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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1912.

Mr. Costello's Letter.

Whether as the result of short-sightedness, as he claims, or whether because, with the other construction, he thought the means justified the end, Mr. Costello, as the Democratic National Committeeman for the District, has laid himself open to severe criticism for the wording of the circular letter which he caused to be sent out to civil service employes asking for contributions to the Democratic campaign fund.

The letter, which set forth that Mr. Costello was authorized to solicit such contributions, concluded as follows:

> Every Democratic Congressman will receive a detailed statement after election of all those contributing having residence in his district.

Whatever the intent of this sentence, it is hard to believe that a clerk receiving such a letter would not construe it as a veiled threat of impending hardship to the one who did not contribute to the Democratic campaign fund. The pleasantest construction, that it indicated a possible means of securing a material form of gratitude from some member of Congress, differs only in the form.

The effort of the best influence in the country in recent years have been to remove the civil service as remotely as possible from politics. This is looked upon as the surest method of securing at once justice for the employe and efficiency for the government. The evident spirit of the Costello letter outrages in every way the spirit of the civil service system.

It is reassuring to learn that the Democratic National Committee refuses to permit any responsibility for Mr. Costello's act to be shifted to the party.

Stamboul Will Remain the Turk's.

The Herald is so used to see its national and international political comments borne out by events, that there is no further need on our part for self-congratulatory references. A cable from London, that acknowledged pro-Turk center (according to our view), confirms in positive language that which we have argued and forecasted since the Balkan war was begun, namely, that "Europe will not 'tolerate' the entry of Bulgarian troops into Constantinople," and that Russia is in full accord with this veto. The status quo can only be maintained now by action, not by promises on the part of the powers, who never showed a disposition to keep them.

Only a threat by Roumania and Russia, and the actual occupation of the Bosphorus by British battleships now can deter a victorious army from entering Stamboul. British warships alone cannot hinder it, owing to the great strength of the Bulgarian land forces and their close proximity to the Moslem capital. We are not at all surprised at the statement made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons Thursday evening last that "when the military situation in the Balkans permitted, the powers would take steps to insure a 'durable' peace (Disraeli's very words, so theatrically spoken in the same chamber after the treaty of Berlin had been signed) between the belligerents."

If the reports prove true, the Bulgarians have defeated a Turkish army of 200,000 men and driven them to Tchorlu in Thracia, immediately in front of the Tchatalja defenses, the last fortified protection of Constantinople. This would mean to revise the world's estimate of the Turks as fighters, and the words spoken by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons seem near enough at hand. This means also a systematic massacre of the Christians dwelling in that part of Turkey by the whipped soldiers in their effort to get away to safety.

And now, were we wrong, when complaining that all this might have been avoided if the signatories to the Berlin treaty and the second Hague conference had done as agreed and not given the Turk a handle by which to wield unmercifully his fanatic sword of Mohammedanism?

With Constantinople left in the hands of the Porte, as it undoubtedly will be, there is bound to be another "status quo," as far as the great powers, jealous of each other, are concerned. England, we have pointed out repeatedly, dare not permit Russia to get a foothold at the Bosphorus to challenge her supremacy in the Levant, and Russia certainly will not allow England to do the same, for obvious reasons.

As to "Legal" Voters.

An Indiana judge has decided that a man who has not registered is not a legal voter, and therefore could not serve on the grand jury.

What is a "legal" voter?

In our opinion he is a man twenty-one years of age who has fulfilled the conditions of residence and who has not been disqualified. Let us argue this out. Only "legal" voters are permitted to register. This being the case, then the act of registering does not make a man a legal voter, for he was that before the registration laws went into effect. Besides, the provision that a juror must be a legal voter existed on the statute books long before there was a registration law. If the Indiana judge is right a citizen will be a legal voter at one time, but not at another. After an election he will be a legal voter, but failing to register prior to the next election he would again cease to be a legal voter.

We say that any man who may fail to register does not lose his status as a legal voter. He simply neglects to take the steps necessary to enable him to exercise, at a particular election, his rights as a legal voter. This man out in Indiana was a legal voter up to the very last moment that the registration board was in session, and after next Tuesday he will again be a legal voter.

The matter is one of importance. No doubt that unregistered men are serving on juries. Should such juries not be legal then their deliberations and findings are also illegal, which opens up a vista of incalculable legal differences. The Indiana decision is technical, for it fails to make a distinction between legal and registered voters. If there is such a distinction, legal voters, whether registered or not, would be qualified for jury duty under the law.

We say again: "Any man who 'can' register—whether registered or not—is a legal voter, for men who are not legal voters—minors or noncitizens—have no right to register at all.

The question is of importance. Why not try to get a ruling on it from the Supreme Court of the United States?

Common Sense and Religion.

The city destroys religion, says a scientist. You cannot dodge the church in the country without arousing the curiosity of inquisitive neighbors or anxious friends. In the city there are no neighbors. You do not know the man living in the apartment adjoining yours. Therefore, the professor argues, you can dodge the church with impunity.

That many city people dodge the church is true. But that does not necessarily make the city a destroyer of religion. Religion is inherent in the city man as much as in the country man. But the city man must have his religion presented to him differently than it is to the man in the rural community.

A preacher in New York detected an apathy toward the church by workingmen. What did he do to overcome this? We read that he hired a labor hall and began to preach religion in terms of to-day. He made his sermons a vehicle for expressing the needs of the masses for discussing their problems. And crowds flocked to this humble church. A similar experience, according to the same authority, was had by a New York rabbi. He noticed an apathy on the part of the younger members of his race for the old type of synagogue and began to interpret the Bible in jargon of the Ghetto. His free synagogue now commands a wide audience.

What the rabbi and minister in New York did was to apply common sense to religion. The Nazarene spoke to Nazarenes and he used the language of Nazareth. The preacher and rabbi of New York or Chicago or any city must speak in the language of the city, and from the viewpoint of the city.

The War and American Securities.

It is difficult for the average reader to understand why American securities held by Europeans are being thrown upon the market at the present time, and yet the situation is not abnormal. Military activity in Europe by rights should strengthen American stocks and create a demand for them. And this will be the sequel to Balkan disorder if it continues for any length of time. But the speculative European centers, as soon as the situation along the frontier became acute, were forced to adjust themselves to the unusual condition which a state of war had precipitated so suddenly.

Funds were needed to take care of securities less salable than American. The most valuable were thrown on the market, hence the home demand fell off and the securities receded in value. But the decline is only temporary. Should the Balkan imbroglio continue to menace the peace of Europe, American securities will be the only securities in the world to be regarded as reasonably safe. Thousands of foreign buyers will put all their surplus money into our stocks and bonds.

The Hague "peacemakers" have precious little to say these days.

If "standpat" did not exist it would have to be coined to fit the tariff cry.

A LITTLE NORSENSE.

NO MEMO.

I never, never rode to hounds
Across the fields and brooks,
Or drove a golf ball out of bounds
As people do in books.

I never talked in epigrams
To girls in cozy nooks,
Or passed around those witty slams
As people do in books.

I never entertained a King
Or went out after rooks.
In short, I've never done a thing
That people do in books.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

The law does all it can to find a man innocent; then if he persists in being guilty, he must be a hardened wretch.

A Disgraceful Affair.

"Disgraceful affair at the club. Cholly and Ferdy came to blows."

"Nothing so very disgraceful about that."

"But they allowed themselves to be held apart by a couple of bellboys, and they were very small bellboys, at that."

November 2 in History.

November 2, 1540—Henry VIII takes part in a torchlight procession and gets coal oil down his back.

November 2, 1775—David Garrick originates the custom of giving a midnight performance with election returns.

An Amateur Abroad.

"I'm a little suspicious of this. It may be spurious."

"What is it?"

"A dealer offers me a portrait of Rembrandt by Titian."

His Old Enemy.

The farmer now has cleared his ground
And banked a goodly wad;
Has naught to do but sit around
And cuss the golden rod.

Surveying the Wreckage.

"Halloween was originally a festival of the heathen."

"Seems to be yet. Just look at that front yard."

Holding Them Up.

"We rushed those houses up too hastily. They look flimsy."

"The walls are a bit shaky, that's a fact."

"Well, slap the wall paper on in a hurry. That will strengthen them some."

Playing Politics.

"A shrewd bid for the old-fashioned vote."

"How now?"

"He is campaigning in a rickety automobile with a strip of red flannel around one of the tires."

SHAVING BALD HEADS.

Chinese Custom Reveals that It Is Not a Success as a Cure.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Bald-headed men, take notice. This is not to be an account of a musical comedy, but something more intimately concerning citizens with bald pates.

Experiments repeated several millions of times in China reveal the true value of the cure known as shaving the head. With the passing of the old Manchu dynasty, Chinamen are now legally permitted to cut off their queues and wear their hair cut according to the style of the Occident.

An examination of the heads of several thousand young Chinese students now studying at Tokyo shows the effect of shaving part of the head for generations. On one man in four the hair has come out more luxuriantly on the part shaved. On one the hair has grown longer on the crown where the queue used to grow. On two there is no gain in hair on the part shaved, but the hair has come out uniformly.

From this it may be inferred that shaving as a cure for baldness is not what it is cracked up to be.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

STOP ALL AUTOS AT CROSS STREETS

How Detroit Put an End to Deplorable Accidents in that City.

To the Editor: Just a few lines in your valuable paper in regard to Mr. Egneas' article on the 20th regarding pedestrians and their rights, which was a very timely one and pertained to the last sad automobile accident, one of many which have occurred far too frequently in our fair city.

How much longer are the careless owners and operators of automobiles to be permitted to drive through our streets endangering the lives of thousands of pedestrians who are compelled to use our street crossings?

How much longer will parents have to pass hours of anxiety until their children return from school or errands, all the time fearing that some careless operator of an automobile may have run them down? Why should those who have charge of making and enforcing the laws at the Capital, governing the safe guarding of its citizens who must use street cars and street crossings, be less able to do this than in other cities?

Take Detroit, for example, a city noted for its unusually large number of automobiles. Every operator of an automobile has to come to a dead stop when approaching a cross street and give the direction they want to go to the street crossing officer before they are allowed to cross. Furthermore, it is a misdemeanor for any operator of an automobile to pass a street car which has stopped at a crossing to take on or let off passengers without first coming to a dead stop, and should he fail to comply with this ordinance and an accident occur, he is severely dealt with. Remember this is in a city noted for its large business and it does not seem to work any hardship on the owner of automobiles. Until we have some such laws we shall have constant repetition of these sad accidents.

Let any one who doubts the necessity of such laws stand ten minutes at any of our street railway crossings or ride ten squares on our street cars and notice the frantic efforts of pedestrians to dodge the passing automobiles and the numerous close calls persons have had from being knocked down.

PLEA FOR RIGHTS OF AUTO DRIVERS

Says Streets Are for Vehicles and Sidewalks for Pedestrians.

To the Editor: I have read with much interest your issue of this morning relative to reckless auto driving, and, while I deeply sympathize with the public in general and agree that there is a large number of reckless drivers, it is also the fact that many persons are of the opinion that a driver can stop his machine at a moment's notice, and many walk so slowly—seemingly in order to defy the autoist—that they barely escape with their lives, although the driver makes every effort to stop.

One important thing I wish to say that should have the attention of parents is that many children make it a habit to deliberately run in front of moving autos, stop, wave their arms, and just at the moment that the machine bears down upon them they step aside, sometimes to the right and at other times to the left, making it exceedingly dangerous for both automobiles and the persons in the autos, in addition to causing a lot of unnecessary anxiety to the driver. My husband is a very careful driver, never exceeds the speed limit, and avoids streets where children are playing, yet in spite of all his precautions he has had some very narrow escapes. One instance I would cite clearly illustrates my argument. While driving along Ninth Street, near O Street Northwest, a boy of about ten years stepped out on the car tracks (where we were running), waved his hands, danced up and down, and dared us to come on. We had practically no time to slow down, although running at a gait or nine mile rate, because of the short distance from him, and just as my husband was about to turn to the right (a street car coming on the left side), the boy jumped back to the right side and it was almost a miracle that my husband could control the machine in time. Both my husband and I were quite shaken up from the shock, and the boy, realizing his narrow escape, began to cry. Can you imagine what would have happened had my husband turned? On the left we would have struck the car—perhaps have been killed—and at least traffic on the line would have been tied up for some time, if no one on the street car had been hurt. Had my husband turned to the right, as he expected to, he would have caught the boy. As it was, going straight ahead, he came very near striking him.

Do you not think there should be some argument for the tormented autoist also? He pays for his pleasure in every way, including three separate taxes, and for this reason should have some right to the street. In New York the autos and other vehicles travel at a rate sometimes forty to six miles per hour and the pedestrians must stand aside, it being held that the street is for vehicles and the sidewalks are for the pedestrians. Consider this speed and that observed in Washington. I do not believe it right for any autoist to run fast in the city. In fact, I believe a ten-mile rate entirely too fast in the downtown sections for safety, particularly as regards children and old people. What I should like to suggest is that parents insist that their children do not attempt any fun by running in front of moving vehicles, and that mothers with small children under the age of discretion keep these in from the streets except when accompanied by older persons. I saw one little tot of not more than two years out on the street—not the sidewalk—when our machine was coming in one direction and another machine was going in the other, and the tot was bewildered. My husband stopped and requested a passing woman to please take the child in. I believe carelessness on the part of parents in taking care of their children is more responsible for the death of little ones killed in accidents than faults of the drivers of vehicles. I am a mother, and I know that I could not risk my little one the way I see many tots are risked every day.

Another thing which I should like to see is some law whereby children deliberately risking themselves and others could be punished. Until such a law is passed there is no likelihood that the nuisance I speak of will abate. Why don't some other autoists come forward and explain why matters are not better? Surely we are not altogether to blame, and if matters were a little better known better results might be obtained through co-operation.

My statements are facts which I am willing to attest by notary if so desired.

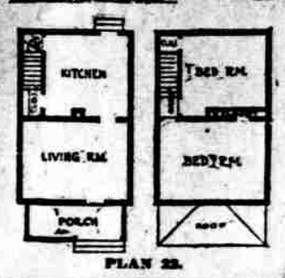
Mrs. H. L. WOODWARD.

LABOR MEN APPEAL.

Court Gets Papers in Contempt of Court Cases.

The appeal of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, president, vice president, and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor, found guilty of alleged contempt of court and sentenced to terms of imprisonment, has been filed in the Court of Appeals.

Under the rule of the court, the labor leaders have thirty days in which to put up the costs and thirty days thereafter to file briefs. The "committee of prosecutors" is allowed twenty days after the brief of appellant is filed to prepare their briefs. Hearing on the matter probably will be reached next January.



PLAN 23.

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WYOMING

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

Wyoming is a large, lonesome State, situated in the middle of the great, uncrowded West. It has 97,000 square miles divided into thirteen counties which are presided over by footsore and weary sheriffs, who often have to get up in the middle of the night and ride 100 miles before breakfast to arrest a malefactor in the other end of the community.

Wyoming has 150,000 people, many of whom have to travel a week in order to get to the nearest rural free delivery mail box. It is a green, succulent State, criss-crossed with mountains and rivers so wild that even a Republican Congress wouldn't try to make them navigable. These streams are strongly impregnated with a very fine variety of trout and flow through a country thickly settled with bears, mountain lions, wolves, panthers, outlaws, and other noxious fauna. Wyoming is one of the few States in the Union in which it is still perfectly easy to walk away from a fairly good hotel and pace a panther up a tree in less than an hour.

Thus far Wyoming consists of a crust of civilization with a vast and raw interior into which railroads are just beginning to penetrate in a timid manner. It is shy on human population, but is densely populated by horses, sheep, and cattle. The State produces hay, wool, petroleum, coal, lanky cattle, which are upholstered later on Iowa farms, and a poor grade of Senators. Wyoming Indians are still fatal when indulged in to excess, and when a Wyoming cattle man begins discussing politics with a Wyoming sheep man, the repartee sounds like the battle of Gettysburg.

Wyoming has been greatly blessed with curiosities by an indulgent and frivolous nature and contains all the geysers and most of the mud volcanoes, not in politics in the country. These have been set aside as a natural park with front doors in Montana and Idaho. Yellowstone Park is full of wonders, and New York men who have seen it say that it compares favorably with Central Park.

The capital of Wyoming is Cheyenne, which once had that kind of a disposition, but is now mild and mannerly except on Frontier Day. Other towns which can be discovered on a fair-sized map are Laramie, Evanston, and Sheridan, none of which contain as many people as a first-class steamship equipped with lifeboats for 1,000. Wyoming can be successfully crossed by means of the Union Pacific, but thousands of people stop off each year to hunt for cowboys and wind up by coaxing a river into an irrigation ditch and raising alfalfa.

"New York men who have seen it say it compares favorably with Central Park."

Wyoming's most famous product thus far has been Bill Nye, who lived in the State when it was as interesting as a melodrama and much more fatal, and who welded it firmly into literature as editor of the Laramie Boomerang.

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FUNERAL OF VETERAN.

Lewis Harvie Finney Buried in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Funeral services for Lewis Harvie Finney, who died at his home in Alexandria County, Va., Wednesday afternoon, were held at the chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. R. P. Williams officiated.

Mr. Finney was the son of the late William and Elizabeth Wood Finney, of "Ellock," Powhatan County, Va., of a prominent Virginia family, and was born in 1837 in Richmond. He served throughout the civil war as lieutenant of the Powhatan Troop, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, this troop being Stuart's body guard. For the last fifteen years he was employed on the labor board at the Washington Navy Yard.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ninna Booker, and by four sons, John H., R. Gordon, Percy W. and Harry W., and one daughter, Ninna Booker.

GUY EMERSON PROMOTED.

Private Secretary Becomes Head of Customs Bureau.

Guy Emerson, of Boston, private secretary to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Curtis, yesterday was appointed a special customs agent by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh.

Mr. Emerson will take charge of a bureau, recently created to make uniform customs appraisements, and will have headquarters at Washington.

Files Suit Against Commissioners.

John H. Walter, a realty broker, has filed suit against the District, asking that the Commissioners be restrained from obstructing or in any way interfering with his access to the land known as the Pacificus Ord tract, on Rock Creek, near Twenty-third and P Streets Northwest. Justice Barnard signed an order restraining the Commissioners until further orders of the court. The case was set for hearing next Friday morning.

Capt. W. B. Smith Retired.

Capt. W. B. Smith, of the Congress Heights Fire Engine Company, was placed on the retired list yesterday because of physical disability. Capt. Smith has been in the fire department for nineteen years, and while only fifty-one years old, his long service has broken his health. During the last year he frequently has been on the disabled list, and upon realizing that he would not recover his health, asked to be retired.

FARMERS' PRICES INCREASE.

Secretary of Agriculture Makes "Cost of Living" Statement.

A special statement by the Secretary of Agriculture yesterday on the high cost of living shows prices paid to farmers for their products have increased, not only in the last month, but in the last couple of years. Beef cattle, for instance, sold for $4.32 per 100 pounds a year ago—now the farmer receives $6.26.

Prices for veal, hogs, and sheep, milch cows, honey, milk, and tomatoes have likewise soared. There are slight reductions noted in values of apples, peaches, pears, beans, cabbage, and onions.

ELECTIONS ORDERLY.

Reports from Cuba Show that Trouble Did Not Materialize.

All reports received at the State Department yesterday indicated that the elections in Cuba were passing off without the slightest disturbance of peace and order.

The legation reported at noon yesterday that the morning had given no sign of any untoward event, and Minister Rivero, calling at the State Department, stated that he had been advised that all was quiet in Havana and throughout the island.

Wreck Blamed on Roadbed.

The wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at Hyde Park, N. Y., March 31, in which about sixty people were hurt, was caused by unsafe roadbed conditions and defective rails, according to the report of Chief of Safety Appliances Inspector Belknap, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, made yesterday. The condition of the roadbed was laid to frost, and the report states that lack of crosswise resistance is a general fault in rails, and urges a reform in manufacture to meet this fault.

NOTICE

Cosmopolitan . . .
Review of Reviews . . All $3
American . . . . .

Publishers' price, $6.00; Club price after November 10 $4.05. Send for list of magazines that advance in price November 10 from 15 to 75 per cent. Subscribe now and get the benefit of low prices. Subscriptions may be new or renewals; start with any issue and be sent to different names. I can duplicate any offer made by any publisher or agency. Call for free magazine sample. Order Xmas gifts now.

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We give Herald $25,000 contest votes.

Wielded for the Uplift. **THE BIG STICK** A Hit for Every Head.

VOL. VI. NO. 25. WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 2, 1912. ONE CENT.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, &c.

"The Truth About the Vice Presidency" is the title of an article The Big Stick will publish early in March. So much confusion exists in the popular mind as to how the vacancy in that office will be filled, that The B. S. feels it ought to straighten matters out.

Ever anxious to please the patrons of The Big Stick, whose circle of readers extends from the frozen arctic and antarctic to the spice-laden and balmy coast of the far Indies, and includes not only every man, woman, and child of every color everywhere without regard to racial, national, or religious persuasions, but Republicans, Democrats, Bull Moosers, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Suffragettes, and Single Taxers, the editor of The Big Stick has ascertained (in a delicate and diplomatic manner) the Christmas desires of some of our most worthy citizens. We are tickled to death to be able now to confide these wishes to a community at large, feeling assured that everybody will sit up and take notice, as it were, so to speak, and take prompt action. It doesn't seem so singular after all that these Santa Claus wishes are well known books by popular authors, when one considers the culture and good taste of the wishers. The commission, or "take off," which The Big Stick expects from the sale of the books will be magnanimously donated to the Home for Friendless Cats or the Asylum for Lonesome Chickens, just as you say.

"The Age of Print," by Grenville Mellen, for Byron S. Adams.

"The Elixir of Moonshine," by McDonald Clark, for T. E. Ogram.

"The Pilot and Tale of the Sea," by James Fenimore Cooper, for Capt. Randall.

"Leather Stocking and Silk," by John Esten Cooke, for Clarence Reinstein.

"Hints on Manning the Navy," by James Fenimore Cooper, for Secretary Meyer.

"The Decision of the Court," by Brander Matthews, for Justice Wright.

"Told by the Colonel," by William Livingston Alden, for Col. Alfred C. Palmer.

"The Upper Ten Thousand," by Charles Astor Bristed, for Preston Gibson.

"The Trevor Case," by Natalie Sumner Lincoln, for Capt. Boardman, chief of detectives.

"A Year with the Birds," by Wilson Flagg, for Schmid, the birdman.

"An Adventure in Photography," by Octave Thanet, for Harris & Ewing.

"A Conversational Pitcher," by James Thomas Fields, for Walter Johnson.

"With Trumpet and Drum," by Eugene Field, for Lieut. Santelmann.

"Songs of Fair Weather," by Maurice Thompson, for Prof. Willis Moore.

"The Law and the Testimony," by Susan Warner, for Judge Pugh.

"The Pearl of India," by M. M. Ballou, for Galt & Brother.

"The Lorgnette," by John Kendrick Bangs, for Frank H. Edmonds.

"The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," by R. J. Burdette, for Ernest F. Doyle.

"Through One Administration," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, for Chairman Hilles.

"Lawyer and Client," by William Allen Butler, for Charles H. Turner.

"Morning Glories," by Louisa May Alcott, for William F. Gude.

"Reveries of a Bachelor," by I. Marvel, for Tom A. Green.

"Only a Commoner," by Henry Morford, for J. Fred Kelley (Democrat).

"What to Wear," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for Isidor Gruner.

"Out of His Head," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, for Dr. White, superintendent St. Elizabeth's.

DEMOSTHENES IS FADED

Leading Cit. Who Likes Work as Well as He Does Play.

Out of a mass of pictures showing Robert Scott Hume at a variety of sports, including golf, swimming, drop-the-handkerchief, tennis, and boxing, The Big Stick selected for presentation this morning this excellent portrait of Mr. Hume at his favorite diversion, "Convincing the Jury," which, out of deference to Mr. Hume, The Big Stick artist drew on an entirely separate piece of paper, to be printed only in the out-of-town editions.

"I just love jurors—that is, when they are intelligently responsive," Mr. Hume said.

"Suppose they are not intelligently responsive?" The Big Stick man asked.

"Then I note an appeal," Mr. Hume said, rigorously.

Mr. Hume is said to favor woman jurors because of their intelligent responsiveness. Mr. Hume is unmarried.

"He is one of the most promising youngsters I ever sparred with," Pop says.

"What else does he play?" asked The Big Stick reporter.

"He plays par noble fratrum with Charlie Howe," was the answer.

"What sort of game is that?"

"Something like Achates," The B. S. reporter was told.

"Oh, yes-es-es, I see-ee," said The Big Stick man, trying to sharpen his lead pencil to an actual geometrical point, "I see."

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Light-hearted, he, as any boy,
Before a wife he took;
And now his lightness is transferred
Unto his pocketbook.

—GRAHAM B. NICHOL.

If Johnnie Davidson, captain of the Columbia Country Club golf team had only selected Si Cummings, Mill Watts, Mr. Price, Judge Newman, and E. J. Henry against the Chevy Chase heavyweights, the Country boys would now be the proud possessors of another handsome cup.

POCKETS WERE EMPTY.

The Big Stick's society editor wore his dress suit Halloween for the first time since the waiters walked out. He was afraid of being taken for a strike-breaker during the recent unpleasantness.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS

With all our accustomed watchfulness for the public weal, we propose, through one of our best-known citizens' associations, to recommend to the Commissioners that in the estimates to Congress for the next year be incorporated an item providing $1,500,000 for spittoons—beg pardon, cuspidors—to be placed in prominent positions along Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol and Shoemaker's, and in F Street and our other prominent thoroughfares, at small distances apart.

This action on our part has been caused by the recent announcement of Maj. and Supt. Sylvester, our w. k. chief of police, that the anti-spitting regulation, located somewhere in the musty files of our Municipal Bldg., is to be vigorously enforced. Also, that the regulation prohibiting the depositing of "dead" matches on the sidewalk of our model city is to be carried out to the full.

With every thought for the convenience of the populace, we propose this appropriation. We feel sure that it will receive favorable consideration at the hands of Congress. For what will the Legislators, who winter in our midst, do if they are forced to retain their tobacco juice all the way from the Capitol to Shoemaker's?"

KEEP BUSY.

"Learn to labor and to wait,"
A dear old poet once said.
How true these words are, every one;
We labor on, until most dead.

As for the waiting, he who cares
For what the future has in store,
Should just plod on, from day to day,
And trust to luck for something more.

'Tis best to labor all your days
Than lead an aimless sort of life,
Where one just idles time away
With little thought of care or strife.

—EVELYN.

ANTICIPATION.

Ed. Schmid, Past. Mon. of Kallipolis Grotto, called us up last night and said the Grot. would give The Big Stick an ad some time if we would mention Sam Shreve, R. B. Dickey, C. P. Boss, and Doc Friedrich in our columns some time. All right, Ed., some day when items are scarce, we'll write a piece about them.

EXCELSIOR.

The Fort Myer Heights correspondent of the Alexandria County Monitor writes: "'Bill' Magruder, formerly on the Alexandria County Monitor, has accepted a position with Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador." The newspaper business certainly opens up a field of opportunity for a young man.

WILSON HAS ONE REQUISITE.

George Montgomery, one of the best claimers the Dem. party has, says Cand. Wilson is already practically acclimated to Wash. Geo. said he was punning on acclimated, but we didn't get it.

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