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**IF.**

If all the leaves on every tree  
 The germs of health were hatching,  
 If we from pain and ache were free,  
 And health alone was catching;  
 If we could live in health's full sway,  
 And not a part show least decay,  
 Until the whole had worn away,  
 As did the "Deacon's One Hoss Shay";  
 Could we inhale, like nitrogen,  
 The stimulants the body craves,  
 To be absorbed like oxygen,  
 And to gross food we were not slaves,  
 If every woman neath the sky  
 Was just "a gem of purest ray"  
 In all the sense the words imply;  
 And every man, a man for aye,  
 If each one by his Maker stood,  
 And all from wrong and taint were free,  
 And simply did the best they could,  
 What a splendid world this world would be,  
 —B. F. Gipple in Chicago Record Herald.

**MORGAN'S HYPOCRISY.**

Press reports recently told of two important English functions in which Americans participated. One of them was a royal reception at the opening of the South Kensington museum in London. It was attended by no less a personage than J. Pierpont Morgan, king of the American finance and collector of all the historic bric a brac he can get hold of. At the reception Mr. Morgan appeared clad in knee breeches, with a silver buttoned coat and with a sword dangling by his side.

But a few days ago a grand reception was given by Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, and it was attended by King Edward and Queen Alexandria. The queen was elaborately adorned with jewelry, if the reports are true. The report may have been written in advance of the affair by a correspondent who naturally assumed the queen would wear much jewelry, in honor of the occasion. But if Queen Alexandria did wear jewelry it was manifestly her privilege to do so and criticism would be in poor taste.

But it seems incredible that a man like J. Pierpont Morgan should so far forget his own worthiness as to don a comic opera costume in order to bask in the lime light at a royal reception. Morgan is the head of the International harvester trust and of countless other combines. He has enough money to buy Edward out of house and home and when it comes to a matter of power and influence the king of England is a child compared with the wall street monarch. It would have been more appropriate had Morgan remained at home and bade Edward call upon him. The spectacle he made of himself when he dressed in knee breeches and wore a silver buttoned coat and sword in order to bow before the king must have been very humiliating. The act was hypocritical. Morgan is the head of the House of Plutus and as such he is above ordinary personages like kings and presidents. When he paid homage to King Edward he acted ridiculously and it is only surprising his enemies did not take advantage of the incident and his seeming showing of weakness to start a raid upon his Wall street stronghold.

**A SILLY DISCRIMINATION.**

In Seattle the proprietor of a public dance hall has barred enlisted men of the navy from his place because of their uniforms. It was a silly act for the simple reason that the standard of manhood among the men of the navy is higher than that found about the average public dance in a city like Seattle. The enlisted men in the navy are for the most part fine specimens of physical manhood and their de-

partment is usually good for the reason that discipline requires such. Practical experience with thousands of the young men wearing the navy blue has shown them to be as decent, self-respecting and well-conducted young men as can be found in any walk of life, says the Post-Intelligencer. There are a few men who disgrace the uniform they wear and who fail to conduct themselves with decent propriety, but there are thousands of civilians who do the same.

To discriminate against the uniform not the individual, is to cast a stigma upon an honorable calling, honorable in itself and from the character of the men who follow it, entirely aside from the fact that it is to wearers of that uniform that the country looks to defend it in times of war and to uphold its prestige abroad in time of peace.

It is a safe bet that the man who refuses to permit men wearing the uniform of his country to enter the dance hall which he runs, does admit dozens of men whose moral character is such that they would not be admitted into the service of the government either in the army or navy. At the same time, if there is a way to protect the city from the stigma which this man, who goes entirely contrary to public sentiment on this subject, has cast upon it, that way should be followed.

**WHO OWNS THE AIR?**

With the development of wireless telegraphy a problem has arisen as to the ownership of the air. Absurd as it may seem it appears that international complications are liable to occur though no serious trouble is anticipated.

"As might be expected, says the Technical World, it has remained for the far corner of the Northwest, the Pacific frontier, to be the battle ground for control of the ether way. Already there are sullen rumblings of the coming conflict. The Canadian government wireless telegraph operators are wondering when a more satisfactory agreement will be made with the Americans than now exists for sending aereograms.

"It is a curious fact that when two wireless stations are working, another station in the vicinity can break into the way and stop the working stations. In the operator's terms this is known as "interference." To some extent science has overcome this difficulty by the use of a device known as the tuner. With this instrument the operator can "tune out" that is shut off stations which he does not want to hear. This operation, however, restricts the use of the atmosphere again, so that in the end the struggle for air is little further advanced than if the tuner was not in use.

"The tuner has this advantage; it allows an operator to work in peace, even though others do want to interfere and get their messages through. And again looking at it from this viewpoint, it is might that rules. And the struggle for air goes on just the same."

If the wireless telegraph has precipitated disputes as to rights to the air what will happen when the problem of air navigation has been solved and the nations of the world have fleets cruising through the ozone?

With July wheat selling at \$1.27 per bushel the Umatilla county farmer may well wear a satisfied look. The fact that the price of wheat still continues high despite the fact that much harvesting has already been done in portions of the United States bears out the prediction that the prices this fall will be the highest in years if not in history.

Now the Shah of Persia will have to go to work unless by good chance he has saved up enough money to suffice his needs during the remainder of his life. Andrew Carnegie might endow a home for deposed monarchs. They are becoming numerous.

The Hippo traveling with a circus is in luck these days.

The firemen are well worthy of their pay.

**From a Man's Point of View.**  
 Statistics—Of the 1001 young women who fainted last year 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor and one into a water butt—Life.

The last one really fainted.—Boston Globe.

And 987 showed good judgment.—Newburyport News.

And two miscalculated.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Golf Widows.**  
 Action for separation lately begun in a Brooklyn court recites for a wife's grievance the fact that her husband is an accomplished golf player. Spencer remarked that a fine game of billiards was the evidence of a misspent life. Proficiency on the links, by the same reasoning, means in the case of a husband the neglect of his home.

Dallas may decide to call itself the fruit city.

**YOUTH.**

Don't you recall when apples grew,  
 Oh, twice as big as now?  
 When fish, however they were few,  
 Were monster ones somehow?  
 When Gaines' null-dam made a roar  
 As though the water hurried  
 Were gathering in a mighty store  
 From all the wide, wide world?

Don't you remember when the trees,  
 The oak trees and the beech,  
 Were lost in clouds on days like these  
 And eyes could hardly reach  
 Their wavering tops? When noonday skies  
 Were oh, such deeper blue?  
 When Jack's great beanstalk in our eyes  
 Just grew and grew and grew.

And there were bells, so more than fine,  
 Of blue and white and red,  
 Upon the morning glory vine  
 That climbed up on the shed,  
 To be a wonder and delight,  
 So fresh and full of dew,  
 To bud open in a night—  
 I see them now—don't you?

Don't you remember when the caves  
 Were thick and full of gloom,  
 Where captive maidens, once, like slaves,  
 Were chained in some damp room?  
 When twilight rustling in the brush  
 Was some fierce beast? A cow  
 It was, but cows at dusk are—Hush!  
 I think I hear one now.

Come take a little trip with me,  
 Forget the things that fret;  
 For you may close your eyes and see  
 Some things that I forget.  
 Why, I've seen Bluebeard's hidden room  
 And Cinderella's shoes!  
 And I've seen where violets bloom—  
 So blue, so blue, so blue!  
 —J. W. Foley.

**THAT INSUFFERABLE HERO.**

I'm sick of the square-jawed hero  
 With the "lean and clean-cut face";  
 I'm surfeited quite with the long  
 frock coat that's worn with  
 consummate grace;  
 I'm frayed to a frazzle with "swing-  
 ing walk" and "sinewy frame"  
 and such;

While "strong white hands with  
 well-kept nails" provoke me to  
 beat the Dutch.

When Fisher or Hutt or Christy or  
 Giggs illustrates the tale, it is  
 worse—  
 The hero has jaws like a bulldog and  
 a mouth that's as gray as a  
 hearse.

I'm more than blasé with the crack  
 athletes all house-broken, neat  
 as wax,  
 With "Jeffie" shoulders and gray-  
 hound's waists and wonderful  
 ramrod backs.

It is, oh, for the man with receding  
 chin and a kink in his left hind  
 leg;

It is, oh, for the man with one cock-  
 eye and a grain like a cider  
 keg;

It is, oh, for the chap with the wrong,  
 wrong clothes, like a picture  
 by Guernsey Moore,  
 Instead of the tailor-shop dummy  
 that's grown such a frightful  
 bore!

It is, hey, for the noodle who can't  
 swim a stroke, or paddle a boat  
 or box,  
 Or lug his love in his "steel-strong  
 arms" for eleven or twenty  
 blocks!

It's hey for the fellow that does  
 wrong things in the very  
 wrongest place—  
 I'm done with the square-jawed hero  
 with the "lean and clean-cut  
 face."  
 —Chicago News.

**THE SLEEPY SONG.**

As soon as the fire burns red and low,  
 And the house up-stairs is still,  
 She sings me a queer little sleepy  
 song,  
 Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quickly and  
 soft,  
 Their colors are gray and white;  
 They follow their leader nose to tail,  
 For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next  
 And one runs after behind,  
 The gray one's nose at the white one's  
 tail,  
 The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the  
 hill  
 They quietly slip away,  
 But one runs over and one comes next  
 Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go  
 And over the top of the hill,  
 The good little sheep run quick and  
 soft,  
 And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next  
 The good little, gray little sheep!  
 I watch how the fire burns red and  
 low,  
 And she says that I fall asleep.  
 —Josephine Dodge Daskam.

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