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A SOUTHERN LULLABY.

I. Go 'long chile, ter Sleepy Town, Night done let de curtain down All de day you been at play Whar de rose make holiday; Go 'long, chile ter Sleep Town! II. Sweetes' angels flyin' roun' In de dreams er Sleepy Town, When it's day, an' dreams gone 'way, Tell us what de angels say! Go 'long chile, ter Sleepy Town! —Atlanta Constitution.

HILL-HARRIMAN MERGER.

An announcement of vast importance to the northwest is that concerning the agreement reached between Hill and Harriman with respect to the line between Portland and Seattle. Just what the agreement will mean the future must show. It promises some benefits, but the announcement of the agreement also has a very dubious sound.

In the past there has been objection in Oregon to Harriman's constructing a line from Portland to Seattle. Instead of spending millions upon that line Oregonians have wanted Harriman to build branch lines in Oregon. They have argued that he should spend his money in Oregon because he has earned it in Oregon, not in Washington. If the abandonment of the line to Seattle means that Harriman will build some of the long needed lines in this state, then the announcement is good news for Oregon. But it will be time enough to celebrate after the new lines have been built.

But the feature about the Hill-Harriman deal that is not gratifying is the apparent complete understanding between the two railroad kings. In the past the fight between Hill and Harriman for the business of the northwest has been most beneficial to the country. It has resulted in lower rates and in the development of country that would otherwise have been neglected. More than one community has played Hill against Harriman with good results. The rivalry between the two railroad systems has been the northwest's star of hope and the announcement regarding the Seattle-Portland merger comes as a cloud to obscure its rays.

But it is useless to hope that Hill and Harriman will continue to war. That they and the interests they represent should get together for purposes of mutual benefit is perfectly natural. The only hope lies in the regulation of rates by means of commissions. In case governmental regulation should prove a failure there will then be but one recourse and that to governmental ownership.

PROGRESS AND MORALITY.

No nation can live and go forward unless the rank and file of its people observe the common rules of morality and woman is treated with the high consideration that is her due. No better example of this is needed than that furnished by the Turkish empire, a land where women have always been held in virtual slavery.

"Six hundred years ago there were no more cultured people, no braver people, than the leading spirits of the Ottoman empire, says a writer in Godwin's Weekly. The only hope for the empire now is that the sons of alien mothers may redeem the land. "It has sunk so low that there is little honor left among the men; they have become cruel beyond belief, the government corrupt beyond description, and the men in office almost all thieves and willing to do anything rather than make an honest struggle for fortune and place. "The nations of Europe would long ago have destroyed the government except for their own jealousies and their land lust, and lust for power.

The Turkish nation has not been fit to live for the past one hundred and fifty years. It has been lost in every species of debauchery and cruelty, and that must be the result where women are first held as playthings and then as slaves. And when a company of priests reach the point where they become in reality the government, the inevitable result is tyranny and degradation."

But the Turks are not the only people who have been lax in their treatment of women and in observance of the moral code. Other countries also have been recreant, but in each case national degeneration has been the result. The process of life is upward and no nation can go forward when its people persist in low living and refuse to render to the mothers and sisters of men the homage that is justly due them.

CUT THE WEEDS.

Just now many people of the city are cutting the weeds from in front of their curbs in compliance with the city ordinance. If all will but comply with the law the appearance of the streets in the residence section will be vastly improved. Furthermore the cutting of the weeds at this time will mean less weeds with which to battle next summer. Household-ers who allow weeds to seed out this summer will have a larger crop than ever next year and their neighbors also will suffer through their negligence. Cut the weeds and cut them now.

President Taft is said to have withdrawn from a New York playhouse because he did not approve of the performance. What an opportunity for the show's press agent. That play should now be able to draw a packed house anywhere and this in spite of the announcement made that there are other shows in Gotham even more open to criticism than the one attended by the president.

The Portland rose show will be something worth seeing and so it is not remarkable that the contest for queen of the Umatilla county float is beginning to liven up.

Now if another million or two can be added to the value of the prospective crop of this county local business men and farmers will feel still better.

If the pioneer gathering in Weston can put on another half inch of rain or more the whole country will unite in a vote of thanks.

Attorney McMahan seems to be a chronic knocker. What is his reason for desiring to interfere with praiseworthy improvements?

DISCIPLINING "BUGGY."

"Bugs" Raymond belongs to the old type of professional baseball player. He is a big child, thoughtless, imprudent, a wonder of efficiency at his craft, but totally irresponsible outside of it. He has been pitching for several on "tall-ender" clubs—indifferently, in spite of natural gifts, because always out of condition. This year McGraw "bought" him. He bought him because of his capacities and because he thinks he can "handle" him. And he is doing so. Thuswise:

He does not let him have any money. "Bugs" is married, and his wife is an invalid. The contract between McGraw and "Bugs" provides that the latter's salary each month shall go in toto to Mrs. Raymond. And Mrs. Raymond is under contract not to let "Bugs" have any of it. Result, a perpetually penniless "Bugs" living an enforced simple life. Once in a great while, at intervals judiciously selected, McGraw lets him have a dime—for an ice cream soda. Also he buys him clothes—if very much needed. This method worked like a charm while I watched during the spring training. For the first time in his life "Bugs" found himself living a thoroughly hygienic life, colored by semi-hourly trots around the park, and by the time I left he was liking it. His body, at first puffy, had gradually regained the lines of an athlete, his eyes were clear and bright, his features sharp cut; he had acquired a professional pride in the mastery of his craft. "Bugs" Raymond will do some pitching this year.—James Hopper, in the June Everybody's.

INHERITOR.

Say not the gods are cruel, Since man himself is kind— Man, who could give no tenderness If, impotent and blind, He stretched appealing hands on high No tenderness to find—

Who, wakened to compassion, No longer stands apart, Careless of other's suffering, But, rather, shares the smart, Because of pity drawn from out The Universal Heart—

Who feels within him glowing A spark that dares aspire, Flame-like, unto supernal things, With never-quenched desire, And knows that Heaven bestowed on him A spark of its own fire! —Florence Earle Coates in Outlook. Riches become dangerous only when rooted in our affections.

Not One-tenth of Lard is Leaf Lard! Here is what the leading lard packer says in a recent advertisement: "Leaf is the cream of lards. There is not enough of it to supply one-tenth of the people, and so it goes only to those who insist upon it." Does it not stand to reason that if there is only enough of the proper fat produced to make pure leaf lard to supply one-tenth of the demand that the chances are nine to one against your getting pure lard? The only absolute protection against getting common hog fat when you buy lard is by buying Cottolene instead. Cottolene is a pure vegetable product—made from cotton seed oil, refined by our exclusive process. It contains no hog fat and makes palatable, nourishing food which will agree with the most sensitive stomach.



WANDERLUST.

There's the lure of the foaming rapids, There's the voice of the roaring falls, And the winds that blow And the streams that flow And the wild, free life that calls. Oh! the camp on the lonely prairie, In the cool of the summer night, And the hills afar Where the lone trails are Bathed in the starry light. Oh! the toss of the aloop in the trade-wind With the round tropic moon on high Or loaf all day Where the monkeys play 'Neath the cloudless southern sky.

Oh! the click of the flashing raquet! Oh! the howl of the husky pack! And the lonely mush Through the northland's rush, As you follow the frozen track. There's the plain and the stream and the mountain; Each calls with a voice of its own, There's the saddle's grip And the gleam of the camp fire lone. Then away from the crowded city! With its endless din and strife, To the woodland pool And the quiet cool And the charm of the wanderer's life! —By C. M. Hubbard in Sports Afield.

IN THE LONG AGO.

The yielding clasp of your burning hands I have felt in the long ago! And the way of the sun of those hazel strands I have loved in the long ago! But a veil shrouds dark the forbidden past. As the mists well up in the swirling blast, For in an abyss the planet is east, Where we dwelt in the long ago!

Those luring lips that shame the morn— I have kissed in the long ago! And nameless delights of their glories were born, That were mine in the long ago! Through garden aglens in exotic bloom We wandered and Mayed, not heeding the doom, That were around us relentlessly loop— Where we loved in the long ago!

What matters the past—the days that are dead— Though they lived in the long ago! But let us be living and loving instead As we loved in the long ago! So love shall be monarch and ruler of all, And yield we our bodies and souls to his thrall, Though crushing and crumbling the universe fall! We were one, in the long ago! —Cleveland Leader.

THE TONIC OF PRAISE

Joseph Jefferson said: "Applause is very necessary to the actor; it elevates him and gives him confidence; it is like shaking a man warmly by the hand when you first meet him, making him feel at home, instead of giving him a cold bow, by which you take all the geniality out of him." Every day the ambitions of scores

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of bright boys and girls are fatally blighted by some unthinking or heedless superintendent or proprietor. I have known of instances which were little less than criminal, where young hopes have been blighted, enthusiasm crushed, ambition paralyzed forever by coarse, rude, barbarous treatment of employees. Some men look upon their employees as natural kicking posts, or as safety valves for their bad temper or their mistakes, and they vent their spleen upon them without mercy. No one likes to be blamed harshly, even when he is in the wrong. Scolding or fault-finding never wrought an improvement in any one. There is a better way to make the wrong-doer see his fault. Any one in authority, be he

S.S.S. CURES OLD SORES. If an old sore existed simply because the flesh was diseased at that particular spot, it would be an easy matter to apply some remedy directly to the place that would kill the germs; or the diseased flesh might be removed by a surgical operation and a cure effected. But the very fact that old sores resist every form of local or external treatment, and even return after being cut away, shows that back of them is a morbid cause which must be removed before a cure can result. Just as long as the pollution continues in the blood, the ulcer remains an open cesspool for the deposit of impurities which the circulation throws off. S.S.S. cures Old Sores by purifying the blood. It removes every trace of impurity and taint from the circulation, and thus completely does away with the cause. When S.S.S. has cleansed the blood, the sore begins to heal, and it is not a surface cure, but the healing process begins at the bottom; soon the discharge ceases, the inflammation leaves, and the place fills in with firm, healthy flesh. Under the purifying and tonic effects of S.S.S. the system is built up, and those whose health has been impaired by the drain and worry of an old sore will be doubly benefited by its use. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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