

Lake County Examiner
Published Every Thursday
BEACH & M'GARREY
Masonic Building

TERMS: (One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
Three Months, 50

SPACE	1 wk	1 mo	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr
One Inch	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$5.00	\$8.00	\$12.00
Two Inches	1.00	2.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
Three Inches	2.00	4.00	10.00	16.00	25.00
Quarter Column	3.00	6.00	15.00	25.00	35.00
Half Column	6.00	12.00	30.00	50.00	70.00
One Column	10.00	20.00	50.00	80.00	100.00

LAKEVIEW, OREGON, APRIL 30, 1903.

"TAGGED" ROOSEVELT

Some of the Funny Things That Have Been Told During the President's Western Trip

Here are a few unconsidered trifles sent to the New York Sun by its correspondent aboard the Presidential train:

One of the most hospitable citizens of Sioux Falls was Judge Fuller of the Supreme Court. He was introduced to the President's attention with the following incident of his career:

The Judges made a strong campaign to get the Legislature to raise their salaries. The bill met with great opposition. Judge Fuller, who had no small political influence, went up to Pierre to see about it. He was met by one of the leaders of the party.

"How about this thing?" said the Judge. "Judge," said the other politician gravely, "you better drop this salary business. I tell you as a friend. You don't want it to go through. It is not in your interest." "The h—l it ain't!" exclaimed the Judge, who felt deeply on the subject. "Why ain't it?"

"Don't you see, Judge," explained the politician, "that if we put the salaries of the Judges up to the figure you want, the people will turn around and elect real lawyers to the bench?"

The point of the story is that the Judge dropped the amendment at once.

When the President goes through a crowd a peculiar mania for touching his clothing is sometimes developed among the women. The hands reach out from all sides, and unless the Federal guards were alert and on his own account, he would be fondled over like a prize pony at every meeting place.

At Sioux Falls a hatchet-faced old lady not a member of the divorce colony—no hatchet faces there—made a dash for him. She was shouldered off, but returned to the charge again and again.

At last, just as the President stepped into his carriage, she put a skinny claw over Senator Kittredge's shoulder and slapped the President vigorously on the forearm.

The President never glanced around. There had been no visible evidence that he had noticed his pursuer. But he turned to Senator Kittredge and whispered in his grimmest way:

"I'm it, Senator."

"Congressman," said a constituent of the Hon. Jim Tawney, who had been permitted to get aboard the train for the run from La Crosse to Winona, past the low wooded islands of the Upper Mississippi, "there's one question I am moved to ask you."

"Which is?" said the Congressman.

"Does Congress appropriate the money that pays for all this?" He waved his hand at the glittering luxury of the dining-car and the good things which were spread out before the travelers who were at their luncheons. "That's what I want to know, Jim."

"Well, I tell you," said the Congressman, "I think we do; but I'm awigged if I know just how."

One of the press association correspondents was proudly displaying to a politely grave gathering of Dakotans the other day the somewhat elaborate outfit which he had purchased in the East for use during the two weeks' loaf at Cinnabar. They never said a word until he brought out a lovely pair of russet leather riding boots, laced with red

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silk strings. Then Seth Bullock could't stand it any longer.

"Those are fine," said he, with mild enthusiasm. "Where're you going to use 'em?"

"Cinnabar," announced the correspondent.

"That's too bad," said Seth, with real concern in his voice.

"How so?"

"You know there's snow out there?"

"What of it?"

"Why," said Seth, still as solemn as an overfed steer; "they'll get wet."

And he passed back toward the President's car.

Chicago did not attain great popularity with the great mass of the membership of the Presidential party. They said that they didn't understand the Chicago code of etiquette.

For instance, one of them was entering the Auditorium on Thursday night when a large, red-faced, prominent citizen who was at the door reached out and grabbed him and shook him violently.

"Who are you?" demanded the red-faced man. "What are you doing in here?"

"I am a member of the Presidential party," said the young man, with meekness.

"Oh, h—l," roared the Chicago man. "Go in. Go in. But you're not any member of the party, just the same."

The young man rose in his wrath and came back and put his nose very close to the nose of the red-faced gentleman of Chicago and said very deliberately and calmly:

"You are a double-dyed, forked-tongued liar," or words to that effect.

He acknowledged afterward that he expected to be knocked down and thrown out. But he wasn't. Instead the committeeman bowed low and said most sweetly, if somewhat breathlessly:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I beg your pardon. I was wrong and you were right. You are very welcome sir."

The young man has written the following entry in his diary:

"Mem.—When you want a citizen of Chicago to be polite to you, tell him, profanely and insultingly, that he is a liar."

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