

Joseph Ladue got a great deal of money in the Klondike, and lost his health. It was a bad trade.

There are about 10,000 musicians in the German army. It is, however, understood that under emergency each one of them shall drop the instrument and take up the rifle.

New York leader of fashion has invented a new way of hand-shaking. A man who devotes his talents to such purposeless ends ought to be afflicted with softening of the brain.

Lord Wolsley pays the American Army a clever compliment. He says it is the best of its size in the world. He might also have mentioned that its size is whatever the emergency requires.

It would be a relief to many utilitarians if some arctic explorer would come back with a plausible falsehood to the effect that he had discovered the north pole and that it did not amount to enough to be worth bothering about in the future.

Scientists are now declaring that the idea of signals between the earth and Mars is extravagant. However, there was no prospect of any practical advantages to be gained by such communication, and there are opportunities for neighboring amenities here below that are still awaiting improvement.

London Lancet impresses an old lesson by saying man should not dine alone. It is not good to think much while eating, so the great medical authority advises conversation because 'most people do not think while talking.' This sage conclusion must have come from much listening to dinner table remarks.

Florida, according to the last census returns, has a greater amount of land under water than any other state of the Union, while Wyoming has the least. It also appears from this census that New Jersey, within the past 10 years, has gained 70 miles in area, as in 1890 she was credited with only 7455 square miles, while in 1900 she is given 7525.

Professor Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau, declares that after a careful examination of all that has been published in the last two years, he is convinced that the idea of protecting orchards and vineyards from hailstorms and frosts by cannon firing is a popular delusion, like that of the effect of the moon on the weather. Mr. Moore says that the great processes of the atmosphere are on too large a scale for any man or nation to control them, and that it is useless for mankind to attempt to combat them.

M. De Bloch, the peace apostle and friend of the czar of Russia, says that the Boer War has shown what undisciplined troops can do with modern weapons, against superior forces, and, he believes, the reduction of the terms of military service in Europe is imminent. Even at The Hague conference, M. De Bloch remarked in a recent speech at Vienna, the Italian military delegate stated that Italy would no longer be able to keep pace with the new armaments in prospect. That statement was stricken from the official minutes, and was never published. But, it is well known that Italy can no longer bear the financial burdens imposed on her by the triple alliance, and public opinion is clamoring to bring about a dissolution of that oppressive arrangement.

The rapid increase in the suicide rate in the United States, and particularly in Chicago, has led to an investigation by Health Commissioner Reynolds of that city to ascertain whether grip has had something to do with the case. Commissioner Reynolds says: "Grip, or influenza, has been more or less prevalent in this city since the fall of 1889, and was especially prevalent in 1891. It is claimed that this disease profoundly affects the nervous system, causing all grades of mental disturbances, from simple melancholia to acute insanity. It is quite possible that the great increase in the number of suicides in 1893 was due to this effect of the grip epidemic of 1891 and that the general increase during the whole period, 1896-1900, is due to the same disease." Accordingly, the commissioner has requested the coroner to make special inquiry into the circumstances attending suicides, with reference to attacks of influenza. Grip has been especially prevalent in Chicago during the last four or five years, and from 1896 to 1900 the percentage of suicides was 23.8 per 100,000 of population. It will be interesting to learn the result of the commissioner's investigation.

The way in which American anthropological museums are growing is a source of envy in England, where there is a lamentable indifference to the subject.

The recently deceased son of an English earl was regarded as having disgraced himself because he earned his living as a showman. Nevertheless he earned his living.

The number of schools in Cuba has multiplied 10-fold in a single year. That West Indian invasion of New England has been followed by results of the largest practical value.

Illinois is adopting drastic means to put down hazing and kidnapping. The maximum penalty for the former is a fine of \$500 or six months in the county jail. Kidnaping for ransom is made a capital offense.

The only two six-masted schooners afloat came in collision off Cape Cod recently. This presents the suggestion that those who are fond of monkeying with problems of averages can figure out what the chances are for their doing this again.

Seventeen years ago, Germany, under Bismarck's lead, established the state system of accident insurance and old-age pensions for workmen. It has grown to be a vast machine, and its payments to disabled, sick and aged wage-earners average \$250,000 a year.

The red spiders of California that have inflicted the orange groves to such a fearful extent are in process of being exterminated by a new insect, which has made its appearance. This latest visitor devours the eggs of the spiders. As long as the eggs hold out the new insect will be all right, but after they are gone no telling what he may take a notion to devour.

The hope is held out that we may yet be able to dispense with elaborate cooking. Several chemists are said to be at work on the problem of compressed food, and they expect to compress "in the capacity of a small vial" elements which will sustain life for days. One enthusiast predicts that science will yet be able to extract the life force that is in the heart of the corn, the kernel of the wheat and the luscious juices of the fruits.

The Boston Herald takes occasion to analyze some of the statements concerning the amount of money paid by Americans to foreigners for the service of ocean transportation. It derides the assumption that the sum reaches \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually, but it does not attempt to make a close estimate of the actual expenditure. One percent of the cost of the goods shipped, it says, would about size up the business. If this is the case, \$24,000,000 would pay for the transportation of our imports and exports. Perhaps the insignificance of the amount accounts for the fact that Americans have not in recent years made any great efforts to secure the oversea carrying trade.

There is some probability that quarries and stone dressers will gradually be crowded out of their occupation by the use of artificial stone. In the manufacture of this stone the sand is heated and the cement added to the amount of 12 percent of the mixture. The steel molds are filled with the dry material and run upon a tramway into an immense cylinder, which is closed and bolted. Boiling water is then turned in under pressure sufficient to force it all through the sand in the molds. The cement slacks, but the steel molds do not permit any expansion to occur, and the stone is formed and dried under an immense pressure. The result is a very hard stone, which can be supplied in shapes desired much cheaper than the natural stone.

It is to be regretted that America has not "launched upon the flood of time" productive intellects of the very highest order. But there is nothing extraordinary and discreditable in the fact, observes the New York Tribune. It was an amazing piece of good fortune for England that Shakespeare was born on English soil to speak the English tongue. Goethe fortuitously conferred un fading lustre on the German name. It would be a cause for profound pride and joy if another Shakespeare or Goethe should appear in the United States with indubitable credentials. But in the meantime we cannot admit that we should hang our heads in shame. It would be almost indeed, for aught we can see, quite—as reasonable to disparage England because she has produced only one Shakespeare in a 1000 years, or to blush for the human race because "within that circle none durst walk but he"

TID.

By JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Do you be Mr. Kane, sir? It's Mr. Peter Tidmore Kane, in the real estate business, I'm wantin' to see."

The gentleman addressed looked down with some astonishment upon the sharp little freckled visage that was upturned as he replied: "I am Mr. Kane, my boy. What do you want with me?"

"Sure, I'll be tellin' ye, but it's mighty glad I am to see you, sir. Sit down, then! I'm a namesake of yours, though belike ye're not knowin' it, and I'm glad that I favor you, now that I've set me two eyes on ye."

"Favor me, indeed, you young scarecrow!"

"On the inside, I mane, and I'd be glad if it was on the outside, for it's a mighty fine-lookin' gentleman ye are, then. They do be tellin' me you have the rinton' of a-many of the houses hereabout, and it's to rint the small place at the foot of the hill I'd be askin'. I'll pay you as much as 50 cents a week for it, and worruk out the rint if you say it's a bargain."

Mr. Kane was growing interested. The small boy had a brisk, business way with him, quite out of proportion to his size, which was that of an average 10-year-old.

"It is a little out of the usual line to take work in return—"

"Oh, it will be equally satisfactory if ye pay me in cash, then, Mr. Kane, sir, and 'tis a good bargain ye'll have, wid me mother along wid me, and she that aiger to be at rest wanst more. 'Tis the plazed woman she'll be that all's settled so well."

"But hold on!" said Mr. Kane. "I like to know something about my tenants. What security can you give me that I shall find you responsible?"

"Sure, I could you that I was named after you, didn't I? It's Peter Tidmore Kane Mulligan I am, and me mother says ye'll be sure to mind Biddy Moran that was cook to ye wanst. But I'm Tid for short. We'll move in the day, and I'll just come up for me orders in the mornin'," and Tid walked away as contentedly as if he carried a signal lease in his pocket.

"Biddy Moran? To be sure. She worked for us one summer a dozen or more years ago," said Mrs. Kane, when her husband appealed to her for confirmation of the boy's story. "Not much of a cook, very green and a little queer, as I remember her. I'm afraid they'll be a load on your hands, Tidmore."

"Well, the old shell can't be much worse with them in it than standing empty, and I'll warn them out if they prove a nuisance. The boy will get along if he favors me 'on the inside,' as he says," and Mr. Kane laughed in recollection of the sharp, little, un-couth figure as contrasted with his own well-favored person.

Sure enough, the first sight that greeted Mr. Kane the next morning was Tid, keenly examining his garden-beds, shaking his head portentously over poppies and lilies, and getting down on his knees to sniff at the tomato-vines, with a curious uncertainty, not to say contempt, that sent the garden's owner hurrying down to prevent any possible catastrophe.

"It's a fine lot of weeds ye've saved up for me, sir," Tid greeted him, brightly, "but I'm feared they've run over the plants intirely. Or it is a wild garden you do be having here? Me mother tells me that you grow things small in this state, and ye do it uncommon well. I should say. Belike it has to be tuk out of you that way for the big hearts ye've got," with a respectful deference that disarmed his employer's wrath.

"Why, you young jackanapes, where have you seen anything finer, that you should be turning up your nose at my garden, pray?"

"Faix, I think it wor in Californy," hazarded Tid, as if he were drawing his recollections from some deep well of memory. "The tomatoes grow'd on vines as high as the house, I mane, and there were men up on step-ladders pickin' them, and the lilies and the v'lets and the poppies all run wild in the fields, they did, and the roses were like to smother the house, and the cucumbers were as long as I am, and a dale longer sometimes. That's the country, if it's gardenin' ye're after."

"I wonder you left it," remarked Mr. Kane, sarcastically.

"I'd wonder that meself, if there wor any show for dacent Americans out there," admitted Tid. "The pigtails and the greasers have it all their own way. It's quare how there's something forinist wan most iverywheres in the West. In Nebraska it wor the 'hoppers, and in Kansas the drought. Up in Washington it either rained all the time or the chinook blasted things, and down in Texas there wor the cattle every which way. It do be good to get home to the states," and Tid drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"But this isn't worruk at all, and if ye'll put me to it, I'll be diggin' in."

Mr. Kane found the boy eager to learn and tireless in his efforts to please, and although he made some blunders, by the end of the week he had won the favor of the household, and was allowed to make himself useful about the place in very much his own way. This sometimes resulted in queer turns of fancy, according to the Eastern view of things, as when he was found in the early morning sweeping up grasshoppers from the lawn to feed the fowls, and carefully treasure-pockets full of gravel while he was still new to the situation.

"Sure, it wor the lashings of 'hoppers we had out on the perraries, but niver a stone to the size of a pea

there. Ye have them bethter distributed here, and it's a fine country, though the things do grow small," he decided, approvingly, when the waste of his efforts was pointed out to him.

It would appear that the Mulligans had drifted all over the West in an aimless fashion, "sakin' health and betherment," as Tid expressed it, till the death of the father left his mother free to return "for the making of me," he confided to Mr. Kane.

"Sure, a lad nades to be looking up to a good man, me mother says, and it's a power of 'tacin' I'll nade to come up to me name, I do be thinkin'."

The amusement that Mr. Kane derived from the glorified ideal upon which Tid was basing the formation of his character gave way sometimes to a fleeting wish that he had cultivated more of the virtues which Tid credited him with possessing. There are drawbacks to being held as little less than a saint by even an ignorant Irish boy. Suppose, now, that Tid could look beneath the surface and see the true state of the man within him, how would the revelation affect the lad's moral growth?

Mr. Kane shrugged his shoulders and threw off his uneasiness. It was by no choice of his that he had been held up as a model. Let the effects of the disillusionment fall where they belonged. It was not likely that he was going to change his business methods, his sharp dealing, his keen seizure of apparent advantages, simply to spare the tender susceptibilities of this small vagrant; nevertheless the thought of Tid, who was at the bottom of more than one reform that he made in these days.

Meantime Tid was cultivating a tender heart among other things, and when he had the misfortune to set his foot unawares on a toad one day, he was the more hurt of the two.

"I'd no more scrunch the creature, and it sittin' by to do me a good turn, than you'd squeeze a tenant, sir," he protested, remorsefully.

"There are some tenants that need the thumbscrews put on them, Tid."

"Of course, just as there are peraty, bugs and cutworms and squash beetles to clane out. It's a fine thing to have the head to pick and choose amongst them as I weed out the docks and lave the cabbages, to hould the helpin' hand to the wake and nadey, and turn the cowlid back on the undesarvin'."

I'm feared I'll be long learnin' all that for you, sir."

"Oh, you aspire to a share in the management of the tenants, too?" inquired Mr. Kane, with that sarcastic accent which was quite thrown away upon Tid.

"I'm studying hard to be fit to go in the office come fall, when you'll not be nadin' me in the garlin'," admitted Tid, modestly. "I'll be worth me keep there, outside of me schoolin', I will that, ye'll see."

"Hum-um-m!" That Tid was acting like a prickly bur on his conscience, the real estate man knew, and the far-reaching consequences of this proposed move rather alarmed him. He didn't he closed up the typhoid well and drained Ague Alley and given a contract for rebuilding Ramshackle Row—all good-paying investments, to be sure, and much-needed reforms—simply and solely through the quickened moral responsibility that the boy had roused in him?

"If this thing goes on," he said to himself, "I'll be renewing the Taft mortgage and letting the Hope farm slip through my fingers. It's sheer imbecility on my part. Who wants an inconveniently active conscience in these days? I'll throw off the yoke before it fastens tigher. I'll discharge Tid and send the Mulligans packing."

But to look into Tid's trustful eyes and make this decision known was more than Mr. Kane cared to do at that moment. It might be better to talk the matter out with Tid's mother, he concluded. A little bribe, now, to persuade her to move on, say, without betraying his part in the transaction, would make everything smooth and easy.

Mr. Kane had not seen Mrs. Mulligan. Tid had caught his fancy, but he had felt sure that the mother would be a bore, and had avoided the house. Well, they had transformed the desolate shanty into rather a picturesque spot by the vines they had trained over it, and the woman displayed some of Tid's own confidence in receiving him.

"Sure, I felt yez comin', sir," she explained. "Be sated, plaze. I'd pass the chair if I could step a foot unler me, but it was the Lord's mercy that I kept on me legs till we r'ached ye, that it was, and I've some use of me hands still, so that I do a dale wid them, and I can hitch me chair about while I do me chores quite nate and convenient. 'Tis honored I am to have ye come sakin' me—regardin' Tid is it, then? He's a credit to yez, that he is, sir. He couldn't take after you stronger if he wur your own blood-born."

It struck coldly home to Mr. Kane's understanding that his task was none the easier for coming here. This little helpless woman, with her useless feet and crippled hands, all gnarled and twisted with rheumatism, and her wistful face beaming with tremulous pride, was scarcely a better subject for his retaliation than Tid himself would have been.

Nettled and disconcerted, but unwilling to retreat, he demanded, sharply: "How did you come by that ridiculous

notion of trainin' the boy after me? Wasn't there any better model to be found?"

"Sure, I'd want no bethter if I'd a hunder' to choose from," averred the little woman, stoutly, "but I'd none other fit to pattern him by but yerself, that's the truth. You see, it wor this way. There wor me brothers and me cousbuns in the ould country did be breaking their heads in their fights; and there was Mulligan got so in the way of bating people when he wor on the police that he cudn't lave off the thrick while he lived, and there was you with a good word to the fore, and a joke when a poor garrul blundered, and a gentleman's way, whether it was to the high or the low—and it's the way that comes alisy to Tid, now that he has ye before the two eyes of him," said Tid's mother, proudly, while Mr. Kane groaned in spirit.

How could he make these people understand that their attitude toward him was both unwarranted and unwelcome? Why should he consent to saddle himself with them? It was only his foolish good nature that had got him into this scrape. They had no real claim on him.

"It isn't ivery fine gentleman that, I'd pattern him by, that's the truth," went on Mrs. Mulligan. "There's them, if you'd believe it, wul see but the impydance and niver the honor of havin' a poor by thraimed after them. Like as if Tid wud be walkin' on the creepin' things wid no thought for their hurts, that's how some wud be lookin' at the poor people that's to do thim the good turn."

"Oh, I assure you that I feel the honor of it!" murmured Mr. Kane, ironically; but the struggle to express herself filled the woman's mind, and she went on without noticing the interruption.

"But if he thramped thim all out, he'd be thrampin' on the good friends of him, and thrampin' out the tunderness as wud make the good man of hisself, and niver know that he wor more hurt by his halelessness than thim. That's why I'm thankful to the Lord that I'd the right kind to pattern him by," concluded the woman, fervently; and no light retort fell from Mr. Kane's lips now.

What if this were so? What if he were crushing the better nature that was struggling in him when he turned from them? What if the loss were his rather than theirs? What if these people were sent to awaken his conscience and show him where he was drifting?

It was a new thought to him that the claim of humanity might work both ways. From this point of view, he might owe something to the Mulligans instead of their owing everything to him. Suppose he turned them out, foreclosed the Taft mortgage, seized the Hope farm, fostered the spirit of greed and selfishness and thrust aside responsibility, as his impulse had been; how would his gain weigh in the balance against—what?

Surely, the opening vista held more than he had considered thus far. It was no only that he would shatter their faith in man's goodness by shattering the idol they had made of him. There was the hardening of his own heart, the turning from his chance to become an uplifting force to the people about him. He was no better and no worse than the majority of careless, thoughtless men; but did he not have it in him to be either better or worse? And which should he choose?

He was still wrestling with that problem when a small shadow fell across the threshold, and Tid stood in the doorway. He brightened at sight of the visitor, and turned to his mother in triumph.

"Didn't I be tellin' you he would come wan day? She wor cravin' a sight of ye, sir, that she wor, but we wouldn't be askin' a busy man like yerself to come out of yer way for that."

"It's for the good of ye that he's come now, Tid. He's said as mucn."

"Sure, he's been doin' us the good turn since the day we r'ached him," said Tid, contentedly. "Thrust his honor for that."

Mr. Kane stood up and shook his shoulders as if he were throwing off a load. To crush out trust like this, to refuse the blessedness of such simple faith and gratitude, surely that was not work for Tidmore Kane. Let the name mean as much for him as for Tid.

"Blarney!" he said, lightly. "I don't want the roof here coming in on your heads and givin' you an excuse to sue me for damages. I'll just look around and see what repairs are needed. And, Tid,—more slowly—" if you feel ready to come into the office tomorrow, I find that I am ready to have you there."

"Hooray!" shouted Tid.—Youth's Companion.

'Twas Her First Love.

On a corner stood a little barefoot girl in her rags. Her soiled, piggy little hands hugged another bundle of rags carelessly to her stained, dimpled cheek, while she enjoyed all her joys of young motherhood. The bundle was her "baby." Tied with a string near one end, the rags formed into a head. Another string about the middle produced the effect of a waist line. A young man saw the happy little mother. "What's that?" he asked, resting a hand on the unkempt hair of the child.

"My dolly," she said, hugging the rags closer.

"Your dolly, eh? What a pretty dolly. And what do you call your baby?"

"O' talls it—I talls it—I talls it Bum Annie,"—New York Times.

A Nebraska physician keeps in communication by means of carrier doves with patients livin' over a circuit of 50 miles.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Pledge For the Intemperate—A Barleque Declaration Which Shows the Penalties a Man Pays Who Becomes a Sober—A Double-Barreled Card.

We suggest that a double-barreled pledge card, to be kept in the pocket for distribution, says the editor of the Brotherhood Star, having the regular total-abstinence declaration on one side and the following inscription on the reverse:

I hereby agree to drink all the beer and liquor I can get by cash or credit or treat. I agree to drink in all hours and weather. I also agree to keep this pledge in mind, doing my brain, stomach and kidneys are permanently injured, my reputation lost, my family impoverished and I myself damned forever.

I also pledge that I will not murmur as I look upon the pain of the liquor dealers, their fashionably-dressed families and superb "turn-outs," or when I make the comparison with my dirty, squalid quarters, my rag-covered family and my frequent "turn-outs" on the street for non-payment of rent.

I further pledge myself to advocate rum and beer, and always to vote as my masters direct. This I subscribe to with a clear view of all the penalties that come to a man who makes himself a votary to support a syndicate that does more to make hard times in the billions of dollars used to supply the drink habits of its customers, the expenses of lawsuits, supporting paupers and criminals than all other trusts combined.

Signed.....

Date.....

When signed please hand over to the nearest saloon-keeper and pass it on to the brewer.

Directed Against Alcohol.

It is not from France that legislation looking toward the restriction or the prohibition of trade in intoxicants is expected. The Chamber of Deputies, however, has adopted unanimously a resolution calling upon the Government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors pronounced dangerous by the Academy of Medicine. The resolution was directed against the use of distilled spirits, especially of brandy, and the consumption of which has increased so alarmingly in France. Since 1894 the quantity has doubled. Admittedly the use of alcohol has done much to increase insanity in the republic, and it is recognized that something must be done to stop its ravages. For a country such as France, where wine-drinking is as common as the drinking of water with us, to enact a measure prohibitory of the use of even one liquor is almost as radical as general prohibitive legislation would be in the United States, where the whole traffic stands in doubtful relation to public welfare and public sentiment.

The Only Remedy.

What is to be done to counteract the enormous amount of disease and misery attributed to strong drinks? Ever since humanity has been acquainted with these liquors people have been preaching moderation, and that has had no effect. In proof of that, look at the increasing consumption of spirituous drinks, especially beer, among all classes of society. There never has been any real success except where total abstinence has been the watchword of the masses, for every drinker considers himself moderate. Only those who avoid the first glass are secure from the second and all that might follow. The total abstainer with his drinks that contain no alcohol is a perpetual demonstration against the use of alcohol. One who swears an argument against the popular prejudice that a man must drink alcohol to keep well. Let nobody declare his inability to get along without alcoholic liquors; people have no right to express an opinion on this question who have not tested the experience for a considerable time.

Drink and the Brain.

The fact is really moderate quantities of spirituous drinks diminish the work power of the brain, and that has been demonstrated by modern scientific apparatus. Alcohol never makes a man wiser, it only lowers a man's demands on himself until at last nothing is too silly or boorish to satisfy him. This temporary injury to the brain, if the use of alcohol is continued, leads innumerable people into permanent brain disease. Alcohol is to-day one of the most influential sources of mental disease. It has come to such a pass that in some years more than half of the men who go to the State insane asylums of Southern Austria owe their insanity to the use of alcohol. And this enumeration does not even include the insane by reason of the drinking habits of their ancestors. Neither does it take into account the epileptics, idiotic and defective children obliged to suffer for the want of understanding and the crime of drunken parents.

The Road to Prison.

Alcoholic injury to the brain does not always lead to the insane asylum. Very often it becomes the road to prison. Seven to eight-tenths of all the unlawful transactions, from breaking windows to breaking heads, conscientious officials attribute to the influence of alcohol. Countless accidents, especially on Mondays, are also nothing but the after effects of alcohol, making people foolhardy and blind to danger of every sort.

The very worst effect of alcohol upon the brain is the change of character it produces. Sometimes people of the very best disposition are permanently changed through alcohol and become irritable, vulgar, abusive and quarrelsome. Thousands on thousands of marriages have become a hell for both husband and wife on account of the drinking habits of the man. In such cases the children suffer most, are badly brought up, neglected, treated with cruelty.

Dies of Alcoholic Diseases.

Ability to endure much liquor does not indicate that the organs of the body are protected against injury from alcohol, but only the power to conceal its effect on the brain. Men employed in the manufacture and sale of liquor are seldom seen drunk, but the statistics of mutual benefit associations show that a greater majority of such people die of alcoholic diseases than people in other employments.

Drunkenness in England.

If I were asked to say in one word what was the matter with England I should reply "drunkenness." What causes this drunkenness? It would be well to declare, but from it spring practically all the ills to which the British social organism is heir.—London Interview with Miss McDowell, of Chicago.

The Crusade in Brief.

The statement is made on medical authority that more deaths are due in England to alcoholism than to diphtheria or typhoid fever.

A hundred dollars is not much to get for "cutting out booze" a year, but the workman who gets it on Monday night Schwab will be more than hundred ahead in twelve months.

Mrs. Vina Peeters, of Tipton, Ind., has been given a judgment for \$300 against W. S. Gough, a saloon keeper, who sold her husband liquor while he was in a state of intoxication. Mrs. Peeters has four similar cases pending against other saloon men.