

# The New Age.

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## THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

The condition of matters bearing upon the Senatorial contest at Salem, now in a definitely formative period, preceding the actual test of ballots early next week, points most hopefully to ex-Senator Corbett as the choice. There is good reason to believe that the straight Republicans will succeed in their effort to name their choice in caucus, first. The Mitchell-McBride element in the struggle pretend outwardly to favor the caucus, but strong suspicion prevails that its members are secretly endeavoring to defeat it.

Senator Mitchell was summoned to Salem on Wednesday morning, several days in advance of the date of his proposed visit to the Capital. He practically admits that he will, at some time in the future, be a candidate before the Oregon Legislature for re-election to the United States Senate, but stoutly avers that that ambition will not be made manifest at this session! But the man who is too busy with private affairs to accept the call of his countrymen to such a responsible place as that of United States Senator has not yet established a permanent residence in Oregon.

However, the general sentiment among those who have official opinion on the subject appears to be that no factional fight shall disturb the present purpose to choose the man whom the people of the state expressly desire as their representative in the United States Senate. In the minds of those whose business it is to know, that man is Hon. H. W. Corbett.

Should the factional opposition to Mr. Corbett's election succeed in forming a coalition with the stragglers in the Legislature who have no choice, a spirited contest may ensue; but McBride's admitted unpopularity weakens the strength of his supporters for re-election.

Since ex-Senator Corbett's arrival at Salem, influences have developed which show that the Republican party's interests, as revealed by public sentiment exposed in expressions received from all parts of the state by its representatives at Salem, shall not suffer at this session of the Legislature through the personal interests of those who lead the minority in that body.

## AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT.

The man who publishes an anonymous newspaper is at all times a proper subject for suspicion. The individual who is responsible for the issuance of "The Salem Daily Sentinel" is a member of that class. He prints a scurrilous sheet without name or number, the apparent object of its existence being to oppose, by any possible means, the selection of Hon. H. W. Corbett to be United States Senator. Heretofore of cause for assailing Mr. Corbett himself, the creature at the head of the "Sentinel" appears to find comfort in assault upon the character of the supporters of Mr. Corbett. Among them he has found the editor of The New Age. The latter has always been and will ever be, during Mr. Corbett's lifetime, found the same undaunted subject of that charge. What he has said and will continue to say about Mr. Corbett has been said, in a business and a political way, in behalf of the common interests of the people of Oregon, irrespective of party. Mr. Corbett stands alone as the unassailable grand figure in the Senatorial fight.

But the anonymous editor of the "Sentinel," concealed behind the mysterious curtain of his unknown sanctum, prints a cowardly innuendo against the editor of this paper which he dare not publish in broad daylight over his own signature. Why does he skulk away, like the sagebrush coyote, into his lair in the sand, after making a slanderous attack on one of the supporters of an honorable aspirant for a place which he has been hired to help to fill by another applicant? Has he been instructed to conceal his hand in the play, except at such times as the latter may be inspired to reach through the folds of its place of concealment for the silken touch of the pelt which prompts it to work?

Who is this "Daily Sentinel" Jay who dares to hide in the shade of some dark alley for the purpose of holding up some stranger who may chance to pass that way? In whose employ doth he pursue

this work with budgeon and sandbag? What is the nature of his hire that it forbids him to stalk the streets in the light of day in the pride of his presumption? Has he a foul dagger that he would thrust into the loin of his friend's political enemy for a few paltry dollars?

## THE NEGRO IN AGRICULTURE AND ITS ALLIED PURSUITS.

Mr. L. G. Powers, chief statistician in charge of agriculture, of the twelfth census, desires in his reports to show the progress and status of the American negro in agriculture and its allied pursuits, and is now making an exhaustive investigation of the same.

In addition to the data obtained in the regular course on the agricultural schedules of the twelfth census, he has designated Mr. William T. Ferguson, one of his negro clerks, to make certain additional inquiries along this line, of well-informed negroes throughout the country, and The Age takes pleasure in urging all those who are requested to aid in furnishing the additional data to make full and prompt replies to all inquiries to the end that the investigations and report may be as full and accurate as Chief Powers desires it to be.

Senator Inman, from Multnomah, introduced a bill on Tuesday to prohibit immigration to the United States from China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. President Fulton quickly, but cautiously, directed the Multnomah Senator's attention to the fact that the Philippine Islands are United States territory. Senator Inman might as well have proposed a measure prohibiting the removal of citizens of New Jersey to Oregon.

Hon. L. B. Reeder's election to the Speakership of the House was a happy choice. No official in that position has for many years so quickly earned and received the confidence and earnest approval of members of the house as has Speaker Reeder.

The present Legislature is an active body. It lost no time in organizing; and it proceeded to business with a spirit of vigor seldom manifested by such bodies.

The Republican caucus has been definitely called for Monday evening. No one doubts at this time that ex-Senator Corbett will be its unanimous nominee.

Senator C. W. Fulton found little difficulty in securing the presidency of the Senate. He is a popular presiding officer and an able parliamentarian.



On the Inside.

of a collar, shirt or cuff done up at this laundry means that you are all right, and that your linen looks as immaculate and of as smooth and fine a finish as if it just came from the furnisher. Comfort and satisfaction we give you in every piece of linen that we launder, and our prices are trifling for it. The Domestic Laundry, J. F. Robinson, Pendleton, Oregon.

M. Peck, dealer in fine groceries, cigars and tobaccos. 63 N. Third street.

New studio. New building. New firm. Hayes & Short Seventh and Washington streets, over Dressers' new grocerv.

The National Police Gazette, published by Richard K. Fox, Police News, Standard, and all other sporting papers. Subscriptions taken at A. W. Schmale, bookseller and newsdealer, 239 First street, Portland, Ore. No orders solicited.

Armory Drug Store, 81 Tenth street, northwest corner Tenth and Everett streets, Portland, carries a full line of drugs, toilet articles, school supplies, cigars, etc.

For Xmas goods, Belding Bros., 45 N. Third street, have a choice selection of holiday goods in the line of silverware, pocket books, fancy jewelry, diamonds, umbrellas, gold and silver headed canes, watches, lockets, etc. Call and inspect our stock.

BELDING BROS. Dealers in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware Spectacles, Etc. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. ALL WORK WARRANTED. 43 Third St. Bet. Pine and Ash. Old Gold and Silver Bought. Portland, Ore.

PORTLAND CLUB AND CAFE 130 Fifth Street. Our Specialties: 11 Monogram and 111 Cyrus Noble Whiskies. A RESORT FOR GENTLEMEN. Oregon Phone, Main 908; Columbia Phone, 407

## A HUSBAND'S TASTE.

No Wife Compromises Her Individuality in Matters of Dress.

Mary R. Baldwin relates this suggestive little incident in the Woman's Home Companion: "Oh, my dear, where did you get that monstrosity?" whispered a man to the little woman by his side as he clung to a strap, and she to him, as they rode home together in a street-car.

"The effect certainly was ridiculous—the wee face with its timid expression under one of the largest of the new styles of hats with its flaunting feathers and obtrusive trimmings. The tears started to the eyes of the overtopped little creature; then she recovered herself, and insisted that it was just the thing—the very latest of the fashions. It is not beneath the thought of the most intellectual woman, nor does it compromise personal independence and taste to consult the preferences of a husband in the choice of modes and articles of dress.

"There are husbands so constituted, no doubt, that it is gratifying to their pride and sense of authority to receive perfect dependence from the wife; but the reliance of an efficient woman who is able to think and act for herself is thoroughly appreciated by a broad-minded, generous-souled husband. If his wife has a refined true taste he feels honored when she lays before him her plans for the house-furnishing, or the gowning of herself, and after the purchase, as he regards effects, he takes pride in the thought of having had a voice in the choosing."

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for the county of Multnomah. L. L. Hawkins, plaintiff, vs. Carrie Jones, et al., defendants.

By virtue of an execution duly issued out of and under the seal of the said circuit court to me duly directed and dated the 3rd day of January, 1901, upon a judgment duly rendered and entered in said court and cause on the 22d day of January, 1892, in favor of said L. L. Hawkins and against Z. T. Wright, et al., therein, for the sum of \$6,162.80, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 23d day of January, 1892, and the further sum of \$556.25 with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 22d day of January, 1892, and the further sum of \$188.75 costs and disbursements therein, which judgment has been heretofore duly sold, assigned and transferred to the Ainsworth National Bank of Portland, Oregon, and upon which judgment there has been paid and credited certain amounts so that there remained due and unpaid thereon on the 14th day of March, 1900, the sum of \$382.84, I did on the 7th day of January, 1901, duly levy upon the following described real property situated in the county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 1 and 2 in block 4 in Highland; also lot 14 in block 18 in Paradise Spring tract, and lot 8 in block 56 in Portland City Homestead, and will in compliance with its commands on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the county court house, in the city of Portland, said county and state, sell the said real property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy the balance due on said judgment, to-wit: \$382.84 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 14th day of March, 1900, and the costs of and upon said writ.

Dated Portland, Oregon, January 14, 1901.

WILLIAM FRAZIER, Sheriff of Multnomah County, Oregon.

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By virtue of an execution duly issued out of and under the seal of the said circuit court, to me directed and dated the 3rd day of January, 1901, upon a judgment duly rendered and entered in said court and cause on the 22d day of January, 1892, in favor of J. C. Ainsworth and against Z. T. Wright, et al., therein, for the sum of \$254.25 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 23d day of January, 1892, and the further sum of \$80.86 with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 22d day of January, 1892, and the further sum of \$10 costs and disbursements therein, I did on the 7th day of January, 1901, duly levy upon the following described real property situated in the county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 1 and 2 in block 4 in Highland; also lot 14 in block 18 in Paradise Spring Tract, and lot 8 in block 56 in Portland City Homestead, and will in compliance with its commands on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the county court house, in the city of Portland, said county and state, sell the said real property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said judgment with interest thereon as aforesaid and the costs of and upon said writ.

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WILLIAM FRAZIER, Sheriff of Multnomah County, Oregon.

## CHARLEY

# THE PIONEER RESTAURANT

Now on Johnson Street, Opposite Union Depot.

LUNCHES PUT UP FOR TRAVELERS

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

Rough-house is the expression used by the boy of to-day when he is describing a general scuffle, and he always smacks his lips over the word. But rough-house has its disadvantages, as many sprains and bruises can testify, and if the same amount of fun may be had from some less trying amusement, an amusement, say, which is quite as energetic and quite as exciting, the boy of to-day will certainly adopt it in preference to rough-house.

A terrier fight is exciting, and it is funny—it is also energetic—and victory depends quite as much upon the skill of the fighter as upon his strength. Furthermore, a terrier fight is not brutal. No boy will hurt himself while engaged in this sport. As shown in the illustration, two boys are placed facing each other in the center of a room; hands clasped beneath the knees and a



A "TERRIER FIGHT."

stick just under the elbows, as shown. Each contestant endeavors to push the other over; but as it requires considerable attention to keep your balance at all when in this position, the attack is no easy matter.

To suddenly give way is a maneuver almost sure to upset your adversary, but unfortunately it is very apt to upset you at the same time, and only after considerable practice will you be able to overcome a man in this way. The pivot, a sudden swing to the right or left, is safer, though not quite as effective. Always remember that the best terrier fighter invariably makes his opponent throw himself. Give way at some unexpected point, and unless he is a skillful man he is sure to go over. Never try a hard push except in the last extremity, when everything else has failed.

A terrier fight consists of three one-minute rounds, with thirty seconds' rest between each round. The one scoring the largest number of falls during the three set is accounted the winner.—Chicago Record.

### A Queen's Dolls.

The Queen of Roumania was sponsor for a peculiarly interesting exhibit that was lately held in London for the benefit of certain charities and hospitals. She placed on exhibition her famous collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of various countries. The Queen of Holland herself dressed some Dutch dolls, and, indeed, dollies of every nation, dressed as fine ladies and as peasants, were represented. In order that some distinctive American dolls might be in the Queen's family, the New York Tribune offered prizes for five typically American in costume. Four "lady" dolls and one "gentleman" doll took the prizes. The latter prize approximately went to a boy, a New Jersey lad, whose doll represented "Uncle Sam" in gorgeous attire. Of the others, one in rich brocade and fine cap represented Martha Washington, one was a negro mammy in white apron and brilliant turban, a third was Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, in simple frock and hooded cloak, the fourth was Pocahontas in beaded dress and moccasins. Altogether the American children can have no cause to be ashamed of their exhibit.

### What African Maidens Learn.

Immediately after a girl enters the Sandy mark designating her rank is tattooed on a conspicuous part of her body, says Montessor Paul in an article on "Boarding Schools for Native Girls in South Africa," published in Woman's Home Companion. During her stay at the school she is instructed by this faculty of old women in singing, in plays and in the dance, and is required to commit numerous songs to memory; she is taught to cook, and instructed in other domestic duties, and is shown how to knit nets and to fish. At intervals the girls are permitted to visit their parents at their homes in the villages. But before making these visits they must first satisfy the requirements of what is deemed the conventional toilet. Their whole bodies are thoroughly rubbed with white clay, and then aprons made of the fiber of the leaves of the Palmyra palm are put on them, as the use of cotton stuffs are prohibited.

### Mr. Nobody.

I know a funny little man, As quiet as a mouse, Who does the mischief that is done In everybody's house. There's no one ever sees his face, And yet we all agree That every plate we break was cracked By Mr. Nobody. He who always tears our books— Who leaves the doors ajar; He pulls the buttons from our shirts And scatters pins afar. That squeaking door will always squeak. For, please, don't you see, We leave the oiling to be done By Mr. Nobody? The finger marks upon the doors. By none of us are made; We never leave the blinds unclosed To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots That lying round you see, Are not our boots! They all belong To Mr. Nobody!

### Scheme of a Bright Boy.

A bright boy in New York makes a fairly good living by visiting stores and offices and sharpening the lead pencils of lawyers, clerks and other men of business who have little time to look after such comparatively trivial affairs of office work.

How He Measured Time. Teacher—Charles, what is the shortest day of the year? Charles (from experience)—The day your father promises to give you a licking before you go to bed.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Colors Reversed. A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

### GUARDED HIS REPUTATION.

Mountaineer Would Not Say He Missed a Deer to Save \$25. "A business matter took me out West last fall," said the well-known attorney, who was in a reminiscent mood, "and I took advantage of the opportunity to make a trip into the mountains for a week's hunting. I hired an old man to act as a guide and do the cooking and I enjoyed myself to the utmost. The mountains were full of big game, but the state had lately passed a law prohibiting the killing of deer, which was particularly aggravating, as we were continually running across them. Now, I am a respecter of the law—unless I am retained on the other side—and I found it hard work to refrain from shooting at the deer that presented themselves as if they knew that they were free from danger. But along toward the last our meat ran out and I told the old man that we would have to kill some fresh meat, even if we had to kill a deer. He agreed with me and it wasn't ten minutes later that deer sprang up ahead of us. I wasn't prepared for him, but the guide was, and he made a clean miss, much to his disgust. That was the last deer that we saw and we returned without having broken the law. But no sooner had we arrived at the point where we had started from than the old man was arrested for killing a deer, and I took it upon myself to defend him, as I knew him to be innocent. I took the stand in his behalf, and thinking it best to make a clean breast of the matter, admitted that he had shot at a deer, but missed him. Then I put the old man on the stand to corroborate my testimony.

"You admit having shot at the deer?" said I when the old man took the stand. "That's what" he answered. "'An' you missed him?' I continued. "'No, sire!' he shouted. 'I killed him, b'gee!'

"That took the wind out of my sails, and I collapsed, the result being that the old man was fined \$25. "After the trial I took him aside and asked him what he meant by swearing to a lie and convicting himself. "'See hyar,' he answered; 'I've bin lyn' fer twenty years about never havin' missed a deer that I shot at, an' ye don't think that I would ruin my reputation fer \$25, do ye?'—Detroit Free Press.

### PECULIAR KIND OF EARTH.

Properties It Possesses that Are Little Understood by People. It is safe to say that the majority of people never even heard of the peculiar kind of earth called loess, yet it is a most interesting formation and is found in Europe, the United States and China. In China it is held responsible for the vagaries of the Yellow River, which changes its bed whenever it feels so disposed. William Starling says of this peculiar earth:

"Loess, wherever found, is a yellowish, brownish or grayish earth which is so soft and friable that it is easily reduced to powder between the fingers, and yet so firm a consistency that when undermined by currents of water or other disturbing influences it will stand in perpendicular walls several hundred feet high. The particles composing the earth have been, by some process, reduced to such a minute state of division that it is asserted that they can be rubbed into the pores of the skin and disappear without leaving any considerable residue. In China roads are soon worn into this material, the walls on either side still retaining their perpendicular till in the course of years there is formed a sunken road perhaps seventy or eighty feet beneath the level of the plateau. Often there are successive cuts which are transformed into terraces, and houses or villages built upon them after the manner of cliff dwellings. Indeed, chambers are frequently excavated deep into the walls, and even whole suites of rooms. In fact, as Richthofen says, the dwellings vary from simple caves to veritable loess palaces.

"Similar things occur in the loess districts of the United States. Near Natches, in Mississippi, and no doubt at plenty of other places where the loess formation prevails, sunken roads may be seen twenty feet or more in depth, with vertical sides. During the siege of Vicksburg the people dug themselves bomb-proof shelters in the loess. In Nebraska and Kansas dugouts in the same kind of soil are not or were not uncommon. In America and in Europe its utmost thickness is 100 or 200 feet, but in China it has a development of ten times that much."

### What Moonshine is Made Of.

"As I rode down the mountain one morning to the sawmill," remarked a lumberman returned from the wilds of West Virginia, where the Hatfield-McCoy's do their share toward making every prospect pleasing etc., "I caught up with a red-headed young mountaineer, whom I had seen about the mill a number of times, but who would never take a job, and to my knowledge had never done a day's work since I had been living there. He was a good-natured fellow, and as I rode along with him I joked him about the girls and poetry and that sort of slob, and then struck squarely at him in a way some mountaineers do not hesitate to resent most vigorously.

"'Say, Jim, I put right at him, 'don't you make white liquor around here some where?'

"'Well, colonel,' he replied with a laugh, 'you ain't goin' to give me away, an' I reckon I might as well as not tell you that I don't come plattedly nigh it. But I won't tell nothin' more, colonel!'

"'Oh, I laughed, 'I don't want to know where the still is, but I would like to know what you make it of.'

"'They ain't no secret in that, colonel,' he grinned, 'fur it's purty much the same as fer es being good's concerned. I reckon our'n's about es good es that is, and we make it outen cornmeal and water come to a bile. Then we put in a litty ivy or laurel mebbe you'd call it, and some shavin' soap to give it a head, and, colonel, it's the 6'tin'cat whiskey you ever seed.'

"'Which explains a good many things,' concluded the lumberman, 'in the way of the scraps that took place around that neighborhood whenever the men had a day off.'—Detroit Free Press.

### Real Grievance.

"'Confound it, Brooks!' exclaimed Rivers, 'I wish you hadn't sworn off from smoking.'

"'Why?' asked Brooks. "Because I've nobody now to give the cheap cigars to that my landlady hands me when I pay the rent."—Chicago Tribune.

You recommend many a man to your neighbor whom you would not trust yourself.

## GLASS-EYE HUMOR.

Rather Grim Fun Indulged in by the possessor of one.

"There is a certain resident of a city not 500 miles from the 'Hub,'" said L. A. Goodwin, of Boston, at the Hotel Manhattan, reports the New York Tribune, "who in addition to a somewhat highly developed sense of humor is also the possessor of a glass eye. It is a wonderfully natural creation and did not its owner publish the fact of his proprietorship far and wide few would there be who would not suppose him still to be the possessor of both the optics with which nature originally endowed him.

"Some time ago the eye-shy man was at that particular kind of a dinner popularly termed stag. His neighbor, it must be confessed, in a reprehensible spirit of pride, turned to him with 'What do you think of that for a scratch, Blank?' at the same time scolding himself and revealing a pate as bald as that of the man whom the late lamented Travers once advised to sugar his head and go to a certain hall in the character of a pill. Blank glanced at the shining surface thus revealed and then his hand stole to his face. 'And what do you think of that for an eye?' was the response he made, and from the center of the other man's plate of soup the eye unblinking challenged his opinion. The owner of the scratch did not give it. He simply howled aloud for frapped air.

"At another time a poker game was in progress and the entire party were casting about for a buck. 'And how will this do for a buck?' was the remark that accompanied the eye to the center of the table.

"Its last individual appearance was brought about by golf. Its owner had golf aspirations and hired a high-priced professional to perfect him in the game. 'Keep your b'eye on the ball, Mr. Blank,' was the burden of the cry that wore out that person's patience. Finally, unable to stand it longer, and at about the twentieth singsong reiteration of 'Keep your b'eye on the ball, sir!' Blank deposited the glass sphere and with the query, 'Is my eye sufficiently on the ball now?' started in to make a long drive as his coach started hurriedly for home."

## OLD LOG JAIL.

Where Brown County, Ind., Still Confines Her Bad Men.

Brown County, Ind., still confines her bad men in a log cabin jail. The first one was built in 1837. It burned in 1870, and the present one was built



BROWN COUNTY'S LOG JAIL.

The jail is not as unsafe as it looks. The only way it has been "broken" was by cutting the window bars. The walls are three logs thick, with the middle ties vertical. Should a would-be "breaker" succeed in cutting the 25 inches of oak of the first two inner ties the vertical log would drop. Thus he would have an endless job to reach even the third tier.

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