

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER... PUBLISHED every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, 225 Fifth Street, Portland, Or.

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WHAT A TRAVESTY! THE inflated price of eggs in the United States is causing importation of European eggs. Half a million foreign eggs arrived in New York the other day, and millions more are on the Atlantic ocean, en route to New York consignees.

What a travesty on the economies of American life when thickly crowded Europe turns off egg products from its tiny farms, pays the storage and refrigeration fee, pays the cost of transportation and insurance across the Atlantic, pays the fees to middlemen, and then sells the product to New York buyers at a less price than they can buy American eggs!

What a comment on American methods of distribution when this country with its vast natural resources, its great roomy outdoors, its broad farm acres and tremendous agricultural production is importing eggs from over-congested Europe because they can be bought more cheaply!

The answer and explanation is the \$44,000,000 eggs held in monopoly by the barons of cold storage as a means of forcing up prices, controlling market and making colossal profits. The answer and explanation is the \$20,500 profits made on a single lot of 50,000 crates of American eggs put in storage at 20 cents and less last April and now selling on the markets at 38 to 55 cents per dozen.

Yet, in this drag for profits, the egg gamblers are collecting heavy toll from the hospitals of the land. They are extorting tribute from those on beds of pain. They are dragging blood money out of the asylums, the sanitariums and the places where the spent and weak are under treatment.

In all these places, the egg is a chief article of diet. It is almost the only food that thousands upon thousands can take. It is a crime for the extortions to be practiced upon those who are strong in the race for survival. It is wicked, vicious and infamous for tribute to be laid upon the homes of the poor, upon the sick and weary and upon the hospitals with their care of the weak, the spent and the helpless.

THE GUN TOTERS JUDGE McDONALD, of Chicago's superior court, in an address last Saturday said that 40 per cent of the murders were due to the practice of carrying concealed weapons. He urged that a state law should be passed under which it would be possible to punish men guilty of the practice by sending them to the penitentiary for a maximum of 10 years for the first offense and for life after the second conviction.

The day before Judge McDonald made his address a New York judge sent Antonio Concha, a "gunman," to Sing Sing prison for 14 years for carrying a concealed weapon. Concha was convicted and sentenced under what is known as the Sullivan law, a new enactment, which makes the carrying of concealed weapons a crime instead of a mere misdemeanor.

Concha is a gunman, a type that makes life in New York little more than a gamble. Under the Sullivan law he was caught before he killed his next victim, and he is taking the gun cure in the right way. The ordinary gun toter is not a Concha, but the man who carries a revolver is taking chances against human life which he should not take. The cases where a concealed weapon aided the cause of right and justice are few and far between. The cases where it brought death and disaster are almost countless.

A GOOD ROADS BILL SENATOR SMITH, of Georgia, told the National Conservation congress that the federal government should lend its aid in the building of good roads. He has introduced a bill in the senate, similar to the Shackelford bill which passed the house at the last session of congress but was defeated in the senate.

The bill authorizes the use of \$2,000,000 by the secretary of agriculture, in cooperation with officials of the states, for the purpose of demonstrating by tests what can be accomplished toward improving the average country road. It is provided that an annual appropriation of not to exceed \$20,000,000 shall be distributed among the states to aid in the improvement of what is known as class C roads—the best type of country highways, as distinguished from macadam roadways.

Washington dispatches are to the effect that congressmen and senators are alive to the necessity of a nation wide good roads program. The problems growing out of poor highways are not limited to any one section. The benefits that would accrue from an interstate system of good roads would extend to every part of the country and to the people as a whole.

Experience and logic are back of the proposition that the issue of good roads is one of national concern. It is the federal government's duty to lend all possible assistance in promoting the great task of highway improvement. There is no reason why this economic problem, affecting all the people of the entire nation, should be disregarded by congress.

The Smith bill is evidence that sentiment in congress is swinging in the right direction. States which are actively interested in the good roads cause should be encouraged and given whatever assistance it is possible.

SPEED THE CAUCUS THE Democrats of the senate are perfectly justified in resorting to a caucus on the currency bill. It is not only advisable, but it is intelligent at this juncture to apply the caucus. President Wilson and the Democratic leaders of the senate strove to prevent the currency bill from becoming a party measure. It was preferred that such legislation should be a great patriotic bill, supported by members of all parties.

But the big bankers have bluffed and cajoled most of the Republicans and some of the Democrats in the senate into belief in a central bank. They have induced enough of them to favor it to bring about the confusion and distraction by which the bankers hope to defeat the bill or secure such an amendment as will allow them to still control the currency and credit of the country.

of the eggs. It is done by means of the Chicagoan who spent several years in producing a frog from gamblers to pursue their terrible game of taking heavy tribute from rich and poor alike, throughout the entire United States.

Before long, there will probably be duplications of the Cleveland storage plant in various parts of the country.

A LAND CASE MOST amazing case of fraudulent land operations is on trial in the federal court in Portland.

In the extent and character of the operations, the promoters were scarcely less reckless than the managers of the notorious Columbia River Orchard company. In the present case, lands on top of mountains 7000 feet high were sold as first class Oregon fruit lands.

The accused began business with \$500 in cash and a contract for wild lands in 12 counties at \$6 an acre. The lands were represented in some instances as in cultivation, and in others as logged off lands ready for the plow. Fake pictures of lands the company did not own were palmed off on purchasers as representing the lands they were buying.

The company falsely claimed in its advertising that it had deeds to the land. Accompanying the advertising matter was the offer to give each purchaser a free lot at Klamath Falls as a bonus. Representations were made that the lots were worth all that was paid for both the lands and the lot. Though represented to be within the city limits of Klamath Falls, the lots were three miles from the city, and were bought by the company at \$2.40 each.

The lands were the Mays-Jones school lands that figured in the famous Oregon land fraud trials and a considerable portion was located in the Blue mountains. The new case gives added slime to these lands with an already unsavory reputation.

For the present, the case is mentioned as showing the lengths to which men go in chasing money. It seems incredible when there are legitimate ways of getting along in the world that so many will resort to the illegitimate.

It is another example of the immorality and the peril of land speculation. The hope of getting rich by over-capitalization of lands is tremendously demoralizing. It leads men into wicked schemes and vicious practices. It is a lure that makes men drunk with the intoxication of anticipated easy riches and irresponsibly reckless in their plans to gouge, swindle and pluck their fellow men.

Land speculation is one of the banes of organized society. It is one of the problems of the age.

DRAINING OUR SUBSTANCE MORE than \$2,000,000 goes out of Oregon every year to pay premiums on life insurance to companies in distant states. More than \$25,000,000 has accumulated and is held in trust by the life insurance companies of other states as reserve on insurance in force for Oregon policy holders. It is a heavy drain on this state.

There is no doubt of the economic advantage from the state standpoint of insuring with home companies. If we finance our own insurance, it is like underwriting our own bonds. We keep the interest money and profits at home, where they add to the general stock of money.

The time has come when the Far West should expand its financial operations. We should do more of the things that our vast surplus capital would enable us to do. The bank deposits of Oregon total \$132,762,156. There are surplus and undivided profits in the banks of \$10,233,129. Portland is one of the richest cities per capita in the world, and could go along way in financing operations.

We ought to do things to lessen the steady flow of interest, profits and dividends eastward. The present banking system along with fire insurance, life insurance, bonds and other things gives the Far East enormous advantage in accumulating profits.

The accumulating process has gone on so long that nearly one half the aggregate assets of our banks, and of the individual deposits in banks are in three states—Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. The state of New York alone holds nearly thirty per cent of both items.

The individual deposits in New York exceed such deposits in all the Middle Western states combined, and are more than three times as great as the aggregate in thirteen prosperous Southern states.

The reduction of the tariff and the enactment of a new currency bill will be powerful factors in giving other parts of the country a chance to increase their banking power and occupy a more independent position in affairs financial.

Charles S. Mellen drew a salary of \$75,000 a year from the New Haven railroad for a long time, but having been succeeded in that employ, he now says no man is worth more than \$25,000 a year.

Young and inexperienced Vincent Astor, who has \$100,000,000 and proposes to run a model farm, must have an exaggerated idea of his wealth.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF SMALL CHANGE The Thaw case is not quite frozen up yet. Only about a month till Christmas!

Late buyers deserve to get the poorer bargains. Better more rain than necessary than not enough.

Two more chances to become son-in-law to the president. Now hop growers are doing the sensible thing—organizing.

A Thanksgiving dinner to the hungry poor doesn't help much; but a little, let's hope.

The man with hens that won't lay feels worse than one who can't afford to buy eggs.

Sometimes an ultra pious man needs more watching than one not so ostentatiously righteous.

The signs of a hard winter and of an easy winter are about a standoff; anybody can discover either.

Of course any desired number of "alienists"—if paid enough—will swear that Hans Schmidt is insane.

Looks like Portland was to gain worldwide celebrity as a city of theatres, as well as a city of roses.

A Seattle judge—Humphreys—says he would not be afraid to put Hueftia in jail. If he can do so, and will, all will be forgiven.

Incredible things still occur occasionally. In Multnomah county women pensioners have asked to have their pension stopped.

Now the morning newspaper is horrified at the suggestion that the administration at Washington is "fostering a sister nation (Mexico) into bankruptcy."

From the Boston Globe. Next week comes the struggle of the last quarter over the administration's currency bill in the senate. The first half was fought in the house, and resulted in heavy losses in favor of the President Wilson. The third quarter was closely contested in the senate. The Democratic line will hold solid, and Mr. Wilson, the able head coach, can feel reasonably sure of another great victory in the monetary struggle.

Mr. Wilson's record in office has been remarkable; it has been astounding. Americans are just beginning to realize his power—the increased power of the presidency. No American president has ever dominated legislation as did Mr. Wilson, during the tariff debates, and he is now doing the same with reference to the currency bill. The tariff bill was framed by Mr. Underwood in the house and Mr. Simmons in the senate, and for all time it will bear the name of the tariff of Mr. Underwood and Mr. Wilson. It was the president who laid down the broad principles on which the bill should be framed, and later Mr. Wilson went further than the leader of the house in striking down the duties on the raw materials. At the same time Mr. Wilson consulted, in every clash of opinion Mr. Wilson won.

Mr. Wilson has shown himself a leader of men and a statesman of rare ability. He is not hesitant, vacillating or irresolute. He has a firm grip on his own mind, and he has been able to outwit the wily and subjected the unruly. The last trap was the proposal to adjourn tired congress over Thanksgiving week, but Mr. Wilson saw that if the currency bill was delayed too long it would be subjected to the rigors of the supply and routine bills of a regular session. The debate therefore opens on Monday.

No president has exercised and secured such control of congress as has Mr. Wilson. The tariff bill proved this. The monetary legislation was a far greater test of his powers. The average man understands a tariff pledge.

ly competent man to run and repair it. With a common laborer to aid him, these two to be paid suitably by the government. The farmer's engine could be used to pull logs to a portable mill, also owned by the same farmer's union, to be saved by them for home use. There are always a considerable number of trees on logged off land, most of which could be saved by an ordinary mill.

All the farmers to whom I have proposed this plan have approved it, though many say it might be difficult to get so many farmers to agree and work without friction. But it seems to me it would be easy to discipline any unruly members of an organization that could very nearly if not quite quadruple the work of all when working individually and without machinery.

The ordinary associations have had many difficulties to contend with and not a few kickers; yet they have now become well established and have added an enormous prestige and stability to the dairy industry. The donkey engine need of more cleared land do likewise. J. ALBRIGHT.

Recipe for Liquid Yeast. Hood River, Or., Nov. 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—For the benefit of an inquirer, Mrs. Flog, who requests appearing recently in The Journal, I ask you to publish the following recipe for liquid yeast: Take one ounce of hops and two potatoes and two quarts of water, and boil for 15 minutes. Mix in flour to a thin batter. Let set for five hours or overnight, then strain through a colander. When you make dough, take four times as much water. OREGON BOY.

Sentimentality. From the Montreal Star. The Springfield Republican is convinced that sentimentality is not on the wane, but that it has changed its point of emphasis. We agree. Because the Lydia Langshues have disappeared, and with them the Amelias of a later date, because no one now spends a moonlight night under a starry sky, because the kiss denied him, because the love-sick swain keeps his emotional aberration to himself and the faithless lady recognizes the necessity for money-bags, is there any reason why we should beat our breasts in thanksgiving that we are not as the apostles, and that the wounded susceptibilities of a white rabbit which has lost its young, as a former generation was cruel to the mothers whose sons were kidnapped for passage for foreign wars. Why was Sulzer elected in New York, and what monstrosities and malign intelligences directed the cheers that were raised for Harry Thaw in Coaticook and the bou-

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE The Thaw case is not quite frozen up yet. Only about a month till Christmas!

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OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Lane county's "white owl" will soon supply the power to turn the wheels of industry over a large part of the state, the Eugene Register says.

The Medford Sun, scorning all saving classes, says of the man who had made a fortune "making the regular daily shot at Mr. Hueftia they do report he is good to his family. And what villain in history or fiction was not?"

"However we look at it," says the Hermiston Herald, "an office in a small town is a thankless job," thus accounting for the fact that the offices to be filled at the coming city election are beckoning to the wary citizen in vain.

"What promises to be the largest grange in the state," says the Hood River News, "was instituted at Parkdale last Wednesday evening, when 62 charter members were present, making it the largest grange ever chartered in Oregon."

Baker Herald: Like the pioneers of the early fifties, T. P. Towle of Cold Springs, S. D., crossed the plains and mountains with a pack of pack animals, brought his wife and grandchildren with him, and came to Oregon. He has 480 acres in South Dakota and intends to go into the stock business here.

The Cornelius Tribune man can't let the Beaverfoot Owl alone, and points out that the Owl is a freak in that it has only three pages. Once there was published in Idaho a paper with nine pages, and not one was a blank page, either. The class in mental arithmetic may take the problem.

Astorian: Still the granberry vine comes out to the lower Columbia country. They will some day figure vastly in the scale of local wealth, and the money that is being made in making them in the list of successful growers will be safest and surest among the rich of this section. It is one of those industries which cannot be overdone, because there is not land enough on earth to permit the excess.

Until recently the president was simply an executive required to administer the laws. That was the original theory of the framers of the Constitution. The theory is archaic now. The president is no longer a mere administrator of the laws, but originates and controls the legislative program as well. He is like the prime minister in England in power, except that he is not a member of the house and does not regularly attend in person the sessions of congress.

Congress has accepted this leadership because its members know that the president is sustained by public sentiment, and if they oppose him they themselves will be weakened.

The country has accepted President Wilson's leadership. He is strong today because of his firm grip on the government. The people want a strong leader. We should not have a head to fight for them rather than to have an invisible lobby fighting unfairly against them.

The lobby for years has tried more or less successfully to control congress. It was the millstone around the neck of the monetary legislation. President Wilson is crushing the lobby, and congress itself as well as the country is thankful.

Earthquake Insurance. Boston Transcript. The proposition brought before the National Board of Fire Underwriters and affiliated organizations in New York yesterday the effect that fire rates should be increased so as to accumulate a sinking fund to draw upon in case of conflagrations, is rather a new idea in that branch of insurance, and was prompted by the experience of a London company that lost in San Francisco a million dollars more. These would have been the same millions if the earthquake, yet that has been constantly quoted since as a justification of advanced insurance rates, so apparently property owners have been paying more because of a convulsion of nature that could not have been foreseen. Conflagrations in large cities in these days should be practically out of the picture, it is hardly possible to make the eastern insurer keep on paying for a California earthquake.

The Revolver. —Berton, Bralley in Cincinnati Post. It once was weapon of the strong, Who left the dull and dolt, Who took the land of gold; It made all men of equal height In such matters the world was. It spoke in many a fair-fought fight, Where life is rough and raw.

It rendered justice as was mete 'Twixt Gialbelline or Guelp, Where each man stood upon his feet, It had some glory at its best, Some glimmer of romance, And those winners of the west Who dared to take a chance.

It once was weapon of the brave, But in this age of the machine The coward and the slinking knave Have made it black with crime; It is the weapon of the pack, The slink, by night its prey, Then shoots the victim in the back And loots—and runs away!

It is the comrade and the mate Of those who heat and slay, Of murderers degenerate, The gangster and the thug.

FATHER OF CANAL

From the Houston Chronicle. It was appropriate that the delegates to the Southern Commercial congress should pause in their discussion of the Panama canal to pay tribute to the man whose unflinching and persistent efforts, more than anything else, made it possible.

The south, and for that matter the nation, owe John T. Morgan a debt of gratitude that can not be repaid in marble or bronze. For more than a quarter of a century he labored unwearyingly for the construction of an interoceanic waterway.

Throughout the stormy days of '88, '92 and '98, when the country was quarreling over petty political issues, he kept the question of an isthmian canal alive. At times he stood comparatively alone in advocating this momentous project, while the world seemed to be on the point of its accomplishment.

It made little difference to his determination whether he addressed empty benches or pleaded before cheering thousands. Through storm or fair weather it was the home, always preaching, still urging, always advocating the construction of an isthmian canal.

He talked it on the floor of the senate; he talked it in the cloak rooms; he talked it at banquets, and he talked it on the streets. He pestered his colleagues with arguments and explanations. He filled the Congressional Record with data and statistics. He buttonholed visitors and appealed to them for help in achieving that great stroke of providence.

Senators and representatives became impatient at times or ridiculed him as a crank. He paid no attention to such immaterialities, but went doggedly on. Few men have ever been blessed with such tenacity and fewer still with tenacity in such worthy cause.

It was not given him to see the mighty work completed. It was not given him to bear a hand in the final arrangements for its undertaking. These things were left for other men, of other faiths, but he had done his part to conceive and to prepare the way and to pass out content in the knowledge that the American people had at last decided to build, to own and to control the mighty work which he had laid out.

When the Panama canal is completed, it will be a monument to the man who labored will still live on, carrying his name to the lips of generations yet unborn, and in the future no one shall see the Panama canal or know its stupendous significance without involuntarily pronouncing the name of Morgan.

YOUR MONEY By John M. Oskison. The rather colorless hero-villain of this little tale is the son of a well-to-do widow in a midwest town of 15,000. He grew up a model young man, and the first job he held was a clerkship in the First National bank. His name is Harold.

Slowly and steadily Harold climbed to better and better jobs in the bank; and at the age of 22, when he married Miss Pringle, daughter of the woman who had the little store in town, he was assistant cashier.

On his salary Harold couldn't provide anything in the way of a house which approached either his mother's or his mother-in-law's. But the daughter of the Princely insisted upon having the little store expanded and furnished; also, she saw no reason why she should not make her home a social center rivaling that of her mother's. It was put up to Harold to finance the home and the social campaign.

You can see how the fortune-teller's outcome, since we are disinterested parties; but, as a matter of history, there was general surprise, and, of course, regret three years later when it was discovered that Harold had taken \$500 of the First National bank's money to meet expenses.

At this point Harold's mother came upon the scene. She begged with a mother's fervor that Harold be saved from prison and she mortgaged her home to enable her to do so. The bank, which had no other means of recovering its money, was forced to accept the mortgage. Harold's mother-in-law's influence was mustered to save him from the public disgrace of going to jail.

Today Harold is floor manager of a small lumber yard. He and his wife live in a tiny house near by and they amount to exactly zero socially. Mrs. Harold wails bitterly over their fall, and if she were not afraid of stirring up a lot of old gossip she would bring suit for a divorce tomorrow.

It was a simple case, something which put Harold down—merely the temptation to spend money which he hadn't got. You and I see men and women yielding to that temptation every day. Not many put themselves in peril of prison because they had a little wiser in such matters than Harold was.

In the long run I believe that the young men and women who get the habit of spending more than they make—who become debt-burdened and harassed—make about as sad a batch of life as did Harold and Miss Pringle.

Pointed Paragraphs Success is the mother of imitation. There is nothing hypocritical about the frank admission some men have for themselves. A woman seems to think she is a dutiful wife if she pretends to keep on loving her husband after she knows she doesn't. Joy is the peculiar feeling experienced by the man who counts his money and discovers that he has all he thought he had and a few dollars more.

The Sunday Journal The Sunday Journal's news columns are supplemented by a variety of news reviews and illustrated features that command attention. This big paper is complete in five news sections, 12 page magazine and comic section. 5 Cents the Copy