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The carnival commencing Monday has now run half its course, and has certainly been more than half a success. It has, in fact, been the best, the biggest, and the most enjoyable event of the kind ever held in Portland. Many things have combined to make it a gratifying success. The site, for one thing, could not be improved upon, and the weather has been of a quality to make all healthy humanity glad they are alive. The management has shown peculiar fitness for the work and has provided in the Midway a combination of attractions seldom equaled anywhere, and last, but by no means least, is the fact that Portland's business men rose promptly to the occasion, filled every booth and available space with splendid displays of their wares, and made a showing of which the city may well feel proud. That the carnival is appreciated and desired by the people, the big crowds attending from the moment the gates are opened, and departing with regret only when the time comes to close, abundantly demonstrates.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARNIVAL.

Every part of the state is represented and represented well; nor is the attendance confined to Oregon people. Seattle, though it sent so small a delegation of Elks to take part in the parade, sent over an immense crowd of its wide-awake citizens, who came, saw and were so pleased that many of them have remained over to enjoy Portland's holiday to the end.

Spokane and Eastern Washington, as well as all the Sound sections, are well represented, and besides all these good neighbors who have visited, or are visiting us, the carnival has given Eastern visitors a favorable impression of Oregon.

As is well known the supreme lodge of the Elks' order has forbidden the holding of any more carnivals under the auspices of the order, and this is the last of its kind to be held here, unless the matter is taken up by some other order or by Portland's citizens. The Elks have demonstrated that the people want the carnival, and are glad to patronize it. Two years ago it was an experiment, and a successful one, and this year it seems that it has gotten to be almost a necessity. It would be a serious mistake to have the carnival cut out, for it has met with popular and wide-spread favor.

It is up to the city, to see that arrangements are made for an annual street fair, and some plan should be made before the lights go out next Saturday night for their re-lighting in 1903.

All signs point to the heaviest immigration within the next year that Oregon has ever known, and the work on the Lewis and Clark Fair buildings will be going on brightly next year. The result will be that Portland will be crowded with visitors, to whom a well-conducted street fair, showing Oregon's products, would be a surprise and a delight.

Portland people are apt to forget, in the surfeit of amusements provided them, the business features of the carnival. Oregon's products are so familiar to them that they cease to attract interest, yet these very features are what catch the visitor's attention and sets him thinking of Oregon as a home. The agricultural interests will take care of themselves, for the sturdy immigrant, who wants to farm is numerous and wide awake.

It is along industrial lines, manufacturing lines, that we need to reach out. A motto in the Carnival expresses the idea very neatly. It reads:

"The prosperity of a country depends on the prosperity of its factories."

It is along this line that Oregon has a broad and easy road over which to advance. It has abundant and easily-controlled water power which electricity has made, or can make, available at any point.

It is not within the scope of this article to go into detail, or to mention any of the innumerable industries awaiting development. The possibilities are so vast that even a suggestion is impossible. Oregon is literally overflowing with raw material, and heretofore we have been sending them East or abroad for manufacture. We have paid freight both ways on material raised at our doors. This is what should be changed, what will be changed, and our raw material will be manufactured here by our own labor and our own power. The local markets will for some time take up our own products, but there is no reason why we should not send the products to the East, and to the Orient in their manufactured forms. The Carnival has furnished us an object lesson, and there is no reason why these lessons should not be continued through higher and more advanced books.

The United States Senatorial fight brings out sharply the truth that this state is divided into sections that work against each other to the retarding of growth and development in all parts. There is not harmony of action. There is pulling apart when there should be co-operation.

Proof of this is found in the fact that qualification for office is relative to locality, in so far as the popular conception goes. If a man live here, he is therefore best fitted to represent Oregon in the United States Senate. If he live in some other town, ergo, he is disqualified.

It is not to be expected that this propensity will be done away entirely, yet it is not beyond the bounds of reason to hope that proper attention to the matter and the voicing of correct sentiment on the subject will do somewhat to bring about higher conceptions.

It is apparent to the person who gets the philosophical view of men and affairs that this condition is based, first, upon selfishness, selfishness of every locality; second, upon suspicion of the sincerity of men prominent in the candidacy for the distinguished office that is to be filled next January, unless the dominant party again accomplish a holdup or deadlock, as some predict.

Instead of taking broad views that involve all parts of the state, and that accede to the proposition that he who represents Oregon must represent all of Oregon, there is a disposition to look upon elections as something to be used selfishly to forward the interests of one's own region, regardless of the claims of other localities.

And, too, people have been educated by concrete acts to look upon promises of politicians as prompted by intense desire to hoodwink the people, and not likely to be carried out.

A combination of breadth of view by all the citizens, and honesty and sincerity by aspirants to high office would effectually cure the ills now afflicting the body politic.

And in accomplishing this, the wiping out of sectional lines would be the most effective means. Oregon must learn the lessons herein suggested before she attains the destiny that is hers by right of resource and commercial possibility. There must be larger viewing of measures and men. There must be an avoidance of narrow bickering of section with section. There must be a common love of state so strong that it will compel selection of a man capable of representing the people of all of the state, regardless of where he lives.

Portland can meet in this forward march of thought. Portland, indeed, being the state's metropolis, must perform lead, else will there be no following. Portland commands the major portion of the influence and bears the major portion of the burden of government. But Portland should be generous towards other towns and localities and unless Portland be that, she will not contribute as she should to the state's growth.

On the other hand, the remainder of the state should look at matters in the same light. The fault lies not all in this city, though it is here in large part. Also it is true that in the remainder of the state there should be better terms of agreement between the various constituent communities that go to make it up. The two propositions—Portland's broader view and avoidance of jealous bickering between different localities elsewhere—are co-relative and must be decided correctly before this state achieves its manifest destiny.

From the line of breakers at Astoria to the plains of the Pendleton country, from the Columbia to the boundary of the Golden Gate State, there must be an Oregon spirit, a warm sentiment of co-operation, a demand for the best men in high office regardless of their place of residence. Mentally, morally, physically, the man who goes to Washington as the junior Senator from Oregon should be one who stands forth plainly as the one most fit to perform the responsible duties that will fall to him.

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness."

Some wise person remarked that cleanliness is next to godliness, "next above godliness." There is a suggestion of irreverence in that remark, yet it is not far from the truth. At any rate, cleanliness is an essential for a city, and this sermon for Saturday evening reading is to emphasize the thought of civic pride, which involves cleanliness, proper regard for beautifying, sanitation, good streets, and all that makes for a better Portland.

A SATURDAY EVENING SERMON

Let it be said that one must search far and wide to find a city with greater possibilities than are to be found here. Nature did generously by the Oregon metropolis. She furnished beauty of location, salubrity of climate, picturesqueness of mountain, profusion of flora and majesty of stream and romance of association has been added by the wonderful events that go to make up the history of Oregon.

Much has been accomplished in making Portland the city it should be. Here are substantial buildings, and some improvements that are creditable. But it will scarcely be denied that there are realms yet to be conquered, that there are things yet to be accomplished, and that this is a time when many articles should be written and many speeches made to induce such a movement as will bring about a complete realization of the possibilities.

Hence, let civic pride be engendered. Let it be the most prominent thought in the minds of Portlanders. Let it be emphasized in every quarter. And, too, let the men of the city exhibit one-half the interest in the subject that is being shown by the women.

The women of Portland are compelling attention to this matter in a manner that causes belief that they will attain marvels in civic improvement. They are working upon the public sentiment through their clubs and as individuals. They are disseminating information and placing before the people scientific matter pertaining to sanitation and are spreading ideas broadcast.

The Journal has pleasure in commending the women of Portland for the good work they are now doing. And, in this connection, is pleased to announce that The Club Journal, printed by the club women, is taking up the subject of civic improvement, and proposes to keep it before as many people as read that publication.

All in all, there is hope for Portland. The women are stirred to persistent efforts, and most people will concede that, when the women of any city once apply themselves to such a task, they succeed.

Civic pride—what wonders it will accomplish for Portland when our business men and officials awake to the possibilities! What beauties will be brought to light for the edification of the resident and the charming of the tourist! What fame will Portland achieve in distant lands! How good a place in which to live!

And with it all will be municipal cleanliness—physical cleanliness, moral cleanliness. And that cleanliness, physical and moral, will be a part of godliness, the most essential part.

An observant stranger could have learned from the parade of Labor Day almost all he cared to know about the city of Portland. Had he alighted at the station that morning on his first visit here, he could have departed upon the next train with an intelligent idea of the commercial and industrial resources of this mart. And there were riches, too, for the one who delights in metaphysical study, and for him who ponders over problems pertaining to sociology.

LESSONS OF LABOR PARADE

That parade spoke of prosperity here in Portland. It demonstrated that a vast army of men is employed constantly in carrying on of business and commerce here.

It showed the greatest number of carpenters and woodworkers, and that indicates, and even proves, that just now Portland is building and extending its borders as rapidly as it is possible so to do.

As the parade wound its way along the street, the preponderance of young men was noticed. There have been fears that not enough young men have been recruiting the ranks of the workers during recent years. The Monday parade conclusively proved that the work of the various trades is carried on by men who are under middle age, with a large proportion of those who are scarcely beyond the years of boyhood, and have only just now been admitted into full connection with the unions, after serving their apprenticeship.

It was a well-dressed army of men. The men in the line of march are not searching for work, and they are receiving good pay for their labor.

There were women in the parade. It was characteristic of America that they rode in as much comfort as any women in the land. The superior position of American women was well illustrated when the girls of the labor unions rode by in carriages, dressed tastefully and with evidences that life brings culture and refinement to them, even though there be upon them the necessities of daily toil, a condition to be found only in this country.

A man's employment leaves its marks upon his face and figure. One needed not banners in many instances to name the trade followed by a union that marched past. There was the slight stoop of the shoulders in the case of the worker whose labor induced such physical alterations in the figure. There was the illustration of the law of selection when men would pass all of a common build of form, such a build as contributes most to success in the line of effort that is followed by members of the craft.

All in all, that parade was the most instructive book that one could study who cares for such things and who can walk through the world and see the obvious truths written all about us. Of course, it was proof of the strength of organized labor, proof that capital must realize the power of the men they employ, when they are banded for common effort, and proof that the leaders of the laborers bear responsibility that might well cause to tremble any man who knows of the issues involved.

Mr. Roosevelt professes to have experienced difficulty in formulating a definition of a trust. He spoke on the subject at Fitchburg, Mass., on Tuesday, saying:

MR. ROOSEVELT TEMPORIZES.

"I am not going to try to define with technical accuracy what ought to be meant when we speak of a trust. But if by trust we mean a big corporation, then I ask you to ponder the utter folly of the man, who, either in a spirit of rancor or in a spirit of folly, says, 'Destroy the trusts,' without giving you an idea of what he means really to do."

It is passing strange that the President should have hard mental labor in doing what every school boy of the country has accomplished, for who does not understand that a trust is a combination that attains control of resources or production to the extent of eliminating competition and establishing monopoly?

Inasmuch as the President was dealing with general principles, it was not difficult to lay down those general principles correctly. He knows, or ought to, that the evil of monopoly is the one that alarms the American people. They do not believe yet that we may wisely do without competition, and at the same time leave the control of industry in private hands. It gives the controller too much power. It places in his hands an instrument that might be used for oppression.

On the other hand, the majority of the people are not willing to accept the doctrines of socialism. And, disclaiming socialism as a panacea for economic ills, and fearing monopoly in private hands, they are desirous that something be done to retain the power in the hands of the people.

It is monopoly, not corporations, at which it is desired to strike. None but demagogues derry corporations. They are essential to the complexities of modern society. We cannot get along without them. Matters would soon go into chaos were there not legal warrant for the management of business affairs by corporations. No honest, instructed man makes war on corporations, per se.

It must be conceded that the exact device whereby trusts—monopolies—are to be controlled has not yet been offered. If the President profess to be puzzled over this phase of the problem, then will he touch a sympathetic chord in the breast of every earnest citizen.

But, to say that he has difficulty in defining trusts, is to say either that he is less profound than the average man, or else to prove that the Roosevelt of our former acquaintance has become the temporizing, scheming, sycophantic politician, lacking the dash, the bravery, the courage and the plain talking of the man who won the heart of the American people.

Monopoly—that is the essence of a trust. Elimination of competition—that is what the trust does. Puzzling as may be the practical solutions of the problem, there is not hard mental work in laying down the sound fundamental principle that should govern discussions, and few will dispute that as here stated it is monopoly that makes the trust an evil.

When the late Egyptian gentleman Ramses Second was unearthed and his mummy castings removed, his features proved to be so well preserved that they were at once recognized by S—n B. A—th—y. This was not swiped from that whole bureau of fun, the editor's drawer in Harper's Monthly.

While the President was at Newport, N. H., he was taken to the Corbin preserve in the Crocydon mountains and the dispatches say, "He shot a bear." The only wonder is that he has not taken a shot at some of them long ago. Washington is full of them.

Sarah Bernhardt is writing a book entitled "The Sadness of Growing Old." This reminds us that that growing old was about the only thing the great Balie did just like other folks.

That's a pretty girl, and a really "fin" girl, that does the ceiling walk in the Midway.

The following editorial paragraph from the Morning Oregonian is worthy of reproduction, and as The Journal does not propose to miss publishing "a good thing," no matter from what source, here it is:

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD

The Pendleton Daily Tribune is a bright and new-looking venture that deserves success. Pendleton has long wanted another paper as an escape from the sad estate of having all its journalistic expression in one groove. There are interests there that have never been fully represented and opinions that have had no chance of expression. The Tribune will be gratefully welcomed by all who have been touched to melancholy by the monopolistic regime hitherto in vogue.

The East Oregonian at Pendleton has had a daily issue since 1888, but has had no monopoly of news reports and service in all these years of its publication. Dailies of the Republican organ stripe, have been started there before the present venture and have "died," notwithstanding they had "equal opportunity" to all facilities.

Here in Portland matters have been a little different. "There has been an Associated Press monopoly, and there still is on morning news, but The Journal proposes to "smash it" before it gets through, so it will be open to all comers on equal terms, as it is at Pendleton.

Further, in this connection, it is meet and proper to add, that in all cases when "another daily paper" has been started at Pendleton, the East Oregonian, although a small country paper, has had the decency, liberality and courtesy to mention the fact and to encourage it even with a kind word or two, but in the starting and publication of The Journal in Portland not a word, either of encouragement nor otherwise, has come from the Morning Tombstone and its Evening Tail, nor has their "good will" been obtained except on the basis of dollars and cents, which The Journal paid in "honest money" for space for its announcements in those publications, which are published under cross roads or Podunk policies in the metropolis of Oregon, with no wonder that Portland and Oregon are a little behind in the race for more popularity and the accompaniments of broad and progressive communities.

The East Oregonian is on the most friendly terms with its "rival" at Pendleton, willing to extend to it every favor of journalistic affinity, even to the extent of sharing with it the benefits of press news reports on the same terms. Will the Morning Tombstone or its Evening Tail dare be as liberal as this little country paper at Pendleton? "Silence is golden." This is one maximum that these institutions seem to believe in, and against which The Journal does not care to enter complaint, for it is coming on quite well, thanks to the people of Portland and Oregon, who are giving liberally to its support, even if the galled gad does wince.

A few years ago the Canadian Government, out of sympathy for the donkhorbors, a small religious society in Russia that were being persecuted, gave them a tract of land in Manitoba, and brought over a colony of several thousand. Recently some five thousand of them have gone mad—have turned their horses out on the range and draw their plows and wagons by hand. The Government contemplates putting the whole outfit in the asylum. Whether the poor wretches are mad because they left Russia, or in that they came to Canada, is not known. Either cause might produce such an effect.

The cattle and sheepmen who are shooting each other's stock for trespassing on the ranges that each claims, may learn that neither has any ownership in the land. Uncle Sam is liable to make a reserve out that way that will shut them both out.

A society item says the Duchess of Marlborough appeared at Mrs. Fish's colonial dinner in a pink wreath and black velvet ribbons. Now the question is, "Was it the Duchess or the reporter who omitted something?"

The Seattle representative in the parade was small, but it was good what there was of it. We really thought Seattle had a few good looking people whom it was not afraid to be seen away from home.

Richard Croker is said to be tired of his dairy experiment at Wantage, England, and will return to New York. Most people thought he had milked that place dry.

Queen Wilhelmina isn't in it with Queen Maybelle, but then Wilhelmina is married and has troubles of her own, while our Maybelle has the world at her feet.

One man in the parade Thursday bore a banner showing that he belonged to "Hell Gate" lodge, in Montana. That lodge had a close shave for the real thing.

The Tacoma Elks made a fine showing in the parade and should have some tangible reminder of their visit to "take-home-eh?"

The Midway is all right, and if you can't get 50 cents' worth there every night in the week for another six days you are hard to please.

Mr. Pelee is again in eruption, but then that is nothing. The Washington republican state convention will meet at Tacoma next week.

Of course the Salem boys take the cake when it comes to "doing the grand" at any time. But then you know they have the Capital.

In the matter of sidewalks the city engineer will see that concrete will not be treated by property owners in the abstract.

If coal prices continue to advance in the east only those who have money to burn can have coal for the same purpose.

The lions in the Midway roar so much like thunder that the ice cream would turn sour if it wasn't in cold storage.

How the Salem boys escaped being Hobsonized Thursday, we do not even attempt to explain.

The sad sea waves are not the only things that go broke on the beach. There are others.

Confetti is all the rage in the carnival, and the cause of some occasionally. It doesn't seem difficult for the cigar dealers to find sites in Portland.

SHERIFF AND FAY.

A Sheriff from Wisconsin came out the other day.

With a pretty fairy story that he wanted, much a Fay.

So he hied him up to Salem and presented her his plea.

With documents asserting his el-gt-bi-ty.

He was a pretty sultor and quite faultless as to dress.

And the card that he presented bore the cognomen of "Hess."

And he "Gaston" and he "Alphonse," and he talked but such a rate.

He got the Governor's signature, and he got it while you wait.

So he hied him back to Portland and arrested he this Fay.

And he said you'll have to hurry, for I haven't time to stay.

So he "kicked" him to the calaboose as fast as he could go.

And from there he ushered him swiftly to the steamer Hassalo.

But this gay and festive sultor didn't know what he had got.

For swiftly on his track there went a friend, in Blair T. Scott.

A friend who said "I'll teach him to be careful who he swipes.

And he took our statutes with him in the form of Martin Pipes.

But T. T. changed his judgment when he got over his surprise.

And he recalled his signature and the glamour from his eyes.

And the Judge in North Dakota made the Sheriff rather blue.

For he stopped him as our Pipes would say while yet "in transitu."

But why prolong? Our Pipes came back in triumph with his Fay.

While the lawyer on the other side slipped out the other way.

And the Eastern folks have surely learned, for so the world trends.

That you can't jump on a Wolfcut, without jumping on his friends.

He Was Thrifty.

This from the "bus man." It can be called thrifty.

Coming in from The Dalles last night a rural visitor made a quarter by giving up his car seat. He rode up town in the free bus, finished a pocket lunch for supper, and after much tribulation found a bed that he paid 50 cents for in advance.

"This morning," said the "bus man," "he was around for an early ride to the depot with me, and said he had sold his bed for \$2 and been up all night. He was off for home."

General's Disprove.

He—A scientist claims that war is necessary to keep the people thinned down.

She—Why is it, then, that we have so many fat Generals—Yonkers Statesman.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

It is a far cry from the flow of the Potomac to where flows the Oregon, but times are changed since the pioneers came overland, half a century ago, as the ox teams have now been replaced by swift moving trains and the journeying is made in fewer days than they expended months, the wastes and wildernesses have given place to pleasant homes and beautiful farms. I left the nation's capital towards evening, one August day, on a train that crossed the Potomac into Virginia, passed through the ancient city of Alexandria, left Mount Vernon to the east and then struck off to the beautiful valleys of Virginia.

There can be no more beautiful region than those same valleys of Northern Virginia. Soon we were passing through the Albemarle region, and could see the farmers' apple orchards, where grow the delicious Albemarle Pippins that Queen Victoria ordered for her special use. They went from the beautiful Piedmont Valley, which is bordered by the Blue Ridge, and as our train crossed this ridge, we saw the homes, farms and orchards of the charming valley, with its circling hills, as green and luxuriant as if the spring was vital to its energies instead of the midsummer sun parching it.

The unusual rains of the summer left its verdure as vivid as it was in spring-time. We swept along with speed that took us over the Blue Ridge and the first we knew, we were traversing the wonderful Shenandoah Valley, and in sight of its villages and towns. This is the Valley of Virginia that in time of the war of secession was the scene of continual conflict.

There can be no more beautiful country than this route opens to the gaze of travelers. For an hour the train went gliding past towns, villages and lovely homes, then found itself confronted with the main ridges of the Alleghenies. These mountains do not compare with the Cascades, or even our Coast range, but afford much rough scenery and many beautiful views.

The next morning found us over all this and going down the headwaters of the great Ohio. It is not easy to imagine greater beauty than nature possesses as the Chesapeake and Ohio trains course through the breadth of West Virginia, until reaching the main flow of the Ohio, it goes on past the homes and scenes of old Kentucky.

Nearly 40 years ago I was East and friends in New York persuaded me to go to West Virginia and superintend the boring of oil wells on land they owned there, lying not very far from the course we were pursuing. We are now in the famous Blue Grass region, considered as without any superior. To the south rose a line of hills, with the realm of Ohio spreading away to the north of the river.

The Ohio has a narrow valley but it is all beautiful. Ashland was the home of Henry Clay and other historic cities and towns occupy the line of travel. As we passed through the Virginia, places made famous by the secession war were continually met and their names recalled many great battles. Well kept cemeteries attested the fierceness of the old-time contests.

Crossing the river we were at Cincinnati, on the soil of Ohio. Our course lay to the north and west, and soon leaving Ohio it lay all day through the prairie ranches of Indiana and Illinois. All day we were in sight of green fields of corn with beautiful cities and villages and busy factories of week days, but that was Sunday, and farms and factories all were idle. As we approached, the lakes the ground was rolling, but not a hill in sight.

At Chicago we changed to the Milwaukee and St. Paul line, and went speeding on through Wisconsin and Minnesota to St. Paul, where we changed again to the Northern Pacific. I was scarce more than a day and a half from Washington and had passed through Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, all great cities, and then went directly westward on the dead level, bound for the Rocky Mountains.

Days passed with no change of scenery to break the monotony. The corn country was left behind and now we traversed the great wheat belt of Minnesota and South Dakota. In time we were grinding on the top grade and were approaching the Rockies. The mountains to left and right were all the features of roughness, but the wide slope we ascended was smooth and treeless, often with wheat fields and farms. So we made the passage through the ranges and high elevation of Montana. The thousand miles of prairie reaches gave place to the Bad Lands, that I have not room to describe. It was a rare journey that possessed interest for every mile of the long route.

It would take columns of space to describe the route lying west of the Rockies, the mining districts and broad pastures lands, with grazing herds everywhere. On the upper Columbia, in Washington, we saw golden fields of grain, some cut and much yet standing. Passing these we descended the Cascades to Puget Sound, spent the last day rushing from Tacoma to Kalama, to reach Portland late in the evening.

It was a magnificent journey that did not seem possible half a century ago, as made by one who was born before a mile of poorest tramway had been built in all the Western Hemisphere.

Salem, Or., Sept. 6. S. A. C.

SOME AUTUMN HUMORS.

Simkins—There is nothing in this world that equals the friendship of a man whom you can trust.

Timkins—Oh, I don't know! What's the matter with a friend who will trust you occasionally?

"I have never met," he said, "more than two really lovely women."

"Ah," said she, looking up innocently into his face, "Who was the other?"

Teacher—You will have to bring me an excuse for your absence yesterday from your father.

Willie—Aw! He ain't no good on excuses; ma catches him every time.