

The Oregonian

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for the exploitation, and then have in their hands the power to enforce the taxes, through the courts, necessary to pay the interest, and finally the principal of the debt.

A FOOLISH EFFORT.

The court will not approve the indictment at Washington, D. C., of the editors and proprietors of the New York World and Indianapolis News, and the efforts to compel them to answer and to stand trial there.

THE PLUNGE TO SOCIALISM.

It is the opinion of The Oregonian that the State of Oregon will not attempt the business of construction and operation of railroads.

FALLIBILITIES OF THE COURTS.

In Collier's Weekly for February 20, C. P. Connolly returns to the subject of judicial fallibility, which seems to be a favorite of his.

A SCENE OF GLORY AND INSPIRATION.

Twenty-one first-class battleships were in review before the President of the United States in Chesapeake Bay on Washington's birthday.

MONEY FOR THE COLUMBIA.

Oregon fared well in the river and harbor bill as reported to Congress by the House committee and passed by the House and the highly important work already under way.

HEA LAYS EGGS, 9 1/2 INCHES LONG.

A hen owned by Mrs. A. L. Wilson of Oceanport, N. J., laid an egg 9 1/2 inches long and 7 1/2 inches in circumference.

AGED DANCERS 'JIG' FOR 20 MINUTES.

At the celebration of the 75th birthday of J. B. Davenport at North Caldwell, N. J., in a house 114 years old.

PLANT ARIZOLA KILLS MOSQUITO LARVAE.

Chicago Record-Herald. Consul-General Gunther, at Frankfurt, Germany, reports that the Director of Fisheries at Biebrich, after experimenting 14 years, has found that the semi-tropical plant arizola covers water with a layer of about 2 1/2 inches, which suffocates all mosquito larvae below and prevents the living insects from depositing their eggs in the water.

reprimanded. The judicial motto seems to be, "Let the suitor beware." Sins of the bar are venial; those of the layman are all mortals.

JUST A DREAM, OF COURSE.

Our Canadian friends should wake up. They are apparently in a slumber such as brought those marvelous dreams to Alice in Wonderland.

UNCLE IKE STEPHENSON WAS NOT THE ONLY MAN IN WISCONSIN WHO "BLEW IN" FOR THE SENATORSHIP.

Uncle Ike Stephenson was not the only man in Wisconsin who "blew in" for the Senatorship. His expenses were \$107,000. Samuel A. Cook one of his competitors, punted to the extent of \$40,000, and William H. Hatton, another of them, to the extent of \$30,000.

LETTER FOLLOWS MR. HARRIMAN, JUST AS CONSTITUTION DOES THE FLAG.

Edward Harriman is to live a few weeks in Texas near the Mexican border. Telegraph and telephone wires have been strung to the canvas city where he is to try to banish rheumatism and apply the procedure of recuperation.

A SLAVE TO THE WIRE HARRIMAN.

Harriman is a slave to the telephone and telegraph. The Union Pacific magnate finds it difficult to take his finger off the pulse of his business.

A MILLION ATTEND BOSTON REVIVAL.

A big revival movement which has been in progress in this city and suburbs since January 29, has already attracted 1,000,000 persons.

ODD OBSERVANCE OF LINCOLN DAY.

The queerest observance of Lincoln day that I have heard of is the "reception" held at Hamburg place to honor Mr. Nancy Hanks.

MOCK FUNERAL WRECKS HIS REASON.

Immediately following the holding of a mock funeral over a young man, Louis Leitch, a grocer in Washington Township, began having serious pains and his reason is now almost dethroned.

NEEDLE TRAVELS FROM HEEL TO HAND.

Mrs. J. O. Boehm, of Jay City, Ind., removed the index finger of her left hand. The needle was run into her heel two years ago.

CUPID CARRIES OFF TEN EMPLOYEES.

In six years, five saleswomen from the store of B. Saltzberg, of Salem, N. J., have been married, and Cupid has carried five of his hooks in that time.

STOLEN GLOVES, ALL FOR LEFT HAND.

A thief broke into a store in Bucklin, Mo., and stole a drummer's sample case, which contained gloves for the left hand only.

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

E. E. Miller in Recreation. Gave me a book of Summer time—A book that tells of clove and wild rose, which splashes down with merry rhyme across the rocks, then stows to dream in shadowed eddies smooth and wide.

GAGGED WITH MUD AND LONES \$50.

Two thugs, after holding up David Leber, a butcher, at York, Pa., gagged him with mud and robbed him of \$50.

EMPLOYEES' FINGER NAILS MANICURED.

Washington, D. C. Dispatch. As is shown by a bill of the employees of the Hotel Walcott in New York will be cared for by a manicurist.

WEST NOW DEMANDS CENT PIECES.

New Era of Economy Sets In. Due to Bargain Days at Stores. New York Sun. The striking of more than 1,000,000 cent pieces at the San Francisco mint in 1908 made a new record in the history of the United States mint and its branches, for never before since the coinage of pieces of this denomination was begun, in 1793, had such coins been struck anywhere but at the particular establishment at Philadelphia.

BRITISH PRAISE OF LINCOLN.

London Times Likens Him Unto Washington in Greatness. London Cable to New York Times. Darwin's constant eulogies of the morning papers, but The London Times and The News publish leaders on Lincoln. The former, all things considered, is a remarkable utterance. In the course of the article The Times compares Lincoln with Washington.

DIRTY HILL KILLS DRUG STORES.

About 2000 for Sale in Kansas, Because of No-Liquor-Sale Law. Topeka, Kan., Dispatch. Do you want to buy a drug store at your own price? If you come to Kansas and take your pick of more than 2000 which are on the market. Nearly every country paper these days have from one to ten such advertisements.

NATURAL SELECTION.

Charles Darwin, final words of the "Origin of Species," 1859. It is interesting to reflect that these elaborately constructed theories, so far as each other, are dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by law acting around us.

TIME GOES BEGLING IN CONGRESS.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch. It is a rare occasion when no one can be found to occupy the seats of House of Representatives, but it does happen once in a great while. One day lately, "Sunny Jim" Sherman had two or three hours to parcel out to members who wish to get an act of their overabundance of hot air, but strange to say no one could be found to accept his generosity.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He set us with aspiration when we were in doubt, with aspiration when we were times faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through any an hour when our hearts were dark. He had hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty, and devotion, and patriotism, on which the land grew strong.

THE VERY BEST.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean it. I keep doing so until the end, if the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings about what I want, I don't care what is said against me. I was right would make no difference.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If I see a pocketbook lying on the ground, I should pick it up. I should I waste my time to look for the owner's name? I should I waste my time to look for the owner's name? I should I waste my time to look for the owner's name?

IF THERE'S ANY PIE TO GRAB.

If there's any pie to grab I'll grab a slice. If it's a man should snatch a slab, I'll grab a slice. If it's a man should snatch a slab, I'll grab a slice.

IF YOU'RE A MAN.

If you're a man, you should be a man. If you're a man, you should be a man. If you're a man, you should be a man.

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LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

Philander C. Knox, the prospective Secretary of State, talked at a reception at Valley Forge of an impudent politician.

"The impudence with which he demands his favors," said Mr. Knox, "reminds me of the impudence of young John Gaines, a Brownsville boy."

"One winter day in Brownsville the skating was good and a game of hockey was proposed.

"John Gaines, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our oldest inhabitants, an 1812 veteran, with a wooden leg.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you going out today?"

"No, I believe not," replied the veteran kindly. "Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because if you are not," said John Gaines, "I'd like to borrow your wooden leg to play hockey with."

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Wood street about a half past morning. The street was dark, except for a single ground glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment-house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed:

"Oh, look at the moon!"

The other seriously contradicted him, saying: "That ain't no moon, zash sun!"

This started an argument which lasted for several minutes, as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passer-by, who happened to be another "happy" gentleman. They stopped him, and pointing to the globe, asked:

"Settle an argument, old pal; is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied:

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."—Philadelphia Record.

James Whitcomb Riley is evidently no believer in the greatness or enduring quality of modern literature. Some time ago a friend was talking to him about the god times the novelists of today have compared with those of the past.

"You modern writers don't work so hard," he said, "and you are paid ten times as much as you ought to be."

Mr. Riley gently shook his head. "You labor under a misapprehension, my friend," he replied. "The chief difference between the old authors and those of today is simply this: They died and their works live; our works die and we live—as best we can."—Judge.

"I told her that I admired her for her noble qualities of heart and mind, for her intellect and a lot more of the same sort."

"What's that?"

"I dunno. I think the best plan is to tell 'em they're pretty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why do you think your son is going to be a genius?"

"I gave him 50 cents with which to get his shoes mended yesterday and he spent it on a pack of cigarettes."

For years Mr. Clerkie has eaten his frugal but nourishing luncheon in a little room in the rear of a block north from his office. He was an easily satisfied person, and what he ordered seemed always to suit him to perfection. The waitresses never knew him to come to the table.

But one day things went wrong. The butter was rancid, and the bread so moist that Mr. Clerkie would not eat it. He hid his best, and left the table early.

The next day the same thing occurred, and the day after there was no improvement. He called the waitress to him.

"May I see the proprietor, please?" he inquired.

"He's gone out," was the reply.

Mr. Clerkie then pulled a book from his pocket and said: "This is ridiculous!"

"It comes here at noon every day, and every day he is out. Where is he, anyway?"

"I expect him back any minute," said the girl. "He just stepped out to get his lunch."—Youth's Companion.

Friendship of every rank and class dearly loved titles. The manager of a Paris insurance company was decorated with the Legion of Honor a few days ago, and the clerk in the employ of the company granted with a block north from his office. He was an easily satisfied person, and what he ordered seemed always to suit him to perfection. The waitresses never knew him to come to the table.

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