Bohemia Nugget

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COTTAGE GROVE . OREGON.

Don't impose on others in order to make an imposing show.

Nothing bores an optimist like the history of other people's troubles.

If men were as good as they claim to be they would not have to claim to be as good as they are.

People who know there is little of good to be said of them are always listening in the hope of hearing it.

The question of who founded House isn't half so interesting as the identity of The gentleman who made her howl.

The term "deadly parallel" has about outlived its usefulness. Inconsistency in a public man is no longer fatal.

Is the accumulation of money you don't need worth those gray hairs, deep lines of care and decrepitude in middle life?

It is rather a pitiful fact that venerable Oxford has so few generous sons that she must appeal to a Scotch-American ironmaster for help.

The milliner who has discovered that nose defects are curable by a hat brim does not mention a remedy for eye diseases caused by veils.

Congressman Lacey's efforts to preserve some of the natural curiosities of the great West will not, we hope, include many of the Western politicians.

So long as Uncle Sam supplies the world with food he can afford to be a little short on warships. Nations are not apt to quarrel with their bread and butter.

If the pituitary gland at the base of the cerebellum does, as Dr. Sajous contends, govern all our bodily functions, why not have it cut out and so avoid the bother of the bodily functions?

Having become tired of seeing the story in print Mr. Rockefeller denies that he ever said he would give $1,000,000 for a sound stomach. A million dollars is a great deal of money.

Since the President gave that emphatic opinion on the subject of race suicide, the aspirants for office under this administration will hurry up in the matter of raising large and interesting families.

How strange it must seem to Spain to have a minister from Cuba in Madrid! Yet when the Cuban minister presented his credentials to the King the other day, his country was complimented as if it had not rebelled and set up for itself.

A Chicago University professor announces that mechanical shocks caused by the "beating muscular movements, the jar of walking, vibrations in vehicles of transportation and floors of buildings" conduce to long life. We hope he doesn't approve of train wrecks and earthquakes as stimulants.

The retaining of a corps of threescore surgeons by a great railroad corporation in order that they may give first aid to the injured in accidents will be generally commended, but is it not the wisest policy for railroads to take such precautions that surgeons need not be called on for the relief of disasters?

Nearly every State Legislature is afflicted with freak legislators, whose ridiculous travesties upon law-making bring the legislative machinery into contempt. Their antics, unrestrained by the rules of the bodies to which they temporarily belong, suggest cerebral infirmity on the part of presiding officers whose plain duty it is to keep the proceedings of Legislatures within the bound of common sense.

Neither the blight nor the early frosts can affect the value of the Chinese peach bloom, even if these things do affect the American fruit growers. This is because the Chinese peach bloom appears on small vases made two or three hundred years ago. One of them, six inches tall, sold in New York last month for thirty-two hundred dollars, enough to buy a good-sized peach orchard in Delaware or California.

After all this is a good old world to live in. Occasionally some ungrateful cur will snap at the hand that formerly fed him. Once in a while some snarling nobody, with neither brains nor ability, will assail those whom a community has already judged his superior. This is one kind of human nature, but it exists in a very small part of our population, and may well be ignored on account of the inconsequence of its results. The great majority of people like one another, have respect for honest manhood and true womanhood, and care very little for those who try to belittle their neighbors.

The average schoolboy may thank fortune that he is not a Mexican collector of customs, for if he were he would be confronted with problems in arithmetic which would make finding the least common multiple seem easy. The finance minister has recently told the collectors that to find the duty to be levied in any given instance they must multiply one-half of the amount of the duty computed at the prevailing rate by two hundred and forty-seven and a quarter, the rate of exchange for gold, and divide the product by one hundred. This will give the amount actually payable in Mexican money.

The chairman of the Harvard athletic committee, Professor Hollis, declares that rival teams are selected dishonestly and that players are intentionally disabled. The percentage of injuries increases annually and the moral tone of intercollegiate sport steadfastly declines. That these charges have a basis of truth has long been believed. The gambling spirit has corrupted amateur athletics in the largest and most populous fields. Exposure of convincing facts must tend to deter people from making the annual contests scenes of social distinction and enthusiastic patronage. The wisest minds in higher education have long been of opinion that the athletic fad has been carried further in the United States in association with higher education than is wholesome for the intellectual standard or the morality of the colleges. If the public would refrain from attending the exceedively advertised games the true relation of sport to college life would be more speedily ascertained. The reigning brutality of football, the almost total lack of generosity in the greatest contests have aroused disgust and apprehension. There was never anything noble in hitting a man that was down. Even the cultivated heathen were revolted by such brutishness. Football as it is now practiced has largely lost every quality of gentlemanhood and is not above the debasing exhibition of low prize-fighting when not a criminal fake.

Several years ago a German nobleman who happened to be visiting in this country was introduced one evening to the family circle of a distinguished scholar of one of our Eastern States. The German had "thirty-six quarterings" in his coat of arms, together with all the prejudices greatly exaggerated of his class, and was inclined to look on Americans as meritorious enough in their way, but as belonging distinctly and of necessity to a lower order of beings. The host was an archaeologist, and having received some of the ancient implements and utensils excavated in Rome at that time by Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, was explaining to the young and old folk that they were toys used by the little Romans ages ago, which establishes the "solidarity" of youth in all ages. The assembled company forthwith descended to the floor of the library and played the games with the antique Roman toys. Neighbors and friends dropped in quite informally, music enlivened the gathering, talk which ranged from the grave to gay was not without its humor and its wit, and as all present were delighted, they all contributed to the delight. When the guests departed, the German, who had drained life to the dregs, had seen society from the Paris Faubourg St. Germain to St. Petersburg, and from Rome to London, was impelled to say that there was the idyllic and the true society. No lackeys, no prodigious expense, no frigid formality, but all simplicity, ease which was as attractive as it was natural and wholesome. The German confessed he had discovered a new Arcady, and that society in its new manifestations was a return to the naturalness of former days, which indicated a real advance, a higher civilization. The simple life is not, however, so common nor so frequently an object of desire in America of to-day as to be typical. Those who have means are in so breathless a race to spend, to make a display, to outdo their rivals, to seek pleasure instead of letting pleasure come to them, that artificiality, as in all rich societies, has crowded simplicity and naturalness too much into the background. The desire for money is natural, and it is likewise highly commendable. Money means comfort, education for children, protection against old age and sickness, opportunity for self-improvement, and it provides many of the things which distinguish life in a civilized country from life in the haunts of the savage. Stored wealth is, in a word, civilization itself, or rather civilization depends on it. It is no wonder, then, that money is the universal object of the keenest desire, but the wonder is that when men have won wealth they should spend it so foolishly as they do in modern society.

DR. ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

A Distinguished American to Have a Bronze Memorial.

The friends of Dr. Orestes Augustis Brownson, New England's distinguished theologian, lecturer, patriot, editor and sociologist, are about to erect a bronze bust on a granite pedestal in Sherman Park, New York City, at 72d street and Amsterdam boulevard. The Catholics of the country have subscribed for this memorial. Dr. Brownson was ranked as one of the great literary men of his day. He was born in Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1803, and died in Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876. He was preparing for the Presbyterian pulpit, when he embraced Universalism and entered the ministry in 1825. He was pastor of churches in Vermont and New York for seven years. As editor of the Gospel Advocate he wrote and worked earnestly for the improvement of the laboring classes.

BROWNSON BUST.

Dr. Brownson was an associate of noted New England thinkers and at one time a member of the famous Brook Farm Fourrier Association, with George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, Father Hecker, Hawthorne and others at its head.

Expected Altogether Too Much.

Consumer—See here! My family was out of town all of last month except three days, and yet my gas bill is higher than for the month before!

Clerk (severely)—Well, sir, do you suppose we can keep track of the comings and goings of all our customers? This office doesn't run a society department.—Kansas City Journal.

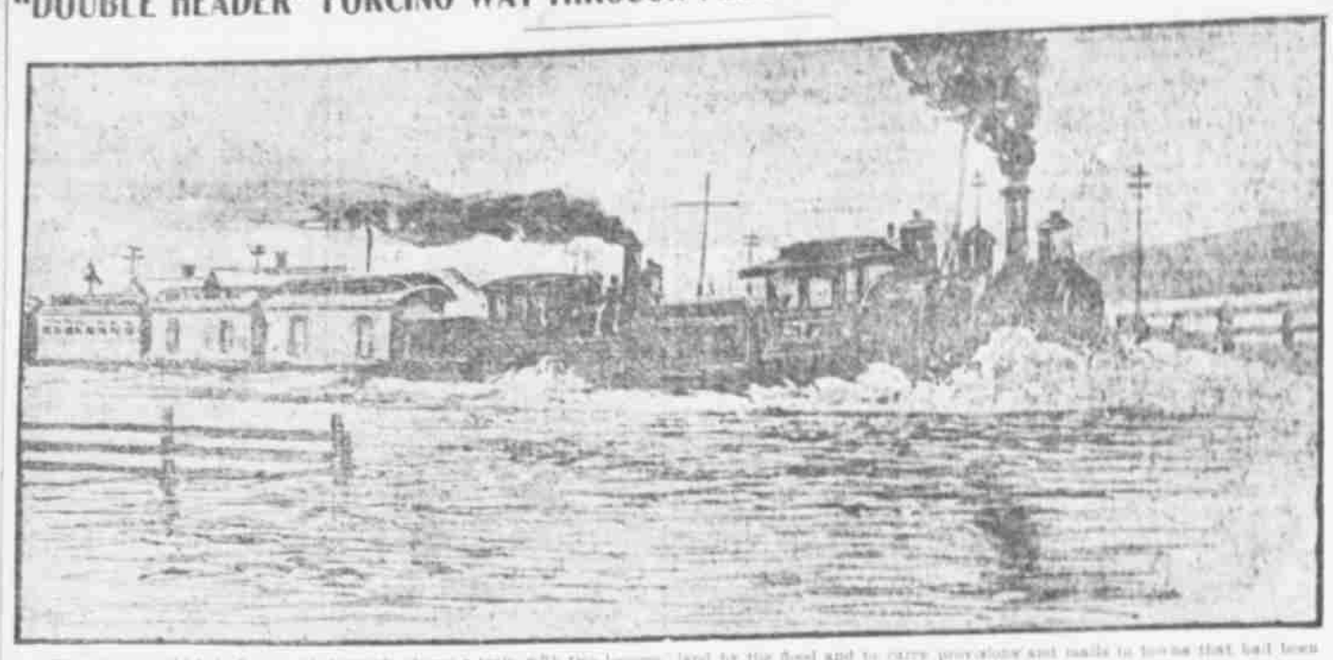
No More Tie Counting.

"Do you favor a theater under the patronage of the government?"

"I do," answered Stormington Barnes. "I should like to see government ownership of the theaters and government ownership of the railways, and then hope for co-operation between these two great branches of our national system."—Washington Star.

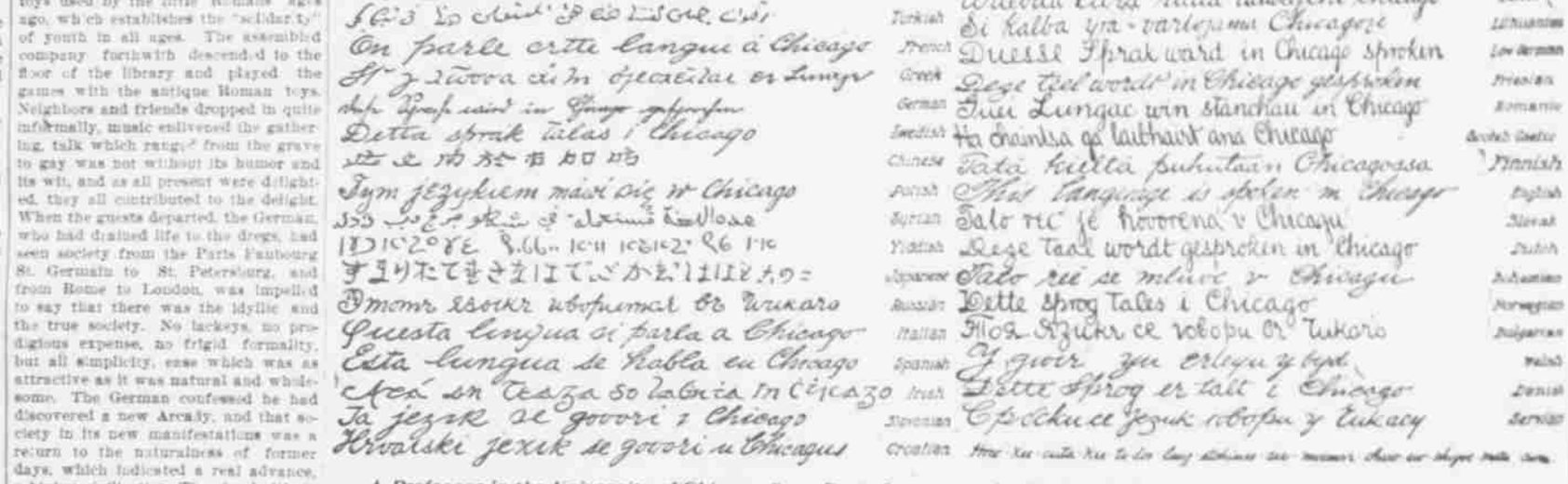
A youth recently married a girl after having proposed thirteen times. The old superstition is still working.

"DOUBLE HEADER" FORCING WAY THROUGH FLOOD TO RESCUE ARKANSAS REFUGEES



The picture, which is from a photograph, shows a train with two locomotives working its way over an unseen track along the Mississippi in Arkansas to pick up people who had been driven out of their homes on to higher land by the flood and to carry provisions and mails to towns that had been isolated by the high waters. At points the water was so high it reached the firebokes of the locomotives, making it impossible for them to pass through it.

THESE LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN IN CHICAGO.



A Professor in the University of Chicago Says Forty Languages Are Spoken in Chicago. Here Are Forty-three of Them.

MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BARON VON KETTELER

Recently the Chinese government dedicated a noble monument to the memory of Baron von Ketteler on the very spot where the baron, then the German minister to Pekin, was murdered by the Boxers on June 20, 1900. The erection of this monument was insisted upon by Emperor William in the protocol of Sept. 7, 1901, to serve as a warning to unruly Chinese rebels. The ceremonies of dedication are described by Minister Conger in a report to the State Department. They took place in the presence of high Chinese officials, the diplomatic corps, the German garrison, an equal number of Chinese soldiers, and an immense crowd of general spectators. Prince Chung, the Chinese Emperor's brother, poured libations and made a speech, and Baron von der Holst, German charge d'affaires, replied. The monument is an impressive structure of granite bearing inscriptions in German, Latin and Chinese. The inscription, dictated by Emperor William, reads as follows: "This monument has been erected by order of his majesty, the Emperor of China, for the imperial German minister, Baron von Ketteler, who fell on this spot by heinous murder on the 20th of June, 1900, in everlasting commemoration of his name, as an eternal token of the Emperor's wrath about this crime, as a warning to all."

MINISTER CONGER.

MONUMENT TO VON KETTELER.

SENATOR HOPKINS' "RED HEAD."

How It Gave Him His First Start in Congressional Legislation.

When ex-Congressman Albert J. Hopkins of Illinois took his oath in Washington as United States Senator as the successor of William E. Mason, he saw realized the ambition of many years. In his early years, when only a lad of 7 or 8, he visited a court room with his father, who had been summoned as a juror, and he then and there determined to be a lawyer. Later, in his young manhood, he conceived the ambition of becoming a United States Senator. The first ambition was long ago realized and for many years Mr. Hopkins has been a leader at the bar of Kane County. And now the second ambition has been realized.

A. J. HOPKINS.

Senator Hopkins has been a member of Congress since 1885 and has served on many of its important committees. He helped frame the Dingley tariff bill and has taken an active part in financial and revenue measures.

It was his "red head" that first gave him his start as a congressional lawmaker. When he first entered Congress he met the fate of all "young stars" in not being able to catch the Speaker's eye, and thus the stack of bills for which he wished to ask consideration by the House remained unshifted upon the calendar. For every move in forwarding any one of them the recognition of the chair was necessary, but all efforts to interest the Speaker were as useless as it would be to get a nod of recognition or assent from a snow man made by school boys.

In his plight he was almost in despair, as his chance for a reelection to Congress was then in the balance. It was at this time that the brilliant "Sunset" Cox became temporary Speaker and Mr. Hopkins resolved to "cultivate" him. Cox was an inimitable story teller and raconteur, Hopkins was a good listener. When Speaker Cox was telling one of his stories Hopkins would take a prominent place in front of the Speaker's desk. Nobody laughed more heartily at the "Sunset" stories and jests. His "red head" had "caught" the unofficial eye of the Speaker and at last he had hopes of catching the "official" eye.

One day when Mr. Cox was in a particularly jovial mood the young member from Kane County introduced his bill for the cession of the Fox river islands to the town of Aurora and moved for its passage "by unanimous consent, under suspension of the rules."

"Why, bless your fine red head," exclaimed Acting Speaker Cox, "I would not refuse to recognize you from any quarter of the House. Every time I see those auburn locks of yours I have pleasant visions of a red-haired girl I used to know in school. For her sake you, with that head, can always have the recognition of this chair. The gentleman from Illinois has the floor."

Although a peal of laughter greeted the recognition, Mr. Hopkins was not sensitive and he held the floor. Five minutes later his resolution had been passed. The Fox river islands were Aurora's proud possession and the young Congressman had so strengthened himself with his home city that the future support of the inhabitants was always at his command.

Senator Hopkins' home in Illinois is at Aurora. He has three sons and one daughter. Miss Fannie, who, with her mother, is prominent in the society life of Washington.

HOW THE WORLD WAS PAINTED

An Indian Legend of the Way the Spring Came Into the World.

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns. There was no color except white in all the world except the sky, and it was almost black. At night the stars looked through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the spring down into the world—the spring with red lips and curling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms, and the first flowers—crocus, anemones, and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring was the white rabbit. The spring dropped a red crocus on his head, and ever since then all white rabbits have red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the spring, and that is the way the bluebird was made. Ever since then it is the first bird to arrive when the spring comes down from heaven.

So the spring went through the world. Wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas and the ice melted and the fish became painted with all the tints of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and the salmon became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only their sides.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day.

HOLDING A CABINET POSITION AT WASHINGTON NOT MUCH OF A "SNAP."

THERE is not a member of the President's Cabinet, with possibly an exception here and there, says a Washington official, who gets out of the game for less than $20,000 a year and no one under $10,000 or $12,000. To properly maintain the position of a Cabinet officer to live upon the salary paid, would entail the practice of economy which would be quite unusual. A member of the House can live, and many practically do, upon his salary, but not a member of the Cabinet upon his salary. I have known of many members of different Cabinets who have spent from $20,000 to $30,000 a year. In the Senate and House combined there are scores of men who have practically no income other than their salary of $7,500 a year. These men work for what may be properly termed their wages.

Cabinet officers do not work for their salaries; they merely accept what the Congress decided a century or two ago, in ample coach days, to be adequate compensation, the salary of the office did not enter into their calculations in 99 cases out of 100 when their portfolio was tendered them.

Where a Cabinet officer is a wealthy man, as most of them usually are, they work for a variety of reasons. Some have wives who have social ambitions and tastes which cannot be gratified in their former environment. Others work for the personal pleasures, the privileges and the honors the position bestows, the last being more or less passed down to their posterity. Others give up $30,000 a year income, toil like messengers over their desks by day and eat official dinners at night for reasons just finding out. Some believe, usually erroneously, however, and occasionally correctly, that service in the Cabinet may prove of future use to them in presidential conventions or in senatorial elections. Dozens of members of the Cabinet have become sick of their task and have resigned before the end of the first two years.

The feminine members of a Cabinet officer's family are the ones who enjoy the position. They get about $1,000,000 a year each out of it in the gratification of their personal ambitions and desires and the fun they have.

How Butchers Get Rich.

The butcher had opened that morning, and was awaiting his first customer.

Presently the longed-for person appeared.

"Yes'm," said the butcher to the old lady, "and what can I have the pleasure of getting for you?"

"Oh, I don't want butcher's meat this morning," she said, "though there's no telling what might happen. What I want is the change of a quarter."

The butcher's face fell; but, after all, possible customers must be obliged.

"There you are, madam," he said, "and very pleased I am to be able to oblige you."

"Ah," said the old lady, "that's very well—very well. But, young man, don't you give a bit of suet with it?"

THE COTTON KING

He Has Made Millions in the Advancing Prices Since Last Fall.

Daniel J. Sully, who won renown in a night, as the bull leader on the New York cotton exchange, who made $100,000 a week for six weeks, is a Providence, R. I., man.

DANIEL J. SULLY.

A rather mild mannered, unobtrusive person is this new cotton king, whom his followers and the delighted cotton growers of the South now hail as the greatest operator ever seen on the New York exchange. He is 42 years old. He is businesslike in manner, prompt in action, well groomed and courteous. He has light-blue eyes, a blonde mustache and waving sandy hair, which he parts in the middle.

Though he has been a member of the New York Cotton Exchange two years it was only last October that the aggressive bull leader actively impressed himself upon the metropolitan market. His home is in Providence, R. I. There he has been a leading factor in the cotton market for a dozen years, but none of his neighbors until recently suspected him of being cast in the mold from which cotton kings or Napoleons of finance are made.

Mr. Sully made an extensive study of cotton and passed two years in the South studying its culture. He knows the business from A to Z. He is called Napoleon by his intimates.

Does Not Persist.

"How is that new word, 'manywhere,' taking with the writing public, professor?"

"Well, it isn't used muchwhere."—Chicago Tribune.

From the raw molasses of love-making to the vinegar of domestic infelicity is truly a bitter change.

WHEN HE PROPOSED.

Word "Catarrhal" Nearly Wrecked His Impassioned Avowal.

As Mr. Blinks proceeded to and fro in the limits of his solid chamber it would have been evident to the most casual observer that the mind of the young man was greatly perturbed. Upon his broad forehead the finger of anxiety had traced a wrinkle and his abundant hair was disordered where his hands had gripped it in the stress of the problem he faced. As he paced the floor he occasionally muttered to himself, but the mutterings proved void of meaning. At last he chanced to observe his own reflection in a mirror on the dresser and, pausing in front of it, he addressed his image as follows:

"You are a nice party, you are, I'm sure! Apology for coming to perform. You are six feet high and built accordingly, and you are afraid of a little femininity that stands five feet nothing in its French heels. Yes, you are! It is useless for you to deny. I know you great, overgrown coward, you think as being somebody, but you are a nobody. You sneak around and try to keep up the pretense until you meet the first nothing, and then——"

Mr. Blinks abruptly ceased talking and moodily walked from the room. Again he ran his hand through his hair and after that violently bit his mustache for a time. Then he again spoke:

"I'll do it. If I die for it, I will. I will go over this very evening and have the thing settled once and for all. I shall longer have as opportunity to say that I am afraid of a love-letter and its contents. I will summon courage to the sticking point, I am goes!"

A half hour later Mr. Blinks, still chewing his mustache, was sitting in a small and costly apartment awaiting the arrival of five feet nothing on the scene. The little lady took her time and the young man in the meantime suffered accordingly. Seconds seemed minutes and minutes seemed hours while still he waited. At last the rustle of a dress was heard and the whom he awaited appeared.

Mr. Blinks said to himself that he dared not wait lest he should lose his courage by the wayside. So he drew a long breath, summoned courage from the deep, hidden recesses of his nature and almost before the young lady fairly had seated, took the desperate plunge.

"Mary," said the young man, addressing himself to the effect, "you must now have observed the reality of my feelings. You must long have felt how I have wish—that I have for long ago have been now I have felt. You must know the emotion with which I look upon you. When am with you I feel as if my entire nature had undergone a complete change—that is, a complete chrysalis, or, I should say, catechism. Mary, what I wish to say is that in your presence I feel that my nature has undergone a complete kitchen—kitchen—a complete clearing—Mary, a complete myriad—a cleanpete climaxpete—"

"Mr. Blinks!" a low, sweet voice interrupted him.

"Yes, Mary."

"Don't you think you might get on better if you would skip the rhetoric and go right on?"

So he skipped the word, says the New York Times, and everything went along too beautifully to be told.

Greatness of an Agricultural Idiom.

"You remember when Duncan's letter write home from college that he was fencing. Duncan thought he was building fences?"

"Yes."

"Well, now he writes home that he is vaulting, and Duncan thinks he buildings vaults."

The Place.

"You can't very well miss it," the neck-whiskered and pink-limbed gentleman declined Farmer Bentover, in reply to the inquiry of the stranger. "Just keep right along down the road till you come to a white house on the right hand side with green blinds, where there's a commanding-eyed woman lookin' out considerably like a chicken hawk, trimming a hat or sewing a rag rug or something of that sort and at the same time putting up preserves, rocking the cradle, believing in predestination and a literal hell, picking flaws in the entire neighborhood, watching to see everybody that passes by, wondering gracious where they are going and what for and giving large, angular pieces of her mind to a small, frightened-looking husband, who appears to be on the point, most of the time, of trying to crawl inside of himself, as a kangaroo is said to hide in its own warm pocket in time of danger. Yes, that's where my second cousin, Cassie A. Pennypacker, lives."—Smart Set.

Soon Counted.

All kinds of questions come to the answers-to-correspondents man of a daily paper, and the impatience he occasionally manifests is not surprising.

"Editor of ——," wrote an inquiring citizen one day, "will you please tell me how many kinds of typewriters there are?"

This was handed to the answers-to-correspondents man, and in the next issue of the paper he replied to it as follows:

"Two—male and female."

An Immense Wheat Field.

The biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine Republic. It belongs to an Italian named Guazzone and covers just over 100 square miles.