BIG SUIT FOR LIBEL

Brought Against Newspaper Man

Ex-Assistant District Attorney McGinn Wants Fifty Thousand Dollars Damages.

(Nome Nugget, Feb. 15.)

John L. McGinn, formerly assistant district attorney, yesterday began suit in the district court against The Nome Nugget for libel.

McGinn in the usual legal verbiage, alleged that he has suffered damages to the amount of $50,000—and no more.

His complaint states seven "causes of action" for the "publication of libelous matter concerning the plaintiff." McGinn alleges that he "has been damaged in the first, second and third causes of action $10,000 worth for each cause; the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh causes are esteemed to be worth only $5,000 each, the total making the snug sum of $50,-000.

The complaint, which consists, of 35 typewritten pages, is made up principally of quotations from articles alleged to have been printed in The Nugget at various times between the 9th day of August, 1902, and the 7th of February, 1903, all of which McGinn alleges are "false, untrue and defamatory, and were published by the defendant wrongfully, unlawfully, wantonly, knowingly, and maliciously, and with the intent and for the purpose of injuring and degrading the plaintiff in his said profession as attorney at law and in his official position as Assistant United States Attorney; that by means thereof the plaintiff was greatly injured and prejudiced in his reputation and in his good name and credit, as an attorney, and in his practice as such, and in his official position as Assistant United States Attorney" to the extent, as before stated, of $50,000.

Such is the modest amount that McGinn asks for his "damaged" reputation. Associated with him in the case is C. D. Murane.

The complaint filed is noticeable for many things, but especially for the omission to refer directly or indirectly to the affidavits affecting McGinn's conduct while engaged in discharging his duties as Assistant United States Attorney in March, 1902, in Council City and on the road thereto. The complaint is painfully shy on this issue, probably for the following reason:

A few days ago The Nugget through M. L. Sullivan, received a note from McGinn asking that the affidavits in its possession be shown to Mr. Sullivan. The request was immediately complied with, and the affidavits, eleven in number, were read by Mr. Sullivan. The affidavits were freely shown, since McGinn had intimated that there were none such in existence.

The Nugget has space for the publication of but one of McGinn's "causes" for action, and it may be taken as a fair sample of all the others. For publishing the following he only wants $5000. Here it is:—

A GAMBLER'S SOLILOQUY.
Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Mc—n up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

The Nugget simply has this to say: It has nothing to retract in any article that has been printed in these columns concerning Plaintiff McGinn, for each and every one was founded on the truth and nothing but the truth.

Recent Remarkable Exploits of Female "Males"

During the past few months interest has on several occasions been aroused by instances coming to light of women successfully masquerading as men. They have donned the habiliments of the male, and, while posing as members of the sterner sex, have mixed freely with the public. The disguise is usually so good that it is only by some untoward accident that the secrets of these daring women are revealed.

It was only a few weeks ago that the singular story of a young girl of 17 who had been masquerading as a boy was unfolded at the Bristol police court. The girl, whose name was Esther McEwan, lived at Wishaw, near Glasgow, and was left an orphan. Having to fight her own way in the world she resolved to do so as a boy. Cutting off her hair and donning a lad's suit she obtained employment as a trolley boy at a colliery some three miles from home. For four months she worked hard, pushing the heavy tubs, into which the coal is loaded, along to the pit shafts. She then disappeared from the neighborhood, and in September, 1901, was seen in Dundee. There she shipped on board a coasting steamer and worked as cabin boy for a fortnight. Afterwards she embarked on a vessel bound for Valparaiso.

Miss McEwen did this journey without anyone's suspicions being aroused as to the deception, but on the next voyage she took her sex was discovered when the boat was at Alexandria, in consequence of each member of the crew having to pass the doctor. She was brought back by the captain of the boat as a cabin passenger, although she still wore boy's clothes during the return voyage. The interest excited in her story led to the girl-sailor securing a good situation in Bristol as a domestic servant.

Another young female "male" resides in Wales, and her case was very similar to that of Miss McEwan. She is only 14 years of age and lives at Abercanaid, near Methyr Tydvil. Some little time ago she ran away from home and donned masculine attire, thinking that would help her to obtain employment more quickly. In this she judged rightly, and her disguise proved so successful that she soon obtained employment as a collier's boy at fifteen shillings a week.

She might still have been earning her livelihood in this manner had not her landlady's suspicions been aroused by her "cleanliness," with the result that she requested her lodger to leave. This sudden turn in events was too much for this up-to-date Rosalind, and she broke down under the nervous strain and had to be taken to the local infirmary.

It is said that an extraordinary story comes from the north of Scotland relative to a certain gentleman who is very well known in the business circles of a large town there. It is whispered that "he" is in reality a woman, but no reason is adduced for her masquerading as a man. She mixes freely in society, dresses faultlessly, and appears at all public functions. Her sex has been all the more easily concealed as she has a deep voice and a decidedly manly appearance. In fact, she has grown a slight mustache. These particulars are said to be well ascertained, and considerable curiosity centers round this lady in male attire.

The idea of a woman living and working as a man in the midst of London and other large towns for over forty-seven years would probably have been scouted as an absurd flight of imagination if such a thing had been suggested by a novelist. But once again truth has proved stranger than fiction, for such was the life story of Catherine Coombe, who was sentenced not long ago at Marylebone to four months' imprisonment for fraud. From her own account of her life she was married when she was 16, and, after working for several years as a schoolmistress, ran away from her husband and went to Birmingham disguised as a man.

After serving two years on a P. & O. liner as captain's cook, she became acquainted with a maid in the service of a titled lady, and lived with her for fourteen years at Huddersfield. On hearing of her husband's death she returned to London, resumed male attire, and was employed in the army and navy stores; she then served for fifteen years as a painter and decorator on P. & O. steamers in the Albert docks. Lately, however, ill-luck seemed to have dogged the footsteps of this extraordinary woman, and several accidents brought a period of ill-health.

One kind-hearted individual sent the "poor fellow" to a convalescent home at Bexhill-on-Sea. But things went from bad to worse, and at length she sought refuge in the casual ward, and here, on account of her dread at the ordeal of the bath, she revealed her secret to the authorities.

Wanted to Hasten Death

Richard Mansfield was describing a performance of "Julius Caesar" that he had seen in his youth.

"I, as Brutus," Mr. Mansfield said, "die slowly, but beside the Brutus of the oldtime performance my death is swift. The old Brutus was an unspeakably long time dying, so very long a time that I was somewhat in sympathy with the voice in the gallery that shouted reprovingly to him in the midst of his death agony:

"'Oh, die, Brutus. Hurry up and die!'

"But another voice on the other side of the gallery disliked this interruption.

"'Be quiet, you duffer!' it yelled, and then, in an encouraging and mild tone, it said to the actor on the stage:

"'Take your time, sir, about dying. Take your time.'"—New York Tribune.

Teacher—Johnny, can you spell "catch?"

Johnny—No'm.

Teacher—Well, then come up to my desk and look it up in the dictionary.

Johnny—If I can't spell it, how shall I find it?—New York Times.

"Waiter, bring me a demi."

"Yes, sir; tasse or john?"—Philadelphia Record.

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Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross Society, met in St. Petersburg, where she attended the recent international Red Cross convention, the painter Prince Troubetskoy.

Prince Troubetskoy told her that in Paris he had once done a portrait of an American who was cross-eyed. The painter thought a great deal about the matter, and finally made his picture cross-eyed, too, so that it should be a faithful likeness.

When it was done the original looked at it and said:

"It seems to me—it seems—why, hang it, this picture is cross-eyed, isn't it?"

"Why, no more than you are, sir," said Prince Troubetskoy.

"Well, perhaps you're right," murmured the American. "It seems to have a queer look about the eyes, though."—Pittsburg Gazette.

"Do I love George," mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for—"

Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her meditations.

"Get out of here, you little wretch," she shouted, and, seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door.

"Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought, "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."—Tit-Bits.

"That was a very kind notice you gave my new play," said the young dramatist.

"I am glad you were pleased with it," replied the critic.

"But I noticed that you left the theatre at the end of the first act. I'm sorry you didn't stay till the end."

"Well, I'll tell you. I wanted to give you as good a send-off as possible. But I never like to strain my conscience any more than is actually necessary."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Newed—I would like a pound of your best cheese.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newed (examining it)—Why, this cheese is full of holes!

Grocer—Yes, ma'am. That's the way it comes.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I don't want any of it; I'm not going to pay for a pound of cheese that contains a half pound of holes.

"Every time you draw a breath," said the young man who dabbled in things scientific, "somebody dies."

"Well," replied the practical maid, "I'm sure it isn't up to me to stop breathing on that account."—Chicago News.

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Where Famous Songs Come From

How did all the best songs come to us? We know, of course, that there is an enormous number of song composers, who are every year turning out more or less valuable examples, which last for a season or so. But there are certain songs which everybody feels are here until the rest of time. How did they strike their composers?

Take, for instance, the "Old Folks at Home." It is the result of the most trivial incident in the career of its composer, Stephen Foster. Driving one day through Kentucky on a stage coach, his party has stopped at a wayside inn. Foster was watching the natives change the horses, which they did in a lazy way chattering all the time to each other in their own dialect. One of them chances to say, "I wish I was back with the old folks at home." "Where was that?" asked the other." "Way down upon the Suwanee river," was the prompt reply.

Foster, who had the keenest of ears for anything like a suggestive or beautiful phrase, instantly caught the remark. It suggested to him the theme of a poem and a song, and directly he reached home he wrote both words and music, which have since become so well known.

"Sally in Our Alley," appeared as the result of a similar chance incident in the life of Henry Carey. He was a successful author, poet and dramatist; but the only abiding thing he ever did was the composition of this song.

He was wandering one day in the outskirts of London, and noticed a young costermonger walking with his sweetheart. The couple were evidently making the best of a holiday, had taken a boat ride, trips on the merry-go-round, a lunch of bacon and onions, cakes and ale, and other luxuries. Carey was so pleased with the simple charm of the courtship, that he took it into his head to follow the couple wherever they went. When he had spent many hours at the pursuit he went home. The result of his adventure was the song "Sally in Our Alley."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" only came the great parting tune of the British army because of the amours of an Irish bandmaster. It was his little way to form a new love affair at every town he visited. On one occasion it occurred to him to give a nice little compliment to one of his numerous sweethearts by playing an Irish melody, namely, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

At the next town he repeated the process, and in time, it became a matter of common law that the band should play the tune on leaving every town. Other bands hearing of the custom, imitated it, until it spread all over the country. Finally it grew to be looked upon as disrespectful if a detachment omitted to play it as a parting compliment to the ladies, so to this day it still holds it place as the British army parting song.

"Home, Sweet Home," like many another national melody, does not belong to the country which claims it at all. Britain likes to think of it as her own, but it is the work of an American, John Howard Payne.

The famous melody is supposed to have been a lovesick outpouring of its composer, and to have been dedicated to a young lady of whom he was enamored. He loved a Miss Harden, but she did not return his affection, as she was "not of a romantic disposition."

When she died it was given out that the MS. of "Home, Sweet Home," was buried with her, covered with loving expressions "not for the public ear." But the story may not be entirely true. What is known about the song is that it was the work of a man to whom the delights of home were unknown. All of his life he wandered over the earth, homeless, and died at Tunis.

Like many another fine inspiration, the "Lost Chord" came to its author when attending the death-bed of a friend. It was under these circumstances that Sullivan conceived the melody which was to bring him a fortune of over £10,000.

The "Wearin' of the Green" enjoyed a previous existence before it ever became associated with Irish grievances. For, if you please, it was a Scottish song before Irishmen sang it to those words, having been appropriated by one James Oswald, a Scotsman, and published by him as a Scottish song of his own composition in 1756. It only became the "Wearin' o' the Green" so late as 1850.

Where "Yankee Doodle" came from is a matter of doubt, but this thing is certain, it is no more Yankee than it is Chinese.

It has, in the first instance, been claimed as Hungarian by Louis Kossuth, who, on hearing it for the first time, at once recognized it as one of his country's dance tunes. Be that as it may, it was first brought out by a British surgeon with a German name, Shuckburg, who, on seeing some New England troops marching into Albany, set it to this tune in a sort of joke. And the Yankees now sing it as their very own whenever they feel particularly aggressive.

Their great song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is none other than our own national anthem, which, be it said, also does duty for that of Germany. "Hail, Columbia," was, if not made in Germany, the work of a German musician. While giving a concert in honor of Washington in New York, he composed a commonplace air called "The President's March," which was played threadbare. Later on Joseph Hopkinson took hold of it and set to it words "Hail, Columbia," which it has remained ever since.

"The Star Spangled Banner"—America's great song—started in business as an English drinking song date 1765. Later it became associated with the Freemasons, until it crossed the Atlantic and settled down in Boston as "Adams and Liberty." In 1813, Francis Scott Key thought of the words "The Star Spangled Banner," while watching the British bombard a fort, and the words soon became the sole possessor of that particular tune.

The Flaw in the Scheme.

"If I were in congress," said the earnest citizen, "I'd introduce a bill to pay the campaign expenses of both parties out of the public treasury."

"Nonsense!" said his friend. "How could you defend such a measure?"

"On the ground of economy. Suppose we did pay the campaign expenses of both parties out of the treasury, thus relieving politicians from obligations to private contributors. Why, sir, after election, when these private contributors, who would then be noncontributors, would come around with their rascally schemes to reimburse themselves at the expense of the people with a 1000 per cent profit, the congressmen, being independent of them, would ruthlessly turn them down. The saving to the people would be incalculable. I'm no statistician, but I venture to say the national debt could be paid off in no time. We could build a navy that would conquer the globe in case of war or bankrupt it in peace if the globe foolishly tried to build ships to keep up with it. We could—"

"Just a minute," said the other man. "Suppose the contributors should still contribute, not to the expenses of the campaign, but to the expenses of the politicians, and then come around with their rascally schemes, would they be turned down?"

"By Jove," said the earnest citizen, who was more candid than some reformers, "I didn't think of that! And I'm blest if that isn't the way with every reform movement I've had anything to do with! You just get your plan fairly started when somebody comes along and knocks holes in it."

"Yes," said the other party, "only most reformers take a long time to see the holes."—New York Times.

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