

The Oregon Statesman

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"THE BITER BITTEN"

Our readers will recall the strenuous fight made by the manufacturers of shoes to have cattle hides placed on the free list of the tariff acts of 1909 and 1922. In the act of 1909 they succeeded in having hides placed on the free list and boots and shoes on the dutiable list. In the act of 1922 not only hides, but shoes wholly or in chief value of leather were placed on the free list. It was urged that the prices of shoes to the consumer would be lowered considerably if hides were duty free. That claim, however, was soon proven false. Under the tariff of 1909 the prices of shoes were advanced, instead of being lowered as was promised.

And now the manufacturers of shoes are making a plea for tariff protection. Brazil and Switzerland threaten to flood our markets with lower cost shoes and manufacturers are alarmed. It is true that the wearers of shoes will not be benefited by these lower prices, because the difference in costs will be absorbed by the importers and dealers in the way of increased profits. But the American manufacturers will lose a large part of their business and some of their workmen will be discharged because we will be hiring Brazilians and Swiss to make our shoes for us, instead of patronizing home industry.

Nor are shoes alone affected. Large quantities of cheap leather are being imported from England, France and Germany, and the American tanners who joined with the shoemakers in demanding free hides, are suffering from this competition. The sole explanation in both cases, shoes and leather, is lower foreign costs of production.

Of course, we do not like to see any American industry lose out in competition with foreign industry, but in these two cases, it will be simply 'poetic justice' if they do lose. It will be, in each case, an illustration of 'the biter bitten.'

The above is from last week's issue of the American Economist, the official organ of the American Protective Tariff League. It would be a case of "poetic justice" to allow the schedules to stand as they are, on hides, leather and shoes; and a case of "the biter bitten."

But this would not help the laborers who are due to lose their jobs through shut downs and slack work in the thousands of tanneries and shoe factories of the United States. And it would not help the farmers and cattle raisers of the United States, who are brought into unfair competition with the cheap hides and skins of many foreign countries with cheap lands and labor and abundant free range.

The tanners and shoe manufacturers of the United States have been greater offenders against the rules of justice and fair play than is indicated by the American Economist. For years, under the McKinley tariff act, which provided a protective duty on "hides," but admitted "skins" duty free, they reaped benefits amounting to millions, and robbed the United States treasury of other millions annually (about \$7,000,000 each year), by securing a promulgation on weights of "skins," allowing all the hides from the countries with ranted cattle to come in free of duty—and that included the bulk of their importations.

They reaped these vast benefits at the expense of American cattle men and farmers.

There should be a duty on both hides and skins, and a duty on leather and shoes in any state of manufacture; with possibly an exception as to skins of specified animals not raised in our country.

That would be the fair thing all around—fair to our stock raisers and our farmers; fair to the laborers in the tanneries and shoe factories of the United States, and fair to the owners of the tanneries and shoe factories, who do not deserve fair treatment, perhaps; at least those among them who have offended so grievously against honesty and fairness.

But the United States government must not be conducted for the purpose of punishing offenders against the rules of fair dealing, as much as they may deserve such punishment.

The Statesman has mentioned a number of times the "hide" and "skin" deal of the big shoe manufacturers and tanners, and it is familiar to many of our readers. It was one of the "rawest" deals ever pulled off in the United States, ostensibly to give the New England shoe manufacturers and tanners the advantage of free "raw" materials.

SAVING MONEY

Secretary Mellon is out with a tax saving proposition which if put into effect will save \$350,000,000 a year. With the present condition of taxes this is not a small item. It is a big item; a big saving. It is good news in connection with this that Senator Copeland of New York has come out for this tax reduction plan. Senator Copeland has received 4000 letters and telegrams from constituents urging him to get behind the treasury department in its fight for lower levies.

Nine other democratic senators are said to be ready to support a bill which will embody the important suggestions of Mr. Mellon. Tax reduction is not a party matter, but a personal matter between the people and their government. The best method to pursue, for those who desire a reduction, is to write or telegraph their congressman at once. This action may result in important savings within the next two months. Why not write today?

LAW AND ORDER

The Oregon Statesman is heartily tired of these special weeks. Last year there were more special weeks than there were weeks, but the public will not grow tired of having a special law and order Sunday. Law and order is just as much religion as anything else.

In fact, religious people make law and order. Sunday, January 13, has been set aside as special reference to the enforcement of the prohibition law. We must build up a strong prohibition sentiment all over the country. It must be done through the churches as well as economically. Law and order is both religion and business.

A HARDING MEMORIAL

Salem people are much pleased because Mrs. Riggs has accepted the county chairmanship of the Harding memorial. Mrs. Riggs is a woman of energy and large acquaintance. People know that the Harding monument will be properly and sympathetically presented.

We have not seen the quota Marion county is supposed to raise, but when Mrs. Riggs presents it, it will be in proportion to what the balance of the country is doing. President Harding was popular in this county and this is a fitting way to express our appreciation of him.

TREE PLANTING

Among other things, it is proposed to plant trees on both sides of the Oregon trail. We doubt the feasibility of this. There are a good many miles of that old trail along which trees would not grow, and to have a lot of snarly, snarling scrubs would not be a

credit in the way of a monument.

We need to plant a lot of trees along our highways. In the western part of the state they will grow without any attention whatever, and two rows of trees between Washington and California would certainly be an attractive sight.

A CAMPAIGN WITH A PUNCH

The reason we feel confident that the next campaign will be conducted with a punch on every side, is that Coolidge has shown that he is that kind of a politician. His quiet manner led some to believe that there wasn't any punch back of it, but every public utterance shows the possession of a right lively one.

Then no one ever accused Hiram Johnson of lacking punch. La Follette, of course, will not be a factor in the campaign, but his well known punch cannot be discounted.

TOO BAD

In the old days it used to be the preacher was pitted because of his sons. Of course, even that is out of date now, as preachers' sons are just as good as anybody else's sons, and are no longer picked upon as they used to be. However, great men's sons have always been troublesome. The latest is General Wood, one of the finest men that ever lived, yet both of his sons are in the limelight unfavorably, and no doubt each feels that he is doing something smart. The pity of it.

PROTECTING THE BIRDS

While the present storm is pretty well over, there is still need of feeding the birds in order to save their lives. However, bird feeding and bird protection should not be a matter of the moment. Birds are such an important item in our prosperity that it is a business proposition to take care of them all the year around.

More of those frisky, lawless movie girls are in the limelight. It occurs to us that they are paying a tremendous price for their advertising.

Cap'n Zyb

Some day when you're tired of using regular roller skates, try making this kind of a pair. The whole job doesn't take over an hour to finish up.

Make up two wooden blocks,

SPEED DEMON



hardwood, 18 inches long, 3 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. Chisel out the two mortises, as shown in the illustration and use a small bit to drill out the hole for the axle. Either wooden wheels or regular skate wheels may be used with a carriage bolt as the axle. The heel block must be adjusted about 2 inches in front of the rear wheel and should be screwed down instead of nailed. Where to place the straps can only be determined by the wearer after fitting his own foot into the skates.

These skates are easy to use and tumbles are not as frequent as with ordinary four-wheel skates. After a little practice great speed can be obtained and many stunts, impossible with four-wheel skates, can be performed. The skates should be painted a dull gray, to look like steel, but a bright or fantastic coloring may be used if desired.

—CAP'N ZYB.

FUTURE DATES

- January 8 and 9—Benefit show at Grand theater for Albertine Kerr Baby home.
- January 6-12—International week of prayer.
- January 7, Monday—Installation of Officers, American Legion, McCornick hall.
- January 9, Wednesday—Installation of officers, IOOF.
- January 10, Thursday—Annual banquet and initiation of Christians.
- January 10, 11 and 12—County judges and commissioners of Oregon to meet in Salem.
- January 14, Monday—Annual banquet of the Marion-Polk County Realty association.
- January 14, Monday—Dr. Ira Landrith, L.D., Marion County Christian Endeavor Union.
- January 15, Tuesday—Harding Memorial campaign opens in Oregon.
- January 17-24—National Thrift Week observed locally.
- January 19, Saturday—Meeting of department officers, administration council and past commanders, Veterans of Foreign Wars.
- February 28, Saturday—Dedication of state "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.
- March 13, 14 and 15—State interscholastic basketball tournament, Willamette gymnasium.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER NO. 65

WHY MADGE STROVE TO HELP BOTH LILLIAN AND ROBERT SAVARIN

That Robert Savarin saw in my face the disapproval of his reference to stopping Lillian's work if he "ever had any authority over her," I was sure when he caught himself up abruptly, starting at me as if I had contradicted him orally.

But though I had plenty of food for disquieting thought at this unexpected revelation of his attitude toward Lillian's labors both in her profession and in her secret position, it was no part of mine to make any comment upon his speech. I could not agree with him, and—noting his agitation, so unlike his usual gentleness and placidity—I was actually afraid to answer him in any way which he might construe as disapproval of his opinion.

He evidently was determined, however, to elicit some sort of opinion from me, and when for a long minute I remained silent, pretending to busy myself with the rearrangement of the big cluster of wild flowers which Mrs. Cosgrove's veranda always holds, he gave a little short laugh which held anything but mirth in it.

"I suppose you think I am planning to be a domestic tyrant," he said, with more than a touch of bitterness. "But can't you see that if Lillian keeps on overtaxing her strength as she has for years that she is either going to be a dead woman or a hopeless, helpless invalid? You are her best friend. I wonder that you do not see it. But you women of that temperament are all alike! You are like young racehorses—you run till you drop, and you fight any hint of a rein."

An Extra Cup of Coffee.

There was no refuge save in nonsense. I laughed lightly as I put my head on one side, scrutinizing the flowers in front of me.

"You're not a very close observer, Robert," I said, "or you wouldn't put me in the same category with Lillian. I'm incurably indolent. Lillian said only the other day that I was infecting her with the germ. Perhaps she'll come down with a malignant attack of laziness. One never knows. Have you breakfasted?"

That he recognized my attempt to switch the subject I know by the glimmer of a smile in his eyes, no hint of which, however, appeared in his sober face. But I hailed with relief even this slight indication that his tense, sombre mood was lightning.

"No, have you?" I knew that he meant to include Lillian in his question and I answered accordingly.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS STATESMAN

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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STORIES OF FUR AND FUR TRAPPING

From Trapper to Market

The trapper's life is one of dangers and hazards. His season, which extends roughly from the first of October to the time of the breaking up of the ice in the spring, is filled with the thrill of winning his prize in every sort of weather—be it sun, rain or blizzard.

Some one has said that the trapper's months are the ones containing the letter R. Except for the first and last, September and April, this is true. Throughout the others the animals' pelts are in their prime, or full-furred state.

Handling Pelts Is an Art

Stripping the furs from the animals and drying them is an art. Not all pelts may be handled in the same way. Some must be cured with salt; others may be stretched. Some must be cleaned; many of them dyed. The final appearance of the fur when it is made up into the article for sale has undergone many changes of hands and processes of beautifying, so that it oftentimes bears little resemblance to the creature of the woods who first wore it.

The game of trapping must take on additional adventure when the

"Lillian and I breakfasted hastily just before she left. But I know she will be as glad as I to have an extra cup of Mrs. Cosgrove's coffee with you if you'll wait for us."

"There They Are Now!"

"That will be delightful," he said courteously, but with the most impersonal perfunctoriness, and I saw that he was watching the road tensely for Lillian's return. That mine would be distinctly a "gooseberry" role at the breakfast table was plainly to be seen. But I did not propose to permit Lillian to face Robert's present mood until she had been prepared for it. I was confident that he had regained sufficient mastery of himself to show her no hint of his disapproval in my presence, and I meant to see her alone before he had any opportunity for a private chat with her.

There was a patter of little feet around the corner of the house, and Junior trotted up to us, closely followed by Marion. The two children had been given their breakfast by Mrs. Cosgrove in order that Lillian and I might have our time free, and they were both in joyous mood, for breakfast in the spacious kitchen is a rare treat to them.

"Where's mother?" Marion demanded worriedly.

"Very munter?" Junior echoed dutifully—he is at the stage where he echoes everything impartially—then his little face took on the look which entrances every mother, the look which means a brain process going on behind a little child's eyes.

"Oor munter don; mine munter here," he announced proudly, running into my outstretched arms for an ecstatic hug and a shower of kisses. Robert Savarin drew Marion down on his lap as he answered her question.

"Mother's gone driving, sweetheart."

"Gone driving?" the child echoed in amazement. "Who took her?"

Robert Savarin looked at me, and with a little mental anathema at him, for the undue emphasis he had managed to place on the incident. I answered as casually as possible.

"Col. Travers of the state troopers, dear, had to see your mother on some business, and they are driving while they talk. They will be back soon. Indeed, there they are now."

Col. Travers' car drew up at the gate and the officer, alighting, helped Lillian to the ground with impressive deferential courtesy.

(To be continued.)

NEW CORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday:

Korn Baking company, Eugene; incorporators, Harry Korn, Henry Korn, George W. Korn; capitalization, \$50,000.

Pine Valley Dairymen's Cooperative association, Halfway, Baker county; incorporators, O. Grosz and others; fees.

Notice of increase in capitalization from \$40,000 to \$80,000 was filed by the Oregon Marine & Fisheries Supply company of Portland.

Better a dark horse before a nomination than a white elephant later.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

The "Championship" Football Game

Editor Statesman—The sports writer of The Oregonian has been apparently much exercised over the action of the High School Athletic association at its recent meeting in Portland, at which the resolution passed last year disapproving inter-sectional games of football was reaffirmed by a substantial majority. While it is of course possible that the school men who took this action are a set of benighted reactionaries, it is also possible that they know their business quite as well as any sports writer knows his, and are not in urgent need of any advice from the latter. To the Salem patrons who have so loyally supported the high school in the past, and who responded so nobly to the appeal for more space, a word of explanation might not be inappropriate.

No one seriously questions the value of football as a school activity, and no one believes more strongly in its salutary influence than the present writer. It calls into play all the manly virtues, and when it is directed by a coach such as Salem now has in Mr. Huntington, it affords a moral and social discipline that is unexcelled. But like all good things, it can be carried to excess; and there is grave danger that in our enthusiasm for sport we may forget other aims that are equally important. The growing commercialism of college athletics, and the consequent glorification of the athlete at the expense of the scholar is one of the most serious problems confronting modern higher education. Most college executives are aware of this danger, and the alarm has been frequently sounded of late. One of the principles laid down by the founders of Reed college at Portland was the elimination of all athletic contests with other institutions. The same tendency to over-emphasis of athletics is creeping into the high schools. Even some of our public school executives seem to care far more for the athletic than the intellectual standing of their schools; and the taxpayer who is called on to support the school may sometimes be pardoned for wondering if he is justified in spending so much money on the physical aspect of education. Young people in the adolescent stage are easily excited; and when they are subjected to a long-continued emotional strain it becomes very difficult for them to do their regular school work effectively. But when the school is called upon to play one of these "championship" games with a school from some distant section of the country, and the pupils are made to feel by the sports writers that the honor and reputation of the state rest on the outcome of the game, it is not difficult to see that the interest taken in such a prosaic feature as study will fall rapidly toward zero. The members of the team very naturally conclude that what they are doing in athletics

is vastly more important than their class-room work, and that they are entitled to regard themselves as privileged beings wholly exempt from ordinary school responsibilities. The sporting section of the community will be demanding victory at all costs, and spurring on the already excited minds of the young people to put all their energy into winning the game. If the team is to play away from home, it is easy to understand that the scholastic standing of the players will have to suffer as the result of such a prolonged absence from their classes. The most elementary student of psychology knows that an atmosphere of tense excitement and emotional stress is not favorable for intellectual activity. The school should, as far as possible protect its pupils from such strains, unless it can be shown that the result in some other direction is very much worth while. But what result follows from one of these inter-sectional games? A more or less mythical "championship" that is not officially awarded by any authority with power, but can be claimed by any school with a good record; a general demoralization of the morale of the school

when the inevitable letdown after so much excitement sets in, and a more or less vague feeling on the part of the pupils that the real educational values do not exist except in relation to athletic sports. Now if this is what the taxpayers want, and is the object they have in mind when they appropriate money for the support of the schools, well and good; it will not be difficult to give them what they want. But the thoughtful patron will probably continue to ask if this after all represents the aim of education, and justifies the increasing expense. The point was raised at the Portland meeting that games of this sort are a valuable advertisement for Oregon. But the best advertisement Oregon can receive is to be recognized as having efficient schools; and the new-comer looking for a place to locate where he can properly educate his children, is not going to ask first about the athletic record of the school, but rather how it succeeds in developing its pupils into men and women able to take their place in society intellectually and morally as well as physically.

J. C. NELSON.

"Her Dangerous Path"

By PAUL FORREST
 Adapted from the Patheserial by Hal Roach
 Copyright, 1923, by Pathe Exchange, Inc.

CHAPTER IV Should She Marry a Politician?

John Dryden, an old family friend of Corinne Grant's father, was a candidate for mayor and called to ask Corinne to help him in his campaign.

"I am Mr. Dryden, your father's friend. I would be only too glad to offer my assistance, if you will permit. You see, I have consented to be a candidate for mayor in the coming election. If you will help me carry the women's vote, I can offer you a promising future in my office as my secretary."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Dryden, but I should like to think it over for a few minutes, if you don't mind." She smiled enigmatically, pardoned herself and left him, for a few moments.

Wong, former household chef, an unsathomable mystery to everyone who knew him, looked up as Corinne entered his room.

"Tell me, Wong, should I accept Mr. Dryden's offer?"

"Sands will tell," and he made odd signs over the Chinese box, and stirred the sands with his mystic wand. Corinne, watching, saw the sands disappear—and there she was in a hall, speaking to the women voters on behalf of Dryden's candidacy. Her speech was well received.

That night Dryden was making an address in a tough ward, headquarters of his opponent, and Corinne was in the crowd that was listening to him. Suddenly someone threw a brick, which struck Dryden. A riot started. Corinne was knocked down in the crush, but she was saved from serious injury by a young man, who introduced himself as Billy Ewing, a reporter on the Evening Sun. He hailed a taxi for her, and as he helped her in he told her that he was convinced that Dryden was a crook. She became highly indignant and closed the door of the taxi in his face. Ewing winced.

Still, when she got to Dryden's office the next morning, she kept brooding on Ewing's parting words. He seemed so nice and likeable that she hesitated to condemn him utterly.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the door opened and she recognized Robert Ferris, a close friend of Dryden's, whose money had kept the doors of his fashionable gambling house "wide open" through three different city administrations.

"Is Dryden in?" he asked Corinne. She nodded in the affirmative. "Just say that Ferris is here, if you please."

Ferris went into Dryden's office, and was closeted with the latter for a lengthy conference. When he finally took his leave, Corinne noted the triumphant smile upon his face. Then the door of Dryden's office opened and the candidate for mayor handed Corinne a paper.

"Please look this in the safe, Corinne—it is private—and most important."

She stood there with the folded paper in her hand after Dryden had disappeared, trying to subdue the curiosity which prompted her to open it. But curiosity won and with a great look of surprise, she read:

Partnership Agreement.

Made this 6th day of May, 1923, between Robert Ferris and John Dryden respecting the ownership and management of the premises at 612 W. 8th St., known professionally as "The Golden Serpent."

There was more to it but Corinne, her mind in a turmoil, had read enough. This was the man she had campaigned for! She had just time to put the paper behind her back when the outer door opened and Billy Ewing, the young newspaper reporter hurried in.

"Miss Grant, Dryden is working hand in hand with the very element he is pledged to oppose. I told you he was a double-crosser—I know it!"

Corinne hesitated to disclose what she had just learned.

"What is 'The Golden Serpent'?" she asked him.

"It's a high-play gambling house run by Ferris. I believe Dryden has sold out to him. I'd give a month's salary to land the evidence."

"Would you mind waiting a moment, Mr. Ewing?" she asked him as she entered Dryden's office.

"Mr. Dryden, I have just discovered your relations with Ferris," she said to him quietly. Dryden jumped up from his chair.

"There's a Sun reporter outside, Mr. Dryden. I'll give him the whole story unless you renounce Ferris, and stand by your original policy."

"I must throw myself upon your mercy, Miss Grant," he replied after a moment's hesitation. "Political pressure forced me into this—it was not my own doing—I'll make everything right."

"You must give me proof of this," she demanded, and he wrote a note to Ferris, renouncing their agreement.

"I want you to deliver this personally to Mr. Ferris. I am in your hands—you have saved me from a great mistake," he ended humbly.

Corinne rejoined Billy and prepared to go to the "Golden Serpent." Billy tried to make her stop but she believed in Dryden again.

After she had left, Billy went into a closet in the hall, where he and a fellow reporter had tapped Dryden's telephone wire. They overheard Dryden conversing with Ferris on the phone. They were planning to raid the "Golden Serpent" after Corinne had reached there, as they would be rushed in, she saw Billy Ewing wedge his way in to where she was.

"They framed you, kid. Old stuff—don't let 'em get away with it."

Corinne was taken to jail, where, after being searched, they located Dryden's note to Ferris, which she still had. They took it to Dryden. He lost no time in going to the jail to see her.

"See here, Miss Grant, if you are wise enough to keep still, I'll give you a thousand dollars, and get you out of here tonight. If not, you'll stay here until after election tomorrow. Take your choice."

"If I touched your money, I'd be as crooked as you are," she answered him defiantly. Her heart sank with dismay as she saw him go.

Just after this, though, Billy Ewing, backed by the power of the "Sun," obtained her release on bail. She was overjoyed.

But Dryden heard of this move, and he and Ferris, accompanied by a gunman, Brady, started to give chase to Corinne and Billy as they fled the jail. Billy guided her down alleys and over fences, but at last he saw they were going to be cornered. He spied a skyscraper in construction, and received inspiration. They leaped upon a girder that was being hoisted. Brady, the gunman, also caught hold. The three of them were soon in mid-air. Billy and Brady, with their free hands, were slugging one another, and without warning, Billy lost his hold, and slipped down on a rope suspended from the girder, Corinne with him. Brady, drawing his knife, started to cut it. Just in time, Corinne, drawing Billy's revolver from his pocket, fired, and Brady fell to the street. The girder swung over the building and Corinne and Billy stopped off, only to confront Dryden and Ferris. Corinne told Dryden she had a photographic copy of his agreement with Ferris and threatened to publish it at once. He knew he was beaten and wrote out a notice of withdrawal, which he handed her.

Billy a moment later was telling Corinne that he loved her, and as she was in his arms, he said:

"But I can't love you, kid. You see, my wife wouldn't let me. She shut her eyes momentarily, and a hand was laid on hers. It was Wong. She was back again in the world of realities. Then she joined Dryden.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dryden, but I can't accept your kind offer," she told him. As he let her, her brain was in a turmoil.

What should the girl do? What is her next heart adventure?

(To be continued.)

LOADS OF FUN



PROVING THAT THE TORTOISE WON THE RACE

"THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE RAN A RACE OF 100 FEET. THE HARE GAINED THREE FEET WITH EACH LEAP, THE TORTOISE GAINED A FOOT AT A TIME, WHICH REACHED THE LINE FIRST?"

PETER PUZZLE SAYS—

By skipping letters spell here an animal of southern waters: Cars on crowds in leeway park.

Nerve at the Right Time

Mother: "No, Bobby, for the third time, you can't have another chocolate."

Bobby (in despair): "I don't see where father gets the idea that you are always changing your mind."

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The tortoise going a foot at a time came out on the mark. The hare, making three feet with each leap, in 33 leaps was a foot short, and in 34 leaps went two feet over the line. Therefore the tortoise won.

Slacker

Foreman: "Ow is it that that loutie man always carries two planks to your one?"

Laborer: "Cos 'e's too blinkin' lazy to go back for the other one."

