

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President ROBERT M. YOST, Editor-in-Chief S. H. LAVERTY, Business Manager

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Were you there? 'Rah for Bell! The camera didn't lie. Did you hear that Bell? All over but the balloting. Those shouts are still echoing. Ruef wasn't there; notice that? Governor Bell, after Tuesday. Look at the picture. That's all. That rally elects Bell, hands down. Didn't see Abe Ruef there, did you? Wasn't it a whooper, as well as a whopper? Ruef's hand on Gillett's shoulder. That tells the tale. 'Herrin and Hearst,' Ruef and Gillett. There you are. Where was Abe Ruef? Helping Gillett, of course. Ruef and Gillett: The twin evils that threaten California. Langdon, in a prize fighters' den. Was just where he belonged. How would California like Abe Ruef as Gillett's deputy governor? Don't believe your ears; look at the picture. The camera can't lie. Do your ears ache? It was enthusiastic around Chutes park, eh? The S. P. is tightening up its cinches. Vote for Bell and freedom. Shall Abe Ruef govern California through Gillett, Hearst through Langdon, or the people through Bell? Nothing at all compared to the army of voters who will march to the polls and deposit Bell ballots Tuesday. Still, it can't be denied that Ruef's shoulder upbears the loving weight of Gillett's hand. None can deny that. The people of Southern California are showing a disposition of late to govern themselves, "just to see how it feels once."

Elect Langdon, and put Abe Ruef into office. Elect Gillett and secure him a free pardon. Elect Bell, and Ruef gets his punishment. A vote for Gillett is a vote for Ruef and the S. P. A vote for Langdon is a vote for Hearst. A vote for Bell is a vote for the people.

Theodore A. Bell will be the next governor, in spite of the orders issued to the contrary by Harriman, Herrin, Parker and Abe Ruef.

Again has Langdon run away from the duties he swore to do, and is down here windjamming. That isn't the sort of man California wants for governor.

Governor Bell will give to the people of California such a clean, dignified and business-like administration as will place the state twenty years ahead of itself.

With Theodore A. Bell in the governor's office there will be no more Abe Ruefs, Herrins and Parkers in power. His election will smash the machine beyond hope of re-ir.

The three transcontinental railroads centering in Los Angeles report that during the past sixty days they have carried into California an average of 1500 colonists per day—or persons coming here under the colonist rate. That means, at a conservative estimate, 1000 additions a day to the population of Southern California and at the very least an addition of 600 a day to the permanent population of Los Angeles. In other words, 36,000 people have located in this city during the last sixty days. More than that, the rush is increasing daily, and during the next ten days the arrival of colonists will be simply enormous. And that will be followed by the tourist rush. Do you wonder that this great city develops by leaps and bounds?

CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN

With rousing rallies throughout the state the Democratic campaign in California closed last night and the party now submits its arguments, its facts and its appeals to the votes of the people.

In many respects the campaign has been a remarkable one, and it will go down in local history as the most magnificent struggle for political liberty and for the restoration of free government ever known in the state. The belief is universal that at the polls next Tuesday the Southern Pacific bosses and the Southern Pacific machine will be completely overthrown, but whatever the result the Democrats have the satisfaction of knowing that they exerted every honest effort to show to the people of California the way out of the wretched entanglement by which they had become the merest serfs of the railroad corporation.

Six months ago the California Democracy promised to make this fight for the people, on the people's own terms. It promised, first, to reorganize and reform itself and to harmonize, with its best leaders in command; it promised, second, to name a clean, wholesome, strong ticket, one that every honest man in the state would be proud to vote; and, third, it promised to fight valiantly, early and late, the monstrous machine which has been set up in California and perpetuated by such shameless bosses as Abe Ruef, William F. Herrin, Walter Parker and the Southern Pacific railway interests.

All these promises have been faithfully and honorably fulfilled. The Democracy at Sacramento booted William R. Hearst out of the party and put real Democratic leaders to the front. It unanimously nominated for governor a former congressman and native son, Theodore A. Bell, whose first declaration was that he intended to denounce Herrin and Hearst and the whole Southern Pacific machine in every county in the state. Mr. Bell has carried the war into the remotest corners of California, and has conducted himself so nobly and blamelessly as to enable every man to say: "Here is a Californian upon whom we can depend and in whom we can place our trust and confidence. He will be a governor of whom the state need never be ashamed."

In all the heat and acrimony of the campaign not a breath of suspicion has been blown against the private life or public character of Theodore A. Bell. He emerges from the fight, as he entered it, a splendid gentleman, fit to adorn any position within the gift of his native state.

The whole state Democratic ticket, in fact, is truly representative of the people and not a nominee thereon but who has brought honor and respect to the ticket.

Constant effort has been made to keep steadily in view the one issue of the canvass—the S. P. machine. The Herald, in common with every other Democratic newspaper, has insisted, for more than two years, that reform in the government of California and rapid progress in the development of the state could not be achieved until the shackles of the Southern Pacific machine were broken and the people restored to their rights and liberties. This has been the fight. The result is hardly a matter of doubt.

But all the labors of party and press will cease on the morning of the election. The responsibility of the issue must be shifted to the individual voters and it is for them to say whether they will be freed from machine rule and railroad traffic in offices. If, after all the facts presented to them, they persist in bowing again to the autocracy of Ruef and Herrin, Parker, Hearst and Gillett, the consequences must be upon their own heads.

The Herald believes that the voters are now ready to strike the final blow at machine rule in California, and in that belief it awaits confidently the casting of the ballots and the announcement of the result.

THE SUNSHINE LAND

It should be some satisfaction to every Southern Californian to know that no matter how the election of Tuesday may result the wonderful growth of this part of the state cannot be stopped along its most profitable lines. Whether Bell or Gillett be elected, people are coming here just the same. The way will be easier, the inducement greater, the opportunities increased, the outlook more attractive and the access vastly less hampered, if Bell, free of Southern Pacific machine and rotten Ruef political influences, is chosen; that stands to reason. But the people will come, anyhow.

That is because the glories of Southern California are primarily of God's making and only incidentally are due to the hand of man. Human beings have builded greater cities than this—larger, taller, richer and more populous. Grand as are our structures, they are puny beside those of New York, London and Paris. Superb as our municipality is, it is only a small one compared to the world's metropolises. So that, after all, while man has done his part in providing elegant hotels, superb resorts, lovely parks and all the artificial embellishments that go to augment nature and tend to satisfy superfluous human beings, yet man has only aided and extended where nature has laid the foundations.

For the things that man has done and made are not the things that bring hundreds of thousands of easterners and northerners here every season. These people came before man did anything; they would come if man ceased doing. Man neither brought them nor can man drive them away. These people came because of what God and nature have done here—made this the most beautiful spot on the whole round globe.

the sea; living without the eternal fight with the malign elements which rule elsewhere; the charm of God's out-of-doors, where one may live every day in the year. These things bring the people of less favored regions to California in thousands; who come every year in ever-increasing throngs. Who made these things? Did man? No human being ever lived who could persuade the sun to shine when clouds obscured it; who could hold the rain when nature weeps; who dared even predict warmth when the wintry winds blow cold; who thought of blooming flowers amid the snows.

No; man's part in Southern California has been large; he has made grass to grow where none grew before, and has made rivers to flow that the trees erected great caravansaries for the luxury loving and has furnished the world-weariness amusements galore. But these he but accessories; the hand of God alone made the climate, the scenery; the fruits, the sunshine and the eternal summer. And for what God hath wrought come the many thousands.

So, too, they will keep on coming, no matter what man may do. True, their numbers can be increased or diminished; their way can be made easy or hard; Tuesday will settle that. But in either case the wondrous summer land of Southern California will still exist; the perpetual flood of gold from the god of day will flow as before, undiminished; no flower will be faded by the result, no fruit will be blighted. The land will be as fair, the air as balmy, the sea as opalescent, the hills as evergreen. The destiny of Southern California has been written in letters of gold by the hand of the Almighty himself and all the powers of darkness cannot dim or destroy it.

MR. BELL AND LABOR

Persistent effort by the Republican organs to present Theodore A. Bell in the attitude of a labor agitator, or as a special representative of labor organizations, has failed utterly and signally, for the very good reason that there has never been the slightest foundation for it.

Mr. Bell was unanimously nominated by the Democratic party of California, by the same convention that booted William R. Hearst out of the party; the same convention that treated with contempt the proposition of Abe Ruef to indorse Langdon for governor; the same convention that refused absolutely to treat with the union labor forces, or any of the San Francisco influences; that dominated at Santa Cruz; the same convention that greeted with hisses the names of bosses of the Southern Pacific machine.

If Theodore A. Bell had been a labor agitator, a special union labor representative, or a friend of Abe Ruef or Herrin or Hearst, he would not have been nominated by the state Democratic convention. But being a free, untrammelled, courageous, honest man, experienced in public affairs and in position to serve all classes fairly, he received the unanimous nomination for governor, although he was not a candidate.

At a later date the Union Labor party met in state convention. The fair and honest members of that party voted to indorse, without pledge or promise from him, the Democratic nomination of Theodore A. Bell for governor. This, too, in spite of the fiercest opposition from Ruef and Schmitz, who were acting for Gillett.

That's the whole story, out of which the Republican organs are desperately endeavoring to make some capital, both by misrepresentation and by harping upon a supposed class prejudice. But they can't fool all of the people all of the time. Particularly at this time, when they know that Gillett is in combination with Ruef, Herrin and the Southern Pacific bosses to continue in power the control of the corrupt machine.

In another column will be found a statement from Mr. Bell himself, which will carry conviction with it. It is a manly, straightforward declaration as to his own position and that of Gillett. It is, in fact, the reply of a patriot and a statesman and it will keep Mr. Bell in the confidence and admiration of the people of California.

It would certainly be proper and righteous for all ministers and priests of Los Angeles to urge today upon their hearers that they go to the polls Tuesday and vote intently upon the pending public issue. Preachers can thus help forward the cause of true patriotism. People in these days, it seems, have to be persuaded to exercise the functions of citizenship.

MR. BELL ON LABOR

On Saturday night, September 29, 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 an special class. "Who for that reason I will not say if I am elected I will be the special representative of labor, for if I did you would not believe me, and if I did I would be unworthy to hold 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."

GOVERNMENT WORK FAILS

In two recent instances the federal government has acknowledged that the contract system is preferable to government work. The first example is a resort to the contract system for construction of the Panama canal and the second is the abandonment of postage stamp printing at the federal printing establishment in Washington.

These two examples of admitted failure in work managed by the government are especially interesting because they represent widely different industrial fields. The Panama canal calls for the cheapest and least skilled class of labor. It is mostly ditch digging, and the workers are chiefly Jamaica negroes, Isthmian natives and Chinese. On the contrary, bank note printing, to which class postage stamp printing belongs, represents the highest type of "the art preservative."

The failure of government work at Panama was a surprise and disappointment to supporters of the theory that such work can be operated more economically and better in general respects than by the contract system. It was thought that the prospect for success at Panama was exceptionally bright because President Roosevelt was given a free hand by congress, with practically unlimited resources of every kind. The president himself had the utmost confidence in his ability to manage the work successfully, but the outcome shows that he completely changed his mind.

In the matter of postage stamp printing the conditions also seemed to be favorable for demonstrating the superior advantages of government work. The American Bank Note company had printed all postage stamps from the beginning of the stamp system down to about thirteen years ago. The enormous quantity of stamps required, increasing rapidly with each succeeding year, caused the government to undertake the supply work with its own plant. But with the most complete establishment possible and every apparent advantage, the business is to be abandoned. The American Bank Note company will take the contract again next February 1, and will deliver a daily supply of 27,000,000.

Will you permit the S. P. and Ruef to run the state, by voting for Gillett? Will you permit Hearst to run it, through Langdon? Or will you run it yourself, by electing your own man, Theodore A. Bell?

FOIBLES OF LITERARY MEN

Keats liked red pepper on his toast. Dickens was fond of wearing jewelry. Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat and was ordinarily proud of his feet. Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair."

Alexander Dumas the younger bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute, in order, as he said, to tune up his ideas.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet holes were worn in the carpet.

Longfellow enjoyed walking only at sunrise or sunset, and he said his sublimest moods came upon him at these times.

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

Darwin had no respect for books, and would cut a big volume in two for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism.

Supposition

Mr. Snags—I understand Bliffkins is married. Mrs. S.—Is that so? Who's his wife? Mr. S.—Mrs. Bliffkins, I suppose.—The Bohemian.

DREADFULLY GOOD SWEAVER.

Mr. Saintley—That parrot I bought of you last week swears dreadfully. The Bird Man—You surprise me. I thought he was quite an expert.

SURE OF IT.

O'Reilly—Shure an' there any money in goats? Finnigan—There is money in that wan. O'Reilly—So? Finnigan—Yis. He ate me pocket-book this mornin'.

GET OUT QUICK.

The Boss—Book agents never close the door. Bookkeeper—Carelessness, I guess. The Boss—No; I rather think it's caution.

WANTED TO KNOW.

The Clockmaker—This is a wonderful clock, madam. It will run for three weeks without winding. The Customer—How long will it run if I was wound? The Clockmaker—It will never with her when she was alone!

COULDN'T BE VERY WELL.

Mrs. Stockton Bonds—Stockton, that stenographer of yours is what! I'm able in the habit of wistling when alone! Stockton Bonds—I know. I was never with her when she was alone!

HIS ADVICE.

The Countryman—How can I win at roulette? The City Man—Run the game yourself.

MR. BELL ANSWERS ALL ACCUSATIONS

Democratic Nominee for Governor Makes a Plain, Courageous, Manly Statement Concerning Labor and Ruef and Gillett

By Theodore A. Bell.

I shall not permit myself to be betrayed into resentment or anger by the mendacious attacks made upon me by the local Gillett organ. It is said that you should answer a fool with his own folly, but I shall violate this time-honored precept by meeting the issue in decency and good temper.

The Gillett organ charges that my nomination at the hands of labor demands my defeat. To a poisoned partisan mind this may appear true, but to an enlightened intelligence the indorsement of union labor cannot be considered prejudicial to my cause.

In the same breath that the Gillett organ condemns me it lauds Langdon, who a year ago was nominated and elected by the unions of San Francisco. According to this organ's logic as applied to my case, Langdon could be nothing less than a flend after being elected by organized labor. Let me ask the organ a few questions.

Why has it no rebuke for the man who was nominated at Santa Cruz only through a combination between the Southern Pacific, Ruef and Schmitz, and pursuant to a deal whereby Ruef and Schmitz, in case of Gillett's election, are to control the water front patronage in San Francisco, through the appointment of two out of three harbor commissioners?

Gillett is Silent

Doesn't the Gillett organ know this to be true and that Gillett and his friends have not dared to deny the deal, because the proof is overwhelming? Why doesn't the organ persuade Gillett to dismiss Ruef from his campaign committee? Ruef is still retained as one of the twenty-two managers and advisers of Gillett. In my case the Gillett organ's logic proceeds as follows:

Bell has been nominated by the unions of California. In San Francisco the unions have elected Schmitz three times as mayor. Ruef is the special counsel for the mayor and takes an active part in politics there. Therefore if Bell is elected he will be subservient to Ruef. Yet the organ is so dull of comprehension, or so warped party passion that it cannot reason that if Gillett was nominated by Ruef after a division of the spoils that, therefore, upon Gillett's head and not mine should be poured the vials of the organ's wrath.

The Gillett organ is not acting in good faith toward its readers. It cannot be ignorant of the fact that if Ruef is permitted to control the water front patronage at San Francisco this will go a long way toward perpetuating Ruefism in that city.

Nothing to Do with Ruef

The charge that Ruef is in any way connected with my candidacy is absurdly false. Not only is it false, but those who are propagating the lie do so willfully, knowingly and maliciously. While my home is but forty-five miles from San Francisco I have met Ruef but once in my life and that was through a casual introduction to him in a San Francisco restaurant about a year and a half ago.

I have not seen Mayor Schmitz for probably three years; when I met him last at a fraternal meeting in Oakland, I solemnly repeat that I have never communicated with either Ruef or Schmitz, directly or indirectly, concerning my fight for governor.

Both of them opposed my nomination by organized labor, for one of the terms of the Santa Cruz compact was that Ruef and Schmitz would do their utmost to prevent labor from indorsing the Democratic nominee.

Labor Unfavorable to Gillett

They kept their word with Gillett and Hearst so far as they could, and strenuously opposed my nomination, but without avail.

It will be recalled that before any conventions were held the American Federation of Labor decided to take part in the politics of each state. Here in California Gillett was not looked upon with favor because he had been unfriendly toward labor while in congress. Langdon was regarded as the

Is Wholly Unpledged

My nomination by labor came to me honorably and without any compromising restrictions, and I can truthfully and conscientiously say to the people of this state that not a single pledge or promise has been made by me to any man, class or interest that I am not now willing to publish to the world.

My nomination by the Democracy and by union labor came to me unsolicited; but of course I am ambitious to win. I wish to become governor of California, not to promote any selfish desires, but only for the sake of the great power that I shall then possess to advance the best interests of my native state and the general welfare of the people.

Has Had Experience

I have held public office for ten years and have always fought on the side of clean government. I have not changed my position nor my views and after the first of January as the chief magistrate of this state I propose to wage a relentless war against all corruptionists, whether corporate or individual.

I ask only for a square deal, a fair, impartial consideration of my claims, and I believe I shall receive this at the hands of the people of the southland, whose friendly greetings have assured me that I am not here regarded as an enemy of public order and decency or a defender of wrong-doing in public or private life.

A SHOOTING GALLERY SECRET

The beach was empty. The boardwalk was dead. The shooting gallery man was packing to go south for the winter. "Do you see this glass ball?" he said. It was a ball of hollow glass, an airy glass soap bubble, that had swung all summer at the end of a thread in the foreground of the clay pipes, bells and whatnot that had made up the gallery's ornaments.

"This glass ball," the man went on, "is my great money maker. All summer long people tried to hit this ball—it was bigger and heavier than any other target—and everybody failed. Thousands of bullets were fired at the ball; thousands of nickels were spent on it; yet here it is, still untouched, my best breadwinner."

All wise shooting gallery men have a glass ball like this. It makes such a tempting target; yet it is never hit. It is never hit because the air that precedes a gun charge is sufficient to blow the ball aside, out of the way. You might fire a hundred shots at it, but like a living thing, like a timid soldier, for instance, it would dodge each shot."

Spoudulix

A wad of money, now and then, is resplished by the poorest men. Money loves company. Money dies from lack of exercise. A dollar changed is a dollar gone. A dollar always has something to do. Bad money has no redeeming traits. Money rarely comes when it is called. Spoudulix greases the way to perdition.

An idle dollar is the spendthrift's workshop. A dollar in the hand is worth two in the promise.—The Bohemian.

Afraid of It

Tomson—I'd give anything to break myself of walking in my sleep. Johnson—Why don't you have your wife tie a string to you at night? Tomson—I'm afraid if she got in the habit of it she'd want to keep it up in the day time.—Detroit Free Press.

A Jubilee of Joy

BY RYAN WALKER



Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Did You? Oh, say, did you see by the moon's light, when I light, whom so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

While the shores rose so great, and the bands played with might, And the people acclaimed, while the red fire was blowing. In the rocket's red glare, While the cheers rent the air; Oh, say, did you see that our Bell was still there!

Oh, long may Bell rule o'er this people so brave, And we'll all vote for him, so our state he may save!

Editors should no longer refer to Mr. Bertha Krupp as a poor man. He may have been once, but he isn't now.

New York has started a move to elevate the chorus girl. The whole girl, not the toes only.

Kansas and Nebraska say they need windmills. If windjammers will do, they can get plenty after election.

That Chicago girl who advertised herself for sale came to the usual yards and waiting for the Hearst yellow. She sold herself, all right.

Poppy—Her mind is above dress. Magnolia—Yes, she talks millinery all the time.

A Pittsburg bank clerk lost \$350 on a royal flush. Couldn't he find a chorus girl loose?

The campaign book arguments may be all right, but the pocketbook wins more votes.

Gabby Little Bird A little bird told us that Dan Cosgrove is contemplating matrimony; that Dutch Hamburg wishes he was a poor little fly; that Charlie heard from Sallie again last night; that you should whistle at Tobe Fischer, then look at his imitation of a jumping jack; that the ladies on his route say "Vic Collin can just make the sweetest goo-goo eyes"; that Joe "Daddy" Kietliery says that he has horse told him they were glad fly time was over; that Walter Stretz must stop making himself look so pretty, or some one is sure to steal him.—Boonville (Mo.) Times.

Hearst classes himself with Jefferson and Lincoln. Those dead ones. Any one needing a stork advise T. R. Some one sent him two.

Pansy—I never dreamed you'd kiss me again, will you. Palm—Dreams go by contraries, you know.

Will candidates whose election "saves the country" get no medals? Dr. Hillis asks "What type of man shall rule?" New York answers: "Not the poster type."

No wonder campaign orators make heated arguments. Look at the "hot air" they generate.

The way San Francisco is acting you'd think the April earthquake was Divine punishment, and needed it, too. Do the Hearst corporations pay the Hearst campaign funds? Isn't that against the law?

Bosses on Parade (With due apologies.) "Wat's all this gabberin' that we hear?" says S. P. on parade. "The honest folks are all stirred up," the anti-bosses said.

"Wat's eatin' 'em? Wat's eatin' 'em?" says S. P. on parade. "They can't forget that great flim-flam," the anti-bosses said.

"How their true and lawful delegates who met at Santa Cruz Were chucked aside by Herrin, Ruef, Boss Parker and the booze, And they're waiting for election day, to show you all whose whos, So it's Bell they'll be electing in the morning!"

"Wat's all the trampin' that I hear?" asks S. P. on parade. "The voters marching to the polls," the anti-bosses said.

"Wat's this they're totin' in their fists?" asks S. P. on parade. "The ballots they will cast for Bell," the anti-bosses said.

"And those white and many weapons, as they rally to the job, Will spell down and out to Herrin, Ruef and all this dirty mob; And Gillett they'll smite a whacker, right on his obtrusive nob! For it's Bell they'll be electing in the morning!"

"Who's all the hoboes dressed in black?" says S. P. on parade. "The hirelings of the S. P. boss," the anti-bosses said.

"Whose stiff is that they're goin' 't plant?" asks S. P. on parade. "Boss Ruef's Gillett they're going to Hearst," the anti-bosses said.

"And there's walling in their throats, and there's cussings in their throats, As the body up Salt river to its last oblivion it floats; In its winding sheet and cements of 20,000 votes! For it's Bell they'll be electing in the morning!" —W. H. C.

SLEEP AWAY

De moon shine bright an' de night birds deep, An' de shadders roun' de cabin dehd slowly creep, De gray owl hoot, an' de night winds say, "Sleep, mah li' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

De whippoorwill call lak his li' heart grieves, Fum his nes' up yondah in de rustlin' leaves; De spooks dey cum in de twilight gray "Sleep, mah li' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

De night cum down an' de dew get cold, An' de pore li' lam's seek de warm shod; When dey cuddle up close, an' de tinkle bell say, "Sleep, mah li' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

Yoh ole black man' she will rock an' sing, Rock, rock, rock, lak an' angel's wing; Rock to de lan' when de sweet dreams sway— "Sleep, mah li' kinky haid, sleep away, away."

Somewhat Ambiguous

Jiggs—Why did Jekinson give up his club when he got married? Biggs—Well, he said his wife could always find him there when he went out nights.—The Bohemian.

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