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Medford, Oregon.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who pays the bills doesn't often speak, but when he does the rest are due to sit up and take notice.

Somewhat we never seem to know how comfortable we are until discomfort comes along to hector us.



A boy believes in his father until he begins to believe in himself, and then the old man isn't one, two, three.

A few of us make good, and the rest of us talk about it.

Be clever, my child, and let the rest of the community have a chance to knock you.

Many a man gets a close shave from the razor edge of his wife's tongue.

Some men seem to think that because you take their word it gives them an excuse for taking your money.

When a man has to fall back on his sense of humor he is apt to give some one the laugh.

People who borrow trouble are apt to pay it back with exorbitant interest to people who never lend.

It is always the point of the joke that tickles our sense of humor.

The Only Time.

We're living, once again, we are. Old lethargy has got a jar. And every blessed mother's son is looking for a large home run. And things that in such lines are cast—The baseball season's in full blast!

With checkers, authors and a few such games we passed the winter through.

Played snowball, maybe at a pinch. Pulled off a quiet game of clinch. But still there was a vast and wide Want that was never satisfied.

That want—well, maybe you can guess. That's right, for it was nothing less Than quiet rooting and subdued In language strong and many hued And all the other things that go To make the grand and only show.

And now we're in the happy days When any one may catch the craze. When any one who has the price May on the rosters' bench out ice Or, failing that, may look across The fence and grumble at his loss.

Then all in friendly chorus call To experts unformed, "Play ball!" And let us drop our business cares, Our labors and such small affairs And lie us to the diamond where They play the only game that's square.

Competent Witnesses.



"Did you ever hear the story of the forty thieves?"
"Is it true?"
"Yes."
"I suppose you can prove it by the other thirty-nine."

In the Spring.

The apple blossoms 're the lane
Coquette with burblebees,
And robin redbreast's glad refrain
Re-echoes from the trees.

The signs of spring are in the air,
And nature bids rejoice
And sing the season rich and rare
With tuneful, gladsome voice.

But I'm not singing worth a cent.
I have rheumatic knees—
A flock of hens on mischief bent
Are scratching up my peas!

Incidental.

"Jones takes in all of the ball games, prizefights, bowling matches and, in fact, everything in the sporting line."

"Isn't the old reprobate married?"
"Yes, he is, but he doesn't let it interfere with his pleasure. It is just a side line."

Just Politeness.

"Present company excepted," said the man who was knocking his neighbors.

"But why except us?"
"Because you are here, for one reason."

The Reason.

"I have been to church quite regular lately."

"Indeed! When did they do it?"
"Do what?"
"Get a new, young minister."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Twixt theory and practice
The gulf is so wide
It cannot be covered
With only a stride.
A full understanding
Of method and style
Is not the performing
By more than a mile.

Most any old coddler
With half of an eye
For running a business
The plans can supply.
He takes his pencil,
Though flat he is broke,
And makes himself wealthy
With hardly a stroke.

A million of money
With little delay
He hastens to capture
As though it were play.
To him it is easy
A fortune to gain.
For there are the figures.
The showing is plain.

Yes, that is the theory.
But what is the fact?
And is it in practice
A science exact?
Well, hardly. If truly
A fortune would turn.
We'd all have spondulics
In carloads to burn.

Too Much.

"Anybody got a chew of tobacco?"

Nobody spoke.

"Anybody got a chew of tobacco?"

He asked in a fiercer tone.

"Here is a chew of gum," said a tenderfoot, not realizing his bravery.

The bad man contemplated the tenderfoot for a minute without saying a word, and then he reached for his gun, but the strain was too much for him. He fainted before he could make the draw.

Same One.

"I heard the funniest joke this afternoon."

"What was it?"

"I can't remember, but it was a corker."

"Great, wasn't it? I heard it yesterday."

"How do you know you did?"

"Must be the same one, because I can't remember it."

Not That Far Along.

"He seems to be a very intelligent fellow."

"Yes; he will average up."

"Well educated?"

"He can read the papers and transact ordinary business, but I don't know that he could qualify as a juror."

The Way It Goes.

We strive to show
A little child
As pure as snow
And undefiled

A purpose high,
That strives small
May never by
The wayside fall.

The wayward tot
Turns o'er the thing
In manner not
Encouraging.

But let it hear
A stranger swear,
And, oh, its ear
Absorbs with care!

From lip to lip
Like lightning's flash
The swear words slip,
Oh, dash, dash, dash!

Similar Trade.

"I want a hand on my dairy farm."

"But I am a sailor."

"That is all right. I want some one to man the pumps."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

What a boy doesn't know about neighborhood affairs isn't happening.

Trouble can't find your address, and sometimes good fortune can. So it isn't all hard sledding.

You can't always tell a good thing by its foolish look. Sometimes it is a disguise.

A fair field and plenty of favor is part of what some people want when they care to go in for anything.

Being self sufficient sounds all right, but many a man has found that it is not synonymous with self support.

Some men are about as effective as a joke without a point.

A woman can forgive a fool if she is the reason.

The father of lies himself can't discover a sure way to circumvent a curious woman.

HOOD RIVER SEEKS THE STATE NORMAL

HOODRIVER, July 19.—At an enthusiastic meeting of the Hood River Commercial club the citizens went on record to boost Hood River for the location of the State Normal school, when the matter shall come to vote next year.

D. J. Triebler led in the discussion favoring Hood River, and assured the citizens that a large number of the most influential men in the state would favor the plan. Truman Butler, cashier of the Butler Banking company; P. S. Davidson, secretary of the Lost Lake Lumber company; A. D. Onthank, real estate dealer; C. D. Nickelson, secretary of the Commercial club, addressed the meeting favoring Hood River as the location for the school.

It was argued that Hood River was the logical place for the reason that the Willamette valley now contains the state institution at Eugene, the Agricultural college at Corvallis, and denominational schools at Forest Grove, Newberg, Placerville and Salem.

The Hood River Normal will be featured at the next meeting of the Hood River Commercial club. The grange bodies of the valley will be solicited to lend aid.

NEW MINISTER TO CHINA A RICH MAN

CHICAGO, July 19.—Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, whom President Taft has selected for minister to China, is young, wealthy, a man of the world, a scholar, and an extensive traveler. He is one of the foremost American authorities on the politics and business of the Far East. In addition, his knowledge of Russia whose policies have embraced Northern China, and are still to be reckoned with, despite the late war with Japan, is profound.

Mr. Crane has never held political office. He supported Grover Cleveland, but was found with Mr. Taft in the late campaign. He was the mainstay and one of the founders of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, which entered Chicago politics when the need of reform was urgent, and which has been a factor in a marked improvement in the city's government.

BUTTE FALLS ITEMS.

Rev. Mr. Goulder came in with Mr. and Mrs. McGlashan of Medford on Monday and the latter will remain among us for some time.

Judge Pentz has just returned from the valley and brings back much favorable report of railroad and other matters. He says Medford shows no signs of any abatement in improvements and that the push and vim of the people are evident on all sides.

Mrs. Doubleday has gone on a visit to Medford to remain some time.

Mrs. Lempe and Mrs. Jenkins of Portland are visiting at the McAllister Springs and having a most pleasant vacation. Miss Hilda put in her hours in romping, killing rattlers and catching the finny tribe.

Mrs. Elsie Lamb was visiting Wednesday in Brownsboro.

It is reported that Mrs. Ralph Tucker and son "Buster" are down with an attack of scarlet fever. We hope they will soon be convalescent.

Mr. Spencer, Sr., who has been working on the Medford water pipeline, has returned to his homestead since the Hanley suit has tied up the work.

J. J. Patton and family have come to Butte Falls to visit his many friends and spent the Fourth among his old neighbors and acquaintances. We are all glad to see him.

Henry Koontz is here looking after his homestead matters. He is doing well.

Ranger Holst has been away on official business. Mr. Holst is a ranger who enjoys the good will of everybody, and he will find many friends ready to assist him in any laudable ambition. More of such men and homesteaders would not have had so many troubles. Mr. Holst is faithful to his duties and enjoys the esteem of the people.

SWEDISH CONSPIRATORS AGAINST CZAR EXILED

STOCKHOLM, July 19.—The eight anarchists who were recently arrested in Stockholm on the charge of having conspired to assassinate the Czar of Russia, were sentenced to exile today.