

# BAD SHADE TREES ARE DOOMED

### COUNTY FRUIT INSPECTOR STARTS TREE CLEANING.

#### Several Diseased Shade Trees Have Been Ordered Cut Away.

Shade trees and park trees in the city of La Grande are being thoroughly inspected by County Fruit Inspector Stillwell, in compliance with a movement to better the variety of shade trees in the city. Already several have been condemned and others ordered sprayed. Where the inspector finds that the trees are diseased beyond cure, he orders them cut down, that the infection may not spread to other trees at present free from diseases. In this way the thrift and hardness of the shade trees of the city will be maintained and within a short time, the campaign will have ostensible fruits.

**The Chainless Mind.**  
Eternal spirit of the chameleon mind,  
Brightest in dungeons, liberty thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind—  
And when thy sons to fetters are con-  
signed—  
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom—  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
—Lord Byron, From "The Prisoner of Chillon."

**He Didn't Drop.**  
The great operatic star Signor Foll (John McCormack) when singing in grand opera in his native city, Cork, had to sing one of his songs from a stage balcony. The arrangements were not very perfect, and the manager, fearing the carpenter had not made the balcony strong enough to sustain the weight of the big man, told off two assistants to hold it up from beneath. The lengthy signor was only half through his song when one man said to the other:  
"Be jabbers, Molke, the Oitallian is mighty heavy."  
"Let's drop him, Pat. He's only an Oitallian, after all!"  
Voice from the signor above, "Will ye, ye divils, will ye?"  
"Tare an' 'ouns, Pat, but he's an Oitallian! Hold him up for the love of yez!"

**The Harm of Damp Houses.**  
It is dangerous to health and even to life in a damp, moldy house or one built over a moldy cellar. Many years ago the London Lancet in an article on diphtheria traced the disease in certain cases to the presence of certain molds and fungoid growths which seemed to be breathed into the throat. Remember, one of the best disinfectants is lime. Moldy cloths, such as shoes and other articles that are unfit for use, should be destroyed at once.

**Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets** invariably bring relief to women suffering from chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of the skin and dyspepsia.

# The Scrap Book

**Knocked Out in One Course.**  
A quaint story about a guest who had been invited to sup with Mr. C. H. McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, is told in the book "Cyprus Hall McCormick."

A very dignified and self centered military officer was taking supper with the McCormick family. The first course, as usual, was cornmeal mush and milk. It was served in Scotch fashion, with the hot mush in one bowl and the cold milk in another. The officer planned his spoonfuls badly and was soon out of milk.  
"Have some more milk to finish your mush, colonel," said McCormick. Several minutes later the colonel's mush bowl was empty, at which McCormick said, "Have some more mush to finish your milk." And so it went, with milk for the mush and mush for the milk, until the unfortunate colonel was hopelessly incapacitated for the four or five courses that came afterward.

**Faith.**  
Better trust all and be deceived  
And weep that trust and that deceiving  
Than doubt one heart that it believed  
Had blessed one's life with true believ-  
ing.

**Oh, in this mocking world too fast**  
The doubling bend o'erleaves our youth  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.  
—Frances Anne Kemble.

**One of the Lost Ones.**  
The father of Senator Dolliver of Iowa was a Methodist circuit rider in the early sixties in northern West Virginia.

One Sunday morning he was on his way to preach at one of his several appointments when he met a young fellow trudging along with a mattock on his shoulder. Mr. Dolliver, anxious to do good at any time, stopped his horse and said: "Good morning, my son. Where are you going this fine day with a mattock on your shoulder?"

The young fellow answered: "I am going over here to dig out a fine big groundhog. Where in thunder are you going?"

"I am out looking up some of the lost sheep of Israel," replied the minister.

The young fellow's face lighted up, and he exclaimed, "There's a big buck over here at Uncle Billy's, and I'll bet that's one of them!"—National Monthly.

**His Fast Friends.**  
A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:  
"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

**He Drew the Line.**  
Old John was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and he had the pernicious habit of going to a neighboring saloon every morning at 11 o'clock and taking a small glass of whisky. He was not proud of this habit; hence after the whisky he always took a clove.  
But one morning it happened that there were no cloves on the bar, and John, after having considered the mat-

ter, ate a small raw onion from the free lunch tray. That would destroy the telltale whisky odor, no doubt, as well as the clove had always done, and, so thinking, he returned to his desk.

It was a double desk. At it he and his employer sat face to face. John on his return was soon aware that his employer noticed something. The man's nostrils quivered, he sniffed, and finally, with a grimace of disgust, he broke out:  
"Look here, John; I've stood whisky and clove for nineteen years, but I draw the line at whisky and onions!"

**Clyde Fitch's Joke.**  
"Clyde Fitch was an indefatigable worker," said an actor who has played in many of the Fitch comedies. "When he had a play on the stocks he would labor over it day and night, often scarcely pausing for his meals and getting very little sleep; consequently his health suffered. He would work until on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and then his physician would step in and force him to knock off."  
"During one of these periods of enforced idleness he was lounging in the Players club one day when Harry B. Smith, the prolific comic opera librettist, strolled in.

"What are you doing now?" asked Smith.  
"I am in my doctor's hands," replied Fitch. "He tells me I'm in a bad way and has absolutely forbidden me to do any brain work."

"That's tough," said Smith. "How do you manage to put in the time?"

"Oh, I'm writing the libretto of a musical comedy," replied Fitch, with one of his cynical smiles.—New York Times.

**Hair Monstrosities.**

French theater managers in the eighteenth century had worse evils than picture hats to contend against. Marie Antoinette, who was short even according to French standards, set the fashion of high coiffures, and ultra-fashionable women prided themselves on measuring four feet from their chins to the tops of their heads. These structures took about six hours to erect, the hairdresser mounting a ladder in the process. Some coiffures were almost as broad as they were long, with wings sticking out about eight inches on each side of the head. For the "frigate" coiffure the hair was rippled in a huge pile to represent the waves of an angry sea and surmounted by a fully rigged ship. As a consequence of these monstrosities disturbances in theaters occurred almost daily until an ordinance was issued against the admission of women with high coiffures to the floor of the house.—Chicago News.

**Yet He Meant Well.**  
Just as the train was leaving the

fifty-eighth street elevated station a man who had got off there hurried along the platform and spoke to a passenger sitting by an open window in the smoking car.

"Quick!" he cried. "Please hand me that package. I left it on the seat when I got out just now."

"Sure," said the passenger, picking up the bundle and tossing it out of the window.

"Thanks!"  
"Hey, there! What are you doing that for?" demanded the wrathful, red faced man sitting next to him.

"Why, he—"  
"You double dyed idiot, that package belonged to me! It was \$15 worth of laces and ribbons I was taking home to my wife!"  
Over the scene that followed let us draw a veil.—Chicago Tribune.

**An Impossible Name.**  
In the Jefferson Market police court, New York city, several years ago a man and a woman upon being arraigned for disturbing the peace told the magistrate that the commotion between them had started in an argument as to what they should name their baby boy.

"What do you want to call him?" asked the magistrate of the father, who was employed as a waiter at a Broadway restaurant.

"Ludwig," answered the German.  
"And you?" he asked the mother.  
"Adolph," sighed the latter.

The modern Solomon thought a moment. "I'll tell you what to call him," he said at length. "Call him Adolph Ludwig."

"Nim, nim!" shouted the father.  
"Ludwig Adolph, yes; Adolph Ludwig, never!"

The magistrate demanded the reason for his stubbornness.

"Der reason is der odder waiters," explained the father. "I am Carl Coblentz, and if we called our little boy Adolph Ludwig Coblentz every waiter at der restaurant would see his initials as A. L. C. vich means a la carte, and ve don't serf no a la carte by our restaurant, only table d'hotel."

**Getting Back at Him.**  
The young man was timid, but he loved the girl so fervently that he mustered up enough courage to wait upon her wealthy father and ask him for her hand.

"So you have the impudence to ask for my daughter's hand, eh?" exclaimed the father crustily. "Why, sir, at your present salary you couldn't more than keep her in gloves."

"Well," stammered the suitor, "wouldn't that be enough?"

"What! Do you mean to insinuate, young man, that my daughter would wear only gloves?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied the young man, with sudden courage. "I asked only for her hand."—Young's Magazine.

# BISHOP TO TALK TO GRADUATES

### INVITATIONS OUT FOR COMMENCEMENT JUNE NINTH.

#### Interesting Program Will Mark Graduation of the Class.

Invitations are out for the graduation exercises on June ninth, at 2 p. m., at the Steward opera house, when the graduates of Sacred Heart academy will be given their sheepskins. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly will deliver the commencement address and this alone should draw a large crowd, as his rank as a thinker and orator is far reaching. The program for the afternoon follows:

- Program.**  
Knights of Columbus—Instrumental Trio. Josephine Beaudoin, Mary Hempe, Florence McLachlin, Irene O'Connell, Iva Wilson, Mildred Bush.  
Address .....  
Song ..... Miss Etta Foley  
"Meditation"—Instrumental Piano and Violin. Miss M. Donahue, Miss G. Ferguson.  
"Education"—Recitation ..... Miss Mary Corbett  
"Dottie's Dream"—Short drama ..... Sixteen little girls

- "Stampede Galop"—Instrumental trio .....  
"Star of the Sea"—Recitation ..... Miss L. Newlin  
"Mocking Bird"—Instrumental quartette .....  
Lilly drill and march .....  
.....Eighteen young ladies  
"The Mariner's Dream"—Recitation ..... Raymond Garrity  
Comic drill ..... Little boys  
Busy Little Housemaids—Song and drill ..... Little girls  
La Chasse Aux Gazelles—Instrumental duet .....  
"Farewell Song"—Chorus .....  
Conferring graduating honors by His Lordship, Right Rev. Chas. J. O'Reilly, who will also address the audience.

**Dessert Was Expensive.**  
A business man asked a young woman of his acquaintance to lunch in a department store lunch room. Pulling out his watch in the middle of the meal, he suddenly remembered that he had an important engagement and had only a few minutes to catch a train.

"Order what you want for dessert," he told the young woman as he handed her a ten dollar bill, "and you can give me the change when I see you this evening."

He kept his appointment, and in the evening the young woman handed him an envelope. "Here's your change," she said. He placed the letter in his pocket and didn't open it until the next morning, and as he did so 88 cents dropped out.

He is still wondering what the young woman had for dessert.—Philadelphia Times.

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**The place to spend Your Summer Vacation**  
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Purchase tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, 3rd and Washington Streets, Portland, or inquire of any O. R. & N. agent elsewhere for information  
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**TRUTH**  
**No. 27.**  
**California in lead.**  
The following is a conservative estimate of the production of petroleum in the United States in 1908 and 1909.  
Appalachian field, 1908, 24,945,517 barrels; 1909, 27,000,000 barrels.  
Ohio-Indiana field, 1908, 10,032,305 barrels.  
Illinois field, 1908, 33,685,106 barrels; 1909, 28,200,000 barrels.  
Mid-continent field, 1908, 48,323,810 barrels; 1909, 43,300,000 barrels.  
Gulf field, 1908, 17,318,330 barrels; 1909, 13,200,000 barrels.  
California and Rocky Mountain States, 1908, 45,267,411 barrels; 1909, 58,000,000.  
Total, 1908, 179,572,479 barrels; 1909, 178,000,000 barrels.  
And the half has not been told. California leads in production, and its fields are not half developed. Don't you see that you are doing the right thing by investing in the stock of the California-National Crude Oil Company at 50 cents per share?

**California National Crude Oil Co.**  
I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Gentlemen:  
Kindly issue me..... shares of the Treasury Stock above corporation  
Enclosed find \$..... payment same  
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**I. W. HELLMAN BUILDING,**  
Los Angeles

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