

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

HON. ELIHU ROOT. On Women's Sphere.



The question of woman suffrage is an issue before the American people. Twelve states have adopted it, four more states vote upon it this fall, and it is strongly urged that it become a platform demand of the national political parties.

It is therefore the duty of every citizen to study carefully this subject. Elihu Root, in discussing this question before the constitutional convention of New York, recently said in an address to the legislature:

I am opposed to the granting of the vote to women, because I believe that it would be a loss to women, to women and to every woman; and I believe it would be an injury to the state, and to every man and every woman in the state. It would be a natural right, if it were a natural right, then women would have it though the heavens fall.

It is not that woman is inferior man, but it is that woman is different from man; that is the distribution of powers, of capacities, of faculties. Woman has created man adapted to the performance of certain functions in the economy of nature and man and woman adapted to the performance of other functions.

Woman influences today by the sweet influence of her character, woman into the arena of conflict she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she is left with her feeble and useless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar, and which she is unable to wield.

The time will never come when the of separation between the functions of the two sexes will be broken. I believe it to be false philosophy to believe that it is an attempt to turn backward upon the line of development, and that if the ever be taken, we go centuries backward on the march towards a nobler and a purer civilization, which must be found not in the confusion, but in the highest differentiation of the sexes.

PROTECTED HIMSELF. Doctor Made Sure at Least That He Would Not Be Bled. Sir Charles Locock, who was the British attending Queen Victoria at certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at a tavern for a hasty luncheon, he was unable to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable port.

After the train had pulled out and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment he began to feel drowsy and

MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE STATION. He feared that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself: "They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I shall lose all my blood to digest this pork pie."

and made his way through the station amid the stares and litters of the throng, reached the street, jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The crisis of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some con-founded pork pie!"

Suffering. Man is an apprentice, pain is his master, and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered.—Alfred de Musset.

One of Sheridan's Retorts. Sheridan was one day annoyed by a fellow member of the house of commons, who kept crying out, "Hear, hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political opponent.

"Where," he exclaimed, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round and, thinking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a roar of laughter.

Correct Time in Egypt. The working of the oriental mind was delightfully illustrated in a story which Professor Turner told. He had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan.

Net on His Visiting List. In his book of memories, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," Sir Henry Lucy, the English parliamentary writer, has a story about Sir Francis Burnand, the celebrated Punch writer.

Mr. Henry and Sir Francis were talking together at a big public function when a very important looking guest, arrayed in a brilliant uniform, came up and effusively shook hands with Burnand, who appeared surprised at the act.

"I see you don't know me from Adam," said the stranger. "My dear sir," answered Burnand gravely, "I didn't know Adam."

The Last Straw. Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done by word of mouth he leaves on his desk or on the kitchen table or anywhere else where she is likely to see it a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining room" or "Turn out my cupboard," and so on.

The other day he bought some note paper with the usual die sunk address imprinted upon it from the stationer and ordered it to be sent home.

Mary Jane took it in, and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it open-eyed.

"Well," she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed notes, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer!"

For the note read: "Die inside this package."

The Leg Was There. A great sensation was created the other day at a station just previous to the starting of the morning express for London. The guard was about to start the train when a fussy and fat old gentleman trotted up to him and said:

"Wait a minute, will you, please, while I—"

FROM CLODHOOPER TO KING

A Story of Feudal Times

By F. A. MITCHEL

During feudal times there was on the continent of Europe a kingdom called Apulia, which had for so many years been at war with its neighbor kingdoms that it was not possible for its sovereigns to intermarry with theirs.

There came a time when the royal blood had well nigh run out, and when King Caspar II, who had only one child, a daughter, to succeed him and looked about for a husband for her, he found not one man among his numerous relatives who was fitted for the position of the royal consort.

He at once ordered the heralds to examine the royal family records with a view to hunting up some man of remote relationship who would serve the purpose.

The heralds went to a tower where the records of the early Apulian kings were kept and searched back to a time when the kingdom was a Roman province. To their surprise they found that a youth was living whose ancestor was a former king of Apulia.

This king had been supplanted by his younger brother, the proggator of King Caspar. The searchers immediately made known to the king that they had found the true heir to the throne, Caspar himself being a usurper.

His majesty warned them under penalty of losing their heads to keep the secret and at once ordered his chamberlain to make inquiries as to the man whose royal pedigree had been unearthed.

He was named Rudolf Kantzier, the latter being the family name of the dynasty in possession of the Apulian throne. But the family names of kings are not in common use, and the young man did not know that he had the same name as his sovereign. Indeed, he did not even know that he was a relative of the king, much less that he was the legitimate sovereign.

Rudolf was a ruler of cabbages and other vegetables for the market. He was a worthy youth, but without education. His age was eighteen, and he had been brought up a clodhopper. Nevertheless the king resolved to marry him to the princess.

The Crown Princess Xenia was fifteen years old. When informed by her father of the situation she was very loathe, and the king had great hopes of having no difficulty so far as she was concerned in arranging the marriage. He told her that he would bring Rudolf to the palace as a page, so that he might acquire at least a veneering of refinement, but that he must know nothing of the honor intended for him.

The princess listened to all that was said to her without saying a word in reply. She was altogether too young to consider the necessities of the case, and her mind was occupied in wondering what her future husband was like. She was aware that there is a great difference between a prince and a clodhopper, and a shade of anxiety crossed her young face. But that was all the expression of dissatisfaction that escaped her and was not noticed by her father.

One day when Rudolf was working among his cabbages—he worked the farm for his mother—a messenger wearing the royal livery rode up to him and told him that he had been appointed a page at the palace. Rudolf, astonished, leaped on his horse and for a time seemed to have lost speech; then, suddenly turning again to his work, he said:

"No; I will not go to the palace to be a page. My place is here with my mother."

Such response had neither been anticipated nor provided for, so the messenger returned and reported it. Xenia was with her father at the time, and when he ordered the messenger to command Rudolf's presence at the palace she asked permission to go along that she might see her future husband. It occurred to the king that in the present case persuasion would be better than force and the face of his daughter might furnish the persuasion, so he consented.

When Xenia was driven to the farm Rudolf was standing at the gate. Xenia leaped out of the coach window and asked if he was Rudolf. When he said yes she was greatly pleased. He bore in face and figure evidence of his royal descent and, though he was dressed in a countryman's apparel, appeared to be a manly fellow, with a countenance denoting nobility of character.

"I have come from the king," said Xenia. "I am the crown princess. I wish you to be a page in my suit. You won't refuse me, will you?"

"The boy, more wonder stricken than before, stood for a few moments speechless; then he said: "If I go to the palace who will attend to my mother's cabbages? They will not thrive, and she will be without support."

An attendant whispered something in the princess' ear, and she said to the boy, "Your mother will receive a pension from my father, the king, that will enable her to live like a lady."

the two were driven to the palace. When the coach drew up in the courtyard the king was looking out to catch a glimpse of his future son-in-law and successor. Rudolf alighted and handed out the princess.

"Surely," said the king, "she has descended from a line of sovereigns. There is something in his bearing, in the grace of his motions, that indicates his lineage."

The young couple entered the palace, and Xenia, smiling, led the youth to his father, saying: "I asked him to come with me, papa, and he came because I asked him."

Rudolf put out his hand to the king as if he were his majesty's equal. Caspar was about to draw back with dignity when it occurred to him that since the young man was the legitimate sovereign, while he himself was a subject, the plan he had in view would be better served by humoring him, and he took the proffered hand.

"I dare say, your majesty," said Rudolf, "that you are a good king since your daughter is such a lovely princess."

The king called his chamberlain and directed him to take the young man to the apartments that had been prepared for him and to see that he was attired in court costume. When Rudolf stepped forth in velvet and lace, with a rapier by his side, his manly beauty struck every one who saw him. All wondered at that he seemed so much at home. Instead of going about gaping at everything he saw he seemed surprised at nothing. A courtier asked him how he felt, coming from a farm to a palace.

"How do I feel? I feel—somehow I feel—as if I were the king."

A chill ran through those who heard the reply, and he who had asked the question whispered to a companion: "Let his majesty beware. If I mistake not this clodhopper has in him the elements of which kings are made and some day with that princely stride of his will walk to the throne and sit upon it."

Whether it was because the young man's bearing suited King Caspar's purpose or that an inheritance of kingly attributes coursed through Rudolf's veins, certain it is that the young man became a dominant factor at court.

It is not to be supposed that any man could step from cabbage raising to attendance upon royalty without in the beginning committing many blunders. But Rudolf soon acquired the reputation of one who despised conventionalities, and when he erred through want of training he was able to give the appearance of one who knew better, but would not take the trouble to do better. The king gave him his choice of preferences, expecting that he would choose the profession most in favor with young men of the time—arms. But Rudolf asked to be educated for a diplomat, whereupon the king sent him as an attendant on an embassy to a neighboring government to conclude a treaty. When the embassy returned Rudolf had concluded the treaty, while the ambassador, who had been outwitted, returned in disgrace.

The rise of the clodhopper was rapid, the king having to bestow upon him one rank after another to keep pace with his personal acquirements. From the lowest grade of noble he filled every grade to that of duke. The king, not being yet ready to acknowledge his royal blood, could not make him a prince, but it was rumored that some further elevation was in store for him.

One day King Caspar fell ill. It was understood that his matady was serious, and the council had misgivings as to the succession. The Princess Xenia was but eighteen years old, and it was rumored that Duke Rudolf would on the king's death seize the government. The real danger was concealed. A neighboring disloyal Apulian upon the death of the king to annex their country to his kingdom.

The king's illness grew upon him so rapidly that he had no time to arrange for the succession. He died suddenly and King Otho's adherents attempted to seize the government. Duke Rudolf had been apprised of the intention and, putting himself at the head of the Apulian troops, nipped the insurrection in the bud. It was supposed by many that, having an army to support him, he would seize a government headed by a weak girl and make himself king. When quiet was restored and the conqueror rode to the palace, the princess' attendants, hearing that he was coming and fearing that he would make himself king, advised her to escape while there was yet time. Instead she went out to the main entrance and stood on the stone balcony. Rudolf rode up, dismounted and ran up the steps, greeting Xenia as queen.

"Long live the queen!" Xenia threw her arms around him, then, turning to the people, cried: "Long live the king!"

The secret that had been so long kept was promulgated, and the people went wild with delight, hailing Rudolf as king and Xenia as queen in the same breath.

The marriage and coronation took place on the same day, the bride and groom having been proclaimed as King and Queen.

There was Fine Diplomacy. Here is a story about a diplomatic agent waiter, also about two well known Kansas men, who can go by the names of Smith and Jones just to tell the yarn.

Smith and Jones look much alike and are frequently taken for each other. One day Smith was in a certain big hotel not a thousand miles from Kansas City and went into the dining room for dinner. The negro waiter busily brushed off the crumbs and said: "Why, how is you, Mr. Jones, how is you? I's glad to see you. I hasn't seen you since I waited on your table when you all used to have a little game up-stairs."

"I'm afraid you are mistaken," said Smith very quickly. "My name isn't Jones. You have the wrong man." "Nuff said," Nuff said," smiled the negro, with much bowing and scraping. "Ah knows all right when to keep mah mouf shut. Ah knows all right, Mr. Jones.—Kansas City Journal.

Her Gift

By F. A. MITCHEL

A girl was sitting on the porch of her home thinking. Five years before on that very day of the month she had refused Henry MacMillan. She was then eighteen years old, and the indirect method in love affairs appealed to her. If a man proposed to her and she refused him she expected him to return the next day and the next and so on till she accepted him. MacMillan had no conception of this sort of love-making. He never said anything he didn't mean and couldn't understand any one else doing so. But his experience with women was not extensive.

On this summer afternoon Luella Travers was thinking of Henry MacMillan. She had not intended to refuse him more than once. When he came back the second time—which she naturally expected he would do—she intended to accept him and at the same time show him how long she had loved him by giving him a smoking cap, on which she had embroidered a wreath. He had no use for a smoking cap and no ambition to wear a wreath about his head, but Luella couldn't think of anything else to do for him.

Henry was as stupid about some things as he was wise about others. If a dozen persons had witnessed the refusal he received every one of them would have known that Luella was refusing him with her tongue, while she was accepting him in her heart. Henry heard her words, but saw not their denial. He had received a business offer in a distant city and wished to learn if Luella would marry him. If so he would consult with her as to his acceptance; if not he would accept it without consulting her and go where he would not be near her and consequently the better able to recover from his desire for her.

Luella was a bit surprised that Henry should have taken her reply so seriously, should have bowed, though reluctantly, to what he considered the inevitable. He left her without a murmur, and she was somewhat fearful that he might not give her an opportunity to recall her refusal. She had half a mind to call him back. But half a mind is not a whole mind, and she let him go, expecting the next time she met him to draw him to another proposal by those winning ways she understood how to apply.

She did not see Henry for several days, then she was greatly shocked to hear that he had gone to another city to engage in business and make it his home. Why she did not write him to tell him that her refusal of him was only temporary does not appear. Perhaps it was for the same reason that the myriads of other temporary refusals are not recalled. A woman must wait for a first proposal, and it is equally obligatory for him to wait for a second.

And now Luella on the anniversary of her refusal—the date was as well fixed in her mind as her birthday—was sitting on the porch wondering—as she had wondered constantly since her lover's departure—what could have made him so stupid. And yet had he seen through her game what would have been the pleasure in her playing it? It had not occurred to her that she had better have refrained from the fun and acted on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Who is that tall figure coming up the road? There is something familiar in the walk, something in the outline, something intangible, indescribable about the whole. Luella's heart stood still. Yes, it is Henry. He is heavier than he was, his step is a trifle less quick than it used to be, but it is Henry, the man she refused five years ago, to her regret ever since.

Was he coming to renew his proposal? Luella had had fits of anger against her lover for being so stupid. Now, instead of a hope springing in her heart that he was coming to tell her that he could not live without her, with a consequent throwing herself into his arms, she was seized with a desire to punish him. For what? For having taken her refusal seriously.

Henry came on. Luella, pretending she did not see him, looked up at the sky. He stopped before the house, then mounted the steps. Luella forced a smile. He looked as gloomy as the day he had left her.

"Why, Mr. MacMillan!" she exclaimed. "What a long time since I have seen you!"

"I've not been in this town since I saw you last," he said. "Come back to see your mother, I suppose?"

"Yes; to see my mother, but to see you, too. I've passed an unsatisfied five years since I left here. I've come back to try to persuade you to recall what you said to me just before I left you."

There was something so miserable in his appearance and tone that her desire to punish him for his stupidity broke away. Asking him to "wait a bit," she went into the house and brought out the smoking cap she had kept so long.

"I had intended to recall what I said the next day, but you didn't give me an opportunity. I had been making this gift for you for months and expected to give it with my consent."

She spoke through tears. The man—only a genius could portray the mingled emotions expressed on his face.

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