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The Conservative is a man who puts on the brakes when he thinks Progress is going to land Civilization in the ditch. Brakemen are necessary, but in the language of Kobeleth, there is a time to apply the brake and there is a time to abstain from applying the brake. To clog the wheels continually, is to stand still, and to stand still is to retreat.

Progress needs the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all of his time putting on the brakes.—Hubbard.

**THE BLIND-EYED GODDESS.**

That justice is blind—in fact exceedingly blind at times—is well illustrated by a perusal of the reports of the court proceedings in the Spokane papers.

Here is one week's record:

Ed Spencer, who murdered Ella Mundt, for which crime there were found no extenuating circumstances, is let off with a sentence in the penitentiary. Next there is a brutal rape case, in which three young men are involved. Under a technicality they escape with a six months' sentence. A receiver of stolen property, who richly deserves a suit of stripes, escapes with a fine and 30 days in jail. The same day a bunco man gets off with a fine and a jail sentence.

The blind-eyed justice suddenly realizes that she is being brought into disrepute by her leniency, so she settles down like a thousand of brick on F. C. Foster, who stole a second-hand set of harness and sentenced him to two years in the penitentiary. Apparently, it is less serious to bunco a man, to be a notorious receiver of stolen property, or to commit rape, than to steal a second-hand set of harness. To put a fitting climax to the week's record, Howard Kressly, who confesses to forgery and to getting away with at least \$50,000 of other people's money is not even arrested.

If Foster is good at mathematics he will soliloquize as follows: Two years for a second-hand set of harness; one year if it had been new; six months if I had stolen the team too; a fine if I had taken the whole rig and buncoed the owner, and the freedom of the city if I had forged a few checks for large amounts and driven off like a gentleman. There is something radically wrong when unscrupulous lawyers can appeal to technicalities and clear their clients. Every right-minded lawyer should endeavor to see that his client has the full protection the law allows, but he should not endeavor to defeat justice or render the law of no effect. The law is a net that should be strong enough to hold the sharks as well as the minnows and small fry.

**THE BURNING FORESTS.**

The Adirondacks are being visited with destructive forest fires. For the period of 50 days preceding June 5th they have had but one-third of an inch of rain. Our own splendid forests have so often been visited with destructive fires that we can appreciate the extent of the loss that New England is sustaining in having her forests destroyed. It is more than a mere physical loss, it is a loss from an aesthetic standpoint. The New York World in commenting upon it, wisely says:

"Of all the wastes of which our reckless civilization is guilty there is none more pitiful than this. It is spiritual and material destruction at once. It robs the land of its greatest charm and at the same time ruins

a physical source that cannot be replaced in a generation, if at all. It is estimated that forest fires cost this country at least \$20,000,000 a year in mere money, not counting the damage to the streams, the climate and the future national resources.

Meanwhile the same public sentiment that procured the enactment of the laws can be exerted to advantage upon the individuals who start fires in the woods, impressing upon them the fact that the person who recklessly causes the destruction of a forest is as criminal as the one who commits arson in a house."

**STICK TO YOUR POST OF DUTY.**

Heroism is confined to no color or class. There are as brave men out of the glare of the limelight of publicity as there are in it. Theodore Day, a negro in St. Louis, yesterday lost his life in as heroic a manner as any soldier leading a forlorn hope on the battlefield. He repeatedly drove into the swift and treacherous current in rescuing persons imperiled by the high water. Finally the swift waters swept himself and his horse away and both were drowned.

No tale of the Middle Ages can show heroes with greater devotion to duty or greater bravery than by many a smutty-faced, oil-stained hero in the locomotive cab when the necessity arises. Engineer Stewart is but one of the many. The Spokane Press tells the story.

Running through the darkness on the embankment of the Grand river, Engineer Stewart saw a 50-ton rock on the track. He quietly told his fireman to jump, reversed his engine and turned on the sand. He did not budge from his post and went over with his engine.

When they went to pull him out Stewart still had one hand on the throttle and the other was grasping the air-brake. Barely alive, his first words were:

"Are the passengers saved?"  
He was told they were safe. "Is my fireman all right?"

At that moment Stewart's side partner, caught under the tender, was lying crushed to jelly, but they told him (would you needlessly wound a hero in his last gasp for life?) the fireman was safe.

Then said Engineer Stewart with his last breath: "I have done my duty. I die happy."

Crushed, mangled, bleeding, dirty, helpless, George Stewart died on the field of battle. His face was to the foe. He had fallen at the post of honor, the post of duty.

**DRIFTWOOD.**

The New England Society in the city of New York once gave a dinner at which Mark Twain was a guest and responded to a toast which was announced as follows: "The oldest inhabitant, the weather of New England. I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New England, but the weather. There is a sumptuous about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of 24 hours. Old Probabilities, while glibly checking off the weather for West and South never commits himself to anything certain about New England; he mulls over it and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable north-east to south-west winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer sweeping from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drizzle, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he puts down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents. "But it is probable that this program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

The general assembly of the Presbyterian church, which has just closed its labors at Los Angeles, is said to have been one of the most harmonious councils, considering the importance of the work accomplished in the history of that body. Of course there were incidents which aroused a little criticism, one of the eminent speakers appeared on the rostrum in a gown. This recalls another incident in a different denomination. A preacher who seems to have been somewhat concerned about the fashioning of his gown, consulted a brother, who seems to have been something of a wag, and wrote back: "I really neither know nor care what dress a parson ought to wear; A black dress or a white dress. I have a grievance of my own. A wife who preaches in a gown all day. And lectures in a nightdress."

Alfred Henry Lewis, in a recent Saturday Evening Post, gives some illuminative sidelights on the doings of the law makers. When Senator Hill first made his appearance in the senate he was a transgressor on solemn senate customs, and got into

prompt trouble with the folks about him, and Senator Harris of Tennessee, a statesman who made a specialty of fury, set about in a red-faced lecturing sort of way to put the ebullient Hill in his proper place. Hill interrupted him before he reached the first semi-colon. "Don't attempt your plantation manners with me," warned Hill high of vein and insolent of brow. Harris almost exulted at this, his face congested, his neck swelled, and it was as though the fingers of an apoplexy were feeling about his heart. However, he recovered sufficiently to look Hill over with cold, superior eye, and allude to him as "A mephitic bubble on some chance-halloved mudhole of affairs."

Sterrett, of the newspapers, asked Coke in the senate from Texas, what he thought of Hill. Coke, though narrow and a bit provincial, was a judge of trouble and trouble makers. His own biography in the congressional directory described him as having been removed from the supreme bench of Texas by General Sheridan "as an impediment to reconstruction," and one glance at Coke would show how this must have been so. He had the very appearance of an impediment.

When Sterrett asked concerning Hill, Coke put on an air of thoughtfulness. "Hill," said Coke, and then proceeded with his funny lisp, "thith man Hill ith a thronger man than we thought. And Bill he ith a natural dothperado. If he'd been born and brought up in Texath he'd a killed 20 men by now."

Sidney Smith, once strolling through the zoological gardens in London with his grandchild, noticed the little lady patting the back of a turtle and asked her why she did so. Grand papa, I do it to please the turtle. My child, he replied, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter.

The following somewhat unique tribute to a lady writer of the day comes from Australia. Within the cloudy regions dense. Of nonsense where her talents lie; She has some gleams of common sense.

And so have I.  
And when these fitful gleams go by, She never hesitates—not she; Just twaddles amiably on The same as me.

She loathes the scornful critic crew, It simply sets her soul aflame; To have her faults exposed to view, I feel the same.

On love, religion, truth and right, She preaches holy things and high; She does not understand them quite, No more do I.



**IT SCARES PEOPLE**

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The question is, how many different ways can the word "Furniture," and how many the word "Rader" be spelled in the following squares by spelling to the right, or downward, or any combination of down and right, or right and down, but always using contiguous letters but no two times, using exactly the same numerical letters, yet all spell the words "Rader" and "Furniture" correctly. For illustration, the word "Rader" may be spelled by using letters numbered 1, 2,

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
R	A	D	E	R	A	D	E	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
A	D	E	R	A	D	E	R	A
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
D	E	R	A	D	E	R	A	D
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
E	R	A	D	E	R	A	D	E
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
R	A	D	E	R	A	D	E	R
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
A	D	E	R	A	D	E	R	A
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
D	E	R	A	D	E	R	A	D
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
E	R	A	D	E	R	A	D	E
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
R	A	D	E	R	A	D	E	R

11, 12, 21, or 13, 22, 23, 24, 33, etc. The solution to be handed in sealed, giving only the number of combinations that can be made of each word, with no name attached, in order that the committee awarding the prizes will not

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
F	U	R	N	I	T	U	R	E	F
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
U	R	N	I	T	U	R	E	F	U
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
R	N	I	T	U	R	E	F	U	R
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
N	I	T	U	R	E	F	U	R	N
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
I	T	U	R	E	F	U	R	N	I
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
T	U	R	E	F	U	R	N	I	T
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
U	R	E	F	U	R	N	I	T	U
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
R	E	F	U	R	N	I	T	U	R
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
E	F	U	R	N	I	T	U	R	E
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	
F	U	R	N	I	T	U	R	E	

know who is in the contest. But if requested, each winner must be able to write, numerically, each of the various ways the number of times they claim. In order to identify all solutions we simply number each envelope containing an answer and keep a memorandum of each. No one will be allowed more than one answer. Prizes awarded July 25, 1903. There is no sure thing that the first solutions will be correct. So if you decide you want to change your solution after handing it in you can do so by placing your second in the numerical order we receive be later. No one connected with the establishment will be allowed to contest.

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