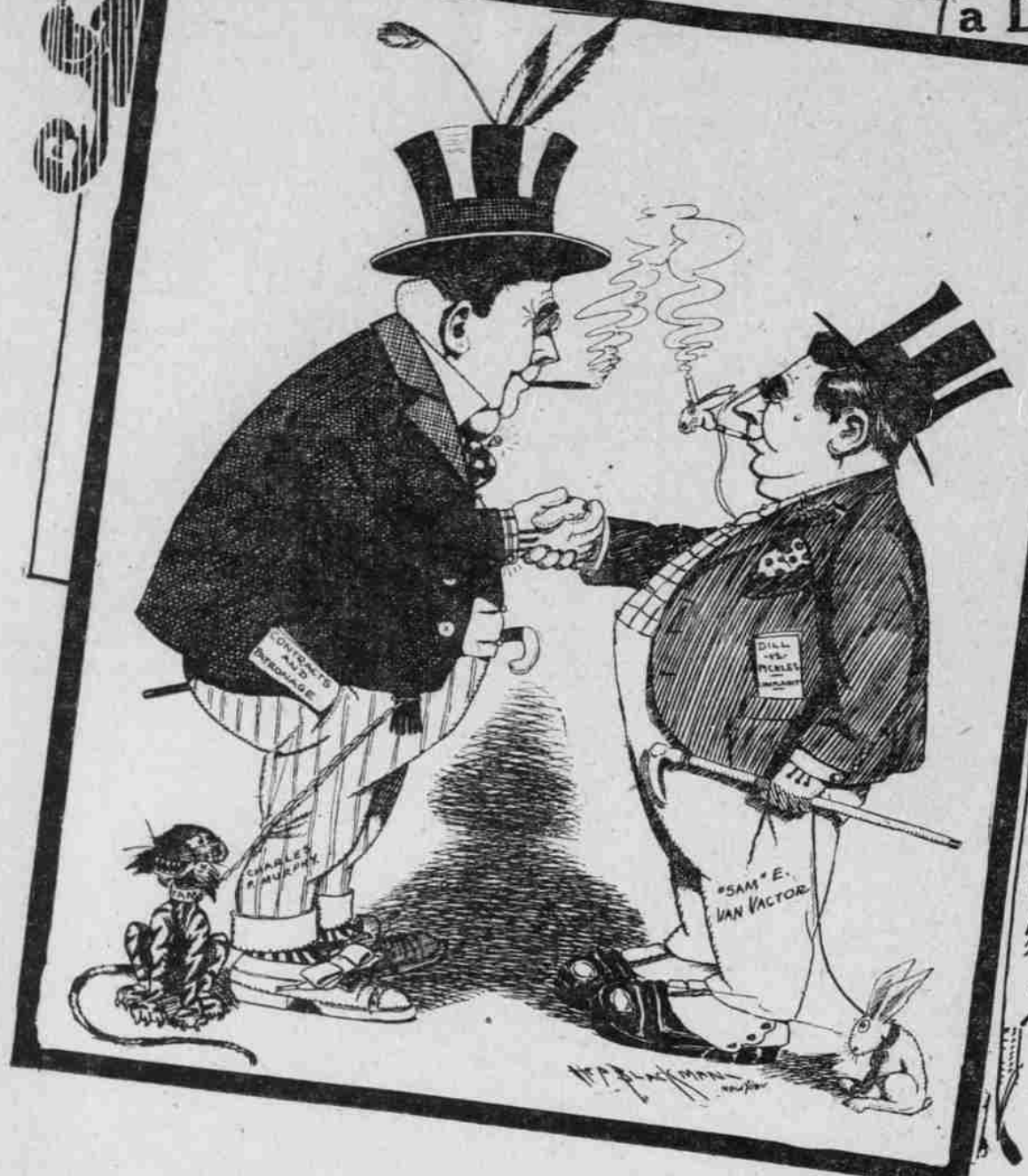


"HEP" BLACKMAN DRAWS TWO LIKENESSES

One Is the Boss of Tammany; The Other a Democratic Boss in Oregon



Here are pictures that "Hep" Blackman drew of two Democratic bosses, one in New York and one in Oregon. Between them there is a strong resemblance. The one is Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany; the other, Sam Van Vactor, Democratic state committeeman from Morrow County and chairman of the Democratic County Committee. In sending these pictures, Cartoonist Blackman apologizes to his former fellow-townsmen for putting him into such bad company, but the temptation to draw two men so nearly alike in appearance was irresistible.

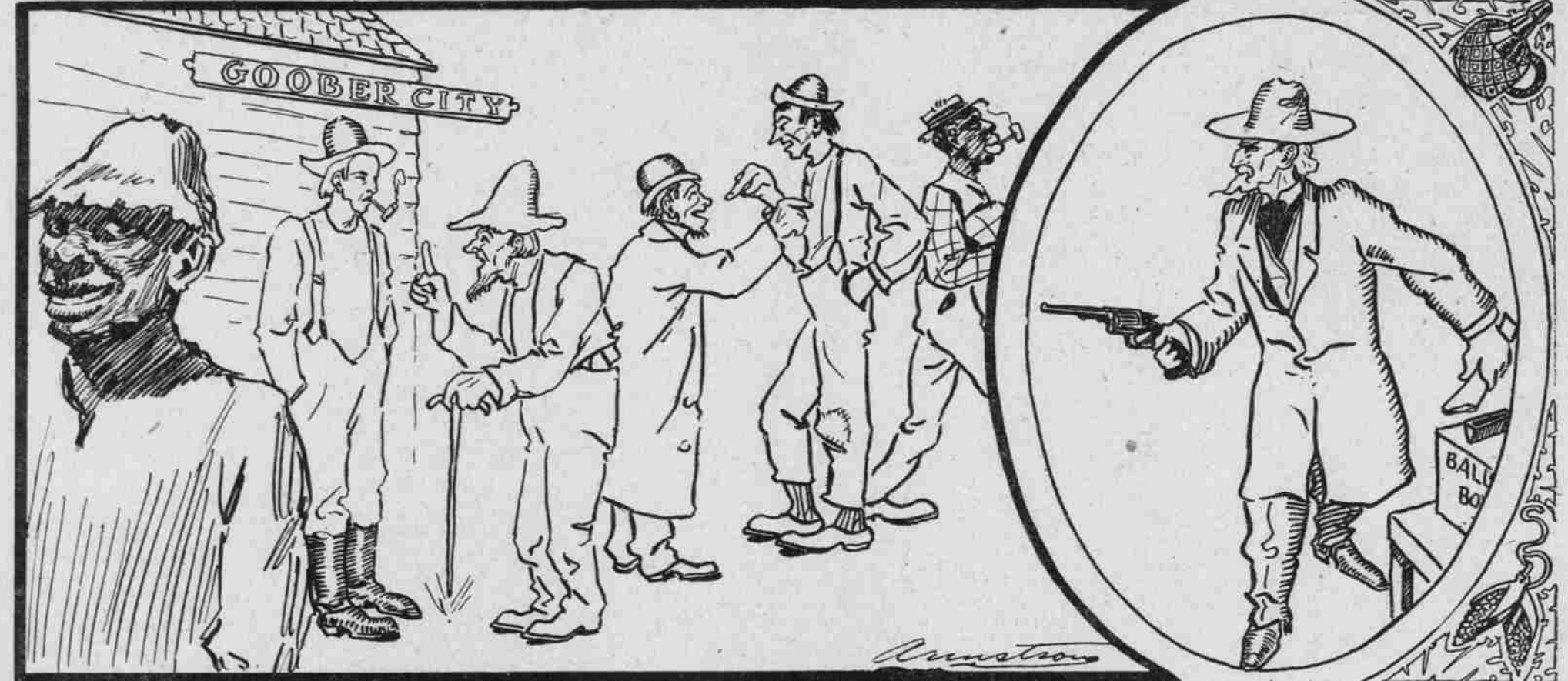
THE HOTEL CLERK ON FORMING HABITS BY IRVING S. COBB

"WHY in heaven's name do they do it?" mused the Hotel Clerk as he gazed with a mournful eye on two souvenir postal cards that had come to him in the morning's mail. "Why, I ask you, Larry, should an unknown and doubtless unpleasant party signing himself 'Bill,' expend the sum of one cent in United States currency in order to convey to my attention an inspiring view of the new iron bridge over Mink Creek near Pikesville, Iowa, accompanied by this kind message, 'Having a swell time here—wish you were with us.' Well, I'll say this much for Mysterious William—he's alone in his wish. It's because our fair country is so thickly studded with Pikesvilles that Chicago is growing and New York is congested.

"And here's one that's been sent all the way from Goober City, Ark., by somebody who evidently answers to the initials 'P. J. W.' Probably he's chosen this delicate and timely method of informing me that all is well with Goober City at this writing. I have no doubt that Goober City is one of those delightful Southwestern points that's smuggled down behind a couple of way-billed freight cars and making a desperate effort to keep two cypress swamps from merging together and becoming as one. I have no doubt that it has all the appurtenances and hereditaments that are customarily found in such a center of civilization, including the Summer's Home, Best Two-Dollar Hotel in the State, J. Grimes, proprietor, with large sample rooms, a pair of cast-iron dogs pursuing a porcelain rabbit across the lawn of the wealthiest resident; a Pythian Hall with a tin cornice weighing two tons; a railroad station that enjoys the unqualified support of the best citizens of the town; a large colored population and a smaller square twice a year. I've no doubt that Goober City has its hopes and fears, its ambitions, its bank panics and its defaulting cashiers, just as all the other metropolises of the great and teeming elsewhere do. I feel morally certain that Goober City has a local option election coming on this Spring with feelings intense on both sides, and a general meeting passing off with feelings similar. In due season, I am reasonably sure that she will have an ice cream festival and kermess, with Chinese lanterns, on the vacant lot adjoining the First Baptist Church under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, and that the beauty and chivalry of Goober City will assemble to eat lemon sherbet with tent caterpillars in it and cocoa-nut layer cake having quite a number of those spiky red ants between the layers. I think I am warranted in the assertion that before midsummer has come there will be talk of organizing a string band and that glorious Autumn will find the Goober City team holding second place in the Calloway County Baseball League. All this I am willing to concede. But what excites me that affords for this P. J. W. person to believe he can brighten my duller hours and make life the better and brighter by inflicting upon me a highly exciting and graphic representation in colors of a square brick structure of the Arkansas Gothic School having emblazoned across its front portico in large stone letters, 'Carnegie Library, presented to Goober City by Andrew Carnegie, Esquire, in the year A. C. 1907.'"

"Mebbe it's just some friend of yours wantin' to be remembered," suggested the House Detective.

"It's got a swell chance," said the



AN ELECTION COMING ON, WITH FEELINGS INTENSE ON BOTH SIDES

Hotel Clerk. "Larry, I don't know whether it's been brought to your attention or not, but the souvenir postal card habit has become the deadliest of our National vices. All classes have fallen into its hideous embrace, with the exception of the overworked lads in the distribution department down at the general postoffice, and a few others, notably me, who still retain their sanity despite the contaminating influences about them. I look to see the day when every properly appointed lunatic asylum will have a strong and well guarded ward set aside for those suffering from souvenir postal-cardomania. The misguided party who thinks he can give you a pleasant evening, from 8:35 to 11, by showing you a large album full of bum photographs that he took with a \$4 camera, but not worth the money, during his vacation last summer at Sudden Falls, N. Y., is an unripe leek and needs to have ventilating grates let into his attic; but there's one worse than he is. I refer to the total loss who's got the walls of the box stall which he calls his den heavily upholstered with souvenir cards from all the towns in the United States where trains stop on signal only, and wants to take you in and tell you about them."

"I guess you're mighty near right," said the House Detective. "I've got a young friend, named O'Malley, who's got the disease in an advanced form. Not content with savin' 'em, he spends most of his time a-sendin' 'em. Once he was a care-free, blithesome kind of chap, but now, by Gumption, if you meet up with him in a caddy and ask him wot he's goin' to have, the chances is he'll say he'll take a couple of them classy postals of the Flatiron building with the frostin' on 'em and bevel edges."

"Judging from what you say I should state that your friend is probably in the hopeless class and his family will do well to be measuring him for a padded cell before he becomes violent," said the Hotel Clerk. "Habit's a fearful thing when you let it get a hold on you. I don't care whether it's the souvenir postal card habit, or the drink habit, or the no-drink habit, or the habit of studying the oil-painting behind the bar when it comes your time to buy, or any other habit, good, bad or indifferent that you've a mind to think of. A habit starts on you slow like a wart, but it gains ground on you fast like a wen. The first thing you know you have to be operated on for the removal of a full-faced habit the size of a Georgia watermelon, which but a few months before, might have passed for a tiny and comparatively unimportant freckle."

"Now, there was the William Jennings Bryan habit, formerly so common in the South, where Mr. Bryan visits, and not so common in the West, where Mr. Bryan lives. You and I can both remember the day when Southern Democrats swore by Mr. Bryan; lately some of them have been known to engage in the heresy of swearing at him. Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Bryan paused in his congenial task of proving to his own satisfaction that all the New York newspapers are owned and edited by a very unpleasant variety of spreading adder, and went down into Kentucky to give the Kentucky legislators the proper sleep. It was in every way an eminently proper and fitting thing for him to do because he resided only about 500 miles away and knew at least two of them by sight."

"Kentucky was having one of those small political disputes which has made the undertaking profession one of the most lucrative and attractive in that proud old commonwealth. There's two sides to every question in Kentucky. Larry, only one of them is homicide. The Legislature was almost evenly divided, although threatening to come together. It even looked as if Kentucky, which is normally Democratic by 40,000, except on election day, might send one of the accused brood of Republicans to the United States Senate. Something must be done to avert the peril."

"'Twas at this juncture that Mr. Bryan stepped into the breach. He assembled the hostile Democratic members and told them in plain words that he expected them to promptly elect a young gentleman named Beckham, whose principal qualifications for the job were that he rarely equalled a frock coat with a grace rarely equaled and never excelled, even in a community of statesmen, and that he belonged to a proud old family that had always held office. They listened to him with deep respect and then they turned right in and elected a party who's been Republican ever since the good old days when a man casting a Republican ballot in Kentucky did it with a revolver in one hand and a railway ticket to the state line in the other."

"From this distance, it looks, Larry, as if the Kentucky Democrats were getting cured of the Bryan habit. The same may be said of the Republicans in the State of Ohio, only 'tis the 'Porker habit that the Ohio bunch is getting cured of. At one time Senator Foraker, known as the Human Fire Alarm, but since extinguished, was believed to carry Ohio around in his vest pocket. But he got careless and somebody picked his pocket. Only he didn't know it, you see. He thought it was still there. And so he stated that his esteemed but loathsome fellow-citizen, Big Bill Taft, should never carry the state for President. They argued with him, but he announced that from the stand he had assumed he would not abate one jot nor tittle."

"What happened is now history, Larry. In the course of a few days Senator Foraker abated several of his jots, and the day after the state convention met he woke up without a tittle to his back. So now Messrs. Bryan and Foraker have something in common, although still in politics as far apart as the poles, as the poet says. They come under the head of ex-habits."

"You wuz speakin' just now of jots and tittles," said the House Detective. "Wot is a jot and tittle?"

"Larry," said the Hotel Clerk, after a perceptible pause, "if I tell you, you won't let on to a soul."

"No," promised the House Detective.

"Well, then," said the Hotel Clerk, slowly, "I'll tell you this much and no more. One large jot is as big as two small tittles."

led to Lisbon, as we made the last stop in Spain, everyone rushed out to get a drink of wine. But as we made the first stop in Portugal it was very funny to see everyone rushing out to get a drink of tea. It is a fact that during the eight months I was in Portugal I never saw a drunken man, but they certainly do drink tea. The women are the most excessive tea drinkers you can imagine. Go into a house in the afternoon and you will find a dozen of them flopped down on the floor, all drinking tea, made so strong that it would keep me awake for 24 hours, but these women drink anywhere from a dozen to 20 cups of it. They are fairly steeped in it. In this connection I must say that the women are not generally attractive, for they are old at 20, and become enormously fleshy. I presume it is due to this excessive tea drinking.

The country is one of the most remarkable in the world, and one of the most interesting, while very little is known about it or its people, for there is not a great deal of travel there, though you believe a line of steamers has been put on between New York and Lisbon. The people live in the past, in the period of the country's greatness, and the fact that their power is gone is constantly present with them and oppressing them. The country is beautiful, and the peculiar disposition of the people toward the past power of the country is shown in the fact that one of the great things that impresses you as you travel from one end of the country to the other is the remarkable number of monuments, statues and the like. Why, you scarcely find a little clump of houses where there may be a couple of hundred people but you will find beautiful monuments and statues erected in honor of some of the heroes of the country when it was the great power of the earth. Its valleys are fertile, and its hills country is rugged and beautiful. From an interview in the Baltimore American with Professor A. M. Elliott, Johns Hopkins University.

German Students More Temperate
Baltimore American.
"When I was a student at Heidelberg 25 years ago, the amount of beer the students consumed was something astonishing," said Mr. J. N. Osborne, of St. Louis.

"In fact, many of them drank to excess, and the fellow who could put away the biggest quantity was a sort of hero."

"Now all that has changed, as my son who is studying at Heidelberg, writes me. He says that while a good many of the students still use beer, a goodly number are teetotalers, and that the wholesale swelling of the old days has gone. I think that everybody will be glad that society has taken the place of Intemperance among the young men at one of the foremost seats of learning in the world."

A Tragedy of Commerce.
Chicago Record-Herald.
Throughout the whole establishment the rumor quickly spread that Long, the gay cashier, was short and secretly had fled; Miss Grant, our slim stenographer, was over- come with grief; White Mr. Young, the oldest clerk, said it was past belief.

The missing man's assistant, Wright, still put his faith in Long.

But when the books were brought to light we found that Wright was wrong.

When Porter, the proud president, arrived upon the scene, he said to King, the porter: "What may all this trouble mean?"

Old Black, the head bookkeeper who was looking very white.

Produced the ledger and explained why Long had taken flight.

While Mr. White, the colored man who stood listening without a touch of pallor on his face.

Young Smith, the secretary, looked at old man Kidd and sighed.

While Carpenter, the manager, seemed robbed of all his pride;

Meek Lord, the elevator man, appeared before the office boy.

And Laid, the silent partner, wept with As Bishop, the head salesman, clenched his fate and stamped his feet.

And uttering some profane remarks that I shall not repeat.

The People of Portugal

THE people of Portugal are the most peculiar on the face of the earth. The general impression is that they are similar to the Spaniards, when, as a matter of fact, they are as widely different in their ideas of life and their mannerisms as the poles. The Spaniards are gay and joyous, love bright colors, are quick to anger and will murder you without a moment's hesitation. The Portuguese are just the opposite. The whole country gives one the impression of suppression. There are practically no amusements as we view amusements. There seems to be an undercurrent of sadness in the life of the Portuguese people due to their dwindling influence in the world. They have fallen from one of the most powerful nations on the globe to the most insignificant, and they are very bitter against the Spaniards, both because of their joyous and frivolous natures and because of the constant