

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. B. JACKSON, Publisher

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Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—Haslett.

THE FACTS; ONLY THE FACTS.

SO MUCH that is false, so much cunning distortion of the facts has been published by the Oregonian in its pretended history of the making of the city charter and the granting of street railway franchises that it seems necessary to set before the public the true story of these events.

Elsewhere in this issue readers will find a plain unvarnished recital of the facts. They establish beyond peradventure or dispute the utter falsity of the Oregonian's assertions and the hypocrisy of its pretenses.

At the time when the street railway franchises were under consideration by the city council in the fall of 1902, The Journal entered repeated and emphatic protest against granting them, pointing out again and again that the compensation offered the city was inadequate and urging that action should be deferred until after the legislature had ratified the new charter.

Of the three daily papers published in Portland, The Journal alone protested against these franchises and pointed out the grave objections to granting them.

The Oregonian was arrayed on the side of the street railway corporations and when the blanket franchise was finally granted the Oregonian came out in an editorial commendation of the city council, declaring that the franchise would be "looked back upon with pride in future years by every participant in its framing."

From the lips of the Oregonian itself comes the indisputable proof of its falsity, of its hypocrisy and of its treachery to the interests of the people. Of the names "inscribed on the pillar of opprobrium" the Oregonian's leads all the rest.

DON'T HURRY.

A GREAT MANY Americans hurry too much. You will see them running "like mad" to catch a car, as if it were a matter of life and death, when probably it makes no difference whether they ride in that car or the next one, and when perhaps they could have walked home or wherever they were going with less exertion and loss of vitality and danger of sudden collapse from heart failure than they sustained in rushing to "catch a car."

This is only one of many species of exhausting hurrying that Americans indulge in, especially in the large cities. We don't see so much of it in Portland as in larger cities; indeed, we see people here lounging and loafing along and getting in busy people's way, as if they were to live a thousand years—yet the tendency of the average urban resident is to wear himself out too much by hurrying and rushing when he could accomplish the same results and live longer and more comfortably if he went about his affairs more coolly and slowly.

Most men must be busy, and must do business on time, yet there is seldom if ever need of this feverish haste and rush. It weakens a man's vital organs and renders him less capable of doing effectively what he seeks to accomplish. There are enough lazy people no doubt, but some people would do well to cultivate leisure if not laziness, and the art of doing things on time and yet not running and rushing to do them.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is a progressive and enlightened country in many ways. As an instance, the French parliament passed last April an employers' liability act, applying to all sorts of work, and based as nearly as possible on the theory that the pecuniary consequences of an accident should be divided equally, as nearly as possible, between employer and employe. This law of limited compensation applies to all cases of accident, whether due to negligence

or mere chance. The annuity to the widow or widower, are payable during life and to correspond to 20 per cent of the annual wages of the deceased, and annuities to the children vary between 15 and 40 per cent of the annual wages, according to the number of children, payable up to the age of 16; the annuities to the children reach even 60 per cent in the event of their being left orphans.

Should a widow or a widower remarry the annuity granted ceases after payment of a lump sum representing three years' annuity; but the children's annuities continue to be paid. In the event of the deceased leaving no widow, widower, or children, an annuity of 10 to 30 per cent is allowed to other relatives. In case of total disability, the victim receives 66 per cent of his former wages, and partial disabilities of different kinds are paid for according to specific provisions.

This may not seem quite just in the case of an injury or fatality incurred through the employer's fault and without contributory negligence on the part of the employe, but it is a large step forward, for heretofore it was almost impossible for an injured workman, or the family of one killed, to get any pecuniary redress in France.

THE WHISKEY DRINKER.

LET US say what good word we can for that much criticized man, the whiskey drinker. He harms himself, and his family, and a few other people, perhaps, and keeps up a business that to say the least is not the most admirable one in the land; but he helps pay the non-drinkers' taxes, helps them to bear their burdens. Did you ever think of the whiskey drinker in this light? If everybody stopped drinking whiskey tomorrow and drank no more, the government would soon have to hustle around for some other means of raising revenue.

Last year the government collected \$648,721,000 in taxes, and of this the whiskey drinkers paid \$186,319,000. The people who drank liquor, beer and wine paid nearly 30 cents of every dollar the government collected. If they should all at once quit and stay quit, there would be consternation in the treasury department, and Secretary Shaw would be "up against it."

The liquor tax is the only one that is paid cheerfully. The consumer finally pays it all, of course, and he never thinks of the taxes he is paying for the total abstainers when he takes his drink. Every time a man takes a drink he is helping those who don't drink and lightening their tax burden. We all advise him to quit drinking and not thus squander his money, and yet he is helping us all out.

This is not an argument in favor of drinking; it rather might be considered as a temperance lecture; but when scolding or despising the drinking man, remember that he pays nearly 30 per cent of our taxes, and never kicks at doing so.

THE STEEL SWINDLE.

UNDER the pressure of competition, the steel trust has reduced the price of steel armor plate about \$200 per ton below the price it charged the government when it had a monopoly of the business, and even at this reduced price of about \$370 per ton it no doubt makes an enormous profit. Notwithstanding its bid was considerably above that of its competitor, the secretary of the navy gave the trust half or more of the job, thus officially enabling the trust to plunder the people of a good many thousand dollars. But this is only a bagatelle compared with the millions of which the government has been willingly robbed in years past. It can easily be understood where the canny philanthropist, Mr. Carnegie, made his many millions. In this matter of steel armor plate, and other steel manufactures, is seen the beauty of the protective tariff. But it is to be remembered that the trust has undoubtedly been liberal in the matter of campaign contributions. Uncle Sam is a poor, helpless old cripple—or else he has more kind regard for the trusts than for 80,000,000 of common people.

The czar, distressed and annoyed by the actions of some of his subjects, calls their attention to the soft and gentle hand that has guided them to the quiet places of national enjoyment, and says if they do not cease their bomb throwing and pistoling that he will declare a dictatorship. The czar must consider affairs very serious.

Fifty years of continuous teaching, in many and varied educational institutions, is the record of President T. M. Catch, who after this year will retire from the presidency of the agricultural college at Corvallis. The amount of good that he has done in this half a century of labor is beyond

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Assertion. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I am serenely. Though passions beat Like mighty billows on my helpless heart. I know beyond them lies the perfect sweet. Serenity which patience can impart. And when wild tempests in my bosom rage, "Peace, peace!" I cry, "It is my heritage."

I am good health. Though fevers rack my brain. And rude disorders mutilate my strength. A perfect restoration after pain I know shall be my recompense at length. And so, through grievous day and sleepless night, "Health, health!" I cry, "It is my own by right."

I am success. Though hungry, cold, ill-clad, I wander for a while, I smile and say: "It is but for a time—I shall be glad. Tomorrow, for good fortune comes my way. God is my father; He has wealth untold. His wealth is mine—health, happiness and gold."

Bidding to a Welsh Wedding. In writing of Welsh scenery and customs, Edward Thomas finds occasion to notice many characteristics of social life that are as strongly marked as are the features of the landscape. None of the curious usages is more characteristic of primitive Wales than is the one mentioned in this paragraph: "I passed through a village in which I found that the old-fashioned bidding marriage was not dead. For a printed sheet with this announcement in Welsh fell into my hands: 'A Bidding to a Marriage. Inasmuch as we intend entering the state of wedlock on —, we invite wedding gifts, which will be repaid with thanks on a like occasion. T. Williams, Elizabeth Jones. It is expected that gifts due to them and to their parents and brothers will be paid on the wedding day. There are many Americans who know by experience that a village in this country often differs from the custom in Wales only in the greater frankness with which the Welsh state the case.'

Dangers in Trade. Blacksmiths are liable to paralysis of the right side, due to the shock of hammering with the sledge, and they are also liable to weak eyes, due to the glare of the forge. Carpenters are liable to varicose veins because they stand so much, and continuous sawing tends to injure the artery that carries the blood from the heart to the carpenter's right arm. Bakers and miners, the one through the white dust of flour and the other through the black dust of coal, get weak

lungs. Miners get weak eyes, too, from working always in the dark. Coopers get swollen knees from pressing them against barrels. This, too, is nothing like so bad as swelling as housemaids develop from the kneeling that scrubbing entails. India rubber workers are to be pitied, for they suffer from headaches and mental depression, due to the rubber fumes. Painters get lead poisoning.

Health in Hot Weather. Not much meat should be eaten in hot weather; less food of any sort is needed than in winter. Food has two functions: as fuel to sustain heat, as energy to move the muscles. The one need is almost wholly and the other largely suspended in July. Alcoholic drinks are doubly dangerous in hot weather. Food was taken in an excellent drink if one dips out the ice and throws it away, allowing the liquid to lose its chill. Iced water in families should be prepared by setting sealed jars of water in the refrigerator at a distance from the ice, never by putting cracked ice in the goblets. A temperature of 42 degrees is low enough for drinking water. Extreme fatigue should be avoided.

A Bit of Allegory. From Punch. She came toward me rather dubiously, as though not sure of her reception. "Who are you?" I asked. "Truth," she said. "I apologized for not having realized it. 'Never mind,' she said, 'wearily, 'hardly any one knows me. I'm always having to explain who I am, and lots of people don't understand them.' A little later I met her, as I thought, again. 'Well, I shan't make any mistake this time,' I said. 'How are you, Miss Truth?' 'You are misinformed,' she replied, coldly; 'my name is Liberty.' I exclaimed—'exactly!' 'Hush!' she said.

Bends Pennies. Augustus de Acutis, a molder, 37 years old, was arrested in Philadelphia on a bail forfeiture warrant. "I'm locked up," Acutis gave the doorman at headquarters a chance to see how strong he is. "I could have got away from the detective easily," said the prisoner. "See here"—and he took two cents, one between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and bent them double. De Acutis has a forearm almost 16 inches around. He is tall and well proportioned.

What the Sun Said. From the Atlanta Constitution. The big sun said: "I'm fine and well. Er burn dat wicked worl away! But de angels high In de big blue sky, Don't like to hear dem sinners fry."

Impromptu Farewell Poem

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

The following little poem was hurriedly written and rendered by "The Post Scout" at the last of a series of socials held in St. Andrew's church tent, at Lake Bennett, on the evening of May 23, 1912. The author's sense of its lack of finish was expressed in his characteristic manner when he introduced it to his audience as a "little piece of impromptu doggerel," and he also consented to its publication because of the impetuosity of his many friends who wanted copies: O comrades, friends, and women fair, O girls and boys, without a care, O age and youth, with hearts aglow, While hope's bright star is shining so, Beyond the lakes, where we are told Is found the bright seductive gold. God knows I hope with you and pray That I may share the publication because of the impetuosity of his many friends who wanted copies:

Let faith in Him who over all Doth even note the sparrow's fall Give heart and strength, and bring good cheer. And make us glad that we are here. So men and boys—and you, dear girls—Sweetness refined, you precious pearls, Who grace our camps, laughed at the sprig. And sprinkled sunshine on the trail. And I was who started these "Mental Improvers," if you please! These meetings where, as brothers, we Can meet and "mush" and "how" and "gee!"

Enjoy as good a social feast As that dished up in south or east, And as for eatables, we fare As good as people over there— Except that we are short on greens. But Boston cannot beat our beans, And doughnuts only men can bake. And then the firm, the rubber pie We'll use for balls by and by. But joking aside, good friends, Success or failure all depends On you. Each one must do his part. Must work with hands and brain and heart.

For there is no such word as fail. Except to those who will not sail. When winds are fair. So come what will, Despite the rushing stream or hill, Put on an oar and say "never die." And you will get there by and by.

leged and showed up months ago, at the proper time, the howling on the Oregonian's part is solely because it wasn't in it. It has always been in all grafts heretofore for 50 years.

That Chicago man named Gourdain is making strenuous and frantic efforts to get into the penitentiary, having been sentenced thereto for four and a half years. He certainly should be accommodated. If a man has to serve a term in jail, it isn't fair to keep him out of it.

An article reprinted today from the Salem Statesman quite correctly analyzes and explains the Oregonian's recent "roaring." It is kicking simply and solely because of The Journal's existence, and because it is not able to graft as much as formerly.

The lawyers have changed their minds again, and Harry Thaw appears today as a drooling idiot, unable to remain in one place without being locked up, and incapable of lying on the ground without holding on.

Now Texas and adjacent states and territories are being shaken up with earthquakes. Come up to Oregon and be safe and comfortable.

Baker City Democrat: As fine fields of barley as ever grown in any country can be seen between Wingville and Haines and on land, too, that never had been touched by the plow until about four years ago. The yield per acre will be something enormous.

A Little Nonsense

Spiritual Need.

From Harper's Weekly. George O'Donnell, the actor, tells the following story of his 4-year-old niece, whose mother is the wife of a clergyman: "One night Edith wasn't feeling very well and was put to bed rather early. As her mother was about to leave her, she called her back. 'Mamma, I want to see papa.' 'No, dear,' her mother replied; 'you father is busy and must not be disturbed.' 'But, mamma,' the child persisted, 'I want to see him.' As before, the mother replied: 'No; your father is busy and must not be disturbed.' 'Mamma,' declared her daughter, solemnly, 'I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister.'"

Breveted for Bravery. Everybody calls Alfred J. Stoffer, a well known Washington character, "Major" Stoffer. "Where did you get your title, Stoffer?" Representative Littlefield, of Maine, once asked him. "I earned it," Stoffer replied, "killing 'Yankees in the war.'"

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"Who said I was a soldier, sub; who said I was a soldier? I was livin' in my native village of Culpeper, Virginia, 'til I was tryin' to raise an army and it was there I won glory for the sainted Confederate cause and myself by killin' 'Yankees.'"

"But how did you kill them?" "Killed them by indignation, sub, by indignation. I sold 'em apple pie and killed 'em by scores."

One, Two and Three Make Six. A student just returned from the university sat down to supper with his father and mother. Three eggs were served, and the father said: "Why," said the husband to his wife, "your supper is scanty. You should treat your son more liberally." "Let us be content," observed the son, "since the eggs on the table."

"How," asked his father, "do you prove that?" "Easily enough," he answered. "Do not one, two and three make six?" "Yes," replied the father, "give one egg to your mother, take two for myself, and you, my boy, may help yourself to the rest."

Slightly Mixed. By Henry Swafford, Pendleton. An exchange tells a new and story of a western editor who accuses the loss of two cash subscribers. One wanted to know how to rear his twins safely, the other wanted to know how to rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The editor jumped around in the flames, an accident transposed the answers, so that the man with twins received this answer: "Cover them over with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests will jump around in the flames, and a little while will quickly settle." The man plagued with the grasshoppers was told to "give them castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

A Difficult Position. By W. Kendrick, Portland. Two fishermen were crossing a bog when one of them fell into a mud hole. His companion, running to a nearby farmhouse, asked the loan of a spade. "What do you want it for?" asked the farmer. "Sure, Mike is stuck in the bog, and I want to dig him out," was the answer. "How far is he sunk?" questioned the farmer. "To his ankles," replied the man. "Begorra, then he can easy walk out." "Begorra, he can't," exclaimed Pat. "He's in wrong end up."

Pinching the Wrong Knee. By Virginia Lee, City. The Archbishop of C. City was for many years fearful of a stroke of paralysis. Seated at the right of Countess T. at a brilliant banquet, he startled the guests by arising and remarking: "I have a favor to ask of you, Countess—that which I have feared for 40 years, a stroke of paralysis, I have been pinching my knee for the last 20 minutes and can't find the least sensation of it. Just such a favor, please—'Pardon me,' said the countess, 'but it was my knee that you were pinching.'"

The Humphrey Soother. From the New York World. It has been reasonably hot, even for Washington, since last Thursday. That is to say, the thermometer on the street has been ranging along between 95 and 100, and once or twice has hopped above the 100 mark for a short time. The town has laughed the heat to scorn, however, and all through the inventive genius of Quartermaster-General Humphrey of the army. The quartermaster-general does not like to see people suffer. He is a specialist in the matter of heat, and he has considered the matter of the greatest curses known to man unless it can be assuaged. He has perfected an ameliorator which is known as the "Humphrey Soother."

It is how: Take a long glass and squeeze a whole lime into it. Put in a chunk of ice, pour in a hoocher of rum—Santa Cruz or Jamaica, as you prefer. Then fill the glass with the best ginger ale obtainable, and after it is mixed, add cold, drink and be soothed.

Decadence of American Shipping. Consul Murphy, of Bordeaux says that only two American vessels have entered the harbor at that place in 10 years, which sought refuge during the Spanish-American war. The consul further says that he had searched the records of the consulate, which is the oldest in continuous existence, dating back to 1790, and found that in the first six months of 1808 no less than 113 vessels owned by Americans and flying the American flag had entered and cleared at the port. The vessels averaged from 175 to 200 tons, and brought to Bordeaux cotton, sugar, tobacco, staves, whale oil and logwood, and carried back to America such articles as coffee, brandy, dry goods, wheat, fruit and hardware.

An Uncanny Plant. On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "Dunstan," the naturalist, discovered it not long ago while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog, he found the animal held in black, sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant, which has been aptly named the "band octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE. OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

Don't start a forest fire. There ought to be no strikes. Glorious harvest weather, ah! The farmers would like to make a draft. Don't let the weeds go to seed any more. 'Tis now the very thick of the harvest. We're not a bit sorry for the cooked hop lice. Shoe leather costs less than four car fares a day. Good wagon roads are as important as electric roads. Portland must have more water; tap Bull Run some more. The more strikes the more public ownership sentiment increases. Bryan isn't like a man who can't get more clothes if his's are stolen. Mary McLean has published another book, but not many people will read it. The chances are that streetcarmen are somewhat overworked and underpaid. Not a word for several hours from either Bryan or Rockefeller. The suspense is terrible. Hill talks to Seattle straight from the shoulder; the "Queen City" must sit up and listen. A Boston paper runs a column headed "A Few Cold Facts About Boston." The word "cold" seems superfluous. Keeping the grass out and the surface sprinkled is considerable of a green improvement, says the Salem Journal. Take a rest when you have "that tired feeling."—Independence Enterprise. These some people would rest all the time. The day is full of changing glory, and is cool and restful, and baling with daylight. Eugene Guard: The Salem Journal propounds the momentous question, "What shall be done with T. T. Geer?" Might establish a state infirmary for incurable cases of lying on the rug, instead of a state observatory of the rag, and make Geer the first permanent inmate.

Some things better to eat than Oregon prunes. Many windmills being erected along Myrtle creek. Some shortages of some crops, yet a big yield in the aggregate after all. Independence Enterprise: If any of the children are missing, look in the Willamette river. Sunday in Independence is pretty much the same as the best of the towns in "dry" counties. Never before was an entire week, from Monday morning till the next Sunday morning, so pleasant as the week just closed in Lakeview than was last week, and never before was a week more completely filled with amusements. Every visitor was as well repaid for coming to Lakeview as pleasure could repay one for time and money lost in its search, says the Klamath Falls Examiner. Alha correspondence of East Oregonian: One hundred millions of timber one by one, as pleasure could repay one for time and money lost in its search, says the Klamath Falls Examiner. Albany Herald: Marion papers boast of the good roads under way in that county. There is a foundation of fact for pride in that connection. Judge Scott has been one of the most faithful of good roads advocates, and has accomplished much for the cause. Rock crushers are constantly employed in preparation of road material and the work as now laid out is toward permanency. A friend of The Journal says: "I must say that the two columns in The Journal under the head of 'Birdseye Views of Timely Topics' are unique and greatly appreciated by me. The 'Oregon Sidelights,' especially, I wouldn't mind seeing enlarged." Of course they might be enlarged indefinitely, but that would crowd out better things. A newspaper must be cosmopolitan. Rev. L. D. Brown's daughter Evalina, aged 13 years, caught a badger by the back of the neck in a ditch in Fossil Sunday morning and held the animal prisoner until others came to her with a rope, which was tied around the badger's neck, after which he was dragged to the Brown residence and imprisoned in a box, where he made his home until he escaped.—Fossil Journal. Good for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as Rev. Brown's daughter, or anybody else.

Keeping Capital Out of the State

SOME PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT THE OREGONIAN.

From the Salem Statesman. Oregon wants capital, and wants it badly. It wants outside capital, capital that will enter freely into the scheme of development which this state demands today. Every town and every city in Oregon is asking capitalists from all over the United States to come and help in the work of development. It offers them opportunities for investment in street railway lines, in electric plants of all character, in water service plants. The state begs capital to come and open up its mines, to build inter-urban railroads; in fact, to help to develop the latent resources of the state. In view of this, therefore, the editorial in yesterday's Oregonian is not only untimely, but it is unfair to the whole state of Oregon. The Oregonian has finally tumbled over itself into the public-ownership class of socialists. It now wants the city of Portland to condemn the privileges which have become valuable through advent of capital into that city and take them away from their owners. It is a little hard to see how the city of Portland can be so stupid as to do this. The city of Portland has lost nothing through the manipulation of greedy capitalists, as the Oregonian says. There never was a time when the people of Portland were not begging some capitalist to invest money in street railways and other improvements which were necessary to make Portland a city. The state begged capital to come and the franchises and the privileges had little value. In fact they were largely made at a time when Portland's prospects seemed anything but brilliant as compared to those of cities on the sound and at other deep sea harbors of the coast. The extension of the street

carefully the occupants may be kept alive from 60 to 70 hours after leaving the water. Crabs have been shipped all the way from the Chesapeake to Canada, arriving at their destination in good condition. In summer, of course, ice is used. But, where soft crabs are concerned, it is necessary that they shall reach the market in good condition. Their new shells harden with great rapidity. At the end of 12 hours the shells are like parchment, and in three or four days the crab is as hard as ever—hence unsafe for use in the form most highly approved by epicures. Tickets Quickly Printed. If a machine invented by an Italian named Roberto Piacitelli of Florence works as successfully as the inventor claims, it will bring about a great change in railroad ticket offices. At present thousands of different tickets for all stations and all classes have to be printed in advance to be kept on hand, and great care is required to keep them in order. The new machine is intended to print with little labor, on very heavy card-board, all tickets whenever wanted. The tickets thus printed contain the name of the station of departure and destination, date of issue, number of the register, class to be used, difference for single and round trips and the exact amount of fare. On a second strip of cardboard in the inner parts of the machine an exact duplicate of the ticket is produced, thus furnishing complete registration of every ticket sold. Several of the machines are now being tried by the Italian government. The capacity of the apparatus is astonishing, since it can print and register 40 different kinds of tickets.

Strange Work for Women. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. "Girls are displacing men in walks of life undreamed of only a decade ago," said August H. Kaems, deputy state factory inspector of Sheboygan. "Up in my own city girls have been working in the varnish rooms of the chair factories for a long 30 years and within the next 30 years many have found employment in one of the foundries enameling kitchen utensils. Barring the intense heat in the rooms, the work is comparatively easy, though it does seem strange to find women in foundries. 'The bottling departments of the breweries also employ girls in preference to boys, and the work being almost entirely domestic in character, the conditions are wholesome, little criticism can be made. 'It was not until I learned upon my present duties that I started that girls are also being employed in tanneries. I find a number by trade, so that it was quite a surprise to me when I saw trail women perform work which fell to sturdy men in former years. These girls are principally employed in the chrome department. In northern Wisconsin some of our inspectors have found women employed in the sawmills.'"

The How and Why of the Soft Crab. The supply of soft crabs for market is obtained by catching hard crabs and keeping them until they shed their shells. For this purpose, large rectangular flats, made of laths and planking, are employed, and three or four times every day the stock on hand is carefully inspected, all the soft crabs being picked out and packed without delay. They are put into shallow boxes of moist sawdust, from 10 to 15 dozen in a box, according to the size of the crabs. When the packing is done