East Oregonian

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1902

FOUND—A LAUGH.

In taking an inventory of his stock last week, the Eastern Oregon farmer found, among his moral, financial and spiritual belongings, a broad, hearty laugh, which covered the entire facial territory from ear to ear.

It was non-assessable, exempt from all the vexations of citizenship—unencumbered, not dutiable—a resource of his good nature, which all the world might covet.

Back of it he found a story, short, but inexpressibly sweet. Considered in the light of the market reports, the story was a masterpiece and the laugh was worthy of it.

Wheat was 60 cents per bushel.

Before he could get to the end of the little legend, he was a different man. He had grown in stature from a mortgaged bondman to a free man, in that instant of unalloyed happiness.

He saw visions of new ventures all about him. More beatific dream he has not enjoyed in years. More happy returns for work and worry have not visited his pocketbook, since it has borne his earthly treasure from one debt to another.

While in that happy mood he planned more improvements, more luxuries and more enjoyments than he ever dreamed his vocabulary contained. It was a laugh that was heard across the state.

THE GREAT AUSTRIAN SURGEON

There is a refreshing, human atmosphere in the story of Dr. Lorenz, who is now on the Pacific Coast. Successful in the highest degree a sa specialist in his profession; modest to a fault; rich and learned; sought after, the world over; the most prominent professional man now before the country, he is giving away to the poor people who flock to his clinics, treatment and service, which might earn him millions if he were disposed to be mercenary. If he would refuse to treat free, many of these poor people would, in some manner, raise money for payments; in the extremes of human feeling, there is found a way to meet the demands. Many of these people would sacrifice the last earthly comfort—homes, wages, everything that could be turned into money to pay for the health of a suffering child. This doctor, being in the legitimate pursuit of his calling, might take the fees and feel no compunctions for the suffering he could not see.

But instead, how humbly does he use this magnificent skill; how thrillingly does he say that "I am my brother's keeper." The touch of his genius is welding the world together. It is so refreshing, so keenly human and so far removed from the spectacles in the business world, that are before us constantly, that the action of this great man appeals to everyone. His visit to the Pacific Coast will be a landmark.

THE BOER MISSION A FAILURE.

General Botha, now in Europe soliciting funds with which to redeem the ruined farming districts of South Africa, has announced that his mission is a failure. It is the old story. Sympathy, like beauty, is often only "skin deep." The Europeans have troubles of their own to attend to. While their sympathies may be with the defeated Boers, their financial condition is such that they cannot add greatly to the fund. Their resources are under the strain of a stupendous military expense. Royalty is a costly ornament. The fighting attitude which those nations must maintain is a constant drain upon their finances. They are so deeply engrossed in the concerns of war, themselves, that they have no time nor money to apply to the conquests of peace. They can cheer the Boer, but they cannot pay his bills.

If the coal operators wish to hold the respect of the American people and of the arbitration board, they will let the investigation take its course, without any meddling. If arbitration is to be hampered and juggled by their interference, where will it end? What will it settle? Public sentiment demands that the miner and the operator stand aloof. The board will seek information in its own way and from authentic sources. There has been plenty of meddling in the coal regions already. The people want a settlement that will last. It is due them.

Tom Johnson's accomplishments do not stop with being an expert automobilist, a ringing orator, a friend of the masses, a politician of ability and sagacity, a public official of honesty and originality, a common, everyday, straightforward democrat, but he can defend himself from insult with a hand that is as swift and heavy physically, as it is proverbially. The man who called him a liar might successfully "star" in a museum, as "the man whom Tom Johnson hit."

That morbid taste which assembles a crowd of 4000 spectators together to witness the burning of a negro fiend, however outrageous his crime, is one of the most destructive enemies of higher sentiment and staunch Americanism. If justice must be thus meted out, in the name of heaven, let it be attended with less pomp and ceremony. Let it be just an informal burning, with no invitations.

J. P. Morgan, in buying the Staffordshire, England, coal mines, is preparing against the possibility of another coal strike in the United States. Until the cold commercialism of the world is supplanted by a semblance of justice, Morgan will be within a strike zone.

The perpetual motion of Umatilla county goes on. No sooner is one crop in the warehouse, than nature, the bountiful giver, sends the rain that starts the plow that turns the sod that sprouts the seed that ripens into another harvest, to fill the empty granaries a year hence.

In Delaware, the official ballots, awaiting distribution to the various voting precincts, are guarded by armed deputies, sworn to keep them from all violating hands. It is strange to think that the plain progress of government cannot go on without armed guards being placed over it.

The palmist who has predicted the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland, in the next presidential election, must remember that it is not always what we have in our hand, but how we play it, that wins.

The collapse of a grandstand at a ball game in Chicago, resulting in the injury of 17 people, reminds us that almost as much danger attends the spectator as does the player.

A REFORMED CALENDAR.

Projects for reforming the old systems of measurements of various kinds that have come down to us from the middle ages, or even from the old Roman empire, are becoming numerous. The most noted of them, that of applying the "metric system" to all sorts of weight and measurements of material objects, has so far advanced that its ultimate adoption throughout the civilized world seems to be assured. In fact, America and Great Britain are about the only nations of importance where it is not already in general use. Less success has been attained in the movement toward ridding our time measurements of old difficulties by numbering the hours consecutively from one to 24. Even in that direction, however, something has been achieved and perhaps the time is not distant when that also will be well night the universal custom with respect to marking the hours of the day.

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In none of these projects for improvement has there been less favor obtained than in those advanced for a reformation of the calendar. Our system of dividing the year into months is truly venerable. It comes down to us from the ancient empire of Rome and is a remnant of the dictatorial sway of imperial Caesar. It has also the sanction of the Roman pontiffs, and, furthermore, is deeply rooted in the customs and the minds of every great people on the earth. Thus every effort to change it has been abortive. The philosophers of the French revolution formed a new calendar system for their new-born republic and it was used for a time, but Napoleon swept it away and restored that of Caesar.

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Now comes a new effort. Twenty members of the chamber of deputies in France have united to urge the adoption of a law making what is called "a rational calendar" compulsory in France. The author of the system is Camille Flammarion. He would start the year with the vernal equinox and have a year of 364 days. The odd day he would make a fete day independent of the year. He would name the months after the stars. Flammarion points out that the main advantage of his plan lies in the fact that the same dates recur on the same days of the week, so that there would be no need of changing the calendars every year.—San Francisco Call.

Aunt—Arthur, how does it happen that Willie Jones is promoted at school so much oftener than you other boys are? Arthur—Huh! His father's a promoter!—Chicago Daily News.