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Why City Can't Bid on Seattle, Renton & Southern.

IT now seems certain the city will be unable to bid on the Seattle, Renton & Southern line at the court sale May 1.

The court has barred the city from being a bidder—not directly, but in general effect of the order. This order provides that the purchaser must take over a 10-year contract to buy electric power from the Puget Sound Traction company.

While other creditors of the Seattle, Renton & Southern stand a fair chance of losing their accounts, to a greater or less extent, this provision protects the private electric company even for 10 years in the future. As the city has a plant of its own, it would, of course, be an outrageous procedure if the city bought juice for its own railway elsewhere.

Therefore, even if all other conditions were satisfactory, this one alone is enough to prevent the city's purchase of the S., R. & S.

Preparedness Progresses

THERE has been a great deal of bluff and guff at Washington over preparedness. Yet in spite of it all, it is to be noticed that the net result of congress' work is a steady progress towards adequate military defense, and defense on the right basis, at that.

The latest skirmish occurred in the senate over an amendment to the Chamberlain army bill making an appropriation of $15,000,000 for a government-owned nitrate plant.

This is second in importance to the government armor plate works.

There was the usual partisan vote against the amendment, but it carried just the same, 43 to 22.

PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON WILL BE INTERESTED TO NOTE THAT WESLEY LORIMER JONES WAS ONE OF THE 22 AND THAT POINDEXTER WAS AMONG THE SANE AND PATRIOTIC 43.

A Good Change

WE are strong for Secretary Daniels' policy in at least one respect, which is his desire to change the system of navy recruiting.

Daniels says that he burned a bushel of "indecent" recruiting literature showing men going to the tropics and also associating with half-naked women.

Daniels is right. Judging from the flaming posters, staring us in the face from every billboard, life in the navy is one protracted maritime joyride.

We are not convinced that the class of recruits attracted by such advertising matter as four-colored lithographs of South Sea maidens attired in a string of coral and a luring smile would make accurate gun pointers in a pinch.

The best part, the formative period, of the life of a youth who enlists in the United States navy, is spent in the service.

Uncle Sam assumes a responsibility, when he accepts these American boys' services, which cannot be satisfied by merely showing them a good time for three years.

An education and vocational training are due them, so that when the term of enlistment expires they are not turned out confirmed vagabonds and roisterers.

The Colonel's Watchful Waiting

EVENTS indicate that Col. Roosevelt is going to make the stand-pat bosses take him without any teaspoonful of lemon juice, sugar or other nice thing to take that horrid taste out of their mouths.

In every instance, the colonel is declining to let his name go on the primary ballot. If the bosses decide at Chicago that they can't possibly win without him, they'll have to take him in the raw. If they nominate some one else and get beaten at the polls, it will be they and not the colonel who "wrecked the G. O. P."

Thousand Dollar Profit Per Man

THE Bethlehem Steel company made more than $1,000 net profit last year on each man employed, as shown by the annual report just issued.

With 22,064 employes, the Bethlehem Steel company had net earnings for the year 1915 of $23,672,000. Its income applicable to dividends was equal to 112.5 per cent on the common stock.

The net profit of $1,077 per man sets a new figure in American industry, but it is worth noting that the profit per man in Bethlehem has always been large and has been constantly increasing.

Here are the figures for the past five years:

	Number of Men Employed.	Net Manufacturing Profit, per Man.
1915	22,064	$1,077
1914	15,886	601
1913	15,052	566
1912	11,965	405
1911	11,802	390

The company has unfilled orders which guarantee the continuance of this rate of profit for at least two years.

Railroaders Uneasy

AN AUTHORITATIVE and disquieting report comes out of San Francisco that the four major railroad brotherhoods—the engineers, firemen, trainmen and conductors—will demand a marked raise in pay and, in case of a refusal, will decline to arbitrate and will strike.

The public has learned to regard any demand of these railway orders, particularly the locomotive engineers and firemen, with respect.

The major railway orders have a justly earned reputation for square dealing and moderation in their demands on the railroads they serve.

If the statements of the railroad heads are true, members of the orders involved are now receiving an average, on the Western roads, of $1,296 per man per year.

The increase in pay they ask amounts to about $300 per year per man.

A strike participated in and inaugurated by the four great orders named would tie up every railroad in the West. It would be a serious proposition for the country at any time and particularly at present. The employes' side of the question has not been presented.

PUT LILIENTHAL, president of United Railways of Frisco, on the list of converts. Says his monopoly isn't a success because of municipal competition and offers to sell out to the city. Rockefeller's family paper please copy.

DRAT THAT Villa man! He must have seven-league boots. Maybe it would be a good idea to lay for him down around the Panama canal.

A Novel a Week

A standard, high-class, book-size novel, complete this week in this paper.

No long waits; a full installment will come to you every day.

'North of Fifty-Three'

By Bertrand W. Sinclair—Copyrighted, 1914, by Little, Brown & Co.

NEXT WEEK—"THE LITTLE FORTUNE".....BY ARNOLD FREDERICKS

A Great Feature

Besides all the other good things this paper will give each week a standard-price novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

CHAPTER I.

Which Introduces a Lady and Two Gentlemen

DRESSED in a plain white shirt waist and an equally plain cloth skirt, Miss Hazel Weir, on week days, was merely a unit in the office force of Harrington & Bush, implement manufacturers.

But when Saturday evening released Miss Hazel Weir from the office she became, until she donned her working clothes at 11 a. m. Monday morning, quite a different sort of a person. In other words, she chucked the plain shirt waist and the plain skirt into the discard, got into such a dress as a normal girl of 22 delights to put on, and devoted a half hour or so to "doing her hair."

Upon a certain Saturday night Miss Weir came home from an informal little party escorted by a young man. They stopped at the front gate.

"I'll be here at 10 sharp," said he.

"I will be ready at 10 this time. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Hazie," he whispered. "Here's a kiss to dream on."

Miss Weir broke away from him laughingly, and went in.

"Bed," she soliloquized, "is the place for me if I'm going to be ready by 10 o'clock. I wish I weren't such a sleepyhead—or else that I weren't a 'pore wurrkin' gurl.'"

At which last conceit she laughed softly. Because, for a "pore wurrkin' gurl," Miss Weir was fairly well content with her lot—a state of affairs which, if it occasionally leads to loneliness, has its compensations. Her salary as a stenographer amply covered her living expenses, and even permitted her to put by a few dollars monthly. She had grown up in Granville. She had her own circle of friends.

So she was comfortable, even happy, in the present—and Jack Barrow proposed to settle her future. Six months more, and there was to be a wedding, a three-weeks' honeymoon, and a final settling down in a little cottage.

She gave the lie, for once, to the saying that a woman is never ready at the appointed time by being on the steps minutes before Jack appeared. They walked to the corner and caught a car, and in the span of half an hour got off at Granville park.

Granville park was a bit of the old Ontario woodland, and as such afforded a pleasant place to loaf in the summer months.

When Jack Barrow and Hazel had finished their lunch under the trees Hazel gathered scraps of bread and cake into a paper bag.

Barrow said to her: "Let's go down and feed the swans."

It took but a short time to reach the pond.

"Look," said Barrow suddenly; "that's us 10 years from now."

A carriage passed slowly, a solemn, liveried coachman on the box, a handsome, smooth-shaven man of 35 and a richly gowned woman leaning back and looking out over the pond with bored eyes.

"I hope not," Hazel returned impulsively.

"Hope not!" Barrow echoed. "Those people are worth a barrel of money."

"But they don't look as if they really enjoyed it."

"Fiddlesticks!" Barrow smilingly retored. "Everybody enjoys luxury."

"Well, one should," Hazel admitted. "Look," she murmured; "here's another of the plutocrats. One of my esteemed employers, if you please. You'll notice that he's walking and looking at things just like us ordinary, everyday—mortals."

Barrow saw a middle-aged man walking slowly along the path that bordered the pond. He stopped a few yards beyond them and stood idly glancing over the smooth stretch of water.

Presently his gaze wandered to them, and the well bred stare gradually gave way to a puzzled expression. He seated himself on a bench. Miss Weir became aware that he was watching her cast the bits of bread to the swans.

"Let's walk around a little," she suggested.

"All right," Barrow assented. "Let's go up the ravine."

Their course up the ravine took them past the gentleman on the bench. And he rose and lifted his hat at the very slight inclination of Miss Weir's head.

"How do you do, Miss Weir?" said he. "Quite a pleasant afternoon."

To the best of Hazel's knowledge Mr. Andrew Bush was little given to friendly recognition of his employes, particularly in public. But he seemed inclined to be talkative; and, as she caught a slightly inquiring glance at her escort, she made the necessary introduction. So for a minute or two the three of them stood there. Then Mr. Bush bowed and passed on.

"He's one of the biggest guns in Granville," Jack observed. "He started with nothing, too. Now, that's what I call success."

"Oh, yes, in a business way he's a success," Hazel responded. "But I wonder what made him thaw out so today?"

CHAPTER II.

Heart, Hand—and Pocketbook

Miss Weir was unprepared for what subsequently transpired as a result of that casual encounter with the managing partner of the firm. By the time she went to work on Monday morning she had almost forgotten the meeting in Granville park.

It was, therefore, something of a surprise to be called into the office of the managing partner on Tuesday afternoon. Bush's private stenographer sat at her machine in one corner.

Mr. Bush turned from his desk at Hazel's entrance.

"Miss Weir," he said, "I wish you to take some letters."

Hazel took the dictation, wondering mildly why she should be called upon to shoulder a part of Nelly Morrison's work.

She learned the significance of it the next morning, however, when the office boy told her she was wanted by Mr. Bush. This time when she entered Nelly Morrison's place was vacant. Bush waved her to a chair.

"My—ah—dictation to you yesterday was in the nature of a tryout, Miss Weir," he volunteered. "Miss Morrison has asked to be transferred to our Midland branch. Mr. Allan recommended you. I think you will manage it very nicely if you—ah—have no objection to giving up the more general work of the office for this. The salary will be considerably more."

Thus her new duties began.

Things moved along in routine channels for two months before Hazel became aware of a subtle change in the manner of Mr. Bush.

The first symptom was flowers, dainty bouquets of which began to appear on her desk. Coincident with this, Mr. Bush evinced an inclination to drift into talk on subjects nowise related to business.

So long as Mr. Bush confined himself to affable conversation, to sundry gifts of hothouse flowers, Hazel felt disinclined to fly from what was at worst a possibility.

But Mr. Bush took her breath away at a time and in a manner totally unexpected. He finished dictating a batch of letters one afternoon, and sat tapping on his desk with a pencil.

"Hazel," he said bluntly, "will you marry me?"

Miss Weir gasped. "Mr. Bush!" she protested.

"I'm in deadly earnest," he said. "I've loved you ever since that Sunday I saw you in the park feeding the swans. I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," Hazel stammered. "Why, you're—" What she came near saying, was, "You're old enough to be my father." But she did not finish the sentence that way. "I don't—oh, it's simply impossible. I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Perhaps I've surprised and confused you by impulsiveness," he continued. "Seeing you day after day, I've had to hold myself in check. And a man only does that so long, and no longer. Perhaps right now you don't feel as I do, but I can make you love me."

"You couldn't," Hazel answered flatly. Mr. Bush was too sure of his powers. "I would have to love a man to think of marrying him—and I do. But you aren't the man. I appreciate the compliment of your offer, but I can't marry you."

His face clouded. "You are engaged?"

"Yes."

He got up and stood over her. "To some self-centered cub—some puny egotist in his twenties," he cried. "But you won't marry him. I won't let you!"

Miss Weir rose. "I think I shall go home," she said steadily.

Bush stepped past her and snapped the latch on the office door. "I shan't permit it," he said passionately. "Girl, you don't seem to realize what this means to me. I want you—and I'm going to have you! I value you above any woman I have ever met. Most women that—"

"Most women would jump at the chance," Hazel interrupted. "Well, I'm not most women. I simply don't care for you. Seeing that you do feel that way, it's better that we shouldn't be thrown together as we are here. That's why I'm going."

"I think you had better reconsider that," he said, "unless you desire to lay yourself open to being the most-talked-of young woman in this town, where you were born, where all your friends live."

"That sounds like a threat, Mr. Bush. What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I will admit that mine is, perhaps, a selfish passion. But I never stop struggling for what I want. And I never forgive or forget."

"Well?" Hazel was beginning to see a side of Mr. Andrew Bush hitherto unsuspected.

"Well?" he repeated. "If you drive me to it, you will find yourself drawing the finger of gossip. Also, you will find yourself unable to secure a position in Granville. Also, you may find yourself losing the—er—regard of this—ah—fortunate individual upon whom you have bestowed your affections; but you'll never lose mine," he burst out wildly. "When you get done butting your head against the wall that will mysteriously rise in your way, I'll be waiting for you. That's how I love. I've never failed in anything I ever undertook, and I don't care how I fight, fair or foul, so that I win."

"This isn't the fifteenth century," Hazel let her indignation flare, "and I'm not at all afraid of any of the things you mention. Even if I weren't engaged, I'd never think of marrying a man old enough to be my father. This isn't the stone age. Even if it were," she concluded cuttingly, "you'd stand a poor chance of winning a woman against a man like—well—" She was thinking of Jack Barrow. "Well, any young man."

With that thrust, Miss Hazel Weir turned to the rack where hung her hat and coat.

Bush caught her by the shoulders before she took a second step.

"Gray hairs and advancing age!" he said. "I'll show you whether I'm the wornout specimen you seem to think I am. Do you think I'll give you up just because I've made you angry? Why, I love you the more for it; it only makes me the more determined to win you."

"You can't. I dislike you more every second. Take your hands off me, please."

For answer, he caught her to him, and kissed her; and Hazel, in blind rage, freed one arm, and struck him. By the grace of chance, the blow landed on his nose. There was force enough behind it to draw blood. He stood back and fumbled for his handkerchief.

Hazel stared, aghast. She was not at all sorry; she was perhaps a trifle ashamed. It seemed unwomanly to strike.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she had gained the street.

"He looked perfectly devilish," she told herself. "My, I loathe that man! Marry him? The idea!"

She knew that she must have cut him deeply in a man's tenderest spot—his self-esteem.

"I won't tell Jack," she reflected. "He'd probably want to thrash him. And that would stir up a lot of horrid talk."

CHAPTER III.

"I Do Give and Bequeath"

When Jack Barrow called that evening, Hazel told him simply that she had left Harrington & Bush, without entering into any explanation except the general one that she had found it impossible to get on with Mr. Bush in her new position. And Jack, being more concerned with her than with her work, gave the matter scant consideration.

This was on a Friday.

Sunday she spent with Jack Barrow. They parted, as was their custom, at the door. It was still early in the evening—8:30, and at Hazel's entrance the landlady greeted her with a startling bit of news:

"Evenin', Miss Weir. 'Ave you 'eard about Mr. Bush, pore gentleman?" Mrs. Stout was very English.

"Mr. Bush? No. What about him?"

"'E was 'urt shockin' bad this awft'noon," Mrs. Stout related. "Out 'orseback ridin', and 'is 'orse ran away with 'im, and fell on 'im. The pore man isn't expected to live. 'Is back's broke, they say."

Miss Weir voiced perfunctory sympathy, as was expected of her, seeing that she was an employe of the firm—or had been lately.

The next day's papers contained the obituary of Mr. Andrew Bush.

Hazel felt a sense of relief. He was powerless to annoy or persecute her, and she could not escape the conviction that he would have attempted both had he lived.

She had now been idle a matter of days. Nearly three months were yet to elapse before her wedding.

It seemed scarcely worth while to look for another position. But the monotony of idleness irked her. During that day she gathered together the different Granville papers, and went carefully over the "want" columns. And in the morning she sallied forth.

Her quest ended with the first place she sought. Before 10 o'clock Miss Hazel Weir was entered on the payroll of a furniture manufacturing house.

Three days went by. Hazel attended a concert with Jack the evening of the day Mr. Andrew Bush received ostentatious burial. At 10 the next morning she was called to the telephone.

"That you, Hazel?"

She recognized the voice, Jack Barrow's.

"Surely. Doesn't it sound like me?"

"Have you seen the morning papers?"

"No. What—"

"Look 'em over. Particularly the Gazette."

The harsh rattle of a receiver slammed back on its hook without even a "good-bye" from him struck her like a slap in the face. She hung up slowly, and went back to her work. The resentful note in his voice grated on her and mystified her.

The 12 to 1 intermission gave her opportunity to hurry up the street and buy a Gazette. Then, instead of going home to her luncheon, she entered the nearest restaurant. She wanted a chance to read, more than food. She did not unfold the paper until she was seated.

A column heading on the front page caught her eye. The caption ran: "Andrew Bush Leaves Money to Stenographer." And under it the subhead: "Wealthy Manufacturer Makes Peculiar Bequest to Miss Hazel Weir."

The story ran a full column, and had to do with the contents of the will, made public following his interment. There was a great deal of matter anent the principal beneficiaries. But that which formed the basis of the heading was a codicil appended to the will a few hours before his death, in which he did "give and bequeath to Hazel Weir, until lately in my employ, the sum of $5,000 in reparation for any wrong I may have done her."

The Gazette had copied that portion verbatim, and used it as a peg upon which to hang some adroitly worded speculation as to what manner of wrong Mr. Andrew Bush could have done Miss Hazel Weir. Mr. Bush was a widower of ten years standing. He had no children. There was plenty of room in his life for romance. And wealthy business men who wrong pretty stenographers are not such an unfamiliar type.

Hazel stared at the sheet, and her face burned. She could understand now why Jack Barrow had hung up his receiver with a slam.

CHAPTER IV.

An Explanation Demanded

Hazel had just reached home that evening when Jack called her on the telephone.

"I'll be out by 7:00," said he. "We had better take a walk. We can't talk in the parlor."

"All right," Hazel agreed, and hung up.

Later, when she went down to meet Jack his greeting was quite perfunctory.

They walked five blocks without a word.

"Johnnie-boy," Hazel said suddenly, "don't look so cross. Surely you don't blame me because Mr. Bush wills me a sum of money in a way that makes people wonder?"

"I can't understand it at all," he said slowly. "It's very peculiar—and deucedly unpleasant. Why should he word the will as he did? What wrong did he ever do you?"

"None," Hazel answered shortly. "I know what you're thinking. The Gazette hinted at some 'affair' between me and Mr. Bush. Haven't you any faith in me at all? I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. I've got nothing to conceal."

"Don't conceal it, then," Barrow muttered sulkily. "I've got a right to know whatever there is to know if I'm going to marry you."

Hazel stopped short and faced him.

"If you are going to marry me," she repeated, "you have got a right to know all there is to know. Have I refused to explain? I haven't had much chance to explain yet. Would any reasonable explanation make an impression on you in your present frame of mind?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Outbursts of Everett True

FREE DOCTOR

This means that any man, woman or child may consult the ex-Government Physician and get a prescription without charge. All that we ask is that you patronize the RIGHT DRUG CO.
1111 First Ave.
Between Spring and Seneca
109 Washington St.
Near Second Ave.

LIGHT AND POWER

By EDWIN J. BROWN
713 First Ave.

Light and power is not only of great concern to Seattle, but to the entire world. It is a self-evident proposition that while heredity molds us in the form of human beings, environment is the mold of experience that determines what character and kind of human being we will be and whether we will be human or otherwise.

The change in light and power has made a corresponding change in the world as to what is produced, how it is produced and how it is exchanged.

I remember when we had the tallow-dip to give us light, then mother bought a candle mold and made candles that were wonderful to look upon. Then we bought a coal oil glass lamp and that created such excitement that farmers came miles to see it and some were so afraid that it would explode and burn us all up they would not come in the house. Father would not allow any of the family to strike matches anywhere near the coal oil can and we heard much about lamps blowing up and burning people to death.

After the advent of the coal oil lamp much work, business and manufacturing could be accomplished during the night and a change of thought and action had taken place. Then came the electric light and a much greater change has been made until now, night has been changed into day, and horsepower knows no horse, and production and exchange have again been revolutionized.

IS THE CHANGE A BENEFIT?

A public service magazine is published in Chicago. It's a bear! Its purpose is to discredit public ownership and destroy the people's confidence in their owning their own institutions. The reason is apparent and plain. If the people own their own institutions and operate them for use instead of for profit (as Seattle does her light plant) the industrial kings who now control the destinies of the people must find other fields for exploitation. Profit does not grow on trees, but comes as the result of some person or class of persons sweating to create it. Inspiration is a beautiful, cool, breezy, midnight summer's dream, but perspiration is a stern reality and a tragedy to the class whose pores it oozes through. The social ownership of the institutions of industry will put an end to this tragedy, also to the myth of inspiration and bring those who say they are inspired down to mother earth where they can participate in wealth production for use and know the glory of industrial freedom.

SEATTLE MADE NOTORIOUS, NOT FAMOUS

Seattle's light and power plant has been fought at every turn of the road by its business opponents and the people's enemies, yet it emerges from the fray a magnificent demonstration, manifesting the success of collective ownership even though controlled by its enemies.

WHAT SEATTLE'S ENEMIES SAY

The Public Service Magazine, on page 94 of its March number, under the caption, "The Tale of Two Mayors," states: "Gill, of Seattle, states the facts regarding Seattle's municipal lighting plant, while Donnelly, of Trenton, 4,000 miles away, deals with fiction."

Mr. Donnelly, mayor of Trenton, who visited Seattle, has referred to our light and power plant to illustrate the success of collective ownership and in a frantic effort to discredit Mayor Donnelly, of Trenton, the magazines quotes Mayor Gill, as follows:

"To say that the Seattle lighting plant is a money-making concern is wrong. Contrary to the statements which have been made, the Seattle lighting plant was not built with the proceeds of the plant, but was built with the proceeds of several general bond issues, none of which have matured.

"These bonds are a lien against every foot of property in Seattle, whether that property receives the benefit of the plant or not.

"The Seattle Times, which, like Mayor Gill, is on the ground, and ought to know as much about this situation as the mayor of far-off Trenton, says:

"The cost of producing commercial lighting is placed at 2.18 cents per kilowatt hour and the average revenue at 3.15, leaving a profit of 9¾ mills per kilowatt hour. The commercial business is 87 per cent of that handled by the city.

"In other words, a reduction has been made in the rate for commercial lighting, which comprises 87 per cent of the business of the city plant, to the point where it is necessary to increase the rates for street lighting, comprising only 13 per cent of the business, in order to wipe out an overdraft of nearly $85,000 and pay the general fund a long-standing debt of $170,000.

"'Why should the taxpayers be penalized in this way in order that commercial lighting should be furnished at a cost which is not warranted by sound business practices?'"

Yet awhile will Seattle slumber and then the deluge.

Starting with less than $1,000,000, Seattle has now a city light and power plant that has saved its citizens hundreds of thousands of dollars by reducing the cost of light. The institution has never cost Seattle one penny, because the plant earns more than enough to pay the original cost, and also the bonds as they become due, besides reducing the price for light and power to our citizens.

You never heard of stock gamblers trying to water our city light plant stock, did you? Well, that is because there is no stock except the bills issued for light and power to the people and the dividends are represented by the ever reduction in cost.

By pledging the credit of our city water and light plant, Seattle could buy all her public utilities and pay for them from the earnings, and even then the credit of these institutions would not be pledged for an amount equal to the amount of stock that would be issued if our water and light plants were owned by private interests and run for profit.

Next week I shall address a letter to our Civil Service Commission and City Employment Office.

EDWIN J. BROWN.

MOST ANYTHING

EV TRUE SAYS:

"Charlie Beckingham hasn't had a drink since Jan. 1, and he's bound none of the rest of us is going to cheat either."

REAL PAINLESS DENTISTS

In order to introduce our new (whalebone) plate, which is the lightest and strongest plate known, does not cover the roof of the mouth; you can bite corn off the cob; guaranteed 15 years.

Gold crown	$3.00
$15 set of teeth (whalebone)	$8.00
$10 set of teeth	$5.00
Bridge work, per tooth, gold	$3.00
White crowns	$3.00
Gold fillings	$1.00 up
Silver fillings	50c
Platina fillings	75c

All work guaranteed for 15 years. Have impression taken in the morning and get teeth same day. Examination and advice free.

Call and See Samples of Our Plate and Bridge Work. We Stand the Test of Time.

Most of our present patronage is recommended by our early customers, whose work is still giving good satisfaction. Ask our customers who have tested our work. When coming to our office, be sure you are in the right place. Bring this ad with you.

OHIO Cut-Rate Dentists
207 UNIVERSITY ST.
Opposite Frazer-Paterson Co.

E. A. PETERS' IDEA OF A MIGHTY SOFT JOB

MODEST G. OSCAR

Mr. and Mrs. G. Oscar Dix have just bought a five-passenger touring car. "G. O. D." being the initials to be placed on the car, in order not to be too conspicuous, the letters will be somewhat concealed by scroll work.—Terre Haute (Ind.) Spectator.

Senator Poindexter is a Southerner or was, before he came to the Northwest. He knows lots of negro stories. One concerns Uncle Zeph. Some one asked Uncle Zeph if he knew what circumstantial evidence was.

The old man hesitated a moment, then said:

"Well, th' way Ah understan's it is, circumstantial evidence is the feathahs yo' leaves layin' around."

We don't like to find fault, but the Most Anything editor played golf on the municipal course Saturday, and Harold Preston, the lawyer, was right ahead of us in a foursome; and, say—if there's any man in the world who can take longer to get ready to swing a club on a ball, and then miss it by as wide a margin, why we'll buy, that's all. He made us eat a cold supper, darn him.

Nobody has yet shed any light on the mystery of why Chief Beckingham wears bangs.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?

THE AMERICAN BULL FROG

Here we have the great American jumping bull frog.

This wonderful photo was taken when he jumped up on the flag pole of the Smith building.

He's crying because he jumped so high and there isn't anything else higher to jump on, and he doesn't know how to jump down.

A funny peculiarity about the bull frog is that he laughs when he cries, and vice versa.

He lives in the postoffice pond and other bodies of water, and nature has provided him with a little

umbrella so he won't get wet when it rains.

The reason he doesn't wear a necklace is because he has such a big chin he wouldn't be able to see it.

DIANA UP TO DATE

Manageress (35), thoro business woman, accustomed to control stag.—Women's Employment.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK CROSS, FEVERISH

When Constipated or Bilious Give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.