The Falls City News

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Official Newspaper of the City of Falls City

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Senator Lane Dies

United States Senator Lane is dead. He died in a hospital in San Francisco Wednesday night, May 23. A blood clot on his brain is alleged to be the cause of his death. It is easier to believe, however, that he was ruthlessly murdered by calumnies heaped upon him by political enemies because he stood for that which he believed to be right. His enemies admit that his life was spent in efforts to aid the common people, and he gave his life in an effort to shield this country from the horrors of war. His death reveals that this couutry is menaced by a danger greater than the German submarine.

INVOKES FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

San Francisco Cal.—The 13th amendment to the federal constitution, prohibiting involnntary servitude, was invoked here today in the supreme court of California to relieve Ferdinand Claudius, of Oakland from, military registration.

Walter R. Dunn, counsel for Claudius, filed with the court a petition asking for a writ of prohibition against the mayor, city clerk and their subordinates, preventing them from registering Claudius for military service to which he was liable under the law.

The 13th amendment says:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

Claudius holds that this applies to him if he is forced to register.

The petition was taken up under immediate consideration by the court.

The submarine recently sighted on the Pacific is now said to have been a sportive whale.

It is a cold day that some inventor does not discover a "sure cure" for the submarine. With the submarine out of commission, the Germans whipped to a frazzel in France, Teddy put to sleep the war should soon be over.

If China has such a friendly feeling for the United States and so anxious to help, why not send her "chinks" to war instead of the farms? The American farmer will hardly agree to placing a 'bias-eyed' Chinaman at the head of the family while he plays peek-a-boo with the Dutch over in France.

The only thing that agitates us in regard to the eighteen billion dollar tax measue, the Liberty and other bond issues, is that the war might end before it is all spent. It would be a great task for Congress to devise any more schemes to spend it, besides it would be unethical to have any left over.

Send us whatever news you know. We will not publish your name but will publish the news.

Good four room house for rent. Apply at the News office.

WHEN FUNSTON WON FAME.

His Capture of the Filipino Rebel Leader Aguinaldo.

The most famous exploit of the late General Funston was his capture of Aguinaldo, leader of the rebellious Filipinos, on March 23, 1901. With four officers and seventy-eight native scouts from the Macabebe battalion and two or three Spaniards, all of whom spoke the Tagalog dialect fluently, Funston started from Manila. He and his American officers, according to the plan, were to be taken to Aguinaldo's headquarters in the interior of Luzon as prisoners. Funston had caused two letters to be forged and sent to Aguinaldo, apparently from General Lacuna, in which the latter was made to say that he was sending some fine troops for the personal use of the Philippine president.

To all outward appearances, all along the march, Funston and the other Americans were prisoners. They were exhibited as members of a surveying party that had been captured by the Macabebes, who pretended to be rank insurgents. Provisions were scarce on the march, and when the expedition was eight miles from Palawan, where Aguinaldo had his headquarters, Aguinaldo actualy was requested to send supplies, which he gladly did, at the same time telling the Macabebes to treat the white prisoners kindly. The next morning the march was taken up again, and the expedition was greeted by Aguinaldo's household troops with pomp and ceremony. Funston's men marched around the headquarters and paraded in front of Aguinaldo's troops.

At that moment the trouble began. A Spaniard with the Funston expedition—in fact, an officer—thought he detected suspicion in the eyes of Aguinaldo's aid, and he shouted:

"Now, Macabebes, go for them!"

In an instant the firing was brisk. Aguinaldo, who had gone into his house, thought the firing was a sign of festivity and, deploring the waste of powder, rushed to a window and shouted:

"Stop that foolishness! Don't waste ammunition!"

Then a former insurgent officer with the expedition threw his arms around the rebel leader, who was speedily surrounded. At the first fire General Funston had assumed command. He helped secure the little native chief who had made so much trouble for the Americans. Aguinaldo was then rushed to the coast and taken to Manila.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Not the Right Tickets.

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant, says the Los Angeles Times, and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card and remarked as he closed the door:

"Tickets no good. You can't come in."

Rivulets and the Rivers.

All are to be men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure, not dead walls, encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice."

Wanted Full Particulars.

Four-year-old Dorothy was shopping with her mother when it began raining very hard. "Mamma," she asked, "why does it rain?"

"To make the grass and vegetables grow and the strawberries that you love so well," was the reply.

"But why does it rain on the pavement?" demanded Dorothy.—Exchange.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Olympic Games of Old.

In the Olympic contests the preparatory athletic exercises extended over a period of ten months. The games were opened by the proclamation of a herald, whose office it was to give out the name and country of each candidate and to announce the victor to the assembled multitude.

SUPREME COURT GOWNS.

They Are Made of the Finest Silk and Are Quite Costly.

It is said that the cut and style of the gowns worn by the justices of the supreme court of the United States are so peculiar that it is not always possible to have one correctly made.

The wife of a former justice used to enjoy telling of her trying experiences when she wished to have made in Paris the gown her husband was to use. The gowns worn there by scientists, scholars and students differ altogether from those our justices wear.

In London any clerical tailor would have understood the kind of gown desired, but not so in Paris. Wherefore, after many failures, the justice's wife gave instructions to the fashionable modiste who made her gowns. This modiste was entirely successful in turning out a gown for the justice.

The justice's gowns, which are always of the best quality of silk, cost upward of $100. When the supreme court was first organized the justices wore quite gaudy gowns.

A portrait in oil of the first chief justice, John Jay, now hangs in the robing room opposite the supreme court chamber, and in this portrait the chief justice is represented as wearing a black gown with a broad bright red border around the neck and down the front. It is edged with gray, and the sleeves show a red border at the top and bottom, also edged with gray.

Saved by Fireworks.

Sir Harry Johnston relates how a display of fireworks helped him out of a tight corner in South Africa when a friendly chief was attacked by a tribe called the Wa-kibosho and asked the Englishman to help him. Sir Harry says: "I made all necessary preparations for a grand display of fireworks, and when it was quite dark I blazed forth on the astonished savages with bengal lights, red fire, roman candles, serpent squibs and, lastly, a magnificent flight of rockets. The terrified Wa-kibosho scarcely waited to see the end of the show. When the first rocket rushed shrieking into the air and broke in a mass of blue and crimson falling meteors our astonished foes fled in dismay."—London Standard.

Bees Faster Than Pigeons.

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.

Lope de Vega.

Lope de Vega, the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, lived from 1562 to 1635. His literary work began when he was about thirteen years old, and from that time until his death, a period of sixty years, he poured forth an enormous quantity of plays, dramatic compositions of all kinds, poems of every character, breathing every spirit from the strictest asceticism to the most unbridled license. Over 1,800 plays are credited to him, and the published collection, comprising about 300, is contained in twenty-eight volumes.

Nothing Doing.

Caller—As an advertising medium your newspaper isn't worth shucks. I put an ad. in last week and didn't get a single answer, not one.

Advertising manager—That's too bad! How was your advertisement worded?

Caller—"A poor young man wants a pretty young wife who can do her own housekeeping."—Boston Transcript.

Opening a New Book.

To open a new book without breaking the back place it on a table and, holding all of the leaves in one hand, open a few pages, first from the front, then from the back, pressing them down gently until you reach the center of the book. Do this two or three times. Such care of a new book will double its life.

A Steady Watch.

"Henry," said Mrs. Gloonip at dinner, looking down at her watch, but speaking to Mr. Gloonip on the other side of the table, "my watch hasn't varied a second in a week."

"Remarkable!" said Mr. Gloonip. "How did you get it to vary so little?"

"I broke the mainspring."

POWELL'S CAMP

May 23, 1917

SURPRISE PARTY

Mrs. B. Bamman was given a surprise party on Friday night of last week. Lunch was served by Mrs. J. Bamman and all had a jolly time. Those present:

Mrs. C. Applegate, Mrs. F. C. Mackcherry, Mrs. B. Freer, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Batourney, Mrs. Bamman, Mrs. O'Brian, J. Bamman.

Richard Paul is papering Mr. Z. Batourney's house this week.

J. C. Purdy was called to Hoskins to build bridges on the Siletz rail road.

Z. Batourney was in Falls City last week.

Our Poor Record.

The average yield of potatoes in the United States is 113.4 bushels to the acre. In Germany it is 183 bushels. The average yield of wheat here is 15.9 bushels. In Germany it is 32. The yield of oats here is 37.4. In Germany it is 44. The yield of barley is 29.7. In Germany each acre produces thirty-six bushels.

But German fields did not always yield such bountiful crops. Thirty-five years ago Germany raised only 110 bushels of potatoes, nineteen bushels of wheat, twenty-five bushels of oats and twenty-three bushels of barley to the acre. The German soil is poor. The German climate is unfavorable to successful agriculture. Yet by a careful study of the subject of fertilization it has been possible to increase their productivity by 66 per cent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Pocket Stage.

It may fairly be claimed that humanity has within the past hundred years found a way of carrying a theater in its pocket, and so long as humanity remains what it is it will delight in taking out its pocket stage and watching the antics of the actors, who are so like itself and yet so much more interesting. Perhaps that is, after all, the best answer to the question, "What is a novel?" It is, or ought to be, a pocket stage. Scenery, light, shade, the actors themselves, are made of words and nothing but words, more or less cleverly put together.—F. Marion Crawford.

High School notes were sent in too late for publication.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1917 Almanac

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1917 comes out bright and better than ever. His splendid portrait in four color work, taken from life in May, 1916, proves that this old friend of the millions is very far from being "a dead man." Every home, office and business in America owe it to this faithful, old friend of the people to send for his Almanac and Magazine for 1917. This Almanac is 35c by mail. His monthly Magazine with Almanac, one dollar a year. Send to WORD AND WORK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3401 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.