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PROTECTIVE TARIFF IS NEEDED

The election is over and the free trade party won, but just the same, the tariff is not settled. The news of every day emphasizes the fact that this country simply must get back to a protective tariff basis, not only to produce revenue but also as a measure of defense for our industrial institutions and the men dependent upon them for a living.

Yesterday's news dispatches contained a note of alarm for those who are giving the matter serious thought. It was the message from the United States commercial attaché at the American embassy in London who reported that the proposed British high tariff for use after the war will work a hardship upon American manufacturers who export to Britain. This hardship may be so severe that it will compel the American manufacturers to build branch factories in England, said the attaché.

Now analyze the situation portrayed by the attaché and it is apparent at once that Great Britain's new tariff is going to stop competition between Americans and Britons for the British market. In other words, Great Britain is going to preserve the British trade for the British manufacturers. If American manufacturers want to continue doing business in Britain, they will have to build branch factories there; if they do that, it can only mean that the American factories will either be closed completely or in part. Can you figure it out any other way?

But the shutting up of the factories in America that do export business is not the chief menace the situation presents. Experience shows that industries flourish under protection. Very well then, when the Britons find themselves protected in their own market from outside competition, they will immediately begin expanding in order to extend their markets. And the government will help them in this as much as possible because it is imperative that industrial activity in England be intensified so that the war debt can be paid.

The people of England are being put through a course of training under the stern stress of war necessity, that is teaching them efficiency and frugality such as they have never exhibited or known before. Under any circumstances they would be dangerous competitors, but with the tariff preserving their own market, and with a low tariff or no tariff barring them from American markets, just imagine what will be the result.

Without question, the protected Britons could put the American manufacturers out of business. With light labor costs and no tariff duties to pay, and with efficiency in industrial methods which we cannot equal, they will be able to undersell our manufacturers in spite of any claim to the contrary.

When that happens, it means American factories will have to close up. It means that American workmen will lose their jobs. It means suffering, hard times, panic and disaster. And lastly it means a return to the protective tariff because under such circumstances a tariff is necessary before American manufacturers can make a profit. And if they don't make a profit they cannot and will not do business. You wouldn't either.

There are rumors that President Woodrow Wilson sees the danger in a low tariff and is considering a protective tariff to become effective after the war. If he adopts protection then he will have wiped out the fundamental difference between a republican and a democrat and the republicans who voted for Hughes will get at the hands of Hughes' opponent that for which they contended.

And furthermore, if Wilson turns to protective tariff principles, then indeed will there be basis for the claim that the recent election abolished party lines, for then it could be truthfully said that the democrats had stolen the chief thunder of the republican party—the protective tariff, which stands for prosperity.

THE DIMINISHING DOLLAR

The average total family income including women and children, is between \$700 and \$800 a year in the United States, according to statistics given out by the American Society for Thrift. Between 1900 and 1914 the average increase in the retail prices of food was about 60 per cent, while wages increased a little less than 30 per cent. No matter what may be the cause of this condition the moral is plain: The average American of the future must be thrifty.

Our population is increasing at the rate of 4,423 a day. Statisticians estimate that within a few years this increase will reach 10,000 a day. There will then be even greater cause for thrift.

A movement is on foot in the National Education Association, the official organization of school teachers of America, for devising plans of teaching thrift in our schools. This means beginning at the foundation, points out the American Society for Thrift, and the results on the happiness, prosperity and security of the

Breaking the New York Gangs

I.—The Gunman and His Works. By Frederic J. Haskin

New York, Nov. 14.—These are lean days in gangland. Never have so many of the leading lights of New York's underworld found themselves unwilling guests of the state. Owen Madden, boss of the famous gang known by his name, and one of the most powerful criminal leaders of the town, is doing twenty years. Ten or more of the jungle gang are behind the bars and leading members of the Hudson Dusters, the Corcoran Roost gang, the Bob Walker gang, the Williamsburg Savages, the Golden Eagles, the Pansy gang, the Slaughter House gang, the Sucker Bills, the Rats and the Pearl Buttons are in jail, mostly for long bits.

Many of these gangs are indeed little more than brave memories now. And for most of the gangsters who remain at large, times are exceedingly grim. Carrying a gun in New York is getting to be so hazardous that it hardly pays. The old time dance hall rackets are becoming painfully tame and ordinary, not to mention the fact that they are no longer so profitable. Dope selling is beset by new and distressing difficulties. So gangland is passing through a crisis in its career. Many of the gangsters are finding their New York headquarters so untenable that they are moving to nearby places on the Jersey coast, to the great distress of small town police chiefs. But pickings are slim outside of the big town. The most humiliating thing of all has happened. Many a once self-respecting gangster has had to go to work for a living. The police have positive knowledge of a number of such unusual cases and they are helping these men all they can, for a gangster holding down a job is better than one behind the bars.

This unusual state of stress in one of New York's oldest professional circles is due to a special campaign against the gangs, which has been inaugurated by the present police administration under Commissioner Arthur Woods. The campaign consists, in the first place, of an effort to eliminate the political element from the gangland problem. This is a delicate matter and a delicate subject to discuss. Suffice it to say that the gangster is a professional repeater; he considers it a poor election day that he does not vote a dozen times. He is also a bully at the polls and makes a profession of staging those little rackets which afford an opportunity for stuffing ballot boxes. And so it happens that when he is caught, he is not always convicted and when convicted he sometimes gets a surprisingly short sentence.

Now anyone in touch with gangland will admit that there is a change. Such a knowing one will tell you that when some gangster is about to get a "short bit," the commissioner often "goes to the front;" somebody gets called down and the short bit becomes a long one. Translate it to suit yourself. Probably no one is claiming that all the politics have been taken out of gangland, but there is reason to believe that the gang leader is finding his political affiliations are not the crutch to his injured fortunes which they once were.

The second element in the campaign against gangland takes the form of two well organized squads, totaling between twenty and thirty men, who devote all of their time to the problem of uprooting the criminal organizations. In this connection, meet Sergeant Jimmie Finn, leader of the largest gang squad and chief field officer of the campaign. Sergeant Finn is a slender blonde youth, neatly dressed and softly spoken. He is thirty-four years old and looks nearly ten years less. By his own statement he was born on the east side and knew all the gangs and gangsters before he joined the force twelve years ago. And according to common report, both within and without the department, his middle name is battle.

Sergeant Finn probably knows more about the strange ways and personalities of New York gangland than any other man in New York. Also he observes that publicity makes gangsters. If these newspaper fellows didn't write so much about the gunmen, he thinks there wouldn't be so many gunmen to write about. So don't let this account tempt you to a life of crime.

In spite of all the front page space that has been devoted to the more spectacular gang crimes, the place of these unique organizations in New York society has probably never been clearly set forth in print. For a place in the social organization they undoubtedly have. They exist in relation to the roots of the complicated strata of the city's life and that is what makes them so hard to combat. The political activities of the New York gangster have been set forth above. He is also the Hessian in the battle between capital and labor. Both sides use him and use him regularly. The gang leader is a criminal with a

future American will be beyond comprehension.

There are over 40,000 workers in America, and each worker began now to save a dime a day the aggregate accumulations would reach \$1,465,750,976 a year, or if each saved a dime a week the total would be \$208,819,317. The saving of a dime a month by each worker would amount to \$48,189,093, or only a dime a year would mean \$4,015,750. American Society for Thrift statistics show that 95 per cent of men are dependent upon their daily earnings, or on others, for support at the age of 60 and that not one man in 30 who retires with a competency is able to retain that competency to the close of life. These are things for the patriotic American to think about. This is a nation of manifest destiny, but there are evil days ahead unless our people begin at once the practices of thrift.

SAMMIE LITTLETAIL IN A TRAP

Once upon a time there lived in a small house built underneath the ground two curious little folks, with their father, their mother, their un-

talent for organization and enough nerve to dominate cowards, who can deliver a certain number of strong arm or gunmen at call. In addition to these activities, the gangster is a professional murderer and will kill at the behest of anyone who makes the inducement strong enough. These are the chief services of the gangster to society. On his own account he is a "white slaver," a merchant of cocaine or opium, often a petty usurer and makes both a business and a pleasure of his "rackets" or balls, which are the most typical phase of gang life. A racket is usually given by one gang or one gang leader. Tickets are sold to small shop keepers and other persons who are afraid to refuse to buy them. Also, the members of other friendly gangs come as a tribute to the leader; and the members of hostile gangs attend on errands of vengeance. At the rackets, gangland congregates, fights its duels, follows its loves and incidentally adds a few dollars to its income.

Such is gangland's way of living. Contrary to popular opinion, most of its members are thieves, and they are not unless they are unable to get enough money by these easier, safer and as it were, more conventional methods. Most of the gangs, to be sure, include some pickpockets and when needed, a gang leader will "stick up" a gambling hall, dive, or other place of doubtful repute, the proprietor of which dare not squeal. But the gangster prefers his regular professional ways of making a living.

Sergeant Finn estimates that there are four thousand gangsters in and about New York, mostly "about" in. At the present time it is probable that over a thousand of these are in confinement, a large number of others are rusticating in nearby states and quite a few are working for a living. The rest are the subject of incessant attentions from the gang squad.

Since the gangster is primarily a professional burglar and murderer, the methods of campaigning against him are primarily two. In the first place, every effort is made to take his weapons away from him and jail him for carrying them. In the second place, every resource of police and detective method and ingenuity is brought to bear on the solution of murder cases. Not a few of New York's "unsolved" murder mysteries are well planned gangster killings. To make murder a more hazardous business and one of the surest ways of breaking the gangs.

The regular work of the gang squad consists in visiting the dance halls, saloons and restaurants where gangland gathers, and in searching the inmates, one and all, for weapons. The revolver is, of course, the gangster's chief reliance, and most of his killings are perpetrated with it. He is generally a poor shot and tries to get within five or six feet of his victim and shoot him in the back. Usually he aims his own head away as he pulls the trigger. In a word, his method is that of a dub and a coward. But he has a sure, animal cunning in planning his assault. Always there are half a dozen or more who shoot, so that it is difficult to prove which one did the killing, who was the aggressor, or anything else about the fracas. After the shooting, which takes place very quickly, the gangster nearly always throws away his gun and the hat he is wearing, puts on another that has been concealed about his person, makes a short run through alleys or over housetops and reappears as a respectable citizen.

It would seem an easy matter to disarm gangland by continual search, and undoubtedly great progress has been made in this way. The increased number of pen knife cuttings on the police buttons show that gangster is losing his weapons. But against his cunning comes to the fore, a leader nearly always has a subordinate to carry him, so that the man who is most wanted is hard to get. Often the subordinate is a woman and when it comes to concealing things about her person a woman has well known advantages. For example, when Tavalachi, the Italian gangster went to a racket for the express purpose of killing a rival, he took with him a girl named Dolan, who was very pretty and elaborately dressed. The detectives had word that there was to be a killing at this racket. They stood at the door and searched every gangster as he went in. Not a gun was found. They did not search the women, but they noted that Mary Dolan carried a large muff.

Now there are two stairways leading up to the hall. When Tavalachi and his girl had passed in a detective ran up the opposite stairway and down the other, intercepting the gunman. The girl was just handing him a large revolver out of her muff. Tavalachi got two years and nine months.

Such is the routine business of getting the gunman's gun. Catching him at work is another matter and how it is done will be set forth in the next article.

And Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy. Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy was the nurse, hired girl and cook, all in one, and the reason she had such a funny name was because she was a funny cook. She had long hair, a sharp nose, a very long tail and the brightest eyes you ever saw. She could stay under water a long time, and was a fine swimmer. In fact Fuzzy-Wuzzy was a big muskrat, and the family she worked for was almost as strange as she was.

There was Papa Littletail, Mamma Littletail, Sammie Littletail, Susie Littletail and Uncle Wiggly Longears. The whole family had very long ears and short tails; their eyes were rather pink and their noses used to twinkle, just like the stars on a frosty night. Now you have guessed it. This was a family of bunny rabbits, and they lived in a nice hole, which was called a burrow, and which they had dug under ground in a big park on the top of a mountain, back of Orange. Not the kind of oranges you eat, you know, but the name of a place, and a very nice place, too.

In spite of her strange name, and the fact that she was a muskrat, Jane

Fuzzy-Wuzzy was a very good cook and quite kind to the children bunnies, Sammie and Susie. Besides looking after them, Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy used to sweep the burrow, make up the beds of leaves and grass, and go to market to get bits of carrots, turnips or cabbage, which last Sammie and Susie liked better than ice cream.

Uncle Wiggly Longears was an elderly rabbit, who had the rheumatism, and he could not do much. Sometimes when Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy was very busy he would go after the cabbage or turnips for her. Uncle Wiggly Longears was a wise rabbit, and as he had no other home, Papa Littletail let him stay in a warm corner of the burrow. To pay for his board the little bunnies' uncle would give them lessons in how to behave. One day, after he had told them how useful it was to have two holes, or doors, to your burrow, so that if a dog chased you in one, you could go out of the other, Uncle Wiggly said:

"Now, children, I think that is enough for one day, so you may go out and have some fun in the snow."

But first Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy looked out of the back door, and then she looked out of the front door, to see that there were no hunters about. Then Sammie and Susie crept out. They had lots of fun, and pretty soon when they were quite a ways from home, they saw a hole in the ground. In front of it was a nice, juicy cabbage stalk.

"Look!" cried Sammie. "Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy must have lost that cabbage on her way home from the store!"

"That isn't the door to our house," said Susie.

"Yes it is," insisted Sammie, "and I am going to eat the cabbage. I didn't have much breakfast, and I'm hungry."

"Be careful," whispered Susie. "Uncle Wiggly Longears warned us to look on all sides before we ate any cabbage we found."

"I don't believe there's any danger," spoke Sammie. "I'm going to eat it, and he went right up to the cabbage stalk."

But Sammie did not know that the cabbage stalk was part of a trap, but there to catch animals, and no sooner had he taken a bite, than there came a click, and Sammie felt a terrible pain in his left hind leg.

"Oh Susie!" he cried out. "Oh Susie! Something has caught me by the leg! Run home, Susie, as fast as you can, and tell papa!"

Susie was so frightened that she began to cry, but as she was a brave little rabbit girl, she started off toward the underground hole. When she got there she jumped right down the front door hole and called out:

"Oh mamma! Oh papa! Sammie is caught! He went to bite the cabbage stalk, and he is caught in a horrible trap!"

"Caught!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly Longears. "Sammie caught in a trap! That is too bad! We must rescue him at once. Come on!" he called to Papa Littletail, and, though Uncle Wiggly Longears was quite lame with the rheumatism, he started off with Sammie's papa, and tomorrow night I will tell you how they saved the little boy rabbit.

REGISTER WRONG. On several occasions since the recent election the Des Moines Register and Leader has published stories reporting the defeat of J. W. Rowley of Keosauqua, candidate for representative in the state legislature from Van Buren county. The last article brings in the old capitol extension fight and endeavors to show that Mr. Rowley's activity in that hurt him at the polls last Tuesday.

As is generally true, the Register's story would be precisely right if it were not for the fact that it is exactly wrong.

Mr. Rowley was elected by a majority in excess of 100 votes and he will have a seat in the next general assembly. But the Register is still printing stories about his defeat.

LADS' CRIMES BREAK RECORD

YOUNGSTERS, 10 AND 7 YEARS OLD, CHARGED WITH STEALING SIX HORSES.

The black team, single buggy, fur robe blankets and coat belonging to G. F. Ryan of Rutledge, which were taken from in front of the Scoville tabernacle on West Fifth street Sunday evening have been recovered and Everett Brady, aged ten and one half years and his pal Solomon Jeruchemshch, 7 years old, are charged with the theft.

Sheriff George Giltner arrested the lads in a house at 620 East Main street at 10 o'clock Monday night. The older one is in jail awaiting a disposition of the case. The younger one has been allowed to remain with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Jeruchemshch, 531 1/2 and Main street.

From stories told by the youngsters they have a record which exceeds anything ever heard of in the local courts.

They are charged with having stolen six head of horses within the past fifteen days. All the property taken has been recovered with the exception of one set of harness and it is expected to be found by this evening.

Close questioning by Sheriff Giltner and the city officers at the police station revealed some startling plans which the lads have made and carried out during the past two or three weeks.

They took the Ryan rig from in front of the tabernacle and drove it until 10, or 11 o'clock Sunday night. They then tied it in the alley at the rear of the house in which they were arrested. Monday morning the horses were taken from the buggy, hitched to a covered wagon and allowed to stand all day. At nightfall they were again hitched to the buggy and driven to the west end where the boys tried to sell the outfit for \$25.

Other crimes, the lads are accused of committing are the stealing of a coat and buggy from in front of the court house last Friday evening, one from Darner's barn, earlier that week, another from in front of the Y. M. C. A., and another on East Main street.

In every case they would drive the rigs about town and then leave them. Harness taken from the horse at Darner's barn was sold.

The Brady boy says that his father is dead and his mother lives in Davenport. He has been making his home here with relatives whom he claims are his step grandparents.

Sheriff Giltner is in consultation with County Attorney Daugherty this afternoon in regard to the lads' cases. When the matter comes before the district court about the only thing that can be done is to send them to the state industrial school at Eldora.

Dinner Stories

Dr. Abernethy once visited a crusty old laird who was laid up with gout. He wanted to get out with his gun, and was in a temper, and while the doctor was looking at his foot swore roundly at him for tinkering with his toes, and asked him: "Why don't you strike at the root and get me better?" Solemnly the doctor got up, took his walking stick and smashed to pieces a decanter of wine which was standing on the table. The astonished laird sprang to his feet and demanded an explanation. "Oh," said the doctor, "it was only striking at the root."

Rossini tells the following story of Paganini's stinginess: One night, after a very successful concert, he gave the cabman, who drove him to his hotel one franc. The coachman well knew who Paganini was and looking at the solitary piece of money, he said appealingly: "Maestro, you have delighted all Paris tonight. You have earned thousands of francs with your violin, and yet you give me only one solitary franc!"

"Yes," replied the violinist, "but I played on one string. When you can drive me home on one wheel I will give you more."

A little boy, not knowing what to get his ma for a birthday gift, decided to give her a bible.

After he had bought it he did not know what to put on the front page. Looking through some books in a library, he decided to put on the following: "To dear mother, with the author's compliments."

RICHLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pringle, Mrs. M. E. Pringle and Miss Julia Johnson of Keota were recent guests of A. B. Pringle at his country home, and Mrs. Lydia Pringle and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Seaton of this city.

Forty-seven votes, spoiled, were thrown out at the recent election and two votes were challenged.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the M. E. church held their monthly meeting Friday afternoon in the basement of the church where they served lunch to several ladies who enjoyed a social afternoon.

Mrs. Jacob Jones entertained the W. C. T. U. ladies Thursday afternoon.

MANY WITNESSES IN RED OAK LIBEL SUIT

Red Oak, Nov. 15.—Introduction of testimony was begun today in the \$60,000 libel suit of F. F. Jones, former state senator, against J. N. Wilkerson, detective of Kansas City. Counsel informed the court that forty or fifty witnesses will be called for the plaintiff and about ninety for the defense. The jury is composed of eleven farmers and one barber.

The case is an echo of the Willisga axe murders in which J. B. Moore, a business man, his wife, four children and two visitors met death. Jones charges that Wilkerson accused him of being back of the crime. Jones was a business rival of Moore.

DESCRIBES SHACKS WHICH WERE BUILT BY KIT CARSON

Another installment of the accounts of Jim King, in which he tells of the pioneer days on the Santa Fe trail follows. The last story told of the meeting with a relief train with supplies, after the party's foodstuff was running low. This installment describes a settlement of shacks, which were built by Kit Carson. The story is:

The fog in camp that night was dampened somewhat by the serious condition of Stanley, who was unable to leave his bed in the wagon. Parson Brownlow was our medicine man and he pronounced Stanley's condition as serious. The business agent who had left us at Ft. Dodge had kept his word and the grub had arrived and plenty of it as well as what was far more important, feed for our stock. He also sent a letter to Stanley asking him to turn it over to me and answered it giving a synopsis only and promising more when we should meet. The agent had written from Ft. Union but the stock of corn and provisions had been shipped from a mountain town on Rattoon route near Ft. Garland and the grizzled trapper who brought the goods had not seen the agent, nor would he unless by accident, see him when he went back but my letter would be forwarded to him at Fort Union.

Among the delicacies brought by the old trapper was a small barrel of molasses made from Mexican sugar cane and seasoned with spice from Mexican onions. We now had plenty of flour and meal. We decided to have pancakes for our breakfast on the morning and the old trapper took charge as chief caterer. A wash tub was procured and the mixed batter was made and allowed to stand over night and the next morning it was flapjacks and bacon grease and coffee of the best make and they tasted just as good as those our mothers used to make back in America.

We rose that morning with the intention of putting as much ground on our wake as possible. Our stock had been fed a heavy corn feed early and soon everything was ready for another day's going and as the first rays of the morning shot a golden arrow through the foothills we were once more heading westward. The good old trapper told us that we were two hundred miles from Ft. Union and that in ten days travel we would make a junction with the Cimeroon route which crossed the Arkansas river twenty miles above Ft. Dodge. From there the trail was well traveled and in due time we would come to old Camp Carson which was a partisan camp and were placed in the range which is a great spur of the mighty Rockies while to the east stretched the uplifts over which we had just journeyed and which has been described herein.

James King.

COUNT IS VERIFIED

Wilson Seems Certain Of California's Votes and Hughes' Lead in Minnesota is Safe.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 15.—Thirty-three counties in California remained to be heard from today in the official canvass of the presidential election. Early returns from five counties made the difference between the lowest democratic elector and the highest republican elector 5,831, the lowest democrat having that majority.

Both parties admit that a big discrepancy would have to be found in order to change the California result. The first day's work disclosed only minor errors and they practically offset each other. The canvass was resumed today.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 15.—With practically all precincts in the state unofficially reported, Mr. Hughes' plurality over President Wilson in Minnesota today stood at 1,004.

FRAUD AT ELECTION

Attorney General Says He Has Evidence That Colored Men From South Moved Up North.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15.—Investigation of election frauds was discussed briefly today at a conference between President Wilson and Attorney General Gregory.

Later Mr. Gregory declared his investigation will be separate from the one proposed by the senatorial committee. He said the investigation now in progress is entirely non-partisan.

"I have evidence that a large number of negroes from the south moved into northern states within ninety days before the election," the attorney general said, "so far I do not know whether this movement was industrial or political, although some of them attempted to register."

EXTRA CLERKS ARE CHECKING REPORTS

Des Moines, Nov. 15.—Extra clerks today were assigned to tabulation of statements of election expenses being filed by candidates at the last general election with the secretary of state. November 17 is the last date under the law for the filing of statements of election expense.

Thus far most of the statements received have come from candidates for the state senate and house. Today, however, the state officers and congressional account began coming in. The statements of Congressman F. P. Woods showed that he spent \$1,474 and C. W. Ramseyer \$845.15. W. G. North of Davenport, democratic candidate for secretary of state, filed an account today for \$150.

Clerks report that a greater number of expense accounts showing money expended have been filed this year by socialist and prohibition candidates than ever before.

HOUSE AT WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15.—Col. E. M. House, President Wilson's close personal friend and political adviser, was a white house visitor today.

MANY DID NOT OBSERVE RULES

EXAMINATION OF BALLOTS USED LAST WEEK SHOWS DISREGARD FOR INSTRUCTIONS.

Examination of ballots, used in last Tuesday's general election, brings out some facts which almost startle from the standpoint of the voter's intelligence on the use of his ballot.

Many, many of them did not mark the squares for state supreme court judges. These, however, were on a non-partisan ticket and were placed in the extreme upper right hand corner of the ballot and could have been easily overlooked.

The use of stickers was confined principally for the office of the unexpired term for sheriff and for some of the township places, but the little gummed slips landed in every square on the ballot. Even some were pasted over the name of the presidential candidate.

One man, after voting for his choice and marking the square opposite his name, wrote "yes" in front of each name. Another marked every square on the ballot.

DECREE HELD VOID

Russian Government Warns Poland That it is Still an Integral Part of the Czar's Empire.

London, Nov. 15.—The diplomatic representatives of Russia, wires Reuters' Petrograd correspondent, have been instructed to hand to the governments to which they are accredited the following protest against the Austro-German proclamation establishing the Polish kingdom:

"In defiance of the laws of nations the German and Austro-Hungarian military authorities at Warsaw and Lublin have proclaimed the Russian provinces of Poland henceforth to form a separate state.

The imperial Russian government protests against this act as a fresh violation of an international convention solemnly sworn to by Austria-Hungary and Germany and declares it null and void. It reaffirms that the provinces of the kingdom of Poland have not ceased to form an integral part of the Russian empire and that their inhabitants will be bound by the oath of fidelity which they took to the emperor, my august master."

BRITONS MAKING USE OF CHINESE

London, Nov. 15.—The official London Gazette announces that Lieut. Col. B. C. Fairfax of the Liverpool regiment, has been appointed to the command of the Chinese labor corps. This is the first announcement of the organization of such a corps in the British army.

For several months a large number of Chinese and Indo-Chinese laborers have been employed in France. Some reports have placed the number of these coolies at as high as 100,000.