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**LAUGHS**

**The Modern Actor**  
Writer—How do you expect to get  
a job as an actor when you stutter  
so?

Actor—O-o-h! N-u-u-o one w-w-  
will n-notice I-I! T-t-t-the f-f-f-film  
trembles e-e-const-constantly.

**Out of Danger**  
Mr. Bacon—When all the fools are  
dead I don't think that I shall want  
to be alive.

Mrs. Bacon—Don't worry; you  
won't be.

**Before and After**  
Before marriage, says a married  
woman, a man declares that he  
would lay down his life to serve you;  
after marriage he won't even lay  
down his newspaper to talk to you.

**Boob!**  
"The great men are all dead," she  
said, with evident regret.

"But the beautiful women are not!"  
he replied, looking earnestly at her.

"Of course," she added, after a  
moment's reflection, "I always ex-  
cept present company."

"So do I," he said.  
Then she asked if he would be  
good enough to conduct her to her  
husband.

**Her Destiny**  
A lady of great beauty and at-  
tractiveness, who was an ardent ad-  
mirer of Ireland, once crowned her  
praise of it at a party by saying:  
"I think I was meant for a Irish  
woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of  
Erin, "thousands would back me in  
saying that you were meant for an  
Irishman."

**Answering an Alarm**  
The swain had proposed for the  
hand of the village beauty and had  
been accepted.

He had bought the engagement  
ring and was hurrying to the home of  
his adored one. A friend stopped  
him to make inquiry concerning his  
taste.

"Halloa, there, Bob! Is there a  
fire?"

"Yes," replied Bob, with what  
breath he had left, "my heart's on  
fire, and I'm going to ring the village  
belle."

**Chopped Short**  
The late Sir W. S. Gilbert was in-  
clined to be witty at the expense  
of the men and women who like to  
do amateur acting in the name of  
charity. An enthusiast once said to  
him:

"Mr. Gilbert, what do you think  
of our amateur club?"

"I think you are not so much of  
a club as a bundle of stocks," re-  
turned the master of repartee.

**Prodigies**  
"Yes, sir, that boy of mine is a  
piano player. Why, he can play with  
his toes."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."  
"Huh! I've got a boy home who  
can play with his toes and he is only  
one year old."

**SHOOTING DEPUTIES  
SENT TO PRISON**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 7.  
—Nine deputies convicted of uncon-  
siderable in connection with the kill-  
ing of two strikers and wounding of  
many others last January at Rouse-  
velt, N. J., were sentenced today to  
serve not less than two years and  
not more than ten in state prison.  
Of the ten men placed on trial, one  
was acquitted by direction of the  
court. Nineteen other deputies (in-  
cluding the same charge—murder—are in the  
county jail here awaiting trial.

**WHO PAYS FOR THE WAR DANCE?**

IT is estimated that the European war has cost to date, in  
military operations, thirteen billions of dollars. If  
prolonged to the end of the year, the cost will be twenty  
billions.

This does not include the enormous destruction of  
property, the human wreckage, the maimed and the loss of  
millions of useful lives. No estimate can figure the enor-  
mous loss to the world caused by this needless and sense-  
less conflict—this relapse into barbarism of civilization.

The nations that have to pay these losses at the conclu-  
sion of the conflict, will find themselves hopelessly impover-  
ished, with their earning capacity enormously decreased.  
The Europe of before the war was still paying debts in-  
curred by the Napoleonic wars. The Europe of a century  
hence will still be paying the burdens enforced by the pres-  
ent conflict.

"After us the deluge" is evidently the motto of Euro-  
pean rulers—and the deluge of revolution will follow at-  
tempts to enforce the toilers of the future to pay for the  
crime of the present, just as the French revolution fol-  
lowed the crazy extravagances of the Bourbons.

Who is to pay for this dance of Mars? Who pays for  
the mad monarch's dance of death? Who but the people.  
And there can be but one outcome—more poverty, more  
misery, more disease. The products of poverty throughout  
Europe will be increased many fold. Conditions will be-  
come intolerable. Life will not be worth the living as the  
ruin begun by the war multiplies.

What will be the result? Probably revolution and re-  
pudiation, a reorganization along new lines as the old order  
passeth. For a civilization that has war as its outcome, if  
not as its ideal—deserves to perish from the face of the  
earth as a miserable failure.

**AFTER SANDRY'S SCALP**

COMMERCIAL fishermen and poachers of Grants Pass  
are making a determined effort to secure the scalp of  
Sam L. Sandry as chief deputy fish warden for district  
2. Dr. J. C. Smith, who for some years has been their  
representative in the senate, appeared before the new  
game commission, demanding Sandry's scalp and the ap-  
pointment of his political henchman assistant, Updyke, as  
warden.

Senator Smith's record at Salem is unique. By stand-  
ing in with the senate "organization" he secures chair-  
manship of the engrossing committee, appoints Mr. Updyke as  
chief clerk, Mrs. Smith and his niece as deputies—quite a  
family affair. By sacrificing all other legislation, that is,  
trading his votes, on all measures to the senate clique in  
control, for support for his own bill reopening the upper  
Rogue river to commercial fishing, he secured votes enough  
to pass the measure, nullifying the expressed will of the  
people over the governor's veto. As he himself expressed  
it, in a speech for the bill:

"I voted for you fellows all along the line. This is the  
only thing I asked, and you've got to stand with me."

And they did. The merits of the legislation enacted  
did not figure at all. The welfare of the people of Oregon  
did not matter.

Senator Smith followed the same tactics during the re-  
cent session. He introduced a bill opening the entire  
Rogue river to commercial fishing, removing all restric-  
tions. He stood pat with the senate ring throughout, and  
while, on account of the aggressive fight by the Jackson  
county delegation, he was not able to pass this bill to aid  
poachers, he secured support enough to prevent the repeal  
of the law he forced through the previous session.

The opposition to Sandry, outside of Senator Smith's  
desire to provide a berth for his assistant, comes from the  
poachers, whom he has arrested and convicted. Most of  
them are market fishermen and include a lawless element.  
They cannot be blamed for wanting a vigilant officer re-  
moved and replaced by a man of their own selection, but  
the idea of punishing a faithful official for fearlessly en-  
forcing the law can only be satisfactory to the poacher.

Mr. Sandry has been an efficient warden for the past  
seven years. He has acquired a knowledge of the district  
and its people that it would take years for a new man to  
acquire. He has earned reappointment. The lawbreakers  
certainly are not the ones to name the law-enforcers.

**The Land That Is Not**

(Ben Lampman in Gold Hill News.)  
The people of Azar—mystical land  
that bloomed in the desert, an emerald  
beset by the mad, dancing writhes of  
the scintillant sand—had fashioned a  
god to aid and abet. Of Jasper they  
carved him, cunningly wrought; the  
smiling lips bade them list for speech;  
they chiseled the lofty forehead for  
thought; they fashioned the lean,  
strong muscles for reach. They limed  
him with gold and placed for eyes  
two sapphires of pity bent on the  
crowd; they set him aloft to the glar-  
ing skies and sank to their praying—  
hot and proud. They prayed the  
death of the sorcerer's son, though his  
sire's head it drest the walls; prayed  
the fugitive slaves might run where  
lions stalk and the adder crawl;  
they lifted their faces, blind with  
hate, to the kind god their hands had  
made—a shudder seized them as the  
gate—the sun went down afraid.  
The people of Azar—mystical land  
—O, found in the desert! remembered  
in lore—when night whispered down  
to the scintillant sand heard the  
slave's scream surge to the lion's  
roar. Out of the torches above them  
their god suddenly parted the smile  
they wrought—a flame leapt over the  
flowered sod, the fierce, swift breath  
of his speech was hot. "Ye hear how  
the wind returns your prayer? The  
slave in his hiding noons no more,  
Pray, my people, that ye were there,  
sun-tossed on the desert floor! A  
beggard rose up from the alley dung

**Protests Spirit German-American Press**

To the Editor:  
The disgraceful and un-American  
expressions of certain German news-  
papers in this country must bring a  
blush of shame to the cheeks of their  
readers who hold their oath of allegi-  
ance to the United States as a sacred  
thing. This is America and the citi-  
zen who cannot and will not stand by  
his government in time of interna-  
tional trouble is not an American in  
any sense of the word.

In Germany the government makes  
short work of the newspapers that are  
disloyal, either in time of peace or  
time of war, and they put the editor  
in jail. In America, the land of free-  
dom, it is different; but that does not  
mean that the government must tol-  
erate every form of insult just be-  
cause of our constitutional guaranty  
of "the freedom of the press."

We have but one president and one  
government in this country, and to  
insult either is to insult every loyal  
citizen of the land. Every American  
citizen, regardless of birth or former  
allegiance, enjoys the same equal  
rights and privileges under the Stars  
and Stripes, but his government also  
expects of him to do his full duty. If  
he cannot do this he had better clear  
out.

This country is large, but it is not  
large enough to spare an inch of  
ground to the fellow who would breed  
disloyalty among certain citizens—  
either by word or pen in such critical  
times as these. The German-Ameri-  
can citizen, we are confident, will be  
true to his adopted country in any  
crisis, but the same cannot be said,  
in the present great crisis, of the Ger-  
man-American press as a whole.

Nearly all German-Americans are  
peaceful citizens, many are prosper-  
ous, give their children a good edu-  
cation, etc., and all admit thankfully  
that they do so much better in this  
great country "of the Stars and  
Stripes forever." But these German  
editors must stop insulting our pres-  
ident, government and state officials,  
who were elected by a majority of  
Americans, and after they are in of-  
fice are highly honored by all of us.  
These yellow sheet editorials should  
be gently reminded that after the  
Haymarket riot in Chicago, Judge  
Gary had two, smooth-looking, well-  
educated Germans, who had no hand  
in the riot, hung with three other an-  
archists. They were the Spies broth-  
ers, editors of a flaming anarchistic  
sheet. At that time the firmament  
was clear, not even the remotest  
speck of a war cloud on the blue sky.  
We all regret that this eminent jur-  
ist, Judge Gary, is no more. But I  
say there is plenty of rope to be had  
all through the country.  
H. E. KREUTER.

**THE PAGE**

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