

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1905.

GETTING IN THE NEW YORK VOTE



These men get out the vote

All they were after, of course, was ballots

They've got to talk issues to 'em now

Old District Politician.

resting in the vote for Mayor... by the same old system this he did in the years gone by...

ing a big enough one, or grabbing the ballot boxes boldly and stuffing them full with wads of votes at the last moment, to make sure.

If you didn't get killed or maimed right then and there you were safe. The morning after election wiped out everything. There was no blame, no remorse in grand jury rooms, and if there had been there wouldn't have been any witnesses...

This Was Real Politics.

Most of the time, though, those reformer watchers would fade away long before the heat and burden of the day...



They were mighty embarrassing people to meet socially



He seized a bung starter and then and there reduced the price to the old basis

There was another way. You suddenly pulled him forward and downward by the lapels, and at the same moment bent your leg and brought your knee into his face...

an Who Smoked 628,713 Cigars in Forty-Five Years

has recently lost one of her most and methodical devotees of the... of six cigars, six pipes and six...

Carrying the Vote.

Many and many a time I've seen them carrying a bloody obolator in between their teeth. They were useful in all kinds of ways. They not only terrified all the bums along the river front...

Drugged Again.

District Attorney Jerome was discussing the absurd defenses that criminal law-

According to Some Scientists Man Will Be a Queer Animal

In these days of continual change scientists and others are busy speculating as to what the human race will look like a million years from now. All sorts and conditions of men and women are being predicted.

On His Friend's Account.

'Well, I guess that most of us went through the war without knowing that Togo was pronounced Tonga, and feeling just as contented as if we knew it all the time.'

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gin street just north of where the East River bridge is now run with blood. That's no figure of speech. I stood by a gutter and saw blood run down past my feet.