

Cadet Life at West Point.
Briefly, at 3:45 p. m. the academic work is over for the day and drills for all classes occupy the hour from 4 to 5, followed by a dress parade at 5:25, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays. This is the schedule from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1 and from March 15 to June. On Saturdays academic work ends at 12:30, and, with the exception of inspection at 1:50, the afternoon of the cadet is free until 6:25 supper call. His amusements are much like those of college students generally. Football is perhaps the most popular organized sport. Games are played on the West Point grounds with teams from many colleges, and the season closes with the annual army-navy game, when the West Pointers meet the midshipmen from Annapolis on Franklin field, Philadelphia. Basketball follows during the winter months, many contests with teams from other schools occurring during the season, and then in the spring comes baseball of course.—Popular Mechanics.

Woman and Her Hat.
A woman cannot stick a hat on her head as you stick a stamp on a letter. There is an ingenious machine that sticks stamps on letters at the rate of several thousands an hour. But nobody has invented a machine for sticking hats on the heads of women.

A man can buy a hat in five minutes, but no woman would dream of buying a hat in less than an hour. Often a woman will acquire a splitting headache in the attempt to find one hat to suit her out of a hundred, and not seldom she carries away the headache without a hat on it.

The hat hunt is only a small part of the daily agony of shopping, and yet a man would rather cut his throat than engage in a hat hunt as a dispassionate spectator. Men prefer to hunt the fox or the stag, the tiger or the lion, the grizzly or the grouse. A tiger hunt is not nearly so perilous as a hat hunt.—London Opinion.

Profits in Waste Paper.
The sale of waste paper used to afford perquisites for government officials. When John McCulloch of Dictionary of Commerce fame was appointed comptroller of the stationery office in 1841, he discovered that the proceeds from the sale of government waste paper were divided among his subordinates, who thus more than doubled their official incomes. The new comptroller prohibited this practice on the ground that all moneys derived from such sales belonged to the exchequer. Some of the officials disregarded this prohibition and continued to sell waste paper and pocket the proceeds. When this came to the ears of McCulloch they were prosecuted for "systematic appropriation of public property." For many years past the stationery office has made over £10,000 a year from the sale of waste paper.—London Mail.

Jenny Lind's California Debut.
At Monterey, Cal., formerly a part of Mexico and ceded to the United States during the Mexican war, is the first public building built in California and now a broken down, weather racked ruin of adobe. In this building Jenny Lind made her first California debut, and when the gold the enthusiastic miners had thrown upon the stage after her performance was gathered up it was found to fill two five-gallon oil cans—about twenty pounds of gold and equal in value to about \$5,000. Another curious building is a police station which is built within the braces of an oil derrick and for unique buildings certainly establishes a record.—Health Magazine.

Wise Old Doctor.
Patient (aged and very sick)—But, doc, if physicians never agree on anything, what's the use of calling any two of them for this consultation you propose?

Old Family Doctor—I'll fix that all right. I'll just go out and get a couple of these young fellows running around in the same make of automobile. When you get 'em agreed on that they generally think alike in everything else. Take it from me, the three of us will find out what's the matter with you in about ten minutes.—St. Louis Republic.

Thoughtless Expression.
"You say in this story," commented the copy reader, "that the heroine buried her face in her hands."
"Well," asked the story writer, "isn't that all right?"
"No. You can't have an ideal heroine with such large hands as that."—Washington Star.

She Didn't Believe It.
"Disense," said the doctor, "always attacks the weakest spot."
"Oh," the patient's wife replied, "that can't be true. If it were, my husband would have brain fever or something like that instead of liver trouble."—Exchange.

Regained His Nerve.
Hubbard—Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration. Pease—How can you tell? Hubbard—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow \$20.—Puck.

What Puzzled Her.
"I understood the text all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles after the sermon was over, "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."—Chicago Tribune.

Young America Getting Wise.
"Procrastination is the thief of time."
"Is he the fellow, pa, who takes away the years from a woman's age?"—Boston Herald.

SEATTLE MAYOR FOR MARTIAL LAW

Because of Riots Cotterill Ordered Newspaper Suppressed.

COURT CHECKED HIS PLANS

Disorder of Sailors Was Directed at Industrial Workers of the World, Who Were Conducting Strike at the Time—Great Damage Wrought.

Seattle, Wash.—Following rioting and disorder by sailors from the Pacific reserve fleet Mayor George F. Cotterill issued an order suppressing the Seattle Times, a newspaper, unless proofs of all its contents should be first submitted to him. The newspaper secured an injunction against the mayor and gained a decision in court, and no edition of the paper was held up. The mayor took the ground that the Times in a "garbled account" of the address of Secretary Daniels of the navy department with reference to driving out the apostles of the red flag had incited the sailors to disorder.

The disorder followed a strike led by the Industrial Workers of the World. Mayor Cotterill also issued an order closing the saloons, saying the police had received information that another attack on the Industrial Workers had been planned by soldiers on leave from army posts about the city. He said



GEORGE F. COTTERILL, MAYOR OF SEATTLE.

he was determined to keep the saloons closed until after the Potlatch festival crowd had dispersed.

The judge, however, also set aside this order of the mayor, and the drinking places were liberally patronized.

Still another order by the mayor directed that all street meetings be stopped. This none the less did not prevent a big crowd gathering when some fifty soldiers assembled on First avenue. The soldiers predicted further trouble, but were themselves careful not to start any demonstration.

The damage done by sailors will not exceed \$8,000. In their excitement the sailors demolished a Salvation Army meeting room, having been told it was the quarters of a branch of the Industrial Workers. By the light of matches the sailors began to break chairs and benches. One stout sailor hurled an organ off the platform and then, seizing a heavy chair, proceeded to demolish the organ.

Suddenly one of the men, tearing down a motto, "God Is Love," from the wall, started back and said, "Boys, we're all wrong." Some of the sailors shouted to their comrades to stop the smashing, and word was passed that the place was a Salvation Army meeting room. Most of the men thereat left the place.

Mayor Cotterill's action in assuming full control of the city was much like a declaration of martial law. He preceded his stringent orders by a proclamation.

AVIATOR UP 12,950 FEET.

Frank Burnside Sets New American Altitude Mark at Bath, N. Y.

Bath, N. Y.—Frank Burnside, an aviator, set a new American altitude record by reaching an altitude of 12,950 feet. The previous American record was 11,680 feet and was made by Lincoln Beachey at Chicago two years ago. Burnside was in the air one hour and forty minutes. The flight was witnessed by crowds of spectators, who followed him with the naked eye as long as possible and then trained glasses upon him until he was lost in the clouds. Burnside suffered greatly from cold as he ascended, although he was dressed in winter clothing. The thermometer registered 92 degrees as he left the ground and descended to 30 degrees at 12,000 feet.

Family of Four Walks 1,500 Miles.

Spokane, Wash.—Carrying their slim quantity of baggage, camp outfit and provisions in a wheelbarrow of light tonnage, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuble and their two sons, aged eleven and nine years, have started on a 1,500 mile walk from Sandpoint, Idaho, fifty miles east of Spokane, to Minneapolis.

Watch Jewels.

Each watch jewel is shaped to a circle and bored through the center, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or lower plate of a watch.

Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the center has been enlarged to fit the steel pinions which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby till it is imbedded firmly in the metal cushion. Then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the center of the jewel exactly in the center of the metal setting.

Weekly Outing of Algerian Ladies.

On Friday in Algiers I visited the cemetery of El Kettar, a great man who is worshipped as a saint. The cemetery where his body reposes is the one place in all Algiers where the women of the harem can feel the fresh air of heaven on their faces. And that is allowed only once a week, on Friday, when they are permitted to unveil and sit and chat together within the cemetery precincts. It was a curious sight as I entered, and it suggested resurrection morn. Fully fifty shrouded white figures were scattered about the grounds, sitting on graves, their bodies and heads covered by white robes, but their faces partly revealed. There was a small percentage of pretty faces and those belonged to the very young women. The middle aged were plain, with that plainness which proceeds from a dull mind and an uneventful life.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in National Magazine.

Carlyle and the Book of Job.

Carlyle was once asked to take the reading at family prayers during a short visit paid to his friend, the provost of Kilkenny. The Bible chanced to open at the first chapter of the book of Job, and Carlyle immediately became absorbed in his subject and read on and on to the end of the last chapter, when, closing the volume, he remarked:

"That is a marvelous lifelike drama, only to be appreciated when read right through."

It is fair to infer that it was appreciated for once. Any one who has taken a long, solitary afternoon and attempted to give the book of Job an opportunity to be appreciated by reading it honestly through at one sitting can realize the consternation of the provost. Such a one will not be likely to wonder with Carlyle why he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household.

Peg Woffington's Farewell.

Peg Woffington was playing Rosalind at Covent Garden on the night of May 17, 1757, for the benefit of two minor actors and a French dancer, when she was overcome with sudden faintness. She struggled bravely on until the end, when she staggered off the stage. Recovering after a few moments, she came forward to speak the epilogue, but had proceeded no further than "if I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beads that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I"—when, exclaiming in agony, "O God! O God!" she collapsed in a heap upon the floor. She never returned to the stage.—London Globe.

Glycerin and Shoes.

The labor of boot cleaning may be greatly decreased by the aid of a little glycerin. Brush the boots free from dust; then rub the glycerin well into the leather with a sponge or cloth; then let them nearly dry and brush them with a soft brush. If the boots have been blackened it will give them an excellent polish. If not it will give them the appearance of being new. They will be found to keep their polished state for at least three or four days by simply brushing them occasionally. It not only keeps them a good color, but makes them soft and comfortable.—New York Journal.

Encouragement.

"What's the matter?"
"What's the matter? Wombat says I'm the worst liar in town."
"Don't be discouraged. You may be the worst now, but anybody who keeps at it as persistently as you do is apt to become a pretty good liar in time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Trade Tactics.

"The young fellow who's coming to see you, Elsie, must be a lawyer."
"What makes you think that, father?"
"Because I notice whenever he comes to court he always pleads for a stay."—Baltimore American.

Did His Best.

Judge—Did you look to see whether you had killed any one?
Chauffeur—Yes, your honor. I looked in all the morning papers.—New York Times.

Watch Your Words.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a word which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.—Swift.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.—George Herbert.

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