

# Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers.

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Loyalty that is all on one side is misplaced.

China is free; but let her remember that it isn't a good thing to be too free.

It doesn't take an energetic volcano long to put all the existing geographies and atlases out of date.

The man who wins may not always be the best man, but the world gives him the benefit of the doubt.

King Leopold, King Alfonso and Emperor Franz Josef are now tied for the running broad jump championship.

The average woman may not be able to love three men simultaneously, but she can make a strenuous bluff at it.

It is suggested as a probability that the French do their voting on Sundays to make their calling and election sure.

Some people stand around with their hands in their pockets waiting for business when they could get it by advertising.

A New York man has refused to accept a \$5,000 city position. No wonder the Philadelphia North American's scientist thinks insanity is increasing.

Carnegie has been telling people over in London that it is hard work to give money away. Still, we could mention several professions that are harder.

A young man can seldom account for his father's lack of knowledge, but in after years, when he has some of his own, he begins to realize the ignorance of youth.

A New Jersey man of 76 is celebrating the birth of his first baby. It is safe to say that his grandchildren will never have the privilege of pulling their grandpapa's chin whiskers.

Cremation may be a scientific way of disposing of the mortal remains of human beings, but it is not making much headway. Science has an uphill job when it goes against popular sentiment.

Did you know that Uncle Sam has no snakes in Hawaii? There are no serpents in Hawaii. The fact is brought out by a petition to Washington asking that menageries be prevented from bringing snakes to the island lest they escape and start a snakyery.

They are already talking in Europe of the possibilities of Belgium being absorbed by France as the outcome of the socialistic troubles in the former country, and of the temptation that this would be to Germany to annex the Netherlands. In this era of merger it is just as difficult for the small countries to maintain themselves as it is for the small business concerns.

The extraordinary influence of the Empress Dowager of China over affairs of state is not unparalleled in the far East. In Corea the present Emperor and his predecessor were both chosen by the Queen Dowager Cho. Chul-Chong was a lad of 19, plowing in the fields, when the great lords came to hail him as king. Thirteen years later little Ka-Kong, the present Emperor, who reigns under the name of Yi Heul, was flying a kite in his father's yard when he was summoned to an undreamed-of throne. A few years ago the reigning queen was assassinated just as she was becoming intensely interested, through her American woman physician, in Western principles and the Christian religion.

A writer in a magazine makes an amusing skit by depicting J. Pierpont Morgan as gobbling up all the warships and armaments of the nations, thus making war impossible. The conception contains a germ of truth. There can be no doubt that the growing cost of war must tend to prevent armed hostilities. The pocket nerve of modern nations is extremely sensitive. The South African war has cost England a billion and a quarter of dollars. Humanity has indeed been "staggered" by the resistance of those Dutch farmers who perhaps at no time exceeded 40,000 in arms. The imposition of the bread tax has brought the realization of war expenses close home to the British taxpayer and has hastened the peace negotiations. The world is not yet ready to stand by the principles enunciated at The Hague peace conference. Universal acceptance of arbitration is doubtless a long way off. Nevertheless, the constantly growing cost of war is the strongest deterrent influence against the employment of armies.

The accession to the throne of the boy king of Spain again emphasizes the dependence of royalty upon the sanction of legislative chambers. It was not always so. Absolutism once held sway. But as the people have come up the prerogatives of kings have declined. Constitutions, written or unwritten, limit the power of European monarchs. Alfonso solemnly covenanted to fulfill and to compel all his subjects to respect the laws of the monarchy and direct all his acts for the good of his people. Should he radically depart from his solemn oath he would not long be king of the Spaniards. Only a short time ago Queen Wilhelmina promised to observe and maintain the constitution, protect public and private liberty and the rights of her subjects. She is bound to do these things while she is queen. In Westminster Abbey the English monarchs solemnly bind themselves to govern according to the statutes of parliament and respective to the laws and customs of the same. They cannot go beyond these well-defined limitations. It is a long cry from the day of Louis, who said "I am the State," to the prescribed and limited kingship of to-day. Constitutions and laws are above sovereigns. In other words, the people are the rulers.

At a recent annual meeting of the Humane Society at Cleveland, Ohio, Judge William Babcock devoted an earnest and intelligent discussion to the treatment of youthful criminals. The first two sentences of the paper were the key notes of the discussion. These two sentences were, "Nearly all criminals are boys," and "Every prison is a nursery for crime." Among other forcible facts were the following: "All the year round between seventy-five and one hundred young men, most of whom have not reached their majority, lie in our county jails awaiting trial. Many of them are released when they are finally given a chance to prove their innocence. But they are not what they were when arrested, for the three months which they have put in, and that is the average time they wait, has brought to them a very liberal education in crime. The jail is a reservoir in which is poured alike the hardened criminal and the youthful violator. Human nature is the same, and the boys, with nothing but time at their disposal, listen to the various methods of house-breakers, of the latest innovations in hold-ups, of the most successful means of performing every act against which society has laid its mandates." This is not a new picture, but it is a true delineation and may be duplicated in hundreds of city prisons throughout this country. Judge Babcock says Ohio is not exceptional in this particular. What a fearful reckoning, then, for American society of the future. But Judge Babcock has a remedy. This is his proposal: "It is my belief that we have no moral right to lock up a boy without making him better. Education is the remedy. At the bottom of it all lies poverty as a cause, and too little knowledge of our duty to our brothers. My plan would be to put a teacher in the county jail whose business it would be to teach the young men something that would direct their thoughts to better things. I would purchase a library of good books and place upon the authorities the responsibility of seeing that the yellow backed, crime-reading prints are thrown out. Good books and more education will do much toward making men from those whose lines of life have begun a divergence from the right course, rather than making criminals from those whose only offense is that they have been unfortunate." This plan was first suggested, according to the Kansas City World, by Judge Wolford, of Kansas City in an address last winter. It is certainly practical and is worth consideration. Society owes it to itself to carry out in some way the reformation of the guilty, which is the avowed purpose of the punishment of the criminal, and which under the present system is a failure. But reforms move slowly and it may require some American Dickens to depict the contaminating influences of jail life before our society is moved to action.

# LETTERS TO A KING.

POSTMAN'S DAILY DELIVERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Mail Usually Brings About Six Hundred Letters Every Twenty-four Hours—How They Are Read, Sorted, and Finally Disposed Of.

Though the King's daily movements are fully chronicled in the newspapers and the "Court Circular," there are many things his majesty does of which the public has little knowledge. "State business," upon which the King is employed every morning, covers a multitude of urgent matters, from the writing of an autograph letter to a neighboring sovereign to the selection of a coronation design; and there are, of course, numbers of official dispatches which require the royal signature.

It is not generally known, however, that his majesty preserves a careful supervision over the answers which are sent to the hundreds of correspondents daily writing to the King. On an average, the King's daily letter bag contains 600 letters, and about half as many newspapers, books, circulars, etc. Needless to say, this gigantic delivery needs the assistance of a body of private clerks, over whom Sir Francis Knollys, the King's private secretary, exercises control.

All letters and parcels, with the exception of those which are quickly recognized as being "personal to his majesty"—i. e., which contain a distinctive private mark, mutually prearranged, on the envelope or cover—are opened by the secretaries, and distributed in boxes, separately labeled, according to their nature and contents. These boxes are then carefully examined and checked by Sir Francis Knollys, and those letters of an urgent character requiring the consideration of the king are retained by the private secretary and are laid before the King, who indicates in a few words his pleasure concerning them.

It is surprising—and has often astonished those in receipt of replies—how rapidly an answer is dispatched from the royal residence. Many a time has a correspondent whose letter has been received by Sir Francis Knollys by the first morning delivery, obtained a reply the same night, intimating that the first mislaid has been "laid before the King." Many letters—those emanating from cranks, faddists and notorious beggars, those making impossible requests and those of a purely commercial character—are never submitted to his majesty, but are either consigned to the printer or the printer's trash. This much can be truthfully said: The greatest courtesy and delicacy have always characterized his majesty's public correspondence, and many instances could be quoted where his secretary has gone out of his way to explain at length the King's objection to some application, or his majesty's reluctance at being unable to comply with some request. Since the new reign began the typewriter has been introduced in the palace, and many replies, formal and otherwise, are now typed in violet ink. In the late reign the private secretaries were supposed to, and actually did, write every letter with their own pens, but when Edward VII. ascended the throne a modern change was quickly introduced, saving a large amount of time and labor.

All sorts of conditions of people write to the King. Many of the envelopes bear no stamps, as if Buckingham Palace were a government office, and some are boldly addressed in a pencil scrawl.

The East End postmark is a predominant feature; there are many poor people, who, alas! fondly believe the King can redress their grievances and mitigate their woes by a wave of his hand. It is no secret, however, that in several instances, after discreet inquiries have been made, suffering has been relieved in poor districts as the result of a letter to the King of Queen. Usually the channel of relief is one of the philanthropic societies, of which his majesty is either a patron or interested in, to whose office the deserving letter is privately forwarded.—London Express.

**BAD FEATURES OF CIVILIZATION.**  
It Does Not Insure Good Digestion, Which Is the Basis of Health.  
Some features of civilized life are not wholesome. It does not insure a perfect digestion, which is the basis of good health, to use West Philadelphia city water. It is not healthful to breathe sewer gas in houses the plumbing of which has been caused by an inspector who receives Christmas gifts from the plumber. There are many other conditions which are not favorable to the best physical health. However, in spite of other drawbacks and disadvantages, there is every warrant to affirm that never has the standard of health, strength and agility been as high as it is to-day. Though an indoor life is vicious in its influence, the men and women of to-day—and especially the women—are capable of a greater physical endurance than has ever been known before. The first and best proof of this is that at the age when our grandmothers and their dames took their places in the chimney corner as capable only of a vegetable existence, the men and women of to-day are at their best, and, as Dr. Stevenson complains, the grandmothers are demanding the right to run for public office, instead of being content to knit stockings. A believer in the physical superiority of the savage brought out the great-grandson of a famous Indian sprinter to pit him against the white runners of the colleges. Even after a systematic training he was beaten by amateurs. His celebrated ancestor had defeated every white runner here and in England, but his record has been surpassed long since.

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# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"What is it?" he demanded; his tone was not loud, but his eyes seemed standing out as with suppressed rage—"what is it you two are together for? What can you do? You have nothing—money, influence, nothing!"

"No, Manuel," said Birley; "you've grabbed them all."

"Is it," said he, glaring at me, "that you—you a beggarly curate!—want, expect to marry an heiress, the heiress of an old family? I have said before that she is not an heiress—that she has no money, and that she is not for you, sir!"

"I have reason," I said, "to believe that Herr Steinhardt does not always speak the truth."

"You! You are insolent as well! An insolent beggar is not to be borne! And so you have got to, too, this reckless old man to abet you in your tricks and schemes! What for is it," he demanded of Birley, "that you have had yourself so against me in this Birley case?"

"Partly," Manuel, answered Birley, "because I have gradually got convinced that you are the biggest villain unliving, and partly because I like this old unwin. As for tricks and schemes—"

"Piff! You are foolish as well as reckless."

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# THERE WAS A MISTAKE.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I had read," said the colonel, as he was relating some of his experiences in China, "that if a person fell into the water no one could pull him out, holding that his falling in was a decree of Providence that must not be interfered with."

"One day, on one of the canals, I stumbled and went overboard, and, although there were twelve boatmen, not one of them would extend me a hand. After a close shave, as I cannot swim, I got aboard again, and as soon as I recovered my breath I yelled at the boss boatman:

"You infernal scoundrel, why didn't you help me out to fall in? he calmly replied.

"And it's your fate to take a good licking!" I said as I went for him.

"When I had finished him off I took another, and I was just pulling off my fifth victim when the sixth man halted me to say:

"There seems to be a mistake here. We are taught that if a person falls into the water he must save himself or drown, but we are not taught that if he does save himself he is at liberty to lick half of China in revenge."

"I thought his point well taken," laughed the colonel, and I stopped my score of five and went down to change into dry clothes."

# Advantages of Marriage.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustell bank?

Depositor—Not a cent.

"Well, well! If you know the thing was going up why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks. She went shopping."—New York Weekly.

Like Master, Like Man.  
"A mule," said Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "at every one of the meanest animals talk walks on feet."

"Das so," answered Mr. Cassius Col-lifer, "but when you considers some of de human folks he has to work for you can't so much blame de mule."—Washington Star.

Expert Pulse Reader.  
"I suppose," said the physician, smiling, and trying to appear witty while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old hand?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—Tit Bits.