

The Morning News

SUNDAY DECEMBER 4, 1904. Registered at Postoffice in Savannah.

THE MORNING NEWS is published every day in the year, and served to subscribers in the city, or sent by mail; one week, 18 cents; one month, 70 cents; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$4.00; one year, \$8.00.

THE MORNING NEWS by mail, six times a week (without Sunday issue), one month, 50 cents; three months, \$1.50; six months, \$3.00; one year, \$6.00.

THE WEEKLY NEWS, two issues a week (Monday and Thursday), by mail, one year, \$1.00.

Subscriptions payable in advance. Remit by money order, check or registered letter. Currency sent by mail at risk of sender.

Transient advertisements, other than local or reading notices, amusements and classified column, 10 cents a line. Fourteen lines of agate type—equal to one inch in depth—is the standard of measurement. Classified column advertisements, 1 cent a word each insertion. Every word and figure counted—No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents week days, 25 cents Sundays. Contract rates and discounts made known on application at business office.

Orders for delivery of the Morning News to either residence or place of business can be made by mail or by telephone No. 210. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported.

Letters and telegrams should be addressed "MORNING NEWS," Savannah, Ga.

EASTERN OFFICE, 23 Park Row, New York City, H. C. Faulkner, Manager.

34 PAGES.

IDEA TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

- Meetings—Savannah Lodge, No. 133, B. P. O. Elks, Memorial Service. Special Notices—At Joyce's To-morrow; Crew Notice, J. N. Wilson, Master; Lends Money, Empire Investment Co., Ltd., M. S. Gardner. Business Notices—The Elks, Casino Restaurant; Sunday Dinner, Sommers' Cafe; Good Boys' Wheels, G. W. Thomas; When the Little Girl Needs Shoes, G. F. Cler; Fruits, Roos' Market; Ladies' Hand Bags, I. H. Friedman & Co.; Holiday or Wedding Gift Shopping, R. Van Keuren & Co.; Lovers of the Beautiful, Theus & Co.; Trucks, Conch-Kumari Carriage and Wagon Co.; Christmas Candles, Belsinger & Gross; Christmas Will Soon Be Here, A. L. Desoboullins. Amusements—First Artist Concert, Savannah Music Club. Lost—T. A. Bryson. The Great Christmas Store of Savannah—Foye & Eckstein. A Sale Before Christmas—B. H. Levy, Bro. & Co. In Looking for Holiday Gifts—Savannah Gas Company. Ready-to-wear Department—Leopold Adler. Chewing Tobacco—Dougan & Sheffal. Let Us Shoulder Your Troubles—Jackson & Gutman. Christmas Is Coming and Its Up To You—Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House. Great Holiday Sale of Men's Fine Hats—G. W. Merrill & Co. A Christmas Store in Real Earnest—Wash & Meyer. A Week of Grand Special Bargains—J. L. Morrison & Co. Christmas Gifts for Everybody—Estate Daniel Hogan. The Christmas Spirit Is On—The Metropolitan. Imperial Pilsener Beer—James O'Keefe, Distributor. Phenomenal Values—J. T. Cohen's Sons. A Fairland of Holiday Gifts—Connor Book Store. Libby's Christmas Outings—Thos. W. T. Co. Ready for the Rush—C. A. Munster. Completely Surrounded—Walker-Mulligan Furniture Company. Holiday Goods Sale—Gustave Eckstein & Co. A Straight Talk on Fake Whiskey Methods—Rose, the Distiller, Atlanta, Ga. The New Silverware Department—Leopold Adler, the Corner. Don't Forget the Bicycle—T. A. Bryson. Fine Stationery—M. S. & D. A. Byck. New Subscribers—Bell Telephone Co. Real Estate—Horse Rivers. Three New Homes in Savannah Today—Jerry George. Serviceable Sweaters—At The Bee Hive. Are Your Feet Tender—Globe Shoe Co. Gentlemen's Highest Grade Custom Made Footwear—Byck Bros. The Ford Motor Car—Electric Supply Co. Full Dress—Connor & Sullivan. Le Panto Cigars—Henry Solomon & Son. Red Lion Coughing Glin—Henry Solomon & Son. Buy Your Piano From Us—The Cable Company. Holiday Good Things—McGrath & Ransford. If You Had One of Our Rain Coats—Falk's, Around the Corner. Christmas Boxes—W. D. Skimins & Co. Christmas Past Approaching—The Dimonico Co. The Boy's Present—Edward Lovell's Sons. Lap Robes for Christmas—Leo Frank. Savannah Theatre—Monday, Matinee and Night, "Sherlock Holmes" Wednesday, Matinee and Night, Barlow Minstrels; Saturday, Matinee and Night, "Quincy Adams Sawyer." Scriptural Care—Savannah-Georgia Laundry. Warburton Work Wonders—Rowlinson, Druggist. Sure Remedy—J. T. Shuptrine. Don't Make a Mistake—Letimora's, Eyeglass Guard—Dr. M. Schwab's Son. Druggists' Sundries—Livingston's Pharmacy. Charlotte Russe, Ice Creams, Etc.—At Condit's. Our Retiring From Business—Allen Bros. Get Our Prices—New York Cash Grocery. Our 17th Annual Holiday Sale—Dr. M. Schwab's Son. Our Offerings for 1905—R. V. Conner. Whisky—Lewis' 66; Casper North Carolina Sweet Mash. Foods—Postum Food Coffee. Financial—Copper, Stocks, F. P. Ward & Co.; Bull Market, John H. Kimball & Co. Auction Sales—Carpets, Furniture, Etc., by C. H. Dorsett, Auctioneer. The Weather. The indications for Georgia and Eastern Florida for to-day are for fair weather, with light variable winds.

SENATOR BACON'S LETTER.

The letter of Senator Bacon to Representative Hardwick, which we publish elsewhere in to-day's Morning News, should be carefully read and pondered by the people of Georgia; in fact, by the people of the entire South. The arguments it contains in favor of the white people of the South standing together as long as the Fifteenth Amendment is in force are convincing.

The white people, standing together under the banner of Democracy, wrested the control of the governments of the Southern States from the negroes and their white allies, and by standing together in the name of that party, have retained control of the South and made it prosperous. If they should abandon this wise policy and divide, the result would be a constant struggle between the whites and the negroes, the latter having a few white allies, or a struggle between two white parties each seeking the assistance of the negroes. In either case there would be brought about a condition of affairs that would result disastrously to the South's welfare.

It is utterly impossible for two races, one inferior to the other, to live in harmony if they are in possession of equal political rights. If they could, they would amalgamate, and the people of the South would become a mongrel race, because with political equality would gradually come social equality.

The only salvation of the South is for the white race to remain dominant, and it is the intention of the white people to continue so. They will do this even if they have to give up a part of their representation in Congress and the Electoral College. They will never consent to any condition of affairs that leads towards the Africanization of their section.

Senator Bacon says there are indications that the Republicans are considering plans for bringing about a division of the white people of the South. He is in a position to know about such matters, and the people of this state and of the South have confidence in him as one of their leaders. It is to be hoped he is mistaken. In some of the recent utterances of leading Republican papers the impression is conveyed that it would be the part of wisdom on the part of the Republican party to let the South deal with her race problem as she thinks best. The Republican leaders may take this view. But, if they do not, and their party insists that the South shall put the negro on the same political plane with the white man or lose a part of her representation, the probability is she will give up a part of her representation, because the negro men in Congress and a few more electors in the Electoral College.

Senator Bacon aims his arguments at the Republican leaders, but just at present Mr. Watson, the Populist leader, is a far greater force in dividing the white people of this state than the Republican leaders appear to be. In his speech at Crawfordsville the other day he ridiculed the Democrats for remaining huddled together because of the fear of negro domination. It looks very much as if it were his purpose to use his influence to the utmost to divide the white voters of this state. Did not Senator Bacon have him and his work in mind when he was writing his letter?

The white people of this state, and of the entire South, understand the necessity of standing together. The prosperity of their section demands they shall do so until the negro question is adjusted. And the North is beginning to understand why the South is politically solid, and, as already pointed out, there are Republican leaders who are disposed not to embarrass her in her efforts to solve the problem that makes her solid. But, whatever the purpose of the Republican party may be, it is quite certain that the South is going to pursue the course that will enable her to maintain the domination of the white race within her borders.

SOURCE OF THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH.

The annual report of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, a full summary of which we published the other day, bristles with statements that seem almost marvelous, and yet they are supported by the best available data. Summed up, the report shows that the real source of the country's great wealth and prosperity is its farms. "The farmers of this country," the Secretary says, "have in two years produced wealth exceeding the output of all the gold mines of the entire world since Columbus discovered America." Economists and financiers everywhere watch the statistics of the gold production, and the discovery of a new gold-bearing territory of richness and promise has its influence on the world's finances. And yet in the short space of two years American farmers have dug out of the ground greater wealth than the gold miners have dug out in more than four hundred years! Is it in the least strange that a country with such an agricultural backing has pushed itself to the very front among the nations of the world?

high road to financial independence and even affluence. Still we have made only slight inroads upon our resources.

There is especially one source of wealth for farmers that we have heretofore given little attention to in Georgia—the poultry business. Secretary Wilson says that in a single month of "their busy season" the hens of the United States lay eggs enough to "pay the year's interest on the national debt." These industrious and valuable hens live largely in other sections than ours. We have not hens enough to lay eggs for our own tables, and every week tens of thousands of dollars are sent out of Georgia to other states to pay for eggs and dressed poultry. Yet there isn't a single good reason why, instead of buying eggs, we should not have them for sale to other people.

BREAKING DOWN AT THIRTY.

What good is all of the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., going to do him if he loses his health? It is announced that he has been compelled to give up business for two or three months and go abroad. It seems he has been unable to stand the strain of his many business connections.

He is a director in ten great corporations, and he is expected to know something about the affairs of each one of them—enough to enable him to act in its affairs intelligently. Besides, he has his regular business to attend to, and it is not improbable that once in a while he takes a flyer in Wall Street.

He is said to be the richest man of his age in the world. He is only thirty, and leading Wall street men estimate that if his father were to die now he would control \$1,000,000,000. This sum is so great that the mind can hardly grasp it. If Mr. Rockefeller wanted to it is probable he could bring on a money panic at any time, and could wreck about any corporation in this country.

What pleasure does he get out of all of his wealth? Does the mere possession of it compensate him for the burden of taking care of it? Does the knowledge of the power it gives him make him satisfied to be its wielder. The legend under the picture reads: "Hall Emperor; we who are about to die salute thee!" There could be no more striking summary of the situation. Stoesel and his magnificently brave men, lacking authority from St. Petersburg, will die in their places before they will surrender. They are condemned to death for the glory of the Czar and the benefit of the military grafters who are fattening on the exigencies of the occasion.

An ancient Indian prayer book was sold in New York the other day for \$1,300, the name of the purchaser being withheld. It is understood that it was bought for J. Pierpont Morgan. It would be interesting to know if it was stolen from some church.

PERSONAL.

Former Senator George F. Edmunds recently visited one of the mountain hamlets in Vermont where he had not been for thirty years, and finding from inquiry of the local hotel-keeper, that the population had decreased about one-third, he said: "Well, I guess babies aren't born here very frequently, are they?" "Oh, 'bout once a week," replied the inn-keeper.

Lord Ellesmere of England, already a well known writer under his pen name of "Charles Granville," has just issued his first novel bearing his full title. He is the owner of Hampton, the sire of five Derby winners. Though the owner of some of the finest private picture galleries in London, Bridgewater House boasts four Raphaels, fifteen Teniers, Titian's "Three Ages of Man," and Vandyck's only attempt to paint "The Virgin and the Child."

BRIGHT BITS.

"The Manicure Girl—'Aren't you afraid of dying an old maid?' The Hairdresser—"Certainly not. I dye one nearly every day."—Philadelphia Record.

—Quite Some—"Father, what's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?" "About a dollar and a quarter, my boy."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—"Great guns!" exclaimed the absent-minded man. "I just stuck the lighted end of this cigar in my mouth." "How fortunate you were in discovering that," replied his wife, "for your good wife—Glasgow Evening Times.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Charleston Post (Dem.) says: "The Congressmen are gathering at Washington and a good many of them are talking of going back to their respective homes for the winter. It is hoped and expected that the First congressional district will contribute at least \$500. Prof. Joseph M. Smith, of Reidsville, Ga., school commissioner of Tattall county, is chairman of the committee for raising funds in this district, and he is anxious to secure the district's quota by Jan. 1 next. There are a number of teachers in this district who have been beneficiaries of the Normal School, and the call for contributions should meet with a cheerful response.

Cruelty and Consideration.

The modern lady sat down to her luncheon, says Collier's Weekly. The principal dish was a young quab that belonged to an extremely interesting and beautiful family of pigeons. The fatter and mother pigeon had met her fate a day or so before at a grand shooting match. As for the quab, not having any father or mother left, it was better, perhaps, that he should fulfill his mission by satisfying the hunger of such a charming human being as the modern lady was.

After she had finished her luncheon, the modern lady called her maid and directed her to go upstairs and get her winter coat. This coat was made of baby lambs' wool. The lives of a great number of baby lambs had been sacrificed to make this coat. And it was natural for the modern lady to say to the maid: "Now, Katy, when the furrier calls for him this for storage, and tell him to give the good of it, as I am greatly attached to it."

Then she went upstairs to get ready to go out. She put on her soft walking boots, furnished by an affectionate young kid, also her gloves, furnished by another kid. She put on her hat, upon which was poised a beautiful bird. This bird had once been alive and had sung in a Southern forest, but one day he had been shot down, and now the modern lady was surveying him critically in her mirror.

As she stepped out of her door, and paused a moment for her carriage to come up, if she had been of a reflective turn of mind, or if the subject had specially interested her, she might possibly have considered for a moment the number and variety of animals that had been murdered to make her dressings more luxurious. Through the window in the hall was the dim outline of a magnificent moose-head, shot last year by her son in a Canadian forest. On her floor was a tiger-skin brought from India. On the shoulders of her coachmen were monkey-skin capes. In fact, no matter where the eye rested, the remains of man's wonderful skill and ingenuity of slaughter.

But the modern lady was pursuing no such reflection. On the contrary, her observation was directed solely to a stray dog that had wandered incontinently upon the premises and was looking up at her from a safe distance with a strangely pathetic eyes.

"Katy," she said to the maid, "I left part of a quab on my plate. Won't you coax that dog round to the door and give it to him? Poor little thing! Some one here has been dreadfully cruel to him."

She Taught Him That.

The late Louis Fleischmann, the millionaire baker, not only distributed food to poor men in the "bread line" he had established in New York, but he also got these men employment. He went among them, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and conversed with them, and the delicacy of his questions to them, the care he took not to hurt their feelings, was remarkable. One day when a reporter complimented Mr. Fleischmann on this tact of his, the philanthropist replied: "I care more for the welfare of the poor people, are they more sensitive than the public does not bear this fact enough in mind."

And yet it is a fact that is continually being proved—sometimes pathetically, sometimes humorously. It was proved humorously to a friend of mine last summer in Scotland.

"He was making a walking tour. He was climbing mountains and viewing lakes and torrents. One morning on a quiet road he met a young woman, and, coming, who walked barefooted." "Surprised, my friend stopped the young woman and said: 'Do all the people hereabouts go barefooted?' 'She answered: 'Some of them do, and the rest mind their business.'"

Glories of War.

Maj. Gen. Corbin, commanding the Department of the East, tells the following with reference to a member of the militia of a Northern state taking part in the recent maneuvers at Manassas, says the New York Herald. The guardsman was one day making heroic efforts to get away with his first ration of army beef. A fellow soldier walking near him stopped to watch, with some amusement, the attempt of the hero to masticate the meat. "What's the matter, Bill?" asked he. "Oh, nothin' much," was the sullen reply. Then, suddenly regarding a piece of the beef that he held in his hand, the Yankee added: "Now I know what people mean when they talk about the sinews of war."

It's—Dried Grass.

As might well be expected, says the New York Herald, the name of the present Secretary of State is familiar to nearly all Americans, and evidence of his claim to a place in their memories was furnished recently by a little incident that happened while a farmer, rejoicing in his monosyllabic cognomen, was talking over the long distance telephone. "Mr. Hay" was given as an answer to the frequent telephone question, "Who is there?" But Mr. Hay was requested to repeat his name, and his interlocutor failing to catch it again and again, shouted returning impatiently: "Speak up, I can't hear you." "Mr. Hay," said Mr. Hay, "Mr. What?" "Mr. Hay," said Mr. Hay, "dried grass—Secretary Hay. Do you hear me now?" And he said he did.

King Peter Buys Crown.

The news has leaked out that the broze crown, scepter and globe, made by the skill of a Paris jeweler from bronze of the cannon taken by the ancestor of King Peter from the Turks in 1804, have been purchased on the condition of monthly instalments. The price for the three pieces was \$5,000, a larger sum than the King had available, but the Paris jeweler, rather than lose the order, consented to accept payment at the rate of \$400 a month. The treasury is known to be in such a condition that even this comparatively small debt will weigh as heavily on its resources as the broze crown weighed on the forehead of the King during the ceremony of his coronation.

A LUCKY \$5 BILL.

From the New York Herald. "Blind Tom" Angus, who for many years has sold papers at the West Twenty-third street ferry, was made happy yesterday when his counsel, L. E. Herrmann, Jr., of Jersey City, notified him that he was \$5,000 richer.

Sixteen years ago, when living with his parents in the Lafayette section of Jersey City, Angus attended a public school. While returning to his home one afternoon a playmate, William J. Jungling, accidentally threw ammonia into his face. It destroyed his sight and his school days were ended. He obtained permission to sell papers at the Pennsylvania ferry at the foot of West Twenty-third street, and he made a comfortable living.

Mr. Schwab purchased a newspaper from the blind boy, gave him a five dollar bill and told him to keep the change. A cab driver told "Tom" the name of his benefactor. With this in mind, he went on and consulted many lawyers in Jersey City and asked them to institute suit against Jungling's father. They declined, and informed the blind lad that the claim against Jungling was barred by the statute of limitations. He continued his quest, however, and eventually Mr. Herrmann took the case, but declined to accept the \$5,000, however, instead saying: "Mr. Schwab, the great millionaire, gave me that bill. I think it's lucky. Please take it."

RUSSIAN FINANCES.

From the New York Tribune. "Concerning Russia's financial ability to carry on the war the Statist seems to think it is practically unlimited. Its opinion is that that country can get £100,000,000, that is, \$500,000,000, from France, Germany and Holland, and if necessary a good deal more. She has a vast amount of gold at home and the power to issue all the inconvertible paper needed. To be sure, this will be a sore burden first and last, but its heavier pressure will not be felt at once, but will come gradually upon her. The London Times says that it is practically impossible to come to any intelligent conclusions concerning Russian finances, as the real state of the case is shrouded in mystery. The Ministry of Finance frequently publishes statements and statistics which paint the situation in the rosiest hues, the accommodating and mysterious character of the accounts being forward as a sort of deus ex machina to cover all deficits. But these figures bear little relation to the real state of affairs.

There is a secret budget besides the official one, and it is asserted that it could be known, would put far different face on the matter. But this is only seen by those on the inside of Russian official affairs. The power of the year is asserted to finance his war for some time yet, not without, though it will mortgage the resources of Russia for a long time to come and lay grievous burdens on its generations not yet born.

COST OF LONDON'S FOG.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. An ingenious but depressed London newspaper writes estimates that a recent five-days fog inflicted a loss of \$3,750,000 upon the metropolis. A British fog statistician declares that the gloom costs London \$25,000,000 every year. It is asserted that London burns more than 150,000,000 cubic feet of gas on a foggy day, enough to supply a town of 50,000 inhabitants a whole year. Extra electric light is consumed to an extent far beyond its ordinary use, and oil lamps and candles are used in extraordinary quantities. Trade suffers a loss from a London fog which cannot be estimated. The following extract from the London Express seems to have been inspired by fog: "People are generally too depressed to buy anything, and appetites are so seriously affected that the restaurant-keeper loses much of his profit. Places of entertainment are neglected, business is lost through persons failing to keep appointments, and the commercial day is delayed by late trains and fog-bound cabs." The only interests benefited by the gloom are shareholders of the gas and electric light companies. A foggy winter increases dividends 1 per cent.

GIRL MAY DIE FROM INITIATION.

From the New York Tribune. Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 1.—Miss Adaline Irwin is suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration and is not expected to recover, and six other girls are seriously ill as the result of being initiated into the Phi Kappa Theta Society, a local high school secret society. According to the story of one of the victims, they were blindfolded. Ice was passed up and down their bare backs and at the same time a red-hot branding iron was applied to a piece of beefsteak. A dish of angleworms was then blindfolded, hot macaroni, as fried worms, was forced into their mouths. This made several of the girls sick, but the tortures continued until all were prostrated. The school board has been asked by the dominant parents to make an investigation.

Thurman's Red Bandana Blast.

An Ohio Democrat was being twitted regarding the recent slaughter of his party, and the opinion was expressed that the organization was now down and out for good. "May be," said the Ohioan, "but I'm old enough to remember what was said by the grand old Roman, Allen G. Thurman, in 1872. Some Romans were in his office a day or two after election, and they were agreed that the Democracy might as well disband. Mr. Thurman waved his red bandana, and, after blowing a tremendous blast, said, with a hearty cheer in his voice, 'Contentment! I've listened to all you have said, and I want to tell you that this is too small a room in which to kill the Democratic party.' Next year, William Allen was chosen Democratic Governor of the state."

Pierpont Morgan's Perspicacity.

Pierpont Morgan is not what might be called garrulous. In fact, he seldom speaks unless he has something to say. On one occasion he wanted to get a superintendent for a certain new department that he had established. He thought he knew the man for this superintendency—an assistant to one of his colleagues. He sent for the colleague and said, "I am setting up, you know, a new department, and I shall want a new superintendent. I think Brown, in your office, would fill the place very well, indeed." "I am sure he would," said the other. "The man is a good fellow, Mr. Morgan, I have not been spared." "I don't want a man that you can spare," replied Morgan, Brown was appointed.

All Humors

Are impure matters which the skin, liver, kidneys and other organs can not take care of without help, there is such an accumulation of them, they litter the whole system. Pimples, boils, eczema and other eruptions, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, bilious turns, fits of indigestion, dull headaches and many other troubles are due to them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove all humors, overcome all their effects, strengthen, tone and invigorate the whole system. "I had salt rheum on my hands so that I could not work. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it drove out the humor. I continued its use till the sores disappeared." Mrs. I. A. O. BROW, Ramford Falls, Ma.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

SAVANNAH ELECTRIC CO.

SUNDAY WINTER SCHEDULE. Effective Dec. 4, 1904. ISLE OF HOPE LINE. Between Isle of Hope and 40th Street.

MONTGOMERY LINE. Between Montgomery and 40th Street.

MILL-HAVEN SCHEDULE. Effective Dec. 3, 1904. Leave Whitaker and Bay Streets.

WEST END LINE. Car leaves west side of City Market for Lincoln Park 6:00 a. m. and every 40 minutes thereafter until 11:40 p. m.

NEW BOOKS at Estill's.

- The Masquerade (Katherine Cecil Thurston). The Georgians (Will N. Harben). The Substitutes (Will N. Harben). Vergilias (Irving Bacheller). He That Eateth Bread With Me. My Japanese Friend (Gunter). Nights With Uncle Remus. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Peggy of Nal. In Redars Tent. By Right of Sword. Senator North. Lightning Conductor. The Ills of the South. My Friend Life. Simple Life. Kingship of Self Control. Mark Twain's Adam's Diary.

ESTILL'S NEWS DEPOT.

No. 18 Bull Street, corner Bryan, No. 2 East, Savannah, Ga.

DR. PERKINS' American Herbs—Guaranteed to Cure

Asthma, Lung, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Scrofula, Female Complaints, Nervous Affections, Erysipelas, Catarrh, and all diseases arising from impure blood. Mail orders \$1.00. Office, No. 15 Congress street, west.

Prof. R. L. GENTRY, Savannah, Ga.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, 200 For 25 cents, at Business Office, Morning News.