

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. E. JACKSON, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico. DAILY. One year, \$5.00; One month, \$1.50. SUNDAY. One year, \$2.50; One month, \$1.25. DAILY AND SUNDAY. One year, \$7.00; One month, \$2.00.

I hold it cowardly To read a fearful, where a noble heart Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love. —Shakespeare.

STATE PRINTING PLANT

IN THE present crowded condition of the state house, it would seem to be good policy for the state printing office to be removed to other quarters. So long as there was ample room for all the state departments, the presence of the printing plant in the capitol building was admissible. Even then, however, the machines, the whirl of belts and pulleys and the necessary jar to the building were scarcely an appropriate setting for the affairs of state.

But the state house has become intolerably congested. The state is growing, and the number of departments and employes is very much increased. Every available inch of room and space is utilized and still there is not room for the operatives. The efficiency of clerks is impaired because quarters are so cramped that working persons are in each others' way and cannot operate with facility and dispatch. Something or somebody should be moved out of the building. On that point there is no reasonable room for difference. The matter resolves itself merely into a question of what or who should transfer to other quarters.

There is probably no claim that the governor, the secretary of state or the state treasurer should move out. Nor the railroad commissioners, the state superintendent or the supreme court. Nor, for similar reasons, any of the various departments, minor or otherwise, in which there are merely salaried operatives, with records and duties pertaining solely to the interests of the state.

The most natural thing to be moved is the state printing plant. A state house is not a fitting place, anyway, for machinery with its noise, rattle and necessary jar to the structure. An office for the printer in the capitol is perfectly admissible. But in the last analysis, the state house is not the place for the printing plant.

Above all, the printing plant is privately owned. The revenue from it goes for private profit. Though the printer is elected, every detail of his operations is for private enrichment. It is a mere job printing business with the state as a customer at big prices, and all the income, and a very large income at that, the private privilege of the printer.

If something or somebody must vacate the capitol building, it is perfectly obvious that the printing plant should be first to go and Secretary Ghoot is right in his insistence that it should be moved into other quarters. The printer, in the full enjoyment of the \$100,000 of income, can well afford to find private quarters for what is in effect a private business.

THE CONQUEST OF MALARIA

THE HISTORY OF the campaign against malaria is recorded in a book just published in London (Murray). By Major Donald Ross, C. B., F. R. C. S., of the Indian medical civil service, since 1881. Major Ross is accorded the credit of discoverer, by experiment, of the work of the Anopheles mosquito in carrying by its bite the infection from one infected human being to another.

Malaria has been known for about 2000 years. The ancient Greeks recognized its varieties, and its frequency near swamps and marshes. Little was added to our knowledge for 1000 years. But about 1640 cinchona bark—quinine—was taken to Europe by the Countess d'Albuquerque, wife of the Viceroy of Peru. She had been cured in Peru by the drug, to which her name was given.

In Italy the marsh miasma was thought to emanate from stagnant water, either chemical or organic. Later it was found that malaria can exist where no marshes are found. So a new theory was imagined, that the poison rose from the ground, at night or when the soil was disturbed.

The next important step was the discovery in 1880 by Laveran that the red blood corpuscles of malarial patients contained parasites. How then did parasites enter the living body? Various experiments were tried, such as the drinking of marsh water by healthy people. But all failed.

Ross entered the Indian medical service in 1881, and was struck by the misery caused by malaria. In 1894 Mouson showed him the true Laveran malarial parasites in the blood corpuscles—the point was to find them in the mosquito. Mouson's theory was that the mosquito,

having fed on an infected person, died or laid its eggs in the marsh water. Ross gave healthy people marsh water to drink in which infected mosquitoes had died, but no harm came to them. Ross began to think that the insects carried the poison from man to man. His first experiments in having healthy persons bitten by infected mosquitoes failed. Then followed microscopic examinations of the bodies of mosquitoes. At last he discovered the parasites in the anopheline. Experiments conducted on 36 healthy persons, all bitten by the anopheline, succeeded, and the life history of malaria was demonstrated.

As soon as its origin was thus made clear the knowledge of Ross' discovery spread over all countries. Generally three preventive measures have been accepted. Nowhere have they been more fully and scientifically carried out than by the American medical service, on the isthmus of Panama in particular, or with greater success.

Preventive measures are classed as protection, mosquito reduction, and quinine. Protection by screens and nets must be complete to be effective, and depends on constant watchfulness. Mosquito reduction is by far the most efficient method. It is essentially a government or administrative measure. A constant campaign is waged to remove or destroy the breeding places of the insect.

At the end of Major Ross' book various authorities give their experiences. In every case where the preventive work has been thoroughly carried out the results have been markedly successful. Malaria is now included in the list of preventable diseases.

ITS NEW USES

TO ESCAPE a sentence of death pronounced upon him by terrorists, Captain Mazenewitch, military aviator in Russia, used his flying machine to commit suicide. He flew to a height of 2000 feet and deliberately upset his machine. He dropped like a bullet and was crushed beyond recognition. A letter left behind was evidence that the act was deliberate and intentional.

If the previously announced program was carried out, two happy persons sitting in an aeroplane at a height of 500 feet, were married at Wenatchee, Wash., yesterday. The officiating clergyman was on the ground while he tied the knot for the young people in the sky.

In England, an aviator on trial for driving his auto over a boy who was thus accidentally killed, flew to and from the sessions of the court in his biplane.

In Massachusetts, two balloonists journeyed in an aircraft from Lowell to Topsfield, a distance of 20 miles, to attend church. The trip was made in an hour and a half, the balloon dropping within 300 feet of the Methodist church at Topsfield. The aeronauts waited for the hour of service and joined the congregation in worship. In his sermon the pastor referred to the fact that two of those present had dropped from the sky.

OCEAN GOING MOTOR SHIPS

TWO new motor ships are being built in Germany. It is stated, for the Hamburg-American line. The first is expected to make her maiden voyage in December next, the second a year later. The larger of the two, with 6500 tons displacement, is to have two oil motors of the Diesel system. Each motor is to be of 1800 horsepower. A speed of 13 or 14 knots is expected from her. The smaller, with 5500 tons displacement, is to have two motors of 1500 horsepower each, and capable of 12 or 13 knots. The motors will need only five men—no stokers or trimmers. The oil tanks are to be filled in New York, and are planned to be of capacity to take the ships from New York to Hamburg and back.

The tanks will consume space for the double voyage no larger than for coal one way. The cost of the oil will, it is estimated, be 20 per cent less than coal. The space now taken up by boilers will be entirely saved for cargo, and the new machinery will occupy much less space than for the present steam engines.

Owing to these economies the new ships are expected to carry much more cargo than the old in proportion to tonnage, and at much less cost. The first of the new ships is said to be rapidly advancing towards completion. Construction is naturally watched with great interest. The British admiralty, it is stated, has completed a smaller experimental ship, but little is known at present about her.

THE MEAT PACKERS AT THE BARK

THE Chicago meat packers, J. Ogden Armour and others, have taken on fresh heart since the Standard Oil decision was handed down. They have applied for a rehearing of the demurrers which they interposed to the indictments in the federal court. Now they take the position that even if all charged against them were true, they still have not committed any

offense under the Sherman act, in view of the definitions recently applied by Chief Justice White. Their tikiakish state might call out pity even for a monopolizing meat-packer. It is one thing to try to keep on the safe side of a law that says, Thou shalt not combine, and has been held to mean exactly what it says. It is a vastly difficult and uncomfortable position to be in when you learn, on the highest legal authority, that you may break the anti-combination law but only provided you do it reasonably. The prison doors must swing very easily one way or the other when they open for the "unreasonable" violator, but keep closed for the reasonable combiner, who, by applying the light of reason, keeps on the safe side of conspiracy.

The essence of a criminal statute has always been supposed to be its hard and fast line on Thou shalt not. But the new line will be found to be a very wily one when Mr. Armour and his friends tell their tale. The peculiarity of the situation is that the Standard Oil combination was held to be illegal and, therefore, supposedly punishable. Even the saving word "reasonable" would not help out. Yet so far there is no outside evidence of criminal proceedings which should mark the heinousness of such a conspiracy as was denounced by the court. Perhaps the experiment of trial will first be applied to the Chicago packers.

STARTLING UTTERANCES

THE UTTERANCES of big men on pending national problems continue to be extraordinary. After reading Judge Gary's statement about government regulation of trusts, Andrew Carnegie said:

"When I declared some years ago that combinations meant ultimate control by the government of all manufactures, railways, etc., I was radical, but there is no recourse. "Our court of commerce will have access to all books and accounts of corporations and will fix prices according to the profits revealed. "The 25 and 50 per cent profits will be no more. People will have to be content with 5 and 10 per cent."

"Multimillionaires will then be very scarce."

Discussing the Standard Oil decision in the senate recently, Senator Borah said: "The government must undertake to fix prices if the ultimate consumer is to benefit; if he is to purchase trust made articles at a reasonable figure, and if the profits of the corporation are to be held down to a fair return upon the investment. There is no doubt that the government can constitutionally fix prices of all articles entering into interstate commerce and, when it does so, it practically regulates prices all over the United States. If need be, the state could cooperate, and each regulate prices within its own borders, thus making the regulation complete."

Mr. Carnegie is not a Populist. Senator Borah is not a Socialist. Neither is a dreamer, a mob or street orator.

Each indicts the present carnival of unrestrained trustdom. With Judge Gary, they admit that the order and orgies of the late era of secret rebate, syndicated monopoly and unsupervised combinations are impossible of continuation, and must be controlled as a measure of safety to the nation and its people.

Where are the utterances of Mr. Bryan in 1896? What is the new preaching but a rehearsal of statements that the Nebraska hurled at the American people 15 years ago? What are they but the very truths that he expounded over and over again, and for which he was ridiculed, derided and excoriated.

All the wisdom in this country does not originate from Wall street. The sun in its daily course does not rise at Brooklyn bridge and set at Trinity church. The so-called "mob" out on the western prairies has its thoughts and opinions that are often worthy of consideration.

BUSINESS OF THE STOCK YARDS

IN THE first five months of 1911 every line of livestock delivered at the stock yards in this city showed material increase. The totals were: Of cattle, 39,784; increase over same months of 1910, 1089. Calves, 1374; hogs 32,197, increase 2269; sheep 109,230, increase 65,209; horses and mules 926, increase 236; carloads 2462, increase 329.

The only unsatisfactory item to the observer is in the matter of hogs. The increase was not nearly as marked as it should have been, and many were shipped in from the states east of us. When will the Oregon farmers give practical confirmation to the verdict of an early arrival from the old country, "there's always money in 'ogs'?" No kind of stock puts on so much value from the side products of the farm, or comes to the market as quickly, and gives as little trouble to raise.

FESTIVAL WEEK

JUST a few words of welcome to our many visitors—and a few of congratulation to all Portland—this sunny day. Search the world over and one cannot find so many joys combining for a happy and merry time to all ages, all classes of our people. The weather comes first, of course. No soaked decorations, no spoiled dresses, no banners clinging to their poles—just clear, bright and warm sunshine, no

heat prostrations, no ambulances rushing to the hospital.

Then the Festival, with roses everywhere. Every foreboding vanished, and houses, gardens, streets, not only decorated, but bedecked with the queen of flowers in her fullest bloom. Our river is at her best, swarming with gaily garlanded boats, with merry freight of revellers—trade, commerce, business, all put aside for the time, and the holiday spirit reigning everywhere.

Then come on the processions, in the streets, with all the pomp and circumstance of war made the handmaid of revelry and beauty. For not only does Rex Oregonus reign for this merry week, but the fairest daughters of Oregon are grouped in his court. Welcome to all of them.

The City of Tomorrow

By Lawson Purdy at Philadelphia City Planning Convention. "While a well developed city plan may take into account many subsequent changes and prepare for them, it nevertheless remains true the city plan cannot be done once and for all, but must always be the making. Cities must continually acquire additional land for the widening of old streets, the making of new streets, the making of parks and public places. The methods there by which the power of eminent domain is exercised for the purpose of acquiring land for city uses have a vital bearing upon city planning. The relation of taxation to city planning is secondary, but it has its importance, as it affects the character of development and the selling value of property."

"In Europe it has been common to take more land than is required for the immediate public purpose for which land may be taken and thereafter sell it or lease it under appropriate restrictions. "In the United States the taking of more land than is immediately needed for the particular improvement has been seldom resorted to. In New York there are sections which should be opened up by new streets. Under existing conditions the cost of doing so is prohibitive. If we had improved methods of making awards for damages and the power to take a reasonable amount of land in addition to that required for the street, it would be possible to open these streets with small expense to the city and with advantage to every one."

Don't Go to Java for Coffee.

It seems strange that in the far east, where tea and coffee came from, it is very difficult for the traveler in nearly all places in India, the straits Settlements and elsewhere in the orient to procure a cup of really good tea or coffee. The late Frederic S. Isham, the novelist, although a paragon of paradoxical, is only on a par with conditions in so many of our little American hamlets and villages, where good butter, rich cream and good chicken are the residents are practically unobtainable—the same having all been "sent to town." In Calcutta there is an American in the best hotel there say to the waiter: "If this," indicating the contents of a cup before him, is tea, bring me coffee. If it is coffee bring me tea. The waiter (a Eurasian), who has no sense of humor, took away the drink and mechanically brought something else equally as bad, no doubt. So after India, Burma and the Malay peninsula, we waited with bated breath for the coffee of Java. The coffee of Java is excellent. It was compounded of real Java. In Java surely we would find a nectar of the gods. What did we discover? An extract of coffee, served in little tiny castors. It would have made the gods ill. Another illusion goes to Java for real Java coffee. You may find it in Ypsilanti, Michigan, or Paris, Ohio, but you won't unearth it in Java. Not for money.

Back to Nature.

I long for life, for the real thing. Not for the drawing of dreary days, Nor the kind that the raw-hide poets sing. In carefully roughened phrase, I ask for no glimpse of the deer That flees from the hunter's call, Let me get out there with the crowds The bunch that is playing ball.

Back to the primal state where man is close to old nature. Don't go Where we're all on the plane where we once began. 'Tis not by name and art: Where the spirit of contest surges fast And the chances that may befall Are eagerly waited from first to last, Where the bunch is playing ball!

Let the drummer go out 'neath the stars And defy the lightning's play. The stars are where they belong, all right, And the lightning 's far away, And the untamed beast will be on the run. If he hears your footsteps fall, The placid wildwood fawn would shun The signal I hear, "Play ball!"

Let me hark to the shout and the battle cry, As the foe is put to rout; Let me dodge the missiles that swiftly fly. When the umpire says "You're out!" Let me lift my voice with the general Prince and grounding and all, Where nature is unrestrained and free, Out there where the bunch plays ball! —Washington Star.

Houseboating on the Willamette.

Houseboating on the Willamette river is the proper way for the people of Portland, Or., to spend their summers, according to a writer in Suburban Life. He says that the entire colony of houseboats just above the city, probably there is no similar houseboat village anywhere. "They possess all the conveniences of a city flat; the houses are lighted with gas, and city water is piped to the door, and, in some cases, the houses are supplied with it. Telephone are installed in most of the houses, and an electric street car runs within easy reach, but just far enough away to give the colony the desired seclusion. To make it still more comfortable, it is proposed to install gas for the city system during the present year. The finest boat in the colony cost \$1500, and is 35x60 feet. The average houseboat, however, is worth about one-half this sum."

Interval.

I wonder what the spring is like, If I shall see again The glitter on the hawthorn Of the bright April rain. I wonder what the sun is like— I saw it long ago. And how I saw the moon, and saw The angel of the snow. I saw the stars, like ants of gold, So many and so small, Oh, little all made of loveliness, Must I forget it all! —Richard Le Gallienne, in Harper's.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The drowning season is open. Everybody ought to know how to swim. "Whew! but it's not work talking about wool these days in Washington, D. C. The many members of the tobacco trust are probably having a smoke over it. Probably, however, the salaries of the trust lawyers will not be reduced. Municipal government is constantly becoming more a matter of business and less of politics. A report says that Diaz, though ill, is able to eat frijoles. He is surely a tough old man. Suitable item for a commercial almanac: About this time look for a rise in the price of sugar. The girl graduates soon-to-be are just as wise and pretty as those of former years. If not a little more so.

That his advice is not desired by some of the Democratic leaders will make no difference to Mr. Bryan. One thing about this election is dead sure; there will be some men in the next council who are not fit to be there; all the more reason for hastening the commission form of government. John W. Gates has testified that Roosevelt, while a resident, did not tell the truth about the Tennessee Coal & Iron deal. It will be surprising if Roosevelt before this is printed has not called Gates a willful liar and perjurer villain. His steps are slow, uncertain, short, and he adds them with a cane; he vaguely nods to some he knows, but he scarcely speaks at all. He likes to stroll out alone in a quiet lane, far past scenes and loved and vanished faces to recall. Nobody cares or thinks the old bulk any more; his children treat him as they think he should live too long. The friends of old have mostly passed through Death's grim, when he wears a crown of days and his associates now are memories, his comrades shadows dim; The busy world is slowly fading from his sight; The chill and cheerless dawn already thickly envelopes him, and swiftly follows on his last and only friend, the Night.

OREGON SIDELIGHT

"Willamette University preps are to have a literary society of their own. Lebanon's city council has accepted the bid of Bidwell, Hayden & Co., for a sewer system. Frank Wood has left Albany on his eighth trip to Alaska. He is an expert in dredging for gold. A consignment of the official badge of the Astoria Centennial has been received by the Centennial committee. Arrangements are being made to look the sophomore class song that took the pie contest at Willamette university recently. The Big Basin Lumber company's plan at Klamath Falls has just completed that will turn out 6,500 feet per day. To honor Major MacAlexander, U. S. A., commander of cadets at O. A. C., the board of regents has voted a bronze tablet, to be placed in the new Armory. The Warring Reds and Blues of the Corvallis Commercial club are in training for a baseball game. The Reds have already beaten the high school team, 9 to 2. A valuable addition to La Grande is E. A. Ferguson, who is not only a building contractor but accomplished as a violinist and pianist. He will join the La Grande band. Paisley Press: Chimneys are finished in the city. The student body of the Oregon Agricultural college is putting on the finishing touches and across the front is to be seen in bold letters Hotel Chewaucan. A petition has been presented to the President of the student body of the Oregon Agricultural college requesting that in future the yell leader be selected through competition instead of election. Eugene Register: George W. Taylor phoned to the Register office last evening that the first brood of cochin hens had appeared, and that if the fruit men wished to have their fruit they should spray at once. Astorian: They picked a pioneer ox yoke out of the debris at the intersection of Tenth and Commercial streets. It is old enough, in appearance at least, to be subject to any claim that might be made of its being identified and placed in the Centennial reliquary.

SEVEN FAMOUS PRISONS

The Tower of London.

The Tower of London is the premier, in point of historical interest, of all the world's famous prisons. More distinguished persons have been confined within its massive stone walls, more executions have been conducted in this medieval fortress, more bitter experiences could be told by the prisoners than in any of the other prisons of the world. It has stood for close to 900 centuries, and although modern civilization has robbed it of much of its former glory of a certain character, its historic walls remain one of the most interesting and awe-inspiring buildings of the world. It was erected originally by William the Conqueror to curb London. Afterward used as the fortress-palace of his descendants; it finally became the state prison from which a long procession of the ill-fated great went forth to lay their heads on the block on Tower Hill, while state murderers, like those of Henry VI, and the two sons of Edward IV, were "done to death" in the dark chambers of the Tower itself. As to length of days the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons. Old writers even date it from the time of Caesar. There is a legend taken up by Shakespeare and other poets, in which Caesar's name is attached, and the title Caesar's Tower remains in popular use to this day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower of London is mentioned in the Roman Chronicles, in a way not incompatible with the fact of a Saxons stronghold having stood upon the spot. Although the buildings, as we have them now, were commenced by William the Conqueror, and the series of apartments of the Tower were the great Norman keep now called the White Tower)—hall, gallery, council chamber, chapel—were built in the early Norman reigns and were used as a royal residence by all the Norman kings, today the Tower of London has other pretensions of a more human character—a little less than a government storehouse and armory. With clouds of spray floating to windward. When this subsides the well is in operation, and the "shooter" receives his fee and drives away.

Work of an Oil Shooter.

In certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary, sometimes in opening an oil well, sometimes when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted, to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerine at the bottom of the well. This explosive is employed because it is exploded readily by the dropping of weight upon it. A man who carries nitroglycerine from well to well for this purpose is known in the oil regions as a "shooter." The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and when it has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerine, which is a massedike fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to "shoot." Usually he makes the trip very early in the morning, to avoid the chance of danger. For the most part the roads are bad, and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old "shooter" decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive. Several wagons, bearing "shooters" and their loads, have been blown up, but no one ever lived to tell what sort of a jar caused the explosion. In such a case the little tree ever found except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction. The "shooter" generally takes from 80 to the quantity of nitroglycerine in quite a wagon. The smaller amount is quite enough. If it should explode, to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle. When the "shooter" reaches the well which is to be treated long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well, and the nitroglycerine is poured carefully into them. The well may be 1500 feet deep and is seldom less than 1000. When one of the tubes is filled it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the "shooter" is satisfied that the load is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose. When all is ready a bar of iron, known as a "devil," is quickly inserted into the well. The instant it leaves his hand the "shooter" takes to his heels, seeking a place of safety. Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder, until a column of oil and water shoots from 75 to 100 feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled

Are After Teddy

From the Lincoln Star

Somehow the smoke that is arising from the congressional investigation of the steel trust has permitted in blowing toward Evans Bay and the outlook of office. Every Skibbe castle now seem to be quite as much involved by the smudge as Sagamore Hill. For while the testimony of John W. Gates discloses that as a result of the formation of the steel trust Andrew Carnegie was able to sell for \$230,000,000 what he offered a year before for half that sum, the vital part of his testimony is that part which discloses that when the trust was permitted by the government to take over its rival, the Tennessee Coal & Iron company, it was not done to prevent a financial panic.

Of course this is only the testimony of Gates, which that of other millionaires yet to be examined may refute or modify, but there are corroborative circumstances and confirming theories. It will have escaped the memory of half the observers of public affairs that when it became known that President Roosevelt had consented to the taking over of the Tennessee company by the steel trust, a proceeding that was in direct violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, the head of the steel trust, ordinarines from proceeding against the trust under that law for its violation, it occasioned some very severe criticism. Neither will it escape attention that when such criticism appeared President Roosevelt in one of his vigorous letters, explained with the utmost positiveness that he had permitted this destruction of competition to prevent the failure of a New York financial concern and thus avert a national panic.

Perhaps he may have imposed upon President Roosevelt the conviction that it was coming to the relief of this institution as a sort of a financial Santa Claus to prevent its ruin and the spread of financial infection to other parts of the country. But it seems hardly possible that the president can have failed to discern Roosevelt's real getting out of his benevolence just the other way—that he had been seeking for a year as a bulwark of the steel trust.

In his testimony before the congressional commission Gates puts a flat denial upon the charge that he had written the letter. This is the letter of the Associated Press construes his testimony. "Gates made it quite clear that the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal & Iron company by the steel trust was a year later, an effort to prevent the panic of 1907, as had been repeatedly asserted. That was a mere blind."

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt

HE HAS MARRIED 'EM ALL. Nifty little home grown jock, guaranteed to wear like iron. Voice at the other end of the wire: "Tanglefoot—Mr. Goodwin—Mr. Nat Goodwin?" "Nat Goodwin—" "Yes." "Voice—"Are you the man who married my youngest daughter?" "Nat—"Yes; who is this, please?"

THE NATURAL BORN FOOL.

"Well, this once beautiful day is on its last leg," remarked the Natural Born Fool. "I can't just see where the leg part of it comes in," said his alleged friend. "Well, that's the trunk of the evening, ain't it?" said the Fool. "Well, the car came and the conversation ended. Otherwise there is no telling what would have happened."

ANSWERS PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

Ed. Tangle: Please answer through the columns of your valuable paper if there is any mention of a great dog fight in history. BETT. Lazarus was licked by a couple of dogs in the early days. The exact date is not given. A POPULAR SUBJECT. When you want to make a ten-strike in a sing-song sort of way, you'd better get the lucre for the dark and rainy day. Go out among the weather where the gentle spring wind blows, Write the refrain and: "Where the Suaneer River flows."

AMUSEMENTS FOR A RAINY DAY.

Go out on the lawn and extract enough milk from the dandelions growing there to make a milk punch.

Norway's Income Tax.

From the New York Press. How would you like to pay an income tax on next to nothing? If you were a Norwegian living at home and earning \$134 a year you would be taxed on one tenth of it if you were unmarried; on about one-twentieth of it if you were married and had no children. If you had children, you still would be taxed on one-fiftieth of it. Rate high—17.2 per cent. With an income of \$336 a year you would be taxed, if unmarried, on more than half of your income; if married and having no children, on about 40 per cent of your income; having one child, on about 37 per cent; two children, on about 31 per cent. Unmarried and having an income of \$280 a year in Norway, your income tax payment would be \$41.22; married, with one child, \$39.94; married, with six children, \$56.17. All that you would get off your income tax (married) if having six children would be \$44.75. Married or unmarried in Norway, you could escape paying an income tax only by having an income less than \$83.09 a year. Think of paying an income tax out of \$7 a month.

Lost the Lake.

From Outing. Not long ago an Englishman, just across, visited Sandpoint one of the large lumbering towns in the north-west. Practically the entire town and county are owned by the Humboldt Lumber company. The Englishman was taken out into the great pine forests where immense white pines tower on every side. "To whom does this forest belong?" he asked. "To the Humboldt Lumber company." He was shown through the large lumber plant and informed that it belonged to the Humbolds. The fine store building, the great department of houses, all belonging to the same corporation. As a crowning treat he was taken for a spin around Lake Pend d'Oreille in a swift launch. Upon their return, while standing upon the dock, he asked: "May I ask who owns this lake?" "Oh, it belongs to God." "Aw, really, is that so? Now, would you mind telling me how he managed to get it away from Mr. Humboldt?" "Diaz followed the precedents of all Latin-American despots—those who had the chance in taking away much money with him.

A Model Lodging House.

From Washington Herald. The first of what is expected to be a string of model lodging houses for working girls in this city will be opened soon in the old Custer house. The house will be conducted "as an investment, not a charity," under the supervision of Mrs. Medill McCormick, wife of the Chicago millionaire newspaper publisher and well known in this city. Mrs. McCormick, who is interested in model lodging houses for working girls in Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, has invested \$5000 in the local establishment.

If Washington women are willing to put up the money, Mrs. McCormick is willing to guarantee them a return of at least 3 1/2 per cent on their investment, though the houses in other cities are paying from 4 to 5 per cent, and she believes the local institutions will do as well. The terms, at the start, will range from \$7 a week for a large single room and board down to \$4.50 a week for one share of a double room and board. There will be smaller single rooms for \$6 a week, including board.

National Anthems

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His pro-epics are a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.) They're getting up a princely purse, and they'll give it to the bard who writes some patriotic verse—who hits his lyre, and hits it hard. The anthems that we now possess are clanging things of brass or zinc; they cause the singers great distress, and drive the listeners to drink. And hence they're digging up a roll to make some more Elyric sharp, to cause some nobly gifted soul to knock the stuffing from his harp. And now the poets in their dens will gird their loins in proper style, and charge their trusty fountain pens, and turn out an- them in state upon these hand-made songs to pass, they'll doubtless find that none is great, and all resemble sounding brass. A man may write such dope as mine for money, marble, chalk or fun, but who'll be writing strains divine he will not do it for the most honest man some tiller of the sod, unlettered, for worn and obscure, alone with Silence, Night and God, may write a song that will endure. Copyright, 1911, by George Matthew Adams, Overholt.