

Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD A. BROWN, Editor.

COTTAGE GROVE - OREGON.

Hated is a rust on the heart.
Opportunity never hunts far to find the man.

Eccentricity is foolishness that has succeeded.

The wise man should be thankful for the fools. The contrast makes him noticeable.

The American ice trust lost money last year. Probably it had too much watered stock.

It is very hard to convince a disreputable woman who has obtained big alimony that marriage is a failure.

There being little doing in the foreign office, John Bull sent in another warning to Abdul Hamid.

The race question is a serious one, but the "coon" song problem is a far more serious one and far more difficult of solution.

Some people act as though they thought the world ought to come and knock them down with a club and make them take a living.

Of the making of many books which have about as much literature quality as may be found in rags, track books there seems to be literally no end.

The bachelor girl who admits that she never had a chance to get married has arrived at a point where she is willing to accept pity in lieu of admiration.

Still we hesitate to take as fresh news the statement of the dressmaker that "figures are made, not born." Nature has never been guilty of making a "straight front."

London Truth says that under the influence of the American woman "society has degenerated from a polite pleasure into a profession." That was what ruined baseball.

An actress has succeeded in advertising herself in New York by whipping a dulle for kicking her dog. The press agent is at a loss to understand how the news of the affair leaked out.

Most of the European military authorities have agreed that the lance is obsolete as a weapon of war and have decided not to use it hereafter. While they were about it, why didn't they also condemn the ballista, the catapult and the arquebus?

A new cure for tuberculosis consists in inoculating children with a virus as soon as possible after they are born. Is it any wonder that some parents are pondering the wisdom of bringing children into a world so full of experimentation and inoculation?

"My daughter is taking honors at the school of mines," said a charming woman recently, "and my son is in Paris learning dressmaking." Each was following a decided bent which was not to the taste of the other. There is no better reason for a choice of profession than the determination to do one's best work in the best way.

The Netherlands government, which owns more than one-half of the railways in Holland, finds itself troubled with strikes of the railway employes. It has decided to ask Parliament to pass a law forbidding the employes of the State railways to strike, and the employes have decided to strike as soon as the law is passed. This situation is interesting, and it should be instructive.

A current circulation of \$30, barring a tiny fraction, for every man, woman and child in the commonwealth is probably the best showing ever made by any nation—the price of a cow or an overcoat for everybody. Its distribution is a trifle irregular, but that is like the sea's level, always in a state of disturbance and rectification. Those who haven't got their share of the \$30 are not forbidden to hustle for it, and those who have more the get-rich-quick concerns stand ready to redress their balance with neatness and dispatch whenever they are so minded.

Among the interesting statistical facts contained in a late volume of the consular reports is a tabular statement of the value of Germany's trade with Venezuela. The imports into Germany from Venezuela from 1897 to 1903, inclusive, amounted to \$11,082,890, about 2 per cent of Germany's total importations. These imports seem to have fallen off since 1897, when the highest figure was reached, on the other hand, the exports from Germany to Venezuela have increased, the highest figures having been reached in 1901, when they amounted to \$1,068,000. While the figures indicate that Germany is increasing its business with Venezuela, they show also that the trade is small and an inconspicuous figure in the commercial records of Germany.

The number of railroad accidents that have occurred in the United States during the last few months is abnormal and it has puzzled the country to account for them. Even the citizen who has no railroad experience can distinguish very well between an unavoidable accident and the other kind. The other kind have apparently been the more numerous. The slaughtering of human life in preventable railroad accidents is due to either incompetency or neglect. Now the railroad men, or at least those treated with the running of locomotives, are far from incompetent. They are among the finest men of the country. If they neglect their duties, when the results are generally fatal to themselves, it must be on account of physical and mental exhaustion. If they are being overworked the practice should cease. Public interest demands this imperatively, but it is hard to understand

how the railroads themselves can stand the property loss that follows wrecks which can be classed as preventable.

The announcement is made by the British home office that Mrs. Florence Maybrick, now undergoing sentence of penal servitude for life for the alleged murder of her husband, will be released next year in time for her to give her personal attention to suits affecting her interests in Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia. Should Mrs. Maybrick live a year longer she will be a free woman after an imprisonment in Woking prison of fifteen years. As to the question of her guilt or innocence there will always be a division of public sentiment, though the great majority of people, both in this country and in England, believe her to be innocent in spite of the circumstantial evidence against her. Even among those who believe her guilty undoubtedly many think a life sentence unnecessarily severe, and that fifteen years of confinement in the hardest penal institution in England is sufficient punishment for a crime which had some mitigating features about it even from the standpoint of the prosecution. It is needless to discuss the question of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt. No new point can be urged, no new facts presented. The question has been gone over in its every aspect. The pressure to secure her release has been strong and continuous. Her friends have never given up hope, notwithstanding the persistent refusal of the home office to reopen the case or to consider petitions. They are about to succeed, and when Mrs. Maybrick is out another quasi-international question will have been settled, much to the general relief.

The recent endowment by Mr. Phipps of an institution in Philadelphia for the study and treatment of consumption marks a new step forward in the crusade against tuberculosis. A considerable amount of the appalling loss of life from this disease, and the conviction that it is a preventable as well as a curable malady, led a number of physicians and philanthropists a few years ago to begin an organized campaign against it. The plan of the campaign is one primarily of instruction. International congresses have been held to consider ways and means not only of caring for the sick and curing the disease, but also and chiefly of diffusing a knowledge of the affection among the people at large so that, knowing its nature and the manner of its spread, they might intelligently apply the measures for its prevention. One congress held in Berlin offered a prize for a popular essay on tuberculosis and how to combat it. The prize was won by an American physician. His little book has been translated into all the leading languages of the world, and millions of copies of it have been distributed. In addition to this, many sanitariums for the care of the sick have been built or are planned. A philanthropist in England last year gave a large sum of money to be spent for the good of the people in whatever way the king might designate. His majesty decided to employ the money in the crusade against tuberculosis. Prizes were offered for plans for a sanitarium, and the building is about to be begun. Many of the States and cities of this country have hospitals for consumptives under construction or in operation. The institute to be established in Philadelphia is, however, more comprehensive in its scope than any in existence. In addition to the hospital and dispensary features it is intended to be a great teaching center for the people, that they may have a practical demonstration of the best means of fighting this deadly disease. With all these forces at work against tuberculosis the hope of ultimate victory is bright, and indeed statistics already show a relative lowering of the death-rate from the disease in many parts of the world.

"THIRD STORY BACK" COMEDY.
New One Boarder Managed to Pay Her Room Rent.
The man with the bald spot at the back of his head was reading aloud from the reflections of Marcus Aurelius. The landlady told him to shut up.
"It's all very nice," she said, "but I don't feel like listening to it to-day."
The bald man closed the book over his index finger, which he generally uses for a book mark.
"What is the matter?" he asked.
"I have been imposed upon again," said the landlady. "The lady in the third-story back room is the guilty party this time."
The bald man said he was surprised.
"She seems to be a very nice woman," he said.
"Exceedingly so," said the landlady, in acid tones. "It is through her popularity that she imposed upon me. Day after day streams of people have called to see her. They were all women, and many of them came with bundles. There was one woman—the short one regularly every morning about 9 o'clock. All day long I could hear a sewing machine running at full gait in there, and I thought the third-story woman must be getting ready to get married, she was having so many clothes made. But the clothes were not hers. I found out about them this morning. They belong to the woman who came here with the bundles, and the short woman with the scar has been making them on the third-story woman's machine. The short woman has actually paid rent for the room and the machine at the rate of \$2 or \$3 a week, but not a cent of compensation have I had for the wear and tear on my carpet, on my door bell, and on my servants."
"I have just been upstairs putting a stop to it. If the short woman wants to sew in my house, why doesn't she rent a room from me outright, instead of sneaking in on the pretense of visiting a friend? Without doubt that was the most high-handed arrangement I ever came across. I have heard of tenants in lodging houses carrying on all kinds of business in their own rooms, but I never before heard of sub-letting a third-story back cupboard for enough money to pay the first rent."—New York Times.

The average mother is very fond of saying, "I can do without myself, but I won't deny the children."

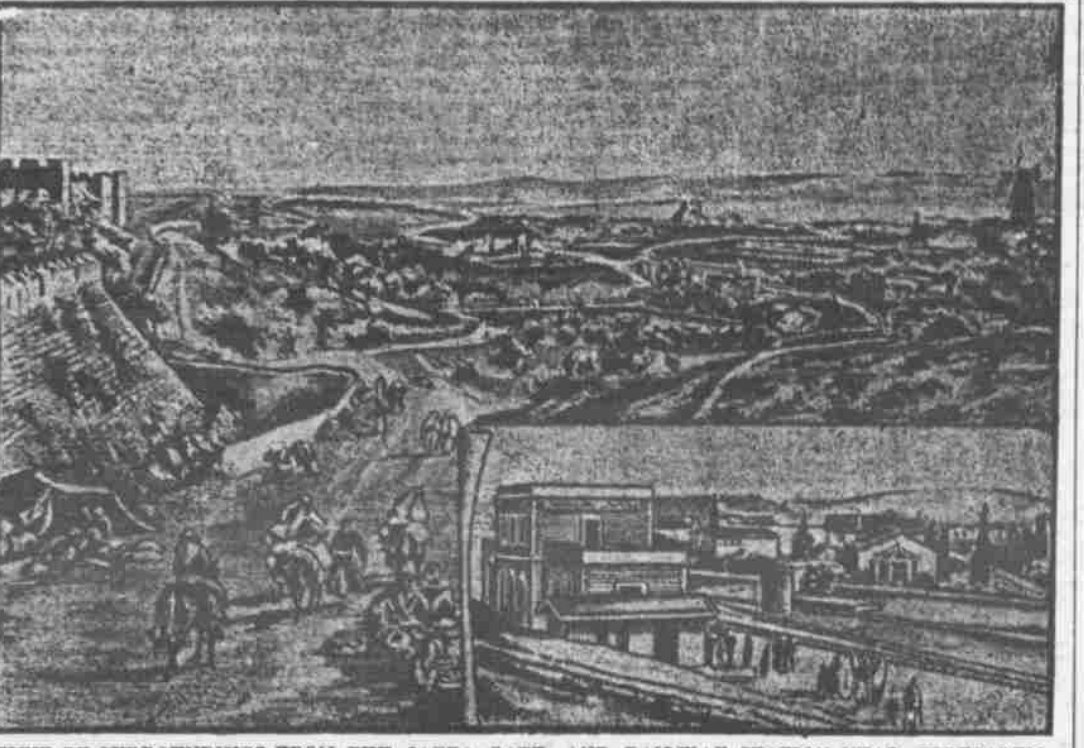
JERUSALEM

.... AS IT IS TO-DAY

J. A. DRYER in The Illustrated Home Journal

THE Jerusalem of to-day is only a mournful relic of the ancient city. Its former glory has departed. Nighted, bleak and barren, it now rests upon its crumbling hills—a city of rags, rags and wretchedness. From Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, a seaport on the Mediterranean, it is fifty-three miles by rail to Jerusalem. Yes, even into the very center of the Holy Land have the iron ribbons penetrated, and the silent hills and slumbering valleys are startled by the thunders of the "locomotive—the advance agent of a new age. Each day a passenger train leaves and arrives at Jaffa. The schedule time between Jerusalem and Jaffa is four hours. The locomotive and cars were brought from France. They were originally intended for the Panama Canal Company, which had also contemplated building a railway, went into bankruptcy. Frenchmen bought the material at a greatly reduced price and utilized it for the Jerusalem Railroad, which is still controlled by them. The crews consist chiefly of Arabs. The entire railroad with all its equipments is kept in excellent condition. After the train leaves Jaffa it

grima. From the time the traveler enters the city until he leaves it he is surrounded by beggars and peddlers, and great is the number of swindlers who sell spurious relics to the unwary. Carloads of trinkets, said to be made from the wood of the trees that grow on the Mount of Olives, are sold each year, though the few venerable trees still standing there have not been touched for over fifty years. The Garden of Gethsemane is another place of such relics. Shiploads of beautiful souvenirs have been sent from here to every quarter of the globe, and not one article among the many thousands is actually made of the trees of Gethsemane. The garden lies between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives in the Kidron valley. It comprises about an acre of ground, enclosed by a fence. It still contains an olive tree that is said to date from the time of Christ. The Mount of Olives is the highest hill of Jerusalem. It is about 180 feet higher than Mount Zion. The entire city rests upon a rocky elevation which is divided into two almost equal parts by a valley. The eastern portion is called Mount Moriah, where stood the temple of Solomon. The western half is Zion, the holy mountain of David. Jerusalem is a hotbed of eccentric individuals, especially religious fanatics. Great is the number of those who are attempting to atone for their sins at the holy places. Many claim to have discovered new methods of salvation. Most of these fanatics have certainly lost their reason. The number of churches and monasteries in the modern city, without counting many crusading chapels now either in ruins or converted into mosques, is very large. Since the year 1187 the Crescent



VIEW OF SUBROUNTINGS FROM THE JAFFA GATE, AND RAILWAY STATION NEAR JERUSALEM.

gradually, and sometimes abruptly, ascends the hills, until it crosses the mountains of Judaea at an altitude of 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. Then it slowly begins to descend until it reaches Jerusalem, which lies upon its hills at an altitude of 2,500 feet above sea level.

Before the railroad was completed this journey was connected with many hardships. Camels and sedan chairs were then the means of transportation, and the trip consumed from twenty-six hours to two days. Imagine the pleasures of a swinging ride of twenty-six hours on a camel's back. And yet,



VEGETABLE PEDDLER OF JERUSALEM.

many lament the fact that to-day the din of the locomotive has disturbed the repose of this ancient region, making its way to the very gates of Jerusalem and destroying its traditional actual profanation of its sacred memories. If this were the only "profanation" of the Holy Land, of Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem, it might be easily endured; for it has proved itself to be of the utmost convenience to the thousands of pilgrims who annually travel to the tomb of Jesus.

Approaching Jerusalem from Jaffa, the first view is so disappointing that all, as it were, give utterance to their feelings in the words of the prophet: "Is this the city that men call 'The Perfection of Beauty,' 'The Joy of the Whole Earth'?" The impression made upon the beholder is akin to the feelings of one who has been sadly disappointed in a friend—woful, desolate, direful and repulsive. At the Jaffa Gate, through which the traveler enters the city, he is at once prepared for the turmoil, disorder and filth beyond the gates. Coffee houses and booths, over which preside shopkeepers and merchants who are evidently at war with soap of every description, and a perfect swarm of humanity from every nation under the sun, donkeys, camels, horses and carts block the way through the gate. But even this ancient gate has been much modernized by painted signs and the ever-present group of travelers. And here, as everywhere, we find the English language known and understood by almost everybody, at least sufficiently to make known the ordinary wants. The



JERUSALEM'S NARROW STREETS.

section of the city, every wall, the location of ancient places, the schools, the city gates. The spirit of envy, of greed, of money worship, is plainly visible everywhere.

By Elimination.
The wife of a lay Nantucket seaman, who had been sitting by the kitchen stove all winter, said to him: "John, one of the other of us has got to go round Cape Horn, and I ain't a-goin'!"
You can always find some one to agree with you, even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.

Only after getting too much does a man realize that he has enough.

ALONG THE RAILWAY FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

WINTER CAMPS IN THE LUMBER WOODS ARE THE TRUE ESSENCE OF LIBERTY

HERE is pleasure and independence in the winter life in the lumber woods that is more than recompense for its many disagreeable conditions," said one who has had personal experience in that life. "The wholesome exercise, the pure, brisk, spicy air, the very isolation of the woods, where, for weeks none in the camp sees anything of the outside world or even hears from it, conduce to good appetite and good digestion, hence to health and cheerfulness and content, so that even the (two in the camp can join with a good heart in this lusty song of the woodsmen, with which generations of their robust forebears went to begin their labor or round out the evenings in the freight cabin:

"The music of our burished at
Shall make the woods resound
And many a lofty, ancient pine
Shall tumble to the ground.
At night, around our good campfire,
We'll sing while wild winds blow
Oh, we'll range the wild woods over
As a slumbering we go!"

"The companionship of the lumber camp is anything but reduced. The food is by no means dainty. One does not wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams on a spring mattress, for the couch may be a straw-tick in a boarded bunk, on a pile of fragrant hemlock or spruce boughs, on the cabin floor, as he may choose. When he turns in for the night, if he were blind his nose would tell him that felt boots and woolen stockings, in use all day in the snow, were drying by the fire. But freedom is in the air. Sickness or poor appetite is unknown. The food, though coarse, is well cooked. A bad cook in a lumber camp would be run out of it without delay.

"A lumber camp is a true democracy. Every man is as good as his brother, but no better. A malcontent is shunned by his fellows until he either sees his folly and becomes congenial or the camp becomes unbearable to him and he leaves it.

"Nothing like a life in the woods gives such opportunity for the practical study of animals in the winter. Then the prowling bear hides away under the roots of some fallen tree, in the hollow log, or even beneath a covert of snow.

"The cunning coon snuggles in some hollow tree or crevice in the rocks and sleeps away the cold days and nights, his family huddled about him. The woodchuck curls himself up in dry knolls far beneath the reach of frost. The frisky squirrel tucks himself and his wife away in their leafy nest in the crotch of some old oak or chestnut tree, and lives like a king on the store of nuts he and she have worked all through the fall to gather. The hedgehog rolls himself up in some snug retreat and sleeps.

"And meantime those winged challengers of the cold, the hawks, the owls, the woodpeckers, the little chickadees, and others that scorn to seek the South because old Boreas blows, screech and hoot and hammer and twit, seeking food and pleasure.

"Whatever animal or bird does the woodsman knows it. He knows more about them than books or bookmakers. Daily he learns from the woods something new about animal and plant and tree, and knows well that although he continues daily and nightly of and among them, he has not years enough to live—even if his life be of the longest—wherein to learn it all."—New York Sun.

METHODS OF THE SERVANTS IN MANILA WOULD NOT SUIT THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

FROM my friends here I learn that much of the patriarchal system of living still prevails even in Manila," says an American woman in The Outlook. "In some large houses there are from twenty to thirty dependents of all degrees, from poor relations to cooks and scullions. These persons live about the house, sleeping in corners, and are clothed and fed by the mistress. They marry, raise children, and raise them in a harem-scarum way that would drive an American woman to an insane asylum. Again and again I have seen in one of the finest houses here small naked children asleep behind the parlor door, while large eyed, placid woman nursed babies, quite unabashed, as they crouched on the floor in the hallways. These servants have their homes, their clothes, food and from three to five pesos a month. In a way, I suppose, they earn this money, as they nonchalantly polish the hardwood floors or carelessly flap dust from the center of tables and chairs. They sit on the floor in kitchens in front of a pan of water and wash the dishes that are piled up around them, and stack them edgewise along the wall to dry. Surely their ways are not ours, and it is a shock to the nerves to see a kitchen in the heat of preparation for a banquet of which one is to partake later. It requires some skill to pass between the various dishes being prepared on the floor, where cats and dogs and babies, meats and fruits and vegetables, seem hopelessly jumbled up. I always forget about it later, for a delicious dinner will almost always come forth from the chaos. Many of these servants have lived all their lives in one family. They feel themselves dependent on their masters, and the idea of their going away or being dismissed never occurs to either master or servant. There is consequently a family feeling between them, and a freedom of intercourse that we, democrats though we are, would not tolerate. A friend told me that his head servant always remonstrates with him when he disapproves any course of action, and sometimes I have witnessed an altercation between a mistress and maid in which the maid prevailed. At one house, I remember, there was a difference of opinion at dinner as to the kind of wine to be served, and the servant had his way; yet they are not considered impertinent by their masters."

CLAMS AS RAT-CATCHERS.

Carolee Rodents Get Too Close to Stock of Bivalves.

The clam in his time has played many parts, ranging from a table delicacy to the symbol of contentment, but the clam as a rat-trap, says the New York Mail and Express, is the brand-new role successfully essayed by two large round bivalves recently in the New York aquarium feed room, formerly the magazine room when the building was Fort Clinton.

A barrel or more of hard clams are kept constantly in the feedroom, as this is the chief food of a number of varieties of the fishes and the invertebrates in the collection.

On the occasion in question the keepers and attendants in the building were startled by prolonged squeaks and scamperings, coming apparently from among the clams. The surprise was made complete when, on opening the door, they found two rats held prisoners, one with a clam on his tail and the other with a blind foot hard and fast between the shell of another clam.

The one with his foot fast was unable to move, but the other scampered about, the clam bumping up and down after the manner of the tin can tied to the caudal appendage of a dog.

So ludicrous was the situation that the keepers were unable to do anything but laugh. Examination showed that the rodents, doubtless in search of food, had been reckless of the partially opened shells of the clams and the latter had closed, entrapping the animals. A clam will stay closed just as long as any movement near his shell is evident, and the frantic efforts of the rats to escape only served to make the odd traps firmer.

The rats were dispatched after every one within call had had a look and a laugh.

GATE TO MATRIMONY.

Unusually Demanded for Women Stenographers Due to Cupid's Competition.

For workers in one occupation the demand is said to be unfeeling. That is said to be because it is the gate to matrimony, and the ranks are constantly being depleted to recruit wedding processions. For this reason the demand for women stenographers continues despite the constant turning out of new material from the business colleges.

From the colleges and schools of Chicago the stenographers come in the hundreds. They have little difficulty in entering the offices of business houses, corporations, and firms. Their predecessors have left to marry the business man, one of his clerks, one of the customers with whom she has dealt, or some one she has met by reason of being in the office.

No Dusk About Him.

Jones-Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

Brown—in some ways, yes, but then he's so intricately deliberative. Why, I've known him spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

Authority on Chinese.
The Jesuit Peter Zottoli, 70, who died at Shanghai recently, was a leading authority on the Chinese language and literature. For many years he had been at work on a dictionary, which, completed, will comprise ten or twelve volumes.

We wish we lived under a hedge, and that some pretty girl would go wild with delight at finding us in bloom so early.