

NAB MANY CRANKS

GUARDS AT WHITE HOUSE ARE ALWAYS ALERT.

Prices of Tobacco Will Be Increased Because of New Internal Revenue Tax Which Falls on the Consumer.

Washington.—Not far from ten per cent of the 3,000 souls confined in St. Elizabeth's, the government hospital for insane at Anacosta, D. C., were committed to that institution because of an insane desire to see the president. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children—for some have been the merest boys—make their way to the White House, some of them to warn the president of impending danger to himself or the country, some to reveal to him the will of heaven, some to implore his aid or protection, many to offer him ground-floor business chances which ought to make him many times a millionaire.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service, has two of his most trusted men stationed at the White House day and night to guard the president, and wherever the chief executive goes



John E. Wilkie.

these keen eyed detectives are always on the lookout. Their work is to prevent annoyance to the president as well as to guard him from danger. Several Washington policemen are also on duty at the White House and it is hard for a person who has a scheme to unfold to the president to reach even the outer offices of the executive's headquarters.

If Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, is not richer than Rockefeller and the Rothschilds rolled into one, it is entirely his own fault, or, perhaps, that of the guards who stood between him and the fortune about to be offered him by an inventor from Colorado, who dropped in one day for the sole purpose of letting the president in on the ground floor of a corporation which he was forming for the purpose of exploiting a patent to utilize gravity.

Gravity, not steam or electricity, was the coming power. It was to run the world—railways, mills, foundries, all the great industries were to be revolutionized by it. Of course, he wanted the president to help him in such trifling matters as the forming of his corporation and the securing of his patents. Particularly he was to compel the commissioner of patents to issue to him the necessary patents on his invention.

Yet another, a New Yorker, had a novel scheme to frustrate the ice trust, in which he wanted the president's help. He wanted the president to make congress appropriate enough money to cut the ice from around the pole, and to bring it to the United States on war vessels, for distribution in the various cities where the ice trust was operating. This, he thought, would lower the price of ice during the summer, when prohibitive prices were charged.

That man was regarded as decidedly in the category of "harmless" cranks. It would not have occurred to any one that the president would have been in any serious danger if his visitor had succeeded in forcing his way into his official presence. But after being taken to St. Elizabeth's he developed the most violent form of mania, and died within 36 hours, exhausted by his paroxysms.

Indeed, the question of dealing with these people is always a difficult one. For no man on earth can tell just when a crank is harmless. Just when an unbalanced mind will forsake the grotesque for the homicidal is a thing that even the expert alienist would hate to have to decide in advance. What seems at one moment a humorous situation, to be dealt with in a spirit of gentle cajolery, may in a moment become serious even to the verge of tragedy. The finest excuse will, in nine cases out of ten, suffice to turn these would-be guests of the president from their purpose, but there are cases which in the twinkling of an eye develop from insane obstinacy into insane fury.

Take, for instance, the case of a Swede, regarded by the authorities as about the most dangerous that ever came under their notice. He came to Washington in the spring of 1904, journeying most of the way from his home in Minneapolis in a freight car. He made his way to the White House and demanded an audience with the president, that he might lay before him certain facts of an alleged persecution.

He was led through the basement of the White House to the ward room at

the east end, to wait, presumably, for the president. A cab was called from a nearby stand, and the man persuaded to enter it. The driver had his orders to drive to the first precinct police station about half a mile away. Just as the cab started the Swede drew a heavy revolver and fired point-blank at the officer who had him in charge. Fortunately his aim was as bad as his intention. The wound he inflicted was, of itself, slight. But subsequent developments led the doctors to believe that it was coated with poison, and that had this particular crank gained access to the president, Mr. Roosevelt might have shared the fate of his predecessor.

An elderly woman once called at the White House to ask the president to drain the sea off Old Point Comfort for her. She told those who questioned her that she was of a prominent Virginia family and had lost large sums of money through ill-advised land speculation. She was, however, entitled to a share in an estate amounting to \$500,000, but conspirators were keeping the money from her. She had learned through a medium that it was buried in the sea off Old Point. And as the president owned the sea, would he kindly remove it while she secured her fortune?

Of course the overwrought suffragist has not been lacking in the White House collection of cranks. It includes several choice specimens of her. Two of them, one from New England and one from Pennsylvania, have made demands that the chief executive surrender his job to them. Both of these were accompanied by young sons, and expected when they had got things running properly that their children and their children's children would succeed them in the position.

The Pennsylvanian had her cabinet all selected, and was particularly virulent in her objection to Admiral Dewey. She was going to remove him first thing for she felt sure that with a woman in his place there would be no need of any Hague conference to keep the United States at least from war.

PRICES OF TOBACCO GOING UP.

The new internal revenue tax on smoking and chewing tobacco went into effect at midnight, June 30, the tax being increased from six to eight cents per pound. Cigars, with the exception of the small cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, are not subject to the increased tax. The tax on the small cigars is increased from 54 to 75 cents per thousand.

The tax on cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand in packages containing 5, 8, 10, 15, 20, 50 and 100 little cigarettes will be increased from 54 cents to 75 cents per 1,000. The tax on large cigarettes weighing not more than 3 pounds per 1,000, will be increased from 54 cents and \$1.08 to one rate of \$1.25 per 1,000. Cigarettes weighing more than 3 pounds per 1,000 must pay a tax of \$3.60 instead of \$3.

At the same time the statutory sizes of the packages of smoking tobacco are changed. A quarter of an ounce becomes the unit of weight for these packages and each package must contain a multiple of this unit.

These changes, say dealers here, are going to affect the smokers through-



Internal Revenue Commissioner

out the country. The smokers are going to pay more for their tobacco, and so are the chewers.

The prices of cigarettes are going up, in many they have already gone up in anticipation of the coming increase in the tax. The American Tobacco company and a number of the independents have already raised their prices. The American company took these steps more than a month ago. Packages of cigarettes which formerly sold for two for a quarter will now sell for 15 cents straight, it is said. The increase in the price of cigarettes a thousand ranges from 10 to 25 cents.

But the cigarette smokers are not the only consumers who will be affected by any manner of means. The wholesale price of plug and smoking tobacco will be increased two cents a pound; also the consumers of smoking tobacco will be compelled to pay the same price for packages of tobacco weighing one and a half ounces as they have paid in the past for packages of tobacco weighing one and two-thirds ounces.

The burden of the increased tax will fall, it is said almost entirely upon the consumer.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Cabell said it was impossible for him to say how much the increased tax on tobacco would affect the consumer, if at all. It all depended, he said, upon the action taken by the manufacturers. He was inclined to believe that actual increase to the consumer in the price of his tobacco would be very small.

HIGH RECORD MARK FOR RENT

Small Store in New Fitzgerald Building in New York Let for \$9,000 a Year.

It was announced the other day that the first ground-floor store in the new Fitzgerald building, now being erected on the southeast corner of Forty-third street, in Times square, opposite the Times building, has just been leased for a term of ten years at approximately \$9,000 a year, says the New York Times. The store will be the third from the Forty-third street corner. It will have a frontage in Broadway of 11 feet and will be 40 feet deep, giving a total of 440 square feet.

The price is one of the highest ever paid in the city for a small store frontage, exceeding the prices asked for some of the choicest locations in the busiest Fifth avenue retail district. For the corner store, which will contain only little more floor space—about 450 square feet—the rental on a ten years' term is \$16,000, or about \$36 a square foot, which is well high if not the high record mark for business leases in Manhattan. There will be seven stores in the Broadway front of the Fitzgerald building, and before the structure is completed by October 1, it is believed that all will be rented, as negotiations are practically closed for some of them. The building also includes the George M. Cohan theater, entrance to which will be in Forty-third street.

All of the ground-floor stores will have large glass fronts, and the same plan will be followed in the adjoining building to occupy the rest of the block on the Forty-second street corner. It is expected that the demolition of the present structures, including the Shanley restaurant building, will begin early in July.

Women Have Nervous Feet.

"Many women have nervous feet," said a dealer in women's shoes in a large department store recently. "I have been selling shoes for the greater part of my life and I have made a study of how the shoes affect the mind and the body. I have studied the structure of the foot. My experiences have convinced me that many women have unusually sensitive feet. I call them nervous feet. If they do not get a shoe that fits them properly, their entire nervous system is affected. Such women often spend money on doctor's bills when all they really need is a pair of shoes that fits them. Sometimes the pressure of the shoe on a narrow instep will make trouble for a woman, irritating her to an extreme extent. Again, the shoe may not pinch at any particular place, but so affect all the nerves of the feet as to wear out the entire nervous system. I am convinced that if women would give more care in getting a proper fit in their shoes rather than looking for high heels they would be much happier."

For the Service of the Race.

There is no division of opinion as to the goal for which our girls are educated. More and more, out of the chaotic past, the conviction stands out that each one of us is in training for the service of the race. A woman's goal, like a man's, is to give up her life that the life of the next generation may be safer and wiser and happier than this one. No higher education that is not foolish and ill-judged can unfit a woman for bringing splendid children into the world and training them wisely. No higher education that is not foolish and ill-judged can unfit a woman, who is not blessed with children, for dealing nobly and wisely and generously with the rising generation.—Louise Collier Wilcox, in Harper's Bazar.

Building Up Affection.

Natural affection offers a fine foundation on which to erect the edifice of a firm and enduring friendship, but it will not rise up itself. We must build it, stone by stone, if we would possess it. If we have a valued and respected friend, what pains we take to cherish his friendship; how carefully we endeavor to prune away from ourselves that which would displease him, and cultivate those qualities which he admires; how we strive to gratify him by pleasant surprises, and to avoid all that could wound or trouble him! Yet, let the familiar house-door shut us in, and how many of us take the same pains?

Clothes for the Boy.

An occasional suit in heavy pongee is seen, even for the boy of ten, and this, too, is self-trimmed and finished with the strictest tailor effects, as a first-class outing shirt for a man would be. The waist which older boys are best pleased with has a center box plait and one or more pockets. A heavy leather belt, with large buckle and a soft tie, often a Windsor, are the usual accompaniments to such suits. Low, rolling collars are provided for the boy of five to seven, but a high turn-over form is preferred for the older boy.—Harper's Bazar.

Low Death Rate in Philippines.

Any ideas that the Philippines are unhealthful as an abiding place for Americans would seem to be dissipated by the statement issued from the bureau of insular affairs that the death rate among the more than 8,000 government employees in the islands for the quarter ended March 31 was only 6.9 per 1,000 a year. These employees, of whom some 3,700 are Americans, include all the officials and employees of the insular, provincial and municipal governments and the police and fire departments of Manila.

PREACHER LOSES \$2 OF FEE

Young Man Charged for Marriage License Has Unique Plan of Getting Even With Clerk.

The clerk filled out the marriage license and handed it over. "Thank you," said the young man. "Hold on! That's \$2." "Two dollars!" "Yes; did you suppose we gave those things away?" "I certainly did. Chargin' a man \$2 for a sheet of paper that didn't cost the county more than a nickel at the outside is robbery. Have I got to pay it?" "You'll pay it or you'll hand back the document."

"All right," said the young man, taking a bill out of his pocket, tucking it to the clerk and waiting for his change, "but I can tell you right now you ain't robbin' me. You're robbin' the preacher. He'll get just \$2 less than I was goin' to give him!" Pocketing the change and tilting his hat back on his head, he stalked out of the office with the air of a man who had been imposed upon, but who knew how to get even.

Another Catch.

Gunner—What's the latest news today? Guyer—George Washington's auto sold for \$500 in New York. Gunner—What are you trying to hand me? There were no autos in George Washington's day. Guyer—Who said anything about automobiles? This refers to his autograph.

The Mystery Explained.

"See here, my man," said the philanthropist who was doing an investigating stunt on his own account, "you are an interesting puzzle to me." "Is that so?" queried the other. "Yes, it's so," answered the party of the philanthropy part. "You are too lazy to work. How do you manage to live?" "Oh," was the reply, "I get trusted."

The Real Difference.

Jack—What's the difference between a plumber and a poet? Tom—That's old. A plumber lays pipes and a poet pipes lays. Jack—That's not the answer. Tom—What is it then? Jack—A plumber has money to burn, but a poet doesn't even get a chance to smell the smoke.

As Represented.

"See here," growled the irate man as he entered the jewelry store. "I bought this watch of you last week and paid you \$2 in cash for it. You said it would work like a charm—and it doesn't keep time at all." "That's all right, my friend," replied the jeweler calmly. "Neither does a charm."

As It May Be.

"People are not alike," remarked the moralizer. "What suits one may not please another." "Right you are," rejoined the demoralizer. "What is one man's automobile may be another man's jug kernaut."

Works Both Ways.

"The clarinet," remarked the amateur as he paused to get his second wind, "is the hardest instrument to play." "Anyway," rejoined his one-man audience, "it can't be any harder to play than it is to listen to."

His Task.

"Did you do much sight-seeing when you went abroad?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls did the sight-seeing. I had to put in my time finding the places where they cash letters of credit."—Wasp.

The Modern Way.

"Has he asked your parents for your hand yet?" "My, no. That's an old fashioned custom that's no longer observed. My father may consider himself lucky if we decide to send him an invitation to our wedding."

Thought Quickly.

"What is a totem pole?" his wife asked. "A totem pole," he said, thinking fast, "is the rail—or pole—on which an objectionable citizen is ridden—and toted—out of the community."

The Better Way.

Maude—Formerly when Miss Screecher was asked to sing she would say "Oh, I can't." Clara—But she doesn't do that now. Maude—No; she lets the audience find it out for themselves.

Gentle Protest.

Barber (on train)—Yes, this is a great road, sir. Let me describe it to you as I work. Man in Chair—Er—yes, but don't put the curves in my cheeks with that razor.

Getting Back at the Prof.

Prof.—Is a watermelon a vegetable or a fruit? Stude—I don't know. But please tell me whether clam digging is fishing or agriculture.

A Cautious Game.

"Does Bilgins ever bluff when he plays cards?" "Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milked clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Polaire proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra," and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of antifiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut."

"I'm done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policemen McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them. "Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat." "What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free

Mr. Cockran began his address to the jury by reminding the jurors that with one exception they had said they were not prejudiced against a negro.

"We accepted this one man with an avowed prejudice," said Mr. Cockran, "because we believed he was honest in his avowals that he would be fair in any case."

"But I am sure that you all feel a prejudice against a negro. I feel the same prejudice myself. I once stopped in a hotel, where there were private baths. I started to take a bath and found that a negro was using the tub. Do you think that I bathed in that tub afterward? I could not. It was prejudice that I could not rid myself of, and I do not feel that such prejudice can be avoided."

The killing, according to Mr. Cockran, was the outgrowth of the social and economic conditions in this country. He said that his client, while a high school graduate, had tried to secure decent work in this country, but had finally found himself driven to accept work as a scullion, in the house where Humphreys was introduced to him.

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter

much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 65 per cent of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent song."

Whereat the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked: "I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes. "Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno," added the Cub roofer.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust. Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

"TREAT HIM LIKE A DOG IS WHAT I ASK"

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."