

A Son of the Samurai

A Lesson From the East to the West

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Briscoe, though he would only have a Japanese servant, was not always good tempered. Something was wrong with his dinner, and it irritated him. Picking up a plate, he threw it at his cook.

Tado Hashojuri dodged Briscoe's carefully aimed plate, and the china crashed against the opposite wall, and the fragments tinkled to the floor.

"Mr. Briscoe is not satisfied with the dinner I have so carefully prepared," remarked the Japanese as he brought another plate and set it down before his master.

Ned Briscoe glared in astonishment at the oriental who had taken his reproof so calmly, or was it contempt in the oblique black eyes bent upon him?

Briscoe knew he had not acted like a gentleman, and it made him angry because he knew the reason why—the wine he had drunk exerted its usual quarrelsome effect upon him. If he was with friends when he took liquor in any form he was minus one friend when the next day dawned.

When he dined alone it was the waiter, and when at home in his own apartment it was Tado, his cook, valet and general factotum, who bore the brunt. "Huh," muttered Ned sulkily as Tado brought in a delicious salad. It was made of nuts and white grapes and was Briscoe's especial favorite. He trifled with it and refused anything more except a cup of black coffee. This he quaffed in two gulps and left the room.

He would have been angry if any one had told him it made him feel ashamed to see the imperturbable countenance of his cook staring at him.

"It's awful to be a cad and not be able to help it," groaned Ned as he



"Ah, my old friend, Mr. Briscoe."

threw himself on the couch in his den. "I wonder what the matter with me anyway?" Somehow the answer rang in his ears almost as if some one had heard his query and replied to it.

"Too much money, too little energy and perseverance, too lazy, too fond of pleasure, no sense of obligation to his fellow men or his country." Ned Briscoe knew it all and despised himself for it.

"What's the use of having money if I can't get some fun out of it?" he grumbled weakly, and that was always the way his conscience was driven into the background.

In the kitchen Tado Hashojuri was frowning over the fragments of the shattered plate. It had been a long time since Mr. Briscoe had thrown the companion plate at his cook, valet, etc., and the memory of the first insult had grown dim. Now it was revived as the sensitive Japanese gazed upon the porcelain.

"Wait, wait, wait! Some day I must teach this scoundrel how gentlemen should be treated even in kitchens when much drink is full of wine," muttered Tado, with sudden incoherent rage bubbling over. He flung the fragments of the plate at his gas range, and there was another tinkling crash. He smiled with satisfaction. It had relieved his tension. Now he understood why Mr. Briscoe threw plates at him, but it did not remove the sting of indignation.

One day three months later Tado Hashojuri received a letter from his home in Japan, and straightway he packed his cheap American trunk, cleaned Briscoe's apartment from end to end, served a delicious dinner and at its close laid the key to the refrigerator at his master's elbow.

"I leave with much dissatisfaction all around," bobbed Tado solemnly.

"Huh?" demanded Briscoe, who was drinking nothing but water now.

"I go tonight after dishes are washed. I am needed at home," patiently explained Tado.

"Oh, well; why didn't you give me notice?" demanded Briscoe indignantly, and as the Japanese made no reply he continued, "I don't see that I am compelled to pay you wages when you are leaving me without notice."

Tado's eyes narrowed, but he only shrugged his narrow shoulders and turned away.

"Here!" thundered Briscoe, and tossed a yellow back upon the table.

"Thanks," returned Tado laconically. "Where do you live?" asked Briscoe, not as if he cared a hang whether his erstwhile servant lived or died.

"Tokyo, sir, Mr. Briscoe."

"I may be in Japan myself next winter. If you will give me your address, Tado, I'll look you up if I need a valet," remarked Briscoe patronizingly.

"Mr. Briscoe is most too kind," murmured Tado, with a smile in his eyes.

He took from his pocket a neat white card inscribed with a few characters in Japanese.

"Most anybody can direct the honorable foreigner," he hinted and so faded from the room, only to appear at intervals during the meal, and when morning dawned he appeared not at

all, and Briscoe ate at his club.

The idea of a trip to Japan appealed to Briscoe's jaded sense of enjoyment. He had never visited the orient, and it was only a few months after his valet's departure that Ned Briscoe found himself crossing the Pacific to Nippon's fairy islands.

He had been in Tokyo three weeks and had quite exhausted all the gaieties in the foreign quarter before he thought of Tado Hashojuri. Then it happened that he came across the neat card among the folds of his wallet.

"I've missed the services of a man," mused Briscoe, turning the paper over in his hands. "Suppose I look him up. Very likely he will be glad of a job with me. No one could shave me like Tado."

After a leisurely breakfast Briscoe called a ricksha man and gave him Tado's card.

"Take me to that place," he said, getting into the vehicle.

The man stared at the easy going American, and an added respect came into his voice and manner as he lifted the shafts and started down the long street that lifted into a hill in the distance.

It was an hour's ride at a swift trot, and the man between the shafts seemed tireless. Ned Briscoe felt rather bored at first, but presently the beauty of the suburban landscape and the manifestations of tireless industry as exhibited by the tiny farms scattered everywhere and yielding produce from every inch of soil set him to thinking.

He could see that each of the peasants bent above his daily toll was doing some share in the work of the universe. Soldiers' drilling barracks showed him where one might serve his country. All about him were tense, purposeful faces. He thought of the bored reflection that had met his own face in the mirror that morning.

Now they were passing beautiful country estates, and over high hedges he caught glimpses of gardens laid out in miniature reproductions of nature's wildest fancies.

Now the thought of Tado occurred to him. "By Jove, he must be working out in one of these places!" he thought uneasily.

Nevertheless he said nothing, and when his ricksha finally turned into a gateway flanked by great stone lanterns he would not have been surprised if he had been whisked around to the kitchen entrance.

Instead of that, the vehicle drew up under the formal portico of a handsome dwelling, and an obsequious maid-servant pushed back the paper door and invited him to enter the reception room.

Briscoe removed his shoes and thrust his feet into the straw slippers waiting in the veranda and followed the servant into the reception room. Here he waited while his card was carried to his late cook. He had hesitated about this ceremony. He had asked for Tado Hashojuri, and the maid had nodded and smiled and disappeared.

Presently she appeared and beckoned him to an inner guest room. Here the light was dimmer, but there was little Tado Hashojuri standing attired in rich robes with a queer smile on his lips and an added dignity in his manner. He was talking to the American minister, whom Briscoe knew very well.

"Ah, my old friend, Mr. Briscoe," murmured Tado in his halting English and with a flash of white teeth at the newcomer. "Welcome to Nippon!" "Thank you—much obliged, I'm sure," stammered Briscoe, quite taken aback by the evident prosperity of his late servant.

"If I may have one word with the baron—you will excuse us, Mr. Briscoe?" asked the American minister, and as Tado accompanied the diplomat to the door Ned Briscoe had time to do a little more thinking before his host returned.

"Well, Baron Tado," said Ned when Hashojuri returned to the room, "it seems I've been putting my foot in it all along. Please explain."

Tado did. He said he had gone to America to study the country and its people. Suddenly his father had died, and he had to return to Japan as the head of his home.

"I was much anger," he said politely, "at some plate episodes in our experience, and I think maybe when you come to Nippon I might revenge my honor, for I am the son of a samurai, Mr. Briscoe, and pass not insults! But when I returned to my own country what I left behind, insults and all, seemed small and mean beside the great questions of war and one's country and life and death. So I forgot—and am your very good friend!" He held out his hand, and Briscoe was glad to clasp it.

Strange to relate, it was through the man who had one time been his valet and cook that Ned Briscoe reached a realization that he, too, had a country to serve in some capacity and that his wealth had been given him to use wisely. In the case of Ned Briscoe it was an occasion when the east taught another lesson to the west.

WILLAMETTE

Edith, Arthur and Esther Rogers returned Monday from a visit up the Willamette river. They have been spending their vacation with their Uncle John Rogers and Aunt Myra Wood, of Amity.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Rush who was badly burned by one of the unexploded rockets picked up after the picnic at Schnorr's Park the Fourth is improving.

Mrs. Schonhinger, who died in Oregon City, was an old resident of Willamette and her many friends were grieved to hear of her sudden death. George Rogers, of Portland, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers Sunday.

Robert Baker, of Independence, was in town visiting friends Sunday. Adolph Gross called on friends in Oregon City Sunday.

John Moenke is cutting hay this week. He expects to start next week on another house for R. H. Rogers. August Moenke has had his mill closed on account of breaking his planer.

Russia's Chief Admiral. The post of chief admiral in the Russian fleet is almost invariably filled by a member of the imperial family.

JIMMY CALLAHAN'S ODDITIES.

Manager Callahan of the Chicago White Sox, like all great men, has his oddities.

One of them has to do with Shibe park, the home lot of the Athletics. Jimmy looks upon Connie Mack as the real founder of the American league in Philadelphia.

The Shibes, he says, didn't invest their money until it was plain the club was sure to be a winner. Therefore Jimmy insists on calling the park "Mack park."

A Philadelphia baseball writer besought Cal for an interview one day last season. Jimmy complied, but imposed a condition that the Athletics' park be called "Mack park" throughout the story. The newspaperman agreed, and for once at least Connie got all the credit that Cal thought due him.

PLANK'S GREAT RECORD.

Veteran Southpaw Has Been With the Athletics For Twelve Years.

Eddie Plank, now in his twelfth big league season, pitching for the Philadelphia Athletics with as much effectiveness as in his first year, is making a record that promises to be without a parallel in baseball.

He has now been a pitcher on the Athletics for a greater number of years than any other twirler ever served any one club. Not even Cy Young, with his twenty-two seasons



Photo by American Press Association. EDDIE PLANK, PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS' VETERAN TWIRLER.

of twirling, can duplicate this mark, for his service was divided between two Boston clubs, two Cleveland teams and St. Louis.

Plank never pitched for any professional team, league or otherwise, except the Athletics. He went to that city a college student, fresh from Gettysburg. He is still there and during his long years of honorable service has seldom shown better form than now.

The answer to Plank's success is easy. He is the most careful of liverers. He regards baseball as a lucrative business and conducts his existence in such a way as to conserve his physical resources to the limit. He owns big farm property in Gettysburg, Pa., and spends the winters there. He is a bachelor.

LOSES BOUT WITH SILK.

Tom Rafferty Tells How O'Loughlin Shut Him Up.

Tom Rafferty, now playing with San Francisco, tells a joke on himself concerning his experience in breaking into the big league. About three years ago Tom went to Cleveland from Portland. He realized that he was going in fast company and was a bit self-conscious.

Tom decided that he wasn't going to make any holler, but would simply play the game. Well, for some fifteen games he didn't open his mouth. He was so meek that Turner, the third baseman, went to him and advised him to ginger up and put some life into his play.

"Get after the umpire and show that you are trying to win," Turner told Raff.

Well, that same day Tom decided that he would follow instructions and started after Silk O'Loughlin. Rafferty kicked on everything that was called and finally topped it off with the remark that he feared O'Loughlin would be run over by a car because he could not see it coming.

That got on O'Loughlin's nerves, and without a moment's delay he brushed the catcher aside and wheeled Tom around by the shoulders.

"Say, busher," he opened fire, "don't get thrown out of this league before you are in it."

Tom caught the idea right away, and you can bet that Silk O'Loughlin had the right of way thereafter.

World Billiard Tour.

Two famous English style billiard players, H. W. Stevenson and George Grey, have joined forces and have started upon an eighteen months' tour of the world. They will play their first contests in South Africa and are expected back in London in time for the 1913-14 season.

Napoleon as a Bogy Man.

Thackeray once saw Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena. The novelist—he was born in Calcutta in 1811—was on his way to England as a child. "Our ship touched at an island where my black servant took me for a long walk over rocks and hills until we saw a man walking in a garden. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay hands on.' That black serving man was not the only person of the time to believe the story which he told.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE CIRCUS OF LIFE.

Oh, the circus day parade! How the bugles played and played!

The other day in Washington Barnum's circus gave a special performance for just one boy—Vinson McLean—the three-year-old son of E. B. McLean. The boy is heir to a fortune of \$100,000,000.

"Whoopie!" shouts your young son. "Wouldn't that be fun?"

Well— If the spectacle were not so un-American it would be pathetic. There was that lone kid, barely old enough to know what was going on, with nobody to help him enjoy it but his mother and nurse and the big private detective that always accompanies the child.

And father paid the bill. No doubt the boy enjoyed the circus—the kaleidoscopic glitter, and the caparisoned horses, and the goings on in the three rings, and the crashing music of the band.

They told the boy it was all for him, from elephants to trick ponies, from ringmaster to clown—all for him. And he is being brought up expecting to receive whatever he wants.

And you? Do you envy the son of the McLeans and the Walshes, destined to live like a prince? There are so many things you would like to have and which you are denied—not circuses, perhaps, but other things.

But— When you come to analyze your highest enjoyments do you not find you are so built that to enlarge your pleasures you must divide them with others?

Would you care to hug your pleasures to yourself, as a miser hugs his gold, finding, like him, your enjoyment alone?

There are such a lot of things money can never buy. And that is where the McLean sort miss it. Some day this son and heir will find out that in getting everything money can buy he has lost half his life—and the best half!

Your boy thinks he is unucky because he must stay away from the circus while this other boy buys a whole one for himself, but by his deprivation and struggle to earn and to deny himself he gets something the multimillionaire boy never will get.

Having had everything, the day will come when young McLean will tire of everything, and what he really wants he may never get.

Because— The circus of life never was intended to be enjoyed by just one boy.

The Smallest Book.

The smallest book in the world was made in Italy. It is not much larger than a man's thumb nail. It is four-tenths of an inch in length, a quarter of an inch in width and contains 208 pages, each with nine lines and from 95 to 100 letters. The text consists of a letter written by the inventor of the pendulum clock to Mme. Christine of Lorraine in 1615.

Same Thing.

Mrs. Eze—Does your husband keep a scrap book? Mrs. Wye—Not exactly. But he keeps a check book, and we generally have a scrap when he draws a check for my benefit.—Boston Transcript.

Long Feet.

Knickner—What is Jones trying to invent? Bocker—A banana peel that won't skid.—Judge.

WILLIAMS' TEAM LOSES CLOSE GAME.

SEATTLE, WASH., July 22.—Tacoma won its fourth consecutive game today when it took the initial battle of a series with Portland by a score of 8 to 7. The result was in doubt until the end.

All Portland needed to pull out a victory, was a hit in either the seventh or eighth inning, when they had the bases full.

The old feature of the game was that Tacoma did not get a hit or run off Eastley, outside of two innings, in which they hit hard and also were helped along by errors.

The results Monday follow: At Seattle—Tacoma 8, Portland 7. At Vancouver—Spokane-Vancouver game postponed because of circus. At Victoria—Seattle-Victoria game postponed because of rain.

National League New York 4, Cincinnati 1. Philadelphia 6, St. Louis 2. Pittsburgh 2, Boston 0. Chicago 10, Brooklyn 3.

American League Washington 5, Detroit 3. Boston 8, Cleveland 3. Philadelphia 15, St. Louis 4. New York 13, Chicago 3.

The Otter's Wanderlust. Of all the beasts in the world, the otter, that fierce outlaw, is the greatest wanderer. It is as if he were afflicted with a curse that forbids him to be still, that forces him ever to push on—on—on! Rest as rest he knows not. Three days will see the end of his longest inaction, and the amount of miles he covers, in a fortnight would amaze some folk.—Oving.

Moral Courage. It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood, the courage to be just, the courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to do one's duty.—Samuel Smiles.

A POOR APPETITE

If You Have One This Tells You How to Change it to a Good One

A poor appetite means more than the loss of pleasure in eating. It means that you are not getting enough nutrition—that you are out of condition—that some organ of your body is unable to perform its work—that you are ill—that you may be seriously ill very soon unless you take immediate steps to correct the trouble.

Nature is making an appeal for help. Don't you hear her call? You are probably run down. The change from cold to warm weather has discouraged your blood and nerve force, and one of the indications is a loss of appetite. Neglect may mean nervous prostration, a long spell of sickness, perhaps a ruined constitution.

It is up to you right now to do something. Every day makes the trouble more pronounced. There is a remedy that you should try, for it is calculated to give you excellent service. It is Rexall Celery and Iron Tonic. We know what it is made of. We know that it has relieved other cases. We know users who say it has been just the thing for them. We know we can honestly recommend it. We know it is especially designed as a nerve food, a general builder and revivifier. We know so much about it that we are glad to back our claims for it by a positive guarantee to refund your money if it fails to give satisfaction. Could anyone do more than that to show confidence and good faith? Come in and let us talk it over. Costs one dollar for a big bottle. Sold in this community only at our store. The Rexall Store, Huntley Bros. Co.

CROPS DAMAGED BY HAIL STORM AT BAKER.

BAKER, Or., July 22.—Thousands of dollars damage was done today by the largest and most peculiar hail storm in this part of the country in years. Some of the stones were seven-eighths of an inch in diameter.

With hardly any warning the hail beat down with such fury for seven minutes at 11:30 this morning that pedestrians could not venture on the street, horses whipped by stones ran away, and one ice wagon team tore down Second street, scattering ice for blocks.

The hailstones were so thick that they stopped up the sewer gradings and would not melt fast enough so that the streets were small rivers.

A heavy lightning and rain storm followed, but did not wash away the hail, which banked on the sidewalks and made the city look as if a snow storm had raged. Merchants cleaned their sidewalks with shovels and small banks of hail remained all afternoon without melting.

No Great Fun. A settlement worker in New York took a society girl through a lot of sweatshops. Showed her all around. "How would you like to work like this? You society buds know nothing of it."

"Oh, I guess I could work," said the society girl. "But how would you like to work like this?"

"I don't think it would be much of a lark," admitted the butterfly of fashion, "and I am sure my chaperon would get horribly bored."—Exchange.

When to Break Your Word. Never break your word unless you can do it when a typhoon will fit in nicely.—Lippincott's Magazine.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

CALIFORNIA DECISION IS AGAINST TAFT

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Should President Taft be defeated in the contest for control in the September California primaries, it would eliminate his electors, as Republicans, from the general election ballot in November according to an opinion issued today by State Attorney General U. S. Webb in which he upholds the progressive Republicans and maintains that regular Republicans who desire to support Taft may secure places on the general election ballots but may not use the name "Republican."

Webb holds that the Taft Republicans must either contest with the administration organization for control of the Republican party of the state, or have no chance to vote for their candidate in November. The principal points in the opinion follow:

First—Broad and liberal interpretations of direct primary law necessary in order to make it constitutional.

Second—State administration ticket may take the name "Republican" although its nominees are pledged to support Roosevelt.

Third—Regular Republicans who desire to support President Taft may secure places on general election ballot but may not use the name "Republican."

Fourth—No voters participating in the primary election in September may sign nominating petitions for any candidate at November election.

Fifth—Candidates for presidential electors may be voted on in groups, provided they are designated on the ballot under some party heading.

Sixth—Prohibitionists, Socialists or any other party may secure places on the ballot in the November election through nomination petitions without holding party primaries.



Ask Him to Wait

"IF Mr. Jones comes in, ask him to wait. I have been tied up here, but will be at the office inside of half an hour. Explain the matter to him and don't let him go away. It's important."

When a business man finds himself delayed in keeping an appointment at his office, he invariably telephones.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

Loose Leaf

Systems and Devices for every kind of business and profession. A 'phone call will bring us, or, better still, come in and view our modern plant.

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE