

## STATE CAMPAIGN COMES TO CLOSE

Last Meetings Under Auspices Of State Speakers' Bureau Tonight.

### HAYS SEEMS CONFIDENT.

RETURNING FROM TRIP ON WATSON SPECIAL HE FEELS RUSHVILLE MAN WILL BE ELECTED NEXT TUESDAY.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31.—The republican campaign in Indiana will probably close with tonight's speeches in different parts of the state. In the last two days the state committee has made its final appeal to the party workers over the state, in thousands of circular letters sent out. At headquarters yesterday, every stenographer and clerk and a number of additional employees called in for the purpose were busy sending out these circulars.

Secretary Riddick said they were for the eye of the precinct workers out in the state. Neither Secretary Riddick nor Chairman Goodrich will make a prediction as to results. They feel confident of success, however.

Will H. Hays was not so modest. Hays left the Watson train yesterday in the charge of C. F. Remy and hurried back to his desk at headquarters to make what new assignments of speakers were necessary for the closing two or three days. Hays can talk of nothing but the success of the Watson train.

#### People Are With Watson.

"The people are with Watson and the things he stands for," Hays said. "We had splendid crowds everywhere, and there was the keenest enthusiasm. It seems to me that we are sure of victory beyond a doubt. His reception in counties where there are big democratic majorities was gratifying."

The republican orators who have come in from over the state, having finished their work for the state committee, are flushed with success. One of the speakers said:

"Down at Rockport, and other southern Indiana cities, I found many democrats who will support Mr. Watson. I saw men wearing Bryan buttons with Watson buttons galore. In some localities the liquor element is rampant against us. In the town of Clinton there are forty-eight saloons, twenty-seven are on one street. I was ordered out of one of these saloons by the proprietors. Representative Johnson of Clinton, who had the courage to vote for county local option, is not allowed to walk on the side of the street where these saloons are."

#### THE SWORDFISH.

Overlord of the Sea and the Daintiest Feeder That Swims.

The swordfish is the overlord of the sea. Neither the whale, the shark nor any other giant of the deep can conquer him in private fight or public brawl. Nevertheless he is peaceful in the main and seeks the simple life, amusing himself often with worldwide travel and always with delicate gustatory joys. He is the daintiest feeder that swims, always kills his own game and thereby insures its freshness, wherefore his flesh is a delight to the palate of mankind and wherefore, again, men go forth to kill him for market and thereby at times fall upon adventures that make the hunting of tigers and the shooting of grizzlies pale into pastimes for the weary weakling.

For the bold swordfish is still hunted in mode as primitive as that the Eskimo uses to kill the stupid whale, and often the sting of the harpoon changes this luxurious ocean gastronome into a raging water devil, quick to perceive his advantage, charging with the speed of a bullet and the accuracy of a swordsman up against the lone fisherman in the dory who tries to bring him to gaff. Then must the fisherman measure with exactness the lungs of the monster, avoid it by a marvel of nice sidestepping in a plunging dory, or he will be split like a lark.—William Ingalls in Harper's Weekly.

#### CHANCES IN GAMBLING.

The Rule of the Unexpected at the Tables in Monte Carlo.

There are systems, some will say, that will defeat the bank at Monte Carlo. I have not found one. Two factors settle all systems. One is the bank's limit, which prevents the doubling system so often advocated; the second, the extraordinary idiosyncrasies of chance. Red or black will often run in long series. I saw fifteen reds come up in succession on one occasion, seventeen uneven numbers in an unbroken series on another. One evening on a losing day I was playing on the first six numbers and persistently for some hours the last twelve numbers invariably turned up. Once I saw 21 come up four times in succession when mathematically it should have taken 144 coups to make it show that number of times, and still more strange that on this occasion each time it came up a gentleman had staked the limit on the number—namely, 180 francs—winning in ten minutes something over 24,000 francs. One readily sees by these instances the unexpected very often happens—in fact, more often than not.—Arthur Hewitt in Bohemian Magazine.

Killing Time.

A friend met Count Truffe of Paris in the Rue de la Paix.

"Where are you going, count?" he said.

"Down here to the Rue Castiglione," was the reply. "to get my hair cut."

"Why, your hair is short enough," the friend exclaimed.

"Certainly," the count admitted, "but a fellow can't always be strolling about with nothing to do."

## VEZUELA FORTS SHOULD BE SILENCED

Holland Advised to Then Blockade Ports.

The Hague, Oct. 31.—The Nieuwe Courant advocates the re-enforcement of the Dutch flotilla off the island of Curacao by three cruisers and four battle ships, which, it says, should commence operations against Venezuela by silencing the forts of La Guaira and Puerto Cabello, and then enforce a strict blockade until President Castro submitted to the Dutch demands.

## HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Galbreath Thrown Out of Rig in Accident.

## TWO RIGS IN COLLISION.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Galbreath, who reside near Fountain City, had a narrow escape this morning from being seriously injured. They had driven to the city to attend the Bryan meeting at the coliseum. Just as Mr. Galbreath started to hitch his horse to the hitch rack on North Seventh street opposite the Neff & Nusbaum store, Guy Trotter, driving a team of horses, emerged from the alley in the rear of the store.

He pulled up suddenly to prevent colliding with the Galbreath rig. In so doing the tongue of his vehicle raised, catching under the Galbreath rig and turning it upside down. Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath were thrown out and deposited among a basket of eggs and a jar of butter. Several policemen formed a rescue party and soon had Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath on their feet and the rig righted. Mrs. Galbreath's indignation over the loss of the eggs amused the big crowd which witnessed the accident.

#### The Hog.

No other animal has been more modified by civilization and none reverts more quickly to the original wild type than the hog. Three generations of running wild suffice to turn the smooth, round, short snouted razor-back or hazel splitter thin, lank, leggy, top snouted, sharp snouted, an Ishmael in briefs, running like a deer, if running be possible, fighting as only a wild hog can fight when battle is imperative. The tusks, which have been half obliterated in the process of civilization, get back size and strength.

At a year old they are formidable, at two murderous, at three or five more deadly than a sword. They afford a certain index of age up to six years, but are commonly broken in fights long before that time. Wild boars are very ill tempered and when worsted in fighting often revenge themselves by ripping the bark from trees as high as they can reach.

#### Her Exercise.

Many readers think insufficient exercise is responsible for worrying moods. "Dare I whisper it," writes one correspondent. "Though I am a married woman, with two bonnie bairns, when my worries and temper prove too much for me I shut myself up in my room and dance a wild Scotch reel. I always did it when I got in a temper as a child as a sort of vent to my feelings, and I do it still and probably shall continue to do so as long as I'm sufficiently energetic."

Certainly a Scotch reel ought to provide enough exercise to exorcise any demon of worry if lack of exercise is the cause of it.—Home Chat.

#### A Bad Quarrel.

"Why don't you try to get him to straighten up?"

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Well?"

"It's pretty hard to patch up that kind of a quarrel."—Louisville Courier Journal.

#### Describing the Climate.

"Is your climate changeable?" asked the stranger.

"Not very," answered Farmer Cornstock. "It keeps shiftin' around a little till it strikes a kind of weather nobody likes; then it sticks."—Washington Star.

#### Just Like Her.

Hewitt—I didn't know that you lived on the first floor. I understood your wife to say that you lived on the second floor. Jewett—if you knew my wife you would know that she always stretches a story.—Exchange.

#### They Married.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—So Maud and Charlie finally married! Miss Homer—Yes. Trotter—I suppose they are happy. Miss Homer—Undoubtedly; they each married some one else.—Chicago News.

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult to each other?—George Eliot.

—SARAH:

Good housewives prefer Gold Medal flour.

SALOMON.

## NAT GOODWIN

### FICKLE OLD BUG

Announced He Is to Marry Edna Goodrich.

New York, Oct. 31.—Phoebe Howard, in the Graphic, today published the following interesting little piece of gossip:

"Nat Goodwin is to be married again. Edna Goodrich will be his wife. This, at least, is the gossip around the Lambs club, where Goodwin is spending an hour or so daily after the rehearsals of his new play, 'Cameo Kirby,' which will be produced by George Tyler on November 16.

"It's only been a few days ago that

Nat got a divorce from the beautiful Maxine Elliott, now playing at Daly's.

"Miss Goodrich has been abroad all summer, but will arrive in America in a few days, when the marriage will take place.

#### A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With the Little Red Scarf.

"I was wondering the other day what one thing had given me the most pleasure in the world," said the village deacon. "I had to go back a long ways—clear back into the blessed Santa Claus days—but I recalled it. It was a scarf I found in my stocking one bright Christmas morning. I got a red one, and my brother got a blue one. I was a mighty proud boy that morning as I trudged downtown with that red scarf around my neck. I wore it every day until the birds began to sing in the springtime and the kids were hunting up their marbles. I don't now remember who gave it to me nor what became of it, but I do know that the memory of it still clings like a benediction.

"Since the days of that little red scarf I have had things of far more intrinsic value. I have worn lodge emblems of high degree; I have had a gold watch and chain; I once had a pair of shoes that cost \$5 and a necklace that cost twice as much as the little red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled a plug hat. But among these things do I recall none that gave me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such a swelled up sense, as did that little red scarf way back in the days when the wolf sat out in the road and howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days that stir the memory with 't might have been."—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

#### PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes In Various Parts of the World.

John Smith—Plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die away novels, and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithus; the Spaniard renders it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet, and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonoff Smithowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clammers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahn Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smithus; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittweisski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmidt; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jonfil F'Smitty; if of classic turn and he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smilkin, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phrenological Journal.

#### Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody mentioned cookbooks. "It takes a good deal to make me wonder," said the publisher, "but I received a jolt in the culinary line the other day that set me thinking. In looking over the manuscript of a cookbook that had been submitted for our approval I was struck by this introduction to many of the recipes, 'Good for boarding house table.'

"Now, why that discrimination? Isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table good enough for any other table, and isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table? Judging by the way those particular recipes read, they may result in some rather nasty dishes. Then why limit them to boarding houses?"

—John Smith.

—SARAH:

Good housewives prefer Gold Medal flour.

SALOMON.

—GEORGE:

Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

Kodol For Indigestion.

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