

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL



PIRDSEYE VIEWS

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TELEPHONES. POREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

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It is an incontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them,

CLEAN UP THE GROUNDS.

TE CANNOT or rather do jousness in the form of weeds, prinunused grounds.

These weeds are now full grown bloom, and will soon cast crops. If cut down to the ground now, during the dry and hot weather roots would send up but compartively slight and feeble growths egain this season. The law requires them to be cut down, and some efis no appreciable diminution or abatement of this form of nuisance. There are literally hundreds of acres, and square miles, in the aggregate, of these vegetable pests. In many cases they overgrow sidewalks so that they have largely usurped pedestrians' lawful right of way. They are ugly, injurious, offensive and what is more, unlawful. There ought to be a crusade against them, and against property owners who make no effort year after year to get rid of them.

We realize that where so many people do nothing in this direction such property owners as might feel inclined to do so feel that they ought not to be required to do what so many others fail to do; but this is not a proper way to look at the matter. Because 20 men refuse or neglect to do their duty is not really a good reason for the twenty-first man refusing or neglecting to do his.

And the wonder is that many more people do not cheerfully and voluntarily perform this duty. One would think that the majority of lot owners would of their own volition, and from, in a sense, selfish motives, get rid of these weeds and rubbish. It certainly would enhance the value of the ground.

We talk much about making Portland a city beautiful, but this can never be done until the vacant grounds, or those occupied only by old shacks, rubbish of all sorts, weeds and briers, are cleaned up and given a tidy appearance.

There are many neat, well-kept grounds, around residences, made so at much expense and with great care; and owners of nearby premises have neither a legal nor a moral right to leave them in this offensive condition, an eyesore to all beholders.

The crusade for cleaned-up grounds ought to be vigorously carried on and now. This is the time of year to dig up the weeds and burn up the

ELUSIVE JUSTICE.

XACT JUSTICE is perhaps seldom done in judicial proceedings, and especially in many criminal cases, the decision of which is left to juries, and particularly where the evidence is wholly circumstantial, it is difficult to ascertain what justice is, and to administer it

The case of A. J. Hembree tried last week in Tillamook county, is a case in point. It is stated that perhaps 95 per cent of the people over there believed him guilty of the double murder with which he was charged, and of a prior atrocious crime that prompted the murder, and to these people the verdict of manlaughter seems a travesty of justice, Elyeven of the jurors believed him guilty, though a portion favored conection of murder in the second deeree, showing that there was in their inds, some shadow of "reasonable doubt." One juror, not being convinced of the prisoner's guilt, was for acquittal, and under these circumstances a compromise verdict of man-

Of course this was not a just yet of the Or

dict. If the man is guilty, he deserved hanging as much as any murderer ever did; if he is not guilty it is an injustice to confine him in the penitentiary for a term of years. Yet such a verdict is excusable, for it saves a very expensive new trial, with the probability that no better result would be obtained. The verdict in the McDaniel case here a few years ago was similarly arrived at, though the chances seemed to the average citizen about 100 to 1 that he com-

nitted a most abominable murder. Such results, however, are not to be avoided, nor exact justice in many cases meted out. 'A compromise verdict is seldom a strictly just verdict, but it may be an excusable one.

SHOULD LEARN A LESSON.

THE SHORTAGE in the wheat

crop of eastern Oregon on account of the hot winds will not be as great as was reported last month-which is usually the case when crop failures are anticipated in Oregon. Yet a good many farmers on the lighter soils will have light crops, and will suffer not only from not choose to resist the this cause but because they "put all impulse to harp some their eggs in one basket," and raise on that old and homely but nothing but wheat. Most of the land really important subject, Portland's throughout Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, vast wealth (?) of ugliness and nox- Morrow and Umatilla counties, as the Dalles Optimist remarks, "will raise cipally burdocks and thistles, and other crops besides wheat; and the refuse, litter, on otherwise vacant or sooner our wheat raisers take to diversified farming the better it will be for them and the community. And even on the farms where hay, alfalfa, their myriads of seeds for future vegetables, etc., cannot be raised, a small bunch of sheep or cattle or hogs can be kept. And a few brood mares, giving a lot of colts for sale each year, is a good investment. We are told that many of our farmers this year will save their faces by cutting fort has been made in a few individ- their wheat as hay and selling it to ual instances to enforce the law; a the sheep men at about \$8 a ton, and few people have been fined, but there at that price the demand exceeds the supply."

A bumper crop of wheat that brings a high price may not be the best thing for farmers in portions of the upper country, for it encourages heavy expenditure and neglect of diversified farming. So a short crop some years should not be an unmixed evil. Even if wheat is the main crop, other products should be raised.

Every summer several children's egs are cut off by mowing machines while out playing or hiding in the meadows or grainfields, accidents which it would seem ought with a reasonable degree of care to be avoided. It is curious that a child old enough to be in such a place would get right before the sickle, or that being there his father would not see

away with conventions, if the pe ple choose to elect delegates to a convention, in which respect it is not as much of a reform measure as the Oregon law. The convention, composed of delegates beholden to the bosses, is the main thing to get rid of.

The railroads are doing a good service not only for themselves but for Oregon in the printing and distribution of a great amount of very fine and attractive literature about the Pacific northwest. This is a work that will count for much in the future, and should be appreciated.

John D. Rockefeller takes the world into his confidence long enough to whisper in its capacious ear that he still has the liveliest regard and love for America. This is interesting, as it disproves the old assertion that only the unattainable stirs our interest; Mr. Rockefeller has owned America long enough to be tired of it.

Open rivers and improved harbors, good roads, irrigation, patronizing of home industry, more transportation facilities, and more care in the marketing of crops, are Oregon's principal needs.

According to the veracious correpondent, only the unimaginable and indescrible horrors of the Russian situation are worth more than a column in the American papers.

The statement that Russell Sage's millions would be devoted to charity has caused some of the great lawyers of Gotham to incorporate as an elecmosynary institution.

Usually a rich man's estate pans out a good deal iess than he was popularly credited with possessing, but Mr. Gage's pile seems to be an exception to this rule.

Again there is a prospect that the work on the United Railways will begin before long. Let us continue to hope so.

Harvest hands are not to be had the farmers have to help one another and will so from place to place with the threshers, says a country correspondent of the Oreson Olty Couries.

What Is Portland's Greatest Need?

MEMBERS OF CITY COUNCIL TELL JOURNAL READERS WHAT WOULD IMPROVE ROSE CITY.

Garbage Department: John Annand.

and a department for the collection of garbage by the city," says Councilman John Annand. "The present crematory is entirely too small. Its capacity is about 25 tons every 24 hours and about 35 tons of garbage are collected every day. This leaves an accumulation of 10 tons of garbage daily.

"An effort is made to sort the stuff and place only the dry garbage on the

and place only the dry garbage on the dump, but it is impossible to keep all the perishable refuse off the dump, and the consequence is a rapidly increasing heap that reeks with foul odors.

"A new steel crematory of about 70 tons daily capacity ought to be in-atalled. It would cost about \$30,000.

stalled. It would cost about \$30,000. With the crematory we now have, whenever the retorts burn out it is necessary that they be entirely rebuilt.

"We should also have about 25 steel garbage wagons, which with the horses should be owned by the city. The wagons and horses would cost about \$15,000. This department should be maintained by general taxation and would cost only a fraction of a cent per taxpayer.

taxpayer.

"Then garbage would be collected free all over the city. The poor man who cannot afford to pay the 75 cents a month charged by private individual tries to cannot afford to pay the 75 cents a month charged by private individuals who owns garbage wagons, and tries to bury his garbage wagons, and tries to bury his garbage in his back yard or burn it in his kitchen stove, would have an opportunity to turn it over to the city. This system has proved an unqualified success in many large cities.

"At the crematory there is not a drop of hot water to wash the garbage to wagons with. They are flooded with cold water, but this does not cleanse them, and they go away dirty and foul



John Annand.

Modern Knights of the Grip

BY JOHN ANDERSON JAYNE.

Nothing so illustrates the change in business methods during the past 20 years as the aspect and attitude of those genial-hearted fellows out on the road, known as the Knights of the Grip.
Old men who traveled then will tell you that in those days it was the exception to find a whole-souled, sober, industrious man plying his trade between city and city and town and town. Then the arrival of the evening train that brought the "drummer" into town brought a lot of convivisi, whiskeydrinking, story-telling men together, iking, story-telling men together, special arrangements were made in hotel barrooms to accommodate the the hotel barrooms to accommodate the host of men who had the firm's money to spend and but little in the way of

real work to do. Then, the first characteristic of the Then, the first characteristic of the commercial man was sportiness. He must be strictly up to date with the last story, the finest assortment of slang, all of which he used as preliminary to the selling of goods. Indeed, one would think that story-swapping and treating were the principal things for which a man traveled, while the getting of orders was a secondary consideration.

was a secondary consideration.
But all that is changed. The old-time drummer has gone his way, together with the plug-hatted minstrel, the steamboat gambler and the loud-mouthed railroad

Today a man on the road is compelled to be a past master in the art of courtesy, a seventh-degree member of the Order of Genial Hearts, and a thirty-second-degree hustler of royal ability and splendid The Illinois primary law does not gentleman and an honest heart that will be away with conventions, if the peo-

the purchasing agent of the corporation to whom he wishes to sell goods. Time was when along with every line of samples went a couple of bottles of Old Tom and a hundred or so of finest perfectos, and a deck of well-thumbed Now if you have opportunity to look

Now if you have opportunity to look into the grip of one of these modern, up-to-date Knights of the Grip you will find, in addition to a well-kept and fine line of samples, some magazine of his trade,

A Poet's Color Blindness.

From the Youth's Companion. It is well known that the poet Whitler was color blind, and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought himself a necktie which he suposed to be of a modest and suitable

lently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them

didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittler's companion.
"I saw it." rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye. "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick—thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions, except by the harp!"

On the Blacklist.

From the New York Sun. Among the representatives on the blacklist of the Federation of Labor and doomed to defeat by that organization are Speaker Cannon and John Daisell of Pennsylvania. At the last election Mr. Cannon had a plurality of 15,752 and Mr. Daizell received 17,322 votes to 3,300 for the practice of the Prohibition and the Socialist parties, which never fear to stand up and be counted; and if the Fed-eration of Labor means business in its new departure, why not follow their ex-

Nothing so illustrates the change in business methods during the past 20 years as the aspect and attitude of those conial-hearted fellows out on the road, thou as the Knights of the Grip.

Old men who traveled then will tell to Nellie and the babies away back in the old home in Pittsburg.

mind bright and preparing himself for the advancement that will mean so much to Nellie and the babies away back in the old home in Pittsburg.

The modern Knight of the Grip is as great an improvement on the old as electricity is over candle light. He is courteous, refined, gentlemanly and, above all, knows that orders are the mainspring of business, and those orders he will have if fair dealing and squareness will land them.

If you happen to be in a hotel when he is there you will find him and his fellow-knights quietly smoking, never boosing.

It illing good clean stories that might be told in a bride's boudoir, or repeated to his mother or sister. You will find him writing letters, using the fountain pen that Nellie, his wife, gave him last Christmas. You will find him writing to his firm, telling of exact conditions without circumlocutions in language, and sending his orders with such degree of exactness that when he comes home the shipping clerk has a good word for him and all hands are glad to see him come in.

Occasionally you find the old-time

glad the hearts of men. Never a day is so dreary that their smile cannot chase the clouds away, never a business so poor that they cannot find some crumbs cheers, and thrice three cheers, for the clean, successful, modern and genial-hearted Knights of the Grip. May they live long and get stacks of

Ominous Signs in Armenia.

Armenia's fateful season is draw ing near. The Turkish farmers of that province will soon know what kind of a harvest they have to expect, whether they will be able to repay the money caned them by the frugal Armenians or whether, in case of a bad harvest, they will, as usual, call in the Kurds to wipe out their creditors. Advices from the Levant foretell a bad harvest in

were it again, for his friends soon made him awars that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her eider sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said, kindly. "The looks very well indeed in itlike an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red haired, and her dress was red; that was the trouble. Once, on a day in mid-March, when out walking with a friend, and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither noticed it, until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them

Married by Proxy.

Married by Proxy.

Charles Sondermeyer, foreman of the barber shop in the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, New York, and his bride, Theresa de Groote, just from Rotterdam, Holland, are spending their honeymoon at Fishkill Landing. There is a romance in connection with their marriage which Sondermeyer never told

Little more than three years ago he left Theresa de Groote in Holland and came to this country to make his fortune. On July 12 he sent his brother-in-law. W. M. van Setten, to Rotter-dam, Holland, to marry his flancee by proxy. To enable Van Setten to do this Sondermeyer had to obtain from the Dutch consul in New York a paper petitioning Queen Wilhelmina's consent to the marriage and another authorizing the brother-in-law to represent him at

A Little Nonsense

Thought His Time Had Come.

It is one of the amiable traditions of the senate of the United States that no new senator shall make a set speech till he has served a year or longer. Old senators are very impatient of the assumption of importance by newcomers. The late George E. Edmunds of Vermont once allowed it to be understood that he would soon retire from public life. Idaho had just been admitted as a state, with the privilege of electing senators, the one for a long term and the other for a short term. Mr. McConnell drew the short term, and, having but two months to serve, proceeded to make the best of it. The day after he had been sworn in he took up a position in the middle aisie and in a foghorn voice made his speech.

While he was holding the fort Mr. Edmunds entered the chamber. He stopped short and gazed at the speaker with the utmost astonishment. Then he made his way to his seat, and, leaning over to the senator next to him, asked: "Whe is that person?"

"A senator from Idaho."

"You don't say se! When did he come?"

"He was sworn in yesterday."

"Sworn in yesterday, and making a Thought His Time Had Come.

"He was sworn in yesterday."
"Sworn in yesterday, and making a speech today," mused Edmunds. "Well, well, if that doesn't beat all! It looks like it's time for me to quit."
And in a few days he resigned.

Got the Right Ones.

There is a shrewd old fellow in Conworst of it.

One morning he took a new servant with him to Greenwich to teach the servitor the tricks of judicious buying. The question of chickens arose. Said the old chap: "How many have you this morning?"

"About a dozen," replied the store-

keeper.
"Well," said the proprietor of the summer boarding house, "My boarders is the biggest eaters you ever seen. Pick out nine of the toughest you've

A Wise Old Man.

Senator Beveridge now and then tells a

sending his orders with such degree of exactness that when he comes home the shipping clerk has a good word for him and all hands are glad to see him come in.

Occasionally you find the old-time "drummer" with clothes so loud that you stop your ears when you hear him coming. But you know that he is a type of a species that has forever gone, never to return to our shores, and soon he will fold his tent like the Arab and silently steal away.

A man called on a Brooklyn girl the other evening, and, after giving evidence of enjoying her company and conversation, suddenly said. apropos of nothing:

"Oh, Miss B., you have no idea what a lovely girl is visiting my mother now—so entertaining and accomplished, aly together charming in every way. I tell you, she is just all right."

The fair Brooklyn girl the other evening, and, after giving evidence of enjoying her company and conversation, suddenly said. apropos of nothing:

"Oh, Miss B., you have no idea what a lovely girl is visiting my mother now—so entertaining and accomplished, aly together charming in every way. The fair Brooklynite, who had been doing her utmost to make herself pleasant, was naturally slightly annoyed, but answered quietly:

steal away.

Then here's a hand to the royal fraternity of the Knights of the Grip, the best-natured, the truest-hearted and the most welcome men in America. They radiate sunshine, sweeten life and make

Not at all," said the thoughtless ith. "You see, another fellow took out tonight." youth.

The Difference.

One day a colleague asked Uncle Joe Cannon what in his opinion was the main difference between the days of his youth and the present time. "Well," answered Uncle Joe reflectively, "when I was a youngeter a man was satisfied to paddle his cance, but nowadays every one thinks he has a call to steer the ship of state."

Forgot His Errand.

The champion absent-minded man of Bedford, Massachusetts, on one occasion called upon his old friend and family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Carrow, "My heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Carr
"that reminds me of my errand;
wife is in a fit!"

A Horsethief.

The following, from Hamilton, On-tario, is said to be gospel truth: Three fellows were walking down Jackson street when a horse, which was stand-ing at the sidewalk, did a most curi-ous thing.

When the three were opposite, the beast leaned over and snatched a watch chain out of the near man's pocket and apparently ate it.

They made a spring for the horse's bit and managed after a struggle to re-

gain the treasure.

The chain was in three lengths, but the brute was soon made to give these It was then discovered that a medal, which had been attached to the chain,

was missing.

After a little more resistance they ded in extracting the battered The horse was genuinely amused, or

The watch was quite useless and the

French Sunday.

From the Pall Mall Gasette.

It is really remarkable to find the French chamber adopting an obligatory Sunday rest for the working classes by a majority of 578 to 1. Probably the one considered that this salutary profortune. On July 12 he sent his brotherare Speaker Cannon and John Dalsell of
Pennsylvania. At the last election Mr.
Cannon had a plurality of 15,752 and Mr.
Cannon had a plurality of 15,752 and Mr.
Dalzell received 17,322 votes to 3,300 for
his Democratic opponent. It has been
solemnly proposed that if the Democrat
nominated in Mr. Dalzell's district is not
satisfactory to the Federation as genuins labor man will be put up. That is
the ceremony.

Socialist parties, which never fear to
stand up and be counted; and if the Federation of Labor means business in its
new departure, why not follow their example?

Kent is rejoicing in a drilled well

Kent is rejoicing in a drilled well

fortune. On July 12 he sent his brotherin-law. W. M. van Setten, to Rotter,
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Dutch consul in New York a paper pelitioning, W. M. van Setten to do this
sendermeyer h

SMALL CHANGE.

Nice mornings to sleep.

No dull time of year in Portland. Next month the hops, and lots of 'en

It is easier to give than to take ad

If you are not a land fraud defendant

Hops are becoming commercially quite respectable again. And still most of those weeds are

Great weather for harvesting birds and summer girls.

Not all the Republicans have tosse up that dollar yet.

The Dayton Herald predicts that Bryan will be president. And still the daily dose of Thaws. Would they would freeze.

Well, when arrested, Rockefeller is able to hire a first-class lawyer.

A man who never takes a vacation seems to know the most about it.

In 10 days you can shoot buck deer, be-fore sunup or after sundown—if you can get at them.

There is occasionally an automobilist whom we would like to see compulsorily riding a mule.

We refuse to lie awake nights study-ing what we would do with the Sage money if we had it. Crops, bears, fish, surf. mountains, dains, forests—Oregon has everything plains, forests-Oregon one ought to want.

A Michigan man left 27 wills, and the lawyers are thinking of monument to his memory.

We firmly believe babies are already born who will see a railroad to Coos Bay, but they may have to live to be pretty old.

Mayor Dunne of Chicago says that any man who has served one term as mayor of that city is entitled to im-mortal felicity. But doesn't it depend on what kind of a mayor he was?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

Three busy sawmills at Zion, in Lane

Fruit land in Hood River valley in

A Roseburg man claims to have land on which he can raise 700 bushels of potatoes per acre.

Odell correspondence of Hood River Giacter: Mrs. Roswell Shelley had her house papered one day last week. O. S. Olsen did the work.

The big Roseburg fruit packing house has already contracted for over five and a half million pounds of prunes. The crop in southern Oregon will be immense and the price fair.

The law requiring cattle to be kept up is going to work a hardship upon many families who have been depending upon one or two cows to provide the greater part of the living, says the Harrisburg Bulletin.

Scio, says the News, would be a first class location for a milk condensing plant. The dairy industry is growing among our farmers. Daily there are several thousand pounds of cream shipped to the various creameries.

North Yamhill Record: No, there is no better dairying country on earth than the Willamette valley, and is there any better part of the Willamette valley than old Yamhill?—Journal. No, and than old Yamhili Journal. No, and there is no better place in Yamhili coun-ty than around North Yamhili. Go over the country and see our clover fields rank with aftermath just waiting to be turned into butter and cheese and you will agree with both Journal and Record.

Hood River Glacier: Negotiations were closed between a large eastern commission firm and the Hood River Apple Growers' union for a large shipment of early fall apples which will be sent to England. This shipment will consist of eight cars of apples and marks a new era in the history of apple shipments from the far west, as heretofore the market for early apples has been supplied from the eastern states. The fruit will be shipped some time between the last of August and September 10 and will be rushed through by extra fast service.

James Spicer, who lives on Agency James Spicer, who lives on Agency. Plains in Crook county, du: a well down 50 feet with pick and shovel and from that depth was sinking it with a hand drill when at a depth of \$1 feet the drill broke through into what is apparently a subterranean lake, or body of water, says the Madras Pionser. The mayor of that city is entitled to immortal felicity. But doesn't it depend on what kind of a mayor he was?

We are not going to make any kick about plunics, camp-meetings or baseball games and golf, but we can't help thinking that some fellows would be doing more good in a harvest field.

The Madras Pioneer. The hole is only five inches in diameter, and since striking the body of water they have been drawing up water for all ranch and household purposes in one of the long, narrow buckets with bottom valve. The water is cool and clear, and the supply appears inexhaustible, although the body of water or subterrance in the city of water or subterrance in the city of water they have been drawing up water for all ranch and household purposes in one of the long, narrow buckets with bottom valve. The water is cool and clear, and the supply appears inexhaustible, all though the body of water or subterrance in the city of water they have been drawing up water for all ranch and household purposes in one of the long, narrow buckets with bottom valve. The water is cool and clear, and the supply appears inexhaustible, all though the body of water they have been drawing up water for all ranch and household purposes in one of the long. narrow buckets with bottom valve. The water is cool and clear, and the supply appears inexhaustible, all the cool of the long of the

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

A Patented Plant.

"One plant at least has been patenti," said an inventor. "It is the abrus recatorius, alias Paternoster pea, alias don't know how you look. weather plant. John Nowack took out the patent.

"The weather plant is still believed by many persons to foretell the weather John Nowack was sure it did so, and he put it on the market, along with an in-dicating apparatus, guaranteeing it to foretell for 48 hours in advance and for

foretall for 48 hours in advance and for 50 miles around, fog, rain, snow, hail, earthquake and depressions likely to cause explosions of fire damp.

"Alas for poor Nowack! The experts of the bureau of agriculture took up his patented plant. They proved that the movements of the leaves, to the right foretelling rain, to the left foretelling drought—were not caused by the weather, but by the light. And they proved that the plant's famous downward movement, which was supposed to foretell earthquake, was caused by an insect that punctured the stem, causing the

"That is the only patented plant I know of, and Nowack lost money on it.
"But how would you like to have an exclusive patent on the coffee tree or the tea plant?"

Puncturing a Fallacy.

The barber applied the rich brown dye with a fine-tooth comb, combing it evenly into the grizzled locks of the old man. "Hair dye, sir." he said; "plain, u

varpished hair dye, is the base of that absurd fallacy about people turning absurd fallacy about people turning gray in a single night.

"If you investigate those yarns you find that invariably they concern persons in prison. Orsini, pining in fall, had his hair go back on him. Marie Antoinette, languishing in a cell, found the deep hue of her hair changing to an ugly gray. Raleigh, imprisoned in the tower, developed grayish streaks with incredible speed.

"The secret of all that, my dear sir.

"The secret of all that, my dear sir,

"The secret of all that, my dear sir, is this:

These prisoners, in order to conceal their gray hair, dyed it, using a poor sort of dye, one of those sorts that have to be applied every day or two. In prison, naturally, they could not gethold of this dye, and hence their locks whitened at a miraculous rate. When people said of them, pityingly, that their terror or sorrow had turned their hair gray in a single night, they acquiesced themselves in the deception, for is it not embarrassing—I leave it to you, sir—is it not embarrassing to explain to the world at large that one uses hair dye?"

Sunflower Philosophy.

Sunflower Philosophy.

From the Atchison Globe.
There are a half dozon hells, at least.
Tou never know when a woman will begin crying or an automobile stop running.

After a woman passes 60 she seems to think that any dress is good enough for any occasion, providing it is black.

Isn't it a fact that the most successful men you know are polite men? Then doesn't it follow that if you hope to succeed you must be polite?

So far as we can see, the only advantage a man has over a woman is that he can turn the key on his work at 6 o'clock.

In the story books a brother throws his arms around his sister and kisses her. In real life he never kisses her except when she goes away on a long journey, and then it is only a frost-covered peck.

Monument to a Pig.

"Did you ever see a monument to a

Well, there is such a monument in existence. The town of Luneburg, in Hanover, owns it. It stands in the town hall—a glass case containing an em-balmed ham from the pig. together with a great slab of black marble engraved with letters of gold.

"Luneburg is a town rich and famous

through its salt springs. A pig discovered these springs. To this pig the monument was put up. The golden inscription says in Latin:

"Stranger, contemplate here the mor-tal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the dis-covery of the salt springs of Lune-

Extract of Fact. Habitual criminals never blush

Unvaccinated persons cannot vote in chinery in 16 minutes.

The Calcutta police are required to catch sharks in the Hoogly in their

spare time.

The egg-eating championship belongs in Ohio. The champion, a Daytonian, ate 21 eggs in nine minutes. Life insurance was invented by Pas-cal, whose "theory of probabilities" and "law of averages still govern the busi-

ness.

The highest recorded temperature, one of 3,000 degrees, is obtained electrically.

This heat is required to melt oxide of

Might Try It.

A beekeeper of New Hampshire was showing a city man his aplary. The hives were fanged in line on the side of a mountain, and the air was sweet with the smell of clover, pine trees, carna-

tions.

A bes lit on the keeper's hand angrily, and the man held his breath.

"Bees can't sting you if you hold your breath," he said, afterwards. "To hold the breath closes the pores of the skin, or something like that. At any rate, if a bee goes for you hold your breath and I'll guarantee you won't be stung, though the bee jab its sting at you till the thing breaks."

The Commandment He Knew.

The rich hostess, on the lawn of her beautiful farm, was catechising the little country weekers from the slums.
"And now," she said, "who knows the shortest commandment?"
"I do," piped a lad in wooden-soled shoes.

shoes.

"Repeat it, then, please."

"Keep off the grass," shouted the urchis, confidently.