

passed. The San Francisco papers state that he had begged to be excused on account of illness, but his request was not granted. For upwards of thirteen years Haas had led an honorable life in San Francisco; he was happily married and he was doing his best to give his children a good name.

In this state, when a man is called on a jury, among the first questions is that asking if he has ever committed a felony.

What would be the likely answer of any man who had outlived an early mistake and who was trying to do the square thing and had a family to take care of?

If Heney knew that the man had been in jail, so long ago that people had forgotten it, wouldn't it have been the right thing for him to whisper to the opposing counsel that he knew the man's record, suggesting that he be excused.

Instead of that he was passed, and then in one of those studied dramatic scenes which have regularly marked the progress of the San Francisco graft prosecutions, Heney flashed the picture of Haas in convict stripes before the court, and the poor devil was ruined. His former friends drew away from him, his business suddenly dwindled—he was gone.

It is the easiest thing in the world to condemn, under the circumstances, but a little more difficult to decide just what one might do if similarly situated.

It is sincerely hoped that Mr. Heney will speedily recover and that he will carry his splendid work to a great and glorious finish.

Haas is gone—possibly good riddance, except to a woman and some children in a desolate home—possibly, too, he was an assassin in the generally accepted sense of the term. But it's worth thinking over before pronouncing judgment.

There is still some aftermath of the local political fight, but it is mostly comment on the amusement afforded old timers in all the parties by Chairman McGinty, who did his best to conduct the American county campaign. Mr. McGinty may be a very nice man, and very capable in his particular line of work; but as a county chairman of a live political party he came closer to a joke than anyone during the late fight, with the possible exception of the paretic pensioner who wrote the local humor of the campaign for a highly esteemed contemporary.

Jodey Eldredge turned more tricks on Mr. McGinty every day, by two to one, than Darmer played on Devine in a former campaign, which was going some on a short track.

McGinty seemed to be fighting it out with a process of petrification, but without a great deal of effectiveness. All of which is another proof that it doesn't pay to experiment in emergencies, and that a county chairman should be worthy of his hire, and well paid for it in one way or another.

He was the biggest cinch the opposition ever had in a county election, and while there is no question that he gave the party the best he had, the gift was really not magnanimous.

The election day hack has always been a source of controversy among political parties, and the scheming to corner the visible supply usually results in some good stories.

A few days before the late lamented county election a liveryman at Murray got the church Republican headquarters on the 'phone by mistake.

Burl Armstrong took down the receiver and the liveryman asked: "Is that American headquarters?"

"Yes," yelled Burl.

The man, giving his name, asked for his instructions regarding the hacks to be used election day.

"Wait till I inquire of the traffic department," said Armstrong.

In a moment he came back and savagely yelled: "We don't want anything from your stables under any consideration—understand! What's that? Doesn't matter whether we ordered them or not; we don't want them—" and slam went the receiver.

In about five minutes the 'phone rang again. Armstrong again grabbed the receiver.

"Is that Republican headquarters?" asked the voice of the stableman.

"It is," said Burl, in his most pleasant voice.

"Wall," said the liveryman, "I just want to tell you that you fellows can have every rig in my barn election day free of charge. I'm through with them other fellows."

And Burl didn't hesitate to express his thanks in a manner kindly and extremely courteous.

So many different stories have been told about the different effects produced by those who believe the fork to be an unnecessary implement when it is possible to secure a knife that it is time for the tines to have their turn, and here they have it, thanks to an elder high in the church who lunches at the Commercial club now and then, who was once one of its officials, and whose table manners are about as entrancing as a demonstration in vivisection.

The gentleman has whiskers, beautiful and glossy—a doormat on his dial of which two men might be proud. And he takes bully good care of them, for his latest innovation is, while waiting impatiently for the waiter to bring the viands for him to attack with knife and spoon, to gently take a fork and carefully thrust it through the resistant whiskers. Why he should do it is a mystery, for certainly it is not to clean the fork; he has no use for that. But it's awfully cute and helpful to those in the line of vision—who now and then would like to have a bite of lunch without the horrible thought that with the next mouthful, they would collide with a section of an Ostermoor.

**A BAD CASE**

(By a Distressed Wife.)

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to the world. My husband is—or was—a very enthusiastic man, and imagines that he has a fine eye for the arts. Being a lawyer, he enjoys considerable leisure in the afternoons, and it is this that has proved his ruin. I shall never forget his first offense. It was very shortly after our marriage. I was wondering why he was so late for dinner, when suddenly a cab drove up to the door. For one moment I fancied that it must be his mother (wives have their mothers-in-law as well as husbands). Imagine my astonishment when out jumps my husband, with a guilty jauntiness of demeanor, presents the cabby with five shillings (I noted this extravagance myself from the window), and is followed by that functionary, staggering under an enormous burden, swathed in brown holland, up the steps. The usual loafer rushes forward and a fresh gratuity is distributed, to the horror of my economical mind. At last the thing—apparently a miniature of the great pyramid—is deposited in our small hall with a resonant bang, and its bearers depart.

"What on earth makes you so very unpunctual, dear? The soup will be quite spoiled. And what, in heaven's name, is this?"

"I thought you'd like it, darling (this with a nervous flush). It's the most wonderful bargain, and it would have been really wicked to have let it slip. It's a genuine Elizabethan—but, there, see it for yourself."

The mummy-like bandages were at last re-

*Veuve*  
**Clicquot**  
**Champagne.**

Dry and Brut

The standard of fine champagne

Sold by all high class dealers

**Keith-O'Brien Co.**

The children all over the city are beginning to talk about our toys and dolls.

Bring the little ones to the store Saturday.

**Keith-O'Brien Co.**

**Walker's**  
CORNER 31<sup>ST</sup> SO. AND MAIN

**Pre-Christmas Sale**

In every department. All broken lines of regular goods to close—its the last sale of 1908. Reductions will be marvelous.

Read Sunday Papers