AROUND THE CORNERS AND SQUARES

By Jim Howe.

John Sharp Williams, United States senator-elect from Mississippi, who was in Portland recently, has the reputation of being a tireless worker. And he is. Mr. Williams' system of rest is by changing from one task to another.

"Reading is a great rest," Mr. Williams said while here, "and when traveling, waiting for a train or doing anything else where I am compelled to sit still, I always have a book of some kind handy by which I can rest my mind.

"Hard work never hurt any one. However, many persons imagine that work is killing them. If they will investigate they will find that it is something else.

"Sitting still with the hands crossed and nothing to occupy the mind is the hardest work in the world."

There must be something in Mr. Williams' theory—he is one of the healthiest persons in congress.

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"No, sir, nothing like that for me. You'll have to get rid of your 13-cent stamps to some one else. I'm unlucky enough as it is. And, besides, I don't care to send any bad luck to my friend."

It was in the postoffice, in front of the stamp window. A woman was the

speaker. She had asked for stamps for a package which the clerk said would require 25 cents postage. He handed her two 13-cent stamps. Then she flew off the handle.

Deliberately the woman handed the stamps back to the clerk. "Not for mine, if you please," she continued, "give me ones or twos or threes or any old kind, but the thirteens. There, that's fine. Thanks. No, oh, no, I'm not superstitious, but I just thought the 13-cent stamps might look odd or out of the ordinary, you know."

The clerk never cracked a smile. Just went on dealing out the little stickers as one after another came for ones and twos and other denominations.

"Sell many thirteens?" he was asked after the woman had gone.

"Well, I should say not," replied the clerk. "They are a drug on the market. I'm afraid to hand them out to most persons. Whenever I do there is usually a kick. The last was just a sample. Some get so riled up that they want to whip me. No, we do not sell many of the thirteen variety. Don't see what in the world Uncle Sam ever made them for. To make change, I suppose. But if he only knew all the trouble he has caused."

The 13-cent stamp is black. All the others are of various colors.

There are also stamps of denominations of 50 cents and $1. The only woman's picture on a United States stamp is that of Martha Washington. It is on the 8-cent stamp.

The stamps made by Uncle Sam are in denominations of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13, 15, special delivery, 50-cent and $1.

* * * *

Poor old Uncle Sam—people are always taking advantage of him.

Some time ago Uncle Sam appropriated $4.80 toward the support of each of the five cats at the Portland postoffice. A check for $24 to assure another year of duty for the cats was received by Postmaster Minto from the postoffice department officials at Washington just a few days ago. Naturally,

the cats held a celebration that very night.

The cats are kept there to protect the mails from mice and rats. As it was found that they tired of the rodent diet now and then Uncle Sam was called on for a regular allowance, so that the cats could be provided with meats and other delicacies.

Everything went along lovely for a time. But now the Portland postoffice cats have taken advantage of Uncle Sam, too. An addition to the postoffice cat family—five brand new kittens—arrived yesterday. The old lady cat is the proudest thing in Portland. But poor Uncle Sam is worried.

A task like fining the Standard Oil $29,000,000 never bothers him a bit. But when it comes to putting five little innocent kittens out of existence, why, old Uncle Sam is there with as big a heart as any one. Just like most individuals, he sort of chokes up and at the last moment decides not to do it.

So the five little kittens at the postoffice will probably be given away to some one who will raise them or else old Uncle Sam will dig down in his jeans and fork over another $24.

The city dump has been mighty popular the last few days. First, it was invaded by boys—hundreds of them. Then came a lot of men, scraped around awhile and carried all the prizes away.

The boys had a regular gold mine for a time and the news had spread over all Portland. Boys are still going to the dump from everywhere.

One boy found a streetcar ticket the other day. He looked around a bit and found others. The news was too good to keep. A boy friend was let in on the deal. And so the news spread.

And the tickets were perfectly good tickets. The boys tried them. The conductors took them without a kick. It was the greatest snap the youngsters had ever run across.

The tickets had been thrown away by a printer, having been numbered incorrectly.

Finally the streetcar company officials got on to the deal. A gang of men was sent post haste to recover what tickets were still mixed in among the other things on the dump.

The men found a few, but not many. The boys had cleaned up well. And some of the youngsters are still riding on their good luck. The issue has been called in.

* * * *

"Boy, boy," shouted a clerk in a Portland hotel the other day. And then: "Front, front! Ice water, I say." The Japanese bellhop continued to snooze. Finally the clerk was compelled to yell out, "banzai," and the almond-eyed boy awoke.

"That fellow is one of the smartest Japs in Portland," said the clerk, "and also one of the sleepiest. He's studying law. He's always sleepy. When he works nights he studies all day. When on day duty he studies all night.

"But he's not the only studious bellhop. They all study to some extent and show up for work with their eyes only half open.

"See that little rascal there. The one nodding just exactly as a chicken goes to sleep. He's studying surgery. He's the biggest cutup in the bunch. That is when he is awake.

"I am working on a new invention that will startle the world. It's a great secret, of course. But I'll tell you this much. My plan is to have something. I'm not saying what, that will work automatically and keep bellhops industrious off duty wide awake when they are on the job."

Then the clerk began running over the register, chuckling to himself.

* * * *

July 20 is to come and go just like any other day. Several weeks ago it was decided upon by the Portland merchants as the date for the first real cut on summer goods. There was a signed agreement to this effect, it seems.

But some one or two got anxious—July 20 wasn't rolling along fast enough. So zip, the cut was made. Then, of course, others had to do their duty. So summer goods are as cheap now as they will ever be this year.

July 20 was booked to be the big bargain day of the sason. Under the circumstances it will be just July 20. That's all.

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"They say that the sense of smell is more sensitive and has more of a tendency to recall incidents in one's life than either sight or hearing," a man said yesterday as he stood in the street eating some common molasses candy, "and I believe it.

"I was passing a store the other day when I got a whiff of something sweet that immediately took me back to my boyhood. I hadn't had a smell of that stuff for many years, yet it recalled the days of my youth in an instant.

"And what do you suppose it was? Just common, old-fashioned sorghum. Anyone who has ever eaten that good old thick, sweet, black stuff when he was a youngster will never forget it. Why, I used to think that sorghum spread on a piece of bread and butter was just about the finest treat in the world. And I would yet if I could get it.

"But the sorghum that I used to get when a boy seems to be a thing of the past. You can buy so-called

sorghum in the market, but it isn't the sorghum that I knew 35 years ago.

"It is like a great many other good things of the olden days. It was too much trouble grinding the sugar cane and boiling the juice, and in the rapid race to modernize the world the receipt has apparently been lost. Cases have been known that where something was imitated it was better than the original. But this isn't so by a long shot when it comes to that delicious, homemade sorghum that I would give anything in the world for just another bite on a piece of bread and butter and be allowed the pleasures of spreading it over all my face."

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It is the ambition of every boy to be like his father, as it is every girl's desire that she be as much like her mother as possible. When a boy is young he imitates his father and does many things just because he has seen his parent do them. And as he becomes older, even when he is an old man, he often notices little mannerisms in himself which remind him fondly of his father. It is simply heredity.

Mayor Harry Lane and Tom Richardson were at luncheon the other day when Mr. Richardson got to talking about some of his habits.

"I often catch myself doing little things exactly as my father used to do," Mr. Richardson said, "and I think that 49 men out of every 50 do the same. Hasn't that been your experience, Mayor?"

"No. Never, never," replied Dr. Lane, "my father was a mighty smart man."

* * * *

Picnics are not likely to be the success in years to come that they have been in the past—the good, old-fashioned deviled ham with the funny label on the cans has been hard hit by the pure food laws. In fact, deviled ham has been put clear out of business as far as the name is concerned.

It seems there never was any ham in the deviled stuff, anyway. But the hungry picnickers never thought of that, nor would they yet, if Uncle Sam hadn't taken the question under consideration for the sake of the human stomach.

But will a picnic ever be just right without deviled ham? There is a certain flavor, a certain richness in the deviled meat which has been on hand for many, many years at all picnics, that without it picknickers of today who attended outings of old will imagine that there is something lacking to make the eating event complete.

Old Uncle Sam, however, doesn't care about the picnicker's appetite when he knows the food is not good for him, so the deviled ham of old has gone to the—is not on the market any more.

Now for Airship Laws.

From the New York World.

If the various aero clubs are successful next year sky sailing will be regulated by statute. Navigators of balloons and aeroplanes will be forced to qualify in meteorology, chartmaking, air currents, expansion of gases, the rules of the road and cloud dodging. The endowment of chairs in our leading universities may soon be confidently expected and the B. A. degree will stand for proficiency in aeronautics as well as in the arts. The proposed law will also declare a perpetual close season for balloon shooting, and every ascension is to be recorded so that relatives and friends may be assisted in their search for remains.

Why Go to Africa?

From the Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.

Magazines are offering the president $1 a word for stories of African life next year. By shutting his eyes and imagining congress is in session Mr. Roosevelt can easily clean up $20,000 a day.

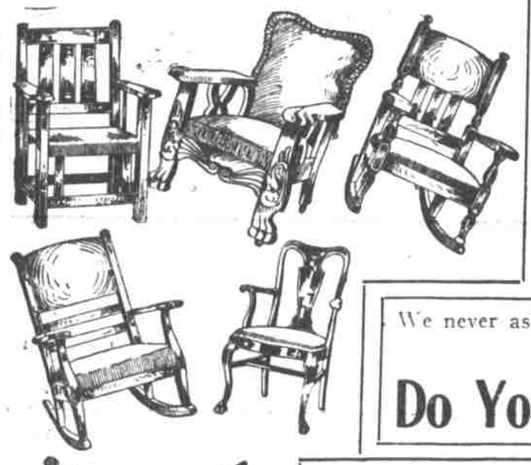
ROCKERS! ROCKERS!

167 Varieties of Rockers **ROCKERS** 167! COUNT THEM

How is that for an assortment? We have made a specialty of Rockers. We carry one of the largest lines in the city. We actually counted 167 different patterns on the floor. Golden, weathered, seats wooden, leathered. And, say, do you realize how much room they require? Well, it's a great deal more than we can spare when our fall goods begin to arrive, and WE'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET BUSY AND CLOSE OUT ABOUT 110 PATTERNS—57 varieties will be an "elegant sufficiency"—we won't have room for more. Therefore

Every Rocker in the House Has Been Reduced From 15 to 25 Per Cent

You know what that means if you have traded with us before. You would pay little attention to a 25 per cent reduction by the Big Price Boys, because you then would be paying dearly for Rockers, but a TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SPECIAL CUT FROM "M-A's" VERY LOW NO-RENT PRICES CUTS ALL PROFIT OUT AND GIVES YOU A GENUINE EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAIN.

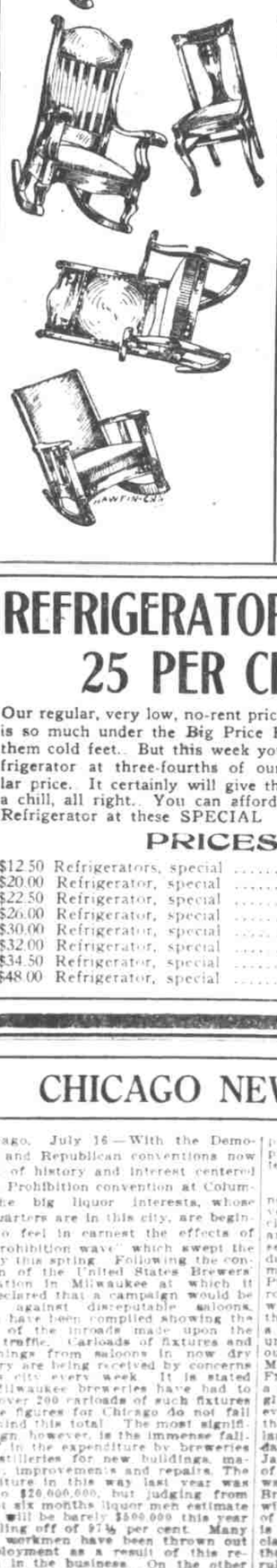


This Rocker $2.45

A specimen bargain. We won't mention its value. We want to see how many people recognize a big bargain.

It is solid oak, wooden seat and rodded. Is an extra strong rocker. The Big Price Boys would call it a $6.00 rocker, but it isn't—we'll be frank. We never ask $6.00 for it, although others do. However, we will sell only one to each person, and deliver it at our convenience.

Do You Know Rocker Values? We'll See



BIG MISSION ROCKER $8.25

This is an elegant Weathered Oak Rocker, upholstered in genuine brown Spanish leather. The big price boys would call it a $14 Rocker. We sell it at $11. This week it will cost you

ONLY $8.25

REFRIGERATORS CUT 25 PER CENT

Our regular, very low, no-rent price on Refrigerators is so much under the Big Price Boys that it gives them cold feet. But this week you can buy any refrigerator at three-fourths of our very low regular price. It certainly will give the Big Price Boys a chill, all right. You can afford a big, handsome Refrigerator at these SPECIAL

PRICES

$12.50	Refrigerators, special	$ 9.35
$20.00	Refrigerator, special	$15.00
$22.50	Refrigerator, special	$17.00
$26.00	Refrigerator, special	$19.50
$30.00	Refrigerator, special	$22.50
$32.00	Refrigerator, special	$24.00
$34.50	Refrigerator, special	$25.90
$48.00	Refrigerator, special	$36.00

Others Pay Rent, We Collect Rent on Half Our Own Building—Who Can Sell the Cheapest?

W. L. MORGAN GEO. T. ATCHLEY S. H. MORGAN

BUFFETS AND CHINA CLOSETS CUT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT

Every weathered oak pattern in the house is cut one fourth this week. An elegant line in the quartered oak to select from. Don't miss this opportunity of securing a handsome dining-room piece at one fourth of our very low no-rent price, which equals a 50 per cent reduction by the Big Price Boys.

$35.00	Buffet, special	$26.25
$38.00	Buffet, special	$28.50
$40.00	Buffet, special	$30.00
$42.50	Buffet, special	$32.00
$44.00	Buffet, special	$33.00
$47.50	Buffet, special	$35.75
$50.00	Buffet, special	$37.50
$63.75	Buffet, special	$47.80

CHICAGO NEWS LETTER

Chicago, July 16.—With the Democratic and Republican conventions now a part of history and interest centered on the Prohibition convention at Columbus, the big liquor interests, whose headquarters are in this city, are beginning to feel in earnest the effects of the "prohibition wave" which swept the country this spring. Following the convention of the United States Brewers' association in Milwaukee at which it was declared that a campaign would be waged against disreputable saloons, figures have been compiled showing the extent of the inroads made upon the liquor traffic. Carloads of fixtures and furnishings from saloons in now dry territory are being received by concerns in this city every week. It is stated that Milwaukee breweries have had to recall over 200 carloads of such fixtures and the figures for Chicago do not fall far behind this total. The most significant sign, however, is the immense falling off in the expenditure by breweries and distilleries for new buildings, machinery, improvements and repairs. The expenditure in this way last year was close to $20,000,000, but judging from the first six months liquor men estimate that it will be barely $500,000 this year—a falling off of 97½ per cent. Many skilled workmen have been thrown out of employment as a result of this reduction in the business. On the other hand the economic advantages of the readjustment undoubtedly compensate for this. Figures have just been compiled by the anti-liquor interests here claiming a probable increase in factory wages resulting from prohibition of $256,152,958. Meanwhile both sides are preparing the fall campaign, which, it is predicted will be more bitterly contested than any conflict hitherto.

Friday, the day on which Bryan's nomination was completed by the Denver convention, despite the stopped clock, may be unlucky for those who are condemned to hang, but opinion seems divided as to its being a "hoodoo day" and a search of history reveals many Fridays as days of triumph. The Pilgrims landed safely on Plymouth rock on Friday—December 20, 1620, which was lucky for their descendants; the British surrendered at Yorktown on a Friday, October 19, 1781 which was unlucky for the British. Columbus set out in the Pinta, the Nina and Santa Maria on his voyage on a memorable Friday, August 1, 1492, and it was on a Friday also that he got his first glimpse of land, October 12, 1492, an event which was more fortunate for us than for him, it proved. Columbus also landed on his second voyage on a Friday, November 22, 1493, and on Friday, January 13, 1494, he discovered the coast of North America. George Washington was born on a Friday, a fact to which Bryan and Kern, nominated on that day, will be able to "point with pride." None of them could have helped it. "Friday is the luckiest day in the week," declared an astrologer who explained his theory by saying "The luckiest day is ruled by Venus." Many others, who were superstitious, shook their heads.

Baseball for charity, netting thousands of dollars—as 46,000 tickets were sold—drew an enormous crowd last Saturday in this city and will draw another crowd in Minneapolis next Saturday. These games, between brokers of the Chicago board of trade and the Minneapolis chamber of commerce, will not only make many poor children happy but give an opportunity for the baseball mad rooters of the two exchanges to do their glad and noisy stunts to their utmost satisfaction. Both things are noteworthy; last year $4,200 was cleared by the baseball committee and turned over to the 16 charities and enough money was made besides to build a cottage in the country for 60 children; also some new records were made in the baseball enthusiasm of the most enthusiastic fans boasted by this city, where men, women and children are Cub and Sox rooters. At every big game the board of trade contingent in the grandstand is conspicuous by the joyful sounds it makes and the "fans" perched elsewhere warm to them and then try not to be outclassed in baseball enthusiasm. The board of trade charity games, at which all is profit and there are no expenses, have become annual events of importance at which the mayor tosses the first ball and starts things going with eclat. On these occasions the business of the grain pit is put aside, the problems of world's demand and supply which fix prices in the continual warfare of "bulls" and "bears" are forgotten in the absorbing passion for the national game of the diamond.

Interesting figures showing the enormous concentration of activity in big cities during the past few decades of the country's history have been gathered here in the course of an official investigation to determine the geographical, business and industrial center of Chicago. The geographical center of the city has shifted. It was found, to a point near the intersection of Wood and Thirty-fifth streets. The city is now 26 miles long by 14½ miles wide, and if used for agricultural purposes would make exactly 163 farms of 160 acres each. A few farms are situated within the city limits but the bulk of the area is made to support a population of over 2,300,000. The problems of transportation, traffic, lighting and water supply that such a congestion creates were only touched on in the report, which was prepared by the city bureau of statistics and submitted to the mayor. The center of industrial activity was found at the intersection of Van Buren and Desplaines streets. In determining this location the bureau secured information regarding 47,196 places employing 549,018 persons. The business center of the city is claimed to be at the corner of State and Madison streets, which has been declared by the board of review to be the most valuable piece of land in Chicago and probably in the United States west of the Allegheny mountains. There are no less than 2,200 streets in the city. One-fifth of the entire population of Chicago is said to be dependent for its livelihood upon the stockyards and packing industry.

Ireland's cause, now gaining in England, will receive a new impulse in the United States as a result of a meeting held here this week by the Irish societies, with membership in every state of the union, to do honor to the memory of John F. Finerty. In his youth the late president of the United Irish league of America was driven out of Ireland and his zeal in the Irish nationalist cause was unceasing through his eventful life. The invitation to send representatives to the memorial meeting met with a response from the Irish Fellowship club, Irish nationalists, Gaelic society, Gaelic league, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H., Knights of Equity, Irish Choral society, Gaelic Athletic association, South Chicago Irish Historical society, Old Guard of the Fenian Brotherhood and various posts of the G. A. R.—for Colonel Finerty fought well in the Civil war. During his lifetime Colonel Finerty held more posts of honor in connection with the movement for Irish liberty than any other man in America. Glowing tributes were paid to his efforts and the prediction was made that within five years the fight for political freedom would be ended and Ireland would be enjoying home rule. In support of this, attention was called to recent statements by the Hon. Timothy Harrington, member of parliament from Dublin, and others to the effect that the present lord lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen, favored the movement and that King Edward himself was at heart a home ruler and would welcome the change. James Bryce, now British ambassador to this country, was outspoken in his sympathy at various times during his political career and it is expected that the liberal party, now in power, will be forced shortly to fulfill its pledges and give Ireland the rights she has demanded for so many years.

A new show place on Chicago's lake shore drive, a $500,000 residence, is under construction by R. T. Crane Jr.—a mansion to rival the Potter Palmer "castle" and Victor F. Lawson's new $500,000 "home." Time was when the visitor, on sight-seeing bent, was taken about the city, the water works and tower were the showiest things on the north side, and the Palmer home, with battlemented tower was next. Later the Masonic temple eclipsed the city hall and the Art Institute was built on the lake front. Now the strident voices of guides on the "seeing Chicago" autos break out often in announcing the names of owners of the pretentious places on the boulevards—those of John G. Shedd, Mike McDonald, Chauncey Blair, Edson Keith, P. D. Armour and others. But the new Crane residence in respect to size and cost will in comparison have most of these places dwarfed to claimshacks.