

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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THE PROTEST

IT WAS A GOOD thing for a strong opposition to have been raised against Mr. Rushlight. It was good for Mr. Rushlight, and good for Portland. Protest always makes for purification. It throws on the public and the officials a view of conditions from all angles.

Whenever men are undisputed, they become tyrannical. The tyranny of the north over the south in reconstruction days is history. The tyranny of the political boss when the opposing party is weak is notorious.

It was better for Mr. Rushlight for an independent candidate to have been brought into the field. All the viewpoints in Portland have been illuminated and Mr. Rushlight's view is broader than before. He knows now of paths that he must avoid. He has been shown by-ways that he must not enter. In the crucible of campaign discussion the tremendous responsibilities of administrative position in all its bearings have been made apparent.

Events have shown that the new administration is confronted with a strong minority. It means that it is essential for the city government to be conducted on broad lines covering all phases, conditions and interests. This has already been recognized by Mr. Rushlight who, in his first statement since the election, declares that he intends to be mayor for the whole people.

The candidacy of Mr. Thomas was not strong enough to have taught the lesson that has been driven home by the bringing of an independent candidate into the field. The primary law provides for independent candidates, to meet exactly the emergency that arose in Portland. It is a wise provision, and in the facts brought out by its employment in this instance has served an excellent purpose.

THE VILJANS

THE OREGONIAN tells us that a Bourne - Chamberlain - Lane-West combination beat Mr. Simon. The pestiferous vandals - how could they have pulled off so mean a trick?

In vain may the Oregonian and Mr. Simon lead the hosts of righteousness, while this pestiferous combination moves in its mysterious way its wondrous to perform. In vain do the Oregonian and our mayor go out into the vineyard and assault the citadels of vice while the nasty combination continues to fight on the side of sin and wickedness. In vain, do the Oregonian and our Mr. Simon strive to regenerate the government of Portland when at every turn the way is blocked by the doughty Bourne, the omnipotent Chamberlain, the warlike Lane and the valiant West.

Alas and alack, that these four millions of sin should have such power over the people of Portland. With great power and plenteous Oregonian oversight Mr. Simon with a beautiful halo and pictured him with sweet little wings, but even with all that coloring, the foolish people would not have him, and instead, if that the Oregonian says is true, those rather to follow the lead of a so-called Bourne-Chamberlain-Lane-West combination.

Incidentally, what was the Oregonian best fighting for? Did it try to elect the Republican candidate, and the Republican ticket? Was not much of its space devoted to support of the Socialist ticket, urging that the Socialists were to pull a very heavy vote? Did it not print conspicuously the pictures of Socialist candidates and extol the virtues of Socialist leaders?

In this campaign, did the Oregonian fight for Republican principles, muckrump principles or Socialist principles?

THE DINNER PAID

MONDAY'S ELECTION did not jar prosperity, or empty the dinner pails. The news that the dispenser of good times was defeated reached Wall Street early, but not a flutter started. On the stock exchange, United States Steel was wickedly strong and Standard Oil was bullish all day.

The White House at Washington was as serene as a Mayday morning, and the president spent the day itching for the time to come when he could have another game of golf with our Jonathan. In Oregon, the wires early brought the news that wheat is still growing, the spring

lamba frolicking on the green hills, and the Oregon hens still doing business at the old stand. In spite of the news from Portland Dr. Cook has cancelled none of his chautauqua lecture engagements, and Jack Johnson has purchased 50 suits of clothes and started for London to attend the coronation. And thus the campaign prediction of a vanishing prosperity and empty dinner pails miscarried with great accuracy.

FOR A CHANGE

IN THE JOURNAL yesterday, Mr. Simon said that, if elected, he would have secured commission government by the first of the year. Mr. Rushlight said: "I will do all that can be done to secure a commission form of government for this city as soon as it is possible to do so."

If Mr. Simon as mayor could have secured commission government by the first of the year, Mr. Rushlight as mayor should be able to do so. If Mr. Rushlight and the council elected with him so furthers the reform, the act will do more than all things else to serve the city of Portland.

In any leadership by the new mayor for a change, he will, if pledged he kept, have a majority of the council at his back. Enough of the newly elected members are pledged to immediate submission to make up this majority. Every condition is auspicious for an early attainment of that changed system which is indispensable to efficient local government.

The citizens should have a system in which responsibility is fixed. They should have each official so located that his virtues or his culpability can be easily and quickly determined, so that when necessary the recall can be applied.

It is not so in the present mad managerie. One official hides behind another, and the responsibility of each is lost in the shuffle. The mayor blames the council, the council the mayor, and without being on the inside, the public doesn't know whether it is the council, the mayor, some board or Mother Goose that is at fault.

Any private corporation would go bankrupt on the process by which the great municipal corporation of Portland is managed.

PORTLAND TEACHERS' ANNUITY FUND

CONGRATULATIONS are in order to the 800 teachers in the public schools of Portland on the establishment of the new annuity fund.

The French have brought into use the new word "solidarity." It embodies just such a common impulse as has now resulted among the teachers in common action. It signifies not only a general desire but a recognition of one-ness in the consequent development.

Public school teachers, in giving twenty or even thirty consecutive years to their responsible work, use up their capital. They are conspicuous examples of the exhaustion, in their early and middle years of life, of their full powers. It is idle to say that they can, and should, save their salaries, while liberal, it may be, when compared with those paid in other cities of the Pacific northwest, do not promise economies that, when invested, will keep them in reasonable comfort in their declining years.

The new annuity fund, constituted from very moderate contributions during their term of full service, and put in entirely safe keeping for both principal and earnings of its investment will save the subscribers from the overshadowing apprehension of the time when salaries must cease. It is to be hoped that it may be added to from outside gifts of many who recognize the debt of the community to the teachers. Not only are they skilled workers in the public service, but they set in motion influences for good, reaching far beyond the school room into the homes of their scholars. Their work demands not only patient continuance in well doing—the daily cheerful resumption of labors which end only to begin again—but the standard of requirements from them is ever being raised.

They lay afresh and afresh the foundations of the citizenship of the people. To them we entrust ever growing responsibilities for the next generation. The efficiency that the teachers show is a growing temptation to fathers and mothers to lay undue burdens on their willing shoulders.

PROSPEROUS PORTLAND

WHAT ARE THE solid facts on which the growing prosperity of Portland rests?

The totals of bank clearings for May were \$44,518,677, an increase of 7.5 per cent over May, 1910. Postal receipts for the month amounted to \$76,056, showing gains of 18 per cent over the same month last year. In flour and cereals foreign shipments showed record figures—four shipments having been 115,500 barrels as against 11,567 barrels for May, 1910. Lumber showed about the same for foreign shipment. In coastwise lumber there was a satisfactory growth.

In the many established manufactures there is evidence of solid advancements, while new ones are seeking locations in the industrial district of the Peninsula. The most important of the very recent features is the purchase by the great Schwartzschild & Sulzberger packing firm of sufficient ground on the peninsula and arrangements for the erection of a

large, modern packing plant there. Work has been already started on the foundations. The main building is to be four stories high. The entrance on a large scale into the Oregon stock market of this, the representative or offshoot of the largest independent packing concern in the country, will be of far-reaching benefit to all stockmen, in both eastern and western Oregon.

With Swift & Co., and this new firm, in the market full prices may be predicted for our stockholders on a competitive basis. The subsidiary enterprises will demand large additions to the manufacturing population of the industrial district of Portland.

It will be remembered that we have already nearly 20,000 engaged in the manufacturing industries of the city, and it is but the beginning. Portland can well afford to take a few days off for the great festival of roses, and then buckle to again with increased zest.

IN NEBRASKA

THE village of Anselv, Neb., has suddenly leaped into prominence. It has a population of only 700, but last year it shipped to market more than \$500,000 worth of fat cattle, sheep, hogs and horses.

Anselv is in the state of Nebraska and its prominence is due to its leadership in the cultivation and use of alfalfa. It was chiefly alfalfa that fattened the livestock that brought the town immense profits last year. It is Anselv that has convinced Nebraskans that alfalfa has risen up to dispute for first place with corn in the production of fat stock, and ushered in a new era in the livestock industry.

The advocates of alfalfa are producing mighty interesting figures and facts to prove their contentions. They insist that the average profit from a quarter section of corn land is \$480, while the same land in alfalfa will yield an average return of \$1920. They point out that alfalfa enriches the soil while corn impoverishes it. They show that with alfalfa available there is no need for corn except for finishing purposes and that it can even be dispensed with for that.

Alfalfa can be employed to revolutionize the livestock industry in Oregon. Its cultivation on the scale that is possible in this state would quickly end the importation of livestock from other states, and enable Oregon to feed herself. It would give many a small farmer a new means of income, and create bank accounts where now there are annual deficits.

Nebraska farmers and their processes are a good subject for Oregon farmers to investigate.

BACK TO THE COAL MINES

IT IS A SOUND mind in a sound body that Thomas L. Lewis displays, in taking up again the coalminers' work after having held office in the organization of the United Mine Workers of America for 14 years.

"I never felt better in my life," said he. "Of course, I am a little sore after not having done any hard physical labor for 15 years, but things will come to me as easy as ever in a few days. Now I work eight hours, and my day's work is done, and I can pick coal as well today as I could 15 years ago."

Many men could shift from the coal gallery to the office, and take pride in it. It takes a Mzger man, not to say a better one, to lay down the pen and take up the pick again, and do it gracefully.

Often enough a man is spoiled as a common soldier by his officer's commission—this man sees to it that his service shall go on while his powers last. On the general staff when he is called to it, in the ranks he follows the colors anyway.

The help this man gives to many a one who is not a miner is the proof that the essence of a man is in what he is, not in what he does. President of the Miners' union, or with pick and safety lamp, Thomas L. Lewis is the same.

ONE RICH SENATOR

THE ESTATE of the late Senator Elkins includes nearly \$3,000,000 stock in 54 corporations.

It also includes a holding of nearly three quarters of a million dollars in bonds in nine corporations. The value of his estate is about \$4,000,000.

About nine tenths of the estate of the late senator was invested in securities of Big Business and Big Business is constantly knocking at the doors of congress for special favors. The special favors sought are in the form of special privileges, and are always antagonistic to the interests of the people who must pay the price for such special privileges as are granted Big Business.

During his 16 years as senator for West Virginia, did Mr. Elkins vote and act for the people of West Virginia, or for special interests whose stocks or bonds he owned and whose enrichment was his enrichment? Is it usual for a thrifty man who amasses \$4,000,000 to be so generous and so self-sacrificing as to vote against his own pocketbook?

The information about Mr. Elkins' wealth is afforded by the official appraisers of his estate. They have thrown light on some of the influences that weigh heavily when legislation is under consideration at Washington.

Legislatures, city councils and congresses debate, discuss, contrive, conspire and logroll. But the peo-

ple, who have no axes to grind or private ends to serve, go to the polls quietly, legislate conscientiously, and, as the results in Monday's election show reach accurate conclusions almost universally.

Of the 23 measures on the ballot 11 passed. The contrast between those defeated and those adopted affords a striking example of the discriminating intelligence of the elector.

The Cat As a Menace

From the New York American.

Most people do foolish things because they think other people continue doing foolish things because they do not want to think. Under these two headings come the admirers and the keepers of the family cat.

In Chicago they have a Dr. Charles B. Reed, who has been contrasting the values of children and cats for the benefit of both these classes.

Dr. Reed is the inventor of the "cat gibbet" for the extermination of the petted feline. To those who think more of the pets than they do about getting influenza, scarlet fever, bubonic plague, diphtheria and other epidemic diseases this gibbet must be the acme of cruelty.

Says he: "The woman who would faint at the idea of giving to her child a red hot poker to play with has no hesitancy in putting into his arms a cat. In the fur of the cat thrive the germs of a dozen dangerous diseases. Ringworms are spread from stroking the cat's hair. Bacilli of typhoid, tuberculosis, whooping-cough, measles and smallpox are transmitted. The cat is readily understood when we consider how quickly the cat is given as a plaything to the child recovering from these diseases."

The rat has been proven to be a menace to human life and a war of extermination is in progress against it. The nation is to be rid of the rat. The plan that the cat catches the rat is specious "of the two evils," asks Dr. Reed, "why choose both?"

Why, indeed? It is highly probable that many of the mysterious child diseases, whose origin neither mother nor doctor could trace, were caused by the coated death's head calmly purring in the little invalid's crib in the guise of the family cat.

U. S. Money for Foreign Missions.

From the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A woman's society for foreign missions has announced for the statement that during the last year it has raised \$28,000,000 have been raised for this cause in the United States.

The total amount sounds stupendous, but when it is remembered that it represents an average expenditure of less than \$1,000,000 a year, and that the membership of the contributing churches now numbers almost 30,000, the figures dwarf into moderate sums.

Critics of the churches will find fault with the expenditure for foreign missions as a waste of money, and ask why it was not spent for the poor of Christian lands.

Adherents of Christianity and defenders of the church will reply that loyalty to the Christ imposes the obligation of obedience to that which his church to evangelize the world; that such men as President Taft firmly believe in the value and success of missions; that Henry, once minister from America to China, said that the man who accuses missions as failures is simply ignorant of the facts, and that the most generous supporters of foreign missions are the most aggressive promoters of missions at home.

Monroe Doctrine Costly.

From the Success Magazine.

It would be interesting if somebody would calculate how much it has cost Uncle Sam to perform his presumed obligations as guarantor of the Monroe doctrine. In 1898 he fought a war, Cuba and acquired various colonial liabilities. That war introduced him into the first circles of world powers and the effort to travel in such society has kept his household expenses steadily advancing until now he spends a billion a year. Before the Spanish war his household was supposed to be scandalously high.

To mention but a few cases, the Monroe theory nearly embroiled us in a war with Great Britain over Venezuela; it made us the financial guarantor of San Domingo; and the same dictator Zelaya out of Nicaragua; it has recently involved us in a general complication of Central American affairs, and finally, it has brought about the present situation of a great American army on the borders of a hostile country that that country that it must be good.

At the Bottom of Bering Sea.

From the Seattle Times.

Bering sea, known and dreaded for its treacherous ice, is being surveyed. It contains one of the richest fisheries which Alaska has become noted for, and for that reason the floor of the ocean will be mapped for the benefit of fishermen.

This is one of the objects for which the United States fisheries vessel Albatross has sailed on its annual cruise of Alaskan waters. On board the ship is a party of experts headed by the veteran Major A. B. Alexander and including Captain H. B. Joyce.

In a sense the mission is search for new sources of supply. The experts point out, the halibut may become scarce in its accustomed haunts.

Bering Sea, with its profound depths as well as about waters, will probably be found to be productive of this food fish. The object of the expedition, therefore, while highly scientific, has an intensely practical side.

Was Famous as Baseball Batter.

From the Salem Statesman.

John M. Garrison of Forest Grove has been appointed to the position of supervisor of the capitol and grounds in this city, a place which has been known in the past as "head janitor." Mr. Garrison will thus become a resident of Salem once more. "He lived here in the '70s and was well known as an expert pen and ink man. He conducted writing school here and was everywhere throughout the Willamette valley. "John" was a favorite with many boys and girls who have reached their maturity now and who will be glad to see the old house themselves. The present secretary of state, Ben W. Ocott, Mr. Garrison is a poultry fancier of long standing, and the Marion County Poultry association of this city will certainly profit by his presence in this part of the state.

Don't Forget the Back Yard.

Neatness in homes and in yards, Kansas City is acquiring it, the homebuilders and landscape architects say. And the observing ones will tell you that the old-fashioned styles have changed as much in the last ten or fifteen years as the style of the houses themselves. The style now leans toward simplicity. With the less ornate style of architecture comes the demand for simple lawn effects. The houses, as a rule, are set closer together, and there is less room for shrubbery, but the trend is to believe Kansas City has outlived the taste that desired cutup lawns spring-

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Some men want two or more wives, while for others one wife is one too many.

What a funny man Mr. Bryan is; he supposes platform promises were made to be kept.

Strangely, Rabbitville has not yet put in an application for that big Harriman university.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any tariff on wool? Yes, but only 20 instead of 44 per cent.

Will Klemm, Dunway et al pay the city that \$38,000 and more? No, but equally they ought to.

There is no business depression or marked ebb tide in Portland; the story spells increase at every point.

Seattle has higher buildings than Portland but this city will soon have many more buildings than Seattle.

The country is all right, but the trouble is that the people are lazy, says J. Mr. Hill. But all people can't be alike.

The Camorra trial in Italy seems to resemble an old time Democratic convention—only it is much more turbulent and lasts much longer.

As the judges are to take a vacation of two or three months, there may be an apparent need of more judges before the year is out.

When a girl is of age, she can do as she pleases about marrying; if she has the chance—and some do as they please before they are of age.

For remarking to a woman on the street, "O what a peach," a fellow in a suit of that city on June 20, 1911, was called a "peach" turns out to be a lemon.

Jack Johnson will carry 80 suits of case of that city on June 20, 1911, for coronation, but he won't get a seat next to Mrs. Mil-millimillionaire with her 50 gowns.

What intensely patriotic and philanthropic gentlemen Morgan, Gary, Frick and their associates were during the strike, to be sure. How many millions did they lose?

SEVEN FAMOUS PRISONS

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

Perhaps history has never furnished a tale so full of horror as that of the British subjects who were confined and most of them suffocated to death in the Black Hole of Calcutta on the night of that city on June 20, 1756. Following the capture of 146 British gentlemen, merchants and others in the service of the East India company were seized by order of Surajah Dowlah and thrust into the dungeon in the fort by the night of that city on June 20, 1756. The place was too small for such a number, but they feared to awaken the nabob, then asleep, for further orders. One hundred and twenty-three of the sufferers died before morning, having been suffocated by the heat, crushing and stench of a dungeon world an affecting narrative of all the circumstances attending it, which readers should peruse, if possible, as possessing a considerable degree of tender and sustained interest.

Briefly summarized, Mr. Howells says: "Figure to yourself, if possible, the situation of 146 wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, thus crammed together in a cube of about 18 feet on a close, sultry night in Bengal, about up to the eastward and southward—the only quarter from which air could reach us—by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, through which we could receive only a small circulation of fresh air, and a dim, ghastly light, prepared to me in lively and dreadful colors the instant I cast my eyes around and saw the size and situation of the room."

Mr. Howells further relates that among the numerous guards he discovered one who seemed to have a trace of humanity in his countenance. He engaged him in conversation and urged him to commiserate the sufferings to which he was a witness and separately to separate the human wedge, and offered him 1000 rupees for this

killed with flower beds, "elephant ear" plants, odd stone vases and bronze statuary.

"And there's another side of it," a landscape gardener said yesterday. "Black yards are being utilized more and more. I have seen up the English side of having the house built to the front of the lot, leaving room for a flower garden, trees and shrubbery in the back yard. That's a fine thing to encourage, when the size of the city is so limited. It gives more privacy to the family that would live outdoors as much as possible in the summer. Back yards can be made a homelike retreat and their beautification will do wonders in adding to the general beauty of Kansas City."

The Gambler's End.

From the Washington Post.

Once a millionaire, his fortune now gone, George V. Hankins, who was the biggest of the big gamblers of the old wide-open days in Chicago, is now said to be dying at the home of a relative in Gary, Ind. Somehow the death of a gambler in poverty always seems a matter of interest, and yet it would be far more unusual to hear of one dying rich.

There is no doubt that cards furnish excellent gymnastics for the mind. If they have any benefit at all, however, it is of the kind that is obtained by the man who takes a certain portion of his time each day for exercise in a gymnasium. He might obtain the same degree of exercise in labor that would bring immediate results, such as chopping wood or walking to and fro from his work, but he prefers exercise that is not in itself profitable. With cards the same thing is true. Mental exercise can be obtained just as well from the study of mathematics or the languages.

Early Ticket Tickers.

From the London Chronicle.

Taking a railway ticket was a matter of some ceremony in the first days of steam travel. "On entering the station," wrote a railway guide in 1838, "you find amid the greatest apparent confusion the most order. A porter is ready to conduct you to the booking office, where you pay your fare and receive a ticket. If you travel by a first class carriage your ticket is numbered, corresponding to the seat you are to occupy. The second class carriage not being numbered, your ticket will give you no seat at all. The porter examines the ticket and places your baggage on the top of the carriage in which you are to travel. Without any request to be "remembered" either by the clerk or the porter, the porter will walk away quietly to attend to the next person who may happen to arrive.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Small Change

The cry for more houses to rent is heard at Albany.

A person might as well grumble about the faults of his remote ancestors as about the weather.

The plasterers of Medford have formed a union. No demands are at present contemplated.

The Booth-Kelly Lumbering company has a force of men pushing slashings in the foothills of the Upper Mohawk.

Rainfall at Astoria in May was 6.83 inches, an excess of 3.08. This has been exceeded only four times in May since 1854.

By order of the superintendent of streets at Astoria, all stacks of cordwood must be removed from the streets by June 15.

That it is the largest in southern Oregon is the claim for the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school of Medford. The membership is 412.

Eugene Register. If Chesson informs us that his partner, William Poorman, has gone back to his old home in Illinois to bring a colony of people to Eugene to look over the country.

Corvallis Gazette-Times: The north lawn of the court house square is being stoned up and disked ready for seeding to make it conform to the new lawn that was put in on the south side last fall.

Governor West is doing fine work in his treatment of the prisoners in the penitentiary and is doing it in a true "progressive" way, seeks to and does make his progressive ideas practical.

Anticipating that the construction of the new high school will make his presence necessary during the summer, City Superintendent R. S. Acton of Pendleton, is planning to remain there during the entire summer, at some personal sacrifice.

Hood River Glacier: Work on the new edifice of the Riverside Congregational church has begun. The amount of the necessary funds have been subscribed. The new building will be of the size 64x100 in dimensions. It will seat 400 persons.

SEVEN FAMOUS PRISONS

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

act of tenderness. He said it was impossible. He was offered 2000, but again announced that it was impracticable.

The mass had been but five minutes confined before everyone fell into perspiration and prostration, which brought on a raging thirst, which still increased as a body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. One was to put off their clothes. This helped some, and they had to be put in motion to produce a circulation.

One of the number proposed that for relief every man should sit on his hands, but in attempting to rise some could not recover their legs and fell to rise no more, for they were instantly torn to death or suffocated. When the whole body was down they were so closely wedged together that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could put themselves in motion to get up again.

In several hours every man's throat grew intolerable, and their respiration was difficult. Their situation was so much more wretched than that of so many miserable animals in an exhausted receiver. There was not a sufficient quantity of fresh air to continue life, nor yet enough divested of its vivifying particles to put a speedy end to it.

The prisoners offered many insults to the guards to fire in upon them, but they refused. Finally everybody except those situated in and near the window hoist and stretch. "Water! water!" became the general cry. A small quantity of water was brought. Those who quitted the window to drink, in forcing their passage, pressed down those in their way and trampled them to death.

"Can it gain belief that this scene of misery proved entertaining to the brutal wretches without? But so it was, and they took care to keep the prisoners supplied with water that they might enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them fight for it, as they phrased it, they held up lights to the bars that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion.

Tomorrow—The Prison of Chillon.

Weariness

(Continued to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-verse are a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

I'm tired of Jack London's tales of blizzards in the Arctic snows, where the pilgrim's nose is in the general Yukon flood, the husky and sled and barge; I'm tired of his tubs of blood and butchers who roam at large. I'm tired of the Curwood folk, who slaughter and howl and screech; I'm tired of the bowie stroke, I'm weary of Beach, I've soured on the cowboy camp where the gun men make their plays; I'm sick of the cows that tramp around on the plains and graze. I'm tired of the gifted sleuth, so skillful and smooth and cunning, who digs up the hidden truth from his grave in a stack of lies. I'm tired of the stories' course of life in the crowded flat; of narratives of divorce, "studies" of this and that. I'm tired of fifteen cents for a popular magazine, and sit by my garden fence and road till I'm sore and mean. The stories of snout and mud, the stories of vice's chain, the stories of tubs of blood, all the diva's convex plan. The yaras of the diva's convex plan. The yaras of Wallingford girls that wins, all give me a dark green ache deep down in my troubled mind. Ah me, that a man would make one book of the good old kind!

THE LIMIT OF THE LIMIT.

I bought a postoffice in Kalamazoo. "And a city on the border of Salt Lake City. I purchased some stock in the mines, Waterloo.

And I