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Suck

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MOTHER GOOSE TO DATE.

Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,
But she does n't have to mind them.

Let 'em alone and they 'll come home
And bring their tails behind them.



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THE LATEST indirect appeal for silence on Campaign issues comes from various Republican sources and relates to the more or less extraordinary question of what we fear will hereafter be known as Cortelyouism. PUCK is as much surprised as any one else at



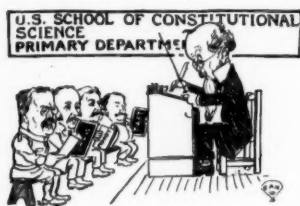
the predicament in which Mr. Cortelyou and his Chief have deliberately placed themselves. He has known Mr. Cortelyou for years as a gentleman whose sensitiveness on points of honor has been of exceptional fineness. It has been of a fineness indeed not exceeded even by that of the man he serves, in this case at so great a price to his reputation, and our regret that he cannot see the impropriety of his present course is as profound as our surprise is great. We do not wonder that journals of the stamp of the *New York Tribune*, which in every case where its own particular friends are caught with the goods on, takes refuge in previous respectability and charges mud-slinging against any one who ventures to question the full karat quality of the halos of its idols, should object to public discussion of the unmoral position of its party leaders, but that Mr. Cortelyou and the President with the full knowledge of the questionable quality of their present performance spread before them should persist in it — that is amazing. It is all the more amazing because it is so unnecessary. Certainly there is n't a tyro in American politics who does n't know where the Trusts stand in this campaign. The Trust managers are about the most keen-witted persons the American people have to boast of, and they know from what perennial source their power and their profits come. They know that it is the Republican Party, with its special privileges to bestow that has made them possible, and that will for value received continue to confer illicit benefits upon them, so that with or without Mr. Cortelyou as Chairman of the Republican National Committee they would be just as ready to pump the Campaign reservoir of the Grand Old Party of High Moral Ideas as full of water as was necessary to bring about the results they have in view. It really looks as if Mr. Cortelyou, dazzled by the grandeur of his chief, and as if his chief, blinded by a consuming ambition, had indulged themselves in a wild orgy of contempt for public opinion, which can bring them nothing but the regretful mistrust of a large body of American citizenship which has been disposed to hold them personally in the highest esteem.

WE ARE SORRY for Judge Parker's decision not to show himself to the public or to make speeches from any other rostrum than that of the Rosemount front steps at Esopus. It is all very well for him to cite the precedent of Mr. McKinley in 1900, but the circumstances are by no means parallel. To begin with, Mr. McKinley was tolerably well known to the people of the United States at that time as a President who had served his country well through an unusually trying period. His name had been heard by every man, woman and child in the land some days prior to his nomination. There was no question as to his politics or as to his identity. If he were mentioned in Kalamazoo, Kamschatka or Kennebunkport the mere use of the word McKinley conveyed a definite idea to the mind of the listener. Such is not the case with Judge Parker, and Puck's view of it is that the people whose favor he seeks have a right to see him, to hear him and to ask him questions on points concerning which they wish to know his opinions. So far, to a vast number of American citizens, he is a mere abstraction. They have seen his pictures, scarce any two of which look alike, and none of which,

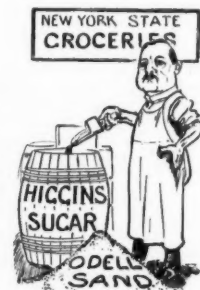
PUCK is willing to testify on oath, does him justice. No adequate conception of the real personality of the man they are asked to vote for has yet reached any considerable portion of the electorate. His views, which are as sound as a trivet, have thus far been bandied about by editors, statesmen and politicians in such terms as have seemed to them most fitting, usually at such length that few men have either the time or the patience to dig them out of the mess of verbiage in which they are embalmed, and are therefore no more clearly defined in the minds of most than is his personality. Moreover, in this campaign he is pitted against a man who has trodden every square inch of earth from Maine to California; has pranced up and down every mole hill, ant hill, hillock or mountain that raises itself above the level of the sea; has made stirring speeches punctuated by brass bands from every rostrum, permanent or temporary, in churches, railway stations, ten-acre lots, furniture trucks, music halls, lodge rooms and corner groceries in every state of the Union; has dispensed eloquence enough of a kind particularly appealing to a circus loving people to smother every railway tie in the land with stirring phrases, and has not hesitated to ram his personality down the throats of us all, big and little, from the beginning of his time. He is quiet enough now, but in his vociferous days he did his duty so well that on that glad day when Gabriel's trumpet sounds the last call the voice of Mr. Parker's rival will still be echoing and re-echoing through the halls of time. Something on the Judge's side should begin to materialize, and Puck respectfully submits that his Candidate should be up and doing before it is too late. He is good-looking enough to stand the test, and Puck knows enough of his views to have no fear that they will not sound well from any rostrum in the land.



IT WOULD really pay some great philanthropist like Mr. Andrew Carnegie or Russell Sage to endow at Washington a school where our statesmen could go for the purpose of studying the Constitution. There has been some suspicion abroad that a certain exalted personage of such sacrosanct personality that it were treason to breathe his name in any spirit of criticism is not aware that such an instrument exists, or if he is, has chosen to place it in the Smithsonian Institute in a glass case alongside of the Ichthyosaurus, the Pterodactyl and other curios of a bygone age. On top of this comes the utterance of a gentleman named Shaw, one of the suspects in the high Imperial Circles of the Capital, who solemnly states that it is by no means certain that the Constitution gives to Congress the right to investigate an executive department of the Government. There are some persons left in the land with a vivid recollection of past Commissions of Congress that looked into Star Route and other scandals in high official circles, without a protest from more or less guilty persons who would gladly have availed themselves of such a construction of the Constitution if any such doubt had had a reasonable basis of existence, and these individuals are disposed to view with alarm the pronouncement of Mr. Shaw, although they do not believe that the construction of the Constitution is the business of a Cabinet officer. They do not like to see their notions of what is proper and what is not, set thus ruthlessly aside, especially in a day when there is a very decided disposition on the part of Mr. Sacrosanct to tear the good old document of our forefathers to ribbons. A school in which all men may learn just what is constitutional and what is not would be a grand thing and particularly helpful to men like Mr. Shaw and his chief, who may some day find themselves in a peck of trouble because of their amateurish reading of the Charter under which the United States do business.



PUCK is for Herrick for Governor for many reasons. In the first place, he is already making a ripping Governor of Ohio in spite of his politics, and in the second as a writer of lyrics his is the most brilliant name in the whole galaxy of the poets. Then too he does n't wear the Odell tag which in itself is a cardinal virtue. Of course we are sorry for Higgins, but he cannot complain if people prefer to keep their sand and their sugar in separate tubs. He should never, as an honest grocer, have permitted them to be mixed.



The Adventure of the Campaign Issue



BEING THE THREE HUNDRED AND NINTH INCIDENT IN THE EVER TO BE REMEMBERED RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

ON THE second day of October, 1904, Sherlock Holmes and myself were in New York City, drawn thither by circumstances which I need not go into, as they have nothing to do with this extraordinary story.

We were comfortably lodged at the Hotel de Luxe, but I observed that Holmes pined for our old haunt in

Baker street—for the laboratory, the ward-robe of disguises and handcuffs, and the student lamp, the light of which enabled him to cast weird shadows on my study wall. Upon our arrival at the De Luxe I had particularly requested a suite with laboratory attached, but—my word!—there was n't such a thing in the entire inn. Holmes made no attempt to conceal his irritation.

Shortly after dinner a visitor was announced—a tall, spare man of an excitable and nervous temperament.

"You will pardon the intrusion, Mr. Holmes," he said, "when I tell you that I am hardly responsible for my actions, so nervous have I grown from loss of sleep. I trust you will grant me a few hours of your priceless time."

"I am prodigiously busy at present," Holmes replied, "and I should take it as a favor if you consulted the police."

Our visitor made a gesture of despair. "They can do nothing," he cried. "Only your miraculous powers can solve the mystery."

"What is it you wish to know?" Holmes asked with a frown.

"The issue in the present political campaign," replied the visitor.

"I am," the nervous gentleman continued, "a Doubtful Voter, and I beg of you, Mr. Holmes, to solve this mystery, which is wrecking me, body and soul."

The Doubtful Voter posed a moment to wipe the perspiration from his face and forehead.

"I have read all the newspapers," he went on, "but I have learned nothing. The *Sun* says the issue is Odellism; the *Evening Post* declares it to be rape of the Isthmus; the *Tribune*, the segregation of the nation's wealth by individual Democrats; the *Herald*, the direction of the wind in Paris; and so on. From public speakers I learn no more. You, Mr. Holmes, are my last resort. Ascertain, I beg of you, the issue in this campaign. I cannot stand the strain another forty-eight hours. I shall go mad, mad, mad!"

Exhausted, the Doubtful Voter sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Have you consulted anyone before me?" Holmes inquired, after a brief silence. "I mean professionally."

"One—the Honorable Biff Bunkum."

Holmes frowned. He asked: "What did Bunkum say?"

"His words were meaningless."

"To you, perhaps," said Holmes impatiently. "To me, nothing is meaningless. Repeat Biff Bunkum's exact words."

"He asserts that the issue of the campaign is 'the highest cash commission for vocal output.'"

"That is perfectly plain. How much did he charge you?"

"Seventy dollars—ten dollars per word. He assured me that both parties paid him that."

"One question more. At the time you consulted Mr. Bunkum which party was he advertising?"

"The Democratic, I think. It was at Democratic headquarters that our conversation occurred."

"Um!" said Holmes. "That is very important. And now, my dear sir, good night."

"Good heavens, Mr. Holmes, you surely are not going to desert me!" cried the Doubtful Voter, clutching my friend's arm. "Think of my condition! I cannot sleep. I am—"

"Watson, give the man a sleeping powder," commanded Holmes brusquely. I administered an opiate. "I will see you again to-morrow night," said Holmes. "Till then control yourself as best you can. Good evening."

When the nervous gentleman had departed my friend donned a soft hat and a long blue coat with brass buttons, and clapped a false beard upon his chin.

"Watson," he remarked, pausing in the doorway, "I know you are burning with curiosity to know my destination. You shall burn no longer. I am going to Oyster Bay."

With which he vanished.

On the following afternoon I visited the Doubtful Voter, and found him in much improved condition. He was still nervous, and insisted on accompanying me to the De Luxe, there to await the return of Sherlock Holmes. We dined and repaired to my rooms, and as the hours slipped by, and no Holmes appeared, the condition of our client-patient became alarming. His agitation was pitiable.

At last a knock at the door! I sprang to it, only to taste disappointment. Without stood a skirted person soliciting subscriptions for the *Homely Woman's Companion*. I was about to close the door in her face when arrested by a familiar chuckle and sharp indrawing of the breath.

"Holmes, you wonderful, wonderful man!" I cried. "Will you ever cease to amaze me! Thank Jove that you have come!" I dragged him joyfully into the room. The Doubtful Voter rushed to him with outstretched hands.

"What hope?" he gasped.

"I have solved the mystery."

"Heaven be praised!"

Our client collapsed in his chair, and I rang for a sloe-gin cocktail. When



"I have solved the mystery."

the man was sufficiently restored, Holmes, who had been smoking calmly, addressed him.

"My dear sir," he began, "as you have not the inestimable privilege of my friend Watson, of knowing my methods, I may inform you that chief among them is the process of elimination. There is no mystery which cannot be solved by this method, but only a genius like myself can go to the final fact."

"What is the issue in the present political campaign? First, what is not the issue? I begin to eliminate. The issue is not the influence of Racine on French literature; dismiss that at once. It is not the conflict between old-fashioned educational methods and the new science of pedagogics. It is not the uniform inscriptions, nor the problem of the deceased wife's sister. It is not the rape of the Isthmus, as the *Evening Post* supposes, nor the segregation of wealth by plutocratic Democrats, as the *Tribune* is convinced, nor the direction of the wind in Paris, as the *Herald* seems to believe. Pursuing this process of elimination, I pitch out the tariff, the trusts, the Philippines, Odellism, postal graft and a score more of seeming issues, and finally arrive at the one, the real, the dominant issue."

The Doubtful Voter leaned forward breathlessly. "Yes, yes," he cried; "and that issue is—"

"Theodore Roosevelt!" said Holmes. "I have his confession in my pocket."

"Heaven be praised!" cried the Doubtful Voter, standing erect. "At last I know how to vote!"

When he was gone I turned to my remarkable friend. "And how *will* he vote, Holmes?" I asked.

His reply was an enigmatic smile.

B. L. T.



PUCK



THE AMATEUR HUNTSMAN.

MAN TO THE REAR.—Hi, Bilkins! Hold on a minute!
BILKINS.—Dad bing it!—what else do you think I'm doing?
Do I look as if I was jumping off?

HIS LOFTY AIM.

SOMETIMES," said the Old Codger, with his accustomed philoacridity, "I think education is—er—er—and, then again, I d'know whether it is or not. Now, there's Professor Spriggins, who has so much education that his brow bulges out like the back of a snapping-turtle. He was sitting on the tavern porch yesterday evening, when Hubbard Hicks came limping along and stopped to listen what he was saying—poor Hub, you know, with his withered leg, and his bump of intelligence sunk in like a saucer; he can't skurcelly read, and has to do his calculating mostly on his fingers.

"Well, amongst other things the professor was enlightening us about the late Christopher Columbus; he said, contrary to tradition, Columbus was a highly respectable gentleman, and fairly wealthy, who paid a large part of the cost of his voyage himself—that he was tall and red-haired, utterly unlike his portraits, and that Queen Isabella had no jewels to pawn for him, having hypothecated them several years prior to 1492.

"H'm!—yes, Purfessor," said Hub, when the wise man finally finished. "I guess that's all so, but are you going to take a trip this Fall?"

"No," was the reply. "I am very desirous of doing so, but my salary is so small that I cannot afford to go."

"Well,—by cracky!—I can!" chuckled Hub. "I'm makin' 'most a dollar a day right along, peddling clams, cleanin' up yards, and doin' odd jobs. I'm savin' it, tu, and along in the cool weather I'm goin' to N' York and see the hull gol-rammed town. And that ain't all, either; comin' back, when I'm about fifty miles from home, I'm goin' to pay for a seat in the Pullman, and give the nigger porter three dollars and a talk. And when the train gits here I'm goin' to descend the steps of that 'ere gorgis car like a born corn-curer while the nigger stands with his hat off and say-lams to the ground; and then—by whack!—just before the train pulls out that 'ere nigger will turn around and I'll kick him once, good and hard, just to show everybody that the Hon. Hub Hicks has got home from the metropolis and don't care who knows it."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE man who is most frequently looking for a position is the one who is incapable of holding down a job.



FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

"So ye attended Rafferty's wake—was anybody sober?"
"Nobody but Rafferty."

FROM THE APE'S STANDPOINT.

"NOTHING interests me more than this question of civilization," said the ape as he sat in his cage thoughtfully cracking fleas. "Is it advance or retrogression? I must confess that I am inclined to the latter belief when I observe that fair, young girl feeding peanuts to the elephant. Could she be called civilized or even human, arrayed as she is in a skirt of the new fur, yeda, or unborn calf, and a baby lamb jacket. I assure you that my ape wives are shuddering at such evidences of barbarism."

HIS ORDER.

MRS. HOON.—Deacon Ironjaws has such a commanding way!

MR. HOON.—Yes, I have noticed that he passes the contribution box with an air which seems to say "Present alms!"

THE WITHERED PEACH.

IT WAS a tattered city child
With haggard face and brave
Who found a little withered peach
A-lying on the pave.

I saw him clasp it swift and close
Beyond my greedy reach,
As though earth's richest treasure lay
Within that withered peach.

"Oh see," I said, "that humble prize
How eagerly he thumbs;
Perhaps 't will give him strength again
To battle with the slums.

"Perhaps a father's drunken curse
Has cast him on the street,
Without a roof to call his home,
Without a crust to eat.

"Perhaps a mother's lying ill
In need of nourishment
And he will take the peach to her
In yonder tenement.

"Perhaps a little sister kind
Is fading, paling fast
And he will save the peach for her,
His one poor gift—his last.



ARTISTIC WOES.

"So the tragedian has received his two weeks' notice?"

"Yes; the manager told him that the comedian complained bitterly because De Heavy got all the laughs."

"Perhaps"—just then an auto car
Came tearing round the bend
And brought my mellow reverie
Abruptly to an end.

A window opened; someone yelled,
"Hi, Chimmy, soak 'em good!"
The urchin poised the peach in air—
And then I understood.

Wallace Irwin.

SPRUCING UP.

"HEY, there, Fritz!" called the proprietor of a certain railroad lunch-room.

"Vass?" yawned a voice from the kitchen.

"Train will be here in eight minutes—you've just got time to put a fresh coat of varnish on the fried chicken."

THE APEX OF BLISS.

SELDUM FEDD.—Say, Soiled; what's your idea of de kind of a place Utopia was?

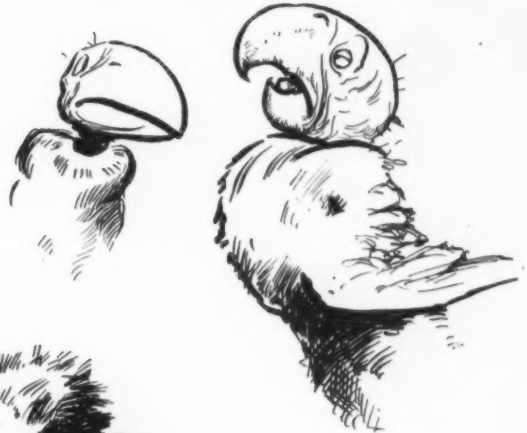
SOILED SPOONER.—Aw, an island of rye-bread entirely surrounded by beer, I reckon.

PUCK

"What yer talkin' 'bout,
bofe sides is plum
crazy fo de coon vote."



"Your candidate cant talk,
mine can, thats the dif, see!"



"YOU DONT HAVE TO TELL FOLKS
YOU'RE A POPULIST, LET THIM
HAVE THE FUN OF GUESSIN' IT."



"CHEESE IT NOW, I'LL TAKE
IT BACK, TEDDY IS ALL RIGHT"



"ALTON IS AFTER THE BIG
FLOATING VOTE, AND I'M IT."



POLITICS IN THE ZOO.

The stupidest man can be more kinds of a donkey than the brainiest donkey,
such is the superiority of the human over the brute intellect.



Monsieur d'en Brochette

V.

IN WHICH THE HERO ACQUIRES A TITLE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Monsieur d'en Brochette and Count of Paté de Foie Gras, becomes possessed of a letter addressed to the Duke des Pommes de Terre au Gratin, who, because he would not enter into a conspiracy with the chefs of France to put him on the throne, has been imprisoned by them in the wine cellar of the Café de la Paix in Paris. Jules Fagot, a low-born waiter, personates the Duke. At Croquante, some leagues from Paris, Count Robert fights a duel with the pseudo Duke, is treacherously attacked from behind and thrown into a well. He escapes, and follows the Duke because he is in love with Isabelle, the fiancée of the real Duke, who accompanies Fagot, not knowing he is an impostor. At the Chateau Demi Tasse in Poisson, Count Robert has another encounter with Fagot and unmasks him and the conspiracy. Hearing Isabelle calling to him for help, he seeks and finds a secret panel and rushes out into a dark corridor. He is now in a pretty fix. The floor of the corridor is a treadmill which he must continue to run on to avoid falling backward into an oubliette.

CONSIDER, M'SIEURS, the emotions of a man, however stout of heart, condemned to run forever in a Stygian blackness, with the appalling alternative of pitching backward into the slimy maw of an oubliette!

Was ever woman in this humor wooed? Was ever Paté de Foie Gras in this manner served?

As with desperate feet I whirled the accursed treadmill, my hands pressed flat against the corridor end, I hastily reviewed the later phases of the adventure into which fate and a susceptible heart had hurled me. The Duke des Pommes de Terre au Gratin was a prisoner in the cobwebbed cellars of the Café de la Paix in Paris, and his beautiful fiancée, Isabelle, was in the power of the pseudo Duke, the base born Jules Fagot. For Fagot and his wretched conspiracy I cared not a sou, but my blood seethed as I reflected that Isabelle was ignorant of Fagot's real character. Unhappy girl, she had, like so many of her sex, been betrothed without having seen the face of her fiancé. The reflection was at once a pleasure and a pain. She had not seen the real Duke; why, then, should she love him? And in a battle for a woman's heart, all a Brochette has ever asked is a fair field and no favor. All this, M'sieurs, by way of running comment.

I had run, I judged, some three hours, ere my strength, enormous as it has always been, fled from me utterly. A shuddering dread of the oubliette had upborne me, but even that vanished at last against my deadly exhaustion. I tottered, like some mouldering old castle riven by a lightning bolt. I sank upon one knee, my brain reeling. I breathed the name of Isabelle, and fell forward upon my face. The oubliette had claimed its victim!

Strange, I reflected a few moments later, I have had no sensation of falling into a pit. *Mon Dieu!* A maddening suspicion coursed like quick-silver through my whirling brain. I struggled to my feet, struck a match, and by the flaring of its small light I saw that my suspicion was very truth. There was no treadmill! There was no oubliette!

I had been victim of a fiendish suggestion assisted by my own heated fancy. For three hours I had turned an imaginary treadmill at the blind end of a dark corridor, and all the while stood a door at my elbow, ready to be passed.

In a towering rage I dashed open the door and found myself in an unoccupied chamber giving on the street. A lace handkerchief lay crumpled on the floor. I picked it up, and a wave of passion swept over me. I recognized the perfume. It was Isabelle's. I flung out of the chamber and clattered down the stairs. Too late! Too late! The vulture and the dove had flown!

For a space of five minutes or more the denizens of the Chateau Demi Tasse had opportunity to judge the quality of a Brochette balked of his prey. The original bull in the china shop was not more destructive, nor had he half so terrible a bellow.

"*Sacre nom de chat noir!*" I raged, hurling a water bottle through the best window; and "*Ventre de violon!*" crushing with a chair a thousand francs of Sevres china and cut glass. The servants cowered in affright, the lady cashier fled, Mme. Filet ran for the gendarmerie. I strode to the stables. The *garçon d'écurie* took to his heels, and undisturbed I saddled the best horse in sight. As I jingled into the street Mme. Filet returned with a score of gendarmes, but I rode the *canaille* down and set my face toward Paris.

I had galloped a league or more before my wild Brochette blood resumed its normal flow. Then suddenly I made a discovery that banished for the nonce all memory of my late disaster. The saddle I sat in was the saddle of the dead messenger to the Duke des Pommes de Terre! With trembling fingers I pressed the pommel. The letter

lay again before my eyes—intact, the seal unbroken.

"A Brochette! A Brochette!" I cried exultingly. The road to fortune was again open.

But first I must have fresh apparel and a rapier. These I should purchase at Manchet, toward which I spurred my horse. I thrust the precious letter in my pocket, and stroked my chin reflectively. As I did so my fingers encountered the property mole which, a few hours before, I had flicked from the chin of the impudent impostor, Jules Fagot, and thoughtlessly affixed to my own countenance.

"So," I mused, tapping the mole, "with this pitiful bit of make-up the wretched Fagot hoped to cozen the world. Ass! Why, one would say that I, Count Paté de Foie Gras, was become the Duke. And, *ma foi!* with more of reason, for my blood is as good as his, and were I suitably appareled"—I glanced at my disordered raiment—"I should look the Duke in very sooth."

Humoring thus my whimsey I rode into Manchet and sought a department store, where I purchased a princely suit of clothes of impeccable cut and quality, and a rapier of best Toledo.

"*C'est le Duc,*" I overheard a *demoiselle de boutique* remark to her neighbor, and the whisper ran from counter to counter: "*C'est le Duc. C'est le Duc.*"

I felt my chin. The mole was still there. In a flash the cringing servility of the proprietor was explained. Bent double, he accompanied me to my horse. "Your Excellency is well?" he said obsequiously. "Shall I not send your Excellency's purchases to the chateau?"

"A word in your ear, *canaille,*" I answered, scowling at him. "I am not what I seem to be."

"Instantly I perceived that by your Excellency's disguise," he answered, with a glance at my travel-stained and adventure-rent wardrobe. "Your Excellency may command my discretion."

"Very good," said I. "Now tell me, has aught occurred at the chateau?"

"Nothing, Excellency. The chateau is deserted, save for the servants."

I mounted and tied my purchases to the saddle horn. "One final question, *canaille*; where is the chateau?"

The man stared open-mouthed. Then a smile cleft his countenance. "Your Excellency is pleased to jest," he said.

"Answer me!" I thundered. Startled, he pointed up the road.

"Half a league, Excellency."

"Now—silence!" I said, piercing him with a glance.

"Your Excellency may command my discretion," he mumbled, as I pricked up my horse and galloped away.

So; my resemblance to the Duke was more than casual. You will scarcely credit it, M'sieurs, but I had forgotten my own features. I was no self-worshipping Narcissus. 'Twas years since I had looked into other mirror than that of woman's eyes. Impelled by curiosity I sprang from my horse and gazed into the glassy depths of a wayside pool. I saw—a man of five and twenty, remarkably handsome and *distingué*, with a very white skin and intensely black hair and eyes. "*Ma foi!*" I murmured, "I did not know I was so well favored."

Parbleu! An inspiration! I led my horse into a thicket and attired myself in my new raiment. "Farewell, Count Paté



"I vode the canaille down."



de Foie Gras!" I cried, as I tossed away my shabby garments. "Henceforth you are the Duke des Pommes de Terre!"

Thus bravely accoutred and feeling every inch a Duke, I rode boldly into the chateau courtyard, dismounted, and flung the reins to a waiting man-at-arms.

The chateau wore a deserted look, but it had a grand and lordly air, and appeared in excellent repair. A minion in livery, whom I took to be the Duke's valet, preceded me up a magnificent staircase and into a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost luxury and elegance. The second of these was a large and admirably proportioned apartment; a log fire roared up the enormous chimney, and in a curtained alcove I observed a sumptuous and luxurious bed. Over the high, richly ornamented chimney-piece hung a portrait of a gentleman. The



"'T was the face of Fagot that riveted my attention."

face seemed strangely familiar to me, yet I could not remember where I had seen it before. Suddenly, "*Ma foi!*" I burst out, smiting my hip, "*it is myself!*" That is to say, M'sieurs, it was the Duke des Pommes de Terre, but the resemblance was perfect. There was but one flaw: I had affixed the mole to the wrong side of my chin. This error I had no sooner corrected than my ear was assailed by a bustle in the courtyard. I stepped to the balcony, and—

Sapristi! Whom should I behold but the arch-plotter Jules Fagot, the beauteous Isabelle, and that most truculent of bravos, the Chevalier de Brie, Captain of the Camembert Carabiniers! Upon the bravo I bestowed but a glance; upon the glorious face of Isabelle my gaze rested but for an instant. 'T was the face of Fagot that riveted my attention. *Ma foi!* would you believe it, M'sieurs?—myself had not noted it before—the fellow looked as like me as two centimes! Upon his chin he had glued another mole, to replace the one I had taken from him!

Instantly my quick mind took in the situation with one sweeping cerebration. It was to be a battle of wits between the rival Dukes. "Ha!" I muttered exultingly, as my eagle eye pounced upon the chin of my antagonist, "I have the fellow on the hip! Fool! he has overreached himself!"

FAGOT HAD MISPLACED THE MOLE!

Next week, Chapter VI.—In Which Sundry Dukes Appear.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS SHOWN BY THE WONDERFULLY MOBILE FACE OF CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



PLEASURE.



PAIN.



SURPRISE.



HOPE.



SORROW.



SEVERITY.



GENIALITY.

ATTILA BOUND.

(FRAGMENT: IN THE MEREDITHIAN MANNER.)



FAT beneath his eagle eye
Earth hangs under Theodore.
Yet the eagle doth not mew
In Miltonic wise, nor soar.
Resolution's native hue
Pallid thought hath sicklied o'er:
Eagle's scream is hushed to sigh.
Theodore! my Theodore!

Jingling spurs o'errun with rust,
Spider's web on hero's hat,
Fleckless falchion gathering dust,
Lean-limbed charger gathering fat;
Rusted is the trumpet's throat;
Loosened is the drumhead tight,
Quaker gray the khaki coat,
And the front of Mars grown grave.
Theodore! my Theodore!

Eagle, scream and burst the gyve!
O for the time when might was right,
When the saddle was the bed,
And was hurled across the wave,
"Send us Perdicaris 'live
Or the bandit chieftain dead!"
Theodore! my Theodore!

B. L. T.

AN IMPOSING BY-PRODUCT.

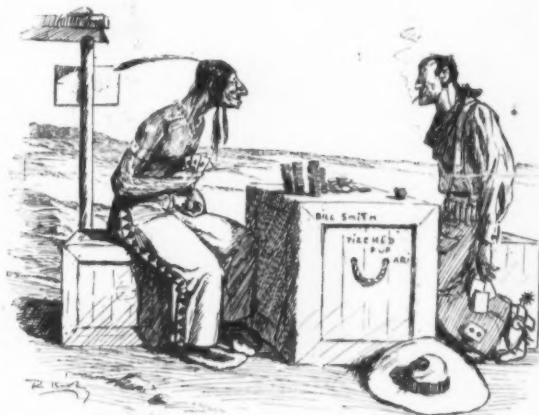
SCHOOL TEACHER (*showing off her best boy before visitors*).—Now, Perkins, can you name some of the important by-products of the steel industry?

PERKINS.—Yes'm; Carnegie libraries.

EXPLAINED.

THE OFFICE BOY (*at luncheon*).—I wonder how doughnuts ever come ter be called "sinkers?"

THE MESSENGER BOY (*disdainfully*).—Yer a bright Sherlock, youse are! Soy, did yer ever notice de fambly resemblance between a doughnut an' a life-preserver?



ALL HE COULD SAY.

SHE.—What is the use of Greek?

THE SOPHOMORE.—Why—er—you know, they use it in the names of the Greek letter societies.

CURRENT FICTION—"THE CALL OF THE WILD."

A MODERN VERSION—Take care of the pennies and let the ten-per-cent-a-week schemes take care of themselves.



THE LAST STRAW.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PRINCE GEORGE, N.Y.

PUCK



PUCK

BALLADE OF THE CHORUS MAN.



WHETHER it be on our own Broadway,
Or whether the scene be distant laid,
Afar or near, it is safe to say,
A welcome awaits the Chorus Maid.
That neighborhood's stolid, prim and staid
Which has no hand for the roving clan
Of the dance and lime-lit serenade.
But pshaw! Who cares for the Chorus Man?

We tire each year of the problem play,
Of drama merely a dress parade,
Of matinee stars, but night and day,
A welcome awaits the Chorus Maid.
The Man? A villager, too, in grade,
He passes his time as best he can;
But how, who knows? Or the way he strayed?
For pshaw! Who cares for the Chorus Man?

For him, no nook has the palace, gay
With lights and lobsters, every shade.
'T would take his stipend one check to pay;
But welcome awaits the Chorus Maid.
She dines there often, and her check's paid.
The motor she came in almost ran
O'er one who works at the self-same trade—
But pshaw! Who cares for the Chorus Man?

Friend! Till the day when the foot-lights fade,
A welcome awaits the Chorus Maid.
To tell of her partner, we began,
But pshaw! Who cares for the Chorus Man!

A. H. F.



DISAPPOINTING.

EDITH.—I suppose your rich uncle remembered you in his will?
FERDY.—Yes; but it was a marvellously faint recollection.

THRIFT.

JONES laid up something against the rainy day. Smith laid up nothing.
The rainy day came.

Smith died of starvation, straight. Jones broke into his bank account, but this had now become such a sacred thing in his eyes that he never smiled again and lost his appetite, and presently he, too, slept with his fathers.

However, Jones's death was spoken of as a distinct loss to the town, whereas Smith's was not.

NOT ALWAYS.

"ALL is not gold that glitters," observed the man who is fond of moral reflections.

"No; nor all hain't gold which is estimated as sich in the gol-darned mining prospectus," bitterly responded Hiram Hardscrabble, who had been investing.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

JIGSON has just paid two doctors seven hundred dollars to cure his wife of some disease that resulted from wearing fashionable shoes."

"Hugh! High heels, were n't they?"

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

"MONEY," quoth the Sage, as he stirred the strange mixture in the crucible, "is not the end of existence."

"Oddsfish, no!" exclaimed the Foolish One. "Only the means."

FOREST LIFE.

MRS. ANTLERS.—What's the matter?

MRS. BUCK.—Boo-hoo! I'm going straight home to mother! Henry does n't do a thing but go to stag dinners.

HIS WATCH WAS A REPEATER.



I.

SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING COON.—I say, boss, wot's the time?



II.

THE RABBIT.—Time for you to be getting a move on.

WHEN?

"WHEN," inquired his friend, more for the sake of asking than for the answer, "will you wing—I believe that is the correct term—your first flight?"

"Just as soon," replied the flying-machine inventor, "as I can get the—"

And, yet, it has been said that lunatics have no sense of humor.

"—laws of gravitation repealed."

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE.

"LET us fly!" urged the Dish.

"Lawks-a-day!" giggled the Spoon, yielding in sweet confusion. "A'budy'd think you was a Loving Cup!"

That is to say, the ancient rhyme relates the fact not otherwise than as it was, but with an infelicitous paucity of detail.

NATURALLY.

THROGMORTON.—What do you suppose Jonah did when he first arrived in the whale's anatomy?"

CODLINGTON.—Well, under the circumstances, I should suppose that he sat down to blubber.

HIS METHOD.

"CUHNEL BOOZLEV?" repeated the landlord of the tavern at Paradise, Ky. "Well, suh, the Cuhnel, to say the least about him, is one of the most methodical men you 'most ever met."

"Methodical?" inquired the patent-churn man, who had put the first question.

"Yes, suh! Every time he gets drunk he goes over to the Cou't House and insists upon payin' taxes on five imaginary green dogs. There's always exactly five of 'em, and they are always green. Yes, suh; the Cuhnel is a very methodical man."



IMMUNE.

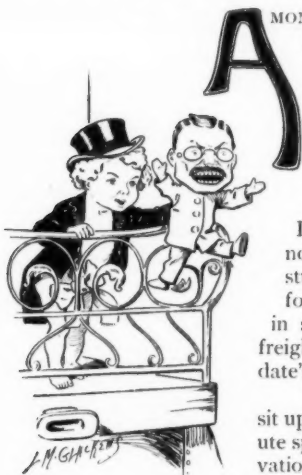
No, gentle reader, Alkali Ike will not be juggled for disorderly conduct; nor will the law attempt to take him in hand although he has been on the rampage for two days.

And why will not the law apprehend this disorderly person?

Because he is the Official Guide of the Eighth Assistant Secretary to the British Embassy when he hunts Mountain Lions in the West and if he were interfered with as a servant of a servant of the Ambassador he would become an International Incident.

ROOSEVELT BY PROXY.

EXPRESSLY PREPARED FOR THE TEN MINUTE LISTENER.



AMONG those who have felt, and still feel, the keenest disappointment at Mr. Roosevelt's absence from the stump, no one group is more deeply distressed than the National Association of Ten Minute Listeners.

Never heard of this body? Well, well! Why, it has a membership mounting into the tens of thousands. It is composed of those men who dwell not in cities or large towns, where the stumper goes to a stand and gesticulates for half an hour, but of those who go down in surreys to the station, and wait on the freight house steps the coming of the candidate's train.

Gentlemen of the freight house steps, you sit upon them this year in vain. The ten minute speech is unspoken. Trains having observation backs, such as the President used to speak from, flash by your hamlet at sixty miles

per. It is all too bad, but cheer up. If you can not hear from Mr. Roosevelt's own lips the campaign oratory you admire, pray accept from us, as a substitute, a ten minute speech along strictly Rooseveltian lines, the authenticity of which we unhesitatingly vouch for. The best part of Puck's ready-made, predigested Roosevelt speech is its adaptability to any locality. Read it. Memorize it. And in the long winter evenings to come reflect upon it. Meanwhile, here it is:

Friends and You, Fellow Republicans:

I am glad that the men who made up my itinerary included in the list of stops your thriving little town. I am glad for two distinct and separate

reasons. First, it is in a section of our country which abounds in those high ideals that make most for good citizenship and sober, useful living. (*Here you cheer*). Second, as you know, it is the home (*Here you get ready*) of one who in the (*Here you start in*) lowering days of the war with Spain, enlisted in the regiment of which I had the honor to be colonel (*Here you cave in the freight house steps*) and fought side by side with me at Las Guasimas and San Juan. (*Here you pause for breath*). I refer to the chairman of this meeting, your beloved fellow townsman, First Sergeant Bullbrander of the Rough Riders. (*Here you become positively deafening and no less than eight hats find temporary quarters on the freight house roof*).

I see you appreciate a good thing when you have one by you. (*Here you laugh and shout, "That's right, Colonel."*) And now, having just heard a warning whistle from my good friend, the engineer, up ahead, I will say to you in a very few words—not few from choice, but from necessity—what it seems to me is most essential for you to hear at this time. (*Here you crowd almost under the wheels*). The Republican party, the party of Lincoln, is not the party of the coward or the weakling. (*Here you burst forth afresh*). It is not the party of the laggard or the apologist. (*Here you cry, "Not on your life, Teddy;" and after the next sentence, "You bet!"*). It is the party that does things. It is the party that performs. And to you men of ———ville, whom it counts among its most loyal supporters, the Republican party has only to call to be sure of a prompt and vigorous response.—(*Here you start to cheer, but he raises his hand*).—A response in behalf of civic de-cen-see, of material pr-r-ros-per-i-tee and of national hon-orr!!

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Arthur H. Fohwell.



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Imperial Extra-dry CHAMPAGNE
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WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

PUCKERINGS.

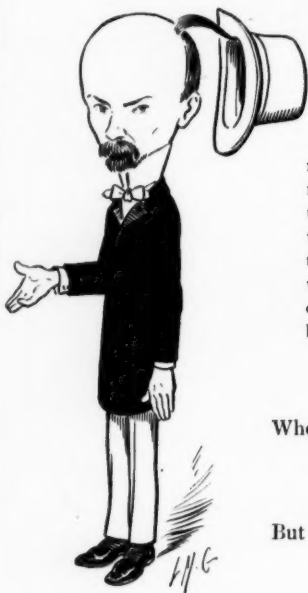
AN INTERNATIONAL code of private law is suggested. But what is really needed is a private code of international law, for the use of rural justices of the peace.

ALREADY THERE is talk of a Subway Arcade. Perhaps the *New York World* would loan its celebrated Nassau Street Arcade, which does n't seem to be working.

THERE is said to be a real demand for a typewriter that shall make less noise than a threshing machine. A noiseless cash register would also plug a long felt want.

COL. ROOSEVELT will hunt in Wyoming after the campaign. The long-pent-up energy will explode all at once, and it will be a sad but glorious day for the mountain lions.

A FUSSY correspondent criticises Poet Clinton Scollard for making the dog star rise in August and shine with a red light. That is nothing to what poets have done and can do.



A SUGGESTION.

READING, Penn., Sept. 22.—The hairs on Senator Fairbanks's head bristled with dignified indignation when he arose early this morning and could not find his hat. He had to catch an early train, and the Mansion House was ransacked from cellar to top to find the hat that had traveled 1,000 miles and had been waved at admiring thousands. Finally it was decided that somebody had taken it after the banquet last night as a souvenir.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE DRAMA.

When the play was the thing we had
HAMLET
PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN SMITH
under the management of Mr. James Jones.
But now
MR. JAMES JONES PRESENTS
MR. JOHN SMITH
in Hamlet.

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

PERHAPS IT has not occurred to you, but these are grand nights to sleep.

THE PRESIDENT'S Thanksgiving turkey is beginning to bulge a little into Connecticut and Massachusetts.

BUT AFTER all the only way to have a Peace Congress is to put Tillman out and throw his pitchfork after him.

A KANSAS CITY telephone girl has fallen heir to half a million, and now when her friends try to hand her a hello they get the busy signal.

DIAMONDS HAVE gone up 5 per cent. And just as we were arranging to buy one on the installment plan. Was there ever such luck!

"IF I HAD three more months—" says Tom Watson. All in favor of extending the campaign three months will rise and remain standing until counted.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

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Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

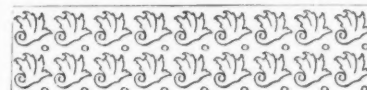
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"IT SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED AS AN ARTICLE OF MATERIA MEDICA."

James L. Cabell, M.D., A.M., LL.D., former Prof. Physiology and Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, and Pres. of the National Board of Health: "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in Uric Acid Diathesis is a well-known therapeutic resource. It should be recognized by the profession as an article of Materia Medica."

"NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH IT IN PREVENTING URIC ACID DEPOSITS IN THE BODY."

Dr. P. B. Barringer, Chairman of Faculty and Professor of Physiology, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.: "After twenty years' practice I have no hesitancy in stating that for prompt results I have found nothing to compare with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preventing Uric Acid Deposits in the body."

"I KNOW OF NO REMEDY COMPARABLE TO IT."

Wm. B. Towles, M.D., late Prof. of Anatomy and Materia Medica, University of Va.: "In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Renal Calculi and Stone in the Bladder, I know of no remedy comparable to **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** No. 2."

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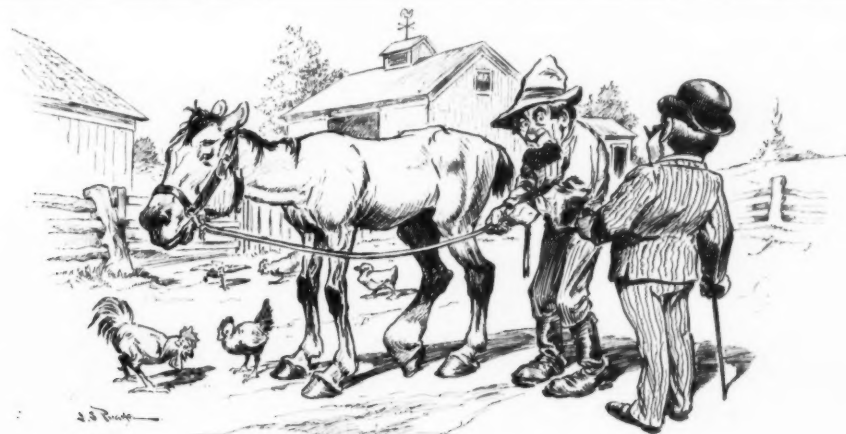
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NATURAL WHISKEY



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WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

A CABLE DISPATCH states that the London press does not take seriously President Roosevelt's late assurances to the Interparliamentary Union. Our friends of Great Britain may be slow at perceiving a joke, but they can see through a promise to call a Peace Congress advanced by a militaristic president at the height of a political campaign.



A NATURAL DOUBT.

"Fast? Wal, I guess yes. He kin pass anything on the road."
"Going the same way?"

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

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PUCKERINGS.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS is going after the North Pole. The Duke has less experience than Peary but more toes.

THERE IS said to be a famine in chorus girls. Anybody who has bought supper for one will credit the report.

AN OHIO hen laid an egg last week with the word "Tibbles" on the shell. P. S.—We have waited several weeks for some one else to do this.

WE HAVE Candidate Tibbles' word for it that only the success of the Populist party will advance the human race. All in favor of advancing the human race will manifest it in the usual manner.

THE INTERURBAN TRACTION COMPANY is still running open cars and Mr. Pulitzer is still writing open letters to the President. It's Puck's private opinion that it is too plaguety cold these days for that sort of thing.

LET'S SEE, it was some time in March that General Kuropatkin arranged to drive the Japanese into the sea and sign a treaty of peace in Tokio. Again, brethren, are we reminded of the sage advice: "Don't prophesy unless you know."

THE FRESHWOMEN at Radcliffe College have been advised by the dean to "stand up straight, avoid looking at the boys, and keep your shoes tied." Excellent advice, especially about the shoes. Untied laces are dreadfully sloppy, and have spoiled many a chance to get married.

A comfortable face is worth many times the price of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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PUCKERINGS.

THE JAPS have captured two more redoubts, and thus are more redoubtable than ever. P. S.—This is the Mikado's favorite joke.

THE AMISH colony at Hiram, O., refuse to admit that the earth is round. Our six-year-old is also skeptical, but we expect her to outgrow it.

WOMEN WITH black eyes are most attractive, says a Chicago professor. All we have ever seen were in police court, and they were no great shakes.



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H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York,
or any Stationery Store.

ARE YOU going to roll a peanut around the block, or trundle some other ch in a wheelbarrow?

AND NOW ariseth a man to announce that there are alligators at the North Pole. But Lieut. Peary says it was Jack Frost that took off his toes.

A cow inadvertently stepped on Congressman Bede's foot. Fortunately it was n't his mouth; the farmer would have lost his cow.

ANOTHER SET of religionists insists that the interior of the earth is inhabited. We have written to the Secretary of the Interior for fuller information.

Milo The Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

At your
club or dealer's

THE CZAR sat still on his bomb proof chair
And merrily sang "Tee-hee!
I will not go to the blooming front
For the front is coming to me —
He-hee —
The front is coming to me."

THERE IS one lid that is n't screwed down in New York as the bounced Civil Service Commissioners can testify. That is Mayor McClellan's eye-lid.

CHAMP CLARK threatened to cut a man's throat the other day for interrupting one of his speeches. We suppose that 's all right if the job is done well, but until Champ gives us a specimen of his handiwork as a jugular slitter we are not so sure. Cut your own throat first, Major. Let's see how you do it.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as we ought, man:—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought,
man."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
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ASK FOR Dr. H. G. Davis' Cough Lozenges. One gives relief. Take a bottle and you will never cough up again.—Adv.

SHERLOCK HOLMES has been employed by the administration to find out what this thing, the Constitution, that people are talking about, is anyhow. The President is curious to see one.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



HIS SECOND.

MRS. HANDOUT.—You lazy thing—my husband had his breakfast two hours ago!

TRAMP (between mouthfuls).—So did I, Mum!

THE Keeley
Cure

for Liquor and
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been
skillfully and successfully administered by
medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES,
Furnished or Unfurnished.
Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.
EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

THE HONDURAS banana crop is all to the bad. Save your bananas!

THE Hon. Henry Gozway Davis has been offered the chair of political economy in the University of Oklahoma.

AS SOON as he has finished running our political campaign, General Apathy will accept an engagement in Manchuria.

ANXIOUS:—No; Kuropatkin is not the author of "The Autobiography of a Revolutionist." You must be thinking of Kropatkin. The other gentleman wrote "The Autobiography of a Sprinter."

"THE N-RAY is probably a delusion," declares Professor Wood of the John Hopkins laboratory. Precisely what we remarked to the missus when first we read about the alleged discovery.

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CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

See our World's Fair Exhibit, Agricultural Bldg. Block 70.

PUCKERINGS.

THERE'S a bull out West that chews tobacco. Thus is the Beef Trust corrupting the morals of us all.

BOSTON may believe in the Roosevelt dynasty, but it will never vote against the Parker House—that is, not until Swallow carries the Hub.

HI! HOLD ON!—Stop the campaign!—quick!! Gee! Has anybody thought what we shall do with Col. Roosevelt if he is licked?

THE REPUBLICANS of Westchester County have nominated \$30,000,000 from Yonkers for Congress. It will probably not be elected, but if it is, we shall have one consolation: We'll have plenty of ready money at Washington next year in spite of Republican extravagance.



THE JUNGLE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT AT WORK.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

HUDSON WHISKEY

the Natural Product
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES
Sold The World Over

THE MAYER BROS. CO.

CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

THE CZAR should take a good, long look at that Baltic fleet before it sails.

WE HAVE three pantry shelves loaded with preserves and a binful of coal. Let the election proceed.

THESE ARE the days when the weak and weary housefly tumbles into the butter and has to be assisted out.

THE YEAR 1905, according to Mr. Schwab, is going to be a good year for steel. Think you can hang on for another year?

ANDREW CARNEGIE is coming back. We thought he would when we read in the papers that he had "left the country." He's coming back to get it again.

THE EARL OF FITZWILLIAM, who is prospecting for coal in the South Pacific, says he cannot say precisely what he shall do to find the coal. If we might presume to advise the Earl we should suggest that he select a fair-sized island and dig a hole in it. You never can tell.

WHEN SO MANY PEOPLE ARE DRINKING IT, DON'T YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE WORTH your WHILE TO TRY

Evans' Ale?

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals of wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



For practical work; for saving time; for long service and complete satisfaction, no other typewriter quite equals

The Smith Premier

A little book explaining just why this is so will be sent on request.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
338 Broadway, New York

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**

33, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

A WOMAN never can understand why a man should wish to give all his spare money to a waiter.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

PERSONALS.

WILL large, fine-looking gentleman who exhibited real money in the Hoffman House bar Monday evening communicate with T. TAGGART, Democratic National Committee.

TEDDY.—Miss the old times sadly, but feel your silence is for the best. Write soon, if only a line. JAKE.

GENTLEMAN (52), irreproachable character and record, wishes to exchange a castle in Spain for a safety net. Possession given at once. A. B. P., Esopus, N. Y.

FOR adoption (any party) strong, healthy orator; Irish parents; answers to the name of "Bourke." Full surrender.

JAKE.—Great strain, but am informed it is necessary. Miss you. How are you, —bully? Come and see me. Bring boxing gloves. TEDDY.

THOMAS TIBBLES.—Relatives much worried. At least write. Letter for you in General Delivery.

DAVID.—Nothing to be gained by waiting until January 1. Retire at once. Make a hit. VOX POPULI.

GOZWAY.—Come home at once. All is forgiven. See me. STEVE.

J. P. M.—If you can't write, send the money. CORTELYOU.

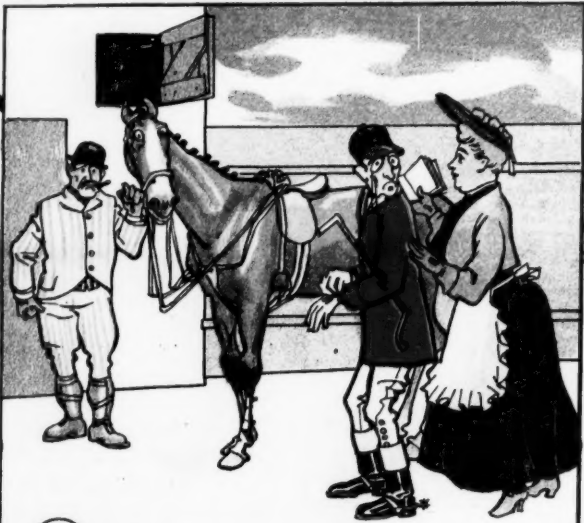
A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE

JUDGE PULPY AHUNTING GOES. (No. 4.)



THE DOCTOR.—Now, Judge, this is final—you must exercise! Let's see—join a hunt club. Mind, no more head-work.

1.

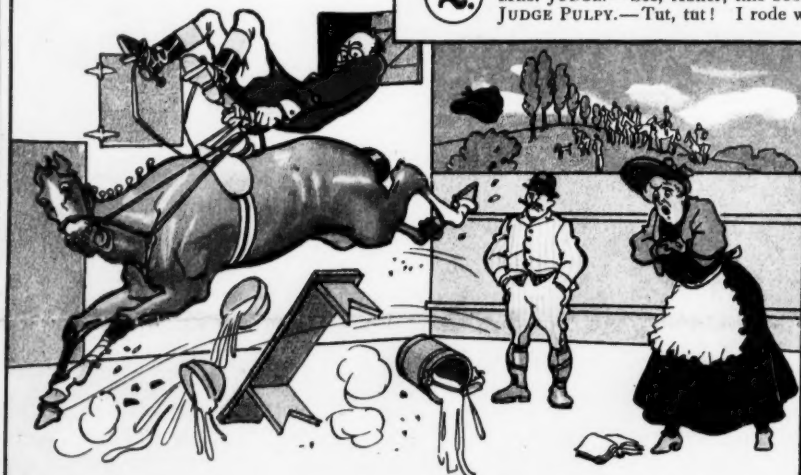


2. MRS. JUDGE.—See, Abner, this book — JUDGE PULPY.—Tut, tut! I rode well as a boy.



3. THE JUDGE.—Giddap! What's the matter with you?

3.



THE GROOM.—Yes—he rode well . . . as a boy.

4.



THE GROOM.—Oh, yes;—rides well . . . as . . . as a boy . . . now —not!

5.



MRS. JUDGE.—Save him!

6.



MRS. JUDGE.—I will save him!

7.



THE JUDGE.—Oh! this is too much head-work for me.

ALBERT LEVERING

8.