

THE AURORA BOREALIS

Published every Thursday by DIXON & HOSKINSON, PROPRIETORS

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year (in advance) \$1 00 Six months..... 50

Application made for second class rates.

Advertising rates made known upon application to the office.

Aurora, Or., Thursday May 21 1908

Another large wheat crop is now assured, though the fruit crop in the Willamette Valley will be light, on account of late frosts.

The Hood River Commercial Club, through its officers, is asking the co-operation of the commercial bodies of the state in favoring the establishment of the Hood River Country.

Oregon's advertising has reached every quarter of the civilized world. Late letters have been received by the Oregon Development League from Austria and New South Wales, Australia.

The Oregonian became exceedingly jubilant over the convention at Portland Thursday. The oracle of the Tall Tower rose to the heights and spoke of "the froth on a glass of beer," etc. We are of the opinion that the keg will be empty in the future.

A friend in Portland said the other day, "I like machine politics. I like anything that smacks of a political convention." A great many men also like whiskey. They like anything that smacks of whiskey, but it is no more right to practice machine politics than it is to drink whiskey. Stick to the primaries and sweet cider.

Politics Versus Justice. An exchange says: "What next? Caleb Powers and Jim Howard, convicted and sent to the pen for the part they played in the murder of Wm. Goebel, are to be pardoned out by the Governor. It is such unwarranted use of the pardoning power that makes it a doubtful grant if placed in the hands of one man." Powers is the victim of a faction of disappointed Kentucky politicians and his conviction was nothing more than a means of getting revenge. Powers is not guilty, according to the facts of the case. Judge Cantrel before whom he was once tried, afterwards boasted that he rendered his party a service by securing the conviction of Powers. It is nothing but right that he should be pardoned.

THE MASK TORN OFF.

Salaried "Officials" of the Anti-Saloon League Let the Cat Out of the Bag.

Editor The Borealis: Rev. J. R. Knodell of Portland, one of the many salaried "superintendents" of the Anti-Saloon League, stated the other day that the local option elections this year were only preliminary skirmishes. He said the real idea was to obtain prohibition for the entire state of Oregon in 1910, two years from now. That lets the cat out of the bag.

The people were assured four years ago that the local option law was merely to protect residence districts against the encroachment of the saloon.

"We are not prohibitionists," cried the supporters of the bill. "We are only local optionists." To those who claimed that the local option law was merely prohibition in disguise, its supporters presented an unbroken front.

When taxed with fact that their law was unfair they replied by asking the public to read it. As the law was 28 pages in length the public would not bother itself by making a more careful

investigation. When they were confronted with the fact that states and communities that adapted prohibition grew poor and lean, they said that it was not so. When they were shown that the United States census proved that only three states in the Union had ever decreased in population, and that two of them were prohibition states, they said, "Do not worry. This is only local option law. We are not in favor of prohibition."

When this same crowd of salaried agitators was asked if taxes were not generally higher in prohibition communities than in communities which handled the liquor business under the license system, they were quick to answer, "It is not so, but even if it were, it does not matter, for this is local option, not prohibition."

And now the cat is out of the bag. They are not local optionists. They are prohibitionists after all. The opponents of local option law were right. It really was prohibition in disguise. And the scheme of the smart attorneys, lecturers and orators, who have made a fat living out of this prohibition agitation is quite plain. The scheme is to start in quietly; to hold elections in precincts in which there are no saloons, never were any saloons, and probably never would be any saloons. Such precincts are being frightened with the absurd question, "Do you want a saloon next your home?" were easily put in the dry column. Then by adding each year to the dry territory acquired in this way, they have finally reached that state of arrogance in which they have thrown aside the mask and boldly declared for state prohibition two years from now. Voters have been fooled with this kind of fraudulent election long enough.

Prohibition accomplishes nothing for real temperance or morality. Bankruptcy does follow prohibition and the United States census reports prove this beyond a doubt. Here and there a prohibition orator may find a prohibition town or small community which has been fairly prosperous even in spite of prohibition. There are exceptions to all rules, but government figures, which do not lie, prove that prohibition is not only a mark of a stagnant community, but is a blight to a prosperous one. Prohibition in Oregon would cause 2500 buildings to become vacant and would throw out of employment 9,000 men and deprive 4,000 families of their livelihood. Where is the prosperity in this? Remember a vote for local option now is a vote for prohibition in 1910. E. WARD.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET STATE For U. S. Senator— Geo. E. Chamberlain. For Representative in Congress— J. J. Whitney, Albany. For Supreme Judge— R. S. Bean.

COUNTY For Representatives— Dr. W. S. Mott, Salem. John W. Ebner, Mt. Angel. For County Judge— P. L. Frazier, Salem. For County Commissioner— T. C. Davidson, Liberty.

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Wann ist sein letzter Job—Die Bekanntheit, die "Widder" haben—Willeit Freunde aus aller Welt—Nothwendige Maßnahmen. Demont dem "treuen Mann."

Mister Editer!—So Zeit, wo nig sein un nig harowe (also uff gut Deutsch Lumpen) die denke, wann e Mensch plenty Geld harowe thät, da wär er auch e Prominenter un sie denke wahrscheinlich, da wär ganz lest un e soft Schnapp un e Sinfisch.

Ja möcht bloß, die thäte es emol ausfinne müße, wie es thut, e prominenter Deutsche ze sei und was mer da for Dutties un Obligations hot.

In in Rigard da berzu hen Ich e Inwentschen gemacht ober vielmehr es hot Mich e Gidie gestrode, wo Ich juse gehn werd, un wo aach als e Gabsend von Meine Felleptrominente rigardet worn werd.

Nämlich des Schlimmste, wo e prominenter Mann von Meinem Kalliber brunner sofferet, des sein die so schädel Obligations gebe die Ze l a n n e, wo Plätz harowe. Un ne e Plätz verfeh Ich offhoch en

Saluhn. Mister Editer, da kann mer gar nit drum erum timme: Mer muß sich bei ene seße losse. (Sie wisse ja, was des meent, Mister Editer, des "Seiß seße losse.")

Un des steht en Mann höflich. Sie mache e Weis, es thut.

Da is for Instenz Mel Brent Joe von Chicago— Sie wisse ja, wo selowigsmal bei dem Sudler-Prozess in Chicago affgemitt war, der hot jeh en Plätz in Stäten Eiland. Un dann is der Wiet— Sie wisse doch, sei Frau war früher Klarnöant un hot ziemlich Geld geholt un sie harowe en Plätz draue im Bronx affgemitt un thun sehr gut, un dann is der Säim, Ich kenn en noch, wie er Barkeeper war un der verzeßne Schrittel, der hot en Plätz optaun uff der Westseit un er thut aach recht gut, un dann der Tischel, der is e Sohn von dem alt Tischel, wo die Aschont an der Wauri gehatt hot, wo es als e Wihle toff zugegange is, ammer der Aite hot sehr gut ausgemacht un der junge Tischel hot jeh en sehr feine Plätz in Brooklyn (der Frauenzimmer un gar nit, sonnern Alles respektabel) un da sein noch e Paar Dugend Anner, un offtoßra, mer is befannt mit ihne un mer muß sich seße losse, sunst fähle sie sehr un thun bää talte Dummer Eise un in Rää mer thät emol, laesse wollen for was, da thäte sie es dann darth harowe for em un Annerhaupt, einhan, mer hot des Fieling, daß mer die Duttie hot, sich als emol seße ze losse bei seine Frennis, wo Plätz harowe.

Mer is ja aach willing un mer thut es aach.

Warum? Witsch! Nämlich for Instenz mer wär— (Ich will bloß emol sage)— sechs Woche ober länger bei em von so Zeit nit gewese un mer thät en miete (bei Aufgibens) un der thät sage: Deloß Stränfcher un er thät dann frage, was los wär, warum mer sich gar nit hätt seße losse un so geteider, Mister Editer, da thät mer dann doch e stränfcher schlechtes Gewisse harowe un so schädel fähle wie neinzwanzig Centis.

Well, Mister Editer, da lag Ich gar nit berage. Bloß, was provoking is, un wo en prominente Mann werlich diskordätsch, des is, daß, wann mer sei Duttie thut, un mer is doch immer in Trommel.

For Instenz mer geht extra einlöwer nach Hoboken, for de Goh ze seße, un kimmst bei ihne enet un ordert en Drink un frägt dann: "Wo is der Goh?" un der Barkeeper sagt: "Er is einlöwer uff de Rüstrod, un mer geht dann enuff uff de Wera, for de Wab ze seße un der is aach nit da, un dann, wann mer nach drei Woche wieder an die zwoe Plätz kimmst, dann thut der Goh un der Wab so fremd un is offendet un laßt einem "Stränfcher" un mer muß e halbe Stund lang Erstjes offern, bis er endlich e Wadell mitreinkt un wieder gut werd. Un wann mer weech, daß mer sei Duttie gethan hot, da gleicht mer des nit.

Un des is, wo Ich die Inwentschen gemacht hen, Ich hen mer so e Wühelche gefaock mit linirte Wühelunge drein. Un da steht drein: Der Name vom Plätz, wann mer da war, wie lang mer gebliwne is un wie viel mer geschent hot. For Instenz:

April 29. Beim Goh. Arreit 117 pl Em, lest 724 pl Em. Es-pentel \$3.85.

Des muß dann vom Barkeeper gejeint un vom Schimmelwils-Dago taunterjeint worn. Wann dann so e Bekannter, wo en Plätz hot, Rimmars hüße will von "Freunde Wann" un was der lange Zeit, wo mer sich nit hot seße losse, da hot mer immer sein Bruo un es kann em nig passiren. Sie wern jugendbe, daß so e Wüh-



buch aach bei annere Offschens sei Guts hot. For Instenz es is e Regel-jupp. Mer kimmst hi un spent sei Geld un nachher sagt der Mann, mer wär nit da gewese, bloß weil nämlich der Plätz un er selber zu der Zeit Kum un doll warn. Nur, wann mer sich sei Buch vom Barkeeper hot unnerkreibe losse, da is mer saf, un es kann nachher nig zu em häppene.

Sehe Sie de Punkt, Mister Editer? Wann Sie wolle, könne Sie Mei Inwentschen for sich jähle.

In diesem Sinne: sein Ich einwelle so lang Mit Rigards Yours John Ritsch, Esq. (N. D. Staatszeitung.)

Der wisse Nadi.

For der Thür seines Hauses sah Nadi Offraim; die blauen Rauchbröschchen seiner Weste stiegen in der stillen Luft kergengerade empor, und nachdenklich sah der Weise ihnen nach, oder sein Bild ruhete träumerisch auf den schlanen Thürmen der Minarette in der fernen Stadt.

Da kam ein Mann des Weges, barhaupt, staubbedeckt, vermahrt und gerumpelt— ein Bettler. Der sah den Brunnen vor des Nadi's Haus und eilte so schnell, als seine müden Glieder es erlaubten, die trockenen Lippen mit einem kühlen Trank zu nessen. Doch vergebliches Bemühen! So sehr er sich auch quälte, er vermochte das Seil, an dessen Enden die Eimer hingen, nicht heraufzuziehen; denn der Bedauernwerthe hatte nur einen Arm. Traurig saßen seine müden Augen zu der kühlen Wasserfläche in der Tiefe, und seufzend wußte er die müden Glieder weitzerschleppen— da rief ihn der Nadi, führte ihn in sein Haus, ließ ihn baden und salben, ihm frische Wäsche und Kleider geben, lud ihn zu Tische und entließ ihn dann reich bedient.

Am nächsten Tage sah der Nadi wieder vor seinem Hause, und siehe da, heut kamen zwei Bettler, und beide waren einarmig; auch sie eilten zum Brunnen, und einer nach dem andern mühte sich, die Eimer heraufzuziehen; es ging nicht. Da traten beide zu dem Weisen. "Herr," boten sie, "Du siehst, wir sind müde; gib uns ein Almosen!" Und als dieser sie mit harten Worten fortwies, da meinte der eine: "Um, bist Du aber unerschämig, weiser Nadi; gestern hast Du einen, der dasselbe Gebrechen hatte, wie wir, nicht nur..." "Mein Lieber," unterbrach ihn mit schlaumem Lächeln der Weise, gewiß, nur habt Ihr vergessen, daß Ihr ja doch zusammen— zwei Arme habt!"

Prompt erwidert.

Bei dem reichen Kommerzienrath E. ist Tafel; alles ist, wie immer, tadellos, und der alte Herr bildet sich nicht wenig darauf ein, ist aber auch, sehr leicht verletzt, wenn eine einer der Gäste nicht über alle seine Anordnungen, die auch den leisesten Wünschen entsprechen, enttäuscht ist. Einem gleichfalls geladenen Offizier, der mit dem Rücken gerade vor dem sehr stark geheizten Ofen sitzt, wird die Hitze unerträglich, und er fragt den Herrn Kommerzienrath höflich, ob nicht vielleicht ein Ofenschirm zu bekommen wäre. "Gewiß, gewiß," erwidert der Gastgeber, dann aber nicht umhin zu bemerken, "Ein bißchen Feuer sollte aber ein Soldat vertragen können!" "Gewiß," war die Antwort des Offiziers, "aber nicht im Rücken!"

Im Ehrentschutzeverein.

Die Vorsichtigen: Heute kann ich Ihnen einen besonders krassen Fall mittheilen, meine Damen. Stellen Sie sich ein Kellergeläch vor, taum drei Meter im Quadrat, die Wände feucht und voll Schimmel, und in diesem dampfen noch eine Frau mit neun Kindern und zwei winselnden, erkärmlichen kleinen Hundchen... ich habe natürlich gleich für eine anderweitige Unterkunft und Verpflegung der armen— Thiere Sorge getragen!"

Neues von Serenissimus.

Serenissimus: "Was war denn das heut' Morgen für ein Knall gerade vorm Schloss?"— "A m e r d i e n e r: "Dobelt! Ein armer alter Mann hat sich erschossen!"— "Serenissimus: "Ist er todt?"— "A m e r d i e n e r: "Ja, Dobelt!"— "Serenissimus: "Na— äh— Reel kann von Elid sagen, wäre sonst in's Loch geflogen— so hab' ich mich erschreckt!"

Selbstbewußt.

W a d a m (zur Köchin, die vertritt): "Mein Mann ist ganz wie ungemacht, seitdem Sie abgereist sind, Anna; er thut und trinkt fast nur noch im Wirthshaus."— "Köchin: "Ach verabschiede Sie sich, Madam; ich werde ihn schon wieder in Ihre Arme zurücklocken."

Aus der Sommerfrische.

D o r f w i r t h: "So, das Jährer war' auch gescheit, das?"— "W i r t h i n: "Ries es mal vor..."— "F i e h: "Es ist grade wie voriges Jahr— bloß die Waldwege hab' ich ausgebeht, den Welpenschlag kräftiger, die Luft ojnereicher und die Preise angemeßener gemacht..."

Soldatenkinder.

"Papa, sag': kommen die Zivilisten auch in unsern Himmel?"

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ORCHARD NOTES By the County Fruit Inspector of Marion County.

Young trees planted this spring should have the sprouts all rubbed off the bodies except five or six at the top.

These five or six sprouts should be allowed to grow until next winter or spring, when you will select three or four of the best of them to form a top.

Keep these sprouts rubbed off all summer. Do not allow them to get old and tough so you will have to use the shears or knife. The growth that goes into these sprouts will be wasted.

Trees that were grafted this spring should be watched up and the sprouts rubbed off so they will not interfere with the growth of the grafts. In case some of the grafts do not grow, one or two sprouts can be left to grow, and these can be budded this summer or grafted next spring.

Apples should be thinned so that only one apple remains on a fruit spur. When they grow in clusters or where two rub together, you cannot spray them thoroughly all over. Then the worm will bore in between them and destroy both apples.

This thinning should be done as soon after the fruit sets as possible, so as to give the remaining fruit the full strength of the tree.

The orchard should be well cultivated and the ground pulverized again after the rains we have had.

If prunes are too thick on the trees, a good way to thin them is to prune the trees during this month or the next.

Aurora Pioneer Dies.

John Schwader, aged 81 years, and an Oregon pioneer, died at his home two miles east of Aurora Saturday morning.

Mr. Schwader was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, January 26th, 1827, and came to America in 1832, locating at Pittsburg, Alleghany county, Penn. He came to Oregon with the Aurora colony in 1855 and lived here until his death. His age was 81 years, 3 months and 20 days.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon, and interment was in the Aurora cemetery. Col. J. G. Miller conducted the funeral services.

Decased was a man of good qualities, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He leaves three brothers and two sisters to mourn his loss.

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Henry Snyder, at the Postoffice is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Borealis. Better hand him yours.

Watts and Jim Snyder captured some kind of an unknown animal in their barn one day last week and sent the thing to Clyde Dick at Canby to get it stuffed. Some think it is a woodchuck, but it remains yet for some one to name it. There are not many of these animals running at large around Aurora.

M. H. Hostetler of Woodburn was in town on business Saturday.