

THE ITEMS

SATURDAY APRIL 18, 1903.

IMMIGRATION AND IRRIGATION.

Immigration and irrigation are words which are some times closely associated. When any large western irrigation project is contemplated, with cheap land, the transportation companies begin to talk about securing foreign settlers. Their desire is to secure the transportation of people to occupy the land at once, and if they can bring them across the Atlantic and then haul them clear across the country to the far west, so much the better for the transportation companies. They are but slightly concerned whether the prospective settlers are desirable citizens or whether they are a riff-raff of Huns, Italians, etc. But the new lands of arid America which the government is beginning to reclaim should not be devoted too largely to homemaking for foreign citizens, however worthy or industrious nor should the question of giving this kind of employment to steamship and railroad companies be considered. The latter will secure their share of the increased business which will result from the settlement of the reclaimed lands. This is not the object of making the lands habitable and productive. They should be utilized for the increase from the loins of our own people. It is undoubtedly better to take emigrants and spread them out over the country than it is to dump them in solid communities into the great cities, but the time has come for us to ask ourselves how much further we should go in the direction of providing homes for the surplus of other countries. Are we going to be forever the asylum for the lowest and the poorest and the most vicious of all nations?

WASN'T A MERE BLUFF.

The case of the government against the Northern Securities Company has been decided in favor of the former in the St. Paul court under the anti-trust law. And so this wasn't a mere bluff of the Roosevelt administration, after all. The government has won before a tribunal composed of men of high judicial standing and against the most eminent counsel which the trusts could secure. A more notable victory has not recently been achieved and a more popular one with the people it would be difficult to imagine. Congratulations are due to the President and to the Attorney General, the first a man of firm purpose, the second one of the most accomplished and high minded of American lawyers. This decision must be rather convincing evidence to Democratic minds that the Republican fight against illegal combinations is not a sham battle.



The distracting headaches from which so many women suffer make life a daily purgatory. If men suffered with headache as women do, business would be almost at a standstill. Does not the fact that men do not suffer from these severe headaches suggest that there must be a womanly cause for them?

When the womanly organism is diseased, headache, backache, nervousness and sleeplessness are consequences which are sure to follow.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures headaches and other aches and pains by curing their cause. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It soothes pain and builds up the nerves. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy women. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits.

"I took two bottles of your Favorite Prescription and two of the Golden Medical Discovery and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Dan McKenzie, of Lurway Mines, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia. "I had uterine trouble, pain in the side and headache. After taking your medicines I got well. You may publish this or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

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COMPENSATION.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers, and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasure of the earth. Ceasure, criticism and hate, and you will be censured, eriticised and hated by your fellow-man. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, jealousy begets jealousy, hatred begets hatred, confidence and kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable—while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of love.—N. W. Zimmerman, in *Wild-wood Philosophy*.

Spokane is waging an anti-cigarette crusade. The schools of that city have taken the matter up in earnest. It is no longer a matter of mere sentiment. Business men, railroad companies and other employes of labor are discriminating against the cigarette fiend. He is not so alert nor has he the stamina of the boy whose senses have not been dulled by the insidious poison inhaled with the smoke of the cigarette. Besides injuring his physical well being of a growing boy, it blunts his finer sensibilities. No better proof of the statement is needed than the fact that a boy, otherwise thoughtful and wellbred will smoke where the fumes may be offensive to others. It breeds discourtesy and selfishness. He holds his own pleasure above the comfort and feelings of others.—*The Dallas Chronicle*.

At Eugene, Thursday night of last week, Binger He mann was nominated for congressman by the republicans of the First district on the 24th ballot to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Thos. H. Tongue. Hermann represented Oregon in congress for twelve years continuously, having been elected the first time in 1884. In 1897 he was appointed commissioner of the general land office by President McKinley, and served until November last, when he resigned.

There is no real rest for the man of affairs. With the invention of wireless telegraph the "absolute rest from business worries" formerly obtainable on an ocean voyage has been rendered impossible. The President will spend two weeks in the heart of the Yellowstone Park, but he will be in constant communication by special wire with the White House. The sigh for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," has lost its meaning.

Mr. Cleveland is wise in persistently refusing to allow his name to be mentioned as a Presidential candidate. None of us are so young that we cannot remember the last Cleveland administration with its attendant bond issues and distress and hard time features.

It is stated that Senator Morgan will espouse the good road movement at the next Congress. If he devotes the same energy as he did to the Nicaragua canal route he may accomplish wonders and leave behind him a monument to his labors in the senate.

Miss Cross, of Illinois, crossed the Pacific to marry her fiance who had preceded her to Manila. When she arrived he jilted her but she married another man and for his sake let us hope she will be cross no more.

And now Mr. Bryan will give forth his opinion as to what really should have been done in the merger case.

A few Presidential possibilities are being mentioned, and not a few impossibilities.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How a Clever Salesman Sold an Organ to a Lady Who Had Little Use for It.

In one of the local music stores the other day several salesmen were relating experiences connected with the craft, when one of the party, who had been a dealer in organs in a small way in a western state, where he had acted as agent for a big concern in supplying the local trade, grew reminiscent, and related the following incident.

"I remember an incident connected with the sale of those cottage organs that has somewhat the flavor of the David Harum boss trade," said he. "My rival in the organ business in the western town was one of the slickest salesmen that ever cajoled the elusive crenvry from a folded fist. The fellow—his name was Bishop—sold organs to nearly every family in three counties. We got our instruments for about \$28 net, and the regular selling price was \$60.

"Bishop had a light wagon constructed especially for carrying a cottage organ, and he would load in one of the instruments and, together with his assistant, who was a fine musician, would start for the country.

"One day he drove to a farm owned and managed by a wealthy old Irish lady who couldn't tell a music score from a baseball tally sheet. As Bishop and his assistant drove up to the house with organ in the wagon the old lady came out before the door, and with her arms akimbo struck a Delsartean pose suggestive of the haughty decision, and said:

"Take that thing out of my yard! Move on wid yez. I won't have no music boxes around me. Don't ye dare to take it out av the wagon, or I'll break it open wid an ax."

"Oh, I didn't intend to take the organ out, Mrs. Murphy," said Bishop. "I only wanted to water my horses."

"It was a warm day and, after watering the animals, the two began conversing pleasantly with Mrs. Murphy until her aggressiveness relaxed. Bishop declared it was too warm to take to the road for a while and that they would have to rest. He presently induced the old lady to let them put the organ under a shade tree out of the sun. The two conversators against the peace of the household strolled aimlessly about the yard, and after awhile the young fellow opened up the organ and began playing lively airs with the Irish sticking out all over them. He was an excellent performer and he coaxed all the Irish out of that instrument there was in it, and presently Mrs. Murphy peeked out at the door. The assistant played through his list of airs and started on some of the old songs dear to every native of old Erin, using the stops and pedals with great effect.

"And what do yez ask for a thing like that?" the old lady presently asked Bishop.

"We usually get \$75 for that organ," he replied indifferently, and went on sauntering about the yard.

"The music continued, and after a few minutes Mrs. Murphy asked: "Would ye sell it any cheaper fer cash?"

"No," said Bishop, "that's the lowest cash price."

"Mrs. Murphy walked back to the house. Finally the young man closed the organ with a snap and backed on the wagon preparatory to reloading. Mrs. Murphy came out with unmistakable interest visible in her countenance. She looked the organ over a moment and then said:

"Now, Mr. Bishop, couldn't ye throw off five dollars if I'd give ye cash money?"

"No," said he, "this organ is the one I am using for a sample, and it's one of the best. I don't care to sell it anyway, but I have some down at the store," and he went on reloading.

"The old lady's Irish blood was up. She couldn't let an instrument that could express the sentiments of those old melodies so sweetly escape her, so she said: 'I don't want any other one. Just be aisy now and wait a minute,' and she dodged into the house, where the family bank, consisting of an old stocking, was opened, and she counted out \$75 for the lucky salesman.

"The organ was placed in the parlor, the assistant taught the old lady a chord, and as they drove away they could hear her hammering on the organ with exuberating results. Down the road for half a mile they could hear 'tum, tum-tum, tum, tum-tum,' as she endeavored to get her money's worth. The only time it afforded her satisfaction, however, was when some visitor who could play dropped in, and then the music of old Erin could be heard from the roadway for hours."

No Faith in Her.

Little Miss Freckles—Mrs. Stuekupp has got a big round glass and it's full of gold-fish.

Little Miss Muggs—Hah! I'll bet they're plated.—Good News.

Those Girls.

Amy—Since I refused Jack positively he calls oftener than he did before.

Maud—I suppose he thinks it safer now.—Town Topic.

Hampster.

Host (to guest at turkey dinner)—Would you like to do the carving, Mr. Fitzsimmons?

Mr. F.—No; thanks. I've just joined the church.—N. Y. World.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

California has 62,000 acres of prune trees.

Oil fuel is used exclusively in the 16 melting furnaces of the new Philadelphia mint. The temperature in these furnaces can be raised to 1,000 degrees.

It is said that the flint which forms the substratum of London is nothing but petrified sponges. An examination of the fossil sponge or flint shows its structure.

The stick insect of Borneo, the largest insect known, is sometimes 13 inches long. It is wingless, but some species of stick insects have beautiful colored wings that fold like fans.

Several factories have been built in Germany for the manufacture of "forest wool" out of pine needles. It is used for making underclothes and for stuffing mattresses and furniture.

One of the most important industries attaching to the cheap power now produced by Niagara is the electrical tearing apart of the molecule of common salt resulting in the formation of caustic soda and bleaching powder.

A portable street light of great illuminating power is the device of the Westminster county council for lessening accidents from London fogs. A cylindrical tank 18 inches in diameter and two feet high is charged with 25 gallons of petroleum, and compressed air forces vapor from the oil into a standpipe provided with a burner. On igniting the torch flares up 18 inches to two feet, with a power of 1,000 candles.

Leroy Beaulieu, a well-known economist of Paris, has declared that the leisure class of man will have to work for their living in 1952. He made this interesting statement in a lecture on the conversion of the French three and one-half per cent. debt into three per cent. bonds. He said that the rate of interest is constantly decreasing, and predicted that in the next 25 years capital will be glad to get two per cent., and that 50 years hence such first-class securities as government bonds and railway securities will bear one per cent. interest, "which," said the lecturer, "will compel all except the very large capitalists to work for a living, and the leisure of the class of people now called well off will be abolished."

To Show That It Could.

"Harry," asked the young man's fair but mischievous cousin, looking at the smooth outlines of his youthful face, "why is your chin like Banquo's ghost?"

And then, as if to show the utter groundlessness of her insulting comment, Harry's jaw fell.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Her Heart Melted.

He knew she had a heart of ice. Yet still he sought for room within it; He thought the place was cool and nice And did, by perseverance, win it. And then he found out in a trice, Her heart had warmed since he besought her, Instead of keeping him on ice, She keeps him always in hot water.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Two of a Kind.

Trump—Parding, but I heard ye say ye lived in Dugout City, Kan., an' it had the mokin' of a great town.

Kansas Man—Yes, sirree. All we want is capital.

Trump (sadly)—Same way with me.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Had Outlook.

Citizen (to farmer)—How are things out your way, Mr. Hayseed?

Mr. Hayseed (gloomily)—They couldn't be much wuss. My wife and three cows are down with pleuro-pneumonia. I refused \$100 apiece for 'em only last week.—*Hay City Chat*.

Something of a Wag.

"All the good things have been said"—Stately murmured with a sigh, Mabel yawned and shook her head—"Well, suppose you try 'good-by.'"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

MERELY A MATTER OF TIME.



Fanny—Who is that handsome fellow?

Maude—My intended.

Fanny—Why, I didn't know you were engaged.

Maude—Neither am I.—Truth.

One for the Complexion.

Mildred (very literary)—Let us subscribe for a magazine between us.

Muriel—All right.

Mildred—What one do you suggest?

Muriel (ironically, with a glance at her friend)—Let's get a powder magazine.—*Vogue*.

As We Grow Old.

Don't let years depress your spirits—Age has joys in gracious host: 'Tis the old birds in the forest Sing the sweetest and the most.—*Chicago Record*.

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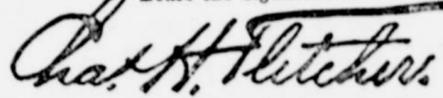
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