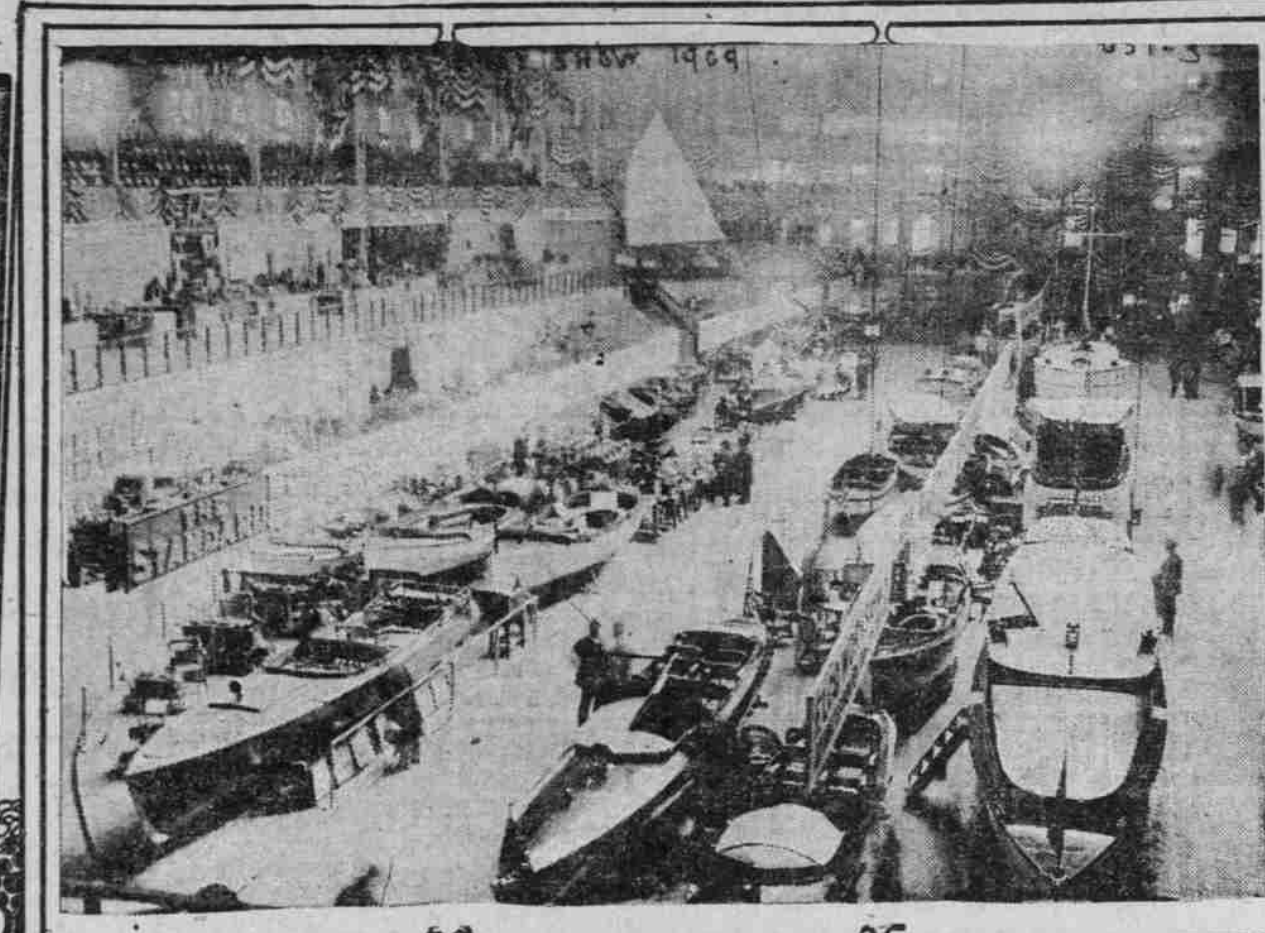


News Pictures Caught by the Cameras of Alert Photographers in Many Places



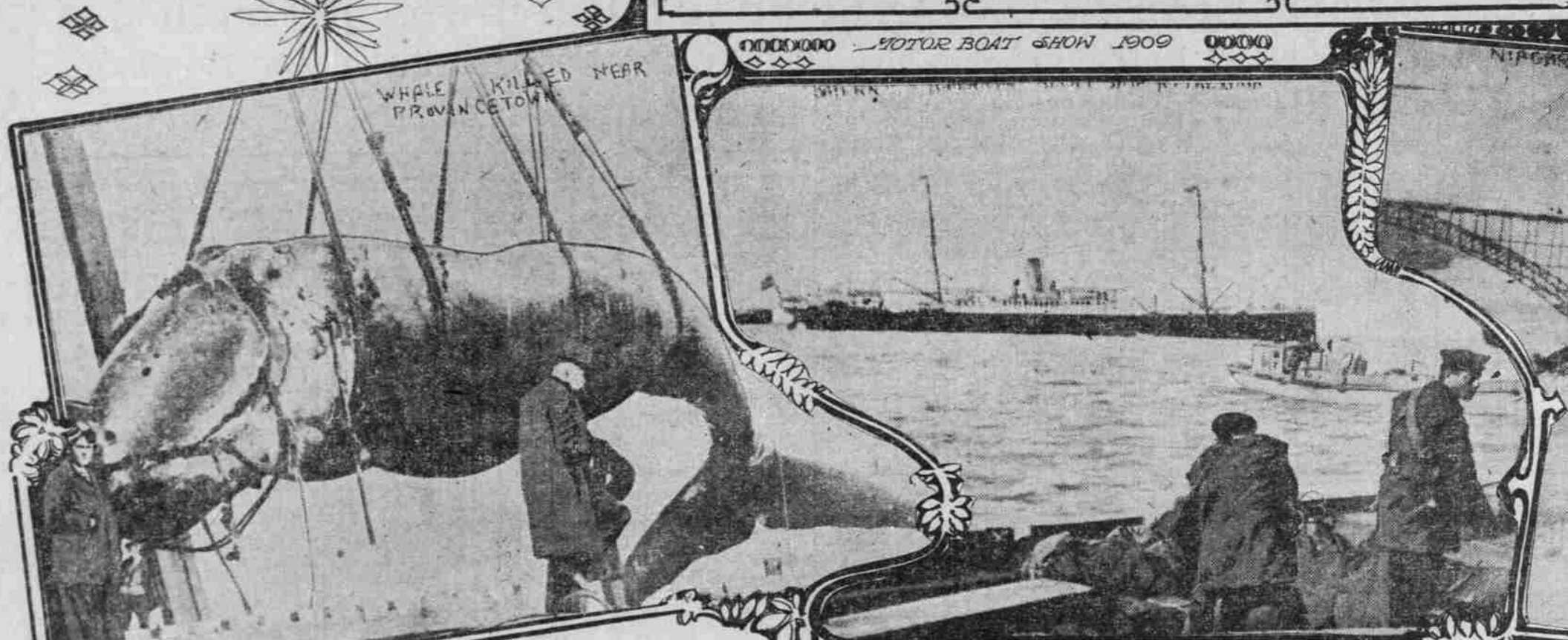
LOS ANGELES MOVEMENT AGAINST MAYOR HARPER



MOTOR BOAT SHOW 1909



AMERICAN RELIEF PARTY AT MESSINA



WHALE KILLED NEAR PROVINCETOWN



NIAGARA FROZEN FEB. 1909

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM HAIN.
NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—(Special).—
The accompanying pictures illustrate various happenings at home and abroad:

Some time ago a new charter was adopted by the city of Los Angeles, under which the city has not alone the initiative

and referendum, but also the power to recall public servants. It is not necessary to impeach a public officer in order to remove him. All that is necessary is to have a certain percentage of the voters demand by petition the recall of the officer elected, and the election of a successor. Recently the administration of

Mayor Harper was attacked on the ground that vice was allowed to flourish in the most open fashion. The attack on the Mayor was conducted by the Municipal League with the earnest co-operation of a newspaper, the Los Angeles Express. Offices for signatures of petition were opened in shops, in doorways and even

on the sidewalk. A sufficient number of signatures have been obtained by the Municipal League and a new election will be ordered.

The motor show which was held in Madison-square Garden last week was of the most interesting yet. The display included a greater variety of models and the incidental sports were more

varied and interesting. The attendance was large.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE PRESIDENCY

BY F. P. DUNNE

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "in a few days me frind William Taft will begin his vacation an' I must say 'tis well deserved. I can see him goin' back to th' White House on th' Fourth iv March, lookin' th' dure, crawlin' into bed an' sayin' 'Don't wake me up till eleven o'clock, please, I'm tired.'"

"I often wanted to be president iv th' United States. It looked an easy way to get th' money. But ye couldn't give me th' job now at anny price. I thought iv th' presidin'-like settin' back whin th' returns had all come in, lightin' a cigar, remarkin' as his face changed gradually fr'm green to red that he had never been in doubt iv th' issue at anny time an' as soon as his teeth stopped chatterin' he wud make a more extended statement, an' th' settin' down to wonder why th' almanack put so many days an' nights between November an' March an' made thim iv such unusual length. I little knew, Himmisay, I little knew. In th' first place William Taft was not elected at all in November. He was not. I tell ye. Now don't get excited an' tillagrat to William Jennings Bryan not to give up hope till th' returns are all in. It wudn't do anny good. William Taft was not elected in November but he was elected th' other day. He was. I read it in th' paper. An' who blotted him? Sweeney. Yes, sir, Sweeney, th' mormon. Th' fellow with th' red hair an' wan eye gone. That's th' man. It was th' imperyal suffrage iv Sweeney, that made it possible fr' William Taft to speak his piece fr'm th' grand stand in front iv th' White House next Thursday without bein' knocked down by a policeman."

"Th' tell ye how it was. Ye don't know th' Constitution iv th' United States. Ye never read it. Th' first thing ye know, I ye know what'll happen to ye? Ye'll be an Attorney-General or a Senator, at last. Well, annyhow, ye always thought th' Constitution iv th' United States said that ivry four years th' mills shud shut down an' th' malsons close up, except th' side door (trap twice), an' millions iv ye an' ye'er frinds shud swarm to th' polls an' defeat a peerless leader iv Democracy while thousands iv fellows ye never heard iv assembled elsewhere an' elected a Republican be a prodigious majority. An' how ye cheered whin th' first returns come in fr'm Texas, whin ye saw 'sams as 'Confederate money, an' how ye groaned whin th' returns come in from

Pennsylvania, whin ye th' only want that seem to count. An' th' ye wint home an' thought it was all over an' praps 'twas fr' th' best to have a man iv th' Presidency that th' business interests iv th' country cud look to an' annyhow William Jennings Bryan made a good fight an' ye hoped that wud be th' last iv him. Ye thought ye voted fr' Bryan an' against Taft. But who ye really voted fr' was an Eyetalian be th' name iv Joseph Mazzarossi, high chief iv th' ex-cyters' union, an' th' wan ye voted against was none other than ye'er old frind th' gong alammer, Sweeney."

"Who told me? Sweeney. I never thought much iv Sweeney as a public man, although he's a powerful lad with th' brakes. An' altho' that with wan twist iv th' wrist can lift a man iv me weight into th' air an' hurl him th' length iv a car, is not to be threatened with disrespect. But I wudn't think iv entrustin' th' duties iv th' Nation to a man that thinks a shrewt crosin' is th' middle iv a block. Yet it is wazn't fr' Sweeney, William Taft, at this minit might be packin' his trunk to go back to Cincinnati to practice law."

"Th' caucus that thrust this terrible responsibility on our illustrious frind was held in th' back room iv this very retail grocery store. After all th' payin' jobs had been distributed th' chairman iv th' caucus, big Carney, says, 'Well, boys, that ought to be th' winners' state. As we're all frinds, let's us now adjourn to th' counter an' drink success to th' party iv Washington an' Lincoln.' Says he, 'Hold on there, says Wiggins, th' lawyer, 'ye haven't named anny presidin'-like flector.' 'So we haven't,' says Carney. 'Has anny iv ye a good choice?' says he. 'If ye haven't,' he says, 'there's a good poor fellow up my way that might be induced to take it. He's th' town that is always a candidate fr' Coroner an' that th' society iv th' convention puts down on th' roll as 'Scattering man.' Is there annything in th' job?' says Schmidt. 'Nawthin' but honor,' says Carney. 'Thim five it to Sweeney,' says th' caucus as wan man."

"Ye coors Sweeney accepted it. He didn't think much iv th' job at first till Hogan got a copy iv th' constitution that a Judge had sold to a second-hand bookstore. Hogan cut th' leaves iv it an' told Sweeney what he found out about presidin'-like flectors. Sweeney gave up his job an' bought himself a stove pipe hat an' a Prince Albert

coat. He said very little durin' th' campaign but he smiled whin th' names iv th' candidates were mentioned. 'Ye haven't taken a very active part in th' campaign,' says I. 'No,' says he. 'I don't think 'twud be at all becomin' to make a public urthance. Anythin' I might say wud be misanderstund. But I'm makin' a quiet canvass an' I believe I'll lead th' ticket by a city block,' he says. 'Dye think I ought to get out a few lithographs?' he said."

"Sweeney didn't come out iv th' house on th' election day. He thought it wud be undignified. But all day long he cud hear th' thrump iv feet iv citizens all over this fair state marchin' to th' polls to vote fr' Sweeney. A week or so later he come in to see me. 'Well,' says I, 'I s'pose ye'er glad about Taft.' 'Well,' says he, knockin' the ashes off his cigar an' lookin' up at th' ceiling, 'Yes an' no.' 'I agree with some iv ye'er no's,' he says, 'but in other cases he goes too far. I do not care to commit meself to way or th' other. I have writt to him. In th' meantime I expect to keep an open mind. There may be others who have akel claims on th' presidin', says he. 'But he was elected,' says I. 'He was not,' says he. 'Thim who was?' says I. 'I was,' says he. 'It is th'us he spoke fr' me an' gave th' use iv his name to th' lead iv th' ticket,' he says. 'I'm not forgettin' it. No wan can accuse Peter J. Sweeney iv ingratchood. Anythin' I can do fr' Taft, in reason, I'll do,' says he. 'But,' says he, 'I owe a joety undier th' constitution as a member iv th' electoral college, to th' thousands iv patriotic citizens who left th' house an' factory, workshop, home an' schoolhouse an' gathered at th' polls on th' day iv last November to cast th'ir imperyous suffrage fr' me; an' even me frindship fr' William Hatch Taft, even me graitchood to him fr' his onefish support iv me cause cannot averse me wan to-tota fr'm me path,' he says. 'Much as I dislike lavin' th' quite iv family life to mingle in th' larger spear iv National politics, me joety to me thrustin' fellow-citizens must lead me on. If I find that Taft is th' man best suited fr' th' position I'll give it to Taft. But I will consider all candidates dispassionately an' ye will not be ashamed iv me choice,' says he, placin' his thumbs in th' armholes iv his vest an' walkin' up an' down th' room with his chin on his chest."

"Perhaps," says I, 'ye'd like applications fr' th' job,' says I. 'They will re-

ceive proper consideration,' says he. 'I suppose,' says I, 'ye wudn't mind sealed bids with a forfeit enclosed,' says I. 'Well, annyhow, I'm glad that th' future iv th' nation rests on such broad shoulders. There's only wan thing I want ye to remember an' that is no wan iver graduated fr'm th' electoral college into role politics,' says I. 'Go now an' do ye'er duty. Be a fearless man. Vote fr' annybody ye please but don't vote at all onless ye're sure ye're th' fastest runner in college fr'm wan hundred yards to th' Marathon distance,' says I.

"'Strange as it may seem, Himmisay, no letters come fr'm William Taft to Sweeney. Divvie th' wan. He's a poor politician, that Taft. He didn't seem to think it was worth conciliatin' Sweeney an' yet up to th' very minit whin th' electoral college met, Sweeney hadn't made up his mind. Wan day he was fr' Elmhurst. Another day he wud remark that he was considerin' Himmery Cabin Lodge. Another time he says: 'I wonder if th' country wudn't be better off under a good, successful business man. Dye know anny such?' says he. 'I do not,' says I. 'Onth Congress steps talkin' about th' tariff,' says I.

"'So he wint down to th' electoral college an' I see him whin he come back. 'Well me old college chum,' says I, 'how was things at ye'er alma mater?' says I. 'I suppose ye had a fine time slagin' th' family glee an' givin' th' old cheer. Have ye arranged a fut-ball match with th' Correspondence School? And who did ye elect presidin'?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I looked thim all over an' considered th'ir qualifications an' decided that, takin' all things into consideration, Taft was th' best that offered among a poor lot,' says he. 'Whin I got down there I found what ye might call th' consensus iv opinion was so strong that Taft was th' man that I didn't care to express meself,' he says. 'I didn't tell ye what wud've happened to ye if ye'd exercised th' inalienable right conferred upon ye by th' constitution,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'what is that?' 'Th' name that happens to annywan that thries to exercise his inalienable rights under th' constitution,' says I. 'Th' Republicans wud have first chance to give it to ye; if there were none iv thim around th' Dimmy-crats wud give it to ye; an' if th' Dimmy-crats were slow, I'd hand it to ye myself as an independent,' says I. 'I know what it is,' says Sweeney. Carney told me. I wint to see him before goin' to th' electoral college,' says he.

"'So Sweeney voted fr' Taft an' all was

well. Th' proceedin's were very dignified. In each state iv th' Union th' electors gathered—men whose names ye will never see upon th' walls iv th' Hall iv Fame, or read in history or even in a telephone book, but names that shud be enshrined in our hearts. They gathered somewhere, th' Lord knows where, an' th' great pulse iv th' Nation stopped while they performed th'ir sacred function. Solemnly, in an envelope, across wood an' plain, fertile farms an' mountain range, th' tidings were carried to th' capitol iv th' Nation an' placed reverently in th' hands iv th' Congress iv th' United States. There was a moment iv dread silence. No wan knew except fr'm th' pa-pers who had been elected. Suddenly th' Speaker cried, 'Order, gentlemen.' There was another moment iv tense excitement. (Who wud be elected. Wud it be Taft? Or Bryan? Or some Unknown who wud direct th' country's destinies fr' four years? Th' Speaker was pale an' nervously munched his cigar but his voice was wonderfully steady as he announced: 'I find that William Hatch Taft has received all th' votes he needs, while William Jennings Bryan is shy a large bunch. Therefore, I declare William Hatch regularly elected President iv th' United States. (Laughter an' cries iv 'Are ye sure?')

"I expected to see crowns in th' street that night blowin' horns but only Hogan, an' me an' Sweeney knew what a close shave Taft had had. He thought he was President at a quietur past 3 o'clock on th' night iv November. If he'd only known he might've injey a month or two iv agonizin' but quiet suspense. But th' foolish popylar returns had not been listed on th' bulletin boards before ivrybody thought he was President-illec an' threatened him as such. What's he had to do, says ye? What hasn't he had to do? Fr' th' first thing he was whisked off to see th' Fannyana Canal, whisked off to a twenty-two-thousand-ton battleship, fr' several days he paced to an' fro on th' canal, notin' th' progress iv th' splendid wurrik, that will, as Hogan says, vet th' Atlantic with th' Passyrick-th' houses iv th' coon laborers fr'm Jamaica, th' comfortable quarters iv th' engineers an' th' baffled attempts iv th' mosquitoes to make th'ir nests an' feed th'ir fledglings in th' pails iv drinkin' water. He learned to distinguish th' Gatun dam fr'm th' rest iv th' mud, allowed th' President iv th' haughty little republic to swing on his watch chain, an' havin' fully gratified his appetite fr' canals, was whisked back again to th' hospitality iv th' Sunny Southland. Ye have read what th' Sunny Southland done to him. Talk as ye please, th' South has not forgot th' war. I thought whin I read th' bill iv fare at Atlanta that I had never seen annything so toothsome since 'Th' Jungle' was published. Th' favorite food iv th' Republicans iv th' South is a kind iv a rat that lives in a tree an' is called th' possum. Th' President-illec havin' said that he had never tasted possum, thousands iv hunters went out an' collected th' scrovy rodents fr'm him. He had possum roasted, possum fried, possum stewed, possum baked. Whin he dint fr' his breakfast th' waiter brought him a poached possum on toast. Fr' dinner

he had a fricasee iv possum, fr' supper cold possum. Before he wint to bed th' landlird brought him a possum sandwich. He said he never tasted possum before. If he ever tastes annythin' else fr' th' rest iv his life he's a lucky man."

"Thim he wint to New Orleans. This capital is renowned throughout th' wurld as th' last refuge iv th' French cook. Th' comitry met met him at th' thrain an' says they: 'Ye must be hungry afther ye'er long fast in Atlanta. Come on an' we'll give ye a taste iv rare Southern cheer.' I wout tell ye th' things they hurled at th' President-illec. It is enough to say that today ye cud dredge th' very river in Louisiana an' scrape th' bottom iv ivry bayou an' not find anny livin' an' crawlin' thing that a French cook wud think was worth throwin' into th' pot. An' that's sayin' a good deal, because a French cook can make a toothsome dinner out of a bar'l iv garlic an' a bone collar button—wan th'at'll last ye."

"He tottered back to Augustus an' th' South was avenged. What's he doin' now? He's playin' golf an' havin' his pitcher took. He's raggevin' dilycations iv prominent citizens in behalf iv Myron T. Herrick. Great dignities have been shovled on him. He's been made a Knight iv Pythias an' a Free Mason; honorary captain iv th' Peacocks; hall team; High Chief Ranger iv th' Exalted Order iv Pullman Palace Car Porters. As a crowning honor he was given a bankit th' other day by th' business men iv Cincinnati. Th' pa-pers say he joyed himself immensely whin a prominent Cincinnati business man with a pillow stuffed inside his cap'n's cap an' an' announced that he was Taft. Th' joyous soul recited poems they had wrote on th' back iv a bill iv lading. There is no better business annywhere thim th' business men iv Cincinnati."

"He has practically completed his Cabinet—which will be ample fr' all his needs. As fast as each appointment was made secretly it was announced publicly by th' wife iv th' man who obtained th'

coveted honor. It is a good sign iv th' intelligence iv our people that th' president has been able to choose twenty-four thousand B-nanceers to be secretly iv th' Treasury. There was some trouble about th' Secretary iv State, William Taft. An' th' Constitution has to be made to suit th' circumstances,' says William. An' Philander Knox got th' job. He is a constitutional lawyer he thrade. 'An' th'ere are, Himmisay. In a few days now a new hand will be at th' till iv th' ship iv state, as th' pote calls it. But ye won't notice th' change. Wan captain comes along an' sets all th' sail, nothers his orders through a megaphone an' knocks down th' crew with a belayin' pin. Another time down th' tiller an' goes into th' cabin an' plays spile-five with th' mate. It's all wan to us so long as th' old scow floats an' we don't run into annythin' in th' dark. Th' principal thing ye can ask iv a boat is does she float. Anythin' else is extry. An' this wan't float as long as ye an' th' likes iv ye that are th' plank an' bolts in th' hull hold together. Ye may groan an' creak in bad weather, but if ye don't fall out th' ship's safe enough. 'Tisn't th' sails an' spars or th' automatic plannin' in th' captain's cabin that keeps it up, but th' plank that never get their heads above water.'"

"Is there annything in th' law to prevent a man that's been made an flector fr'm votin' fr' anny wan he please?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Hogan says not," said Mr. Dooley. "Thim who don't he do it?"

"Because th'ere's nawthin' in th' law fr'bidin' him to do it," said Mr. Dooley.—Copyright, 1909, by H. H. McClure & Co.

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