

THE SITUATION IN OHIO

Ex-Governor Herrick Pushed Himself Forward for Vindication

Will the Republicans of Ohio Stand for Such a Barzen Affrontery.

It seems that the Republican Central Committee, which was chosen by ex-Governor Herrick's machine and which he still controls, is determined that he shall be vindicated at whatever cost of party harmony.

When he was defeated by 43,000 majority, while all the rest of the ticket was elected by about the same majority, it was hoped that he and his partisans would have the good sense to absent themselves for awhile from the center front of the Republican stage in Ohio.

But he is still able to control 14 out of 21 votes of the Committee and now he is brought forward for "vindication." It appears to these astute gentlemen that it is safe to again affront the 150,000 Republicans who voted against him, by appointing him to sound their "keynote." It remains to be seen how many of them will dance to the Herrick piping.

Senator Overturf has announced that the reason the Convention was taken from Columbus to Dayton is in the interest of "harmony."

"Said Senator Overturf of Delaware, member of the committee from the Eighth district, 'The primary reason that your city was not chosen was the fact that the pseudo party organ was hostile. Things were said and done that did not promote party harmony and there was no earnest that there would be any cessation of this policy.' Other committee-men expressed similar sentiments."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It seems to be thought exceedingly conducive to party harmony to flaunt Mr. Herrick in the faces of his 150,000 Republican opposers.

It seems that the sober sense of some of the twenty-one members of the Republican Central Committee was opposed to the Herrick slate. But as in the last Republican convention, there were enough stuck to the man who had officially created them to put the plan through.

It was an open secret that he was not wanted at the front. The Ohio Sun account, July 19, says: "One of the stories that was circulated Wednesday was that Senator Dick really wanted Governor Harris as temporary chairman of the convention; that former Governor Herrick desired the vindication that he felt such an honor at the hands of his party would give him and therefore made a personal plea to Governor Harris that he refuse to act as temporary chairman. Out of courtesy to his running mate on the ticket last fall, it is said that Governor Harris could not refuse and therefore stood firm against pressure that was brought to bear on him. For this reason, so it is said, Secretary Flickinger went to the committee-men Tuesday night and circulated the word from the Governor that under no circumstances would he be a candidate nor would he accept the honor if tendered."

"The opposition to Herrick was not thought to be as strong as it proved Wednesday afternoon, when seven districts rallied around General Keifer, who is not believed to have known of the plan."

We wish to say that—according to our reliable inside information—the above account is true, so far as at least as reluctance to bringing Herrick forward was concerned. The same people who felt that his candidacy last year was a burden held that the party ought not to carry him again. They did all they could to shelve him, short of breaking with the organization, but the Herrick grip on his committee was too strong.

Frederick Bader, of the First district, in explanation of the opposition of his district to Herrick, said:

"In our way we think that Herrick should not be

made an issue in the coming campaign and that is why we voted against making him chairman of the convention."

But 14 of the 21 members thought it would be a good thing to make him an issue. Thereupon they made him an issue.

It was known weeks ago in this office that the slate had been made up for Herrick's temporary "keynote" chairmanship, in order to his "vindication," and that it was no more possible to prevent its going through than it was possible to prevent his renomination at the last Republican State Convention. In this security his partisans were resting, with no expectation of a break in the smooth operation of the plan.

But it seems that, without premeditation or prearrangement, there was a spontaneous outburst of effort against him by seven committee-men who had not yet been dragged into absolute silence and submission. The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the story thus:

"Then came the surprising action upon the chairmanship. Maurice Maschke, of Cleveland, when the names of candidates were called for, arose and briefly presented that of former Governor Myron T. Herrick. It seemed to be that his election was to be unanimous, when suddenly George Drake, of Perry county, representing the Eleventh district, popped up and named General J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield. On the roll-call, Messrs. Bader and Maug, of Cincinnati; Richard McCloud, of London; Norman Overturf, of Delaware; George Drake, of Corning; Congressman Dawes, of Marion, and Judge E. S. Souers, of New Philadelphia, voted for Keifer.

"Amid a dead silence Chairman Gould announced the result: Herrick 14, and Keifer 7. Exactly one-third of the committee had opposed the former Chief Executive. No motion was offered to make the selection unanimous. Instead Mr. Drake arose and said that he desired to explain to the committee that the name of General Keifer had been offered as a candidate without his knowledge or consent. Immediately Maschke jumped up to say that Governor Herrick's name had been offered without any solicitation on the part of that gentleman. 'It's a closed incident, gentlemen,' said Chairman Gould, as he deftly turned the current of business into another channel."

The above, which is a true account, shows the feeling of at least a minority of the committee. It was so strong against Herrick that it was not safe to try to make his appointment unanimous. The "deft" chairman slickly managed to get past the whole affair without open revolt. It remains to be seen whether it is "a closed incident."

We again call attention to the purpose of this astonishing action of the Committee:

"Former Governor Herrick wanted the vindication that he felt such an honor at the hands of his party would give him."

This can be the only purpose of bringing him forward. It is a direct challenge to all who voted against him before. It will be so regarded by tens of thousands of Republicans. Stalwart Republican voters we have just met on the street declare they will vote the whole Democratic ticket this fall as a rebuke to the Herrick machine. This feeling is common.

Scripture declares that "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures (or a frame) of silver." When 150,000 anti-Herrick Republicans of Ohio see him surrounded by Orrin B. Gould, and Mark Slater, and John Malloy, they will think of an apple of brass in a frame of lead.

Orrin B. Gould, chairman of the Republican Committee, is the same

boss who has been repudiated by the better element of Republicanism in his county. As warden of the penitentiary, to which political job he was appointed by Herrick, he embittered the last hours and hastened the death of Governor Pattison by helping to organize a movement to defeat Governor Pattison's rights in the penitentiary control. For this, Gould was condemned and repudiated by every respectable Republican paper of Ohio. He is a typical saloon politician—all his sympathies lie on the saloon side. He is chairman of the Republican Committee, and voted to bring Herrick forward again.

Mark Slater, another Herrick heeler from Dayton, and member of the Republican Committee, who voted for Herrick's resurrection, embarrassed and humiliated Mr. Pattison in his last hours by demanding that Secretary Houck should admit him to Mr. Pattison's sick-bed in order to satisfy Slater that the Governor was in command of his mental faculties sufficiently to put Slater out of office as State Printer. The infernal insolence and indelicacy of this demand was properly resented by Mr. Houck, and was in turn repudiated by decent Republicans all over Ohio.

John Malloy, temporary secretary of the Convention, is the man who was stopped from this building in his attempted manipulations of election returns by the Associated Press the night of the election last fall, in order to recoup himself for his lost election bets.

Malloy, Slater, Gould, Herrick, —this is the bright galaxy that is to be central in the Republican skies at the next Convention. It is supposed it will attract the wandering independent Republicans back to the fold. On the contrary, it will insure and perfect their disgust for the Herrick faction.

When the report of the Committee came out of their room into Columbus, a prominent Republican Representative in the General Assembly was sitting in the Neil House lobby. When the action of the Committee was told him, he said:

"My God! Look at what this Committee has done! If we politicians, who are on the inside feed about Herrick as we do, what will the rank and file of the hundreds of thousands of Republicans of the State, who do not have or want any offices, think of this putting Herrick forward again?"

This is the conundrum which the intention to "vindicate" Herrick has precipitated upon the party.

There is strong presumptive evidence now in existence that all this is part of a scheme to pick Herrick up out of the position where the Republican votes of Ohio have put him, and send him to the United States Senate—American Issue.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
S. S. SARGENT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
For children, safe, sure. 25 cents.

FUNNY STORIES.

Some Merely a Trifle Less Sad Than Others, That Is All.

Seriously speaking, a funny story is no laughing matter. Humor is one of the world's great institutions, a thing to be approached with reverence akin to awe, as something cold as the pole, imperishable as the pyramids and often a great deal more ancient. If we abuse ourselves before ancient and holy things, can we afford to laugh at the capers of the convict chimpanzee, who in point of ancestry antedates the Peter Lelys and Joshua Reynolds of our baronial halls?

Funny stories, furthermore, are usually based on something which is not funny at all. Their points, in fact, often depend solely upon an unsympathetic view of some great human misfortune. What is more pathetic to a sane mind than a funeral or a harlequin or a divorce or a mother-in-law? Yet, shades of Rameses, how useful they have become in vaudeville!

I don't think that there are any really side splitting stories in the world. Some are merely a trifle less sad than others; that is all. How admirable is the calm philosophy of the man who refused to ride with his mother-in-law at his wife's funeral "because," as he explained, "it would spoil the day's pleasures for me!" And yet there are persons so careless as to regard this as mere buffoonery.

And so the endless procession of anecdotes files by, none of them, as I have said, really funny, but some a little less sad than the others. In the jound days of heraldic eld, when the woods were teeming with parrot gentils knights and the sense of humor was less particular than nowadays, every king had a jester hired by the week, and the clown was furnished with a certain appliance which made all his jokes immediately appreciated. What, pray? Nothing more than a bladder on a stick. When the jester came to the point of the joke he popped the bladder smartly on the floor. That was a signal. "All laugh!" So the uproar was deafening. Those were golden days to live in!—Wallace Irwin in Success Magazine.

Ancient Use of Concrete.

The use of concrete masonry probably begins with the Romans, who employed it in road building and foundation work. Coming down from the time of the Romans, the ancient city of Ciudad Rodrigo has walls existing at the present day in which are buried large boulders of stone. These walls are in a good state of preservation at the present time—in fact, so much so that they still bear the prints of the boards which made up the forms which held the concrete in its semiliquid state at the time it was put in. It is an interesting matter to note that the modern practice of putting large masses of stone in concrete masonry follows exactly the scheme used in building these ancient walls of Ciudad Rodrigo. This method not only reduces the cost of the resulting fabric, but also makes it stronger.—Scientific American.

Curran and the Tailors.

Curran, the famous orator and wit, never hesitated to sacrifice his friends for the sake of a joke. On one occasion the Merchant Tailors' guild of Dublin gave a banquet, to which he was invited—in fact, he was the guest of honor. He kept his hosts amused all evening. There were just eighteen of his entertainers, and when Curran took his leave he waited till he reached the door, then with a smile and a bow said, "And now, gentlemen, I have the honor of saying good night to both of you." He made his escape before the eighteen tailors realized the joke, and then it was too late to catch him.

Sudden Change of Mind.

Puffing and blowing, the fat passenger began to climb to the upper berth in the sleeping car. "Pretty hard work, isn't it?" said the man in the lower berth. "It is," answered the fat passenger, "for a man of my weight." "How much do you weigh, may I ask?" "Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds." "Hold on! Take this one!" exclaimed the other, his hair beginning to rise on end. "I'd rather sleep in the upper berth anyway. The ventilation is better."—Chicago Tribune.

A Little Vague.

A Boston lady seeking summer board on a farm saw an advertisement giving a description of about such a place as she wanted and sent a letter of inquiry. She received the following information as to terms:

"We charge \$5 a week for men, \$4.50 for ladies and \$4 for children old enough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."—Lippincott's.

A Bubble Song.

I'll make the soap suds clear and strong
And blow the bubbles one by one.
Then we'll sing our bubble song,
Such a merry, frolicsome one.

We bubble of bubble like this, you know
Bibbity bubbling the bubbles go
Bubbling bright,
Bubbling bubbles glow.

Bubbles sparkling gay and fair;
Bubbles rising in the air!
See them dance and float along
As we sing our bubble song.
—Caroline Wells in St. Nicholas

Our Story Teller.

JOHN HENRY

ON BRIDGE WHIST.

By HUGH McHUGH

[GEORGE V. HOBART]



"In One of Those Department Store Mobs."

I received a letter the other day that put me over the ropes.

I'll paste it up here just to show you that it's on the level:

"Philadelphia, This Week.

"Dear John: I have never met you personally, but I've heard my brother, Teddy, speak of you so often that you really seem to be one of the family.

"(Teddy talks slang something fierce.)

"Dear John, will you please pardon the liberty I take in grabbing a two-cent stamp and jumping so unceremoniously at one who is, after all, a perfect stranger?

"Dear John, if you look around you can see on every hand that the glad season of the year is here, and if you listen attentively you may hear the hoarse cry of the summer resort beckoning us to that bourn from which no traveler returns without getting his pocketbook dislocated.

"Dear John, could you please tell me how to play bridge whist, so that when I go to the seashore I will be armed for defraying expenses.

"Dear John, I am sure that if I could play bridge whist loud enough to win four dollars every once in awhile I could spend a large bunch of the summer at the seashore.

"Dear John, would you tell a lady, but perfect stranger how to play the game without having to wear a mask?

"Dear John, I played a couple of games recently with a wide-faced young man who grew very playful and threw the parlor furniture at me because I trumped his ace. I fancy I must have did wrong. The fifth time I trumped his ace the young man arose, put on his gum shoes, and speeded out of the house. Is it not considered a breach of etiquette to put on gum shoes in the presence of a lady?

"If you please, dear John, tell me how to play bridge whist.

"Yours fondly,

"G. J."

"P. S.—The furniture which he threw was not his property to dispose of."

When my wife got a flash of this letter she made a kick to the effect that it was some kind of a cypher, possibly the beginning of a secret correspondence.

It was up to me to hand Gladys the frosty get-back, so this is what I said:

"Respected Madam: I'm a slob on that bridge whist thing, plain poker being the only game with cards that ever coaxes my dough from the stocking, but I'll do the advice gas if it chokes me."

"Bridge whist is played with cards, just like pinocle, with the exception of the beer."

"Not enough cards is a misdeal; too many cards is a mistake; and cards up the sleeve is a slap on the front piazza if they catch you at it."

"You shouldn't get up and dance the snake-dance every time you take a trick. It looks more genteel and picturesque to do the two-step."

"When your opponent has not followed suit it is not wise to pick out a loud tone of voice and tell him about it. Reach under the table and kick him on the shins. If it hurts him he is a cheat."

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match: "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver birthday present for my wife which I could use afterwards as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor; to the rear; take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and 50 cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a birthday present for my wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterwards as an ash-receiver or a pocket flask."

"The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The saleslady showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt-waist last Tuesday and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

shows a want of refinement, especially if you are not a quick climber.

"Never whistle while waiting for some one to play. Whistling is not in good taste. Go over and bite out a couple of tunes on the piano."

"When your opponent trumps an ace don't ever hit him carelessly across the forehead with the bric-a-brac. Always remember when you are in society that bric-a-brac is expensive."

"Don't lead the ten of clubs by mistake for the ace of trumps and then get mad and jump 17 feet in the air because they refuse to let you pull it back."

"In order to jump 17 feet in the air you would have to go through the room upstairs, and how do you know whose room it is?"

"There, Gladys, if you follow these rules I think you can play the game of bridge whist without putting a bruise on the Monroe doctrine."

"P. S.—When you play for money always bite the coin to see if it means as much as it looks."

The next day, in order to square myself with my wife for getting a letter I hadn't any use for, I went to one of those New York department stores to get her a birthday present.

"Say! did you ever get tangled up in one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a door mat?"

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Rojstevsky glide, all right!

At the door of the department store a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a birthday present for my wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterwards as a pen-wiper or a fishing-rod."

"Second floor; to the right; take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 3,943 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the gentle pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry goods and said: "Are you a buyer or a handier?"

"I am looking for a birthday present for my wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor; to the left; take the elevator!" said the lady's voice.

With bowed head I walked away. I began to feel sorry for my wife.

Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a birthday present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way our dog digs up the vegetables in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match: "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver birthday present for my wife which I could use afterwards as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor; to the rear; take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and 50 cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a birthday present for my wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterwards as an ash-receiver or a pocket flask."

"The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it.

I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The saleslady showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt-waist last Tuesday and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The saleslady again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about 50 people had rushed up to the saleslady and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a birthday present for my wife. I want to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders."

The saleslady faintly, so I moved over. At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied. "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a birthday present for my wife," I said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart and which I might use afterwards as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 23,493 people who have been in this department store to-day without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopaedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. On your way for yours!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps; "this is the happy summer season, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good birthday present for his wife will get a bitter swipe across the forehead!"

It was up to me, so I went home without a present.

(Copyright, 1901, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

JEFFERSON AS YOUNG MAN

Third President of the United States

Was an Athlete, But Was Gentle.

Thomas Jefferson, when he left college was one of the best Latin, Greek and French scholars in his native state of Virginia. At his majority he came into an income of \$2,000 a year, which in those days, 1757, was as good as \$2,000 a year in these. Jefferson was six feet two in his stockings (they didn't wear socks in those days), and an all-round athlete, a dandy dancer and an expert violinist.

As Washington's secretary of state he advocated state sovereignty and decentralization. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's secretary of the treasury, was just as stiff for centralization. Washington took the middle course between the two great rivals.

Jefferson, as president, eschewed all pomp and ceremony. On his two inauguration days, instead of driving to the capitol in a coach and six and all been the practice, he rode there on horseback, without a guard or even a servant in his train, dismounted with-out assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to a fence. He could be gentle as a lambkin and as hard as nails.

It is said that Japanese wrestling is being taught in the London night schools. Punch gives color to the rumor.

There had been so much noise that the mistress of the house went below stairs to see what had happened.

"May I ask," she said from the kitchen door, "the meaning of this disgraceful behavior?"

A new Buttons, a very small boy, spoke up:

"The butler and me, mum, 'ad a little difference of opinion, 'um. So I give 'im a little too-itto, mum."

The mistress of the house, in obedience to a gesture from Buttons, looked under the dresser, where the tall butler lay in a state of astonished collapse.

Advice for Change.

A young lawyer received a call from a farmer in need of legal advice. The lawyer looked up the statute and told the farmer what he should do.

"How much?" said the farmer. "Well, let's call it three dollars," said the lawyer. The farmer handed over a five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. After searching his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest. "I guess, neighbor," he remarked, as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you two dollars worth more of advice."