Lake County Examiner

FRED J. BOWMAN.

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THIS PAPER [illegible]

THE KIND A MAN WANTS.

YES, Jack, I'm married. No; you never met her.
She's not much like the girls in our old set,
Not up to their smart ways. Why, she's old fashioned,
She never even smoked a cigarette!

THE girls we've always known are jolly fellows,
With mannish ways and strong athletic grace,
So muscular that when they're dressed in laces
And pouring tea you feel they're out of place.

MY wife does not belong to club or congress.
She's never tried to be a howling swell.
She never bet a cent on any races.
I never heard her give a college yell.

HER voice is sweet to read aloud of evenings,
To sing low lullabies or simple ballads.
She loves to cook not fashionable dishes
Like lobster what-you-call-it or queer salads.

BUT things a man likes—biscuit, bread and doughnuts
And soups and meats—to eat and not for show.
She's just a loving wife and good home-maker,
And that's the kind a man wants, don't you know.

—Camilla J. Knight.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye.

SCHOOL DUNCES.

Do not become too much concerned if your child makes slow progress at school.

Only a few students are expected to come near to the "standard." The standard is unattainable, which is absurd—that is to say, the school accepts 50 to 75 per cent, which tacitly admits the fact that the standard is too high.

Therefore—

If your boy or girl does average school work you should be satisfied. And do not be agitated if the teacher says your child is dull.

Here are some remarkable facts compiled by William McAndrew:

Listen!

Beecher was thirty-fourth in his class. Linnaeus' teacher said he was unfit, Darwin's that he was dull, Seward's that he was stupid, Wordsworth's that he was a disappointment, Sheridan's that he was a defective, Humboldt's that he lacked ordinary intelligence, Heine's that he was a dunce, Byron's that he belonged to the tail, Huxley's that he was notably defective, Schiller's that he was very deficient, Lowell's that he was negligent.

More?

Goldsmith's teacher said he could not learn, Wagner's that he was a mental sloven, Goethe's that he was unsatisfactory, Emerson's that he was hopeless, Pasteur's that he was only average, Thackeray's that he was undistinguished, Gladstone's that he had no unusual ability, Watts' that he lacked the qualities of success.

Besides—

E. J. Swift in "Mind In the Making" gives thirty pages of EMINENT MEN DUBBED FAILURES while in school by their teachers.

There is a [illegible]

School is [illegible]

Our present system of education provides an [illegible] diet. It is—beyond a few fundamentals—unfitted for real life here and now. The men who formulated the system lived long ago. They did not study real life and try to reproduce it. Any well posted educator will tell you so if he is honest.

The most that can be claimed for our school curriculums is that they will give the student mental discipline—brain exercise.

Well—

"Marks" and "credits" cannot determine brain progress. They may be indices of memory; that's all.

Do not be disturbed if your child is only "average" in school study.

School is not life.

Kitty, Sam and the Peacemaker.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

When it has been "Sam" and "Kitty" from babyhood it is rather difficult to pass suddenly to the "Mr. Hastings" and "Miss Norwood" stage. Both Sam and Kitty felt the strain, though each took mental obligation to do nothing that in any way might be construed into an overture of friendship.

It had all started innocently enough. Kitty on her way to the postoffice encountered Jim Saunders. She regarded Saunders as a persistent pest, but she could not very well refuse his suggestion that they stop in at the drug store and have a glass of soda.

Then it happened that they turned into Belding street in animated conversation, and Sam could not know they had met just around the corner.

Of all the summer visitors to Auburnville Sam disliked Saunders the most, and Kitty knew it. It looked to him as though she had deliberately accepted Saunders' attentions to punish him for a trivial quarrel of the night before.

Kitty was just finishing the last tiny lump of ice cream from the bottom of the tall glass when Sam entered the store with Belle Paulding, Kitty's dearest enemy.

He had bowed stiffly in salutation, and Kitty had responded with a "Good morning, Mr. Hastings," emphasizing the name as sweetly and as coldly as the frozen delicacy she had just consumed.

That had been the start of the trouble, but the end had been slow in coming. That afternoon Kitty went motoring with Saunders, though she hated motor cars, and Belle went buggy riding with Sam to punish Saunders for his imagined disloyalty.

Saunders and Miss Paulding had quickly patched their quarrel up, but Kitty was unyielding, and there was a squareness to Sam's chin that did not argue in favor of pliability of personality.

With ceremonious politeness each strove to show the other how little it mattered, but Kitty cried herself to sleep night after night, and Sam swore softly, but fervently, at what he was pleased to term the foolishness of womankind.

So matters stood when the excursion of the Auburnville cornet band was announced. The boys needed new uniforms, and Dick Potts had promised to learn the euphonium if they would buy him one.

All public spirited citizens purchased tickets. Sam bought two through force of habit and then viciously tore them up, whereby the band profited another 50 cents, for Sam was determined to go on that excursion if only to show that he could go without Kitty.

He had never gone on an excursion alone save once, when Kitty was spending a week with her aunt over in Cadyville, and he had had a miserable time. Now he did not look for enjoyment, but Kitty needn't think he could not go alone if he wanted to.

Much the same sentiment animated Kitty, though she arranged to go with a married sister, and it so happened that they passed over the gangplank together, with the formal greeting that was now customary.

The picnic was held on Paddle island, out in the lake, a favorite picnic ground. A narrow strip of land connected two rough oval extremities that by an abuse of the imagination might be said to resemble a paddle. Bobby Seaton, who was in the primary class, aptly, if improperly, described it as "a peninsula with an island at each end."

As soon as lunch was disposed of the elders settled themselves near the baskets, while the young folk wandered off to either end of the island, followed by a fusillade of injunctions to hurry back the moment the first whistle sounded.

Sam and Kitty followed suit, but Sam made certain that Kitty was headed for the southern blade of the paddle before he started north. It was dreary work sitting all alone on the point, and presently the fresh air and the soft bed of pine needles combined to bring sleep to the worried brain.

It seemed to Sam that he had enjoyed only a brief nap, but by the time he had hunted up the cabin some of the boys had built for use in the duck season and had borrowed the bathing trunks he found there he was in the cool water a few minutes when the warning whistle blew.

Madly he dashed from the water into the hut to find that in that brief interval some one had "chawed" his clothes. His underwear was as full of knots as a seine that had been [illegible] of a [illegible] set of pool balls. His trousers were tied into a true lover's knot that [illegible] anything but sentiment, and the laces of his shoes offered a good ten minutes of unpicking. Sam was still surveying the damage when the second whistle sounded.

"Blow, dern ye!" he cried savagely as he attacked the knots. "If you can't wait for a fellow I'll swim for it. I'm not goin' to make my debut in this."

He cast a glance of scorn at the infinitesimal swimming trunks and attacked the knots with a haste that verified the old adage as to speed. The boat was a good half mile from shore as he burst through the bushes [illegible] about the rude [illegible] and shook his fist at the departing steamer.

He was still expressing his opinion [illegible] when there was a rustle in the bushes, and Sam turned to face Kitty, who walked with a limp and carried a stick in her hand.

"Has the boat gone?" she cried in despair. "I started up so quickly that I wrenched my ankle. I called for help, but no one seemed to hear."

"I was at the other end of the island," explained Sam, who seemed to think that the reproach was directed against him. "I took a nap and didn't realize how long I slept. I took a swim after that, and some kids 'chawed' my clothes. I just got here myself. They'll miss us at the dock and send back for us. Can I fix your ankle?"

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask your assistance, Mr. Hastings," said Kitty, suddenly mindful of the fact that she was speaking to Sam.

He helped her to a rock and carefully cut away the shoe. Then with the sleeves of his shirt he improvised a bandage that brought relief and noted with satisfaction that the sprain seemed to be slight, since there was little swelling.

"That will have to do until we can get to town," he said as he rose to his feet. "Does it feel any easier, Miss Norwood?"

"Very much, thank you, Mr. Hastings."

Sam gritted his teeth and mentally assured himself that when a fellow takes the trouble to bind up a girl's ankle and sacrifices his very newest and handsomest shirt for a bandage the least she might do would be to call him "Sam," as of old. He moved stiffly away and took a seat on a bowlder behind her. If she was lonesome she could call him.

But Kitty, though she was dreadfully lonesome and a little bit afraid, was too proud to call. Even the faint scent of tobacco that now and then drifted past her on some vagrant breeze was comforting, since it was an indication of Sam's presence, but she would not speak.

Sam gloomily regarded her eloquent shoulders and longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he assured himself that it was her place to make the overture. It looked as though the deadlock would continue unbroken when the serpent entered this lonesome Eden.

It was only a tiny gartersnake scarcely twelve inches long, and it was hurrying away from the human intruders as rapidly as possible when Sam spied it. With a long switch he turned its course and headed it past the rock where Kitty was sitting.

The rustling in the grass caught her attention, and, looking down, she spied the wriggling length of green.

With a shrill scream of "Sam!" she struggled to her feet and the next instant was sobbing in her terror, with her arms about his neck.

With cruel ingratitude Sam dispatched his benefactor and lifted the girl in his arms.

"We'll go sit on the dock, Kitty," he suggested. "There are no snakes there. Pretty soon, if help doesn't come, I'll swim over to shore and get a small boat somewhere."

"Some one will come, Sam," she declared. "Anyhow, it's nice here—for awhile."

"You bet it is, Kitty," assented Sam as the girl crept close to the protecting circle of his arm.

Then in a torrent of words they had their explanation. It cleared the air wonderfully, and presently Kitty patted the hand that clasped her waist.

"You say you didn't like to take Belle riding," she whispered, "just as though you had all the trouble. I bet you wouldn't like it any better to let Mr. Saunders pretend to make love to you."

"No, I wouldn't," assented Sam honestly as he bent his head to claim another kiss. "Kitty, I'm sorry I killed that snake."

"But it was a snake," explained Kitty, as though that were sufficient reason, even though it was very nice—for a snake.

Didn't Lose Any Sleep.

Jenner, the famous English physician, was essentially a strong and self reliant man. He attended the prince consort through his fatal illness, he was the Prince of Wales' doctor when the heir to the British throne had so narrow an escape in 1872, and he also went to Darmstadt and remained in attendance upon the Princess Alice till she died. To practice medicine in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not calculated to lessen the physician's anxieties, and one who knew Jenner well once questioned him on this point and hinted that his responsibilities must sometimes be sufficient to render sleep or rest impossible.

"Sleep," replied Jenner in his characteristic way. "I don't think that anxiety about a patient ever kept me awake five minutes in my life. I go to a bedside. I do my best. What more can I do? Why should I not sleep?"

Hamlet's Bowl of Gruel.

George Melville, an old English actor, was fond of telling a funny story at his own expense. He was acting Hamlet in Bristol. It was the actor's rule to take a bowl of gruel in the course of the evening, and his landlady sent over the usual refreshment from the lodgings in Queen square. She happened to have a "new" servant girl, who was explicitly directed to go to the stage door by the entrance from Bank street and then carry the gruel into the greenroom. She arrived at a moment when Mr. Melville was "on." Being unused to the ways of the theater, she asked a man in the wings where Mr. Melville was. "There," said the super, pointing to the stage.

The actor was in the middle of the soliloquy "To be or not to be" when the girl advanced toward him, bearing the bowl, and said, "If you please, Mr. Melville, sir, here is your gruel."

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Chas. Umbach,
Secretary Lake Co. Tel. & Tel. Co.
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Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, notice is hereby given that all irrigation, or millrace ditches on all trout streams throught Lake County, Oregon, must be screened with a small mesh wire screening at their head or junction with the main channel of stream. Also all dams or obstructions on said streams must be provided with a fish-ladder, or other easy means of passage, at or near the middle of the main channel, so as to allow the passage of trout at all times of year, as provided by law. Said work to be done at low water time, or to be completed by Feb. 7, 1907.
By order of J. A. Barham,
Special Deputy fish Warden for Lake County, Oregon.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of The Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 19th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Gustave Darrow, of Lakeview, Oregon, who on Oct. 16th, 1909, made Homestead Application, Serial, No. 02631, for NE quarter, Section 14, Township 38S., Range 16E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Reigtser and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 26th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Paul Stindt, of Bly, Oregon
J.W. Newell, of Lakeview "
P .M. Cory, of " "
J. B. Lipke, of Bly, "
ARTHUR W. ORTON, Register.
O21N25.

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Notice is hereby given that Paul Stindt, of Bly, Oregon, who, on Oct. 16th, 1909, made Homestead Application, Serial No. 02633, for E half SW quarter, SE quarter NW quarter, NW quarter, SE quarter, Section 14 Township 38 S., Range 16 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 26th day, of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:
J. H. Newell, of Lakeview Oregon
P. M Cory, of " "
Gilbert Lapham, of Vistillis, "
J. B. Lipke, of Bly, Oregon
ARTHUR W. ORTON, Register.
O21N25

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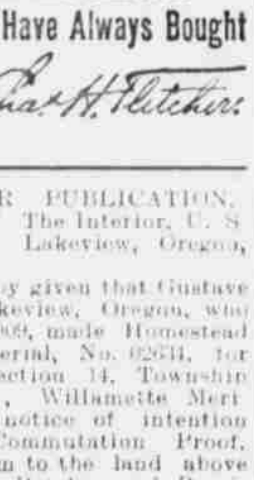

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S. T. Colvin

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FOUND We Have Found Those Errors in the County Records.

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