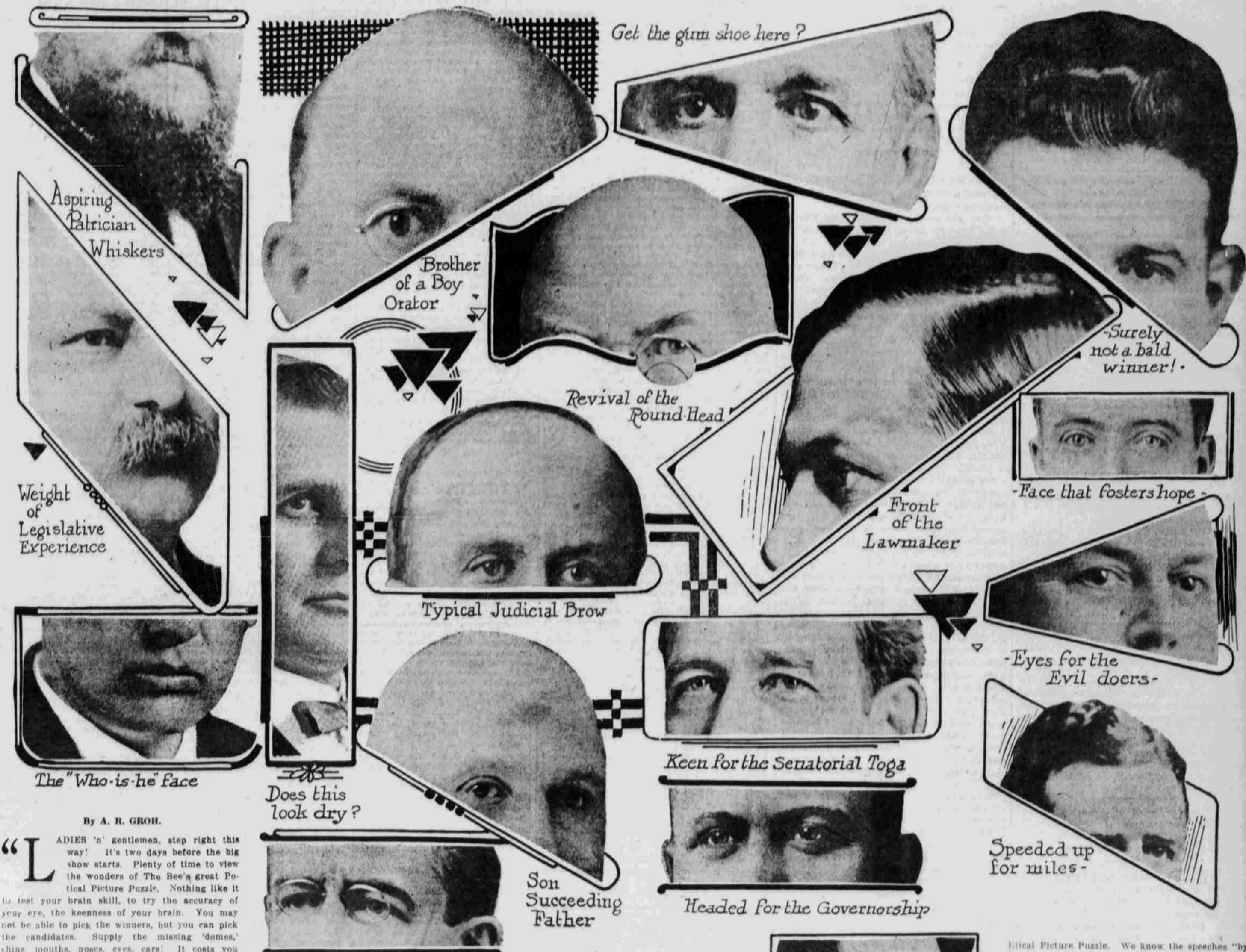


## Jig-saw of the Political Picture Gallery

### Lucky that Candidates do Not have to Run for Office on Their Faces



By A. R. GROH.

**L**ADIES 'n' gentlemen, step right this way! It's two days before the big show starts. Plenty of time to view the wonders of The Bee's great Political Picture Puzzle. Nothing like it to test your brain skill, to try the accuracy of your eye, the keenness of your brain. You may not be able to pick the winners, but you can pick the candidates. Supply the missing 'domes,' 'chins, mouths, noses, ears!' It costs you nothing, not even a filing fee! A little harmless fun and amusement! Step right up!

Here are eighteen fragments of the frontispieces of political candidates, prominent in the coming primaries.

They are not, as you may have thought at first, entrants in a beauty contest. They are not an exhibit of lovely objects d'art, rare porcelains or old ivories.

The Omaha Society of the Fine Arts might, and probably would, refuse to have these pictures hung in its gallery and the lovers of art might, and probably would, decline politely but firmly to expend any of their funds in purchasing any of these pictures.

These men are seeking office. Only that and nothing more.

They believe in themselves. They believe in Nebraska and Douglas county. They believe in the offices which they are seeking.

It is related of Cincinnatus that when a crisis had arisen in the history of Rome, the senate decided that no one could save the nation but Cincinnatus. He must be made consul.

Cincinnatus wasn't seeking the office, though it was a good one and carried with it great favor and 5,000 denarii or obols or shekels or whatever they called the money, *hey animum*.

Cincinnatus was out on his farm and the senate dispatched messengers thither to compel him to accept the office. The messengers found him out plowing his fields and at first he flatly refused to become consul. He pointed out that he had to get the spring crops in and that anyway he had no aspirations to office.

When he heard, however, that the consul, Lucius Minucius, was surrounded by the Aequi and in danger of extermination with his legions, he unhooked his horses from the plow, drove them in to the barn, left the farm in charge of the hired man and went off to Rome where he was made consul.

He headed an expedition and put the Aequi to rout in sixteen days. Then he came back in tri-

umph, and, refusing further honors, returned to his farm on the Tiber.

Differences may be observed (if close study is given) between the attitude of Cincinnatus toward public office and the attitude of present day candidates. They are, perhaps, not quite so coy nowadays. They can be prevailed upon to accept offices with less trouble. Yes, indeed, considerable less.

Of course, Cincinnatus lived about 450 years before Christ, and the story about him is more or less legendary. There are those, indeed, who hold that it is purely legendary and was written as a satire on the perennial willingness of men to serve their country and community in public affairs.

These are the days when the candidate is abroad in the land and the sound of his voice is not stilled, neither is the grasp of his hand weakened. He rejoices with those that do rejoice and weeps with those that weep. He inquires about your health and that of the wife and little Katie and Bobbie. He has even been known to kiss the baby in the overpowering impulse of his admiration for your offspring. He just loves us common people. (Lincoln once said, "God must have loved the

### Kaleidoscopic Views of the Campaign Portraits in the Windows Disclose Suggestive Forms for Phrenological Study and Artistic Analysis

com—" Oh, you've heard that a thousand times in political speeches, have you? Well, all right, then."

These are the days, when along the far-flung battle line, the thunder of the oratorical guns is never stilled. Candidates, red-faced and perspiring, are flinching about their arms, pounding the

tables and breaking the furniture. They are laying bare the faults that have so long kept us from perfection and contentment and showing just how they will fix things up as soon as they are elected.

These are the days when fair Nebraska may well blush at the compliments paid its fertile fields, its contented people, its rich banks, its great industries. For it is a part of the orator's privilege that he can take a sort of reflected credit for all these things.

"And my motives in seeking this office at the hands of the people are that I may administer its duties strictly in accordance with the law and as your representative. If elected, I pledge myself to work for your interests and any time that you want to come in and consult with me after I am elected, the latchstring will always be out. I will be glad to see you and to do anything I can for you. I thank you."

The next speaker of the evening—" But, reader, let us not forget the great Po-

litical Picture Puzzle. We know the speeches "by heart," but the puzzle, ah, the puzzle's the thing. Who cares now how old Ann is or who struck Billy Patterson or what the answer was to the sphinx's riddle.

We want to find out these possible-governors, perhaps-congressmen, maybe-judges and will-they?-senators are.

Cast your eye, then, over this face-scape, as it were, this scene of more-or-less beauty, this gallery of aspiration, these eighteen fragments of patriots, patriots who freely and unselfishly offer their services for the common good.

How many of them can you identify by that portion of their physiognomy here depicted? The names of some are concealed in the legends attached to their respective pictures.

Surely you know those whiskers up there in the northwest corner, whiskers which this candidate wears about the fair city of Omaha deliberately, "contrary to the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the state of Nebraska."

Some men are gifted with both hair and whiskers while others haven't even the sweet solace of hair. Drop a tear, then, as your eye flits to the picture next to the right. Gone, gone is the hair that once grew there in rich abundance. Still, his dome is no baldier than that of his brother.

By some strange freak or inspiration of the artist all the decollete heads in the group are assembled there in the center.

Four—count 'em—four. They look like a view of the bluffs on the east side of the Missouri river, or like four-noon-capped peaks. But what o' that! Hair never made the world any better, and moreover, it is a well known fact that bald-headed men are so because the brains inside their skulls have pushed away the hair on the outside.

And so it goes. There are half a dozen who look cozy out from the page, like women of the Sultan's harem, showing only two eyes each. And even these can be discerned and identified by those who have seen the candidates or their pictures.

Try 'em out, ladies an' gentlemen. "I thank you."

Here is the Day's Best Street-Corner Campaign Repartee : :  
 "If that Fellow Would Only Leave His Picture Off of His Literature He'd Get More Votes" : : : : :  
 "Yes, and if His Competitor Would Send Out His Picture and Leave Off His Platform He'd Get More Votes" : : : : :