

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

## General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

A 45-mile blizzard swept the prairies of North Dakota.

It is reported that Turks have massacred all the Christians at Mitylene.

President Taft denies any intention of playing politics in his civil service movement.

A Greek vessel reports that part of the Turkish fleet was forced to run ashore by the Greeks, and the Turkish admiral was killed.

The proposed inter-state bridge between Vancouver, Wash., and Portland, Or., is given renewed impetus by big meeting in Seattle.

Turkeys are a drug on the market in San Francisco at 18 to 20 cents per pound, though chickens and other poultry are higher than ever.

Portland plans to "sing the old year out" by an open-air concert on the streets, in which everyone will join, led by an immense brass band.

The Milwaukee railroad company has made arrangements to run through trains to Portland, beginning June 1, and probably using the O.-W. R. & N. tracks.

Miss Clara Munson, newly-elected mayor of Warrenton, Or., receives telegrams of congratulation from all over the United States, some coming from New York.

President Taft has commuted to one year the two and one-half year sentence of C. D. Hillman, a shy real estate promoter of Seattle. He is preparing to live in ease in Southern California.

Maggie Adams, "mother" of the Tillamook tribe Indians, died at her home at East Garibaldi aged 109 years. She saw the first white man to reach Tillamook and knew of many shipwrecks unknown to the white people.

A gang of professional burglars in Portland make a specialty of entering houses, commanding the occupants to draw the bed clothes over their heads and keep still, and then ransacking the house at their leisure, often stopping to have a quiet lunch on what eatables they can find.

Two persons were killed and 15 injured when Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific passenger trains Nos. 23 and 24 collided head-on at Innokah, Oklahoma. The scene of the wreck is seven miles south of Chickasha.

## PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 77¢; 78¢; bluestem, \$1.02; 82¢; forty-fold, 79¢; red Russian, 76¢; valley, 80¢.  
Barley—Feed, \$24 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$27@28.  
Corn—Whole, \$36; cracked, \$37 ton; Millstuffs—Bran, \$23 per ton; shorts, \$25; middlings, \$30.  
Hay—Timothy, choice, \$17@18; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, \$12@15; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$12; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.  
Oats—No. 1 white, \$26 per ton.  
Fresh Fruits—Apples, 50¢@.51.50 per box; pears, 75¢@.81.50; grapes, \$1.60; Malagas, \$8 per barrel; cranberries, \$11.50; casabas, \$6 per dozen.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 60¢@65¢ per hundred; sweet potatoes, 24¢ per pound.  
Onions—Oregon, 90¢@.91 per sack.  
Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; beans, 12¢ per crate; cabbage, 1¢; cauliflower, \$1.75 per crate; celery, \$3@3.25; cucumbers, 50¢@60¢ per dozen; eggplant, 10¢ per pound; head lettuce, \$2 per crate; peas, 12¢ per pound; peppers, 10¢.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candied, 35¢@36¢ per dozen; current receipts, 30¢@32¢.  
Pork—Fancy, 9¢@9.1¢ per pound.  
Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 37¢ per pound; prints, 38¢@39¢.

Poultry—Hens, 12¢@13¢; broilers, 12¢@13¢; turkeys, live, 20¢; dressed, choice, 25¢; ducks, 12¢@14¢; geese, 12¢@13¢.  
Veal—Fancy, 13¢@14¢ per pound.  
Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 17¢@20¢ per pound.  
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14¢@18¢ per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 21¢@22¢; mohair, choice, 32¢.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.85@7.25; good, \$6.50@7.25; medium, \$6@6.25; choice cows, \$6@6.50; good, \$5.50@6.25; medium, \$4.50@5.25; choice calves, \$7.50@8.75; good heavy calves, \$6@7; bulls, \$5@6; stags, \$5@6.  
Hogs—Light, \$7.50@7.75; heavy, \$6@7.  
Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$4.25@5.35; ewes, \$3.25@4.25; lambs, \$5@6.60.

## The Confidence Game.

"Well, George," she called from the top of the stairs at 1 a. m., "what was it this time? Did your lodge meet or was it necessary for you to stay in town to discuss business with some body who had to catch a midnight train, a friendly little game with some of the boys, or was it an extra rush of work at the office."

He clung to the newest post for a moment and, blinking, looked up at her. Then he endeavored to moisten his lips and said:

"Mary, if I didn't have condensed in you, I'd think you were shushicious of me—hence I would."

## Inconsistent.

"This author takes up more than a hundred pages in analyzing his heroine's soul."  
"Oh, well. You shouldn't blame him for that."  
"I wouldn't blame him, if it were not for the fact that later on he proves conclusively his heroine is a soulless creature."

## Literary Progress.

"Do you think that friend of ours adds to his prestige by quoting the names of great men of the past?"  
"Undoubtedly. He raises his campaign literature from the rank of current fiction to that of the historic novel."

## CASH CANNOT BE CORNERED

J. P. Morgan Asserts Alleged Trust Is Impossibility.

EPICRAMS OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

All the money in Christendom and all the banks in Christendom could not form a monopoly that would control money.

What I call money is the basis of banking.

If he had the credit and I had the money (referring to a hypothetical man in control of the credit of the country), his customer would be badly off.

When a man has vast power and abuses it, he loses it—and he never gets it back again, either.

The question of control, in this country, at least, is personal; that is, in money.

I would rather have competition. You must remember that not all securities sold and issued are always good, and when there is a responsible fiscal agent, there is moral strength behind them.

American stockholders take little interest in the management of their corporations. That is why we organize a voting trust in order to protect the company.

There is no place where mergers and consolidations have taken place to the extent they have in Great Britain.

"You believe in buying up the competing line?" asked Mr. Undermyer. "Why, sure," said Mr. Morgan.

My idea is that it (the stock of the Equitable company) should be turned over to the policy-holders.

Washington, D. C.—J. Pierpont Morgan told the money trust investigating committee of the house that "all the money in Christendom and all banks in Christendom" could not form a monopoly that would control money.

Mr. Morgan disclaimed any knowledge that he wielded a vast power in modern finance, and declared emphatically that he sought no such power.

For nearly five hours the chief witness called by the committee in its investigation of the intricacies of modern finance stood a running fire of questions that covered every phase of financial operation. In some respects it was one of the most remarkable hearings in the halls of congress in years, with Mr. Morgan as the embodiment of financial operations on a colossal scale and the committee's counsel, Samuel Undermyer, the representative of the element that seeks to probe the innermost recesses and conditions under which these vast financial operations are conducted.

Mr. Morgan gave his views on competition, combination, co-operation and control in industry and finance, particularly the latter. He declared he did not "mind competition," but that he preferred "combination" in his operations. He was emphatic in his declaration that "there is no way one man can get a monopoly of money."

AVIATORS' BODIES PICKED UP  
One Corpse on Beach; Other Floats With Life Preserver.

Los Angeles.—The bodies of Horace Kearney, aviator, and Chester Lawrence, newspaperman, lie side by side in a little undertaking shop at Redondo Beach, finally given up by the sea, which had combined with the more mysterious forces of the air to destroy them as they were seeking to write a new chapter in aviation by a daring over-ocean flight to San Francisco.

Ten hours after the body of the young reporter, battered almost beyond recognition by waves and rocks, was found on the precipitous coast near Rocky Point, that of his aviator companion was picked up a mile away at sea by a searching party in charge of George B. Harrison, a skilled aeronaut and close friend of the doomed man.

Kearney's body was found entangled in kelp and partially attached to a life preserver, the white cloth of which, glistening in the sunlight, attracted the searchers to the spot.

Mercury Soars to 122 in Shade.  
Sydney, N. S. W.—One hundred and twenty-two in the shade is the record made by the first heat wave experienced in Australia this summer.

This was recorded at Eucla, the repeating station on the South Australian-West Australian border. At Home, in Queensland, the mercury stood at 110, while Newcastle, the coal city of New South Wales, has had the hottest spell for 16 years, accompanied by dust and wind storms. Other parts of New South Wales were affected, but no deaths were reported.

Van Schaick Pardoned.  
Washington, D. C.—The president has granted a pardon to Captain William H. Van Schaick, who commanded the steamboat General Slocum, which burned in 1894 in East River, off New York City, resulting in the loss of 1030 lives, mostly women and children.

Captain Van Schaick has been out of prison on parole for some time. Captain Van Schaick in 1906 was convicted and sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment for criminal negligence in failure to have sufficient life-saving and fire equipment aboard his vessel.

Bill Goes to Conference.  
Washington, D. C.—The "literacy test" immigration bill, which passed the house Friday and was brought back to the senate for its concurrence, was sent to conference Saturday. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, moved that the senate disagree to the house amendments. A conference was asked for, and Senator Gallinger appointed Senators Dillingham, Lodge and Smith, of South Carolina, as conferees in the senate.

Halibut Brings Big Price.  
Seattle, Wash.—Fourteen thousand pounds of halibut sold for the record price of 10¢ cents a pound when the fishing steamer Moloka arrived here from a 22-day cruise off Vancouver Island. The price of halibut has jumped rapidly since the fishermen's strike began two months ago and the few independent crews operating are reaping huge profits.

# OREGON STATE NEWS IN GENERAL

Industrial and Educational Items of Interest To Oregonians

## MORE COURSES IN PRUNING TEACH VEGETABLE GROWING

O. A. C. Offers Special Work for Fruitmen in January.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Because there has been a demand for more work in pruning and other horticultural subjects than could be responded to in a single period of four weeks, the Oregon Agricultural college will this year install special work for those who have already had a previous year's short course training, beginning January 6.

"The advanced work will be given in the afternoon, and will start with a study of the bud, followed by blackboard exercises and a study of the varieties of fruit trees in the orchard, learning their habits of growth, habits of bud formation, etc.," said Prof. Lewis in discussing the new work. "The latter part of the course will be devoted to the pruning of various types. The work will be given every Monday and Wednesday afternoon during the short course."

Another course open only to those who have had previous horticultural training in the short course under Prof. Lewis is that on orchard economics.

"Heretofore our energies have been concentrated on producing the fruit," said Prof. Lewis. "As our crops increase, and as the prices at times drop, one of the greatest problems will be how to lower our cost of production. This course deals with the cost of producing fruits. We first start with land values, cost of clearing, preparation, staking, planting, tillage, use of cover crops, pruning, thinning and handling the crop. Laboratory exercises will be given in this course in the drafting room, which will consist of orchard platting, a study of the relation of the location of orchard buildings to orchard economics and management. The students will also be given training in the planning and construction of packing houses. This course will be given every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon during the short course."

CLIMATE MAKES FINE FRUIT  
Taking Oregon Soil East Does Little Good.

"If the middle-western fruitmen who had a train load of Oregon soil placed in their orchard could have transferred a like quantity of Oregon climate to their Mississippi valley farms, they would have made the duplication of Oregon apples on the other side of the Rockies much more nearly possible," said Prof. C. I. Lewis in a lecture on "Choosing an Orchard," last week before a large audience of Oregon fruitgrowers at the Oregon Agricultural college.

Climatological conditions seem to hold the key to successful fruit culture, he said, but emphasized the fact that, besides choosing a place of proper climatic conditions, the orchardman must take thought of the altitude of his orchard site, the quality of soil, the exposure and the moisture conditions.

No matter how fine and fertile a soil may be, if it is but a few inches deep, with a stratum of rock beneath, it is not orchard soil, he said, and, though a soil may be eminently suited to one fruit, it might be very poor for another. It is erroneously held by some that the orchard should have a south exposure; in frost regions a north exposure is preferable, since the thawing after a freeze is more gradual, and the trees thus have more chance to recover.

KLAMATH FRUIT BIG SUCCESS  
Growers Beginning on Small Scale Learn District Is Adapted.

Klamath Falls—Believing that the widespread criticism of the courts is due directly to preventable methods now in vogue, W. C. Smith, joint representative of Klamath, Lake and Crook counties, has in preparation a bill to facilitate court work and to prevent the customary temporizing in court work. It is not Mr. Smith's idea to revolutionize the practice or to abolish the profession of the law, but to make the practice practical by bringing certain limitations to bear on the professional work.

Railway Enters May 1.  
Gresham—The town of Sandy expects to welcome the advent of the Multnomah Central railroad May 1. The right of way from Cottrell, six and one-half miles, to Sandy has been cleared and grading will begin in a short time. Traylor Bros. have the contract for grading and construction and, with their equipment, could do the work in 90 days, but expect to be delayed somewhat by inclement weather. Cherryville is seven miles beyond Sandy and there is assurance that the road will reach there next year.

Plans for Farm Buildings.  
Blue-prints of plans for the construction of various farm buildings, such as barns, silos and houses, will soon be furnished to the farmers of the state by the farm mechanics department of the Oregon Agricultural college upon request. This is a new departure in the service of the college to prominent local growers of grain. Believing the price of the jute bag is kept up by the trust, members of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative union have decided either to purchase cotton bags of Southern manufacture or erect elevators and handle their grain in bulk.

## OREGON IN TIMBER COLUMN

May Soon Occupy Third Place as Lumber Producing State.

Salem.—Declaring that Oregon stands pre-eminent among the states in forest wealth; that of the total amount of timber in the United States, this state has one-fifth, and that it now stands fourth among the states in its lumber cut, the preface of the report of the State Board of Forestry further declares that this state probably will advance to the third place next year.

"It is extremely difficult to convey any idea of the magnitude of Oregon's forest resources by quoting figures in terms of board feet or acres of timberland," states the report. "This point can, however, be brought out emphatically by comparison with the forest resources in the other timbered regions of the United States. Statistics prove that Oregon has almost twice as much timber as is found in all New England, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, a territory commonly known as the great northern forest region. The central forest region, extending from Southern Michigan to Southern Tennessee, and from the west slope of the Appalachian mountains westward to the prairies, has long been famous as a source of hardwood, yet it contains only half the amount of standing timber as does Oregon."

Oregon Has Woman Mayor.  
Warrenton, Or.—By 16 votes lead Miss Clara C. Munson, daughter of a survivor of the Whitman massacre, graduate of St. Helen's Hall, Portland, and one of the best known Rebecca edge women of Oregon, was elected mayor of Warrenton over J. W. Detrich and thereby became the first woman mayor in Oregon. Also it establishes a precedent for equal suffrage states, as it is but little more than a month that the women have had the ballot in Oregon.

Hood River Work Rushed.  
Hood River—With the Hood River gradually rising for the past week, a crew of men changing the course of the channel of the mouth of the river, under the supervision of the state game and fish commission has been battling to make the funds available for the work go as far as possible before the waters pour over the coffer dam that has been constructed. Not only is the commission interested in the work of local sportsmen, who desire to see a return of the game steelhead salmon to the pools.

West Stayton Has Light.  
West Stayton—Lights have been installed along the Santiam road in West Stayton and also by the Southern Pacific company in its depot park. Ornamental lamp posts were obtained from Philadelphia and they present a decidedly up-to-date appearance. This is undoubtedly the only small town of its size which lights its main street, and the difference, after passing into the dark hamlets and coming into the lighted town of West Stayton, is for that reason all the more noticeable.

Decide Against Jute Bag.  
Pendleton—The days of the jute bag in Umatilla county and Eastern Oregon are practically numbered, according to prominent local growers of grain. Believing the price of the jute bag is kept up by the trust, members of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative union have decided either to purchase cotton bags of Southern manufacture or erect elevators and handle their grain in bulk.

# The FLYING MERCURY

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
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SYNOPSIS.  
The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily F'rench, a relative of Ethan F'rench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick F'rench, is unconscious with drink to direct it right. They meet another car when a professional racer named Lestrangle, who has just won the French car and directs Miss F'rench how to make her homeward way. Emily F'rench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. Her informant plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan F'rench wanted an expensive automobile, and the "Mercury" auto events, has engaged Lestrangle, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They first meet pleasantly at their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes her. Lestrangle's first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrangle, Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin into an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business, which ends in the taking of Lestrangle. Dick is a miser, and in making test race meets with an accident. Lestrangle meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).  
Lestrangle hesitated, himself troubled. Her soft-loveliness in the delicate light that left her eyes unreadable depths of shadow, her timidity and anxiety for his safety, were from their very unconsciousness most dangerous. And while he grasped at self-control, she came still nearer to the head of the steps and held out her small fair hand, mistaking his silence for leave-taking.

"Good night, and I thank you for coming. I am not used to so much consideration."  
Her accents were unsure when she would have made them most certain, with her movement the handkerchief fell from her girle to his feet. Mechanically Lestrangle recovered the bit of linen, and felt it lie wet in his fingers. "What?"

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and sprang the brief step between them. Her white, terrified face turned to him in the moonlight, but he saw her eyes. And seeing, he kissed her.

The moment left no time for speech. Some one was coming down the drawing-room toward the long windows. Dick's impatient whistle sounded shrilly from the park. Panting, quivering, Emily drew from the embrace and fled within.

She had no doubt of Lestrangle, no question of his serious meaning—he had that force of sincerity which made his protestations more convincing than the protestations of others. But alone in her room she laid her cheek against the hand his had touched.

"I wish I had died in the convent," she cried to her heart. "I wish I had died before I made him unhappy too."

CHAPTER VII.  
Morning found a pale and languid Emily across the breakfast table from Mr. F'rench. Yet, by a contradiction of the heart, her pride in loving and being loved, so overbore the knowledge that only sorrow could result to herself and Lestrangle, that her eyes shone wide and lustrous and her lips curved softly.

Mr. F'rench was almost in high spirits. "The boy was merely developing," he stated, over his grape-fruit. "I have been unjust to Richard. For two months Bailey has been talking of his interest in the business and attendance at the factory, but I was incredulous. Although I fancied I observed a change—have you observed a change in him, Emily?"

"Yes," Emily confirmed, "a very great change. He has grown up, at last."  
"Ah! I cannot express to you how it gratifies me to have F'rench representing me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come down stairs." He picked up the newspaper beside him and passed across the folded page.

"All in readiness for Beach Contest," the head-lines ran. "Last big driver to arrive. Lestrangle is in Mercury camp with R. F'rench, representative of Company."  
And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mechanic masked to globeless non-identity, with the legend underneath: "Darling" Lestrangle, in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

"Next year I shall make him part owner. It was always my poor brother's desire to have the future name still F'rench and F'rench. He was not thinking of Richard then; he had hope of—"

Emily lifted her gaze from the picture, recalled to attention by the break.

"Of?" she echoed vaguely.

"Of one who is unworthy thought. Richard has redeemed our family from extinction; that is at rest. He paused for an instant. "My dear child, when you are married and established, I shall be content."

Her breathing quickened, her courage rose to the call of the moment.

"If Dick is here, if he is instead of a substitute," she said, carefully quiet in manner, "would it matter, since I am only a girl, whom I married, Uncle Ethan?"

The recollection of that evening when Emily had given her promise of aid, stirred under Mr. F'rench's self-absorption. He looked across the table at her colorless, eager face with perhaps his first thought of what that promise might have cost her.

"No," he replied kindly. "It is part of my satisfaction that you are set free to allow your own choice, without thought of utility or fortune. Of course, I need not say provided the man is of your own class and associations. We will fear no more low marriages."

She had known it before, but it was hard to hear the sentence embodied in

something to be so close, down there and up here.

"Emily!"  
"You are not angry? You will not be angry? You know I can do nothing else, please say you know."

He came nearer and took both cold little hands in his clasp, bending to her the shining gravity of his regard.

"Do you think me such a selfish animal, my dear, that I would have kissed you when I could not claim you?" he asked. "Did you think I could forget you were Emily F'rench, even by moonlight?"

Her face fell back, her dark eyes questioned his.

"You—mean—"

"I mean that even your uncle cannot deny my inherited quality of gentleman. I am no millionaire incognito. I have driven racing cars and managed this factory to earn my living, having no other dependence than upon myself, but my blood is as old as yours, little girl, if that means anything."

"Not to me," she cried, looking up into his eyes. "Not to me, but to him. I drew for you—"

He drew her toward him, unresisting, their gaze still on each other. As from the first, there was no shyness between them, but the strange, exquisite understanding now made perfect.

"I was right to come to you," he declared, after a time. "Right to fear that you were troubled, conscientious lady. But I must go back, or there will be a fine disturbance at the beach. And I have shattered my other plans to insignificant fragments, or you have. If I did not forget by moonlight that you were Emily F'rench, I certainly forgot everything else."

She looked up at him, her softly-tinted face bright as his own, her yellow hair rumpled into glossy tendrils under the black ribbon binding it.

"Everything else?" she echoed. "Is there anything else but this?"

"Nothing that counts, to me. You had so easily taken from me the task she hated and strove to bear. And he had succeeded, how he had succeeded! Who else in the world could have so transformed Dick? Leaning on the table, her round chin in her palm as she gazed down at the paper in her lap, her fancy slipped back to that night on the Long Island road, when she had first seen his serene genius for setting all things right. How like him that elimination of Dick. Instead of a romantic and impracticable attempt to escort her himself.

A bush crackled stiffly at some one's passage; a shadow fell across her.

"Caught!" laughed Lestrangle's glad, exultant voice. "Since you look at the portrait, how shall the original fear to present himself? See, I can match." He held out a card burned at

Emily gave a faint cry.

"Yes, for my work would have been done. Then I fell in love and upset everything. When I tell Mr. F'rench that I want you, I will have to leave at once."

"Why? You said—"

"How brave are you, Emily?" he asked. "I said your uncle could not question my name or birth, but I did not say he would want to give you to me. Nor will he; unless I am mistaken. Are you going to be brave enough to come to me, knowing he



"Dick Will Tell Me of You."

the corners and streaked with dull red. "The first time I saw your writing, and found my own name there?"

Amazed, Emily sat up, and met in his glowing face all incarnate joy of life and youth.

"Oh!" she gasped piteously.

"You are surprised that I am here? My dear, my dear, after last night did you think I could be anywhere else?"

"The race—"

"I know that track too well to need much practice, and I had the machine out at dawn. My partner is busy practicing this morning, and I'll be back in a couple of hours. I was afraid, the gray eyes were so gentle in their brilliancy, "I was afraid you might worry, Emily."

Serenely he assumed possession of her, and the assumption was very sweet. He had not touched her, yet Emily had the sensation of brutally thrusting him away when she spoke:

"How could I do anything else?" she asked with desolation, "since we must never meet each other any more? Only, you will not go far away—you will stay where I can sometimes see you as we pass?—I—I think I could not bear it to have you go away."

"Emily!"

The scissors clinked sharply to the floor as she held out her white hands in deprecation of his cry; the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You know, you know! I am not free; I am Emily F'rench. I cannot fall my uncle and grieve him as his son did. Oh, I will never marry any one else, and we will hear of each other; I can read in the papers and Dick will tell me of you. It will be

has no right to complain, since you and I together have given him Dick?"

"He does not know you; how can you tell he does not like you?" she urged.

"Do you think he likes 'Darling' Lestrangle of the race course?"

The sudden demand disconcerted her.

"I hear a little down there," he added. "I have not been fortunate with your kinsman. No, it is for you to say whether Ethan F'rench's unjust caprice is a bar between us. To me it is none."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Very Best Make.  
In the course of an after-dinner speech in praise of woman, Samuel Undermyer, the New York lawyer, said in Pittsburg:

"A commercial traveler remarked the other day to a storekeeper: 'Make yourself a Christmas present of a cash register. It will keep strict and accurate account of all you receive and all you disburse. It will show what you save and what you squander, what in you spend foolishly and what you spend wisely, where you should spread out and where you should retrench, what you waste and how you waste it—'

"But," said the storekeeper, "I've already got a cash register which does all that and more."

"Whose make is it?" asked the salesman, frowning.

"God's make," the storekeeper replied, and with a smile at once reverent and grateful he nodded toward his handsome wife seated in the cashier's cage."