

Young Folks

A MYSTIFYING TRICK.

Seemingly Wonderful feat may easily be performed.

Here is something that will puzzle the wisest heads to explain, and if you work it on your friends they will conclude that you must be a real wizard. Have some one take an even number of coins or other articles in one hand and an odd number in the other, no letting you know which is which. You are then to tell which hand contains the even and which the odd number. You simply get the person to mentally multiply the number in his right hand by 3 and that in his left hand by 2 and to add the products and tell you



PERFORMING THE TRICK.

whether the sum is even or odd. If it is even, the even number is in the right hand, and if odd it is in the left hand. For example: He puts two coins in his left hand and three in his right. You have him multiply the number in his right hand by 3, that in his left by 2, and add the products, thus—3 times 3 is 9, and 2 times 2 is 4, making 13. He tells you that the sum—13—is odd, and you therefore know that the even number is in the left hand. Had the two coins been in the right hand and the three in the left the operation would have been—2 times 3 added to 3 times 2 makes 12, and this number being even would show that the even number was in the right hand.

Of course this trick depends upon a mathematical principle, and if your friend performs the operation right you cannot help getting the true answer. Multiplying the number in the left hand by 2 must always bring an even number as the product, while multiplying the number in the right hand by 3 brings an even or odd product, according to whether the number in the hand is even or odd; hence when the even number is placed in the right hand the sum of the products must necessarily be even and when in the left odd.

MIXED PROVERBS.

A Game in Which Nimble Wits Shine Brightest.

This is an amusing game for the older boys and girls or for adults. The players seat themselves in a circle or around a table, and one of the players, who has been selected as leader, begins the game by repeating the first half of a well known proverb, and as he finishes he throws a handkerchief to some other player and then begins to count one, two, three, etc. Before he reaches ten the player to whom he has thrown the handkerchief must add the last half of another proverb.

The more incongruous the combination of the two parts the better the effect, of course, and this will give a chance for some very pretty play of wits. If the player does not give the last half of another proverb before the leader counts ten he has to pay a forfeit and surrender the handkerchief to some other player, but if he does respond properly it then becomes his right to throw the handkerchief, and so the game goes on until all have had a chance to respond. Here are some specimen combinations which may be used by those who wish to play the game: A rolling stone—knows his own father. A wise son—gathers no moss. A new broom sweeps—while the sun shines. Make hay while the sun—sweeps clean. All's well—that glitters. All isn't gold—that ends well. A white flag—girl and a crowing hen—have no turn. It's a long lane—that always comes to some bad end. A stitch in time—try, try again. If at first you don't succeed—saves nine.

Some Definitions.

- A family tie—Twins.
- How to grow fat—Breed pigs.
- A raining favorite—An umbrella.
- The finest parlor suit—A pretty girl.
- A good place for meeting—The butcher's.
- How to find a chip off the old block—At the block.
- When the farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he setting a good egg sample?
- Before slates were used people multiplied on the face of the earth.

The Two Singers.

A gay little birdling, so they say,
Sings in the sunshine all the day:
"Chippety wink and chippety wee,
Hushen, hushen, listen to me!"
"Chickaree, from morn till night
I sing, sing, sing while the day is bright,
But when clouds arise then away I fly
And hide in the branches high, high, high,
For no little bird can sing, you know,
When clouds are hovering dark and low."

A dear little maiden, so I've heard,
Sings as gayly as any bird
"Tro-la-la-la" so sweet and so clear
Till all in wonder of it turned to hear.
"Tro-la-la-la" still day by day
She sings in the sunshine bright and gay,
But when clouds arose her chirrup and
trill
Dances morrier, sweeter, clearer still,
For she said, "Tis the very time for cheer
When all the world is dull and drear."
—Youth's Companion.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

FOR
Headache

FOR
NEURALGIA.
SCIATICA.
RHEUMATISM.
BACKACHE.
PAIN IN CHEST.
DISTRESS IN
STOMACH.
SLEEPLESSNESS

TAKE ONE
of the Little Tablets
AND THE PAIN IS GONE

If you have
Headache
Try One

They Relieve Pain
Quickly, leaving no
bad After-effects

25 Doses
25 Cents
Never Sold in Bulk

THE JAP BUBBLE

The Jap bubble seems about on the point of a collapse. The inflated little chap has tire troubles, and has had for some time, that all his ingenuity cannot over come. He has resorted to all sorts of expedients of patch and cloth winding, but the wind does not stay where he wants it, and the result is that he is up against it good and hard.

The vain-glorious little people, inflated to point of bursting from their victory over Russia, jumped to the conclusion that they were world batters. But the truth of the matter is that Russia ultimately would have whipped them to a standstill. It would have perhaps taken some time, but those who know Russia best, know that it would only have been a question of time. The world knew it, too, but at that time it hated everything Russian, and the sympathy and the sentiment always shown the little dog in a fight, favored Japan, and in consequence all the nations of the earth poured out their treasure in its cause.

Even our usually level-headed President took the part of the Jap and succeeded in bringing about a peace that was desired by neither, thereby incurring the enmity of Japan, because of imagined loss of indemnity that Russia never would have submitted to, a condition of things that this country must pay for so soon as the waxy Jap feels safe in attempting redress. The action of President Roosevelt is now generally conceded to have been a mistaken policy. The closing of the war, and the territory acquired by Japan from forcing Russia out of Manchuria, puffed the little brown men into the idea that they were invincible and of a superior sort of a being, both from a military and economic stand point. Considering themselves to become the master of the world, they at once began a strenuous campaign for military, naval and commercial supremacy. They believed it only a question of demand on their part for the whole world to bow submissively to this new power so recently issuing from barbarity.

In their scramble for a commanding position in the affairs of the world, they began a gigantic borrowing from a complaisant and admiring people in all civilized countries. The money so obtained was spent, greedily and feverishly, in the organization and training of a great army on the most approved modern lines, and in the building of a vast navy. The rapid creation of these two arms on such powerful lines, naturally began to create distrust throughout the world as to what use could be made of them, and the query arose, why the need of them when all the world was most cheerfully disposed toward the little brown men, who in so short a time had been able to thwart the will of the Great Russian Empire, and had become an acknowledged ally of the British Empire?

While all this activity on the part of Japan was going on, her naval officers—many of them—serving as menials aboard our ships; her army officers were spying our forts and taking soundings of our waters; and no one dreamed that the United States was the object of her hate, because as we have before said of the mitsaken idea that we had prevented her obtaining a big war indemnity from Russia, as she had robbed China, and that all this haste for martial supremacy on land and sea was aimed at us, until, like a bolt of lightning from out a

clear sky, came the rude awakening to most Americans in the demand from the Japanese government that its full grown men living in San Francisco should be educated side by side with the little boys and girls of that city. Consternation ruled over the covert threats conveyed in what was practically an ultimatum. Shrewd diplomacy on part of President Roosevelt has so far controlled the situation, but no one knows what will be the end of the controversy. We all know that one of the most powerful fleets of the world has left its home waters in the Atlantic to embark on a practice cruise on the Pacific, and is now en route to the scene of diplomatic controversy. It is noticeable, however, that since its arrival, Japan has been disposed to draw in its horns and is now joudly protesting that it loves its great and good friend, your Uncle Samuel, always did and always will do so.

The strenuousness of Japan seems now to have come to a sudden stop. The money powers, at last awakened to the fact of where their money was going, have shut down on further loans. The government then tried taxing the people to the full limit of the poverty stricken resources of the land, but the appeal proved unavailing, not because of unwillingness, but from sheer inability to meet demands. The resources of the country, ever small, would be unequal under existing circumstances to the strain of normal conditions, and are totally inadequate to meet the cost of keeping the country on a war basis all the time. The result is that work on the new battle ships has been stopped, and only necessary repair is being done on existing ships, and expenses are being cut everywhere.

The little foreign trade the empire had is falling off of late, so that imports and exports are in a bad way. The United States, at one time a good customer for everything Japanese, has quit buying. Our people do not believe in petting and abetting a rattlesnake liable at any unexpected and unguarded moment to drive his fangs at us in a vicious manner.

The spirit of distrust is not confined to the United States, but is world wide. It is manifested in many ways. The shipping circles engaged in the Oriental traffic at Portland and Puget Sound ports feel it in a pregnant way in decreased business. In fact, there is but little business to speak of, and the little there is, is being bid for, by both regular lines and tramp steamers, at the lowest rates ever known, with a prospect of further reduction, and a scattering of ships to either land in search for paying cargo.

A ship-owner at Portland, in discussing the situation, is reported as saying: "I do not believe we would get any more business, if shipments should be carried for nothing. The fact of the matter is, business conditions in Japan were never so badly demoralized as now. That country can find no market for her products. Half of the crop remains undisposed of and the half that was sold had to be sacrificed. The manufacturers over there have been unable to get rid of their matting, and tea can hardly be sold at any price.

"As a result the largest houses in Japan have practically suspended operations. Unable to sell their goods, they have no money to buy American products. So there is simply no commerce of any consequence between Japan and the United States. The

steamers of all the lines are running light, on both the outward and return trips. Some of them fail to pick up enough freight to serve as ballast. The Chinese boycott against Japan accounts partly for the peculiar industrial condition."

With that as the situation, there is no necessity in lowering the freight rates, because there is no business to be had.

All of this goes to show that it pays a nation, as well as individuals to be fair and honest with friends and neighbors. That he who raises his hand against another will bring about retaliation, that will bring its own punishment sooner or later in some way.

Japan has lots to learn yet before she is entitled to take a place among the family of civilized nations.

Executors' Notice

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF LAKE. In the Matter of the Estate of Warren B. Whittemore, Deceased.

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Warren B. Whittemore, deceased, have duly filed herein the final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, and that Friday, July 10, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of the County Court of Lake County, Or, in the court house of said county, has been fixed and appointed by Hon. B. Daly, Judge of said Court, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account, if any there be, and for the settlement thereof.

This notice is directed to be published in "The Lake County Examiner," a newspaper of general circulation, published weekly at Lakeview, Lake County, Oregon, designated for that purpose by said executors, once a week for four successive weeks prior to July 10, 1908, the date by said court so appointed for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, by order of Hon. B. Daly Judge of the County Court of Lake County Oregon, made and entered in the above entitled matter June 10, 1908, and the date of the first publication hereof is June 11, 1908.

S. O. Cressler,
W. H. Shrk,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Warren B. Whittemore, Deceased. 24-5

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 18, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Arzner, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on April 14, 1903, made homestead application, No. 2917, for SW quarter SE quarter, E half SE quarter, Sec. 33, SW quarter SW quarter, Section 34, Township 37 S., Range 19 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 12th day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Snyder, Jack McCully, E. H. Amsden, Mike Rau, all of Lakeview, Oregon. 26-5 J. N. Watson, Register.

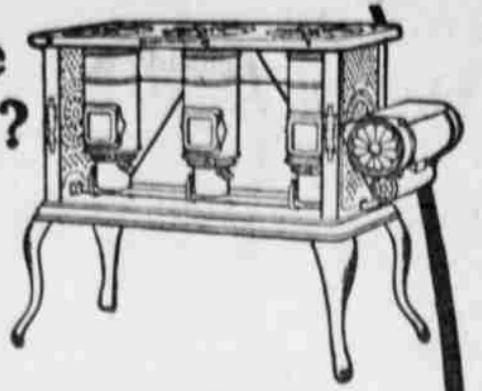
The Best Pills Ever Sold

"After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold." writes B. F. Aycock, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at A. L. Thornton's drug store. -25-

The Examiner has a supply of first class butter wrapper paper on hand now, at the following prices: For 500 wrappers, printed, \$2.50, for 1000 printed \$4.50. tf

What Stove for Summer?

Nothing adds to kitchen convenience in summer weather like a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. Anything that any stove can do, the "New Perfection" will do, and do it better. Bakes, roasts, boils, toasts; heats the wash water and the sad irons, and does it without dissipating its heat through the room to your discomfort. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

actually keeps the kitchen cool—actually makes it comfortable for you while doing the family cooking, because, unlike the coal range, its heat is directed to one point only—right under the kettle. Made in three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** affords a mellow light that is very grateful to tired eyes—a perfect student or family lamp. Brass, nickel plated, hence more durable than other lamps. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

THE ALASKA SOCIAL WHIRL.

The Duke of Shookum led the waltz in graceful swing with Atlin Nan, While Skagway Sue whirled down the line.

With One Ear Jake, from Ketchikan, But Patient Hank and Thirsty Kate, With scores gazed on a couple free, For Atlin Nan refused to talk To Dago Pete or Sweet Marie.

Then Five Ace Jim to Frisco Maude Remarked across the gentian foam That Hobo Bill and Pingpong Nell Had robbed a sluce box up at Nome. Yet even with these they joked and drank And sang and danced, with spirits free, But all agreed they could not mix With Dago Pete and Sweet Marie.

Then Sam the Swede and Ashcroft Lil Said Rose Lupton, from Point Lewis, Was acting as no lady would (She'd swapped her clothes with Red McGee).

But while they scrapped among themselves On this thing they could all agree— They would not talk nor dance nor drink With Dago Pete or Sweet Marie.

MORAL.

In palace or in dance hall out, Mid London fog or arctic chill, In dive or mansion, north or south, The social whirl we follow still, And we refuse to talk or drink, To nod or dance, to smile or meet Those whom our social laws frown down. Like Sweet Marie and Dago Pete, —C. H. E. Askwith in New York Life.

Not the Cat He Meant.

For a number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Perkins, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace making note for Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Perkins sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Perkins' written reply was bitter: "Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill." —Harper's Weekly.

Heavy Tips.

"Yes," said the talkative barber, "in recent years we barbers expect tips." "I'll give you three," sputtered the man in the chair as he blew the latter out of his mouth. "You are very kind, sir." "Yes, I'll give you a tip that this shaving soap tastes like axle grease, the razor feels like a saw, and if you don't stop clipping the skin off my eye I'll get up and thrash you within an inch of your life." —Chicago News.

On the Waiting List.



"When you get sick, kin we have a go at dat cigar, Mike?" —New York World.

The Lawyer and the Baker.

A Boston lawyer tells of the conversation between a legal light of that city about to furnish a bill of costs and his client, a baker. "I hope, sir," said the latter, "that you will make it as light as possible." "You might perhaps say that to the foreman of your establishment," suggested the attorney, with a frigid smile, "but that is not the way I make my bread." —Lippincott's.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 15, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that OTIS FOLLETT, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on April 18, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 4145, for SE quarter NW quarter, NE quarter SW quarter, Section 8, Township 39 S., Range 21 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the lands above described, before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 1st day of September, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. T. Metzker, Wm. Stimpfig, C. O. Metzker, Bert Lee, all of Lakeview, Oregon. 25-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, May 15, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that Permelia J. Brattain, of Paisley, Oregon, who, on March 19, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 4119, for Lot 4, Sec. 30, T. 34 S., R. 19 E., and Lot 4, Section 25, Township 34 S., Range 18 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the lands above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 4th day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: H. A. Brattain, Ernest Mathes, W. B. Farrow, Geo. W. Hanan, all of Paisley, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 15, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that GILBERT C. LAPHAM, of Vistalla, Oregon, who, on April 15, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 4143, for NW quarter SW quarter, Section 28, Township 38 S., Range 16 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon on the 31st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Walter Howard, Frank Howard, Wm. C. Patten, all of Lakeview, Oregon, and Oscar G. Baldwin, of Vistalla, Oregon. 25-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Notice

The Lake County Examiner has changed hands, C. O. Metzker having sold the paper to Fred J. Bowman. All moneys due on subscription are payable to Fred J. Bowman, and he is to continue the paper to all subscribers who have paid in advance, for the full term for which such subscriptions have been paid. Bills due for advertising to June 15 are payable to C. O. Metzker. Signed C. O. Metzker Fred J. Bowman.

Hay Ranch For Sale

A choice quarter section of improved meadow land, one and one half miles east of Paisley, Lake county, Oregon. This land is under irrigation, supplied with free water rights from the Chawaucan river. Surface level and smooth having been mowed and raked over for many years past. Public road on north and east lines of place. For further particulars, address or inquire of T. J. Brattain, Paisley, Oregon. 19 tf

Photographer Here

Henry Wendt, photographer, who has a photo studio and candy factory at New Pine Creek, Oregon, is in Lakeview, with a photo tent, south of the Herald office.

Mr. Wendt will remain here until July 10, 1908. Photos taken from stamps, postals and all sizes up to 11x14. All work up to date. Mr. Wendt expects to come to Lakeview once a year with a tent. 25-1f.

An Indian woman 112 years of age died at Stillwater, in Shasta county last Thursday. Her age is verified by some of the old residents of the county.

The Silver Lake Oregonian reports that workmen are now engaged on Ann river, at the head of Summer Lake, building two dams across that stream to raise the water for irrigation purposes.

WITH one ribbon and its new three-color device

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

is virtually three typewriters in one. It produces indelible black, purple copying or red typewriting at the will of the operator. One ribbon and a small, easily operated lever do it all.

This machine permits not only the use of a three-color ribbon, but also of a two-color or single color ribbon. No extra cost for this 1906 model.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
247 Stark St., Portland, Oregon