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QUICK-WITTED, REFINED, PRACTICAL.

Wife of Mayor-Elect of San Francisco a Home-Keeping.

DOMESTIC WOMAN, BUT ONE NOT
DWARFED BY HER DOMESTICITY.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—"I never wanted him to feel for a moment that he wouldn't win."

This is the most significant thing, the most memorable thing, that Mrs. Schmitz, the wife of the mayor-elect, said to a reporter in a little chat in the pretty Schmitz home out on Fillmore, near Green.

Her loyal, helpful, sensible womanliness speaks in that one sentence.

She is eminently American—clear-headed, common sense, wide awake, unaffected, sincere, quick-witted, refined, practical. She is of that type that cannot be too many—the housekeeping—domestic woman, who is not swamped in her domesticity; that pleasant American type of woman who can look well to the ways of her household and still permit herself the wider range into the ways of the world.

Mrs. Schmitz is a native daughter. She was Miss Julia Driscoll of Watsonville until she became the wife of Eugene E. Schmitz, 10 years ago. Her father was a fruit and berry grower. She received her education in the public schools of Watsonville and San Francisco. She grew up with the very proper and loyal belief of every native daughter that California is the greatest state in the union, and San Francisco quite the finest and most promising city, yet when she was married she did not foresee that great day in her life when the finest and most promising city would do her husband honor.

There was perhaps no happier woman in the world the day after election than Mrs. Eugene Schmitz, nor indeed any happier children than the three Schmitz children.

The long, trying campaign was over. The fight was won. The cards and letters and telegrams of congratulation were piled on a salver. The baskets and bouquets of floral congratulations made the hall and the pretty, homelike, white and gold parlors sweet. Friends kept the telephone buzzing and the doorbell tinkling to express their good wishes. Mrs. Schmitz shook hands and said "Thank you! Thank you!" until she felt like bursting into tears from sheer joy and gratefulness and nervousness and utter weariness—and the three little Schmitz children hovered in the background, and smiled over the banisters, and were very happy, excited and well-behaved little children indeed. And even the one maid servant of the modest household was almost as happy as Mrs. Schmitz and quite as elated as the children.

"I never for one moment during the whole campaign," said Mrs. Schmitz, "felt the slightest doubt that Mr. Schmitz would be elected. I don't know why it was that I had such confidence—but I really had it. My friends came to me and said as election time came: 'You must be prepared for defeat. You know how uncertain such things are. Don't feel too sure. Don't let the disappointment come unexpectedly.' And all I could do was to say that I felt sure Mr. Schmitz would be elected."

"Why?" was asked.

And Mrs. Schmitz answered with the truly feminine reason, "Because."

"Somehow," she says, "I felt confident from the very first. Mr. Schmitz had never been in politics. He had gone along quite contentedly, never thinking of anything beyond success in his profession and in a business way, perhaps, yet when the matter was first broached and the nomination offered to him, and he came home and told me about it, I felt he would be elected, and through the campaign I never lost my belief. Through all his anxieties of the campaign I tried to keep up his confidence and hopes with my own, for I never wanted him to feel for a moment that he wouldn't win."

It was a busy campaign for the little household.

"We always," says Mrs. Schmitz, "have lived the most even, regular life, but from the time of the nomination the doorbell and telephone bell were constantly busy. We just had to keep a book for the telephone messages, and our callers began arriving as early as 8

in the morning. Yet, with it all, Mr. Schmitz only missed three dinners at home during the whole time. He is very fond of home, so we made dinner a movable meal to accommodate him—and although we had dinner at all hours, he missed only three, and always at night when he came home after the meetings and speeches I would prepare a little supper for him and myself.

"The real strain came when the election returns began to come in. Mr. Schmitz was at home with me and a few friends to receive them. The reporters who came out laughed and said he was the only candidate they found at home. The returns were telephoned to us, and we scarcely left the telephone from 7 in the evening until 4 the next morning, when we felt sure of his election. The children were as interested as we were, of course. Their bedtime is 8 o'clock, and they were got ready for bed, but when the returns came in, in Mr. Schmitz's favor, they were wide awake and out of bed, dancing around in their nightgowns and shouting 'Hurrah for Mayor Schmitz' with all their might."

The three little ones in the new mayor's family are two girls and a boy. The eldest, Eugenia Clara, is 9, the second, Evelyn Hiller, is 7, and the small boy, Richard Ambrose, is a sturdy little chap of 5. The only one who goes to school is Eugenia Clara. She goes to public school, the Pacific Heights school, and oddly enough her principal, Miss Alice Stinson, was also Mr. Schmitz' principal when he was a schoolboy, not so very long ago.

Nature has just one pigment on her palette with which she produces all the marvellous tints of beauty, and that one pigment is the blood. The shell-like pink beneath the finger nails, the delicate rose of the cheek, the cherry ripeness of the lips, the iridescent brilliance of the eyes are all produced by the blood. Just as the permanence of a beautiful painting will depend upon the purity of the colors with which it is painted, so the permanence of beauty depends on the purity of the blood. Paint, powder and cosmetics won't avail to preserve beauty. Beauty begins in the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a true beautifier, because it provides for nature that pure blood with which alone she can paint. The use of this medicine will cleanse the skin, brighten the complexion, brighten the eyes, and give to face and form that radiance of health which is the greatest charm of beauty. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are very effective in ridding the system of clogging residuum, which accumulates with constipated habit.

Catarrh is a Germ Disease.

Science, armed with the microscope, has established it a fact, and this conclusion renders obsolete the practice of treating Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis by stomach drugging, syrups, snuffs, &c. Such treatments are an utter failure because they cannot penetrate the delicate air cells of the lungs, or permeate the air passages of the nose and bronchial tubes where the germs of Catarrh have their stronghold. Catarrh is the only certain remedy. It is inhaled by the mouth and after spreading through all the respiratory organs is exhaled through the nostrils. Catarrh kills the germs, heals the inflamed tissue, clears the head and throat in two minutes, and cures in a few hours. Nothing is so effective, pleasant and simple as Catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00. Small size, 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Next year will probably witness a series of royal journeys within the United Kingdom. The world-wide Empire has already received the heir to the throne, and Wales and Cornwall will be honored by special journeys and festivities. There will be a state entry into Edinburgh, a project which the court was deferred, but not abandoned, and the king is expected to visit Belfast, Dublin and the south of Ireland after the coronation, following the example set when he returned from his Indian tour in 1876. The corporation of London has decided to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at a dejeuner at the Guildhall on Dec. 5.

PICKING THE NOSE is a common symptom of worms. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It is pleasant, safe and effectual.

A good many cheap China teas are put up in packets to sell in competition with Union Blend. Avoid them as you would poison. UNION BLEND is a combination of high grade India and Ceylon teas.

HELLO GIRLS IN NEW ROLE

Long-Distance Operators Training Their Voices.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY
MAKES RULE IMPERATIVE FOR
900 WOMEN.

Modulated Tones are Necessary to Ap-
pease Irrate Subscribers.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—Under the tutelage of the Chicago telephone company 900 feminine voices are being given an elocutionary training, new and distinct in its nature. The company now requires that operators on the long-distance lines, must be proficient in this new art, known among the officials as "telephonic elocution." All the other operators are being schooled in telephonic elocution, so that soon none but pleasing voices will be heard over the wires.

General Manager Hibbard says that the company has adopted these methods so as to bring its employees to the highest point of efficiency. Every Tuesday a board of examiners, composed of two office managers and the chief operator, all expert elocutionists, will pass on all applicants. If the aspirants appear under examination to have the elocutionary gift they will be taken on probation. Then will come a three-weeks' schooling in the fine art of "telephonic elocution," and if the girl shows a proper aptitude she is given a place on the switchboard for a further training.

This new "telephonic elocution" is said to be different and distinct from the elocution of the stage, but in many cases it is even more effective. It is the product of the telephonic age. The pitch, the modulation, the elasticity of the voice are all given special attention, and also many smaller details. The company agrees with Shakespeare in the proposition that a voice low and gentle is a most excellent thing in woman. The proverb of Solomon that a soft answer turneth away wrath is also inculcated into the minds of the operators, so that it becomes second nature with them to reply sweetly to an irate subscriber. Of course, clear enunciation and distinct articulation are prime requisites.

Just as a course in a school of elocution is looked upon as a sort of finishing school for a college girl, so officials of the telephone company have come to consider the training they are giving in "telephonic elocution" as a finishing school for their charges. The requirements demand a good education, and as so many are gathered together in one room each applicant must pass a physical examination also, and none but those in perfect health are admitted. The officials claim that their operators represent the highest type of womanhood.

According to Mr. Hibbard, their very accomplishments, however, are somewhat of a drawback to the company. Their training gives them the voices of sirens, from their constant contact with the caprices of men over the wire it is impressed upon them that by a trick of the voice men become manageable—and after that there can be only one result.

"The only trouble in employing girls that are so highly accomplished is that they are bound to get married," said one of the officials. "The percentage of marriages among the telephone operators is something frightful. It becomes practically an epidemic along in May, June and July. A low, sweet and well-modulated voice is a great attraction in any one, and when it is combined with the other accomplishments our girls possess I can easily see how they become irresistible. I noticed a few months ago that they had arranged to school the girls at the Northwestern university school of orators in the art of courtship. Such artificial methods are not required in our school of elocution. Marriages are two frequent as it is, and it keeps us busy filling the vacancies. More girls leave our employ to get married than for any other cause."

MARY WAS INDIGNANT.

That is, Until She Discovered Who Was Pinching Her.

The two young women got on the crowded car at the corner of State and Washington st. The people on one side of the car crowded up closer together and left a little vacant space on which the two essayed to sit down. There was

really not room for both of them, but, woman-like, they made the best of it, and sat half facing each other, so that they might talk together and share the mutual misery. Necessarily they sat with their backs to the passengers next to them on either side.

The man who sat next to the younger and prettier of the two women was at least 60 years old. He had a long white beard and a venerable appearance. The young woman had evidently sat down without even glancing at him. He looked at her back first with a puzzled expression. Then as her profile came partly into view, a twinkle came into his eye.

Presently he leaned over and pinched her gently on the arm. Without looking around the young woman tried to move closer to her friend, while her tip-tilted nose assumed an even more elevated poise. She was speechlessly indignant. The old man pinched her again, and her expression of embarrassment and anger was so appealing that certain of the male passengers were almost moved to rise and throw the old "white-whiskered hypocrite" off the car. Still, however, she did not glance around, and a minute later the old man slipped his arm back and almost about her waist.

With a cry of indignation the young woman, her back still turned, sprang to her feet and stood in the aisle. At the same moment two or three men stood up and things looked stormy for the old man. But he calmed the tempest he had raised with a single sentence.

"Don't get mad at your old uncle Mary," he said.

The girl, recognizing a familiar voice, looked about, gasped, sat down again, and said:

"Why, uncle John, when did you get in?"

"Just got in this afternoon, Mary," he said, "and I am on my way up to the house."

The girl seemed delighted to see him, and a cynical youth who had been ready to come to her rescue a moment before said to a companion, "I'll bet uncle John has a bundle to leave to somebody."—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Increasing Army.

composed of men and women that spend heart and soul in the vain effort to overcome a lack of vigor in the body. To replace inertia by vigor, to make good red blood that will build up the system, to have strong nerves, you must eat more, digest more, assimilate more. How can it be done? By using Ferrozone. It invigorates, strengthens, possesses magical health giving powers. Get Ferrozone today and make yourself strong and well.

An officer from Windsor, Ont., has arrived in Carbondale U S city with Jacob Rosenberg, the Vienna, Illinois merchant who mysteriously disappeared from his home several months ago, and for whom the police authorities of Canadian and United States cities have been watching. When he disappeared his friends supposed that he had been foully dealt with, as he was known to have had a considerable sum of money. When found in Canada he was attired as a tramp and was begging for food, although on his person was \$3,900. The man talks incoherently of his absence and the places he has visited.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness and sick headache.

William Mitchell, a Scotchman, was with difficulty restrained from committing suicide Friday at New York because his chum of ten years' standing, William MacPherson, a Canadian, was going to be married. Mitchell said his relations could not be the same with MacPherson if he were married, and rather than see them change he would die. In order to prevent Mitchell from carrying out his threat while in his present state of mind, MacPherson has broken off his engagement.

An Important Arrival.

When the express from New York reached Fredericton this morning it brought a case of watches for free distribution among Lucy & Co's customers. These watches are good time keepers and are warranted for one year. Every person who purchases at this counter for cash, a man or boy's suit of clothes, an overcoat or a reefer will be entitled to one of those watches free. All goods will be sold at their regular cash prices and positively no extra charge will be made to parties who receive watches. This is the tenth year since those who are fortunate enough to secure one know the value to them.—d.

FOOLED THE LAWYER.

Witness in a Criminal Case in Maine

WANTED TO GO HOME, ACCOM-
PLISHED IT,

And Won a Bet of Ten Dollars.

Up around Moosehead Lake, Maine, they are telling an amusing story of how one of the witnesses in the Terrio case, tried at Showhegan last week, who became tired of waiting around the court room succeeded in getting excused from attendance upon the court and returned home without testifying, and at the same time made \$10.

This particular witness was, according to the story, noted all over the Moosehead section as a shrewd man, always looking for an opportunity to better himself. He was summoned to appear at Showhegan and so when the trial began he was in the court room.

After staying around for a day or two the inactivity of the place became tiresome to him and he commenced to wish himself back home.

He went to one of the court officers, whom he knew, and asked him if he supposed he could get away. The officer was horrified at the thought, and said that he rather guessed not—that the witness would be arrested if he tried to go.

This kind of made the old man mad and he exclaimed:

"I'll bet you ten dollars that I go home today!"

"Take you!" answered the officer and the money was put up.

That noon the witness got a moment's conversation with the attorney for whose side he was to appear and asked him to allow him to go. Of course the lawyer said no, whereupon the old man with a great deal of sadness in his voice said:

"Well, it's pretty hard, pretty hard!"

"How's it hard?" asked the lawyer.

"My wife's dead."

That was all the homesick witness said, but it was sufficient.

The heart of the lawyer was touched and he said in a much more gentle voice:

"You speak to me when we get into court this afternoon, and I guess we can fix it."

That afternoon he was spoken to and according to promise had the witness excused.

The witness went and collected his money won from the officer and left on the first train for home. Sometime later in the progress of the trial it developed that while he had told only the truth his wife had—

Been dead 15 years.

Warts, Versus Moles.

Are either a mark of beauty? This would be a suggestive topic for debating societies. For the information of such, let it be known that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes warts painlessly in a very short time. Druggists who sell the best always sell Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

At the regular meeting of the Laundry Workers' Union, the question of prohibiting the immigration of Chinese was discussed at length. The efforts of the Trades Congress to prevent Chinese competing with Canadian workers was commended, and when the executive of that body interviews the Federal Government a deputation of laundry workers will accompany it to give their views on the Chinese problem. The Laundry Workers complain that Chinese laundries injure them greatly.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the best-known remedy for Dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

It may be only a coincidence but there is quite a boom in the United States for Canadian reciprocity since Sir Wilfrid announced that the Government had seen enough of the road to Washington.

A Convenience.

The Herald is for sale every evening shortly after publication at the stores of Miss Dunlap, Cor. Northumberland and Brunswick Sts., and A. E. Eardley, Cor. St. John and King Sts.—d.