BY GEORGE BARTON



been called the Father of Detectives, was born at Arras, July 23, 1775, the son of a baker. He became in turn an acrobat with a traveling circus, a soldler in the French Army, a vagabond, a forger and a convict. He was sent to the galleys for eight years but escaped and joined a band of highwaymen. He turned state's evidence on He turned state's evidence on some of his companions and in 1812 was made chief of the secret police of Paris, exemplifying the phrase. 'Set a thief to catch a thief." He was remarkably successful, but finally lost his place in 1825. He opened a private detective agency and also published four volumes of his mem-oirs. He died in poverty in 1857.)

HENRY, the prefect of the Paris police, sat at his desk in his private office, his face a picture of perplexity. He picked up a paper that lay before him and read it carefully for the third time. It was an official report of a desperate robbery that had occurred in the heart of the French capital the night before. Moreover, it was one of many similar reports. There had been in epidemic of robberies and the police emed powerless to stop them. M. Henry summound M. Bertanx, famed as cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, and the three men talked long and earnestly, but without coming to any conclusion. Presently a look of gratification overspread the countenance of M. Henry. He turned

to his colleagues.

"Gentlemen, I have it." "What is it?" they called in chorus. 'Be seated." he responded, "and walt." They did as they were bid and the prefect touched a button. A messenger csponded.

"Tell Vidocq to come here at once," sald M. Henry.

In a few minutes the door opened and a strong, well built man with square ulders shambled into the room. He had gray hair, a thick nose, blue eyes, a smooth face and a perpetual smile. He glanced about him in a furtive way and realized that he was in the presence of the triumviriate of talent that ruled the underworld of Paris. He squared imself as a man would who was preparing to be on the defensive. But the first words of the prefect reassured him. "Videeq, we need your assistance." "The man bowed low.

'M. Henry, I am at your service abolutely.

solutely." The prefect handed him the report. "Take that and read it carefully. It is one of many. The criminals are having a carnival. I want you to capture this gang. My regular police have failed. They bring me only oxcusses. I wish you to bring me the prisoners." Videoq smilled that everlasting smille and howed again.

and howed again.

and bowed again. "It shall be as you wish, M. Henry." He left the room with three batteries of sharp eyes leveled at him. M. Bertaux shoulders. "A quack doctor sent to capture bur-

glars. M. Parinot spread out his hands in dis-

gust. "A showman's clown, a petty thief on

"A showman's clown, a pelly thief on the detective force." M. Henry smiled blandly. "Gentlemen, you are not alone in your disapproval. Do you see these papers?" pointing to a high pile on the side of his desk. "These are all protests and com-plaints against the employment of VI-deeq. Some are from honest men; some from thieves. But he shall have his chance. His past is behind him; his future in his own hands. I shall judge him solely by results." olely by results."

Vidocq spent all morning in going over the reports that had been placed in his hands. After that he returned to his lodgings, and throwing himself on the bed lay awake all night devising a plan of campaign. When daylight arrived it was completely blocked out in his mind-not a detail was overlooked. The first stee was to discard his own

the generous use of white walnut liquor he attained a most unbealthy complex-lon. The original was a snuff fiend. Vi-docq garnished his upper lip with a mix-ture of coffee grounds and gum arable. He made blisters on his feet by rubbing in a composition with which he was familiar. He made the marks of the fes-ters on his ankles, and, dressing himself in a suitable garb, was ready for his coterprise. No. V---Vidocq and the Locksmith's Daughter

in a suitable garb, was ready for his enterprise. After that he became a regular fre-quenter of the thisyes' dens of Paris. He drank cheap gin, tossed, off ab-sinthe, cursed the police, showed the marks of the irons on his legs and al-together made himself a general favor-ite. Night after night he visited a cheap concert hall in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he met most of the discheap concert hall in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he met most of the dis-reputable characters of the French matropolis. He because very friendly with most of them and made them drink his health in sundry glasses of bad wine. The resort was a veritable clearing-house for the gossip of the underworld. A man or a woman who had not "served time" was out of place in that assem-blage. Talk of burglaries past and pros-pective was as free as remarks concern-ing the state of waather. Vidocq toid of his experiences with great vividness and with a degree of exaggeration that would have won a medial from the Ananias Club.

Club. Among so many little thieves there was one big thief. His name was Constan-tine, a former fencing master, who, hav-ing run the gamut of dissipation, had now reached the closing stages of crime in his ill-spent life. His companions looked upon him as a man of enterprise -bold in execution and on all occasions possessing the most unblushing effront-ery. The attention of the police had been directed to him more than once, but they had never been able to secure the least scintilla of evidence against The man. Among so many little thieves there was

Videeq, knowing this, moved cautious-ly. He knew that a missiep might mean his own life, for he was in the midst of desperate characters who thought noth-ing of murder. He put on a sad face, bemoaned his own fate and bewalled the fact that he had no means of re-couping his fallen fortunes. He became triendi; with one of the intimates of Constantine, and that worthy, being plied with liquor, gave the detective full particulars of the habits of the big fhief. They passed the night together, and be-fore morning Videog knew all about the haunts of Constantine. On the following day he aagin met his voluble informant in the dance hall on the Faubourg St. Germain. He was quite excited. Vidocq, knowing this, moved cautious-

the Faubourg St. Germain. He was quite excited. Would you like to meet Constantine?" he asked Vidocq. "Most assuredly!" replied the detective. They remained in conversation for some time. Presently the door opened and a smart-looking fellow came in. Vidocq's companion plucked at his sleeve. "Now is your time if you wish to speak

companion plucked at his sleeve. "Now is your time if you wish to speak to Constantine-he is here." The detective looked up and saw a neatly-dreased man of 30, with good broad shoulders. He was about five feet six inches high, extremely good looking, fine black hair and regular teeth. Videog only waited long enough for the newcomer to waited long enough for the newcomer to be seated when he went up to him care-lessly and said:

Would you kindly oblige me with a Would you kindly oblige me with a little tobacco from your box?" The famous thef looked the detective over from head to foot before replying. After an embarrassing interval Constan-tine passed his tobacco box to Vidocq.

tine passed his tobacco out Then he said abruptiy: "You have been in the Army?" The detective could have failen to the floor. Had all of his carefully contrived floor. Had all of his carefully contrived

disguise counted for nothing? Did Con-stantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

nonchalance he said: "Why, yes; how did you know it?" "Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life, in your walk, in your shoulders, in your talk, in your manners." Videoq laughed upreariously, as if he considered this a good joke, and in the confusion invited his new-found friend to take a drink. He accepted, and in the course of their conversation the detec-live was delighted to find that the other had not penderated his dispuise. had not pencirated his disguise. "I like you," finally cried Constantine, "and I want you to take dinner with

thing, bowed gravely, acknowledging the introduction and inquired when he would have the pleasure of going out with the

"Surely. With whom?"

"With the locksmith's daughter."

lady. "It might be tonight." he said grum-bling, "if it were not for that infernal some friends of mine." That night Vidoca d co dineti with of charming cracksmen, every one of them noted in his profession, Constan-tine was the chief, Joubert his able fleu-The detective pricked up his ears at the mention of his own name. He pre-served the gravity of his countenance, tenant, and the others faithful followers The wine flowed freely and the best of faeling prevailed. One of the company said facetiously that he had just come however, as he remarked carelessly: "Oh, I don't mind him if I can keep clear of the informers. They tell me Paris swarms with the parasites." said incentiously that he had just come into a fortune and was celebrating the event. As a matter of fact he had "cracked a crib" the night before and was spending part of his ill-gotten wealth. Constantine, turning to Vidoco. Paris swarms with the parasites." "That's true," said Constantine. "but if you can keep Vidocq from guessing at your buahess you are safe enough with me. As for these informers, I don't fear them. I can smell those beggars as job, so as to keep him from giving any of easily as a crow scents powder." "Well," said Vidocq, "I cannot boast of so much penetration, yet I think, too. "How's your nerve?"

With the locksmith's daughter. Vidoog made a grimace as if mocking and said: "I don't believe I ever had the honor of the lady's acquaintance." All hands laughed loudly at this sally. Constantine put his hands down into his pocket and produced a big brass key. He handed it gravely to the detective. "Permit me to present you to the "Permit me to present you to the minx." Vidocq, keeping up the spirit of the

VIDOCQ PICKED THET UP AND SECRETED

from the the ard of this Vidooq ne. ell engraved in my recollecta hould pretty soon recognize him a come unexpectedly in his way." "God bless you!" cried Constantine, "it is easy to perceive you are a stranger to the vagabond; just imagine, now, that he is nover to be seen twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning perhaps just such another looking person as you; well, the next hour so altered that his own brother could not recognize him, and by the evening I defy any man to remem-would have deceived any eye but manufer would have deceived any eye but friends would the aw these sneaks at friends would the morning years would the aw these sneaks at friends would the morning years would the morning years would the set even having seen him before. Only stateday I met him disguised in a man-would have deceived any eye but manufer would have deceived any eye but the aw these sneaks at friends would the set would have deceived any eye but the aw these sneaks at friends would the set even having seen him before. Only stated as I me thim disguised in a man-would have deceived any eye but the aw these sneaks at friends would the set even having seen him before. Only with whom?" asked Vidord. "With my lady love-the locksmith dauget." "It join you with all my heart!" claimed the detective in undisguised the set even having seen him disguised the set even having set as the bead of the dauge the detective in undisguised the dauget he detective in undisguised the set even having set as the bead of the set even having set as the bead of the dauget he detective in undisguised the set even having set as the bead of the morning period with the set as the bead of the dauget he detective in undisguised the set even having set as the bead of the dauget he detective in an undisguised the set even having set as the bead of the dauget he detective in the set in that from the frequent description I have with a party of thieves to waylay him

pose him to the replease them to commit crime. "Midnight is the hour," said Constan-"Midnight is the hour," and to his time. "and I want every man to do his

signment on the plea that he was as yet only a novice. "He has a weak stomach," sneered Joubert: "he will never make a good cracksman." Constantine hotly repelled the insinua-tion. He put his hand on Vidocq's shoul-der affectionately, and said: "When this boy has had a little more experience he will beat you all in the business."

business." Vidooq smiled in a sickly way at this inexpected if dublous compliment. It seemed a shame to deceive such a big-hearted scoundrel. But then business was business, and it was too late to turn back now. It was finally arranged that Vi-doog should remain on the outside of the garden wall and give the alarm if the police should come in sight. It was now within an hour of the time when they-should asly forth on their unlawful misshould saily forth on their unlawful mis-

"Come, boys," cried Constantine, "a drink all around and then we'll get down 110

drink all around and then we'll get down to business." On the plea of searching for his hat and coat Vidocq contrived to separate himself from the others for a few minutes. He wrote a hurrled message on the back of an old envelope, and finding a gendarme in the vicinity of the restaurant dis-patched him with the note to the nearest prefecture. It was to the point. It told of the place of rendezvous and added: "Have half a dozen men on the spot. Frighten the cracksmen, but make no arrests until they have been driven to a place of refuge." When Vidocq returned to the table his unsuspecting confederates were prepar-

When Videog returned to the table his unsuspecting confederates were prepar-ing to leave. Their final toast was "Suc-cess." drunk standing and in silence. Under the exhilarating influence of their liquor they had scarcely noticed the mo-mentary absence of the detective. Once on the outside they hurried along randdy, choosing the narrow and less frequented thoroughfares. In about 20 minutes they reached their destination. Constantine halted, and putting his hand in his hip pocket pulled out a glistening revolver, which he examined carefully. Videog was not a cowardly man, but the resolute manner in which the chief thief scrutin-ized his weapon sent a cold shiver down ized his weapon sent a cold shiver down his spinal column. Constantine then gathered his men about him and distrib-uted a half dozen black masks, which they adjusted with the ease which comes they adjusted with the ease which comes from long practice. After that the chief advanced to the gate with his brass key-the famous locksmith's daughter. To his surprise it would not work. He fumbled with it for nearly a minute and then gave

It up as a bad job. "Blast the girl!" he muttered "She's permitted them to bolt the door from the inside.

"Perhaps she's peached," whispered VI-

docq, insinuatingly. "She wouldn't dare," cried Constantine, showing his teeth. "She knows me and she knows that I would kill an informer." Once again that i would kin an informer. Once again that cold shiver ran up and down Vidooq's spinal column. But it was merely a fleeting emotion. He had nerve in plenty and to spare. "Boys." called the chief, "we've got to

"Boys." called the chief, "we've got to jump the wall and get down to business. We can't fool' around all night. Here, you"-to the detective-"give us a hand." Vidocq planted himself against the wall of the garden and, holding out his two hands, boosted the cracksmen over the wall one at a time. Constantine was the last one up. He held his hand down to Vidocq and assisted him to the top of the stone coping.

stone coping. "Now, Germain," said Constantine to the detective, "you get in the shadow near the end of the wall and keep a sharp lookout. If you see the police, give a low whistle. Be on the alert, because everywhistle. Be on the alert, because every-thing depends on you." Vidocq nodded his head. "Yes," he repeated significantly, "every-thing depends ou me." "Two of the men had dark-lanterns. Slowly, cautiously, they felt their way to-ward the house. Constanting carried a complete burglar's kit. He got to work immediately.

"What is the confusion?"

"All of the valuables stolen from the banker's house in the Champs Elysecs have been recovered." "Good," retorted M. Henry; "but is that

THEM UNDER A MATTRESS

soul was in sight. Had his note mis carried? Would the police fall him? It looked that way .; What a predicament

tine. "and I want every man to do his duty." There were six in the party-including Videed, Each one of the cracksmen was assigned to his part in the enterprise. Constantine was in command and Joubert was chief of staff. Videed was to be lifted into a ground-floor window, but the signment on the plea that he was as yet only a novice. was heard on the hard sidewaik. His heart bounded. It was a squad of po-live. He leaned over and whispered: "Hist!"

lice. He leaned over and whispered: "Hist!" A captain of police approached. "It is I--Vidoca," called the detective in a subdued volce. "I will give the alarm, but wish you to let them go their way. Two of them are armed. Present-ly come to my old lodgings.". The captain saluted and with his men sought shelter. At the same moment Vidocq gave a low, prolonged whistle. Instantly there was a commotion within. Bags were grabbed up and all scampered toward the wall. "If's the police." whispered Vidocq: "come quickly and you may escape." They unbolted the gate and hurried out. Vidocq joined them. "Where are the police?" whispered Con-stantine. "They've gone the other way," said Vidocq. "If we're careful we can elude them."

Vidocq.

. They hurried along for a few blocks. The detective turned to the chief cracks-

The detective turned to the chief dracks-man: "It's dangerous to go through the streets with these bags. Here's my old lodgings. Let's creep in here for shelter?" "Can you get in?" asked Constantine. "Sure," replied Vidoco, "I have my key and I know the room's vacant." Silently they crept inside, one at a time, and closed the door behind them. Con-stantine slapped Vidocq on the back. "You're s brick, Germain. I told you he'd distinguish himself, boys." "What do you call this place?" asked

"What do you call this place?" asked Joubert, looking around him. "I call it the mousetrap," said Vidoca, with a leer. The cracksmen laughed loudly at this saily

sally.

sally. The swag was poured out on the table and the enterprising gentlemen were soon engaged in dividing their rich haul. Con-stantine and Joubert, the only ones who possessed weapons, laid their pistols on a chair. Siyly Vidocq picked them up and screted them under a mattress. In the midst of the exuitation a loud knocking was heard at the door. The thieres looked at one another with pale faces. Vidocq crawled under the bed, unobserved. No sooner was he but of sight than the door was burst open and a swarm of inspectors and policemen entered the room. In the twinkling of an eye five pairs of handwas burst open and a swarm of inspectors and policimene entered the room. In the twinkling of an eye five pairs of hand-cuffs were shoved onto the wrists of the cracksmen and they were being marched to the nearest police station.

III. II. It was New Year's day at the prefec-ture of police. M. Henry, following a long established custom, was holding his annual reception. The room was crowded and all of the officers of the police, high and all of the orneers of the police, high and low, were there to present their chief with the compliments of the season. M. Bertaux, the cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, were in the line receiving with M. Henry. During a lull in the crowd the three men drifted into a conversation concerning erime

crime. "By the bye, M. Henry," said M. Ber-tauz, "what has become of the fellow Videog?" "I really do not know," said the pre-

fect gravely. "What!" exclaimed the other, "not

know!" "No," was the response "I have not seen him since the day I called him in your presence and delegated him to break up the burglarles that have disgraced the

up the burglarles that have disgraced the police system of the city." "And the burglarles." continued the other tauntingly. "they have continued?" M. Henry modded. "And Vidocq-he has disappeared?" The prefect nodded again. M. Bertaux burst into an ironical laugh. "M. Henry, you have been deceived: taken in: hoodwinked." The prefect shock his head. "I am not ready to confess defeat." At that moment a great commotion was heard on the outside. An attendant was summoned.

not a detail was overlooked. The first step was to discard his own personality and take up that of another. It would have to be a thief. The honor of being impersonated fell to one Ger-main. alias "the Captain." He was a fugitive galley slave. Videog had known him in the days well, in the days behim in the days-well, in the days be he became a detective. Germain dark brown hair, that of Vidocq light; he was thin, Vidocq was t; his complexion was sallow, that fore of Vidocq was clear. But the resourceful detective overcame all of these ob-Days were employed in per-the likeness. First he attained days' growth of beard. Then said: he dyed his hair and beard black. By

"Fine. "Are you in for an adventure?

created-may be played with impunity. no matter how licentious they may be. It is one of the rules of the censorship that no Biblical characters who may

see there is no getting rid of him." Constantine was on his feet at once with an oath. He cried out: tention to details. The cracksmen had been "spotting" the mansion of a wealthy banker on one of the boulevards of Peris. "To prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lead me a helping hand, this very evening we will waylay him at his door, and I'll warrant we'll settle the top so as to keep him from side the the

who had been smitten with the charms of Constantine, the gang had been provided with the key which would admit them into the garden of the house. Videog Histened very attentively and occasionally us further uneasiness." Vidocq immediately agreed, and was placed in the unique position of going out

GROW TIRED

Vidocq, on the wall, watched the opera-tion intently. What a unique position! He felt like an umpire for society at that moment. The thieves on one side of the wall, the officers of the law on the other. And himself in the middle. Truly, every-thing demended on him

thing depended on him. "Tick, tick, tick," came the low, sharp ound of the metallic instrument. Finally the shutter was forced. After

"No: Videoq is outside demanding ad-mittance. He has no card." "Admit him!" snapped the prefect. A moment later five men handouffed en-tered the room. Eringing up the rear was Videoq. The first prisoner was Con-stantine, the others Joubert and his com-stantine. Uldown made a profound bow. rmaily the solution was forced Alter that a pane of glass was cut, and then nothing stood between the burglars and their booty. Five min-utes, 10 minutes they worked there indus-triously. Everything was done with busipanions. Vidoeq made a profound bow, and, smiling his perpetual smile, pointed to the cursing culprits.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dances Weary the Presidents Aids.

utes, 10 minutes they worked there indus-triously. Everything was done with busi-ness-like precision. Four stout bags stood with yawning mouths ready to re-ceive the swag. Videog looked on the outside of the With the Laxy Eyes.")

## IN ENGLAND DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP

George A. Redford, Who Began Life as a Bank Clerk.

plays has lately kept cable wires. hot, owing to the petition for its abolition, little has appeared in print concerning the personality and actual powers of the censor himself. Attempts to Interview George Redford, official "examiner of plays," have falled for the simple reason that he is not permitted, by virtue of his office, to speak for publication.

After keeping on the track of the most talked about man in the p acting world for several days writer recently obtained from him

writer recently obtained from him, however, not only an exact biographical account of his life, but a number of in-teresting and hitcherto unpublished de-tails concerning the office of censor. Ever since the famous manifesto ap-peared in the London Times, under date of October 28 last, denouncing the cen-sor in no uncertain terms, and signed by 32 of the landing English play. by 72 of the leading English play-wrights and authors, Censor Redford has enjoyed a publicity that, to a man of less equable temperament, would have envired reaction

of less equable temperament, would have proved painful. But Mr. Redford is quite used to the slings and arrows of outrageous play-wrights. He has been "denounced" time and again. But he still keeps on censoring and censuring, calling down upon himself the maledictions of all outs of satthere against from the streat sorts of authors ranging from the great and only G. B. Shaw to the literary tyro who has just written his first play.

One of the most withering attacks on Consor Redford states that, "as he was destined for work the a bank, he should have remained there." It seems, how-ever, that the present censor comes by his literary attainments honestly, as he was schooled in an atmosphere of art and literature. Though he did remain n a bank many years, and actually be came a manager, commercial pursuits proved distasteful to nim, and he re-signed them in order to devote his time to literary matters. His father, George Redford, deserted medicine to follow latters, and became a critic of distinction on the London Times and Daily News. He was a close personal friend of Browning, Leighton, G. H.

iriend of Browning, Leighton, G. H. been exercised not only for political Lewes, George Ellot, the brothers Trol- purposes, but to please the whim and

caprice of the lord chamberlain. One THOUGH the censorship of English | lope, Wilkle Collins and others of like note. In his father's home, the present censor frequently met many of the leading literary lights of the day.

He entered a bank at an early age and by dint of "sticking to it" he fin-ally became manager of a branch. In his leisure hours he devoted much time to literary matters, art and the drama. When the opportunity for leaving the bank and becoming an assistant in the

office of the examiner of plays pre-sented liself the literary bank manager was quick in abandoning commercial work. For many years he served under E. F. S. Pigott, examiner of plays. When his chief died in 1895 Mr. Redford, as his "understudy," was asked to fill his place temporarily. His work proved so satisfactory that he was retained in the office and has been official examiner of plays, or censor, ever sin several changes of government.

During the last year or two he has been subjected to a great deal of severe criticism, as all the world knows. One incident that stirred the playsoing and playwriting public almost to the point of frenzy was the banning of "The Mikado" after it had been il-censed for many years by the lord chamberlain's office. Though the offi-cial lord chamberlain Lord Althorp title dal lord chamberlain, Lord Althorp came in for much of the blame in this instance. Censor Redford bore the brunt of the public disapproval. It seems that the withdrawal of "The

Mikado" was brought about through the "commands" of persons who even dominated the lord chamberlain's office, and "reasons of state" are said to have dictated the measure. The office of censor was created dur-

ing the premiership of Sir Robert Wal pole, who was in power during the ing the premiership of Sir Robert Wai-pole, who was in power during the reigns of George I and II, in order, it is said, that he might suppress the plays of Fielding. It is stated that Waipole employed a literary hack to write a scathing political attack, in a "fake" play-which was falsely at-tributed to Fielding-that the censor might have a word score benning

might have a good excuse for banning his plays. Since that time the office has often

lord chamberlain refused a license to Richard Mansell because the manager had printed on one of his programmes the words. "The length of the ballet girls' skirts is in accordance with the lord chamberlain's orders." Managers were warned against producing any of Mansell's plays and advised not to

employ him in any capacity. For many years the powers of the lord chamberlain and the examiner of plays—an official attached to his office -were more or less vague; but in 1843 a special act of Parliament was passed which defined the rights and scope of which defined the rights and scope of the censor, Since that time, he has had to be seriously reckoned with. Every theater in Great Britain is abso-lutely under his power so far as the licensing of new stage-plays, or supc-tioning new additions to old ones are concerned. Even the "funny stuff" of topical character thrown into the Christmas materimizes which form so topical character thrown into the Christmas pantomimes-which form so prominent a feature of English stage-

-cannot be "extemporized" the censor's permission. Curiously enough, the censor does

not recognize any author, no matter how distinguished or important he may be. All his dealing are with managers of theaters. Even the change in the title of a play is a matter of settle-ment between censor and manager. The of theaters, utter ignoring of the author is one of the grievances complained of by such men as Shaw, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, W. S. Gilbert, Granville Barker,

and the other signatories to the Times manifesto. While the cen

the censorship is recognized as a political office in modern times it has taken upon itself to safeguard the morals of the public as well as its politics. Such plays as Ibsen's "Ghosts," Shelley's "Cenci," one play of Tolstol, and one of Bernard Shaw, have come under the ban, as well as more recently Granville Barker's "Waste," and Garnett's "The Breaking Point," about which everyone is talk-ing as a political office in modern times it

be introduced in a play shall be al-lowed to speak on the stage. But dumb shows with God Almighty on the stage-such as in "Everyman," are per stage-such as in "Everyman, are per-mitted without restriction. Heavy fees are extracted by the lord chamberlain's office every year from the reading of plays. The total sum runs into something like \$5,000. Every play of three acts of more costs the author or stage manager \$10 for cen-costs the avery mark under three

author or stage manager \$10 for cen-sorahip, while every part under three acts-even a few words inserted in a pantomime-costs \$5. The censor ex-amines 250 to 600 plays a year. If a play or part of a play is pro-duced without the examiner's consent, a fine of \$250 is imposed, and the man-serer not only has to nay this sum but ager not only has to pay this sum, but he loses the license to his theater. Altogether there are thirty-two rules connected with censorship of plays, which authors and managers must which anthors and managers must comply with before their productions can be accepted. Some of these regu-lations appear trifling and captions in these days when plays are written by some of the leading literary men of the century.

Mr. Redford is a playwright-though not a well-known one—as well as the censor. In the latter capacity he has been called on to pass on his own plays. There is no record that he ever refused to grant a license for the pro-duction of any one of them.-Londor Special to Omaha Bee.

## Done in Abyssinia.

London Standard. The decree of the Emperor Melelik announcing the construction of a Cabinet

on European lines is as follows: "The flon of Judah has prevailed. "Salutation be to you.

"It is some time since we thought of introducing a European system to our country. You have always indicated country. (this), and said it would be good if we would adopt some of the European sys-

"I have now taken steps to appoint a

Point," about which everyone is talk-ing. There are many anomalies connected with the censorship. Plays that were brought out prior to the Walpole ad-ministration—when the office was

N 0 more White House duty for Lieu-tenant Sheridau, Fifth Cavalry, and Captain Fitzhugh Lee II, Thirteenth Cavalry airy, or for Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant III, or Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur! These young officers-sons of distin-gunhed sizes-have applied to be relieved as aides to the President. They are tired of the eternal round of dinner and dance. of the eternal round of dinner and dance. tea and cotilion. They have applied to be sent back to their regiments, and Mr. Roosevelt has relieved them from their duties at the executive mansion. They don't want to be "coffee-coolers"

any more!

Now. In war time, a "coffee-cooler" was a man who stayed behind to cook while his comrades went into battle. In these peaceful days the officer who has pull

peaceful days the other who has put enough to keep him on duty at the White House is dubbed a "coffee-cooler." But not for young Sheridan and young Lee, or young Grant or young MacArthur. They have been ordered back to their regiments at their own request. They prefer to be with their own men; they don't care to spend their time faming pretty girls and bringing lees to dow-agers, even if the blood of fighting men has given them a military reputation al-

small contribution to the galety a the White House is made by young offi-cers of both branches of the service, who known as the President's "social

It is their business to assist at recep tions and other entertainments. At for-mal banquets it is their frequent duty-to act as beaux for unmarried girls who may happen to be invited. Selected with reference to their agreeableness and good looks, they are sure to be regarded with favor by appreciative damaels. Of course it is not surprising that, in view of the exceptional social prestige incidentally according, such assignments should be sought eagerly.

sought eagerly. Mr. Roosevelt, with an eye always for the picturesque, hit upon the notion of employing as his social alds young offi-ers who were the sons or grandsons of men famous in our military history. Re-tpentedly in public speeches he has re-ferred to the fact that descendants of great warriors who fought on both sides of the Civil War have been chosen by

OF

Round of Dinners and

cently at the White House. Youngsters who are so fortunate as to be detailed to this easy and agreeable duty are objects of some envy from the viewpoint of their follow officers, who call them, scornfully, "coffee-coolers." Sheridan, a manify chap, decided that he had had enough of the business of danc-ing attendance at White House functions, and was moved by an ambition to foin Sheridan, a way moved by an ambition to foin and was moved by an ambition to join the colors and take up his trade of sol-dier in good earnest. He is a remarkably handsome boy, the only son of Lieuten-ant-General Sheridan, here of Winchester and the Shenandoah. He was graduated from Wast Poles for the way graduated

and the Shenandoah. He was graduated from West Point four years ago. Ulysses S. Grant III is a son of General Prederick D. Grant. General U. S. Grant, his grandfather, was especially fond of the boy, and only a few days before he died, in 1885, wrote a letter to the "Presi-dent of the United States," asking him to appoint the youngster to the military academy when he was of proper age. This was done by Mr. McKinley in 1896. The wisdom of the appointment was soon

Engineer Corps. Young Lleutenant Grant was one of the men whom West Pointers picked as just the one for White House duties. He had plenty of friends in society who want-ed to see him one of the aids to the President.

He got the appointment and accepted it giadly, but he has quit the post. He got tired of the eternal round of teas and dinners.

Fitzhugh Les, the elder, did conspic-uous service during the Spanish War for the Government which once upon a time he tried so hard, as a leader of horse in

Army, the nero of calling, cross the Army, Starting as a private in the Sig-nal Corps, he rose from the ranks by good service and is today a captain of infantry. Sherman Miles was graduated from

West Point only two years ago and is now a full-fielded lieutenant in the Army. He is a son of Lieutenant-General Nelson A: Miles who was formerly commanding

At Miles who was formerly commanding General of the Army, the last officer to hold that position, which was abolished by Congress. Of about the same age is James F. McKinley, a nephew of the murdered President, who, at the out-break of the Spanish War enlisted.as a private in the Eighth Ohio Infantry, Ris-ing from the ranks, he becams a First Lieutenant in 1991, and has since been promoted to a Captaincy. He is one of the handsomest young men in the ser-vice, and bears a striking resemblance to his uncle.

his uncie. Bosides Fitzhugh Lee, the elder, two other famous Confederate commanders, General Longstreet and "Fighting Joe"

Wheeler, are represented by soms in the Army today. Young Longstreet is a Major in the Artillery Corps-a little chap phy-sically, like his father, but full of pluck

and well known as one of the most dan-gerous poker players in the service. Following an unwritten rule, the Presi-dent of the United States practically always reverses his appointments to caddi-ships in the military and naval acade-mies for the sons of officers of the Army and Navy. So, in all likelihood, it will ever be in

so, in all interinood, it will ever us in the future; and experience up to the pres-ent time seems to show that the custom in question redounds to the advantage and to the glory of the Republic,-Chi-cago Record-Herald. he tried so hard, as a leader of horse in the Confederate army, to upset. He was a great friend of President McKinley's, and for a number of years was exceed-ingly lutimate with Mr. Roosovelt. On this account the latter has taken a cor-dial interest in the son, who rides in a cavalry regiment. He is a fine, manly chap, and popular in the service. It is interesting to observe, by the way,

The wisdom on the appointment was soon approved by the boy, who distinguished himself as a cadet. He was graduated second in his class, in the same year with Philip H. Sheridan, Jr. He is now in the