

THE JOURNAL

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to eight acres sown in alfalfa. The daily ration for the cows averaged fifteen to twenty pounds of alfalfa and forty pounds of silage, with a small quantity of corn meal.

The gross return for the year 1911 on the twenty acre farm was \$1600. The expense, including labor, was \$830. The net profit on the 20 acres was \$770, or \$38.50 per acre.

ON TRIAL

It manages to reach an agreement on the road bills, the harmony roads committee will render the state an important service.

WISE GAZABOS

SOME members of the Republican state central committee of Oregon are wise political gazabos. At the moment, when Buana is thundering from Sagamore Hill about leaving the issue to preferential primaries, they are back on their haunches, ululating about "Oregon's fool laws."

MADE IN OREGON

THE state of Oregon imported \$12,000,000 worth of geological products last year. These products were cement, brick, pottery, tile, terra cotta, building stone and other materials from the ground.

THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

SENATOR GARDNER of Maine has introduced a bill for taking over by the government all the properties and enterprises of the express companies. The total cost estimated in the bill is \$39,165,819.

BRITISH MINIMUM WAGE

IT is announced that coal miners in Britain to the number of 800,000 will lay down their tools on Thursday next. Their coal mining in the British islands will absolutely stop.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

THE Illinois state agricultural college has tried out the experiment of a dairy farm of 20 acres. One man was put in charge and he has done all the year's work.

processes in the transaction would throw some light on the high cost of living.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should not exceed 200 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

Getting a Country Home

Oak Grove, Or., Feb. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—In an editorial in The Journal of February 21 you discuss the country and getting a home in the country. I will say there are better chances and opportunities now than there were at the time our fathers came to this country.

STATE AID

IT is important for the grange people to accept the principle of state aid in road building. It is the only way that the great wealth in large centers of population can be given opportunity to pay a just share of the cost of road construction.

CHINA TO DATE

CHINESE news might as well take the shape of bulletins on the health of Yuan Shi Kai—published at least every other day—over the signature of two reputable physicians at Peking, of whom Dr. Morrison, the Times correspondent, should be one.

Amusements in the Churches

Klamath Falls, Or., Feb. 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your comments on the amusements in the churches by people outside the churches by providing them with a place where they can have amusement, meet, respectable, clean minded people, with no devices to induce them to gamble, booze or otherwise engage in dissipation, are pertinent.

Not a Bidder for Gravel Pit

Portland, Feb. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Permit me to correct the inference apt to be drawn from an article in Saturday's Journal sent the Klamath Falls pit tender offered Commissioner Lightner \$2000 per acre or any other sum for the land in question.

Dogs and Roosters

Portland, Feb. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—I should like you to accord me a little space in your valuable paper to take up the thought advanced by "Fair Play" in your issue of the 20th inst., regarding the dog and chicken nuisance—a subject which has been given little or no attention heretofore.

Does Not Want Single Tax

Oregon City, Or., Box 86, R. F. D. 2, Feb. 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the daily Journal of the 20th inst. I noticed a piece in opposition to Stephen A. Lowell for United States senator because he was not a single taxer, over the signature of H. D. Waggon.

The Great Campaign

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

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

They're all progressives and statement No. 1 says now.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A produce dealer at Prineville has adapted the system of handling eggs by weight. He pays 11 cents a pound.

THE A. B. C. MEN

The A. B. C. men may not have quite so much advantage at the polls heretofore.

THE CRAY MEXICANS

The Cray Mexicans are out for a new provisional president every few days.

ALBANY DEMOCRAT

The Albany Democrat: The new St. Francis hotel has already brought a good many people here who would not have come otherwise.

ROOSEVELT SEEMS TO THINK

Roosevelt seems to think he has coined a new and wonderful phrase—"My hat is in the ring."

Nobody should be allowed

Nobody should be allowed to own hundreds of thousands of acres of land, but since some do, they are to be compelled to divide it up.

What would the world be without its wit?

What would the world be without its wit? It might be possible to dispense with an epic poet or two, and the whole race of poets would be lost.

Combining a vivid imagination

Combining a vivid imagination with his brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and the fluency of expression, Sydney Smith was a talker irresistible.

while they dance, then these conservatives

while they dance, then these conservatives could go the road feet at home. They are conscientious in their beliefs and should not be compelled to do them violence.

There are more people in each generation

There are more people in each generation who regard the spirit of a course of life as the true test, instead of the following of some letter. The religious conservatives are making a hard fight to hold their control over all denominations.

As a consequence of these assaults

As a consequence of these assaults and these criticisms, many people who can see no more harm in a game of whist than in one of finch or checkers, are prevented from taking part in church work.

This being true, I repeat that a re-organization

This being true, I repeat that a re-organization of the churches must provide for these two classes, separately.

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Theodore III

W. F. Kirk Los Angeles Examiner

Wife, said Pa, do you remember the other wife I was reading you a lot of good stuff, my new dramatic poems called Theodore III. I remember it, said Ma, I was trying to forget it, Ma said, but I shall have to confess that I remember it. I hope that you are not going to rub it by reading more of it, said Ma.

Well, said Pa, that was my intention, but if you feel that you don't want to know anything about the works of my mentality, Pa said, we will let it go at that, & I will refrain from reading you a single line. You are all the time being because I do not rite something really great, Pa said, I then said, I pull a masterpiece, you say you don't want to hear any of it. You give me a pain, Pa said, I will go & take the whole cheese up.

Don't do that, dearest, said Ma, if you want to read it, to me & Bobbie, read it, Bobbie, said Ma, go & get me my smelling salts & a cold towel for my head. Yure father is going to read sum of his blank verse.

Then Pa began: Theodore III—Well, Fallstaff, I think it's time for fat men to get out of the world. Save that they be good natured, easy going, & little prone to kicking out men's thin men are anarchy, even as thin dogs that snap at children cumming hoam from school.

While chubby dogs are baying at the moon.

Well, said Pa, how do you like that? I think it is fierce, said Ma, please go on & let us have the agony over with. Pa went on:

Fallstaff—Theodore, there was a time in when you & me was pals. There was a time when you was boosting me for president.

Didn't you tell yure peepul I was grate? Theodore, I say, was almost your father, Theodore, I never climbed a Cuban hill.

With culture cavalry to save my hide, but if you think me not truly grate, Theodore, you ought to see me in a lower berth.

Theodore III—Avant! Small pity shall I find from me. I am a Warwick, Kings I make at will. What time I stride through Wall street of the bulls and bears kowtow to me, their bana.

I make bears bull me and I make bulls bear me. The weight of all the rage I care to vent, I make—

Husband, said Ma, husband dear, aren't you nearly there.

Why, said Pa, don't you like it as far as I have read?

Yes, said Ma, I like it that far, all rite, but aren't you nearly there? Little Bobbie is getting awful sleepy & I have a pain in my ear.

All rite, said Pa, you two are a worse audience than two regular actors. It is hard to tell stories to actors, said Pa, but it is harder to read stories to you & Bobbie.

Always in Good Humor

FIXED. From Harper's Weekly. "Has Dinny got a stiddy job yet, Mrs. Mullahey, asked Mrs. Brannigan.

"He has that," said Mrs. Mullahey, "they've sent him to the pintintinery for twenty years."

RIISING TO THE OCCASION

From Harper's Weekly. "Fifty dollars!" cried Batkins, after the judge had named the fine. "Why, judge, that's an outrage. I admit I was going too fast, but fifty dollars—"

"Them's the figgers," said the judge, coldly.

"All rite, I'll pay," said Batkins, "but I'll tell you right now I'll never come through this town again."

"That so?" said the judge. "Wa-al, by Gorry, I'm sorry. You've been a good customer. Bill," he added, turning to the sheriff, "hang craps on the courthouse, will ye? This here gentleman's about to pass on forever."

ONCE STUNG

From Cleveland Plain Dealer. "There was never but one guest at this here hotel that stung me while I was on the job," the landlord confided.

"Several have beat us, but not while I was awake. But this here fellow certainly got one on me. Say, he's livin' here yet, an' he ain't never paid me a cent. Why don't I collect his bill? How can I? Wait till I tell you.

"He'd been stoppin' here for near two months when I approached him on the subject of gettin' somethin' on account. He was cheerful, I was polite, finally I got mad and put it up to him straight."

"Young man, says I, you can't leave this hotel till you pay your bill."

"Will you put that in writin', says he. And before I knowed what I was doin' I done it."

Pointed Paragraphs

A sermon is either based on a text or a pretext.

But it takes a woman to keep a secret she doesn't know.

Bad luck is often but another name for poor management.

It's easier to get left than to be either right or president.

Some men give a dollar with one hand and grab two with the other.

Matrimony transforms the poetry of life into an itemized expense account.

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The big campaign got under way when ceased the rush of Christmas shopping, and now for many a weary day the land will ring with idle yawning. We'll make of politicians gods, and whoop for this and fear at that one, and really it will make no odds if we elect the lean or fat one. We'll wait the golden summer days, a whooping round for Bob or Billy. Alas! we are such all-fired jays! We are so fatuous and silly! It makes no odds to you or me who wins and wears the White House laurel; let windy politicians be, and plant your onions, beans and sorrel. Let statesmen rant in fringed tones about the way to save this nation, while we are eating shining bones down in the loan association. The more they save this weary land, the fiercer grows their wild endeavor, and the more salvation it will stand, and so the job goes on forever. So let the jawminters spring their spears and keep the cheap way to a winning nation, while we are eating down the wheels for rainy days that sure are coming.