-:-JACKSONVILLE POST-:-

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Foresters And Game Wardens To Co-operate In Mountains Of State

Salem Or., Aug. 24.—After considerable discussion members of the fish and game commission at a meeting here this morning decided that co-operation between game wardens and federal forest rangers would result in benefit to the state generally and a committee was appointed to confer with the federal forestry department at Portland and enter into an agreement with it for such an arrangement.

The plan contemplates that forest rangers shall, in addition to their regular duties, aid in the distribution of fish and in the protection of game. Game wardens in return are to aid rangers in protecting forests from fire. The committee appointed consists of Commissioners Warren, Fleischner and Jack. The session was held behind closed doors, and will continue into the afternoon.

HEAT CAUSES YOUTH'S DEATH

White Salmon, Wash., Aug. 24.—K. K. Kenyon, a half brother of W. K. Dean, of the White Salmon Hardware company, and employed by that firm here, died Sunday afternoon in an automobile while being rushed to town for medical attention from a point six miles out on the Lyle road, where he became suddenly ill as the result of the heat. The party had stopped at a friend's house for a rest while on their return from a trip in the country, where they had indulged in a swim in the cold water. This and the unusually hot weather, 100 degrees in the shade, proved too much for Kenyon, who suddenly collapsed while sitting with his friends. He was taken in an auto and rushed to this place, but was dead on his arrival.

Arrested On Charge Of Smuggling Chinese

Everett, Wash., Aug. 24.—Charged with smuggling four Chinese across the Canadian border into the United States, two men who gave their names as Frank Walker and Pierre Penney, were arrested late last night by Sheriff McRae, of Snohomish county, at a point seven miles north of Everett where the automobile used by the two prisoners had broken down. Word of the smuggling was telephoned to the sheriff by the driver of another automobile, who noticed the Chinese in the broken down machine. Walker and Penney, who said they came from Bellingham, and the Chinese were put in jail to be turned over to the federal authorities today.

U. S. NEUTRAL IN NEW WAR

Washington, Aug. 25.—President Wilson today signed a proclamation giving notice of the neutrality of the United States in the war between Italy and Turkey. The proclamation followed the lines of the others already issued.

A Four Story Drop.

Ritter, the Swiss writer, as we learn from his "Letters," went so wild over George Eliot's works that he learned English in order to read her in the original. Subsequently he read her biography by Cross and wrote, "I had the sensation of falling from a fourth story window into the street!"

Where?

"And where," demanded his wife, with flashing eyes, "would you be now, only for me?"

The hubby glanced at the clock. It was verging on the hour of midnight. He sighed, and was silent.—Boston Journal.

The Spenders.

"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"

"Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Exchange.

Efficiency.

The dial had just been invented.

"Gee," remarked the sun, "it's tough that I should have to punch a time clock all day long." New York Sun.

Down on Him.

Betty—I noticed you didn't even rise when Borely entered. Netty—Oh, I can't stand for him under any circumstances!—Life.

In a Japanese School.

In "A Wanderer's Trail" A. L. Rodger, the author, says:

"In Tokyo I gained my living as an English teacher. This task of teaching English in Japan is not a very difficult one. It is, however, a rather tiring occupation. The one qualification necessary is tact. Discipline in Japanese schools is very lax. It is no exaggeration to say that the student virtually rules the school. His power is ridiculously great. Should a class dislike a teacher they either boycott him or they boldly proceed en masse to the school authorities and demand his dismissal. And the almost inevitable result is the teacher's dismissal! To the authorities the only guaranty of the efficiency of a teacher is a full classroom. Needless to mention, I was an efficient, for my class room was always full. That is why I say the only qualification needed was tact."

Wonderful Linen Breeches.

A. O. Bunnell of Dansville has in his possession a petition which was circulated in his village in 1878 and signed by well known people, remarks the Utica Press. The petition appeals to a prominent citizen to wear his linen breeches. It seems that this gentleman had a pair of linen breeches, and every time he wore them rain fell. In 1878 there was a long continued drought in Dansville and thereabouts, and the citizens decided to appeal to Matthew McCartney to wear his linen breeches "in order that the parched up earth, low streams, dry wells and cisterns may be replenished with a bountiful supply of water." Mr. McCartney graciously consented to don his linen breeches, and on the original paper in Mr. Bunnell's possession is this indorsement: "Rain commenced falling the same night."

Saluting the Quarter Decks.

In response to an inquiry as to why officers and men of the navy "salute the deck" and civilians remove their hats when going aboard a naval vessel it may be said that, though commonly called a "salute to the deck," the salute in question is really a salute to the flag. For instance, at night on reaching the quarter deck or upon leaving it no salute is required, as the flag is, of course, not flying. The fact that this salute is rendered upon reaching the quarter deck from below or when coming on board and upon leaving the quarter deck, as when leaving the ship, is probably responsible for its having been known as a salute to the deck; but, as has been stated, it is really a salute to the flag. Men should when rendering it stop, stand erect and face the flag.—Philadelphia Press.

Stevenson's Cheerfulness.

"I shall never forget Mr. Stevenson," said a captain who commanded a ship on which Robert Louis Stevenson sailed. "The ship had broken her shaft and was delayed. He cheered everybody up by telling funny stories that were better coming offhand from his lips than most literary men could write if they worked over them for weeks. He knew, too, that it was only a question of a short time before he would die of consumption and that he could never again go home for more than a brief visit. It was simply wonderful what a difference that one man made among the passengers, and I guess almost all of us would gladly spend the time to make port under sail, with machinery disabled, if we could have a Stevenson aboard."

Spurgeon was Noncommittal.

The Rev. W. Williams, in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon," tells an anecdote concerning the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying: "He had heard he smoked and could not believe it was true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell if it really was so?" The reply was sent as follows: "Dear ——, I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

Our Universe.

Simon Newcomb, one of the most eminent mathematicians, wrote:

"Speaking roughly, we have reason from the data so far available to believe that the stars of the Milky way are situated at a distance between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun.

"It is not a chance. It is not even a collection of things, each of which came into existence its own separate way. If it were there could be nothing in common between two widely separated regions of the universe. But, as a matter of fact, science shows unity in the whole structure and diversity only in details.

"The universe, so far as we can see it, is a bounded whole. It is surrounded by an immense girdle of stars, which to our vision appears as the Milky way. While we cannot set exact limits to its distance we may yet confidently say that it is bounded."

Starting the Argument.

"Have you laid the foundation for your presidental boom?"

"Yes. I have announced my unwillingness to be a candidate."—Washington Star.

The Elevator Boy

By M. QUAD

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Many a young doctor or lawyer just starting his career has watched an elevator boy at work and said to himself: "Ah, what a profession! No disappointments—no carking care—no burdens on the young back. Why didn't I adopt it?"

And yet the young gentleman who elevates the elevator has hidden sorrows that the public wots not of.

These sorrows begin with the engineer.

In a certain building not long ago I sized up the engineer the very first day as a man who would make me trouble if he could. I learned that two of the window cleaners thought him a single man and both were a little gone on him. Also that his wife brought his lunch in regularly every noon. The next day at the proper time I scooted up to the eighth floor and found the Widow McCarthy wiping up the hall, and I said to her:

"Have you got your lunch with you, Mrs. McCarthy?"

"Indade and I have," she replied.

"And why don't you go down to the basement and eat it in company with Engineer Flyn? I know he would appreciate your company."

"That's true, me boy, and I'll get me basket and go down, especially as that cold faced grass widdy who calls herself Mrs. O'Shane, though she's no right to it in the law, seems to have finished her floor and gone home."

I took her down and then scooted for the fifth floor and found Mrs. O'Shane and said to her:

"Why don't you take your lunch basket and go down and keep Mr. Flyn company?"

"Is it company he sighs for, me laddy? If so I'll go down and cheer him up with my presence," she replied.

"And you'll find a place to warm up some cold tea if you want to."

"Thank ye, but that is a beautiful idea, and mebbe the good hearted man will have a cup wid me. How long ago did Mrs. McCarthy disappear, Sammis?"

"Oh, I took her down some time ago."

"She calls herself the Widdy McCarty, Sammis, leavin' the 'h' out to put in her 'shugar,' I suppose, but is she a widdy, me boy? It's easy enough to say this and that, but where are the proofs? Has she ever shown anybody her husband's death notice as 'twas printed?"

"I never saw it, ma'am."

I dropped Mrs. O'Shane at the basement just as Mr. Flyn's wife came in with his lunch. There wasn't much said. The three women pitched into each other almost on sight, and they were pulling hair and banging into partitions and making the dust fly when I took a walk. Next day as I stopped at the sixth Mrs. McCarthy got sight of me and said:

"Sammis, I'm told that ye are an orphan boy all by yourself."

"Not strictly an orphan, only fatherless."

"So you've got a mother, have ye? Well, a poor fatherless boy can't be havin' too many mothers, and I'll also be a mother to ye."

"I hadn't better call you 'ma' when any one's around, had I, ma?"

"I was a-thinkin about that, Sammis," she thoughtfully replied.

"No, I guess you hadn't. You see, it might lead to jealousy and more Sammis, d'ye mind I went down to the basement to eat me lunch wid that spalpeen of an engineer the other day?"

"Seems as if I did. You thought Mr Flyn would be a bit lonely, I believe. He didn't like to eat his lunch alone."

"Bad cess to his loneliness and his whole body, Sammis, me son, the man is a deceiver and ought to be dropped from the roof. He let on to me that he was a single man and dyin' fur some one to luv him. What d'ye think, Sammis? On the day I'm thinkin of I had scarcely got out of the elevator and says 'good day' to him when she that calls herself Mrs. O'Shane cums after me, and right on her heels cums a woman wid a lunch basket the engineer's own true and legal woife. Wasn't that a pretty mess, me son?

"Did anything happen?"

"I'm not clear about it, Sammis, but I think somethin did. I have a dim recollection of bein' banged on the chin, receivin' this blackness under me eye and of me heels flyin' away wid me and me bein' banged against the partitions, but I shall never be able to make it out to me satisfaction. All I'm sure of is that me head has been achin' ever since that hour, and every time I draw a breath I feel like hittin that engineer over the head with me bucket."

"And we'll put up a job on him and get him bounced?"

"By and by, perhaps, but not now. We'll move slowly in this matter, Sammis, and meanwhile I'm lookin' for you to defend yer adopted mother's reputation should any gossip arise. Ye might deny that ye took me down that day. By the way, how's the mortgage on the home, Sammis?"

"I'm staggering under it yet, thank you."

"It's too bad, but keep up your courage. Here's a bawbiny to stay yer stummick till much time and it's not the last ye'll git by a jugful. Quiet is the word, Sammis, easy and quiet and no gossip, and we'll bless the day that Mrs. McCarthy adopted ye for her very own."

Mr. Flyn may think he's up to a dodge or two, but so is SAMMIS,

The Elevator Boy.

When a Man Marries.

His bachelor friends are about equally divided in thinking that he is a nut or a mighty fortunate gink.

His wife's relatives plan to visit them during the county fair or the automobile show.

His own relatives plan to give his wife a good talking to if she proves to be extravagant.

His neighbors hope that he will prove to be a good hand at bridge and that his wife will throw as many teas as the rest of them.

His boss wonders how he can do it on the salary he is getting, but does not increase it.

His wife wonders why it is that a little house takes so much time to look after.

While a man himself is so excited all the time that he nearly loses his job—and doesn't realize it.—Indianapolis

Making It Clear.

"Now, my good man, before we start out in your machine let us understand each other perfectly."

"Well, what is it?"

"I am not desirous of seeing how fast you can drive this car. It is the scenery I wish to see."—Detroit Free Press.

Elevating.

Wigg—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is godlike.—Mann.

As Shakespeare Said.

"Sweet Will Shakespeare's" influence is still with us, and many of the phrases which he used have become part of our language. Among these phrases are: "Bag and baggage," "dead as a doornail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho!" "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bedfellows," "to boot," "short and long of it," "dancing attendance," "getting even," "birds of a feather," "Greek to me," "that's flat," "picking a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum" for silent, "ill wind that blows no good," "wild goose chase," "scarecrows," "row of pins," "viva voce," "give and take," "sold," "your cake is dough."

Shakespeare was the first author to use the words "man in the moon" or mention the potato or use the term "eyesore" for annoyance.

Human Frailty.

Let a bishop appear and members of his church will be preached a great sermon. The appreciation is for the man's reputation and position. Thousands of books actually worthless receive what is called appreciation because they are written by noted men, printed by noted publishers. You laugh at the jokes of a clown, but you would not smile at the same nonsense offered by a nebbish. How the children laugh at the teacher's jokes! How an agent laughs at your jokes when he thinks he has you in a buying humor! We are actually honest about nothing.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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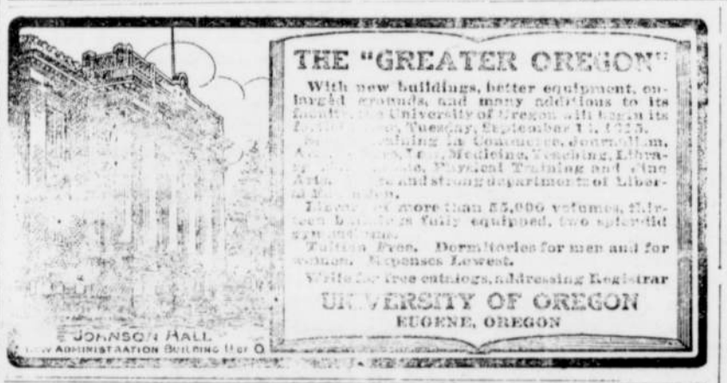

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