

## DAILY COMMENT ON PEOPLE AND THINGS

It was a cold enough day yesterday as far as the doings of the weather man were concerned, but—

It was a darn sight colder for ten of our breezy city's aldermen in the election booths. They were frozen out.

And the women had a little blizzard all their own in three wards. Eleventh, Sixteenth and Twenty-third wards please reply.

If, with only two-thirds of women voting, the fair sex can swing things as they did Tuesday, it ought to be mighty interesting at the final election with the whole bunch casting a vote.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief—they all voted for and against somebody yesterday.

And now the vacant store windows about our town will take their part in election doings.

'Twon't be long before every Tom, Dick and Harry, and we mustn't forget to include every Hazel, Ruth and Mary, aldermanic candidates, will be gazing at passersby out of posters stuck in show windows, stuck on fences and stuck on anything else hanging loose about town.

And a bunch of the candidates are bound to be stuck on election day.

Well, anyway, the primaries are all over but the shoutin', and "there ain't goin' to be no shoutin'" in some places.

Police picked up a seven-year-old boy on South Halsted street and held him until his dad called for him, because the lad had an air rifle.

The difference between that youngster and a good many men who parade Halsted street is that you could see the boy's gun.

And, also, the police were game enough to hold him.

Wonder if the police kept the air rifle for future use. And was it a hot-air rifle?

Now, here is a difficult problem!

Judge Foell has ruled that the four members of the school board ousted by Mayor Harrison are entitled to their seats.

And, at the same time, four others are occupying the seats taken away from the four who are evidently able to "come back."

Get your seats for another scrap. It looks as though somebody has got to sit on somebody else's lap.

With an earthquake and blizzard in the same month, New York tango dancers must be considerably shaken up.

Should think they would be "dippy."

We think we will originate a new dance and call it the "Housemaids' Knee." How's that?

Looks like a new fight center is about to be established.

The Justice of Peace in Wilkes-barre, Pa., says he's going to beat up every man brought before him for wife-beating, even if he is as big as a mountain.

Now there ought to be some interesting bouts pulled off in that locality.

The butter and egg board is up before Judge Landis, accused of fixing artificial prices.

Anything doing anywhere in the line of artificial butter? We are merely inquisitive.

### STATE TO AID IN DEADLOCK?

Philadelphia, Feb. 25.—State aid in breaking the deadlock between miners and operators of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois foreshadowed by arrival of Francis Sheehan, representing state department of labor in quest of statistics.

Jury chosen in oleo fraud inquiry. John F. Jelke and 12 associates defendants.

Mrs. Josephine O'Reilly Henning on stand in Aileen Heppner perjury trial.