BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Invention of a noiseless firearm is announced. Doubtless it will have the endorsement of the Assassins' Union.

The failure of a Copenhagen trust company verifies Mr. Hamlet's opinion that something was rotten in Denmark.

In the fishing treaty between the States and Canada there is unfortunately no clause against telling fish stories.

Grover Cleveland has cheerfully celebrated his seventy-first birthday. Osler will be terribly disgusted when he hears about it.

A Chicago scientist announces that he has discovered the origin of heat. Must have just received his winter's coal bill.

Once more taxes are to be raised in Japan. Those little brown chaps are finding out that civilization and glory are expensive.

The true "Merry Widow" is the one whose husband left her so well provided for that she can afford to buy one of the hats named after her.

One of the learned doctors announces that a certain amount of candy is good for people. Why can't somebody say as much for strawberry shortcake and ice cream?

Twenty-five per cent of Chicago's milk supply is reported by experts to be under the proper grade. Are they never going to stop the leaks in the water department?

Esperanto is reported to be making rapid headway as an international language, but there is no likelihood that baseball reports will ever be written in it. It has no slang.

Great wealth does not appear to give its possessors the ability to get any more matrimonial happiness than is allotted to the ordinary person who has to work for a living.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, 86 years of age, says he has been a hard worker all his life. How contemptible he must seem to some of the members of the Vanderbilt and Gould families.

Ten thousand men are wanted to work at Fairbanks, Alaska, for $5 a day each and board. But this is not likely to be at all encouraging to the many people who are anxious to find out how to live without working.

Although it is only six years since St. Pierre, Martinique, was destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelee, the islanders have begun to rebuild the city. Steamers call at the port, and business is slowly resuming, so short is the memory of a great terror, or so indifferent are the people to a rarely recurring danger.

An association of students in a coeducational college near Chicago is promoting a plan to introduce a department of "art appreciation," and offering to pay the first year's salary of a competent instructor. Not only will the new member of the faculty instil correct principles of home-building, furnishing and decoration, but he or she will be expected to teach "the decadent art of good and appropriate dressing." Perhaps the phrase, "decadent art," is more forcible than it needs to be; but the movement marks a wholesome departure from the silly old notion that carelessness about one's appearance is a sure sign of intellectual superiority.

Neither England nor France, in soliciting the services of a man of letters or a man of law to serve diplomatically abroad, invites him to impoverish himself and find consolation for his losses in the "honor." When the United States owns its legation buildings in the great capitals, and grants allowances for a reasonable amount of entertaining, it will have revived the best traditions of its diplomacy, and if the Berlin episode has the effect of reminding us of the error of the ways into which we have fallen we may again see our diplomatic service more brilliant at the council board than at the dinner table. Our ambassadors may walk with princes without possessing princely purses.

In a small Eastern town the half-dozen influential young men were discussing "graft," the sins of corporations, the venality and cowardice of public servants—all the fervid political evils of the day. In each man's talk there was an implied assumption that were he in high office, he would be brave and incorruptible. Yet one of the men was a town constable, and he and everyone else in the room knew that every night men came drunk out of a kitchen barroom in the center of the town, that no constable had lifted his hand against the criminal who sold liquor, or had arrested a fellow citizen for drunkenness and disorder. The other day the editor of a newspaper in a small Western town was assassinated. He had assailed in his editorial columns the corrupt local politicians. The chief of police and a police sergeant proved the truth of his charges by trying to kill him. Three attempts were made on his life before the bullets finally found him. That editor had done the bravest and rarest thing—attacked the known corruptions of his neighbors. Any man can assail with bitter invective the President, the Senate, the Supreme Court, and cry valiantly to his fellow voters to save the country from the wickedness of a few hundred Congressmen. But the local, immediate salvation which can be secured by the petty officer in his own community is a jewel often lost, and requiring the highest courage to win. The sheriff who maintains the law in the face of a mob led by his lifelong friends, the selectman who stands for the rights of his town against the private interests of his dearest neighbor—these men are the bravest of patriots, the most potent of reformers.

President Eliot, in an address before the Fortnightly Club in Chicago, said that in the education of children the old practice was to set before them the tasks that were hardest for them, but that the modern method is to give them the sort of education they desire and in which they are able to excel. These are sound ideas and, when properly qualified, are of the greatest importance. There are two separate principles involved in them—one in respect to the child's maturity and the other in respect to his mental bent. Every one will admit that the human mind passes from concrete to abstract ideas, and that the power of abstract thinking hardly belongs to childhood at all. It is clear, therefore, that the imposition of abstract studies on young children is not only useless but discouraging and hurtful. English grammar is a type of this kind of study. A celebrated professor in a Southern university used to lecture a month every year on the distinction between a noun and a verb. Certainly the discrimination between the parts of speech and the different moods and tenses of the verb is a performance for which very few adults are prepared. Yet this was formerly one of the first studies taken up in the primary schools. Just as bad is the practice, wherever it exists, of ignoring the bent of a child's mind. His mind may be that of a mechanic, a mathematician, a naturalist, a historian, a poet or a physicist. President Eliot says the modern practice is to take advantage of this bent, whatever it may be. And it is to be hoped that this is the practice. President Eliot no doubt believes that these principles can be followed without a total or even an injurious neglect of mental discipline. A child's powers ought to be called into play as fast as they develop, and certainly at some stage he must be required to make a mental effort which goes against the grain. Otherwise he will be unnecessarily narrow minded and poorly educated. But the leading idea in the education of children should be that a due regard must be paid to their stage of development and their peculiar talents and bent of mind.

Below is given a list of Proofreader's Marks, a knowledge of which will prove of great value to anyone who does advertising:

✕ Change bad letter.	⊏ Move over.
⊥ Push down space.	□ Em quad space.
9 Turn over.	/-/ One-em dash
ℌ Take out (dele).	/=/ Two-em dash
∧ Left out; insert.	¶ Paragraph.
# Insert space.	No ¶ No paragraph.
⌣ Even spacing	wf. Wrong font.
⌣ Less space.	.... Let it stand.
⊃ Close up entirely.	stet. Let it stand
⊙ Period.	tr. Transpose.
/ Comma.	Caps Capital letters.
⊙ Colon.	s. c. Small caps
⁄ Semicolon.	l. c. Lower case or small letters.
⋎ Apostrophe.	Ital. Italics.
⋎⋎ Quotation.	Rom. Roman
/ Hyphen.	
⫽ Straighten lines.	

Could Not Cure Himself.

Something of the irony of fate is exemplified in an anecdote related by the New York Times concerning Professor Poirier, who until his recent death was the most famous cancer expert in France.

Professor Poirier gave much of his time without pay to aiding poor people afflicted with cancer. One day there came to him a woman on whom he had operated, and who feared the growth was coming again.

"Fear nothing," said the physician when he had made an examination. "It will be some years before you will need a fresh operation—which, by the way, I shall not be able to perform."

"But, doctor, you will not refuse to treat me?"

"No, my poor woman, but I shall not be there to do it. I also have a cancer—and it will be more rapid than yours."

Caseyville Etiquette.

When a wedding guest fails to respond to his invitation, who should regret it—the guest or the givers of the invitation? When the Knapp-Hoover matrimonial alliance was in the making this question proved a disturbing one in the "best circles" of Caseyville.

Decision could not go far wrong in such a matter. Simple politeness seemed to require that the host should regret the failure of his company to come; so the mail brought to each person who had failed to attend the wedding this announcement upon a neatly engraved card:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hoover regret your not being present on Thursday, the sixteenth, at the home of the bride's parents."

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to say to a bachelor with a sore throat: "You need a sleeve around your throat with a woman's arm in it?"

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

This last appeal of Kate's was in answer to an expression of incredulity and doubt which had passed over the face of the lady below. It was successful in its object, for the ring of truth with which she spoke and the look of anxiety and terror upon her face were too genuine to be mistaken. The lady drew her rein so as to bring the carriage as near the wall as was possible without losing sight of Kate's face.

"My dear," she said, "you may safely tell me everything. Whatever I can do to help you shall be done, and where I am powerless there are others who are my friends and may be of assistance. Scully is my name—Mrs. Lavinia Scully of London. Don't cry, my poor girl, but tell me all about it, and let us see how we can put matters right."

Thus encouraged, Kate wiped away the tears which had been brought to her eyes by the unwonted sound of a friendly voice. Leaning forward as far as she could, and preventing herself from falling by passing her arm round a great branch which shot across the top of the shed, she gave in as few words as she could a detailed account of all that had befallen her. She described her guardian's anxiety that she should marry his son, her refusal, their sudden departure from London, her life at the Priory, the manner in which she was cut off from all human aid, and the reasons which made her believe that an attempt would be made upon her life. In conclusion, she narrated the scene which had occurred that very morning, when her guardian had tempted her to commit suicide. The only incident which she omitted from her story was that which had occurred the night before, for she felt that it might put too severe a tax upon Mrs. Scully's credulity. Indeed, looking back at it she almost persuaded herself that the sight which she had seen might be some phantom conjured up by her own imagination, weakened as she was in mind and in body.

Having concluded her narrative, she wound up by imploring her new-found friend to assist her by letting her friends in London know what had become of her and where she was. Mrs. Scully listened with a face which expressed alternately the most profound pity and the most burning indignation. When Kate had finished she sat silent for a minute or more entirely absorbed in her own thoughts. She switched her whip up and down viciously, and her usually placid countenance assumed an expression so fierce that Kate, looking down at her, feared that she had given her offense. When she looked up at last, however, she smiled so pleasantly that the poor girl was reassured, and felt instinctively that she had really found a true and effective friend at last.

"We must act promptly," she said, "for we don't know what they may be about, or what their plans are for the future. Who did you say your friends were?"

"Dr. Dimsdale, of Phillimore Gardens, Kensington."

"Hasn't he got a grown-up son?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a slight flush on her pale cheeks.

"Ah!" cried the good lady, with a very roguish smile. "I see how the land lies. Of course, of course, why shouldn't it? I remember hearing about that young man. I have heard about the Girdlestones also. African merchants they were in the city. You see I know all about you."

"You know Tom?" Kate cried in astonishment.

"Oh, don't let us get talking of Tom," said Mrs. Scully, good-humoredly. "When girls get on a subject of that sort there's an end to everything. What I want to know is business. In the first place, I shall drive down to Bedsworth and I shall send to London. But not to Phillimore Gardens. Hot-headed young men do foolish things under such circumstances as these. This is a case that wants careful management. I know a gentleman in London who is just the man, and who I know would be only too proud to help a lady in distress. He is a retired officer, and his name is Major Clutterbuck—Major Tobias Clutterbuck."

"Oh, I know him very well, and I have heard of you, too," said Kate with a smile. "I remember your name now in connection with his."

It was Mrs. Scully's turn to blush now. "Never mind that," she said. "I can trust the major, and I know he will be down here at a word from me. I shall let him have the facts, and he can tell the Dimsdales if he thinks it best. Good-by, dear, don't be unhappy any more, but remember that you have friends outside who will very quickly set all right. Good-by!" and waving her hand in encouragement, the good widow woke up the pony, which had fallen fast asleep, and rattled away down the lane in the direction from which she had come.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At four o'clock Mr. Girdlestone stepped into the Bedsworth telegraph office and wired his short message. It ran thus: "Case hopeless. Come on to-morrow with a doctor." On receipt of this he knew by their agreement that his son would come down. There was nothing for it now but that his ward should die. If he delayed longer the crash might come before her money was available, and then how vain all regrets would be.

It seemed to him that there was very little risk in the matter. The girl had had no communication with any one. Even of those around her Mrs. Jorrocks was in her dotage, Rebecca Taylforth was stanch and true, and Stevens knew nothing. Every one on the country side had heard of the invalid young lady at the Priory. Who would be surprised to hear that she had passed away? He dare not call in any local medical man, but his inventive brain had overcome the difficulty, and had hit upon a device by which he might defy both doctors and coroner. If all went as he had planned it, it was difficult to see any chance of detection. In the case of a poorer man the fact that the girl's money reverted to him might arouse suspicion, but he rightly argued that with his great reputation no one would ever dream that such a consideration could have weight with him.

Having sent the telegram off and so taken a final step, John Girdlestone felt more at his ease. He was proud of his own energy and decision. As he walked very pompously and gravely down the village street his heart glowed within him at the thought of the long struggle which he had maintained against misfortune. He passed over in his mind all the successive borrowings and speculations and makeshifts and ruses which the firm had resorted to.

Yet in spite of every danger and difficulty it still held up its head with the best, and would weather the storm at last. He reflected proudly that there was no other man in the city who would have had the dogged tenacity and the grim resolution which he had displayed during the last twelve months. "If ever any one should put it all in a book," he said to himself, "there are few who would believe it possible. It is not by my own strength that I have done it."

When he was half way to the Priory he met a small pony carriage which was rattling towards Bedsworth at a great pace, driven by a good-looking middle-aged lady with a small page by her side. The merchant encountered this equipage in a narrow country lane without a footpath, and as it approached him he could not help observing that the lady wore an indignant and gloomy look upon her features which was out of keeping with their general contour. Her forehead was contracted into a very decided frown, and her lips were gathered into what might be described as a negative smile. Girdlestone stood aside to let her pass, but the lady by a sudden twitch of her right hand rein brought the wheels across in so sudden a manner that they were within an ace of going over his toes. He only saved himself by springing back into a gap of the hedge. As it was, he found on looking down that his pearl-grey trousers were covered with flakes of wet mud. What made the incident more perplexing was that both the middle-aged lady and the page laughed very heartily as they rattled away to the village. The merchant proceeded on his way marveling in his heart at the uncharitableness and innate wickedness of unregenerated human nature.

Good Mrs. Scully little dreamed of the urgency of the case. Had she seen the telegram which John Girdlestone had just dispatched, it is conceivable that she might have read between the words, and by acting more promptly have prevented a terrible crime. As a matter of fact, with all her sympathy the worthy woman had taken a large part of Kate's story with the proverbial grain of salt. It seemed to her to be incredible and impossible that in this nineteenth century such a thing as deliberate and carefully planned murder should occur in Christian England. That these things occur in the abstract we are ready to admit, but we find it very difficult to realize that they may come within the horizon of our own experience. Hence Mrs. Scully set no importance upon Kate's fears for her life, and put them down to the excited state of the girl's imagination. She did consider it however, to be a very iniquitous and unjustifiable thing that a young girl should be cooped up and separated from all the world in such a very dreary place of seclusion as the Priory. This consideration and nothing more serious had set that look of wrath upon her pleasant face, and had stirred her up to frustrate Girdlestone and to communicate with Kate's friends.

Her intention had been to telegraph to London, but as she drove to Bedsworth she bethought her how impossible it would be for her within the limits of a telegram to explain to her satisfaction all that she wanted to express. A letter, she reflected, would, if posted now, reach the major by the first post on Saturday morning. It would simply mean a few hours' delay in the taking of steps to relieve Kate, and what difference could a few hours more or less make to the girl? She determined, therefore, that she would write to the major, explaining all the circumstances and leave it to him what course of action should be pursued.

Mrs. Scully was well known at the post-office, and they quickly accommodated her with the requisites for correspondence. Within a quarter of an hour she had written, sealed, stamped and posted the following epistle:

"Dearest Toby—Who do you think I have come across down here? No less a person than that Miss Harston who was Girdlestone's ward. You used to talk about her, I remember, and indeed you were a great admirer of hers. You would be surprised if you saw her now, so thin and worn and pale. Still her face is very sweet and pretty, so I won't deny your good taste—how could I after you have paid your addresses to me?

"Her guardian has brought her down here and has locked her up in a great bleak house called the Priory. She has no one to speak to, and is not allowed to write letters. She seemed to be heart-broken because none of her friends know where she is, and she fears that they may imagine that she has willingly deserted them. Of course, by her friends she means that curly-headed Mr. Dimsdale that you spoke of. The poor girl is in a very low, nervous state, and told me over the wall of the park that she feared her guardian had designs on her life. I can hardly believe that, but I do think that she is far from well, and that it is enough to drive her mad to coop her up like that. We must get her out somehow or another. I suppose that her guardian is within his rights, and that it is not a police matter. You must consider what must be done, and let young Dimsdale know if you think best. He will want to come down to see her, no doubt, and if Toby were to come, too, I should not be sorry.

"I should have telegraphed about it, but I could not explain myself sufficiently. I assure you that the poor girl is in a very bad way, and we can't be too energetic in what we do. It was very sad to hear the positive manner in which she declared that her guardian would murder her, though she did not attempt to give any reason why he should commit such a terrible crime. We saw a horrid one-eyed man at the gate who appeared to be on guard to prevent any one from coming out or in. On our way to Bedworth we met no less a person than the great Mr. Girdlestone himself, and we actually drove so clumsily that we splashed him all over with mud. Wasn't that a very sad and unaccountable thing? I fancy I see Toby smiling over that. Ever yours,

"LAVINIA SCULLY."

The major called a cab and rattled away to Phillimore Gardens and thence to the office, without being able to find the man of whom he was in search. He then rushed down the Strand as quickly as he could, intending to catch the next train and go alone, but on his way to Waterloo station he fell in with Tom Dimsdale, as recorded in a preceding chapter.

The letter was a thunderbolt to Tom. In his worst dreams he had never imagined anything so dark as this. He hurried back to the station at such a pace that the poor major was reduced to a most asthmatical and wheezy condition. He trotted along pluckily, however, and as he went heard the account of Tom's adventures in the morning, and of the departure of Ezra Girdlestone and of his red-bearded companion. The major's face grew more anxious still when he heard of it. "Pray heaven we may not be too late!" he panted.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Kate had made a clean breast of all her troubles to the Widow Scully, and had secured that good woman's co-operation, a great weight seemed to have been lifted from her heart, and she sprang from the shed a different woman. It would soon be like a dream, all these dreary weeks in the grim old house. Within a day she was sure that either Tom or the major would find means of communicating with her. The thought made her so happy that the color stole back into her cheeks, and she sang for very lightness of heart as she made her way back to the Priory.

Mrs. Jorrocks and Rebecca observed the change which had come over her, and marveled at it. Kate attempted to aid the former in her household work, but the old crone refused her assistance, and repulsed her harshly. Her maid, too, answered her curtly when she addressed her, and eyed her in anything but a friendly manner.

She amused herself that morning by reckoning up in her mind what the sequence of events would be in London, and how long it would be before she heard from her friends. If Mrs. Scully had telegraphed, news would have reached them last night. Probably she would write as well, giving all the particulars about her. The post came in about nine o'clock, she thought. Then some time would elapse before the major could find Tom. After that, no doubt they would have to consider what had best be done, and perhaps would go and consult with Dr. Dimsdale. That would occupy the morning and part of the afternoon. They could hardly reach the Priory before nightfall.

Ezra would be down by that time. On the Saturday before he had arrived between five and six. A great dread filled her soul at the thought of meeting the young merchant again. It was merely the natural instinct of a lady shrinking from whatever is rough and coarse and antagonistic. She had no conception of the impending danger, or of what his coming might mean to her.

Mr. Girdlestone was more gracious to her than usual that morning at breakfast. He seemed anxious to efface the remembrance of his fierce and threatening words the day before. Rebecca, who waited upon them, was astonished to hear the way in which he spoke. His whole manner was less heavy and ungainly than usual, for now that the time of action was at hand he felt braced and invigorated, as energetic men do.

"You should study botany while you are down here," he said, blandly. "Depend upon it, one cannot learn too many things in one's youth. Besides a knowledge of natural science teaches us the marvelous harmony which prevails throughout the universe, and so enlarges our mind."

"I should very much like to know something of it," answered Kate. "My only fear is that I should not be clever enough to learn it."

"The wood here is full of wonders. The tiniest mushroom is as extraordinary and as worthy of study as the largest oak. Your father was fond of plants and animals."

"Yes, I can remember that," said Kate, her face growing sad as her mind traveled back to years gone by. What would that same father have thought, she wondered, had he known how this man opposite to her had treated her? What did it matter now though, when she would so soon be out of his power?

(To be continued.)

Her Right to Preach.

Woman's inborn right to preach has been recognized by Bishop Talbot, of Pennsylvania. A skirted itinerant expounder of the gospel used to gather a crowd every Sunday within sight of the bishop's cathedral and many of his flock were seen lingering under her spell. One of the vestrymen went to the bishop to remonstrate. He wanted something done to stop the preaching so near the cathedral. "Oh, never mind," said the bishop, "she cannot hurt me. Let her preach. She must exhort somebody, and, you see, she has no husband. I warrant your wife gives you many a good sermon in the retirement of your home. All women like to preach."—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Crank.

He—I notice you call a good many of your acquaintances cranks. I hope you do not consider me a crank? She—Certainly not! A crank is a person with one idea, and I never heard anybody accuse you of having one!—Pearson's Weekly.

"They say Mrs. Youngwed across the way has the most extraordinary powers of persuasion."

"Yes. I've known her to keep a girl a week at a time."—Baltimore American.

A government commission is struggling with the problem of exterminating the nun butterfly, which has become a plague in Bohemia.

DAIRYING IN DENMARK.

Land Worked for Hundreds of Years Still Beats Ours.

That American farmers and promoters of agricultural industries are rather lax in grasping their opportunities, and are in danger of being outgeneraled in the markets of the world, unless they improve their methods, is the belief of Dean James E. Russell, of Columbia University, New York. Dean Russell was recently a visitor at the state college, and during his stay there addressed an assembly of the teachers of the Inland Empire, who were attending the teachers' institute in Pullman. Relative to the problems just mentioned, he said:

"Thirty years ago New York was sending butter and cheese to the London markets. New York butter and cheese were ruling out similar products from Ontario, and other parts of the world. Just thirty years ago Denmark began to think she could make butter and put it in the London market. The question was, How could she overcome the lead that New York already had in the London markets? She sent men to London to study out the ground; to find what London wanted. Then she set about to give them the required product.

"Denmark is a country of poor soil, which has been tilled and overworked for a thousand years. Nevertheless, the Danish population annually sells in the markets of London $35,000,000 worth of butter. In 1903 the entire United States exported only $1,064,000 worth of butter. In addition to the vast quantity of butter mentioned, Denmark sends out one-fifth as much pork as we do, and just as many horses; and certainly, we should lead the world in the breeding of horses. In the meantime the Danish nation has taught the hens how to work. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of eggs were exported by this country in 1875, and in 1903 this export had reached a value of $8,092,000. In the last ten years Denmark has taken $8,000,000 worth of corn from Iowa and Nebraska, via New York, which she has fed to Danish cows and pigs, and then placed the latter in the European markets in successful competition with similar products from America.

"I said a moment ago that twenty years ago the competitor of Denmark was the State of New York. In these twenty years the Danish people have increased their exports from $1,000,000 to $40,000,000. In the same twenty years farm values in the State of New York have decreased $200,000,000. In the last fifteen years Ontario has outbid New York in the same way in the cheese market. Twenty years ago New York companies received Canadian cheese and put the New York stamp on it to get one cent more in the English market. Today the New York farmers are sending their cheese over the Canadian boundaries, and paying two cents per pound in order to sell it at all."

Showing the superiority of European methods of education in comparison with American education, Dean Russell said:

"Wurtemburg is a small German state, a little larger than the Inland Empire of Eastern Washington, and having a population of about two million persons. Thirty years ago Wurtemburg began to realize that her population was beginning to dwindle; that something had to be done to maintain her integrity as a state. So she set about building up a system of schools for all the people; that would help the boy who wished to be a carpenter, a plumber, or a farmer, in the same degree, according to his needs, as they would assist the youth who desired to be a lawyer, an engineer, or a physician. Today Wurtemburg has a university giving courses of world-wide fame; technical schools, weaving and manufacturing schools; two hundred and thirty industrial schools in towns and villages; schools for metal workers, and workers in the textile trades; schools of art, of agriculture, of preparation for household management; and numerous farm schools, and high schools throughout the state.

"Wurtemburg, a state but little larger than the Inland Empire of Eastern Washington, supports all these institutions, with an income of ten dollars per head of population. What would American citizens think, if in addition to supporting agricultural colleges, they were asked to support five hundred technical and industrial schools for every two million of population? This is what is being done in the small state of Wurtemburg, and from the point of view of American citizens today, it is almost inconceivable; the contemplation of which must lead any American citizen to infer that his country has much to do and learn before it can successfully compete with the old country in the products of industrial education."

Answers to Queries.

By J. L. Ashlock, Washington Experiment Station, Pullman.

Haverford, Pa.—"Is it considered that hog raising is practicable in the northwestern part of the United States?" H. W.

"It is probable that there is no place in the United States where the prices for pork products average as high as in the Pacific Northwest. A condition of significance, too, is that the people of this region are not sufficiently alive to the necessity of their meeting the demand for pork products. Those who are in the business are making money. Conditions are improving, however, for at the present time we note a growing tendency among farmers to pay more attention to this business. The Berkshire breed is preferable, in my opinion, although the Duroc Jerseys are making some headway. At the experiment station we have about concluded that a cross of these two breeds would be better than either one by itself."

Eventually.

Reporter—Do you ever contribute anything to foreign papers?

Comic Bard—Why—er—yes; on looking over the miscellany columns of the papers I find that I contribute lots of stuff to the London Tit-Bits.

Same Everything.

Prosperous Clubman—When I first arrived in this town, forty years ago, I hadn't a shirt to my back.

Old Chapman—Worse than that; you hadn't a tooth in your head.