

The Whyness of The Whenceness"

Hon. Antimony Johnson of Alabama Addresses the Limekiln Club and Makes a Favorable Impression.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. J. Hirt.]

At the last regular Saturday night meeting of the Limekiln club Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Antimony Johnson of Alabama was in the anteroom and would deliver an address on "The Whyness of the Whenceness" and would afterward make application for membership.

The stranger, it was explained, was called the colored philosopher of the south, and many of his wise sayings had been given to the world in print. Two more kerosene lamps were ordered lighted, the dogs driven out from be-



HE MADE HIS BOW TO THE AUDIENCE.

hind the stove, and Samuel Shin was informed that his bronchial cough must either be suppressed or turned out of doors. The reception committee then proceeded to the anteroom and escorted the orator in.

The Hon. Johnson appeared to be a man about forty years old. He was wide between the eyes, baldheaded, and his toes turned in. He was a one story man, built on the pattern of a cake of artificial ice—the same breadth all the way up and down—and his serious look showed that he had delved deep into the mysteries of life. As he made his bow to the audience he had a closed umbrella in his left hand, while his right was laid on his heart. The impression he made was rather favorable, though Giveadam Jones whispered to Shindig Watkins that his entire crop of cucumbers last year was stolen by just such a man.

"Outdoah tonight," suddenly began the philosopher, "dar am moonlight. Why? Why ain't it dark as a black dawg under de wood shet? What am de moon composed of? What was it hung in de heavens for? What does it come from when it comes an' whar does it go to when it goes? If de moon am a good thing, why not have it all de time instead of only half? If it don't amount to shucks, why have it at all? Did you eber stop to ax yourselves dese questions, or have you sat around on de fence an' taken no interest in de mysteries around you?"

While most of the members of the club were confessing to themselves that they had not attended to the moon business with any great vigor, the speaker drew a long breath and continued:

"You wake up some night out of a sound sleep. All am quiet. You can't say what disturbed your slumbers. You git outta bed. You don't know why you do, but out you git. You go to de doah an' look up an' down. All am as still as de grave. De ole woman, de chil'en an' de dawgs container to sleep on, but you put on your clothes an' step out into de night."

"You don't know what nor whither you am goin', but de fust thing you know you have walked a mile, climbed oba a fence, selected de biggest water-millon in de patch and am on your way home ag'in. How does de howness of de whenceness come about? Why do you eat half dat million befo' wakin' de fam'y up? Why didn't you go de odder way an' sit on de church steps instead of toward de million patch?"

There were suppressed exclamations of "Yum! Yum!" among the old veterans in the audience, but they also shook their heads in a puzzled way and whispered to each other that Mr. Johnson was too deep for them.

"A few evenings ago, down in Alabama," said the orator, as he got a better hold on the platform with his toes. "I set in my study thinkin' things over. Not a mouse stirred. Not a dawg under de bed sighed. De world slept. Of a sudden I had a feelin' dat I wan't taken out of dis sphere an' transported into another. It was a slumberous pleasant feelin', an' I gave up to it."

"After an hour had passed I awoke. I was out in de kitchen take off my muddy shoes. A bag lay at my feet and I lifted it and emptied its contents out on de floor. Dat was four fat hens. I can't be snub' jest what took place when I was in de state spoken of, but it's my belief dat I went up de alley four blocks, climbed over a fence

and broke open a white man's hen-coop.

"Of course I had de old woman make potpie of de chickens, but will some of you tell me how de whyness of de whenceness came about? I read a policeman found me wid dat bag on my shoulder should I have been held guilty responsible?"

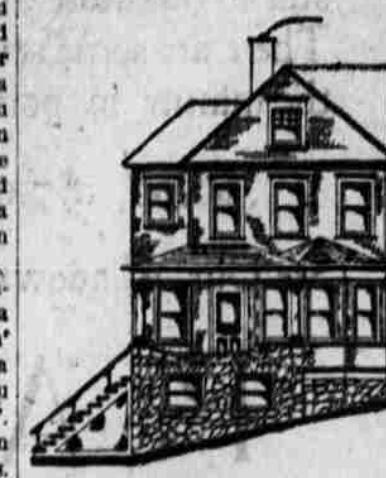
PRETTY SUBURBAN HOME.

Has Every Improvement and Convenience—Cost \$2,000.

[Copyright, 1906, by Stanley A. Dennis, 24 Broadway, New York.]

We herewith present to our readers a design and plans for a handsome little home at low cost. The design can be executed either on a large or a small lot, which makes it very desirable to those wishing to build in or near towns where land values are high. The design is intended for a high lot, but can be used on a level one with equal results.

The frame is of yellow pine put together in balloon style. The walls are

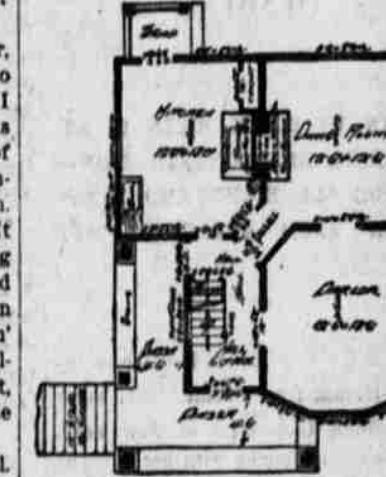


FRONT ELEVATION.

sheathed, papered, sided and shingled. The piazza columns are of cypress finished in the natural wood.

The main roof is covered with random width cedar shingles or lathe. The windows are fitted with outside blinds and hung with modern hinges and hooks.

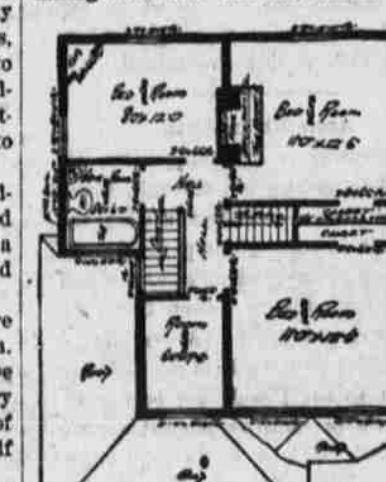
The interior walls are plastered with two coats of common lime and hair



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

mortar put on thick. The walls are then white finished with lime, putty, white sand and plaster of paris. The floors are of narrow yellow pine. The trim throughout is of cypress finished in the natural wood, with one coat of fillers properly rubbed down smooth and two coats of hard oil finish.

The main stairs are of ash, with turned newels, balusters and molded hand rails, finished natural. The mantels are of quartered oak, with plate glass mirrors, tile facings and black summer pieces. The dresser in the dining room has drawers, closets, and shelves.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

shelves to suit and glass doors on top, glazed with small lights of cathedral glass.

The hardware is of plain imitation bronze, with metal knobs and combined roses and escutcheons. The kitchen contains full modern plumbing and fixtures. The bathroom has a marble wash basin and a steel clad bathtub with oak rim. The exposed piping is nickel plated. The house is piped and fitted with gas fixtures. Everything is done and finished in a first class, workmanlike manner at a cost which should not exceed \$2,000 under favorable conditions.

Sneezing.
Sneezing is the best brain clearer known. Many persons conclude an attack of faintness or fainting with a violent sneeze. Our ancestors took snuff from a belief in the efficacy of sneezing. But tobacco so taken is in part absorbed into the blood and hurts the system. Tickling the nostrils with a feather or straw will act as well as taking snuff. Try it when you feel faint. It cannot do harm.

After the Race.
Owner (drately)—Yes, if you hadn't stopped to take up that girl in your machine you would have won the race. You were beaten by a mile. Chauffeur—Well, you know a miss is as good as a mile.—Chicago News.

A Mistake.
Hewitt—Will you watch my trunk for a minute? Jewett—What do you take me for, a chest protector?—New York Press.

Sour Grapes.
Mary—Pa has forbidden you the house. John—I wouldn't have taken it anyway with the mortgage he has got on it.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERNS.

Rough and Ready Liquor Laws of the Early Days.

In the early settlement of New England taverns were found to be a necessity, and hence were established by law. They were usually under the sanction and surveillance of the town officials, says Mr. Hudson in "The History of Concord, Mass., and these officials had to grant, limit or revoke an innkeeper's license, either as a victualler or a seller of liquors.

The keeper of the ordinary might be a deacon, a military officer, a civil official or a deputy to the general court. His house was a convenient place for convocations, important or unimportant, and there might be held in it a parish meeting, a military election, a council of clergymen or an assessors' talk.

So important was the ordinary that its affairs, such as the establishment of prices, the limitation of patronage and the quality and quantity of goods to be sold, were regulated by colonial law.

In order to discourage the use of strong drink at these places it was enacted about 1634 by the colonial court that not over a penny a quart should be charged for all purchased out of mealtimes. It was also ordered that not more than a penny a drink should be charged for any beverage. This was done to make the business of dramming unprofitable. At another time it was enacted by law that every innkeeper should sell good beer, "lest a traveler for want of it might purchase wine."

A law was passed at an early date by which a person appointed for the purpose could join a drinking company at a tavern and countmand any order made by any member of it for a drink in case he believed the member was drinking too much, and he could also direct how much liquor could be drunk.

At one time no tavern keeper was allowed to permit guests to remain at his house "tippling in an idle way." In 1634 a penalty was enacted for rude singing at inns, and the court also undertook at one time to determine how much a man might drink without being considered drunk.

Poetry and art have these many years pictured the labors of men and women in the harvest field. From Ruth, the gleaner, to Millet's "Reaper" we have read the long, melancholy story of the toilers gathering with crude, wasteful, inhuman hand tools the crops of the world that the nations might have bread. Rightly understood, these two women, living so far apart, are pathetic monuments to the astounding stupidity that could permit such things when, as we now see, by taking thought a machine can release humanity from such senseless labor. With a singular perversity artists have delighted to paint pictures of foolish toll. Even now the critics tell us that neither the mower, the reaper, the thrashing machine nor the sulky plow is a fit subject for a picture.

Never was there a greater blunder. The glory and majesty of our mighty harvests, won for the feeding of the world with so little labor that the vast wheatfields seem lonely, the smoking clouds of chaff and straw blown high in the air from whirling threshers, the

TALK OR TALCUM?

If you are buying talk then buy anything the dealer may choose to say is "just as good."

If you are buying talcum, then MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM is the only preparation which you can buy with satisfaction.

"Talk is cheap," Talcum, however, is not so cheap, because it costs the dealer more and makes his profit less. That's why he'd sooner sell you talk than "talcum" of the Mennen Brand.

Don't be talked out of buying Mennen's Borated Talcum, the only powder which can be used with safety and satisfaction.

Have you tried MENNEN'S VIOLET BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER? It's fragrant with the odor of fresh plucked Parma Violets.

For sale everywhere for 25 cents, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price, by

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Fac-simile of Box

"IT SAVED MY LIFE!"

PRIDE FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE

Mrs. Willadsen Tells How She Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Just In Time.

Mrs. T. G. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words."

Modest Claims Often Carry the Most Conviction.

When Maxim, the famous gun inventor, placed his gun before a committee of judges, he stated its carrying power to be below what he felt sure the gun would accomplish. The result of the trial was therefore a great surprise instead of disappointment. It is the same with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. They not publicly boast of all this remedy will accomplish, but prefer to let the users make the statements. What they do claim, is that it will positively cure diarrhoea, dysentery, pains in the stomach and bowels and has never been known to fail. For sale by Frank Hart, leading druggists.

"Before I wrote to you, telling you how I felt, I had doctorred for over two years steadily and spent lots of money on medicines besides, but if all failed to help me. My monthly periods had ceased and I suffered much pain, with fainting spells, headache, backache and bearing-down pains, and I was so weak I could hardly keep around. As a last resort I decided to write to you and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful that I did, for after following your instructions, which you sent me free of all charge, I became regular and in perfect health. Had it not been for you I would be in my grave to-day."

"I sincerely trust that this letter may lead every suffering woman in the country to write you for help as I did."

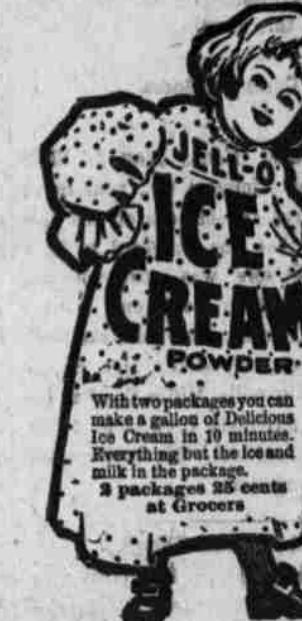
When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of an organ, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.

For 25 years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

With two packages you can make two gallons of delicious ice cream in 10 minutes. Everything but the ice and milk in the package.

2 packages 25 cents at Grocers.



Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT.

Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after. Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

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