



with the day's work. His first task is to rush through his mail. He eyes the stack bravely, lights a large, black cigar and attacks it ardently in due during the day, until at night he is generally smoking a thin panatella—and then goes to work.

He doesn't dictate. He just tells his amanuensis what he wants him to say and leaves the phrasing to him.

This is a picture of it:

"Tell this man that it will be all right. I'll see to it."

"Tell this man to take that business up through the regular channels. Address him by his last name. He's a fool."

"Thank this man for the president, and sign it 'cordially.'"

"Just write this man that recommendations like that won't help him to get a job."

"Say that I will make an engagement with him on the regular way, and tell him to call."

—And so on.

"It's a system, boys," he says modestly.

Mr. J. P. Tumulty so far has displayed a new quality every day. He is the only friend with the big statesmen here as no other secretary has ever done. They all admire his ability, and like his direct, forward manner. But above all, they are all annexing a deep regard for "Joe" Tumulty himself as a good fellow, a good man, and a witty, big-hearted, big-busted man of affairs, who rather likes his fellowmen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Phone—Main 2029, A 2029.
FAILING BUILDING.
THIRD AND WASHINGTON,
 Southeast Corner.

Paris, April 12.—The Hague tribunal will pass upon the Carthage and Mancuba incidents, arising from Italian gunboats seizing these two ships while flying the French flag and taking from

Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Entrance on Third St.