

Once."

"Suffered Agony With Itching."

"Grip Left Her Wreck, Pe-ru-na Restored Her."

"Bad Breath—It's Your Duty to Get at the Cause and Remove It."

"No More Gas in Stomach and Bowels."

"Biliousness, Sallow Skin, Headache, Sluggish Bowels."

"One Dose Ends Indigestion, Gas, Dyspepsia or a Sick Stomach."

"Weak, Wornout, Discouraged Men Restored to Health."

"606 Cures Blood Poison."

After reading all these able editorials we felt like going right up and shaking the hand of the editor of the Weak, Wornout, Discouraged, Bilious, Indigestion, Sallow Skin, Itching, Dandruff, Kidney, Blood Poison and Bad Breath department of The American, but natural timidity in the presence of **genius** deterred us—or words to that effect.

But when we thought of **gratitude**, and how grateful patriotic sons of Italy all over the world felt toward Wm. Randolph for printing the **truth** about the **doings** around Tripoli, and how grateful one or two Chinese were because Hearst **saved China** by printing a **message** from a big Chink, and how grateful Canada was to Hearst for helping **defeat reciprocity** by doing his **darndest** for it, and how grateful Boston must be, because Hearst preserved inviolate the justly celebrated Boston **baked bean**, and how grateful Los Angeles is (according to The Examiner) because **Hearst saved** that village from Socialism, and how grateful Carter Harrison **ought** to be to Hearst for helping Hinky Dink nominate him for mayor—well, when we think of **all the gratitude** that is coming to William, we think the world should break forth in one grand and glorious **snort of grateful gratitude** that Hearst **was, is and will be**, and that he told the truth about Tripoli.

And just to make it unanimous, we think all these grateful humans should be joined by all men who vote the Democratic or Republican ticket, or have Bad Breath, Falling Hair, Sallow Skin, Dandruff, Gas on the Stomach, Stewed Kidneys, Blood Poison, Lost Manhood, Itching Scalp or Sluggish Bowels.

It's high time, indeed, that birds of a feather should gather no moss, but **get busy and show their gratitude**.

Lord Curson says that for England to give the ballot to young men "of the lower class" means revolution. If we remember—Cur-

son right, he was weaned from a cut-glass bottle and went right to the public udder, where he got fat and aristocratic wearing medals.