the elements and rugged force of an assassin. He seemed to have a nervous apprehension that he was wading in water too deep and dangerous. He was heart-

ily pressing for payment. A treaty between the United States and Santo Domingo turned over the customs receipts to the United States. Of the total amount collected, 45 per cent was to go to the Dominican government and 55 per cent to the creditors. The government at that time owed \$20,000,000.

"In the five years that Uncle Sam has been taking in and paying out the money this big debt has been cut down by at least 7,000,000. And the government of Santo Domingo is receiving

more money now on half rations than it did when its own officials collected the entire amount."—Washington Post.

Writing to the London Morning Post a woman correspondent, advocating the withdrawal of all horse-drawn cabs in London as a measure of humanity, puts in a plea for the horses of Paris. "Nearly every cab horse here," she says, "is half starved, lame, has agues and is cruelly beaten and ill treated. It is quite distressing to see them."

less enough, but somehow lacked the nerve to perform. Step by step Jones became drowsy. The stepson strove to rally him to his senses. Jones closed his eyes. What might have been a phantom of overheated imagination now became a fearful reality. The stepson was now almost paralyzed with fear as Jones slipped from his chair to the floor. Was he dead or alive? He uttered a low and suppressed moan as his lank and livid body was laid upon the bed and stripped of all its valuables. The stepson, thoroughly in earnest, wanted to take Jones' overdose, but Reed said it would be dangerous, as it might lead to detection.

I now leave the horrors of the occasion to the imagination of the reader. The two survivors suddenly left the hotel and crossed over to Jersey City and took lodging at Taylor's hotel, where they registered under assumed names, as they had done previously at the Merchants'. It was late in the evening when they went to bed.

They had left the Merchants' hotel late in the afternoon. Jones, the supposed drugged countryman, was not quite so dead as the judge's stepson thought him to be. He, too, was a skilled pretender. Soon after his entertainers had taken their departure he, possum-like, came to life, got up and took a drink from the brandy bottle that was left upon the table, and made his way at once to the government secret service office, where he told the story of his adventure and received further instructions. This so-called Jones was a detective of marked ability. He could assume almost any character and deceive the best educated criminal, yet withal an honest, faithful servant to the government.

At an early hour on the following morning at Taylor's hotel Reed pretended to be taken suddenly sick with a cramp in his stomach. He left his roommate and went below. A short time afterwards he rushed back into the bedroom and informed the judge's stepson with a trembling voice that they must get out of the place in a hurry or they would be arrested. Reed said that while downstairs he had torn a slip from a newspaper. He handed it to the judge's stepson, who, on glancing at it hastily, at once sprang out of bed.

It was a sensational article and bore the appearance of having been clipped from a newspaper. As a matter of fact, however, it had been printed at the New York Tribune job office. It was a nice piece of deception and read as follows:

A Brutal Murder and Robbery. Another of those outrageous and dastardly murders which have so recently startled the community occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the particulars of which are as follows: It appears that shortly after dark last evening a well-dressed man, apparently thirty-five years of age, was found by the police lying near the foot of Courtland street in an insensible condition. He was taken to the police station, where restoratives were administered, and when he had revived sufficiently he stated that his name was P. R. Jones and that he was from Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Jones was removed to the city hospital last evening, where he became delirious and died about nine o'clock. The police are on the track of the murderers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that they came in just after the arrival of the Washington train. The clerk is positive he can identify them.

A frightful ghost had risen and was standing in its most horrible form before the now half-crazed stepson. The rope of the hangman was looming up before his eyes. He did not even take time to wash his face, so great was his anxiety to leave New York behind him. Even the very air he breathed seemed tainted with the foul odor of his crime. It was thought to be dangerous to travel by rail at first, and they started away on foot, and finally concluded to make their way to New Orleans.

Reed was, of course, the ruling spirit and was carrying out the plan they had agreed upon. They doubled back and forth with the object of putting imaginary pursuers off the track. Reed was seeking delay for the purpose of gaining time. When the pair arrived at New Orleans about the first thing that met their eyes was a hand-bill posted in the depot describing the fugitives and offering a reward for their arrest and conviction. Staring at the bill with heads of perspiration starting upon his brow, the judge's stepson nearly collapsed. He was careworn, downhearted and ready to speed away as swift as steam could carry him. In the course of time the fugitives arrived at Brownsville, Tex. From this point I received a note from Reed saying that they intended to cross the Rio Grande and work their way to the City of Mexico.

To the minds of the detectives who played their part in this case the whole affair appeared a farce. After a time Reed returned from Mexico. He had given his companion the slip and was quite positive in his opinion that the judge's stepson would never dare show his face in the United States. He declared the man was about the greatest coward he had ever met with.

Reed was correct in his opinion, as the fugitive, so far as I know, has never been heard of. He certainly did not appear in Washington to further annoy the judge and his wife. He may still be running from a Nemesis that will never overtake him.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

BERNHARDT STILL YOUTHFUL



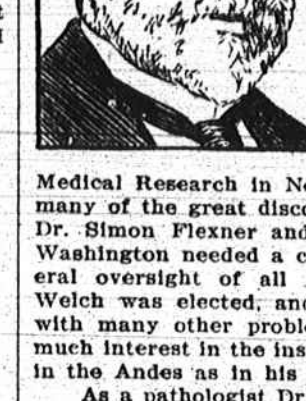
The emotional, fervid and ever youthful Bernhardt is once again in our midst. With a reper-toire of 24 plays, she will tour this country for six months and will then visit Cuba and Mexico. Of course, "The Divine Sarah"—how many million times has she been called that?—has made the inevitable statement that this is her farewell tour, but American theater-goers are hardened disillusioned. The most trusting patron of the drama, whose wide-eyed belief in the truth of many stage legends is almost pathetic, becomes cynical and peevish when the term "farewell tour" is used in connection with any celebrity, most of all Sarah of the burnished tresses. SARAH has "farewelled" too often.

But when you get right down to it, who wants her to retire, anyway? When a woman of the grace and vivacity which the role demands—why should she retire? Why shouldn't she go right on playing until she's 100 if she wants to? If Sarah has this idea in mind—and certainly it seems that she has—she can count on Americans backing her up for many a long year to come.

It has been said in fact one reads it in every account of Mme. Bernhardt's career, that she looks barely half her age. That, of course, isn't so; to say that the world-famous French actress appears to be only about 34 off the stage "in real life" is an exaggeration. But that her figure is as slender and straight as any girl's, her eyes bright and her complexion clear and healthy, cannot be denied.

Interested in every question of the life, well informed on many of them, a sculptor, painter and poet of no mean ability, as well as the greatest living actress, Sarah Bernhardt is a wonderfully interesting individual. One quality which she possesses to a marked degree is seldom mentioned and that is her womanliness—motherliness perhaps expresses this characteristic better. Those near and dear to her—her son and his wife and the little grandchild to whom she is devoted for instance—do not know her as "brilliant," "fascinating," "intense," but merely as a tender-hearted woman of many lovable qualities. She keeps the dramatic, artistic side of her nature for the sensation-loving public.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH ADVISER



When Theodore Roosevelt discovered some years ago that the Panama Canal could never be built until the yellow fever plague was conquered, he appointed a commission of medical men to discover the cause of the scourge and the means of preventing it. The splendid work of that commission everybody knows; but not everyone is aware that the members of the commission were named by a private citizen, Dr. William H. Welch, of Baltimore. Dr. Welch has occupied for years the unique position of unofficial adviser to the United States government in all large matters relating to the public health. There is hardly a single body that has to do with the national health which does not include Dr. Welch among its members.

As president of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, Human Life says, he has helped to inspire many of the great discoveries which have come out of that laboratory from Dr. Simon Flexner and others. Not long ago the Carnegie Institution in Washington needed a chairman for its executive committee, which has general oversight of all the institution's manifold scientific activities. Dr. Welch was elected; and although the Carnegie research workers are busy with many other problems besides those of medicine, he takes almost as much interest in the institution's new non-magnetic yacht and its observatory in the Andes as in his own particular subject.

As a pathologist Dr. Welch has won a world-wide reputation. Occupying the professorship in this science at Johns Hopkins University since its foundation, he has made during the last twenty-five years many important contributions to our knowledge of diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria, Asiatic cholera, kidney trouble, and other diseases.

Evidence of the high place Dr. Welch holds among the scholars and educators of this country was furnished recently when 100 of the leading scientists and teachers gathered in Baltimore at a dinner in his honor. They all agreed when Dr. Elliot referred to Dr. Welch as "beyond all question the leader of the medical profession in America."

J. J. HILL 72 YEARS OLD



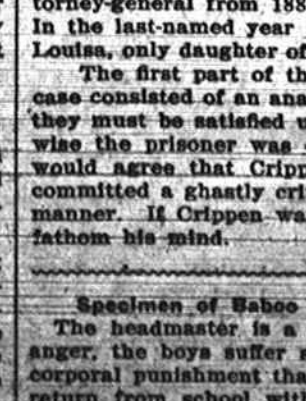
James J. Hill, of St. Paul, celebrated his 72d birthday anniversary a few days ago. The heading reads, "J. J. Hill 72 Years Old." Perhaps it would have been nearer correct if it read, "James J. Hill, 72 Years Young." If there is another man in the United States who has passed the allotted time of three score years and ten, and having done as much work in his lifetime as James J. Hill, "Empire Builder of the Northwest," still retains as keen an intellect and can yet do as much important work in a day, St. Paul would like to know who he is.

Mr. Hill's son, Louis W. Hill, as president of the Great Northern railroad, has relieved his father of much work, but in the office of president of the board, James J. Hill finds enough to do to keep him busy every day. His hand is still on the helm and nothing escapes his notice. Evidence of Mr. Hill's keenness of mind was amply given in the address he delivered before the National Conservation Congress in St. Paul. Some of the epigrams contained in that address will be quoted in years to come.

Mr. Hill's St. Paul home is on Summit avenue, a residence street equating in beauty any in the world. From the rear of his house Mr. Hill has a view of the Mississippi river and the beautiful bluffs beyond that provides a picture no artist could truthfully portray. In his home are priceless collections of art.

"During the big conservation congress in St. Paul recently," said Mr. Hill, "we talked about conserving water and conserving land; conserving coal and conserving iron; it's too bad somebody didn't say a word about conserving common sense. That's what the country needs right now—to conserve common sense."

JUDGE WHO TRIED CRIPPEN



Lord Alverstone, chief justice of England, is the judge before whom Dr. Harvey H. Crippen was tried for the murder of his wife, and it was he who sentenced the American dentist to be hanged. Lord Alverstone is regarded in England as having exceptional judicial ability. He was born in December, 1842, the second son of Thomas Webster, Q. C., and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Cathrop, Swinhead Abbey, Lincolnshire. He was educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Scholar, thirty-fifth Wrangler, and third-class Classic. He became a barrister in 1868; joined the South-Eastern Service circuit; later, was appointed T. J. M. and, after that, Postman, of the Court of Exchequer. He took silk ten years after he was called. In 1880 From the same year until 1900, when he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, he was M. P. (Conservative) for the Isle of Wight. He was attorney-general from 1885 to 1886, from 1886 to 1892, and from 1895 to 1900. In the last-named year he became Master of the Rolls. In 1872 he married Louisa, only daughter of William Cathrop, of Withern, Lincolnshire.

The first part of the lord chief justice's summing up in the celebrated case consisted of an analysis of Crippen's own story. After telling the jurors they must be satisfied upon the evidence the crown had made out, or otherwise the prisoner was entitled to acquittal, Lord Alverstone said the jury would agree that Crippen, if guilty, was an extraordinary man, who had committed a ghastly crime and had covered it up in most brutal and callous fashion in his mind.

Speelmen of Baboo English. The headmaster is a man of great anger, the boys suffer so much from corporal punishment that no man can return from school without shedding his tears. Under him the school is changed to butcher's shop.—From Crooke's "Things Indian."

We All Do at Times. He had worked hard to bring in his favorite story. At last in desperation he stamped his foot and shouted: "Hark, children! What was that? Was that a gun? Now, speaking of guns, that reminds me"—Every-body's Magazine.

WEAK, SICK PALEFACES

Will be Interested in This Suggestion From the Pen of a South Carolina Lady.

Gramling, S. C.—"I was so weak," writes Mrs. Lulu Walden, of this place, "when I began taking Cardui, that it tired me to walk just a little. Now I do all the sewing, cooking, washing and general housework for my family of nine, and have not been in bed a day."

"I was almost a skeleton, but now I weigh 160 pounds, and am still gaining. I think Cardui the greatest remedy for women on earth."

You ladies, who have pale faces, sallow complexions, and tired, worn-out expressions, need a tonic. The tonic you need is Cardui, the woman's tonic.

Cardui is the ideal tonic for women, because its ingredients are specifically adapted for women's needs. They help to give needed strength and vitality to the worn-out womanly frame.

Being a vegetable medicine, containing no minerals or habit-forming drugs of any kind, Cardui acts in a natural way, and is perfectly harmless and safe for young and old. In the past 50 years over a million ladies have been benefited by this standard woman's remedy. Why not you? Please Try Cardui.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Social Instructions, and 4-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper on request.

At the One Horse. Jere L. Sullivan, the head of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International Alliance, said in Cincinnati, apropos of Labor day: "Our American hotels are better than they used to be, and for this betterment my organization deserves no little credit. "We have today no such hotels as the One Horse of Tin Can, where, if you asked for a bath, they used to give you a shovel and tell you to go down to the hollow and dam the creek. "An English earl once visited the One Horse hotel. The landlord without ceremony led him outside, pointed to a window on the fifth floor, and said: "That's yer room."

Note From Basswood Bugle. Somebody took the rope off the bell in the fire engine house to use for a clothesline, and now, when there is a fire, the constable has to climb up into the tower and ring the bell with a hammer. Somebody took the hammer the other day, and when Hank Purdy's corncrib ketcher fire, the constable had to hurry down to Hilliker's store for a hammer to hammer Hilliker had lent his hammer to Deacon Renfrew, who lives four miles out in the country, and by the time the constable had got there and hunted around in the barn for the hammer, the angry elements had done their worst and Hank's corncrib was a mass of smoldering ruins.—Judge's Library.

Schurz Was Sure of Him. Carl Schurz was dining one night with a man who had written a book of poems, so called, and who was pleased with himself. The poet was discoursing on the time-worn topic of politics of the men who take office. "I consider politics and politicians beneath my notice," he said. "I do not care for office. I wouldn't be a senator or cabinet officer, and I doubt if I could be tempted by the offer of the presidency. For the matter of that, I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" Schurz shouted at him. "Get Out of the Habit. "I see you have got a young man stenographer?" "Yes." "Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?" "I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman somehow. I s'pose it's because I have been married so long."

Precautious. The Millionaire—Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix? "Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—Life.

Somehow the average mother doesn't think she is doing her duty unless she spoils her children.

HEALTH AND INCOME Both Kept Up on Scientific Food. Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away. When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset. "I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I got some nervous invalid, and it became a nervous invalid, and I got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time. "A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day. "Today, I am free from brain-tires, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an over-worked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income. "Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in page 'There's a Reason.' "I have read the above letter? A new one appears, that is, close to the center, free, and full of hope."

Uncle Sam as a Receiver

"Uncle Sam is one of the finest little receivers that you would care to have in charge of your business if a receiver became necessary," remarked William H. Foley, of San Juan, Porto Rico, to a business acquaintance at the Shoreham. The United States government has proved this by its administration of the customs of the republic of Santo Domingo.

complementary terms of the improvement in the financial affairs of Santo Domingo, which has been brought about by the benevolent interference of this government. These men told me that their private business transactions with merchants in Santo Domingo have been much more satisfactory since the United States took a hand. This government, you remember, came to the rescue of Santo Domingo in 1905. The creditors of the republic

were pressing for payment. A treaty between the United States and Santo Domingo turned over the customs receipts to the United States. Of the total amount collected, 45 per cent was to go to the Dominican government and 55 per cent to the creditors. The government at that time owed \$20,000,000. "In the five years that Uncle Sam has been taking in and paying out the money this big debt has been cut down by at least 7,000,000. And the government of Santo Domingo is receiving