

Bohemia Nugget

LEE W. HENRY, Editor and Prop'r. COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Some men seek justice and some have it forced upon them.

The French call it "A vie intense," and we must say it is a relief.

It is because the world loves to be amused that all the world loves a lover.

France is to make the French dual a felony. Ping-pong will surely come in as a misdemeanor.

Old Mr. Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, was comparatively a young man when he began to be tried for the murder of Gooch.

Somehow a man fails to swell with importance when he is told that he is a happy hunting ground for countless germs.

Dr. Mary Walker is sympathizing with Mrs. Molleux. It only remains now for the latter to win Mrs. Nation over to her side.

According to the opinion of the average man there are a great many worse and but few better men in the world than himself.

The Sultan of Morocco, who has had the skulls of twenty rebels nailed to the gates of Fez, can beat the yellow journals at making "scare heads."

Mr. Carnegie's former private secretary says that the chief characteristic of the great philanthropist is "his egotistic vanity." We beg to differ. It is his egotistic bank roll.

A German scientist has found that 12,000,000 bacteria inhabit the skins of half a pound of cherries. The lonesome worm inside, however, is the fellow that causes most of the trouble.

After perusing the President's message any railroad that does not block its frogs should not crawl if it gets into trouble. An unblocked frog is a block that often takes the man off with the boot.

A New York man has been arrested for helping another to commit suicide. The fellow who shoots another for refusing to stand still and be robbed might be held on a similar charge—if he could ever be caught.

Two deputy United States marshals in a northwestern State who traveled on passes and then charged their railroad fare to the government have been sent to the penitentiary to reflect. Suppose a member of Congress should travel on a pass and then accept mileage?

"Allah does not count from life the days spent in the chase," says the Arab. Lovers of outdoor games do not deduct from their estimated length of days the time passed in seeing or playing. One reason is that the open air is now more popular than at any period since Adam.

Representatives of French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Austrian and English railways met in Paris recently to make arrangements for a through train service from the French capital across Europe and Asia to Peking. When these through trains are operated they will make the journey across the United States by rail seem short in comparison, for it will take eighteen or nineteen days to cover the distance between the terminals.

Anyone who thinks the world is not growing more tolerant should compare the situation of Jews in London seventy-five or a hundred years ago with the status of the English Jew to-day. Sir Marcus Samuel, the new Lord Mayor of London, belongs to the race—in fact, he is the fourth Jewish Lord Mayor—and he had his inaugural procession pass through Petticoat Lane in the heart of the ghetto last month to show his people that they were winning honors among the Gentiles.

"England is years ahead of us in some things," says one of the three American generals who inspected the German army maneuvers and were entertained in London on their way back, "but we had a running start in story telling a hundred years ago, and she will never catch up." The generals, famous story tellers, carried a batch of good stories abroad, and told them to kings, lesser nobilities and grizzled warriors, to the great joy of the warriors and the general benefit of humanity. This is a kind of American invasion that raises no protest from press or Parliament; yet we shall find it much easier to do business with commercial rivals after they and we have laughed together.

A great New York church has a modern pawnshop connected with its parish house. Last year the loans reached the large sum of eighty thousand dollars. The rate of interest charged is one per cent a month—a small fraction of that charged by the professional lenders. That it is the worthy and honest who are helped by the scheme is proved by the fact that of the two hundred thousand dollars lent during the last three years, less than seven hundred dollars has been lost. Of course strict business principles are observed in the shop, but there is always a sympathetic heart behind the method, and the loan may be followed by that personal friendship and service which are for the distressed at once a safeguard and a blessing.

"Mrs. Donnell, of Honolulu," is the way the Washington newspaper reporters write it. The lady herself says: "H. M. Queen Lillokalanani." Mrs. Donnell is located at the Ebbett House in the capital and with her lobby is waiting for Congress to give her \$3,000,000 as compensation for crown lands confiscated by the Hawaiian republic. She will doubtless wait a long time. "Queen Lili" is the victim of her own perverseness. Whether on the throne or off she has conspired until she alienated her best friends. In trying to disfranchise all except the

native she alienated the tax payers, 95 per cent of whom favored her reign. She kept the Hawaiians in a constant turmoil. Even when this woman was dethroned she was treated with great clemency. She was given a large income and the crown lands were left intact. But the queen persisted. She smuggled fire arms and organized revolt. Her dynamite plot, by which she sought to kill hundreds of innocent men, women and children was most diabolical. The woman does not need money. If Congress should pay this sum a large part of it would go to lobbyists. She has forfeited all claims and should retire from public gaze. Besides, God is tired of Queens.

"Modern Society," of London, wonders how the American women can be content to be the wives of "mole dollar sharks." "What kind of homo is he," asks the paper, "where the man is at the daily grind by 8 a. m. and hardly sees his home in his haste to get dollars?" "How does the American man," it asks further, "accumulate money as fast as his wife spends it?" These questions must make any American smile, particularly the last one. No doubt, Modern Society would be pleased to be able to tell its readers how to make money as fast as the American does. But it would be of no advantage to them to know the recipe. The alchemy is not in that, but in the spirit and the conditions. As a matter of fact, and notwithstanding the European belief to the contrary, the man in this country strives no harder to make money than do the men of Europe. The average European works a lifetime, as hard and as effectively as he knows how, for a competence. We put more intelligence and enthusiasm into the struggle than they do and our industrial conditions and resources are more favorable than theirs, but the longing for money is no stronger here than elsewhere. It is doubtful if it is as strong. All things are planned and executed on a large scale in this country—wealth-creating among the rest. Europeans may imagine we live an intense life narrowed down to the one aim of getting rich, but they imagine wrongly. We take our business affairs no more seriously than they do their own. Ours are larger and broader than theirs, but so are our men larger and broader than their men. We carry the big load quite as lightly and a good deal more joyfully than they do the light one. And American women do not suffer neglect. Money opens the way to a broader social life for the average American woman than is even dreamed of by the average woman of Europe. The American wife, even among the less well-to-do classes, has a home of her own to look after and to take pride in. She does not dudge and dree her life away in a small shop or in the field, as unnumbered thousands of her European sisters do. She has time and means for as broad an outlook as that of her husband. She is not merely his wife, but his equal and his comrade.

It has been reserved for America, however, to bring forth a new race of caricaturists, which, for lack of a better title, may be called the personal cartoonists—men who seize upon the characteristics of an individual and so exaggerate them that the subjects of the cartoons are known by the most prominent features in their physical, mental or moral make-up. Perhaps we Americans look at the droll side of life more than other people, but certain it is we have more and better cartoonists than elsewhere. The very quickness with which we see the point of a joke demands equal facility in portraying drollery in a cartoon. We sketch boldly and leave much of the unnecessary detail to our slower cousins. Then, too, our public events happen with such startling rapidity that a cartoon of yesterday's doings would be flat to-day, and we must keep very much alive and be ready for a political change over night. In other words, the alert American must have depicted in his cartoon the very traits of character that have made him what he is—the quickest and brightest of men.

HOW HUSBANDS AND WIVES DRIFT APART. By Harriet A. Armstrong. Despite the romantic and affectionate elements in it, much of marriage resolves itself into a common-sense partnership. If people only realized this there would be fewer liquidations in love and bankruptcies in matrimony. If women were not so fond of hugging grievances and thinking themselves martyrs for nothing at all, few married folk would "drift apart." A woman thinks her husband has slighted her. Perhaps he has. Anyway, if she thinks he has, it's just as bad from her point of view as if he really had. Sometimes she says nothing. In the first case she goes about with a sense of injury smarting within her. Of course, if she is in this frame of mind, she is naturally on the lookout for more slights and injuries. And it is so easy always to find what we look for. Presently her heart swells with all the indignities and martyrdom she thinks she has been subject to. Perhaps the whole situation has arisen from a misunderstanding; and Jack or Jim would be horrified could he see the big mountain of martyrdom which has arisen from the molehill of that careless action or sentence of his. Now, we will take the case of the wife who does not

smile. In its early days organized labor went upon the theory that the only way to settle labor difficulties was to strike. But it is only way to settle labor difficulties was to strike. But it is only way to settle labor difficulties was to strike.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EVOLUTION AND INFLUENCE OF THE CARTOON.

By Thomas Nast, the Great Cartoonist (Written April 14, 1902.) There is no telling when the art of caricature began. There are a number of grotesques that have come down to us from earliest Egyptian times. The Greeks employed pictures to emphasize their satire, and so did the Romans. All through the Middle Ages there were numberless examples of "grotesqueries," which, curiously enough, were used in enforcing the doctrines of the Church by means of satirizing the devil. But the eighteenth century was the heyday of the cartoon. Beginning in France, and overrunning into Holland, and thence across the Channel into England, the flood of caricaturists carried everything before it; and it is safe to say that we read the history of the time with clearer vision and with more accuracy of detail for the mirror which the caricaturists held up to reflect the striking peculiarities of the men and events passing before it.



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VEGETARIAN CHURCH.

Its Essential Tenet is that Men Shall Eat No Meat. It may not be known to many that there is a Vegetarian Church, whose chief tenet is that men should eat no meat.

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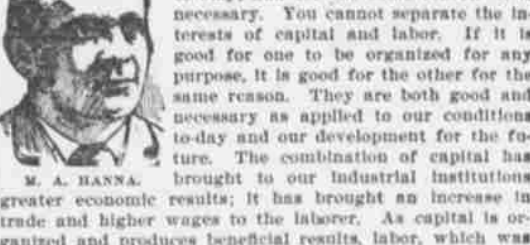
brood silently over a fancied wrong. She belongs to the type which says too much. Tempers on both sides are aroused, and each gives utterance to rather harsh sentiments, which neither really feels. A "misunderstanding" arises, and who can say where it will end.

FINANCIAL ADVERSITY AHEAD.

By J. J. Hill, President Great Northern Railway. I am not one of those fellows who cross their bridges before they come to them, "alarmists," I think you call them. I am disposed to be cheerful about most things. But I can't see anything in the present financial situation to cause me to do any rejoicing.

CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD AGREE. Organization of capital has come to stay, just as organized labor has come to stay, and for the same reason—it is necessary.

GOALF IN THE PARLOR. GOLFERS who desire to play their favorite game in a parlor can now do so, a quick-witted inventor having fashioned the necessary apparatus.



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SHE DELIGHTED IN CRUELTY.

Wise Lover Discovered Objectionable Trait in His Sweetheart. This incident occurred in Washington not very long ago.

A young man was calling upon the girl to whom he was engaged. The couple were sitting on the front steps of the girl's home, an hour or so before the fall of darkness, when they noticed the cat attached to the household of the girl's family going down the steps leading to the basement area with a tiny field mouse in its mouth.

"That mouse," said the young fellow to the girl to whom he was engaged, "is only a youngster yet. Strikes me he ought to have a chance for his white alley."

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, who, with her chin in her hands, was dreamily and fascinatingly regarding the spectacle of the mouse being tortured by the cat.

"You going to give that mouse a run for its law marble," said the young man, getting up from the steps and starting down the area steps.

"You don't have to look at it if you don't want to," said the girl, with a certain hardness in her tone. "Let the cat alone."

"Well, the cat has had her supper," she said in a matter-of-fact tone to her fiancé.

"Good-night," he said to her, and he tipped his hat to her and walked down the street without looking back.

"What's that?" asked one of the friends. The flashy young man hesitated for a moment.

"She's in de sizzle, I said." "You mean in de sizzle, don't you?" asked one of the friends.

"Yes," said the flashy young man, evidently much relieved. "Fin de sizzle, that's it. I thought fin de sizzle didn't sound right all the time."

OLD FAVORITES

The Old Station. Nigh to a grave that was newly made—Lenned a sexton old on his earth worn spade.

His work was done, and he passed to wait. The funeral train at the open gate, A relic of bygone days was he.

"I gather them in, I gather them in, I gather them in; for man and boy, Year after year of grief and joy.

"I gather them in, and their final rest is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast."

When coldness or deceit shall slight, The heart that now they prize, And deem it but a faded light.

How Gen. Sigel Cowed a Big Fellow in New York City. A New York newspaper writer, who was an intimate friend of Gen. Franz Sigel, lately deceased, tells an anecdote which illustrates that little warrior's pugacity and daring.

"The martial spirit was in Sigel to the very last. I fancy. It was three years ago certainly. I had met the General walking slowly up Broadway about dinner time, and suggested dining at a certain well-known German restaurant on Forty-second street, near Broadway.

"All that rot about Phil Sheridan! He was a poltroon! A coward!" "Sigel heard him, and sprang immediately forward. Shaking his fists in the big man's face, he shouted:

"The London sewer hunter before commencing operations provides himself with a bull's-eye lantern, a canvas apron and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end somewhat in the shape of a hoe.

"Why He Needed More Salary. Employer—Why, I raised your salary only four weeks ago! Employee—I know; but that's just the matter. In trying to live up to the name I naturally overdid it.—Boston Transcript.

Point of View. Matilda—Isn't it too bad that flowers fade? Lovelorn but Poor Youth—Yes, but it's a good thing for the florist.—New York Times.