

PIRATES OF THE PHILIPPINES

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21.—I call them Uncle Sam's pirates, because they now live under the American flag. I refer to the brigands, bandits and thieves of our Asiatic possessions. They are to be found in one shape or another in all parts of the islands, and even in Manila itself. We have there a good corps of native policemen and thousands of soldiers with clubs and revolvers, but nevertheless robberies occur every day and the counterfeitters make false money so fast that you have to ring every dollar to see whether it is silver or not.

Manila has not only land thieves, but water thieves. Think of an American city containing more than 300,000 people, in which there are professional pirates. The place is cut up by canals, the Pasig River flows through it, and its waterways are thickly crowded with boats of all kinds. A short time ago it was found that these parts of the city were infested by an organized band of thieves and pickpockets, who made the boats their headquarters and went out to prey upon the people. They robbed the houses and blackmailed their brothers upon the boats. An additional force has been added to the water police to keep them in check, and both harbor and canals are now being patrolled on the lookout for pirates.

A few weeks ago one of the Government launches passed a large boat on the River Pasig in almost the heart of the city. In it was a native who waved his hand for assistance. The launch stopped and it was found that the man had been attacked by pirates, who had stolen the tobacco, sugar and coconuts which he was carrying into Manila.

On another boat the natives were seen to be greatly excited. The officials stopped, and were told that there was nothing wrong. They saw, however, that several rowers were tied to the bamboo outriggers of the native craft and caught hold of them and pulled them in. At the other end of each rope they found a mauler rifle and later on discovered that of the men on the boat four were pirates. They were robbing the boat when the Government launch came up, and had threatened the owners with death if they informed upon them.

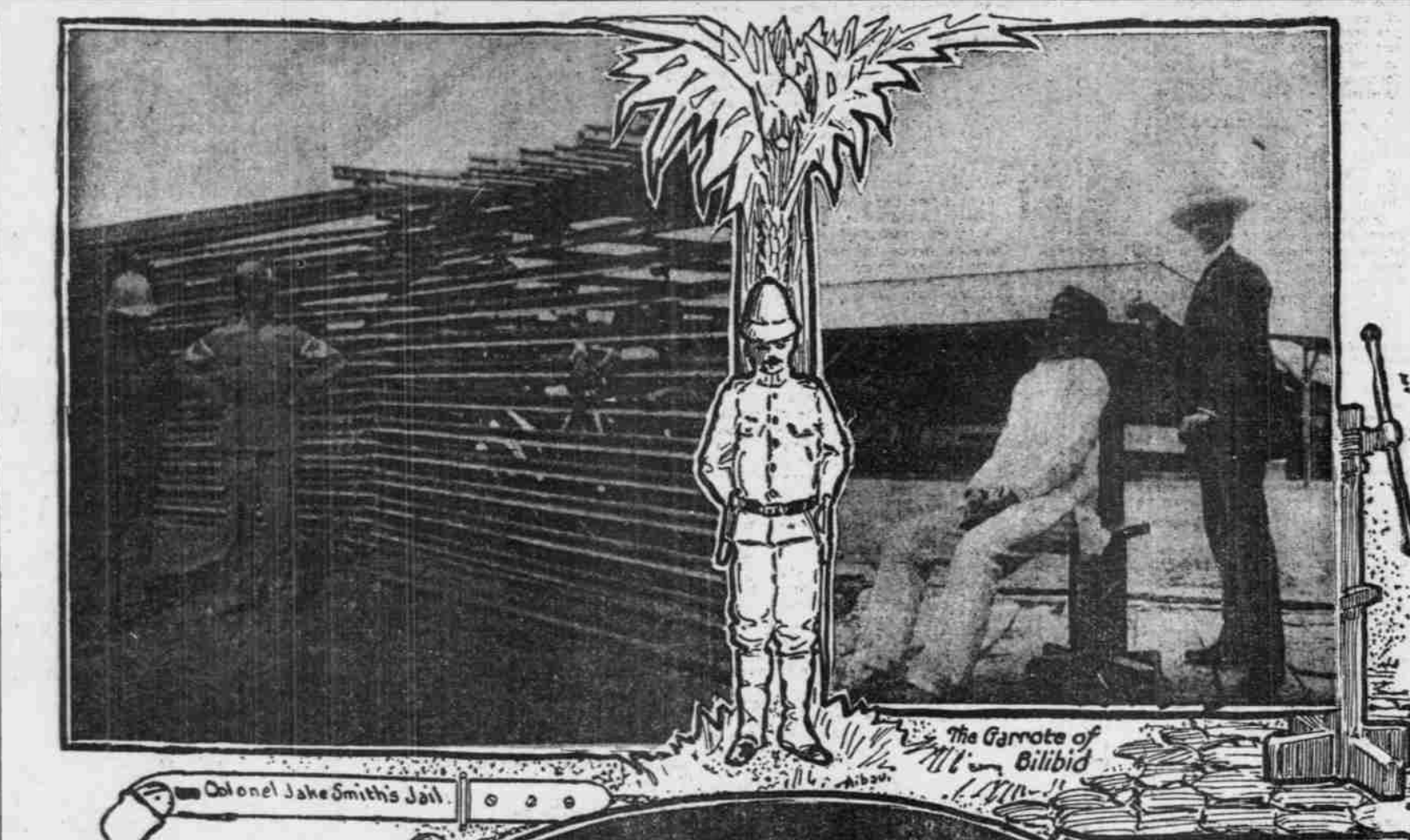
It is this fear on the part of the natives that makes it difficult to break up piracy. The criminals are so organized that their friends will take revenge upon informers. They blackmail the boatmen and carry on their smuggling under the very eyes of our soldiers.

The Pirates of Mindanao.

The worst place for pirates, however, is in the southern part of the archipelago. The Moros have been pirates for ages, and they have had their pirate settlements in Palawan, Mindanao and the Sulu Islands. The Sultan himself is a professional pirate, who is only restrained by the fear of our Government. There is one pirate chief in Northeastern Mindanao who until very recently has been sailing along the coast and collecting tribute from the villages at the mouth of a cannon. Shortly before our troops came into Manila he entered that harbor and sent word to the merchants that he must have a certain sum of money at once or he would blow up the town. The President was a Spanish ex-Lieutenant, as brave as a lion. He had several small howitzers, which he lined up on the shore, and then sent back a reply, telling the pirate to fire and he hanged, but that if he did the howitzers would send his vessels to the bottom of the bay.

This President was in charge of the port when General Bates called and General Bates gave him an American flag. He accepted it, saying that he would use it at all times except when that pirate appeared. "Then," said he, "I will raise a black flag above it, just like that used by the pirate. This means, 'We will fight to the death and give no quarter.'"

The pirate vessels of the Moros have ravaged the southern coasts of our possessions for more than 200 years. In times past they attacked all the towns near the shore and enslaved many people. Old Datto Utto, who lives in Cotabato, has been a famous pirate in his day, and Datto



Colonel Jake Smith's Jail.

to Piang and others would now be running their pirate junks if no restraints were put upon their actions.

Crime Among the Moros.
In my travels among the Moros I found them a peaceable people. They have good order, because every man carries a knife, and an insult might cause one to lose his head. They have little regard for life. Death is one of their punishments for theft. While General Bates was in Sulu one of the Moros stole a knife belonging to his party, and the datto who ruled there wondered why our soldiers did not cut off the thief's head.

Shortly after this, the transport Warren called at Jolo with a party of Americans on board. The Sultan came down to visit them, and upon leaving found that his best case had mysteriously disappeared. The Sultan was set with jewels, and the Sultan complained. Had the thief been caught alone in his territory, he would probably have been killed.

Last October eight men were cut to pieces near the Sulu because they had stolen 30 cents' worth of fish. The thieves were Moros from a neighboring island, who had robbed the fish traps. They were captured on a trial was held. Before it was over one of the Sulu Moros accused one of the defendants of being a thief. The accused at once drew his kris and started for his accuser, upon which the friends of the latter rushed in and grabbed the eight strangers. They tied their hands behind them and chopped them in pieces. When the American soldiers arrived the bodies were still bleeding, and there was not a spot as large as your hand on any one of them that had not been cut. While the soldiers were looking on other Moros came up and tested the edges of their knives by chopping into the human flesh.

A Murderous President.

I remember a President whom I met at Zamboanga. We rode about together looking over his town and I chatted with him about himself and his work. He made no bones of telling me how he had killed his predecessor. He was in charge of the town when our soldiers attacked it, and was supposed to be associated with a Filipino General in its defense. He called this General to his defense, he wanted a conference, and when he came gave a sign to his own soldiers to shoot him. This they did. He rather laughed as he



Where the Prisoners Sleep.

showed me how he had killed his associate, and was evidently proud of his action. The fact that he had lied did not cause a blush, and this is so with the majority of the natives who he knew.

The Filipino has received his moral ideas from the Spaniards, and neither thinks anything of lying to gain his end. The most of them believe that it is only through fear that people tell the truth. I remember a story of Captain Howland's describing his experiences with the insurgents. At one time he came upon a party of Filipinos whom he supposed to be insurgents out for supplies. He asked

them if this was not the case. They replied that they had been instructed, but they were now tired of fighting and wanted to surrender. Captain Howland asked one of the natives who he knew was friendly to us whether he thought the men were telling the truth. The native replied:

"How can you tell whether they tell the truth or not until you castigate them? The Spaniards always castigated us when they wanted to get the truth. Give them a good thrashing and you will be sure to learn what they really think. Any Filipino will tell a lie until he is castigated."

Captain Howland, however, did not feel like taking the responsibility of ordering each man 50 lashes upon his bare back, and he let them go.

An enormous amount of thieving prevails in the country districts of Luzon and the other large islands. The mountains are infested with bandits, who make raids upon the plains. Many of the insurgents have joined these bands, and they now rob Americans and natives alike. The planters of Negros have recently formed a union to protect themselves against such brigandage. They have made up lists of all the men of the island and have recorded opposite each man's name his character. They are trying to keep record of every man's doings, as it is believed that many of the brigands spend part of their time under the guise of respectable citizens.

A Land of Guerrillas.

The hills of Luzon seem to be made for banditti. There is no country where guerrilla warfare can be carried on more successfully. You are seldom far from the mountains, and the valleys are filled with clumps of bamboo. The American Indians had nothing like the opportunities that the Filipinos have in their warfare with us. Indeed, I doubt if our Indians could have been conquered if the conditions had been similar to the Philippines. There are places for ambush within every few miles. The rice fields are interspersed with swamps, and there are many thickets in which the robbers can hide. There are bamboo clumps everywhere, and many places where the ground rises in hillocks topped with thick grass in which a man can conceal and wait for his prey.

There are no roads but trails through the mountains, and travelers often have to cut their own paths through them. The woods are so bound together with long lianas that they form a perfect mass of entangled vegetation through which one must cut his way. The lowlands are unstable at certain times of the year, and in the rainy season they are impassable for horses or carriages.

The insurgents have of late worked chiefly through ambushes. They assault only small parties, killing from three to six at a time. This class of warfare will last until good roads are made. The country can be patrolled by police on horseback and the robbers hunted to their lairs in the mountains. At present there are practically no roads on some of the islands. Mindoro has none. Jolo none outside of the town of Jolo, and in Mindanao the only roads are about the chief ports. The Sultan lives at Malubog, on one side of the island, and the City of Jolo, where the Americans are stationed, is on the opposite side. When the Sultan crosses the island he comes on horseback by a bridge over a river. A road will probably be made between these two towns.

A Visit to Bilbid.

While in Manila I visited the chief penitentiary of our Asiatic possessions. It is known as Bilbid Prison. It was full at the time we took possession, and hundreds of men were imprisoned against whom no crimes were charged on the record. Many did not know why they had been incarcerated, and they had been there for years awaiting trial. All were in chains. Some had heavy irons fastened to their ankles. The prison was filthy; its walls were covered with vermin, and the vegetation. As I went through the penitentiary I was shown the irons which had been taken off of these men. Some of them weighed many pounds, and they must have worn them into the flesh. I was shown the garrotting instrument used in capital cases, and I paid one of the prisoners 25 cents to put his neck in the collar while I held the screw to get a photograph of just how it was done.

The prisoner sat on a bench with his hands and feet tied so that he could not move. His back rested against a post and his neck was inside a collar of brass which could be so tightened by a turn of the screw that it could be broken or mashed to a jelly. Indeed, if the executioner wished, the neck might be cut from the shoulders by a turn of the screw. Denial could not be made, and the prisoner would break the spinal cord. During executions the Spaniards shrouded the heads of the vic-

tim, and it was at the waving of the sword of the chief prison official that the crank was turned which brought instant death.

The Billiard of Today.

Bilbid is now an American penitentiary, and the garrote and all cruel punishments are done away with. The superintendent of the prison is an American soldier, who has put it into the best of sanitary condition. It is as clean as any prison of the United States; its walls have been scraped and whitewashed, the floors knocked off the inmates and most of them put to work.

I found the prisoners engaged in all kinds of labor. Some were making baskets and chairs, others were working on the roads and others were busy as carpenters making beds, tables and other kinds of furniture. One man was cutting at a lathe turned by a flywheel manipulated by two Filipinos; another was carving and others were making trinkets which are sold to visitors. Each man gets a percentage of what his product sells for, amounting, to the best workmen, to about \$2 per month. In addition to this every prisoner is given five cents a week to buy his cigarettes, for smoking is allowed in the prison.

I went through the quarters where the men stay at night. They are long halls, lined on each side with sleeping tables or shelves as high as your knee. The tables are each about six feet wide and eight feet in length, but they are so joined that they make long shelves running from one end of the room to the other. Upon each table three or four men sleep at night. They have no mattresses and no pillows, and only such bed clothing as they bring in themselves.

What the Prisoners Eat.

Back of the tables are tin pans, each of which looks just like the top of a four-gallon bucket. Every prisoner has two of these; they are his only eating utensils. He has no knife, fork or spoon, but eats with his hands. The food consists of rice and a stew of vegetables and flesh. The prisoners are fed by contract, and it costs about three cents of our money a day to supply the food of one man.

Notwithstanding the low rate, they seem healthy and contented, and they are, I am told, well satisfied with their rations. They drink only water and each prisoner has for this purpose a canteen consisting of a bamboo tube about two feet in length.

The daily life of the prisoners is as follows. They are called at 5:30 and counted. After this they have breakfast and clean up their quarters. At 7 o'clock they begin their regular work, and continue at it from then on till 11:30. At 12 all squat down for dinner, and after that take a siesta until 2. From 2 until 4:30 they are again at their work. Then comes supper, and then a parade, at which the prison band plays the Star Spangled Banner and the convicts salute the United States flag. After this the prisoners are marched to their cells, and locked up for the night. Upon Sunday there is no work, and the chaplains hold services, at which all the prisoners attend.

Prisoners will have to be established in different parts of the islands. So far there is nothing of a sanitary nature in existence, and our soldiers have had trouble in finding quarters to incarcerate criminals. One of the queerest jails of Luzon was that built by Colonel Jacob H. Smith, of the Seventeenth Infantry, at Baituta. Colonel Smith had been ambushed, but had captured the ambushers, had killed 12 of them and taken a number of guns. He brought his prisoners to Baituta, but found no adequate jail accommodations for them. The town is on the railroad, and there were some unused rails lying over until his successor is appointed. He decided to use them for a jail, laying them up in the shape of a diamond, forming an inclosure about 15 feet wide. The entrance was by an alley of rails, so narrow that only one man could pass through at a time. Other rails were put over the top, and into this iron cage the insurgents were brought. There were three of them in each cage, and they were kept there, and a under-looking set of Filipino brigands I have not seen.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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An Oregon Story by an Oregon Girl

"THROUGH DEVIOUS PATHS" BY WYNN COMAN IN APRIL MUNSEY.

THE rain, the cheerless, persistent rain of Oregon, dripped and drizzled through the boughs of the fir trees bordering the railroad tracks. On the short siding stood half a dozen cars, all dark but the rear one, and that was so brilliantly alight that its windows fairly blinked and twinkled out upon the surrounding gloom.

Three men with ulster collars up about their ears and hands deep in their pockets lounged aimlessly on the back platform of the car. They had been summing up the situation in somewhat strong language and addressing Nature in no gentle terms for her prodigality in the matter of landfalls.

"One ahead of us and one behind us," complained the youngest of the trio. "As you Americans never do things by halves, no doubt you have arranged for a third directly upon us."

"I trust not," laughed the only American of the group. "What do you say, Duke, to avoid destruction by a visit to the hotel yonder?"

They turned and looked down at the little group of dingy buildings on the river bank. There was a cheerful glow from the window of the largest, and that could just make out the letters G-R-A-N-D-H-O-T-E-L, staggering across the glistening panes.

His Grace of Teveer assented with a nod, and they scattered out into the wet and Western mud.

"We've come over for a drink," announced Bradley to Joe Waters, genial proprietor of the place, as he led the way into the cheerful, fire-lit room.

Joe, being unfamiliar with the general and particular equipment of private cars, was unconscious that there was the element of a joke in the remark, so he leaned happily over the bar and said:

"You the English gentles of the special? Then you've come to the right place; I got some whisky here that'll remind you of home."

"Why, so you have!" exclaimed the youngest with the face like the old aristocrat, as Joe produced a fat brown bottle. "It's Talker, upon my soul!"

Bradley laughed. He was the American, and keen visage as a sparrowhawk. "I rather think it's on me, then. Won't you join us, gentlemen?" he asked of the interested spectators about the fire.

"Well, it's the only kind Benjie drinks, so I laid in a lot for him." "Used to drink, you mean," corrected one of the men gruffly.

"Benjie, he don't drink now, and so I've got this here Scotch on my hands. I s'pose you know Benjie?"

"Who is he?" asked Bradley idly. "Your oldest inhabitant." "Not much, he ain't," replied Waters importantly. "Benjie, he's a lord!"

"And what did you say his name was?" asked the Duke, looking up from the pipe he was carefully tamping. "My answer," answered Waters calmly. "We used to call him 'His Lordship,' but he likes us to just call him Benjie now. His name's Lord something-or-other Benington. I'm the postmaster here, so I seen it scrawled all over his mail. Know him?"

"It is a very familiar name," remarked the Duke in quite a matter-of-fact tone. "What about him?" queried Bradley, hoping for something to pass the time. It was still raining, and he saw an opportunity to interest the tourists with something typically Western.

"Well," began Waters. "He blowed in here two years or so ago. I should say, and he was about the seediest youngster ever I saw. He'd been drinking like a fish for I don't know how long. But all of a sudden he quit drinkin'—quit as hard as a snail. Took to trampin', then to huntin', got a fancy for the hills and built a little shack right on the top of the high bluff. Sent to Portland for the nicest furniture you saw."

"At first us fellows didn't go much on him, he was so lame and unlovely. But last winter a lot of us got rippin' good company, laughin' and jokin' with us, but after a day or two he got kind of silent and grouchy, and finally as restless as a bull moose. We thought the grub was givin' out, but he had enough for a year! So I up and asked him what was the trouble."

"The snow kept on a gettin' deeper and drifter, and we didn't care, for Ben had things very slick. At first he was rippin' good company, laughin' and jokin' with us, but after a day or two he got kind of silent and grouchy, and finally as restless as a bull moose. We thought the grub was givin' out, but he had enough for a year! So I up and asked him what was the trouble."

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Just about his birthday! He was wild to get out and come down here to get his mail. Onset a year he gets a regular sackful of letters and picture postcards. 'Frisco 'cause I don't think Ben's folks knows or cares where he is now."

"He was pretty lame, though, and when it come to the last word not a darn one of us felt like buckin' up to the long trip just for a bunch of letters that would keep anyhow. There wasn't no tellin' when the storm would die out, and the fellow caught out stood a good show a deliverin' the mail in heaven."

"Ben, he never said a word to us, but he yanked out his boots and snow shoes and was pretty near ready to get out when Ben there come in and said 'Hop Lee, Ben's Chinese cook, was a carryin' on like he was good and sick. I went out to his little room, and there was the Chinik lyin' in his bunk, his face the color of a pan of ashes."

"What's the matter, Hop Lee?" I asked him. "He dead him by. Wante talker Lee Yip, and that was all I could get out of him."

"I went back and told Ben, and he said, 'Who's Lee Yip?' "Lee Yip's your Chinik's brother. He's down to section-house six, and I guess old Hop's goin' to pass in his checks and wants his brother here to hold his hand while he's doin' it. And then I laughed like it was a good joke."

"You think he is ill and homesick?" Ben asked me, kind of considerin'. "Sure," I said, grinnin' like the fool I was. "Homesick's just what he looks like."

"Ben, he gives me a look that must a gone clean through my head and out the back."

"You don't know what it is to be homesick, perhaps," he said, still very polite and quiet. Then he whipped around, and went out to Hop Lee's bunk, and then I got your brother for you, Hop Lee," he said, and without another word to me that blame you cub it out into the storm, leavin' us feelin' like a fly looks in winter-time."

"We'd been out on the mountain and got caught in a blizzard, and made for Ben's place, as we knew we couldn't get back here to the settlement. Ben, he'd had a fall on the mountain and had been cooped up for a week or so, and you bet he was glad to see us trampin' in and askin' to be put up for the night."

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poor old heathen as he grabbed Lee Yip. "But it was Ben's face, as he watched the two of them jabberin' like mad, that made us fella's sort of choke up. It was just like a kid wantin' something he knows he can't have, and he was so blame near played out anyhow he could hardly stand. That's all," finished Waters abruptly—"only, we call him Benjie now."

"Well," he went on, "guess you'd better all have a drink on me this time."

"Did you say that the boy is still stopping about here?" asked the Duke as the men moved over to the bar.

"That's what he is. He's got a job with the lumber folks. We ain't much on style here, but you bet your boots we know a white man when we get him."

"I should like to go up to his place tomorrow," the Duke went on slowly; "would you show me the way?"

"Sure," replied Waters, wondering at the light in the Duke's deep-set eyes. "Thought you said you didn't know him?"

"I couldn't have said that," answered the Duke, with quiet dignity. "He's may hop Lee."

"Humph!" grunted Waters, staring. "You don't say!"

WYNN COMAN.

When Jim Died.

When Jim died, all the neighbors came from far and near.

What the Courts Decide

RECENT FINDINGS OF INTEREST TO LAWYERS AND THE LAITY.

Man Kisses or Embraces a Woman. Without her consent, he is guilty of assault and battery, holds the Supreme Court of Alabama, in the case of Walker vs. State (31 So. Rep. 557).

Slot Machine Gambling. A nickel-in-the-slot machine, involving in its operation the element of chance as to whether the player obtains in cigars more or less than the value of his money, is held by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, in the case of State vs. Woodman (67 Pac. Rep. 1118), to be a game of chance, and to be prohibited by the statute forbidding nickel-in-the-slot machines "for money, checks, credits, or any representative of value, or for any property or thing whatever."

Trademark Can't Be Sold. A trademark is not by itself such property as can be transferred, and the right to use it cannot be assigned, except as incidental to the transfer of the business or property in connection with which it has been used, holds the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, in the case of MacMahon Pharmaceutical Company vs. Denver Chemical Manufacturing Company (113 Fed. Rep. 498). A transfer of the trademark without the business, or the right to use it in connection with a different manufacture, would result in deceiving the public as to the article or its origin, which is the sole legitimate purpose of a trademark to prevent, and a transferee will not be protected in such use by a court of equity.

Bank Protects Depositor. A bank is in duty bound to honor the checks of a depositor, and it cannot refuse to do so on the ground that the money deposited belongs to some other person, or that the title of the depositor to it is defective, holds the Supreme Court of Nebraska, in the case of Nebraska Bank vs. Ingraham (38 N. W. Rep. 618). Deposits in a bank create between it and the depositor the relation of debtor and creditor, and the obligation of the bank is to pay all of the depositor's checks upon his funds. A banker is not required to protect the rights of third parties or to initiate any inquiry between himself and the customer.

Drunkenness an Excuse. Though drunkenness is, in general, no excuse for crime, the Court of General Sessions of Delaware, in the case of State vs. Snow (61 Atl. Rep. 807), holds that one accused of breaking and entering a dwelling-house with intent to steal, who through intoxication is in such a stupor as to believe in good faith that he is entering another house where he resides, cannot be convicted of either phase of the offense; he is merely guilty of breaking and entering.

Responsible for Signature. A man of the name of Nally subscribed \$1000 to a subscription paper to build a

church, and signed as follows: "Nally and Family, 1900." He refused to pay, and was sued. Among other defenses he contended that the signature is not binding on him, as it is meaningless and void. Judgment was rendered against him, and on appeal the Supreme Court of Nebraska, in the case of Nally vs. Nally (38 N. W. Rep. 535), affirmed the judgment and held that the subscriber was bound by the signature he adopted to the same extent as though he had signed his full name.

Liquor Dealer Not Liable. Mere knowledge on the part of a liquor dealer that the purchaser is buying the liquor for the purpose of selling it in a prohibited district will not constitute an injury to the dealer, and in addition some participation by the dealer in the illegal purpose is not. (Blumenthal vs. McWhorter, 31 So. Rep. 533, Sup. Court Alabama.)

Pass Bars Damages. A person who rides on a railroad passenger train without consideration of the usual conditions that he should assume all risk of accident, and that the carrier should not be liable, cannot recover of it for injuries from negligence of the servants, holds the United States Circuit Court, Maine, in the case of Duncan vs. Maine Central Railway Company (113 Fed. Rep. 598).

Parental Advice a Defense. In an action by a father against her father-in-law for alienating the affections of her husband and causing him to abandon her, the Supreme Court of Nebraska, in the case of Rath vs. Rath (38 N. W. Rep. 612), holds that parental advice, honestly given without malice, and with the intention of benefiting the son, is a defense.

Held to Be Gambling. Playing cards in a strip of woods a quarter of a mile in length in a pasture about a mile from a public road, is held by the Supreme Court of Alabama, in the case of Burns vs. State (31 So. Rep. 550), to constitute gaming in a public place within the meaning of the statute.

Railroad is Liable. Where a railroad company so manages its business as to entice cattle on its tracks to feed upon wasted cottonseed, and the cattle are killed by a passing train, and where they cannot be seen by the engineers, in time to prevent a collision, the Supreme Court of Mississippi, in the case of the Illinois Central Railway Company vs. Seamans (31 So. Rep. 546) holds that the railroad company will be liable for the death of a freeman caused by the derailment of his engine in running over a cow at the place.

Meaning of Artesian. The word "artesian" is held by the Supreme Court of Mississippi, in the case of Hatterburg Flumina Company vs. A. B. Carmichael & Co. (31 So. Rep. 535), to be a

word of equivocal significance, standing unexplained in a contract. The primary definition, said the court, indicates a well from which the water flows naturally without artificial pressure; but it may be applied also to wells from which the water is made to flow by artificial means. It was hence competent to introduce parol testimony to show what meaning it has in a particular case.

Precedent Not a Rule. Where the term of an appointive officer is fixed by law, and he is given no right to hold his office until his successor is appointed, the Supreme Court of Missouri, in State vs. Lund (68 S. W. Rep. 1902), holds that the facts that it has been the custom of his predecessors to hold over, and that inconvenience would result from the office being vacant, are no defense to a proceeding by the state in the nature of quo warranto.

Cannot Be Expelled. A member of a benefit society, who, just before an election therein, distributed circulars criticizing the officers of the society, and proposing an opposite ticket, cannot be expelled therefor, where the constitution of the society authorizes no such action, holds the New York Supreme Court, special term, in the case of Gleifort vs. Workmen's etc., Benefit Fund (35 N. Y. Supp. 100).

Pay of Assigned Attorneys. Attorneys appointed by the court to defend indigent persons accused of crime are held by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in the case of Green vs. County vs. Waupaca County (38 N. W. Rep. 549), not to be entitled to compensation for time spent in preparation for trial.

Status of Physician. While attending a patient, calls in another physician, who is present at the examination of the patient, but who takes no part therein, and does not attend the patient, the physician of Wisconsin, in the case of Green vs. Town of Nebagamon (38 N. W. Rep. 520), holds that such visiting physician cannot disclose the facts so learned, if the patient objects to such disclosure.

Ejecting Drunken Passengers. The brakeman of a railroad company had the right to eject a drunken passenger who was boisterous and violent, and the company incurred no liability therefor if no more force was used than was necessary, holds the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, in the case of Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company vs. Salsberry (38 S. W. Rep. 180).

Ordinance Void. A municipal ordinance prohibiting pool-selling on horse races, and providing for a punishment against any saloonkeeper who permits pool-selling on his premises, is held to be void by the Court of Criminal Appeals of Texas, in Ex parte Ogden (36 S. W. Rep. 1109), where it conflicts with a state law licensing the selling of pools on horse races.

Responsible for Signature. A man of the name of Nally subscribed \$1000 to a subscription paper to build a

church, and signed as follows: "Nally and Family, 1900." He refused to pay, and was sued. Among other defenses he contended that the signature is not binding on him, as it is meaningless and void. Judgment was rendered against him, and on appeal the Supreme Court of Nebraska, in the case of Nally vs. Nally (38 N. W. Rep. 535), affirmed the judgment and held that the subscriber was bound by the signature he adopted to the same extent as though he had signed his full name.

Bank Protects Depositor. A bank is in duty bound to honor the checks of a depositor, and it cannot refuse to do so on the ground that the money deposited belongs to some other person, or that the title of the depositor to it is defective, holds the Supreme Court of Nebraska, in the case of Nebraska Bank vs. Ingraham (38 N. W. Rep. 618). Deposits in a bank create between it and the depositor the relation of debtor and creditor, and the obligation of the bank is to pay all of the depositor's checks upon his funds. A banker is not required to protect the rights of third parties or to initiate any inquiry between himself and the customer.

Drunkenness an Excuse.