

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President ROBT. M. YOST, Editorial Manager S. H. LAVERY, Business Manager

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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco and Oakland will find The Herald on sale at the news stands in the San Francisco ferry building and on the streets in Oakland by Wheatley and by Amor News Co.

Population of Los Angeles, 251,463

Bell and Phelan will be here today.

Dr. Lindley has been duly nominated. He has yet to be elected.

The name of the "next governor of California" is Theodore A. Bell.

Gillett's hand still rests affectionately on the shoulder of Abe Ruef.

Ruef is still an honored member of Gillett's campaign committee. Don't forget that.

The weather man promises rain for the big Democratic rally. He must be a mean Republican.

Hahn's little passes will serve to carry him out of the race. Chas. W. Bell will be the next senator from that district.

Bell has promised capital and labor a "square deal" and the equal protection of the law. Can you object to that platform?

If you have any doubt about the intimacy between Ruef, Gillett and the Southern Pacific combine, look at the picture. It tells the truth.

Elihu Root's exhortation of Hearst, by authority of the president, meets with universal approval in California, where Hearst is worst known.

The county non-partisan ticket is now practically assured of election, but every patriotic citizen should do his utmost in its behalf until the close of election day.

Hearst has been booted out of the Democratic party of California and the people of the entire county are looking to New York to give him the finishing touches.

In spite of every effort put forth by the S. P. machine to defeat him, Ben E. Ward will be elected assessor by the largest majority ever given an official in this county.

Leland and Wallace emulated Hammet and secured the Republican endorsement in spite of the Parker machine. They will be duly elected, of course, as they should be.

That "social function" at Santa Cruz, where James N. Gillett's picture was taken with his hand resting lovingly on the shoulder of Abe Ruef, cannot be obliterated. It is only too true.

It will be a curious sort of people that prefers P. A. Stanton to Dr. W. L. Brown in the legislature, and we don't believe there are enough of the Stanton kind in the district to defeat such a man as Brown.

Every honest influence in the Third supervisory district favors the election of Dr. Lamb. He will come down the stretch a sure winner and all the desperate efforts of all the corporations cannot stop him.

Today and tonight will see the close of the state campaign in Los Angeles. The principal Democratic orator tonight will be James D. Phelan of San Francisco, a business man who should be heard by every thinking business man.

Does anybody suppose for a moment that Theodore Roosevelt would give an instant's encouragement to Abe Ruef, William F. Herrin, Walter Parker and James N. Gillett? Not this year. His exhortation of Hearst is a sufficient answer.

When Boss Harriman introduced Gillett at a banquet in Washington last January as "the next governor of California," he got his facts mixed. The people have decided to take a hand in naming "the next governor," and it will not be Gillett.

The straight Republican machine and the straight Democratic machine have declared in favor of partisanship and machine politics in local affairs. Now let the real people of Los Angeles take a fresh hold on the non-partisan ticket and smash both machines.

By reason of a typographical error the admirable address at Monrovia, printed in yesterday's Herald, was attributed to Judge Charles J. Noyes. The address was delivered by Judge J. S. Noyes, formerly of Riverside, now a practicing attorney of Los Angeles, to whom great credit is due for the eloquent logic therein contained.

THE DAMNING EVIDENCE

About three centuries ago Ben Jonson wrote this: "Picture is the invention of heaven; the most ancient and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work and always of one and the same habit. Sometimes it overcomes the power of speech and oratory."

That Jonsonian sentiment seems almost prophetic in the light of recent political events in California. For instance, how "akin to nature" is that picture of James N. Gillett, candidate for governor by the grace of the S. P.-Republican machine, in his pose at the Santa Cruz banquet.

The satisfaction felt by the candidate at his prearranged nomination, and the feeling of gratitude toward his sponsors, Ruef and Parker, are reflected in every lineament of his face.

How lifelike and characteristic, also, is the sinister expression in the countenance of Abe Ruef, as he feels the hand of Gillett resting lovingly on his shoulder. Gaze at that picture intently for a moment and it will seem that you can almost hear Ruef whisper, "I'm not here for my health."

And how particularly "akin to nature" is the stolid, absolutely expressionless face of Boss Parker, in arm-touch with Gillett and with a vague gaze in the general direction of the central figure in the group—Abe Ruef, the man who "delivered" the San Francisco votes which gave Gillett the nomination.

Did grand old Ben Jonson foresee the sequel, in the present California campaign, of his declaration that a picture sometimes "overcomes the power of speech and oratory"?

Never was a written sentiment more clearly realized than in this case. That Santa Cruz pictorial reminder of the "handwriting on the wall" at Babylon defies not only the "speech and oratory" of all the Republican spellbinders in California but all the ink-slingers of the Republican press as well.

How utterly impotent and ridiculous are the attempts of Gillett and the whole S. P.-Republican machine to climb over, crawl around or squirm through that example of what Jonson calls "the invention of heaven"—the photograph of Gillett and his chums at the Santa Cruz banquet.

Says Gillett in his speeches, since the prison doors have begun to swing open for Ruef's admission: "I am utterly opposed to such methods as those of Gallagher and Ruef." How much he is "opposed" may be inferred from his pictorial pose at the banquet.

Was it not one of those "methods" whereby Gillett obtained the nomination for governor? And certainly Gillett has not been accused, at any stage of the campaign, of such base ingratitude as a real "going back" on Ruef would imply at this juncture.

Ben Jonson's estimate of the picture fits the Gillett-Ruef-Parker episode at Santa Cruz "like the paper on the wall." The more the combine's spellbinders attempt to decry the significance of that picture, and the more the Republican organs try to follow suit, the more evident it is to voters that Gillett is tarred with the combine's stick and that the tar mark is as indelible as the mark the Almighty set upon Cain.

MR. BELL ON LABOR

"I repeat now what I have frequently asserted upon the rostrum, that labor has exacted no pledges from me, save and except a square deal, and if I am elected I expect to treat labor and capital upon equal terms and give them the equal protection of our laws. I shall not become the representative of any special class. If called upon to choose between victory with subservience to any class or interest, and defeat with independence, I would prefer the latter."—Theodore A. Bell.

COMBINE'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

If the S. P.-Republican machine managers are so confident, as they pretend to be, of 20,000 plurality in Los Angeles county, why are they making such extraordinary efforts to defeat the non-partisan county ticket? Those managers ridicule the idea that it is possible to defeat any of their nominees on the county ticket. Then why expend money and effort as never before in a contest whereof the outcome is a "dead sure thing," as they proclaim? Why waste the charge of a double-barreled shotgun to kill a fly?

It requires no special gift of discernment to penetrate the secret here involved. The purpose of the combine, as persons familiar with its methods clearly perceive, is to kill, cremate and utterly wipe out the non-partisan idea in the official affairs of Los Angeles city and county.

There can be no question whatever about the correctness of that judgment. The successful sprouting of the non-partisan idea in this city two years ago caused grave anxiety to the combine, and the growth of the idea meantime culminated in alarm when the non-partisan sprout grew to the proportions indicated in the nomination of complete county and city tickets.

The very existence of the combine as a dominating power in Los Angeles affairs is jeopardized by the non-partisan movement. Increasing strength of that movement in the present contest would give encouragement for greater effort in future. The leaven of determination to down the combine would ultimately work destruction to the power that has held our public affairs in its ever tightening grasp.

Hence the resolve of the S. P.-Republican machine leaders, at the outset of the local campaign, to completely uproot the promising non-partisan sprout ere it became too formidable. "Now or never" was the slogan sent along the line to the beneficiaries of the combine. Strike a killing blow, regardless of cost or consequence.

Therein is the secret of the desperate assaults made by the managers of the combine upon individual, non-partisan candidates, and of the extraordinary output of the combine's money.

But there are times when "vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself," and it looks now as if the combine had jumped over the log and was about to alight in the ditch. That will be a deserved outcome of the voters of Los Angeles city and county do their duty as good citizens at the polls next Tuesday.

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DESCENT OF HEARST ROCKET

"God forbid that we should set up in the high station of governor of New York, for the admiration and imitation of our children, the man whose character is reflected in the columns of the New York Journal and the New York American."

To that paragraph in his Hearst-grilling speech at Utica, Secretary of State Elihu Root might have appropriately added—"and all the other Hearst publications, including the Los Angeles Examiner and its prototype in San Francisco."

Next Tuesday the Empire state, if it holds its reputation for sanity, will convince W. R. Hearst that he has reached the end of his political tether. He will arouse from his dream of the governorship with a jerk suggestive of the scaffold if we may judge from the general feeling in the state as reflected in the New York newspapers.

Crowds of people have attended Hearst's meetings in various parts of the state, and this manifestation has tickled the vanity of the star performer and has led him to believe his election is assured. But gratification of curiosity to see the notorious purveyor of yellow newspapers does not indicate admiration for the purveyor—not by a long shot.

The great mass of people in the Empire state have come to know Hearst, through his yellow newspaper output, almost as well as the people of his native state know him. The New Yorkers are less familiar than Californians with the personality of Hearst, but they know enough to turn from him with loathing. Mr. Root casts light upon Hearst's character thus:

"Of his private life I shall not speak further than to say that from no community in the state does there come concerning him that testimony of life-long neighbors and acquaintances to his private virtues, the excellence of his morals and the correctness of his conduct, which we should like to have concerning the man who is to be made governor of our state."

The Hearst rocket which has been for weeks luminous in the New York sky will be a blackened stick in the dust on the morning of November 7.

NO FAVOR TO GRAFTERS

"I am not responsible for what others have said, but will give a square deal, if I am elected, to all classes. There is not the slightest thing to prevent me, if I were governor, and Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef and the rest of the grafting and misdealing, from putting them behind the bars."—Theodore A. Bell.

James D. Phelan says: "Ruef and Herrin are working together for Gillett to capture the state government." Mr. Phelan is a conservative business man who has never been associated with sensational or slippery politics. He tells the truth and he has no ax to grind. His testimony should be sufficient for all thinking people who desire to smash the S. P. machine and restore a decent state government to California.

With both the straight Republican and Democratic machines actively in favor of machine politics and partisanship in municipal affairs, it's up to the taxpayers and all patriotic citizens who desire the progress and welfare of Los Angeles to smash both machines and give to this city an honest and decent and business administration. Lee C. Gates should be elected mayor by a large plurality.

President Roosevelt has never yet said a word in behalf of Gillett. On the contrary he has emphatically reiterated his letter to R. C. Dale of Kern county, in which he said that "I cannot mix in a state fight." He is "mixing" in New York, all right, but he knows Gillett is not his kind of a Republican.

MR. BELL ON LABOR

"On Saturday night, September 20, Hon. Theodore A. Bell, Democratic nominee for governor, addressed the union labor organizations of this city, who had given him a great reception. In the course of his speech Mr. Bell said:

"I have always believed that the chief executive of the state should not and cannot be the representative of any special class. "So for that reason I will not say if I am elected I will be the special representative of labor, for if I did I would not believe me, and if I did I would be unworthy of that office. "I have taken this nomination from the labor party as a great compliment to me. I have not been an agitator or demagogue with them. I have simply told them my views of labor conditions and what I mean to do. "They have exacted no pledge from me. They have simply asked me to give labor a square deal. I would have done that even had they not asked me. For had I felt otherwise toward labor, or any other class, I would have felt unworthy to accept the nomination."

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MRS. LANGTRY TELLS HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

Beautiful Jersey Lily Urges American Women to Use Their Minds and Suggests That They Should Not Eat Much From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"God did it." This was the answer of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, when a Post-Dispatch writer asked her for the secret of her youthful figure and appearance. Mrs. Langtry has returned to America, the country of her adoption, for the theatrical season. It is now twenty years since she had herself legally adopted as a ward of Uncle Sam at San Francisco, yet there are those who say she looks as young as she did on that memorable tour.

The question put to her was: "Goodness! How can you look so young?" That would have embarrassed most women, but not Mrs. Langtry. Though the question might have been expected, she had the answer ready. "But surely you have some message of hope to give American women?" was the protest, as the actress unwound a rope of pearls from her throat. "Think how vital a topic it is. Every woman reader will cut out our precepts and post them on the corner of her dressing table."

"But how can I tell them to do things that I don't know myself?" responded the ingenious Jersey Lily. She, at least, will not have a trunk full of "How I kept my beauty" recipes, a different one for every woman's page to answer for when the day of reckoning comes.

"I really pay less attention to keeping my figure good than 90 per cent of the women in society," she resumed. "Isn't that so, Carleton?"

"The prim English maid, moving nimbly about her dressing room at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue theater, acquiesced readily.

"Indeed, yes, miss; she doesn't bother much at all."

Then Mrs. Langtry continued: "Americans eat too much. American women can't expect to keep beautiful complexions and good figures if they overeat. I never eat any sweets. Never candy, or pastries, or jellies, and I never drink ice water, and, of course, I rarely, rarely, take champagne. I never take it. It is deadly to a good figure."

"Please don't think I am criticizing the way Americans eat, for you can't blame them when they serve food so delightfully here. You don't know what a charming luncheon I had yesterday. But, you know, American women eat too much and then there is one of two tendencies hampering them—either too strenuous exercise or a too languid one."

"Then all you can really offer in the way of advice to her who would be beautiful, Mrs. Langtry, is to eschew ice water, wines and too much food, and to take cold baths in the morning?"

"Oh, now, I don't advise anything. I don't even take any credit for having what you all call preserved my youth. As I said at first, God made me what I am and I have only taken natural care of myself. I am a very busy woman, and, in spite of your ideas of the English, I am a very nervous woman. Perhaps I acquired that with my American naturalization."

"I certainly do not spend my time thinking of my figure and my beauty. From 9 in the morning, every day while I am here, I intend working on my memoirs. I have been offered \$50,000 for them, and I think I am entitled to at least three hours' quiet every morning. That is why I can't spend all that time autographing photos."

"But, Mrs. Langtry, even nature must have assistance, or at least intelligent care. You might tell us what you do to preserve God's gift. Where are the wrinkles you ought to have, the tell-tale droop of the jaw that comes to women after 35. And you won't mind admitting you are 35?" she was asked.

"Don't smile," said Mrs. Langtry, smiling herself. "and I'll tell you the profound secret of keeping your looks young is keeping your thoughts young. Wasn't it Buddha who said, 'The mind is everything—what you think you become.' A truth, of course, older than Buddha and younger than Christian Science."

"If a woman wants to preserve youth, elasticity and beauty in her body, she had to have them in her mind. If she keeps young in thought she will remain young in body."

"I have proved to myself that thought is a great controlling force, and I keep my thoughts going," she concluded.

"Yes, but, Mrs. Langtry, you must use tooth paste and beauty lotions and

massage creams and do exercises," said the interviewer. "Won't you tell the women about these things if you do them?"

"Of course I do them!" admitted the famous beauty. "The fact that I believe in the power of mind over matter doesn't blind me to the fact that the foundation and whole secret of beauty is good health. A sick woman can't be beautiful."

"Work, sunshine, exercise, soap and water, plain nourishing food, fresh air and cheerfulness are my recipe for beauty."

"I'll tell you what I do every day, and I've followed the same program for twenty years: "At 8 o'clock every morning my maid brings me a cup of tea or chocolate—very rarely coffee—and a bit of toast. This I take in bed. Then I read my letters, look over the papers and am ready for my bath, a full cold bath, quite cold, winter and summer. I love it and couldn't do without it."

"I'll dress slowly and do some simple physical culture exercises. This one, for instance," And Mrs. Langtry stood up, swung her arms above her head at full length with a forward diving movement, and without bending her knees, but using her hips as a pivot, touched the toes of her slippers with her fingertips.

"So long as I can do that exercise I know I am all right," she concluded.

"I use a little powder on my face in everyday life, and, of course, I have to make up for the stage," she added. "I wash my face with a bland soap and warm water at night and every other time I think it needs it. No skin cannot be kept too clean, and the lotion or cream can ever do the work of soap and water."

"I always do my own hair. My maid brushes it, but I arrange it myself. I don't use false hair nor curling irons. I have a large waiver of my own and it waves naturally. It doesn't take me five minutes to do my hair."

"I eat whatever I choose—fruit, an omelet or a broiled chop and a cup of coffee. Then I am ready for the matinee."

"That means an afternoon of work. Then dinner—a simple dinner of four or five courses. I never eat alone if I can avoid it. Sometimes I drink a little wine, but wines or stimulants of any sort are sure to be injurious in the long run, and I avoid them as much as possible."

"Then the theater again and a simple supper. "The light bath is a real soap scrub with hot water. Then I devote three or four minutes to deep breathing or physical culture exercise. I sleep with the windows wide open."

"I wear a straight-front corset and have the bones at the desk with me to breathe because of it."

"I wear very light clothing. If the circulation is perfect, one doesn't need a lot of flannels. "That's all," Mrs. Langtry concluded. "Any woman can do it if she has a little perseverance."

"As a last word," concluded the Jersey Lily. "I would say, ideas of beauty vary so that banal compliments in that line have no meaning. One would much rather be liked than admired."

"Look at Sarah Bernhardt. There is a woman who has always played the game of life fearlessly and to the limit, and won. And to think there was a time when writers and critics declared she had no physical beauty, but only genius! How could they be so blind? Why, with those eyes, those lips, those infinite expressions of her face, hands and entire body, Sarah is such a beautiful woman that that is genius in itself before she opens her mouth to speak a word. You recognize it now, of course, for all real beauty is more than skin deep."

A SOUTHERN DUSK

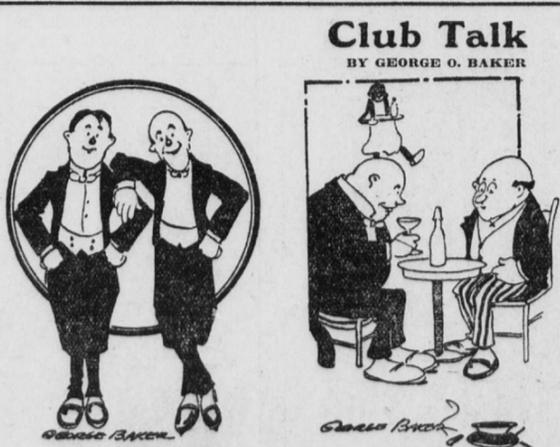
The blue convolvulus of day, Has hid its honeyed heart away, And jasmine like, the yellow stars Glimp through the dusk's dim trellis bars, While, ghostly through the purple gloom, A moon Magnolia bursts to bloom!—Hilton R. Greer in Lippincott's.

One View

"God made the country and man made the town." "I suppose the manufacturing of the summer resort fell to the part of the devil, eh?"—Pittsburg Post.

Club Talk

BY GEORGE O. BAKER



TRUE TO HER SEX. "How did she come to accept you the second time you proposed?" "Why, you see, her refusal the first time I proposed made me feel awfully cheap, and, woman-like, she couldn't resist the opportunity to secure a bargain."

EVIDENCE. "The Duke is dead in love with her, isn't he?" "He is prepared to lay all his liabilities at her feet."

A GOOD REASON. "Why did you marry your divorced wife again? Had you no conscience?" "No. By the time I paid her alimony I had nothing to live on, and so I married her for her money."

A WINNER. "Is Wisely successful in his philosophy?" "Oh yes. His wife has supported him for years."

RIGHT IN IT. "Has your estate been settled yet?" "I think so. My lawyer has just bought a new house and a \$15.00 automobile."

DEMAND FOR PUBLIC LANDS

Although there is not a great deal of the remaining public domain that is particularly desirable for agriculture, the demand for what is left continues good. It appears that the last fiscal year was one of the busiest in the history of the government land service. More cash was taken in and more patents were issued than in any year for some time. The cash receipts from all sources amounted to over \$7,500,000 and final entries and selections were made to the number of 135,000. Sixty thousand land patents of all classes were issued during the year. The public lands available for profitable cultivation are thus being rapidly taken up and the exhaustion of the supply can be a matter of only a few years. When that time comes there will ensue a larger demand for lands of private ownership, so that half a century hence most of the great single farms at present will have been divided up, with the necessary result of materially increasing production, since many of these large farms are now only partially cultivated. Another effect will be to advance the price of good lands generally and probably to reduce to cultivation the acreage that at present are nonproductive.—Chicago Journal.

MOTOR CARS ARE MADE IN INDIA

Hindu philosophical genius has long been famous; Hindu mechanical genius is now developing. A company is about to be formed for the purpose of introducing a service of motor omnibuses in the neighborhood of Poona, India. India is also in a far way of placing itself beyond any position of depending on cars made by foreign industry, since motor cars are now being successfully produced by native Indian labor. The seat of this Indian industry is situated at Bangalore and employs some 150 hands, who have been engaged in turning out cycles and, latterly, motor cars. A signal demonstration of the company's abilities in this direction has been recently afforded on the occasion of the visit of the prince of Wales to Mysore, where a motor car, constructed entirely by native Indian labor, was placed at the disposal of his royal highness. The car in question is described as three-seated and of six and a half horse-power, with water cooled engine. The finish throughout is equal to the higher grade cars imported into the country, while the cost is about \$350 less. Its speed has been registered as thirty miles an hour. The same company is also stated to have instituted a record in native bicycle construction, turning out on one occasion three fully plated machines with special requirements in thirty-six hours.

MOVING ON INSTALLMENT PLAN

An expressman who called at a Ninety-second street boarding house for two trunks was asked by the landlady where they were going. "I don't know," he said. "You see, I do only half the hauling. I will take the things to our office and somebody else will take them the rest of the way. The boss at the desk will know the address. The moving is done on the installment plan to keep you folks here from finding out where the other people went. They were afraid to give me the number for fear you might worm it out of me, so they told it to nobody but the manager. Lots of people who move often make the trip in sections like that. Half the time when I take a trunk away from a boarding house I don't know where it will wind up. That is generally done when there has been a row and the folks who leave don't want to be followed. Been a little trouble here, I imagine." He added tentatively, "Yes, the boss at the desk will tell a little."—New York Sun.

THE PEDDLER

Has he at home a wife and child in need of every penny that he brings them back? Has he, perhaps, an older mouth to Children and parents both, to feel the lack?

Or has he under some concealing board Enough and more, to keep him till he dies? Is he an evening greedy of his board, A meander and a richer man than I?

Be as it may, the stakes are pretty small, Beside the chance of helping where it's due. And if it matters any way at all, The losing of a dime, it's not to you.

For, just as I did, first you had to look And found your yellow loaves getting old— And that's the kind of shoestrings that But he it was who bought and we who sold.

—Walter Brynner, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

If a voter—etc. Coming to the poll; If a voter to a voter; Then a voter good roll; Under the fifth rib— If he says he's a voter—and doesn't— Isn't that a fib? If a voter tell a voter, What he thinks is right; If a voter cuss a voter, Why, pray, should they fight? Voters have their choice, I reckon; None, they say, are fly; But all the candidates want votes, So why pass any by? A scientist says the hebo is degenerating into an ape. That's an insult to the ape. That Spokane man who is erecting a monument over his pet donkey needs two.

Frank James, the ex-bandit, is going to live in Texas. He ought to find room there.

The entertainment for charity also covers a multitude of sins.

Palm—Why was that deaf mute arrested? Pepper—To get a hearing.

Funny how busy idle curiosity always is.

Hearst is talking into phonographs. His adherents thus hear "their master's voice."

No Slime on the Floor. The dance in Hoosek's hall was exceptionally fine, taking into consideration the murky sky and slimy roads.—Olivia (Min.) Review.

G. B. Shinn's attack on the Ten Commandments is the first indication of familiarity with them that he has displayed.

There will be three New York men in the next cabinet. Isn't Teddy afraid he'll depopulate the party in the Vampire state?

Cuba will find that he certainly was "Big Bill" Taft when it comes to settle with him.

A New York play is called "Clothes." Must be a novelty to see an actress in 'em.

Can You Blame Him? The Rev. J. E. Bell, state chaplain of the G. A. R. and pastor of the Central Christian church of this city, refused to kill pretty Dolla Reed-Byrne after he had united her in marriage to Asa Byrne, a young barber of Spiceland, Ind.—South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.

There are 5000 varieties of bees, but only the political bee has a fatal sting.

Poppy—The man I wed must be a hero. Palm—He will be.

How would "Sic Transit" do as a motto for travelers by sea?

When politicians fall out, citizens get their dues—maybe.

Edwin Markham is out for Hearst, but the latter has sidetracked any ode as yet.

Empty heads usually hold retreating tongues.

Mr. Rockefeller recommends the use of oil to collect the dust. He ought to know, as he collected most of his that way.

Are the doctors who are declaring Harry Thaw insane aware that an insane man doesn't have to pay his doctor bills?

Dr. Parkhurst says a man can be wicked without being rich. Yes, but in that event he has to usually pay the penalty.

When a man claims he won a "moral" victory it means he has had the stuffing licked out of him.