

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. B. 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.....\$ .50 SUNDAY. One year.....\$2.50 (One month.....\$ .25)

Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles; Infectious minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. —Shakespeare.

OUR LOUIS

It remained for our own and only Louis W. Hill to discover and expose the pernicious work of Governor West in the east. Ex-Governor Brady of Idaho, who is in charge of the governors' special, has also made a discovery. He, and the secretary of the touring governors, join in a telegram of congratulation to the people of Oregon on what they call the excellent work of Governor West in behalf of the state which he went east to represent.

But if our Louis says a thing is so, it must be so, for isn't he the son of his father? As one of his admirers says, "Isn't Mr. Hill entitled to an opinion about the proper methods to be employed by the governors in advertising the western states?"

Why, bless his heart, of course he is. He is entitled to a million opinions, and as James J. Hill's son, he is going to express them, too, or bust a hame string. Indeed, hasn't he declared a sort of suzerainty over Oregon, and annexed us as his personal balliwick, Governor West and all?

Of course, this Missouriized public reserves the right to reject any and all of our Louis' higher criticism. It has notions of its own, and with reference to the Hill charge that Governor West is "playing politics," will want to know how many votes he could drum up in Ohio or New York?

Perish the thought, he may be campaigning for the re-election of Bourne.

AIR ERRANDS

It was while flying a considerable distance to dine with his sisters that a French aviator fell 1500 feet and was killed yesterday.

The news dispatches, a few days ago, related how an aeroplanist in his machine, chased a white heron through the air for more than an hour, until, overcome with fright and fatigue, it fell exhausted and was captured. It measured four feet from tip to tip of its wings.

In New York state recently, a sportsman in a machine, shot several sparrows and other birds from an aeroplane as he moved swiftly through space.

In New Jersey, an aeroplane carrying a photographer, followed a fox hunting party over the course, taking pictures on the way.

In France, two aviators hunted partridges and hares from aeroplanes, killing game with fair success. Swooping low over a race track enclosure, they dropped bets on the pending races, and watched the progress of the horses from aloft.

Such are some of the games they play in the air. Flight has passed from marvel to monotony. It has cost a little more than 100 lives, 16 of which were Americans, but it will be eight years December 17 since the Wrights first flew at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

The total dead for eight years is but little more than the number we kill by shooting in the United States in four days. It is not a heavy toll, considering that we have flown on every errand from going to dine and hunting hares to an actual flight across the United States in less than four days of flying time.

FIGHTING THE TREATIES

The rotuous meeting in the Carnegie hall, New York, on Tuesday evening must give the majority members of the senate foreign relations committee food for thought.

A cause that has to be supported only by rowdiness, riot, and noise, and the refusal to listen to or allow an audience to hear, the arguments of well known speakers is condemned already. The chairman, Joseph Choate, well said, in adjourning the meeting, that "the action here tonight has done more to cause the ratification of the peace treaty than all the peace speeches that could be made during the evening."

world peace, but should use such influence as they may have towards binding Germany and England in a similar engagement. If they desire war between those nations they are settling themselves against the strongest desires, the most ardent efforts of the best in both nations to avoid it.

Well might the majority members of the senate committee pray, "Save us from our friends."

MR. DAVIS' CONVERSION

NATIVE of Missouri and always a Missourian when not an Oregonian, "Pike" Davis has been shown. Yesterday, he opposed votes for women, but today he is the woman's champion.

How, or when, or where conversion overtook him, is not consequential. As a bachelor, always impervious to the charms of the fair, it can hardly be charged to the work of cupid. No prepossessing Delilah is likely to have lulled him to sleep and cut off his hair, as a means of working out his regeneration.

Possibly, his conversion came from hearing of the California woman, 103 years old, who rode five miles the other day, just to register. Possibly he is impressed with the behavior of the women in the Los Angeles election. Possibly, the decision of a North Dakota court that a divorced husband has a right to claim alimony has given him a new slant on equal rights. Possibly his views were changed by the act of a New York millionaire who willed all his property to his lawyer, thereby taking the short cut to the inevitable.

The large fact in Mr. Davis' conversion, however, is that he is converted. It is an acquisition from which the suffragists will profit heavily. It means a campaign that will have behind it tireless energy, incessant hammering away, and a vast allowance of good old Missouri enthusiasm.

SOME DAY

BAKER county steer, three years old, weighs 2170 pounds, and has been purchased as Christmas beef by a Portland buyer at \$217.

At the fat stock show at the Union Stockyards last March a carload of yearling steers from Baker weighed 16,560, or an average of 1035, and brought \$74.62 per head.

A carload of 3-year-olds from Antelope averaged 1409, and sold at \$119.76 per head.

A car of 3-year-olds from Baker weighed an average of 1506, and brought \$94.45 per head.

A car of 3-year-old steers from Primeville averaged 1477 pounds and were sold at \$103.33 each.

A champion fat steer from Baker weighed 1550, sold at 26 cents a pound and brought \$403.

The figures are valuable in demonstrating the possibilities of early maturing and fine finishing of beef in Oregon. The cases are, of course, unusual, but they prove the possible.

In all cases, the prize animals were from eastern Oregon, and they throw a flood of light on what can be done in that section. They are affirmation of the oft-repeated contention that Oregon has all the requisites of food and climate for producing the largest and finest carcass in the shortest time.

Some day, the production of fancy livestock will be one of Oregon's most important industries. It was not accident, but progress, that enabled Oregon sheep to win the best prizes at the National Woolgrowers' association which met in Portland last winter.

NEW ZEALAND MAORIES

THE natives of New Zealand, the Maories, have outgrown their title of "the lazy Maories."

Writing in "The East and the West Magazine," a Maori clergyman says, "We have young Maori men occupying positions in almost all the professional walks of life—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, engineers, etc., all working side by side with their white brothers. The humbler avocations are not neglected. From various parts of the dominion we hear of farmers, artisans, clerks, dairy farmers, and tradesmen, all pursuing their business with energy and skill."

This is an almost unique example of a native race having outlived the stages of conquest, of subjection, of diminution in numbers from disease, of adoption of white people's ways and manners. On the side of achievement the Maories of this generation have become educated and respected members of the general community to a large extent, and so justify the claims of this Maori clergyman. Yet they retain their racial character and are not being blended with their white neighbors. They have remarkable gifts of oratory and are now filling several official and representative positions.

Their dogged courage was shown in their long and bitter resistance to invasion in the New Zealand war.

THE AMERICAN NAVY

AN elaborate special number, the Scientific American gives an interesting and exhaustive review of the American navy. It carries numerous articles by experts of national repute, among them a discussion of the importance of the command of the sea by Rear Admiral Mahan.

The war strength of the American fleet is discussed by Rear Admiral Wainwright, and from it we gather that the present strength is 21 battleships in active service, 10 in re-

serve, ready for service, eight armored cruisers in active service, and two in reserve. Also we have 30 cruisers, 30 destroyers, 28 torpedo boats, 18 submarines, and five coast defense vessels.

Comparing the strength of the various navies of the world Great Britain is accorded the first place without question, while the United States outranks both France and Japan, the comparative strength of the German fleet makes the superiority of one or the other hard to determine. Probably at this time the new and powerful battleships of the United States indicate higher fleet strength—but, noting the varying rates of building, two or three years will, it is said, put the United States into the third place.

The improvement in gunnery since the Spanish-American war is noted in that the fighting range has been raised from 2000 and 4000 yards to 10,000 and 12,000 yards. Then the 12 or 13 inch gun was fired once in about three minutes, now twice in one minute. A still more remarkable improvement in accuracy has been attained.

The personnel of the navy in both officers and men receives the highest praise. The organization of the American fleet dates from the cruise of the 16 battleships round the world, wedding the individual vessels into one whole of tremendous power.

The formation of a naval reserve is strongly urged.

THE SCARLET MAN

IT is not the scarlet women that perpetuate the North End. It is the patrons and the blackmailers—the police blackmailers, the so-called "detective" blackmailers, the rental blackmailers and all the praiseworthy gentry that wring money from the women because the women are under the ban of the law and thereby made the easy victims of blackmail and extortion.

Judge Gatens was right in his declaration from the bench that official "hounding of the women" is not the whole way to control the social evil. He insisted that if instead of "spasmodic crusades against the women, the police would direct equal energy in saving young girls from men who pursue them, the community would be better off."

Judge Gatens' insistence is that if the young girls are protected there will be fewer scarlet women for the North End, fewer of the fallen for the blackmailers to prey upon, and it is true. It is more practical to stop the recruiting than to reclaim the lost.

A grown-up man pleaded guilty in the circuit court the other day to causing the delinquency of a child of 14. It is an atrocity so frequent in the juvenile court that it has lost its power to horrify. It has become but an episode in the horrible pursuit of our children by human vultures.

The records of the juvenile court reveal an appalling list of equally revolting cases of child destruction. Surrounded by such evidences of the degradation of Portland childhood, Judge Gatens' insistence on measures that would be moral and not the blackmailers' delight, was as timely, as it is sane.

The strong arm behind the North End is the money men make out of it. The human derelicts garbed as women are not the power behind that wretched jungle. If Portland will cut off the dividends that men are daily pocketing from the wretched lives of the scarlet women, the fumigation of the North End will have been successfully begun.

There are scarlet men as well as scarlet women, and the scarlet man is the last word in human depravity.

KAFFIR CORN

WHEN all eyes of the city dwellers are drawn to the splendid Christmas beef it is a good time to notice that in Kansas, in Butler county, the farmers have raised this year 97,457 acres of Kaffir corn, and that the total yield of Kansas is estimated at 20,000,000 bushels.

It is said by competent authority that both for forage and for grain Kaffir corn is proving there a great boon. It is expected that this cereal will be to stock feeders as a grain what alfalfa has proved as a forage crop.

As a grain feed Kaffir is estimated to compare with corn as 90 to 100 per cent. But as to poultry feed it has no equal—for chickens love it and do excellently well on it.

Kaffir corn ground makes in Kansas good meal for stock food. It is said to be excellent for griddle cakes, superior to buckwheat. It there produces from 35 to 50 bushels to the acre.

It stands drought well, far better than corn, as it stops growing when a dry spell comes, and starts growing again when it rains.

It ought to prove a crop of inestimable value to the inland empire.

GEORGE V EMPEROR

IT is, perhaps, not generally known in this country that King George recently entered the world of letters, by having published in book form, what English critics call a selection from his really remarkable addresses during the past few years, whether in art or learning, in science, or in commerce.

The king has, by all accounts, great gifts in thoughtful and eloquent speech. The title of his book is "The King to His People."

is shown in two terse sentences. "The British empire requires at the present time hard service from all its subjects. It requires the hardest service from those to whom most has been given."

As a constitutional monarch King George is in the hands of his ministers in national affairs. But in the performance of his duties individual character appears. The gift of \$1,500,000 towards extension of public education in India, the opening of prison doors to political offenders and to all classes, of poor debtors, the moving of the capital from the mouth of the Ganges, with its tordid insularity, to the ancient city of Delhi, on the plateau of central India—all these, and the largesse to the British soldiers in all India, are in harmony with what is known of the kindly and wise character of the man.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

Street Improvements.

Portland, Or., Dec. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In reading an account recently of a case brought before the Board of Public Works for assessing \$1100 street improvements against a \$600 lot and selling the lot, I was jarred into the conviction that a Lycurgus must certainly have visited our hall of legislation. In reading the items recently published in your paper regarding the Skidmore paving ordinance, I have had my "Lycurgus" theory fully confirmed.

I have held and believed that the law did not contemplate and would not uphold the taxing of citizens in excess of the benefits conferred upon him by the utility for which he was taxed. But I perceive I'm all wrong. The amount of taxation doesn't so much depend on the measure of benefit received as on the measure of the taxing power.

It was said after Attorney Schnabel had stated on behalf of the protesters, that the passing of the ordinance would probably mean the confiscation of some of the property, and called attention to the case where \$750 would be assessed against a \$600 lot. Councilmen Burdard and Baker gave it as their opinion that some of the lots were assessed too low. Councilman Burdard, however, generously offered to loan a trust fund to control the case and make payments within a certain specified number of days they will not be molested, otherwise, the city will sell the lots.

Whether the man who purchases, for the assessed value, more or less, will be controlled by the city, it is not clear. If the man who purchases, for the assessed value, more or less, will be controlled by the city, it is not clear. If the man who purchases, for the assessed value, more or less, will be controlled by the city, it is not clear.

How jubilant they must feel, particularly those with families, that instead of being sent to the rock pile to work out the balance, they are permitted like the Jewish scapegoat to hide themselves in the wilderness and rejoice that it's as well with them as it is. Some contend, and I believe The Journal supports the contention, that it would be unjust to use city funds raised by general taxation to improve the streets as people would be taxed for improvements that in no way benefited them.

It appears to me the legitimate aim is to permit the city to improve the streets to serve the needs, (b) to gratify the civic pride and (c) the beautifying of the city in which all are concerned, and should be interested. If outlying, sparsely settled districts demand improvements in advance, let the city pay for the improvements, the cost until such time as the above reasons for the improvements demand their execution, then let the city take over and pay the present value of such improvements.

When an individual has paid for improving the street bordering his property does he acquire any title thereto superior to the rights of any other citizen of the municipality? Does he acquire any authority over the traffic on the street, or the right to prevent the paving of the street, or the prevention of the flying auto distributing that pulverized pavement over his house and grounds?

Does he, in fact, use that improvement one hundredth part as much as the general public or business interests of the city? And lastly, if he can't pay and his property is sold, isn't it confiscated pure and simple, with pretense of a return of the (ostensible) benefit, the city dispossessed, he has nothing to derive benefit from?

To whom does the benefit accrue? And, if it's unjust to tax people for improvements that do not benefit them, why shouldn't the beneficiary or beneficiaries pay for these improvements?

V. B. MATHEWS.

Unwarranted Attacks on West.

Portland, Dec. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Some days prior to the last state election, a straw vote was taken of the employees in the department where I am employed, expressive of the sentiment for gubernatorial candidates, as I remember, the vote cast was 34 but three of which number were for Bowerman, my vote being one of the latter. I have for 29 years voted with the Republicans on state and national tickets, but in county and city elections where I have been more closely acquainted with candidates, have frequently supported men of other political faith, because I considered them superior to candidates for like offices on my party ticket.

This is a long way around in reaching the incentive for this communication—a desire to express my disgust for the practice employed by the Oregonian in its attacks on and criticism of Governor West. It is the Oregonian's narrow, hide bound partisanship, its miserable fact finding, its inability to see any good in the efforts of our governor to modernize methods in our penal institutions, or any other act of his that is wanting more than a fair and equal hearing each day, and equally lessening friendship for the Oregonian, is it methods of this character, so long em-

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

The masses' is as much at fault as the masses. A little that is certain is better than much that is doubtful.

The cackle of a hen is much more melodious now than in the spring. If there's no Rose Festival, the country will think Portland has become too poor or too stingy to have one.

Since males preponderate in this country, more of them may be excused for being old bachelors, but it is a pity to see an old maid.

Heretofore La Follette's speeches have been three or four hours long. Couldn't his nearest friend induce him to boil them down?

The Salvation Army can always be depended upon to help the poor to have happy Christmas. It is a pity that it is not a waste of time to read the other names.

The census of 1910 shows that there are 106 males for every 100 females in the United States, and it may be argued that a great war is necessary to kill off surplus males.

New England is the only section of the country where there are more women than men. The average of every decade of men is on the Pacific coast. This would seem to be a hint for New England girls to come far west.

There is many a man who is sleek and urban, and way up in society's well fed and well dressed, very "safe and sane," who seems to have no bad things with dead-end, but he isn't as good as he looks. There's many a man who is plain, who seems to emit no magnetic gleams, whose shadowed life seems largely in vain, who gives a man a headache, but he isn't so bad as he seems.

SEVEN MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN

The Mother of Lincoln.

"This man, whose homely face you look upon, Was one of Nature's masterful, great Born with strong arms that unfought battles won; Direct of speech and cunning with the pen."

"Chosen for large designs, he had the art Of winning with his humor, and he Strained to his mark, which was the human heart; Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent," R. H. Stoddard.

The obscure and comparatively unknown mothers of men and women of genius form a great multitude of fitting shadows whose outlines and properties are not easy to ascertain. Undoubtedly those unknown mothers must have had strong characteristics, or they could not have transmitted to their children, as it has been maintained that no great man has ever existed who had not a great mother, whether she was known to fame as great or not.

Mrs. Thomas Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, would have been, under other circumstances and happier ones than fell to her lot in the early part of her married life, a noticeable woman. She was well endowed, and by nature possessed of many excellent qualities. She had a limited outlook in life, but considering her surroundings she was far more intelligent than the majority of those about her, and to her husband she was indebted for his rare intelligence and his wonderfully developed sympathetic nature.

Dr. Holland says of her: "She had much in her nature that was truly heroic, and much that shrank from the crude life around her. A great man never drew his intelligence from a parent or more womanly bosom than her own."

Thomas Lincoln obtained his marriage license in the Washington county, Kentucky, courthouse. The wedding took place on September 23, 1806, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Head, an itinerant Methodist preacher. This same preacher, who was a cabinet maker in Springfield, Ky., preached Mrs. Lincoln's funeral sermon years afterward. The young couple were very poor, but very popular, and among the neighbors at the marriage was Judge Felix Grundy, who subsequently resigned to Nashville, Tenn., and became attorney general of the United States.

The mother of Abraham Lincoln is entitled to veneration from every American citizen who loves his country, and to whom the fame and glory of its greatness is dear. She deserves as well and is entitled to as much honor as our hands as the mother of Washington, for she gave us as great and as good a man.

Three years after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln their only son Abraham was born on the 12th day of February, 1809, in a district of Hardin county, Ky. He died of that most terrible enemy of the poor, consumption, and left her desolate little boy alone in his misery when only 10 years old. He was her only living child and about him centered every ambition of her dreary life.

Mrs. Lincoln taught young Abraham to read and write. Her attention, denied him too much because of the hard work she had to perform, was the sweetest boon he coveted. She encouraged and praised him, and pictured the future that he would make for himself when he grew to be a man. Mrs. Lincoln had a morbid fear of her son growing up to idleness and ignorance and she successfully impressed upon him the necessity of doing some particular task in life, and doing it well.

Had Mrs. Lincoln lived her child's life would have been different, but as it was, she laid so sure a foundation in his nature that he owed her more than to any other human being his finest traits of character. She is described as being, at the time of her marriage, a "slender, symmetrical woman of regular stature, and a brunette with regular features and soft, sparkling hazel eyes."

It seems a cruel wrong to deny to Abraham Lincoln's fame the influence to his mother's character upon his own, or to withhold from hers that which is her due—the acknowledgment that his best qualities were inherited from her. Had no other title to homage as the mother of Abraham Lincoln, the one fact that she instilled into him whilst yet a child the traits that distinguished him as a man, and endeared him to his kind, should give her rank with the noblest mothers of America.

Tomorrow—The Mother of General Grant.

Doing nothing is apt to be overdone. Women always look on the bright side of mirrors. The hungry tramp doesn't want chops served with an ax. Some brands of goodness are more unpopular than others. Are you there when it comes to making the best of the worst of it? About two-thirds of the letters written represent a waste of time. The easiest way to acquire a fortune is to inherit it from your father. The average woman's idea of a friend is some one she can impose upon. By saying something interesting, Alonzo, you may possibly interest people in what you say.

Believes Her Father the Author. Baker, Or., Dec. 2.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A letter published recently in your paper asked about the poem "The Skeleton" now dead in the Address. My father, John, is the originator of that poem. While crossing the plains by ox team train in the year 1854, he, in one of his strolls one evening (after they had halted for the night), ran across the bleached remains of a skeleton. Being of a poetic nature, in after years he wrote that poem. We have never been able to discover how the poem got to the museum of royal surgeons in London, near perfect skeleton. The poem was sent by the curator to the Morning Chronicle for publication, which stated that the author preserved his incognito and has never been discovered.

MRS. AGNES HOLST. (The text of this poem was published in The Journal of December 2.)

Protecting the Homicide

By Alfred H. Lewis in Colliers

Our coming together was not casual, although I was the only one who knew it. About the table—aside from myself—were the lawyer alienist, Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan; Dr. Charles Kennedy, physician surgeon, and Inspector W. W. McLaughlin, pupil of the late Superintendent Byrnes and regarded as one of the best among our modern police. I brought up Mr. Snyder's article, "The Encouragement to Kill," printed in a recent issue of Colliers, I called attention to the fact that here in America, we were murdering each other at the rate of 9000 a year; that—population for population—while Italy counted 15 murderers, England nine and Germany five, we of America counted 90; that under our present maladministration of justice, of every 90 murderers, 10 went to prison, one to the gallows or the chair, and 79 walked free. Insanity as a defense was condemned.

No man, however piously moved, can kill another with nothing but his fingers. He needs a weapon—a pistol, a knife, a blackjack—in order to murder successfully. Were a law devised and enforced—emphasize "enforced"—which would strip every man of weapons, those 8000 yearly American murders would eb to fewer than 900.

There are laws against carrying pistols, knives and blackjacks. Every state, every city, has these laws. Some of them, like the Sullivan law passed at the last session of the New York legislature, are extreme in their provisions.

As to the latter statute, it is the expressed opinion of certain magistrates and other law officers that sundry of its provisions conflict with the constitution. Apparently, those magistrates, who have given opinions against the validity of the Sullivan law, would sooner see men murdered than see murderers shorted of their constitutional rights.

It dovetails with the present purpose to call attention to a defect, which is found in every American ordinance or statute forbidding pistol carrying. It is not a latent defect which the dim eyes of our lawmakers overlooked in favor of the lawbreakers; but a leak coldly pointed out by law architects who drew the ordinance or statute, and through which the good therein contained is allowed to escape. The clause in question is that which arranges for the issuance of "permits." The law declares that no one shall carry a pistol, and provides punishment for those who offend. But it fails to state that certain officials, therein named, shall have authority to issue "permits" to whomsoever they will, to—so to phrase it—violate the law. Upon a principle of partiality, understood doubtless in an older day when the church dealt in dispensations, the mayor, the police commissioner, police magistrates in most cities may give any number of permits to carry pistols, and so keep himself ready upon the instant to murder whomsoever he sees fit.

To be sure, the prudent theory of those who drew the law and voted for its passage was that the officials, thus endowed with power to issue gun carrying permits, would be conservatively about the business. The lawmakers, when they contemplated those permits, had in mind night watchmen, express messengers and others whose duties are to protect property and life from criminal attack. Assuredly they did not intend that it should be employed to arm thugs and strong arm rogues for the common use of the lawbreaker.

The abuse into which that power to issue permits has fallen may be guessed at from the word of Inspector McLaughlin. He said that of every 10 to whom permits to carry pistols have been issued nine are professional criminals, and the odd one does not need a gun. When the "barred murder" was being investigated, 11 men were arrested, all were armed with pistols, and 7 of the 11 had permits to carry them. One could not speak English, looked like a madman and a savage, and had not been six months off Ellis Island.

In New York city, through the interference of politicians or the pig headedness of the police, fully half of what murders are committed remain "mysteries never solved." No one is arrested, no one punished. Sometimes—scream the real murderer—the wrong man is apprehended. Such arrests serve to stay public clamor and shield the police from blame. When the pig again goes to sleep, the "wrong man" arrested is set free, there being no evidence.

Dr. Kennedy believed that a society should be formed to see that murderers are dealt with, and not permitted to go free through the dominating interference of politicians and the submissive connivance of the police. Such a society, incidentally, should busy itself about the punishment of those who violate the laws against carrying deadly weapons. Such action might result in an anti-weapon, anti-murder association, a movement which would be copied in every city of the country. Senator Sullivan himself held that such an association should be formed, and had suggested that he put through the legislature a resolution incorporating it.

"It is my own opinion," concluded Dr. Kennedy, "that fully 50 per cent of the shootings and stabbings which have come under my observation would never have occurred had it not been for the shooter or stabber chained to the wall at the time. Had he not been carrying a knife or pistol when the sudden impulse to murder seized him there would have been no murder at all."

Judging Character.

"From the Washington Star. "That man Mehtshel married has a lot of foresight," said Farmer Cornstapel.

"He looked kind of worried and scared at the wedding," replied his wife. "That's what makes me think he has foresight."

Woman's Wisdom

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

I stood before the county jail, and said that suffrage ought to win. "The woman's better than the male," I cried; "to flout her is a sin. She has more virtue and more sense than any man who walks the earth; and all the world, a few years hence, will have to own her sterling worth. A woman always loves the good, and hates the false, the bad, the vile; for innocence she's always bested, and looked on merit with a smile." Then came a long parade of dames, who halted at the prison door; the good, and true, and brave, and true, the jolly why they brought these floral tributes to his den. He answered: "Well, you know we've caught that-fend who slew a dozen men. We have him for the night, jing, to hold him till the hangman come with his ax, and then the women bring him orchids and chrysanthemums."

Copyright, 1911, by George Matthew Adams. One Man.

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt



LITTLE LESSONS IN VAUDEVILLE. "The Maid and the Butcher." Maid—Have you anything that is good for a stew? Butcher—Sure; I got bromo seltzer—Maid (hurriedly)—Sir! What kind of heart have you? Butcher—O chest a regular single-toned, round-cornered heart. Id is as good as I raised it myself.

Maid—I see you don't understand. I want some meat—just M-E-A-T—and I'm trying to learn what you have that is best. Butcher—Well, dis iss a good place to get id. Id pads a piano store. Maid—How are your fish? Butcher—They're well, 'tank you. How iss your folks? Maid—Let me look at your tongue. Butcher (aside)—By golly, she thinks I got 'pendicils. (Aloud)—Sorry lady, but I can't do id. Id hass a coat on id.

Maid—You are always misunderstanding me. I want some ox tongue. Do I make any sense? Butcher—I should say as nod. Vy, lady, you couldn't make yourself plain mit an ax. No, id iss too hot—der ox tongue iss out. Maid—Have you fresh eggs? Butcher—Sure; ve gott our own egg plant. Maid—And how are your pork chops? Butcher—Vell, pork chops, all right—but bash iss der greatest cut up! (It is time to draw the curtain, before the audience begins to anticipate the jokes. The secret in writing this stuff is to know when to quit.)

Down Fine.

From the Woman's Home Companion