

EDITORIALS BY THE CARTOONISTS.



"THE SHADES OF LINCOLN AND M'KINLEY ARE GUIDING THE NATION IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO!" (Tenor of President Roosevelt's speech of acceptance.—(Binghamton Press.



INTERNAL DISORDER.

GERMAN EMPEROR—MY POOR FRIEND!
RUSSIAN BEAR—IT'S NOT ONLY THE FIGHTING—THOUGH THAT'S BAD ENOUGH—IT'S THE AWFUL PAIN INSIDE.
GERMAN EMPEROR—AH! THERE I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M TROUBLED A LITTLE IN THAT WAY MYSELF.—(Punch.



"HARRY" DAVIS—SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT.—(Chicago Daily Tribune.

him preach. The church was crowded to the doors. But Beecher, unexpectedly, had been called out of town, and in his place in the pulpit there sat a beardless, black clad youth.

"But this youth, fresh from college, was unknown, and the great congregation had come to hear Beecher, and not him. Consequently, as soon as he arose and announced that he was to preach in Beecher's place the people began to drift out. First one went, then two, then a half dozen, and the young man stood watching this dispersal from the pulpit. It was a trying moment, and yet there sat on his youthful face a smile singularly composed. Out the people tip-toed, and he waited, saying nothing, for almost

cow bells is felt by the villager to awaken every sort of legendary memory of thrilling and gruesome character. But, after all, despite his bad character, the "Scheller" is not a half bad goblin. He and the "Roller" merrily cavort down the winding hilly thoroughfare, now collecting "trinkgeld" from the applauding spectators in the balconies, now seizing a bystander and haling him off before a festival court of justice, which fines the captive the price of a goodly round of wine and then decorates him with a ribbon, which leaves him immune thereafter. Such a decoration confers distinction on carnival day.

When the "Roller" and the "Scheller" have passed, the preliminary feature is over and the main procession follows. To the discordant snarl of earsplitting music, played by their own blackfrocked band, a wild troop of witches, armed with their symbolic weapons, huge brooms, charge into the crowd, sweeping cobwebs from the spectators' faces and performing a mad and merry dance of death. The witches' garments fit their character; grim, terrifying masks, with long and crooked noses, conceal their features; their funeral jackets are adorned with bright green sleeves, white caps and long pigtails add to the fantastic appearance, while the infernal din that attends them furnishes a deafening carnival of noise.

Behind the witches come the set pieces, the

floats of the procession. First, there is the merry-go-round, on whose horses the old maids following in a carriage may try another whirl for luck, have another turn (one would translate to preserve a semblance of the German pun) at getting a husband. Behind this comes a matrimonial bureau, built on the usual float, where a gay youth may espouse an old maid on the payment of a small fee. Mock marriages are performed as the float moves on. Then there are skits on contemporary life. Last year two weary figures pushed a wooden float, a crude imitation of an automobile, up long hills, imitating certain features in the Paris-Vienna automobile race, the course of which lay down the valley of the Inn within the view of the people of Imst, who thus burlesqued the "lame ducks" they saw then.

There are countless other distinctive features. Village singers recount in musical ballads tales of ancient crimes and village legends. Flower girls in national Tyrolese costume dance and sing merry songs as they strew flowers or pass wine cups. Thus, for six hours the quiet village is transformed into a scene of wild turmoil. Crowded into these few hours is the gayety of a whole year. But as the shadows begin to creep down the mountain side and the village clock booms out the evening hour the merry celebration suddenly stops. The world of the carnival is over and a dozen centuries are

covered in the change. The maskers hasten home to resume their own existence, the tourists from Innsbruck hasten to the train, and in another hour the masks and the costumes of by-gone centuries are laid aside for another year. Like the wonders that one reads of, wonders that happen once a year, at some ghostly hour, when graveyards yawn and the dead walk, ancient centuries and mediaeval customs seem suddenly to burst from the past and live again for a few brief hours in this remote Tyrolese valley, walled around by impassable and snow-capped Alps, to vanish at the stroke of the clock.

REASON FOR CHOICE OF CHURCH.

The following story of why it was that one Seth Bonham, a farmer of Wayne County, Penn., cast in his lot with the Episcopalians after being blown by the winds of doctrine for twelve months is attributed to a Brooklyn doctor of divinity with a large church. Seth, after having been awakened in a Methodist revival, for a year resisted importunities from his Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian friends to join them. Finally the word went round that Seth had decided to join the Episcopal Church. A Methodist brother expostulated and wanted to know why he had made his decision in favor of the Episcopalians.

"Wa'al," said Seth, "I d'd think at fust that I'd jine the Methodists, but they wuz a beettle too noisy for me, an', besides, they talk politics. After thinking about it for nigh on a year I've swung to the Episcopalians, because, after watchin' on 'em fur a year, I've found that they don't have nothin' to do with politics or religion."

THEY WERE LIGHTWEIGHTS.

Russell Sage on his recent birthday talked in an interesting manner about the famous Americans he has known. Apropos of Henry Ward Beecher he said:

"I went to Beecher's church one night to hear



IT'S A BOY.

—(Chicago Daily Tribune.

five minutes. Then he said, as if in explanation of his silence:

"We will not begin this public worship until the chaff blows off."

ALWAYS SOMETHING ON FOOT.

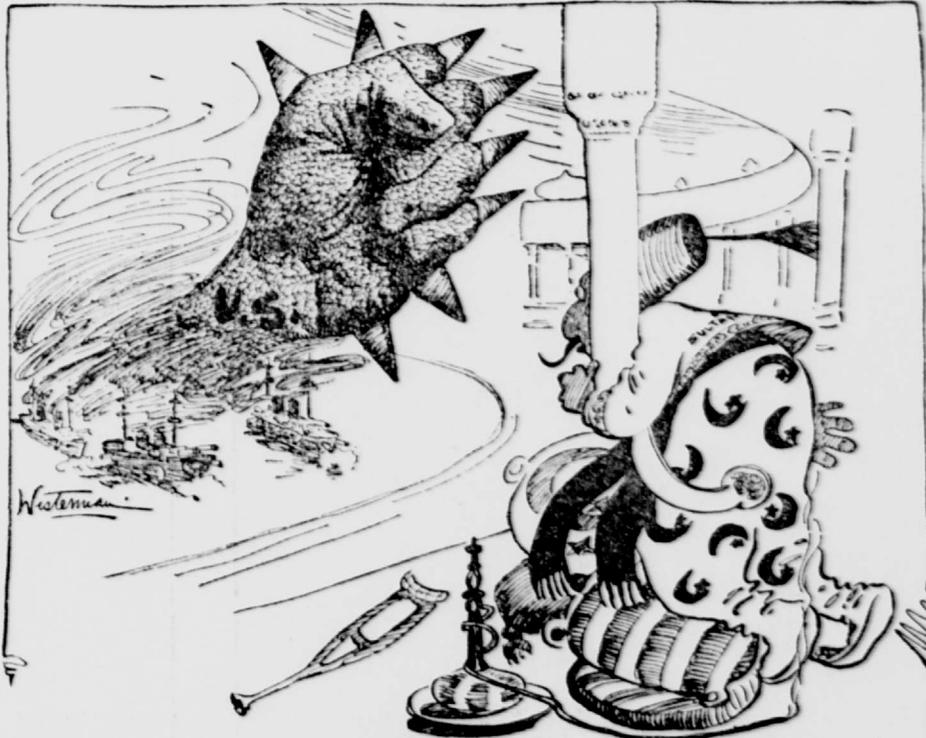
"Chicago girls have to stand for a good deal from the joke writers."

"Yes, but they have the broadest kind of feet to stand on."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.



CRUSHING A FOE.

RUSSIA (to the Angel of Peace)—NOW, DON'T YOU BUTT IN. I INSIST ON THERE BEING NO INTERFERENCE UNTIL I CRUSH MY FOE INTO THE EARTH.—(Minneapolis Journal.



NOW SETTLE!

—(Ohio State Journal.

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.