

WHAT A BALLY STIR OUR ELECTION MADE IN LONDON



London got quite fussed over the American elections. These photographs show newsboys on the day after election with the placards which every London newsboy carries. London newsboys never yell.

One of the most remarkable placards was the sheet issued by the staid old Pall Mall Gazette on which appeared in great letters the words, "Poor Old Taft."

Many Americans in Fleet street and the Strand bought the "Poor Old Taft" placards and sent them home to friends.

HER COMMENT.

An old Irishman named Casey made a lot of money as a contractor and built a fine house for his children.

The sons and daughters were much ashamed of the plebeian father, and Casey was always kept in the rear of the house when they had a party or a reception. One day Casey died and there was a great to-do about it. The

children had a fine coffin, with plenty of flowers, and Casey was laid in state in the parlor.

That evening an old Irish woman, who had known Casey when he was a laborer, came and asked to see the face of her dead friend. They conducted her to the parlor.

She walked up to the coffin, took a long look and said:

"Faith, Casey, an' they've let ye into th' parlor at lasht."