

The Gathering of the Also-Rans

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

J. Stockade Shortcrossing Main Mogul
Sandy..... Faithful Friday
Israel Zangwill Lippman Esq.-near-chief
Jerry D'Armor..... Automaton Jinger
J. Seefort..... Inner Circle Messenger Boy
Sargent Grouch..... Official Villifier
E. Christlan..... Ex-proselyter
T. Hobbleday..... Official Spoutholder
Cobblesone Jake.....

..... Chief of Street Sweepers
Elsie Kelsch..... Ex-defacer of Streets
Rudolfstuf..... Official Know-nothing
Harrie D'Ninny..... Official Jester

Multitudinous chorus of cobblesone carriers, waterworkers, street sweepers, engineers, garbage haulers, etc.

SCENE.

Tent of Main Mogul, Field of Battle, Am. Party. (Main Mogul discovered attempting to force Elsie Kelsch not to resign. Elsie resists manfully and is successful in dropping the "pipe" into the punch. The faithful Sandy moon-while looks a fresh cigarette and prepares to stand by his master. Chorus of engineers in rear.)

MOG—Oh, Elsie, why dost pain my soul by this, thy resignation?

ELSIE—'Tis duty, liege, 'twas from me forced.

AT Seffit's instigation.

(Main Mogul and Elsie mingle weeps, while faithful Sandy tips ash from cigarette with little finger of left hand.)

CHO—'Twas from him forced, O noble sire,

At Seffit's instigation.

ELSIE—It is a wrong—I'll be avenged—No human hand shall stay me.

MOG—My sweet, revenge is ready thine. Your successor's George O. Chaney.

ELSIE—But liege, how long must I then wait for my just reinstatement?

MOG—When next I chosen mayor am, I'm yours without abatement.

CHO—We'll clinch our jobs in 1910—There's safety in this statement.

(Exit Elsie and Cho.)

SANDY—Liege, T. Hobbleday awaits without.

MOG—Without what? (Upbraiding laughter on part of Sandy.) Admit him.

(Enter Hobbleday on leaky water-wagon.)

MOG—What ho, sweet knave, what of the fight.

How goes the registration?

HOB—I've got the Sprinks and Trenchers all.

And all of their relations.

MOG—Go faithful Hob, devoted Am, You're useful in your station.

(Exit Hob, mid jangling of taps and butts.

(Noise heard in distance, as of clashing stones.)

MOG—Ha, who comes here?

SANDY—'Tis the Cobblesone crowd, sire, headed by the Redoubtable Jake. Shall I steer them off up State street?

MOG—No, fond slave, show them up.

SANDY—(Aside) Would that I might.

(Aloud)—Come on in, Jake.

(Enter Jake, preceded by large chorus of Cobblesone Carriers, Gravel haulers, etc.)

CHO—Our necks we'd break for Cobblesone Jake.

Ho, ho, ho, for Cobblesone Jake.

Who can so deftly wield shovel and rake.

As our peerless leader, our Cobblesone Jake.

Who fills the ruts (nity and hauls off the stones.

Who makes us all "divvy" ten per cent of our "bone."

Tabloid Comic Operetta

By

Thibet and Mulligan.

Costumes by Marcus Reedallus: Steins, Mart. E. Malvaby; Wigs, Mons. Honest George; Hangings by Taximyers & Co.

Who brands us street workers as dead lazy drones, Hail, Jake, Hail Jake, Hail Cobblesone Jake.

Who but our Cobblesone Jake.

MOG—Jake, thy presence is timely. Are the street sweepers unanimous?

JAKE—Yes, sire; their orders are to vote for the Main Mogul, or no street sweeping job Nov. 3.

MOG—'Tis well, trusty Jake; go thy way in peace.

(Exit Jake and Carriers, dancing the stone step.)

SANDY—Sire, the Christian approaches.

MOG—I'll hear what the "Works" has to say.

(Enter F. Christian, with flourish.)

CHR—I once proselyted, but now I do not.

Three cheers, three cheers for Mc-Millan.

I brand the whole business the veriest rot.

Three cheers and hooray for Mc-Millan.

A school superintendent I once thought I'd be.

For then the great light had not come unto me.

But now I am clerk of the Works, as you see.

Three cheers, three cheers for Mc-Millan.

MOG—Fide, Christian, fide.

(Christian fades to mournful music.)

SANDY—Ha, ha; it is to laugh.

MOG—What is it, Sandy?

SANDY—Here comes the Jester with a joke.

MOG—Let him in.

(Enter Jester D'Ninny, unbothered, shows part in whiskers, and gains recognition.)

MOG—How, now, D'Ninny, what latest mot has gathered from the rabble?

D'NINNY—I just sprung a sidesplitter on the people.

MOG—A joke? My kingdom for a joke. What is it?

D'NINNY—I told them if the American party was not victorious in this election I would leave the city.

MOG and SANDY—Ha, ha, the same old joke, ha, ha.

(Exit Jester, in red feather.)

(Commotion without.)

SANDY—Sire, here comes the real noise, one Lippman.

MOG—Well, let him in, this time.

(Enter Lippman, with expanded head and contracted hand.)

LIPP—When Zeus to me this intellect did stake.

I knew full well he didn't have none better.

I hid me forth the "hierarch" to break.

And give the people 'lie from Thralldom's fetter.

Full many a time I ripped them up the back.

And dubbed them messbacks, subject slaves and daubers.

And in my famous talk in Liberty Park.

I branded all their forebears thieves and robbers.

My boast of heraldry, my pomp of power.

I tried on Kearns's organ, and the party.

I worked against the Jews and Morimone too, My opposition's been constant and hearty.

Full many a bet in poker game I've won.

And many a policy have I dic-tated.

But now the die is cast, and I've lost out.

I'll now proceed to get most sophisticated.

So farewell, victor Mogul and the bunch.

Our last adieu I cannot further stave.

But this last parting shot—just take a hunch—

I'll get you all, ere Lippman's in his grave.

(Exit Lippman, followed by Sam Goodman, who brandishes black jack threateningly.)

MOG—Enough, enough of yon knave's chatter.

Let's aught of somewhat lighter matter.

Sandy, call Rudolfstuf.

(Sandy utters loud hallo, followed by entrance of Rudolfstuf.)

MOG—Me good Rudolfstuf, how stands the balance in the exchequer?

RUD—Name me something easy, good my lord.

MOG—But art not our auditor?

RUD—I am, me liege, and that's the reason.

MOG—Reason for what?

RUD—Why I know nothing. Since the city paid out \$20,000 for a new system of bookkeeping for the auditor's office, put in by a set of imported special auditors, I nor anyone else has been able to find anything out about the city's finances.

MOG—But what has become of the money for the \$600,000 in bonds?

RUD—Pat Moran got it.

(Tumult heard in distance. Loud beating of Tom-Toms. Enter in breathless haste, J. Seefort, closely followed by Jerry D'Armor, and rabble of saloon looters, rooming house rounders, and hangers on who dance at signal of Tom and Jerry. Messenger preceded by Rust Barlow, who rushes in frantically, crying, "Make way" for the Tom-Tom messenger. "Make way!"

MESS—Men, cease thy converse and give ear.

My master, too, and yours' commands, so look and listen:

A traitor's broken loose among our ranks.

He passed this way—I saw his eyeballs glisten.

He's stirring up a strife among the folk.

He threatens to turn his strength to the Republic;

He must be captured, throttled, hobbled, hung—

His soul is 'waited now at Beelzebub's.

(Automatons continue beating Tom-Toms and cutting fantastic figures among the wreaths of Seefort's fumes and smoke.)

JERRY—He cut from us loose.

He's on a "wild goose."

So I says, says I, what's the use?

SANDY—Sober up, everybody. Here comes Sargent Grouch.

(Hush falls on company, each countenance assuming elongated expression usual to presence of Grandfather Grouch. Doleful dirge from oboes and bassoons as official villifier enters, followed by chorus of mudslingers and snuckrakers.)

GROUCH—When first I entered Zion's vale.

Some fifty years ago.

I bethought me of an oft told tale.

Which I should tell anon.

I'd tell the men at Washington

What heathen I found here.

And tho' my bread came through their hands,

HAD NO COLOR OR STRENGTH

Back and Limbs Ached and Breath Was Short.

Condition of a Kansas Woman Before She Was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The symptoms of general debility vary according to the cause but weakness is always present, a tendency to perspire and fatigue easily, ringing in the ears, sometimes black spots passing before the eyes, weak back, vertigo, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking and unrefreshing sleep. The cause of the trouble may be some drain on the system or it may be mental or physical overwork, sometimes insufficient nutrition due to digestive disturbance.

The case of Mrs. Edward Long, of Cunningham, Kansas, which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is good proof of the value of this blood-building medicine.

"About four years ago," she says, "I was suffering with a general breakdown due to overwork. There was a dull, steady ache in my back. I had hot flashes and at times a high fever. My limbs ached and were swollen. At times the pains were so severe that I would have to take morphine to relieve them. I was so weak that I had to lean against things for support. The least unexpected noise made me extremely nervous. My heart palpitated upon the slightest exertion and I became so sick that I was finally confined to bed and was only a shadow of my former self. I had no color or strength.

"I was treated by doctors at Wichita and at last was taken to a hospital. The doctors were undecided as to my trouble at first but finally advised an operation. I would not consent to this and was taken home, where I was in bed for five weeks. A friend advised that I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I was benefited by them almost at once and took the pills until cured. I am in good health now and work every day. My complexion is healthy and I have gained several pounds in weight. Every one says I have completely changed. I shall always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$3.00, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

I resolved me they should fear, fear.

I resolved me they should fear, So I cooked up the tale and I told it.

Over again and again; I made it up new for the story I knew.

Was believed by those Washington men.

I told them and still yet I tell them.

How Brigham his people ad-mired—

Those people did build up this country.

And yet that great man I de-spised.

And I grew a great grouch against Utah.

Her people, her women and men.

That I smile not, and I am not happy.

Unless I can swat 'em again, And I smile not, and I am not happy.

Unless I can swat 'em again.

CHO—So he'll be up and go swat 'em again.

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So he'll be up and go swat 'em again.

So he'll be up and go swat 'em again.

His grouch he has cured and the people he's cured. So watch him go swat 'em again. MOG—Sandy, are there any more coming? SANDY—Sire, the populace has arisen: the Citizens are coming: Each man to his gun.

(Confusion follows, all exeunt in different directions in panic.) J. W. H.

BLIND STUDENT TAKES COURSE IN MEDICINE

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Blind from birth, but able through telepathy to take the difficult course of medicine and surgery without study, is the remarkable condition of J. W. Bolotin, a student in the Chicago college of medicine and surgery.

Bolotin, a young Russian, asserts that through a sixth sense, which he cannot explain, he can read the minds of his friends and classmates and in that manner acquire from them the knowledge they obtained through hard study.

If Wolk, a roommate of the mysterious blind student, said yesterday that after completing his studies for an evening, Bolotin, even though no conversation had passed between them, would be familiar with the subject which he had been reading.

Bolotin does not believe his power is anything supernatural or anything beyond what any man could do if he would think hard.

"The whole thing is largely a thing of memory and sound reasoning," he said. "With Wolk here I get along nicely. We understand each other thoroughly."

"Is it true that Wolk reads to himself and you understand what he is reading?"

He replied that it was.

HOW TO CURE A COLD. Be as careful as you can, when you occasionally take cold, and when you do get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has gained a world wide reputation by its remarkable cures of this most common ailment, and can always be depended upon. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all druggists.

NIGHT TUBERCULOSIS CAMP.

Prominent New York Women Provide Funds to Establish One.

New York, Oct. 20.—A number of socially prominent women have provided the capital for a charity to be known as the night tuberculosis camp, which will open next Tuesday. By converting an abandoned church on the upper east side into a commodious and open room they will provide accommodations for about two hundred men in the first stages of consumption who are compelled to work to support their families.

It is planned to have the patients continue their daily occupations and live in the "camp" at night, undergoing treatment the while.

MONEY COMES IN BUNCHES

to A. A. Chisholme, of Treadwell, N. Y., now. His reason is well worth reading: "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation, nervousness, and general debility," he writes. "I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition, grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old-time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infallible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-114 So. Main St., Salt Lake City.

OUT-OF-ORDER KIDNEYS ACT FINE AND BACKACHE SIMPLY VANISHES.

Just a few doses regulate the Kidneys ending Bladder Misery.

The most effective and harmless way to cure backache and regulate out-of-order kidneys, or end bladder trouble, is to take several doses of Kane's Diuretic.

You will distinctly feel that your kidneys and urinary organs are being cleaned, healed and vitalized, and all the miserable symptoms, such as backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and darting pains, inflamed or swollen eyelids, irritability, sleeplessness, or suppressed pain or frequent urination (especially at night) and other distresses, leaving after taking the first few doses.

The moment you suspect any kidney or urinary disorder, or rheumatism, begin taking this harmless prepara-

tion as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which will effect so thorough and prompt a cure as a fifty-cent treatment of Kane's Diuretic, which any druggist can supply.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Kane, Thompson & Kane, of Cincinnati, is a large and responsible medicine concern, thoroughly worthy of your confidence.

Don't be miserable or worried another moment with a lame back or clogged, inactive kidneys or bladder misery. All this goes after you start taking Kane's Diuretic, and in a few days you feel and know that your kidneys, liver and urinary system are healthy, clear and normal and all danger passed.

Accept only Kane's Diuretic—Fifty-cent treatment—from any drug store anywhere in the world.

The Watch

A watch, like a piece of old lace, is delicate and requires care in handling. It's a machine and like other machinery will stop for cause and often run badly causing its owner to become angry—and usually his anger is in proportion to his investment.

We have a gentleman's gold filled time piece which will average a man's watch troubles to the minimum point as the cost is but \$15.00 in open face and \$18.00 in hunting case and one's anger cannot be great even if the investment proves bad,—BUT we guarantee this watch to give satisfaction—the broadest guarantee known—and will refund the purchase price at the end of 60 days if any customer for any reason wishes his money back.

We believe in this watch.

Phone 65 for the Correct Time.

