

LOT

Finney, City Clerk.

INDEPENDENT PARTY



CITIZEN'S PARTY

For Mayor



For City Clerk



For City Attorney



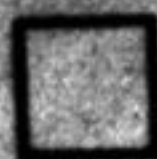
For City Treasurer



For Aldermen First Ward



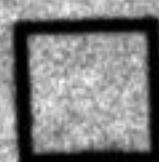
For Aldermen Third Ward



For Aldermen Third Ward



For Alderman Fourth Ward



**JOHN HART, Jr.**

Oakwood Avenue

*John Finney  
City Clerk*

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orney

asurer

men First Ward

men Second Ward

men Second Ward

man Fourth Ward

**A. BAILEY**  
Central Avenue

**Repelling the Boarders.**  
Across the deck appeared the swarthy face of the leading boarder. His eyes had a fierce glare. "Draw!" I cried.

Still he said nothing—only continued to look at me as if to read my inmost soul.

Now, to either side of him, I could see the other boarders. They all seemed to be waiting his lead.

The one between the leader and myself dropped his hand.

This must have been the cue, for I saw the leading boarder's eye brighten.

"Draw!" I repeated.

He spread out his hand.

Looking carefully at it, he said: "Give me three cards."

I stood pat.

Then the boarding house game was over, for I had won all the money. —N. Y. Times.

**The Constitution at Fault.**

"I tell you," said the first reformer, "we ought to start an agitation to curb the prize-fighting evil by means of a constitutional amendment."

"But," objects the second reformer, "that would react upon all of us."

"In what way?"

"Doesn't the constitution guarantee the right of free speech?"—Judge.

**Always Economical.**

Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew is to inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman:

"I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Mr. Peterby. "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."—Tit-Bits.

**Somewhat Broken.**

"Was Mrs. Murphy pleased when she heard her husband's voice on the phonograph?"

"Very much so."

"But the record was scratched and his speech sounded incoherently."

"Yes; she said it sounded just like him talking when he came home from the club."—Chicago Daily News.

**Negative Improvement.**

Miss Chellus—Automobiling is her fad, now, I hear.

Miss Speitz—Ah! yes; because it improves her looks at least 50 per cent.

Miss Chellus—The ideal! How?

Miss Speitz—Because she wears a mask half the time.—Philadelphia Press.

**Sad Forgetfulness.**

Dr. Stork—Samantha, I believe I am losing my memory.

Samantha—What is the matter now, doctor?

Dr. Stork (greatly perplexed)—Why, for the life of me, I can't remember whether those Joneses ordered boy or girl!—N. Y. Herald.

**The Worst of It.**

Amelia—I don't see how you could permit him to say such dreadful things!

Clara—It was awfully embarrassing. And the worst of it was we were in the dark, and, of course, he couldn't see I was blushing.—Town Topics.

**Old Saying Revised.**

"That man is a public benefactor," remarked the observer of events and things, "who can make only one corn grow where two grew before."—Yonkers Statesman.

has given entire satisfaction as a fair, candid and impartial administrator of the law, and he has had some difficult cases up for trial. He is working for the good of his town.

**CORBETT—WELCH.**

W. J. Welch was married to Miss Cecilia Corbett, of 569 Kedzie avenue, Chicago, in St. Charles church, Wednesday, April 15th. The bride was gowned in white with pearl trimmings. Her mother wore black lace and diamonds. Miss Corbett was attended by Master Eddie Mat-

thews and Miss Irene Corbett. Caterer Smiley served, covers being laid for twenty. Only the immediate family and friends were present. The decorations were of palms and hyacinths. Mr. and Mrs. Welch will be at home in Highland Park after May 10th.

**He Slept in Peace.**

Miles—Did you encounter any of the big bugs while in New York?  
Giles—No, I stopped at a new hotel.—Chicago Daily News.

**How They Get There.**

"What is it that makes men great, papa?"  
"Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Hypothetical Case.**

Johnny—"Sposin' I should accidentally tip over a jar of preserves, would it be wrong if I ate 'em?"

Mother—Johnny, bring me my slipper.—Chicago American.

**Seasoning.**

"Does your cook season things highly?"

"I should say so. Even her conversation is peppery."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**And the Girl Turns the Crank.**

Softly—Love makes the world go round!

Snortly—Yes, there's no crank equal to a lover.—Harvard Lampoon.

**No Chance to Talk.**

Mrs. Gumms—Does your husband ever talk of his mother's cooking?

Mrs. Gobang—Not a word. His father died of dyspepsia.—Brooklyn Life.