

Condensed Statement of the Ontario National Bank

ONTARIO, OREGON
as reported to the Comptroller Nov. 17, 1916

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$260,395.27
Bonds and Securities	12,543.86
Overdrafts	None
U. S. Bonds	60,000.00
Stock in Reserve Bank	2,350.00
Realty and Fixtures	49,131.00
Cash	179,867.69
	\$564,287.82
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus	20,000.00
Undivided Profits	6,438.55
Circulation	58,900.00
Deposits	418,949.27
	\$564,287.82

Deposits Nov. 17, 1912, \$158,896.87
Deposits Nov. 17, 1914, \$220,616.42
Deposits Nov. 17, 1916, \$418,949.27

"We give service that serves."

Ballarat Sam

By M. QUAD
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The day I arrived in Adelaide, Australia, I was twenty years old and my pocket contained a dollar for every year I had lived. I had exactly 24 to begin life on in this colony, but was a healthy youngster, with no fear of the future. Luck was with me from the start. On the second day after landing from the steamer I hired out to a sheep raiser, who had a ranch on the Murray river, near its junction with the Darling, and on the third we started off up the country.

One evening I was building a fire to cook supper by, while McCall, the overseer, went to secure a lever with which to raise a wagon off its wheels. I was thus alone for a few moments. Suddenly a man burst out of the thicket and came running up to me.

"For God's sake, young fellow, give me a bite to eat!" he said as he stood before me. "Don't be afraid of me. I'm a sheep herder who has been lost in the bush for three days and a half." I stepped to the wagon and handed him a piece of bacon, some hard crackers and a handful of tea, and after he had placed them in his pockets he continued:

"Young fellow, do me a greater favor still. Lend me your pistol and knife until tomorrow, when you will pass my station, and, furthermore, do not mention to any one that I was here. Do this and you will never regret it." Then he hurried away.

Just as McCall came back with the lever there was a clatter of hoofs, and I looked up to see five mounted men ride into camp. They were in the uniform of the patrol, and the appearance of the men and horses showed that they had had a long ride of it.

"Well, Captain White, what is it?" asked McCall, who seemed to know every one of the five.

"Been after Ballarat Sam again," was the reply as the captain dismounted.

"And lost him, eh?"

"Yes, curse the luck! We struck his trail near Dobney's yesterday morning, and he led us a chase of fifty miles during the day. We killed his horse about dusk last night and had him surrounded in the scrub. He got out, however, and we did not get his track until about noon today. We followed to the creek two miles above and there lost it."

We continued on up the country and finally arrived at the ranch, and for the next six months I was hard at work as a sheep herder and neither saw nor heard much of the outside world. Then one day I was called to report at headquarters and upon my arrival found a couple of visitors there—two gentlemen who had lately arrived from England. They had come out to Australia to go into the sheep business, but would leave it in care of an agent. They hired me and a number of others, and we began work with them.

One evening we had finished supper and were grouped about the campfire when one of the dogs barked and we looked up to find ourselves covered by five rifles.

"Hands up or you are dead men!" shouted a voice, and every one of us quickly obeyed the command.

The five advanced, each keeping his rifle leveled, and when I could see the man who had spoken I at once identified him as Ballarat Sam, the man whom I had befriended months before. He recognized me almost as quickly and, taking a step forward, he said:

"Well, boy, you did me a good turn that day and I'll not forget it. Move over to the left. Now, then, gents, who are you?"

All our arms were in the wagon, and we were helpless to offer any resistance. The first thing they did was to depoll their captives. After they had robbed the two gentlemen of everything they had of value and helped themselves liberally to our stores in the wagons Ballarat Sam shook hands with me and said:

"So you didn't inform the police you had seen me that day?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you were mighty kind to me, and I am going to return the favor. Take this hundred pound note and save it for a rainy day, and here's the finest pistol and knife in Australia. Probably some day you will see me hanged, but whatever is said of me you can vouch for the fact that Ballarat Sam never forgot a favor or failed to get even with an enemy."

Columns of matter were printed in the Australian newspapers concerning Ballarat Sam and his crew of outlaws during the next year, and his picture was posted everywhere and a large reward offered for his capture dead or alive. The authorities were bound to get him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life for a while, and, although arrested several times, he always managed to escape by some ruse or other. Finally he was surrounded by a patrol numbering forty policemen and taken prisoner, and when brought handcuffed to Adelaide the entire population of the town turned out to view the famous bushranger. I happened to be in the city at the time and witnessed the hanging, and probably I was the only one in the vast crowd that felt a pang of regret. He went to his doom with a smile, and after it was over the timid ones in Australia breathed a sigh of relief.

Ballarat Sam was a bad man, but he had played fair with me.

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I have heard that you won your wife from the fact that you were a successful author," said Dawson to his friend Sturdevant. "If a man wants to win a woman he must raise himself above his fellow men by doing something that glitters. To wear a gaudy uniform is the easiest way with the ordinary type of woman. But I am not surprised that it required a different sort of prominence to secure Mrs. Sturdevant. She is a very bright woman and would naturally look up to a man of your caliber."

Sturdevant glanced at the ceiling, then at the floor, then out through the window.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife is a smart woman, but she has no reason to admire me."

"That's modesty for you."

"You don't know anything about women, John. You say a woman to love a man must look up to him. So far, so good. But she is just as likely to love him because she looks down on him. The truth is, the sex is not to be analyzed. This story that I won my wife on account of my literary standing is balderdash. I'll tell you the basis of it if you like."

"Please do so."

"I have always been rather impractical, and Dora is the very reverse. When I met her I was ambitious to write a successful novel. She listened to my talk, sympathized with me, but I could see that she considered me in the clouds."

"You don't seem to think I'm up to the work of successful scribbling?" I said to her one day, miffed at her want of enthusiasm.

"I think you're not down to it," she replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, that would take too long to explain."

"She might have truthfully added, 'I wouldn't attempt to try to fire it into as stupid a brain as yours.'"

"I was engaged at that time on my story, 'The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg.'"

"I believe 200,000 copies were sold?" Dawson broke in.

"Three hundred thousand."

"And all the while," interrupted Dawson, "it was you who—"

"Don't be in such a hurry. I'm telling this story. I put \$1,000 into the venture. I intended to spend it all on the printing and binding, but Dora persuaded me to have it illustrated. So I paid \$400 of the amount for pictures. The book was published through Lampblack & Co., who put their imprint on the title page."

"Three months passed, and I got a check from them for \$27.50. The public didn't clamor for the goose that laid the golden egg worth a cent. One reviewer said that it was easy to pick out the goose that didn't lay the golden egg, which complimentary remark evidently referred to the author. Another three months passed, and I got another check for \$0.75."

"What was my surprise when the next quarterly payment was made to receive \$150. After that one day when I was introduced to a man he looked at me curiously and asked, 'Author of 'The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg'?' Surprised, I admitted that I was and with a heart flutter. The next day I was told by a friend that my book was being talked about, and, stopping at a book and news stand, the dealer told me that he was selling it like hot cakes. I asked him to what he attributed the sudden increase of sales, and he replied:

"The public wants it."

"This satisfied me that I had at least struck a popular vein, and I hoped to climb the ladder of literary fame."

"To make a long story short, my novel was talked about by everybody, rich and poor, high and low. In six months I had cleared a small fortune; then the sales fell to nothing. I had made some money, but no literary reputation."

"Dora and I were married and went to Europe on a bridal trip. One day while on the voyage over I was twitting her on her want of appreciation of my ability to succeed as an author, when she said:

"The reviewer who said that it was easy to pick out the goose that didn't lay the golden egg was half right. Now listen to me."

"One day after your novel had fallen flat," she went on, "I concluded to try to stir up an interest in it. I went to all my friends and told them there was a hidden meaning in the title and asked them to guess what it was. They all went about propounding the query to their friends. It got noised about that there was a mystery in the book that did not appear on the surface. I re-enforced the position by propounding the query whether the goose was a goose or a gander. This set people to quarrelling as to whether the hero, Tom Phunnyfeller, or the heroine, Miriam Twaddleby, was the mystery. To half my friends I suggested that the book was written to advocate the cause of votes for women; to the other half that it was an attack on the abilities of our sex. That's all. I didn't have to do any more. The public got hungry for the goose, and we got the golden egg."

Sturdevant paused.

"Why haven't you followed up your success?" asked Dawson.

"Because my wife would not permit me to kill the goose that laid the golden egg."

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