

THE JOURNAL

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THE PUBLIC'S OWN FAULT

THERE is a constant cry that we do not have good government. Whose is the fault? Who elects the officials and clothes them with power?

There is an unceasing criticism and censure of legislation. Who is to blame for bad legislation? Who elects the men who do the legislating?

We have been ascribing all these miscarriages of government; to the old convention system. We cannot do it any longer. We have the primary law. We have the corrupt practices act. We have direct election of senators. We have removed the senatorial riots and senatorial bedlam from the legislative sessions.

We have put almost everything into the hands of the people. We have restored to them full power to regulate and control government. We have abolished the convention system. If all this does not bring about good government, whose is the fault?

The people cannot escape the responsibility. They are on trial, and the government in Oregon, in Portland and in every Oregon county or municipality is to be exactly what the people make it. The electors have the power. They have the authority. They have the ballot. They have the means of ascertaining the fitness of candidates.

With all these tools in their hands, if they do not bring about good government they must shoulder the blame. They must not try to shift the responsibility. They must confess the fault as their own. You cannot pick peaches from a persimmon tree. Pure water does not issue from a contaminated fountain. Good government is not yielded by incompetent or unfit officials.

THE character and capacity of the official is not determined by the campaign platforms of the candidates. They all have good platforms. They all make promises. It is the man's record that must be looked to as a guide as to what character of official he will be. If the candidate is able with a glittering platform to bamboozle the public and get into office, it is the public's own fault.

THIS is a new word of French origin and introduction. Its inventors were those workers who were dissatisfied with the slow pace of organized trades-unionism, in both redressing evils in working conditions under which they considered the working classes were suffering, and in raising rates of wages and other returns from labor.

The abandonment is that of the trades-union as known today. The equipment that the syndicalist uses for the work of destruction, is, for the large undertaking, the general strike. In the general strike is unattainable lie, will get as near to it as he can, by organizing or creating sympathetic strikes as half way houses to the aim he strikes at.

vanced form of destructive Socialism. It is promoted by the I. W. W., and under the new name, is the animating spirit of the general strike in European nations. Its emissaries have been striving to assume control of the British coal strike. But, though the younger generation of trades unionists in Britain are better educated in economic subjects than their older co-members, though their methods and demands may be more ambitious and more violent, yet there is a great gulf between the trades unionist and the Syndicalist, in both aims and acts.

Tom Mann, the exponent of violence and the advocate of mutiny, has found himself in jail, and under prosecution that may land him in penal servitude. It is well to recognize the origin and appreciate the obvious end of these new doctrines which are being promulgated on both continents by those who have all to gain and nothing to lose by violent revolution.

THE fact that stands out in the Astoria handicap is that it costs a Walla Walla grower four and a half cents more per hundred to ship his wheat to Astoria than to Tacoma. Though it is down hill to Astoria and up hill to Tacoma, the cost of shipment to Astoria is 90 cents a ton more than to Tacoma.

It is a denial of the law of gravity. It is a reversal of the transportation maxim that the cost of service fixes the rate. It is a rejection of natural law. It is a repudiation of economic law. Is there one reason that anybody can point to for the discrimination? Is there anybody that can name one law of nature or one rule of transportation in defense of the Astoria handicap?

Does anybody defend it on the ground that Astoria is not a seaport? Perhaps. Perhaps Puget sound is the only seaport in the known world.

THE CORPORATION

THE machine which has operated all the recent raids and spoliations, the loots and grafts, in Wall street and outside it is the American corporation. This machine was a growth rather than an invention. Without it the factory, the railroad, the steamship line, the mine, the bank and the trust could not have been evolved. To it the millionaire owes his fortune, the capitalists of industry their power over the bodies and souls of men, as well as over the markets and exchanges of the world.

The special advantage of the corporation was that the contributor to it, although a partner in the enterprise by sharing in its profits, escaped liability for its conduct beyond the amount of his stock subscription. Next came the evolution of the office of the directors, who wielded, between them, the powers of ownership derived from the capital jointly subscribed.

This power was a joint endowment, to be exercised, not for the benefit of the individual director, but for the good and profit of the corporation as a whole. It follows that any director who assumed to contrive and engineer the doings and dealings of the corporation for his own good is either a looter or a grafter—since no individual profit can be his in law or common fairness, except as it is attached to his percentage of stock contribution to the enterprise, and shared with his associates in the corporation, one and all.

Yet read the terse recital of the doings of H. O. Havemeyer with the sugar trust, told in the Saturday Evening Post of Saturday last. Notice how in 1887 he expanded six million dollars—the capital of seventeen refineries—into fifty million dollars of trust stock. Of this enlargement Havemeyer and his associates were generously satisfied with twenty millions. So on, in three following enormous purchases and conversions, this man, the president of the directorate of the trust board, absorbed over eleven and a half million dollars through the use of the funds and organization of the corporation through the board over which he presided.

Remember the revelations of the Equitable Insurance company's operations in the transactions exposed by Justice Hughes. How many of the millions gained root in the pockets of the directors who engineered the deals? Follow down the dark history of the greatest coup of all—the steel corporation. Outside the master schemer himself, who avoided the responsibility of personal office in the corporations that he contrived, hardly one of the diggers in that gold mine but wore the Ivory and wielded the powers of the corporations interested.

And so on, time and space fall to add to the recital. Corporation gain is throughout diminished by personal advantage secured by wielding corporate power. As fast as the details of all such moneymaking are uncovered the public contempt and resentment is stifled with the plea that, the statute of limitations applies and it is too late to dig to the bottom. The co-conspirators are either silenced with a share of the spoils or belong to other circles of the same game.

terprises enhanced prices have to pay all such profits. One simple remedy is worth trying. If every director were declared by clear cut legislation a trustee, as well as an active officer, for and of the corporation in which he holds office, illegitimate profits resulting directly or indirectly from his office-holding would be not his, but would enure to the corporation itself which he served.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RECORD

TOMORROW The Journal will republish, by request, the record of Governor Woodrow Wilson in carrying out his campaign promises. The record is so impressive that its republication has been requested both by men who have read it and by others who have only heard of it.

Campaign platforms are usually something to get in on. After election, officials frequently tear them up. After election, political parties often ignore them. Woodrow Wilson is different. He has made his pledge as good as his bond. In New Jersey, Campaign promises that he makes in that state are, by reason of his record, current in every county at par.

He made five distinct pledges to the people of New Jersey when he was a candidate. He redeemed every one of them after election, carrying with him a senate that was Republican by twelve to nine, and added several reform laws as good measure.

It is doubtful if there has ever been in public life a man who has so completely performed all and more than he promised. That it was Governor Wilson alone who was the living force that compelled the new order in New Jersey, is admitted by friend and foe alike. It was only his commanding mentality, his great knowledge of men and his ability as a leader that made it possible, at one legislative session, to transform New Jersey from a boss-ridden, trustified annex of Wall street, into a progressive and splendidly governed commonwealth.

The story that The Journal will print tomorrow on its editorial page reads like a new chapter in American public life. It is so unusual as to seem unreal, yet it has the record and the truth behind it.

Wall street doesn't want Woodrow Wilson for president. But millions of his countrymen do. The record of Governor Wilson's public life in New Jersey explains the opposition of the one and the desires of the other.

PRACTICAL GERMANS

IN America we are satisfied to provide professors and instructors in household economy for our girls, and all the equipment for a working kitchen, a hygienic bedroom, an appropriate dining room, and an effective workroom, in full faith in the good sense of the girls and of their mothers to make use of these appliances for a successful modern home. The people can be trusted—as Colonel Roosevelt would say.

There is a German women's congress which has just begun its sessions in Berlin. At the very opening it was proposed that laws be passed compelling the German bride to produce evidence that she had passed at least one year in household studies and in active work in the house. Without this proof, no wedding.

One of the speakers discussed a project recently suggested for compelling German young women to put in a year in some form of military service, just as the young men are so prepared for the duties of national defence which they may be called on to perform. But response was made that home and motherhood were woman's most important sphere, and that a year of preparation should be required, failing which no girl should have a legal right to marry.

A later speaker proposed a law by which a wife should have the right legally to demand a fixed sum for the household, and for her own expenses, commensurate in a reasonable and settled proportion with the husband's income. Such a proposal probably showed the presence of a "new woman"—a feminine Saul among the prophets.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE

SOME say that the tide from the land to the city has turned, in response to efforts made to give more interests and more profit to the farmer in return for the products of his work. Not yet is this the case if appearances are to be trusted. The truth is that to succeed in the city a man must be a business man, active, alert, industrious, and giving to his business the best that is in him. As not all men are built on these lines there are failures in the city.

All that the nation, and the state, and the commercial clubs, and the bankers, and the railroads are doing is to try to carry to the country the very same atmosphere that tells of success in the city. We are all trying to make the country man active, alert, interested, sanguine, industrious. And we are trying to work this change in the country dwellers, all at once. Why is there not rapid and apparent success? For one reason the farmers live much more in each other's sight than do the townsmen. If one makes an onward step, tries a new crop, invests in new stock,

branches out in a new farm industry, all his neighbors know it, and are on the watch. Mayhap that advance has gone a bit too fast, has tried out an experiment before he had quite learned his lesson. The trial has not made good. Every one around knows it, and plumes himself on his caution in waiting.

It will be some time before another gains courage to try. Another obstacle in the new way is the shyness of the average farmer and his fear of ridicule. The experimenter is a marked man, and, though he would not admit it, dreads a nickname, for getting out of the ruck.

A third trouble is the want of courage to let go of the old ways, in which the farmer is sure of himself, and sure also of the medium and safe returns on which the family living rests. Against all this what is to be put? The vigorous lift of the new education, the influence of the college, of the papers, of the shows and fairs, of the grange, of the railroad, and of the experimental farm. This last, backed by the resident or traveling instructor, must never be forgotten. And, not least, the pervasive influence of the neighboring, enterprising and progressive farmer, who, knowing he is right, fears not to go ahead.

So we may as well all join the procession as left behind, ran over in the old rut. NEWS FROM JERUSALEM

ONLY a few years ago the past and the present in Jerusalem were connected without a visible break. There was nothing in the appearance of the narrow streets, rough and unshaved, dirty and unlighted, in the dark shops and ancient buildings, to suggest the nineteenth, much less the twentieth century. The water supply of the city was as in the days of the Crusaders. The government and policing of the city was no better than in the ordinary Turkish town.

By some strange impulse from the changes at Constantinople, from the inspiration of progress from the Young Turks, very recent travelers notice a general awakening in the city.

The last arrival is a large American motor road roller. A new and efficient tramway service is being installed. Tenders are now invited for lighting the city by electricity. The water supply is taken in hand. Large reservoirs are to be constructed twelve and eighteen miles in the upper valley of the Brook Cherith, north of the city. The paving of the streets is being undertaken. A telephone service has been already installed. Lastly, the Turkish police are being equipped with bicycles. Can the force of progress any farther go. A Turkish bicycle policeman in Jerusalem! What next?

CHURCH UNION

IN Australia the union of the Church of England—that is the Protestant Episcopal church, as it is known here—with the Presbyterian church has been long under consideration. Commissions or committees on union which have been meeting for many months for discussion of the points of faith and practice which have kept the two bodies apart have now come to a conclusion, which is to be submitted as a basis of cooperation and union.

It is proposed that union shall be effected and consummated by a joint solemn act under the sanction and authority of both churches, in which each church shall confer upon the presbyters of the other all the rights and privileges necessary for the exercise of their office in the united church, so that from the moment of such union all the presbyters of each church shall have equal status in the United church.

The creeds of these two great branches of the Christian church appear to have been left untouched in these deliberations, each retaining its own formula of faith. Between the creeds there is no real variance. But it is hard to imagine a United church of which one part should trace its origin, according to its convictions, back to the days of the Apostles, and its ministry to the three orders of bishops, priests and deacons. And the other part should carry on the usages and submit to the governance of elders and synods after the Presbyterian mode, while the pulpits of each division should be open to the ministers of the other on terms of absolute equality.

Thought It Was the Climate. From Cincinnati Times-Star. A Scotchman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue.

"Hey, mannie," said the pink Scotchman, "can ye no tell me wheer I'll find the kirk?" "The darkey took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go right up to you wee hoose and turn to ye're right, and gang up the hill," said he.

Obed Instructions. From Life. Prisoner—I didn't steal the horse. I only took him from the fellow what stole him. Sheriff—I phoned that to the vigilance committee, but it's no go. He phoned me to hang up the receiver.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should not exceed 250 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

Welcomes to Portland. Portland, Or., March 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—"The hero of Seattle" has been engaged by some patriotic land owners of Portland to come to Oregon and wipe up the earth with the single taxers. He is to get \$3000 for the job. Cheap at half the money! His name is Charles H. Shields, and he proposes to stand in the front and bare his breast to the storms and rage of the single tax while he "shields" the people of Oregon from an awful fate.

We have heard much of "paid advocates of the single tax." Now comes a paid advocate of tax dodging, fresh from the slaughter of Seattle, and proposes great things. He, in Seattle, the single taxers do not think they have been slaughtered. They think that with a three week's campaign, a few hundred dollars and a handful of speakers, to get 12,000 votes for one tax measure and 5000 for another, is a very good work. They propose to carry on a year's campaign and to establish a state campaign for better forms of taxation in Washington.

The 5000 empty houses in Seattle are not filling up. The single tax in Seattle did not empty them. Every day a man comes back from British Columbia, or sends back, and a family bundles its trunks on a steamer and hikes from Seattle to a section of the world where improvements are taxed nothing for local purposes and next year will be taxed nothing for state purposes. Shields says that they have no single tax in British Columbia. Very well then, Charles. There is no proposal to have the single tax in Portland, either. We want what they have in British Columbia and just a little more. That little more is what they are already preparing for in British Columbia in addition to what they have now. They call it "horse sense" in British Columbia. In Seattle Shields said it was "confiscation!" There will be seven months in Oregon to nail the lies that Shields will tell. There was only three or four days for some of them in Seattle. The people there have found out. Anyway, welcome to Charles H. Shields, the great anti-single taxer. Portland needs him. Our tax dodgers need him. Our big land speculators who want to see 100,000 people come to Portland to buy some of the real estate in Seattle, Seattle is a shining example. Five thousand empty houses in Seattle where Shields has saved the city from confiscation! Thousands building more homes in Vancouver and Victoria where "confiscation" has created a land boom.

Will the Voters "Get Wise." Astoria, Or., March 29.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A friend of mine in eastern Oregon writes that he believes that I ought to be sent as a delegate to the Democratic national convention, not only because I am the homeliest, but also one of the liveliest candidates for delegate on the Democratic ticket.

The mackerel was one of the great staple fish foods of the country as far back as colonial days, and the fishery was a lively one, prosecuted in New England, and, to some extent, in the middle Atlantic states. In 1886, after several years of unprecedented abundance, the mackerel dropped off suddenly and has never resumed its former plenteousness.

The fishery of last year was the poorest in the history of the country. As against a catch of about 500,000 barrels of salted fish in 1885, the catch of 1910 was only 2700 barrels.

There are today invested in the mackerel fishery nearly \$2,000,000, but the fishery is being prosecuted more in the way of a lottery than anything else. Notwithstanding the long continued disappearance of the mackerel, vessels are fitted out every spring in the expectation that the missing fish will come back in as great numbers as in 1885.

Sixteen hundred men have been year after year holding on to this fishery with the hope that something will turn up. If the mackerel were to come back their vessels would make tremendous profits. Salted mackerel are worth \$40 a barrel today whereas in 1880 they sold for \$4 to \$5 a barrel.

The diminution in the catch came so suddenly that it is difficult to ascribe it to active fishing operations. The board of fisheries experts have been inclined to believe that there are some physical factors operating on the eggs and the young which prevent the development of the young fish, but they do not know positively.

It is hoped that the international investigation by the fisheries experts will determine whether the mackerel has recently undergone a decrease in abundance or has sought other grounds and is likely to return.—U. S. Fisheries Bulletin.

SEVEN FAMOUS TRAITORS

Benedict Arnold.

When Benedict Arnold lay dying in a rude garret in London, an aged minister stood beside his couch. He was keeping a death watch within the shattered walls. "Would you die a Christian?" he asked, as he knelt on the damp floor. "Christian?" he said. "Will that faith give me back my honor. Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood. This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; when I planted the banner of the stars and stripes; when I led the trusty Continental army to the battle of Quebec; and when I am a—let me whisper in your ear—a traitor!"

The aged minister unrolled the faded flag. He examined the dying man's parchment. It was a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to Benedict Arnold. And there in that rude but unworn, unknown, in all the bitterness of denunciation, lay the corpse of the patriot and traitor.

Thus died Benedict Arnold, once the pride of the American army, but ambition had made him so far forget himself as to betray the trust that was placed in him. He had attempted to betray the strong post of West Point and its dependencies into the hands of the enemy. As a soldier and a leader he was the bravest of the brave. Washington admired his genius, but he was distrustful of his patriotism. Now was he alone suspicious. "Money is this man's god, and to get enough of it he would sacrifice his country," said Colonel Brown in a hand-bill almost four years before Arnold's defection.

enter a city and you find the palace side by side with the poor cottage. The superiority of the teaching of Christ is, he teaches us to leave our fellow men as ourselves, and if we have any good, to share it with our brother. Read John 3: 14-16 also: "If I live, and I John 3: 15-17. "Hark ye, perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; so we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods and hath not his brother's help, he hath left up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the lives of God in him!" LUMAN NORTON JUDD.

Benefits of Single Tax.

To the Editor of The Journal—"The single tax would exempt money, notes and accounts," says the Oregonian, which opposes single tax. Under the present law most of the money, notes and accounts is exempt contrary to law, because the owners of such business, in interest to the borrower. The higher rate of interest injures the borrower and helps no one except the money lender, who often charges more interest on account of the tax and then dodges the tax.

Who is benefited by a tax on notes and accounts? No one, unless the holder of the note falls to it into his assessment and then charges higher interest on account of the tax. Business cannot be conducted without credits. A tax on money, notes and accounts is a tax on credit; so it is a tax on business, on industry, on the arts, on the part of the machinery of business and industry. We want more business and more industry. Why tax a necessary part of the machinery of industry and business?

If the exemption of money, notes and accounts from taxation is injurious to the community, perhaps the Oregonian can show how the taxation of such property helps the community. Why doesn't it show? W. G. EGGLESTON.

Query.

Lebanon, Or., March 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—If Theodore I. is elected and crowned on March 4, 1913, will he continue as the ruler about death? Will Princess Alice be crowned at the close of four years? Will we have to make provision for the other members of the royal family as is done in other monarchies? We are willing to be taxed and go hungry that our king may revel in luxury, but we believe he should not tax us to go through the expense of an election every four years. But if he should require it, we bow in humble submission and sing "Long Live the King!" SUBSCRIBER.

America's Missing Mackerel.

The mackerel was one of the great staple fish foods of the country as far back as colonial days, and the fishery was a lively one, prosecuted in New England, and, to some extent, in the middle Atlantic states. In 1886, after several years of unprecedented abundance, the mackerel dropped off suddenly and has never resumed its former plenteousness.

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Pointed Paragraphs

Don't attempt to feed a starving man with advice. Some candidates look around for an issue in order to dodge it. The self made man has an abundant supply of reverence for his maker.

A man realizes how foolish he is when he is sober, but when drunk he forgets it. Many a man who calls a spade a spade applies other names to a snow shovel. It's easier to forget what you ought to know than to know what you ought to forget.

A woman never thinks her husband so unreasonable as when he expects her to be reasonable. It is often difficult to tell whether a woman's laughter means tears or her tears mean laughter. When a conceited man meets a pretty girl he feels that she is to be congratulated because of their meeting.

Mistaken Kindness. From Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The servants were abed and the doctor answered the bell himself. A colored man stood on the steps holding a large package. "Is Miss Matilda, the cook, at home, sah?" asked the man. "Yes, but she has retired," returned the doctor. "Can I leave dis fo' her, sah?" "Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle, from which flowers and buds were protruding, and after bidding his man good night, carefully carried it into the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water. The doctor thought nothing more of the affair until he heard Matilda's angry voice raised in conversation with the man. "Ef I had de pusson heah," cried the cook, "dat put mah new spring hat in dis yer dispan I'd scald 'em fo' sho!" As Far as He Knew. From the Washington Herald. "I say, old man, is your wife a blonde?" "Was when she left for Palm Beach last month, and I haven't seen anything to the contrary in the society papers." "Believing that the colonist passenger traffic was being curtailed through the service, the management of the N. C. O. has announced that, beginning April 7, Lakeview will be given daily service to and from Reno, with a 12 hour schedule, one train each way daily.

The Jail Army

Julian Leavitt in American Magazine. "If you will only stop to think of it, I heard Professor John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School, tell the American Prison Association at Washington, in 1910, there are between three thousand and four thousand men in the country today holding official positions whose sole business every day of their lives is to send people to jail. I mean the prosecuting attorneys."

"And there are two thousand to three thousand men whose sole business is to cooperate in sending men to jail. I mean the criminal judges. And these five thousand or six thousand men are every day sending men to jail without, for the most part, any conception of the science of sending men to jail. They not only do not know that science, but most of them do not know there is a science, and when you speak of it to them they do not care. * * *

"Now Professor Wigmore is not a sensationalist. He is one of the foremost academic jurists of the country. He is president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, which is the one learned body in this field that America can boast. His statement, though strikingly bold, was carefully considered. It was addressed to a serious body of men and women; and it was accepted, promptly and emphatically, as a correct statement of existing conditions. I feel safe, therefore, in building upon it."

"Every year these judges and prosecuting attorneys imprison, in care-free fashion, enough men, women and boys to depopulate a city as great as Boston or Pittsburgh. They put these creatures away and promptly forget them. The rest of us never think of them. They must be plain to every thinking mind that in a society so closely knit as ours is today you cannot put away a half million human beings every year and forget them. One need be no sentimentalist to hold that 'We are members one of another'—in a sense as real and literal as ever St. Paul meant these words; for, after all, these people do not stay in prison forever. All but a handful of 'ifers'—some five thousand, more or less—sooner or later find their way back to us, their lives touching ours at many points, unseen and unsuspected. If the prison has broken them it is we who pay the bill in the end."

Always in Good Humor

OUT OF POCKET. From Ideas. He was a rather over-dressed youth and attracted much attention when he entered the car. He occupied the only vacant seat beside a rather elderly gentleman. When the conductor came for his fare he fumbled for his money and then suddenly became very pale. "Oh, I've been robbed!" he gasped. "There is nothing but a bit of an old cigar in my pocket."

"My boy," said the deep bass voice of the man by his side, "would you mind taking your hand out of my pocket?" MADE A DIFFERENCE. From Tit-Bits. It was kit inspection and the different companies of the battalion were standing with their kit on the ground in front of them. The sergeant major was making the examination, when his eagle eye detected the absence of soap in the kit of Private Flinn, and he demanded what excuse the man had to give.

"Flime, sorr, it's all used, said Flinn. "Used!" shouted the sergeant. "What! 'Why, the first cake of soap I had served me for my kit lasted me three years, while you are not a year in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?" Flinn's eyes had the faintest suspicion of a twinkle, as he replied: "Flime, sorr, I wash every day." And the sergeant major walked on while the whole company grinned.

SHED KNEW. From McCall's Magazine. "My dear," called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?" "Why," he said, "with a can opener; what did you suppose I was doing it with?" "Well," replied his wife, "I thought from your remarks you were opening it with prayer."

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