

LORD MAYOR A SNAP.

PAID \$50,000 A YEAR TO EAT BIG DINNERS.

WHOLE THING MAKE BELIEVE.

London "City" Going Bankrupt Paying for a Lot of Foolish Fuss and Feathers—Only One Man Living Who Knows What It Is that the Lord Mayor Has to Do—Dignity to a Degree.

That queer hodgepodge compound of the Middle Ages and the twentieth century, the famous corporation of the city of London, is threatened with bankruptcy, says an exchange. In all Christendom there is probably no municipal governing body which surrounds itself with so much antiquated and costly ceremonial, employs so many gorgeous and utterly useless officials, and indulges in so much picturesque, but otherwise needless fuss and rigmarole as the unique organization which holds supreme sway over a square mile in the middle of the capital of the British Empire.

Imagine a small section in the busiest part of New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any of the earliest settled American cities, set aside to be governed in accordance with colonial traditions and customs, and one will obtain a faint idea of what is known as the "city" offers to the rest of London. It would be inadequate, because quaint simplicity characterized colonial administration, while for its models and symbols of municipal power the London corporation goes back to a much more remote period, when show, pomp, and glitter were considered essential to the exercise of authority.

It was the only one of a large number of similar bodies that escaped reformation in 1835, when Parliament undertook to remodel municipal administrations and sweep away the abuses, extravagances and archaic methods of doing business which pervaded them. Again, when in 1888, to bring London's government up to date, the London county council was formed and invested with general control over its various boroughs, its territory embracing 121 square miles, the corporation's halliwick was exempted from its authority.

Commercial Heart of the Metropolis.

Small though it is, the "city" contains the commercial heart of the metropolis, with the Bank of England as its center. Within its boundaries are situated the great financial houses of the empire. Though practically deserted at night, a million people swarm over it in the daytime. Devoted solely to business, its control by men whose chief aim appears to be the perpetuation of antique customs and hoary traditions is one of the most striking anachronisms of modern times.

But no human institution, public or private, can keep going indefinitely if it persists in spending more money than it receives. "Pay up or bust" is the modern law of the survival of the fittest. The accounts of the corporation for 1903, which have only recently been published—in itself a significant revelation of its business methods—show that its revenues amounted to \$2,228,190 and its expenditures to \$2,699,640, leaving a deficit of \$471,650. In the previous year the deficit amounted to \$381,695. The gap between expenses and receipts, it will thus be seen, is increasing.

At the present rate it has been estimated that insolvency will be reached in eleven years. Then reformation can no longer be postponed, and dignitaries

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whose chief function it now is to eat a prodigious number of official dinners, wear gorgeous robes, and go through funny ceremonies with sober faces, will be dismissed; the "city" will be added to the domain of the London county council, and business methods will be substituted for fossilized customs.

The Mighty City Marshal.

Despite its financial condition the corporation stubbornly persists in retaining all the useless and purely ornamental part of its outfit. Of this a typical instance has just occurred. Attached to the lord mayor's entourage is a functionary known as the city marshal. The office originated in the fifteenth century, and in those old days the city marshal really earned his pay. He had charge of the city watch, and it was his business to see that the rogues and vagabonds were kept in check. But the modern method of policing the streets has long rendered him obsolete. The city corporation has transformed him into a species of herald for chief magistrates. Dressed in scarlet uniform, brocaded in gold with cocked hat and plumes, booted and spurred, on a prancing steed, he precedes the lord mayor on his official journeys through the city in the cumbersome old \$50,000 state coach, and calls on all and sundry to make way for him.

At other civic functions he announces the approach of this august personage. To see him do it is worth something. Arrayed as an opera bouffe general, with majestic strides, he makes his entry and, having reached the requisite spot, halts, faces the awe-stricken assemblage, fills his lungs and shouts out, "The right honorable." Then he pauses, takes another deep breath, and at the top of his voice roars forth, "the lord mayor of London." At this dramatic moment the lord mayor crosses the threshold. For performances of this sort the city marshal gets \$1,500 a year, and the city provides him with a horse.

For some years Capt. Stanley, a second cousin of the Earl of Derby, held the easy but inglorious office. But a short time ago he was dismissed because, it was stated, he had become involved in private financial difficulties, though much more serious troubles were hinted at. Anyhow, it afforded the corporation a brilliant opportunity to save his salary by abolishing the useless office. Yet only one voice was raised in support of a motion to that effect.

"In the name of common sense," said Councilman Davies, "what dignity does the lord mayor derive from having a man in a red coat ride in front of him or strut before him into a courtroom like a popinjay crying 'Make way for the right honorable the lord mayor?'"

Common sense made no answer, but a large majority voted to retain the office, and another aristocratic popinjay, if he can be found, will receive the appointment.

Costly Ornaments.

It is around the lord mayor that all the pomp and pageantry and ceremonial tomfoolery centers, culminating in the procession marking the installation of the new lord mayor. In the 1903 accounts the administrative cost of the civic government over which he presides is put down at \$390,000. Here are some suggestive items:

Lord mayor's salary	\$50,000.00
Lord mayor's income tax on his salary	3,125.00
Lord mayor's robes	2,000.00
Illuminated address to the lord mayor by the common council	262.50
Illuminated address to the lord mayor by the common hall	262.50
Sword bearer's salary	2,500.00
Common crier's salary	2,000.00
City marshal's salary	1,500.00
Four ale-conners' salaries	200.00

Equally with the city marshal, the sword bearer and the common crier are antique survivals who fill purely ornamental functions. The ale conners get small pay, but do absolutely nothing for it. In the old days they were supposed to be such excellent judges of the ale and beer that they could tell by tasting of the various brews whether they were fit to be introduced to English stomachs. As sacred relics they still figure in the payrolls.

The lord mayor is invested with more fictitious dignity than anybody in the kingdom. The intricate code of etiquette that attends him is more rigorously enforced than the court of royalty. Inside the city he takes precedence of all mankind save only his sovereign. Even princes of the royal blood must give way to him. No troops may march through it without his permission. With the exception of the King, he is the only person in the realm who is privileged to visit the Tower—London's ancient citadel—at any hour of the day or night. Every twenty-four hours he receives the countersign, with the royal seal affixed—and never uses it.

The office has long been stripped of its once great powers, but the symbols of its vanished authority are clung to with greater tenacity than in the old days when lord mayors were really important lord mayor does, but his chief business personages. Some municipal work he is to preside at a lot of ridiculous ceremonies, and in general do things precisely as they have been done by his predecessors since the office was first established. Above all things, he must guard against the introduction of that awful, desecrating, sacrilegious thing—a modern innovation—in any of the ceremonial that attends him on state occasions. If a handshake should be substituted for any of the forms of obeisance enjoined on his official satellites when they do homage to him at these times, London's civic dignity would be shaken to its foundations.

Garb of the Lord Mayor.

His outfit is as gorgeous as anything to be seen at a circus parade, and everything in it is the real thing. His particular badge of office is a wondrous collar of pure gold, over five feet in length. Attached to this is a magnificent pendant, displaying the city arms in the center, cut in cameo encircled by a wreath of eight roses, with the thistle and shamrock entwined, emblematic of the three kingdoms, and all formed of diamonds of the purest water. It is estimated that these latter alone are worth \$100,000. Back in 1600 the pendant then in use "disappeared," and now the lord mayor—"right honorable" though he is—is required to give heavy bonds for the safe-keeping of the civic jewelry and other costly insignia entrusted to his care.

Out of the city's exchequer each lord mayor is provided with three sets of sumptuous robes. One is of scarlet cloth lined with silk and edged with ermine; another is of black silk, over which flowers are worked in silver, and the third is of purple silk trimmed with black velvet and costly fur. Just when one or the other of these garments should be worn is known only to the initiated, but something awful would happen if the lord mayor should appear in the wrong one.

Four ancient swords are used to symbolize the great powers once wielded by lord mayors in days when doughty warriors sometimes filled the office. One, the scabbard of which is studded with pearls, is known as the "pearl" sword. It was presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the first Royal Exchange in 1571. The "sword of state" dates from 1680. In the presence of the King or any of the judges it is carried with point downward; at other times it is borne before the lord mayor with the point upward. A third sword, known as the "black" sword and first used in 1534, is brought out on fast days in Lent, or when a death occurs in the royal family. Lastly, there is the "Old Bailie" sword, which is placed above the lord mayor's chair when he sits as a judge at the Central Criminal Court.

For toting these old weapons around and making "reverences" before the lord mayor the swordbearer gets a cool \$2,500 a year. If any man ever had a soft snap he has it, but the corporation would rather go broke than attempt to govern the city of London without him. He wears a gown of black broadcloth satin, and on state occasions this is worn over a black court suit, with silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles. One Sir Martin Bowes, lord mayor in 1546, presented the city with a "very goodly royale hatt" to be worn by the swordbearer. It was worn out long ago, but the same privilege attaches to the swordbearers' headgear, of wearing it in the presence of the sovereign. And the swordbearer would get the sack should he so far forget his proud prerogative as to uncover when the King happens to be around.

Away back in 1534 the citizens of London obtained a charter from the King authorizing the carrying of a mace before the lord mayor, which is considered a good and weighty reason why the custom should be retained. The mace now in use was made in 1754. It is 5 feet 4 inches long and weighs nineteen pounds. The official who carries it around is known as the "common crier." He also cries "Oyez" three times at the opening of the lord mayor's court, and says some other things more or less unintelligible that nobody pays any attention to. In the fourteenth century, when the common crier was of some use, he was paid \$15 a year and 25 cents for each cry he made through the city. Now that the common crier is of no use major Ker-Fox gets \$2,000 a year for the job.

There is another mace, called the scepter of the city of London, which the lord mayor totes around himself on special occasions. It measures only a foot and a half in length, but is worth a lot of the big ones, the head being of gold and studded with diamonds and other gems. Lots of other costly baubles and gewgaws form part of his paraphernalia. Among them is a golden key which is supposed to unlock the city gates. There happen to be no gates to unlock, but that makes no difference—the game of "make believe" is still kept up. When the King goes in state to the city the lord mayor meets him at Temple Bar with his attendant retinue and hands him the golden key that unlocks nothing.

It was in 1215 that King John granted the citizens of London the right to elect their own mayor annually, but though the pretense of an election is still maintained with much solemnity and ceremony, it has long been a farce. The one thing necessary to become a lord mayor of London is to get elected by the ratepayers of one of the wards to a life membership in a highly ornamental board of aldermen. There are only twenty-five of them, and as they take good care of themselves, and most of them live to a green old age, such opportunities are rare. But once elected, all a "worshipful" alderman has to do to become a lord mayor is to sit tight and wait his turn, like a man in a barber's shop, until he is "next."

First, though, he has to pass through the office of sheriff, election to which is equally farcical. Two sheriffs were chosen annually from among the aldermen, and hold office for a year. They have nothing to do with catching offenders, locking up prisoners, or any of the duties that pertain to the job in America. Their chief business is to look imposing in wonderful robes, with gold chains around their necks, and otherwise help maintain the city's dignity as mayoral satellites. Between them they have to defray half the expense of the lord mayor's great inaugural functions—the lord mayor's show and the lord mayor's banquet. Each of them is allowed \$3,750 for expenses, but a sheriff counts himself lucky who gets through for less than \$15,000. And so heavy are the demands on the lord mayor's hospitality that, although his salary equals that of the President of the United States, it usually costs him between \$100,000 and \$150,000 during the year that he occupies the "Mansion House," as his official residence is called.

Dignity to a Degree.

The tremendous amount of dignity with which the lord mayor is invested and its remoteness from modern life is well illustrated at the "swearing-in" ceremony which takes place at the Guildhall. It involves a "show-down" of all his insignia. The mace, the scepter, the sword of state, the purse, the seal, and the other things are in succession laid on the table before him to the accompaniment of many obeisances by the gorgeously robed functionaries who carry them, and in the same solemn fashion they are again removed from the table. On this occasion the lord mayor gets one dozen "low reverences," three dozen "ordinary reverences," and half a dozen "bows," and nobody cracks a smile.

Though the recipient of so much homage, as he is but a figurehead, it does not make much difference whether the lord mayor be a great man or a little one. The one just elected, Alderman John Pound, is a trunk manufacturer. He has proved himself a good business man by making a lot of money out of it, but otherwise he is a man of no particular distinction. All the same, he is sure to be knighted before his term of office expires.

The real lord mayor—the man behind the scenes, who pulls the strings that work the puppets—is the private secretary. Lord mayors come and lord mayors go at the rate of one a year, but the private secretary hangs on. For the last twenty-eight years William Jameson Soulsby—Sir William since 1902—has held that job. He is the man who knows how everything should be done to conform to the ancient standard without a hairsbreadth deviation. He prepares the lord mayor's speeches and pilots him thru the maze of ceremonial in which he would be speedily lost without such guidance. What each successive lord mayor does is to put himself unreservedly in Soulsby's hands, and Soulsby puts him through. This is what John Pound will do, and when his year of office is up he will retire, happy and smiling, "Sir John" for the rest of his days.

But if the corporation does not meet its methods some of the aldermen who are waiting their turn will never get "next."—Curtis Brown in Wash. Post.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Just Two Hundred Years Since the Pioneer Sheet Was Printed.

In addition to other distinctions the year 1904 marks the completion of two centuries since the first American newspaper was started. That paper was "The Boston News Letter," whose publisher and editor was the postmaster of that town. Although "The News Letter" consisted of a sheet of only seven inches by 10½, printed on both sides, it was the only paper that England's colonies in the New World had for a decade and a half. Philadelphia got the second paper established in America, and New York got the third. All these were technically weeklies, but often in the early days there were intervals of two or three weeks between their successive appearances. The first daily in the New World was "The American Daily Advertiser," printed in Philadelphia. After nearly a century had elapsed since the first newspaper appeared on this continent—or in 1809—there were only 15 dailies and 190 weeklies in the United States.

The contrast between those days and today is striking. There are 24,000 newspapers and periodicals of all sorts—weeklies, semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies—published in the United States in 1904, of which about 2400 are dailies and 16,000 weeklies. Any one of two or three of New York's daily papers of 1904 has a larger circulation than did all the daily and weekly papers published in the United States in 1804.

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BASEBALL UMPIRES.

Sometimes Take Big Chances in Stirring the Passions of the Onlookers.

Umpiring a baseball game is a very different matter from refereeing a football match. Either official is usually an ex-player; but while the decisions of the college players are received by the spectators and participants with gentle submission and very seldom any remonstrance, those of a professional umpire often cause a riot. Indeed, the vocation embraces more momentary power, but less appreciation than any other. As for glory, one must only see an umpire sneak out the back gate and his hat pulled down under the pursuit of jeers and missiles to wonder why any man has the endurance, humility, and courage to accept the inconsequential salary in exchange for such physical and mental hardship.

On the field he is regarded as a necessary evil, and such is the intense spirit associated with the national game that if the home team appears to have been unfairly treated spectators develop a wrath akin to madness. The players, on the other hand, have hardly any more control of their feelings; and, it being impossible to vent one's anger on a neighbor, the whole deluge of profanity and violence breaks upon the poor man who has unhappily undertaken to please, by rule and regulation, everybody. Understand, among the players, the umpire is a czar. His authority is established and backed up by the league. When a player, therefore, comes up with threatening fists or ominous bat, or with a saucy tongue, he pays for the luxury of his outburst by a fine or a couple of weeks suspension.

Sometimes he may forget himself so far as to strike the umpire and then there is a pretty fracas. If, like Tim Hurst, the official is a "scrapper" himself, and "afraid of no ball player that ever lived," a mix-up follows, with all the worst of it for the player. It is another proposition when 5,000 "rooters," invading the field, with bats, pistols and with open knives, and with cries of "Lynch him!" "Kill him!" seem in a good way to carry out their threats. This is what happened to Hurst, who confesses that when the crowd got after him in St. Louis several years ago, he learned for the first time what it was to be scared.

"When I made the decision in the sixth inning," he says, "I saw that the mob was so hot that if they ever broke the police could not hold 'em; so I made up my mind to keep in a sprinting position, with my eye on the club house door. It came to the ninth inning, with the home team in need of two runs to win. Some feller came to bat and drove a terrific grounder that struck about two inches outside of third base. It was foul as foul could be, but I knew the crowd would never stand for it. I yelled, 'Foul!' and waited a second. Then the bleachers and grand stand let out a yell and began coming for me. 'Talk about San Juan Hill! Some of the players tried to save me, but they were swept away. I took mine as fast as I could to the club house, with 20,000 of them yelling, 'Lynch him!' I had got within ten feet of the door and was saying to myself if I got inside I could defend myself with a bat, when the big nigger, clack as your bat, suddenly crawled from under the stand and came at me. The knife he carried looked about three feet long. He meant business. You could see it in his eye. I thought it was all up with me, for I was too fagged to put up a fight, when a couple of players rushed out and grabbed the con. I hurried to the street, jumped into a cab and never looked around until I got across the Eads bridge."

OUR PRESIDENTS.

Majority Clean Shaven—Roosevelt Second to Wear Mustache.

When Roosevelt is inaugurated, on March 4, 1905, he will be the second President with a mustache. Cleveland was the first.

Whatever the Presidency of this country has done for the incumbents, it has not been productive of beards.

The first four Chief Executives were as clean shaven as Benedict Friars. J. Q. Adams was the first to break the rule, but he was not a full-bearded President.

His facial growth of hair hardly came up to what are usually termed side-whiskers, but they were a trifle more expansive than the Scotch Presbyterian type.

When he retired the bearded President came in again with Jackson, but his successor, Van Buren, brought to the White House almost an exact pattern of the whiskers grown by J. Q. Adams.

William Henry Harrison again set the bearded face. The seven who came after him were clean-shaven.

When Mr. Lincoln was elected there was not a hair on his face but before he finished his term he wore a sparse beard, with clean-shaven upper lip. One of the authenticated stories is that he did this to please a child.

Grant was the first President with a full short beard. His immediate successor, Hayes was the first to wear full long whiskers, covering his shirt front. Garfield also wore a full beard, but it was less luxuriant than that of Hayes.

Arthur, who was the most correct dresser of all the Presidents, was the first in the list to grow the Burnside type of whiskers.

Benjamin Harrison's beard was full, with a slight tendency to curl at the end, and was tinged with gray.

After Cleveland the clean-shaven face returned with McKinley. The mustache came in for the second time when Roosevelt succeeded.

Most of the Presidents were bountifully supplied with hair on top of their heads. The two Adamses were the first to show a slight tendency to baldness.

Van Buren was bald on the forehead. Garfield was similarly marked.

Polk was the first and only President who wore his hair in the ante-bellum Southern style. It was long, and reached back from the front, over his ears. Buchanan was the first and only one so far, to wear the top roach.

Cleveland in returning to his second Administration showed a tendency to baldness. McKinley was not noticeably blessed with a heavy growth.

But no baldheaded man, as the term is understood, has yet been President of the United States.

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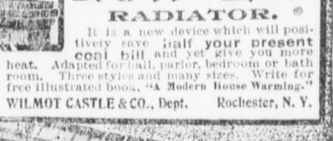
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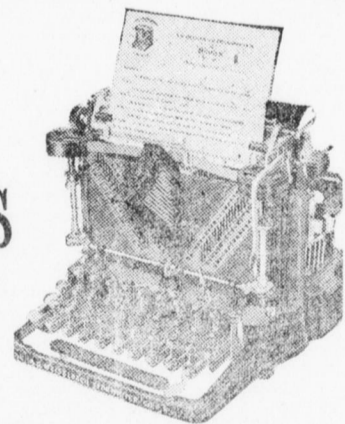
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