The Observer.

MORO, OREGON ;

FRIDAY.....Nov. 24, 1905

Personal Talk With You.

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Inauguration Week

By TROY ALLISON

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Pennsylvania avenue was gay with flying flags and bunting. The crowd on the pavements, kept from overflowing the curbstone by the force of mounted police, was larger than the city had seen for years.

On the corner of Twelfth and the avenue the people who had been unable to decide whether they preferred seeing the man of the hour start from the White House or arrive at the capitol had finally formed a congested mob that concluded to let well enough alone and save the wear and tear of further progress.

A group of cowboys in their best western finery joked a crowd of girls that had turned out to see the procession. Two Indians, decorated with every specimen of button, badge and feather, stood with stolid patience just where the crowd was thickest.

A man in a light overcoat towered head and shoulders above the rest. A newsboy reached up with a variegated cane and tilted his derby rakishly to one side. "Wisht I was up in the clouds with you, mister," he grinned. "I could review this procession to better advantage."

"I might as well be stone blind," came a plaintive voice whose owner's diminutive stature was wedged in between the Indians and the man with the light coat, "and I reckon I'd be rather more comfortable if I were stone dead at the same time."

Sedley looked down from his height of six feet three with a smile at the humor of the situation. "It's too bad," he said pityingly. "Push back this way a little—I can elbow the crowd at the side a bit—might be dangerous to push forward into those Indians—don't think I ever saw any more decorated specimens—they may have tomahawks in every pocket for all of you."

The girl laughed and moved toward him. "I don't mind them," She showed a row of white teeth and black eyes sparkling with excitement. "I'm so dark and small and black haired

THE GIRL SNATCHED A DERBY HAT AND WAVED IT ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

that that newsboy with the cane asked me if I was the squaw that belonged to the Indian gentleman!"

Sedley had already recognized her voice as belonging to a daughter of the far south, and when she turned her face toward him her Creole ancestry was a certainty.

"I have lost my crowd. I tried to take a little walk by myself before it was time to start for the grand stand," she said, with frank friendliness, "and I have lost my hotel. I don't know where anything on earth is except just me." Her sentence ended with a little gasp as the crowd made a sudden impulse forward.

"And I'm afraid among your other losses you are going to lose your view of the president," said Sedley, trying to keep the crowd from jostling her. "How much can you see from down there?"

"Oh, I can't see anything but two buckskin jackets. They may be very nice in the buckskin line, but I want to see the president. I never saw a real live president in my life," dolefully.

"He's almost here," he said. "I wonder if—er—you would let me—er—lift you up so you could see him?" he suggested, with a touch of good natured shyness.

"Oh, would you?" she exclaimed, with the volume of gratitude of one who has been granted a heart's desire. "I weigh a hundred and one. Do you think you could hold me till he passed?" anxiously.

"Just try me," he said, smiling as he lifted her until she beamed happily over the two greased heads in front of them.

The president in acknowledging the cheers that burst forth gave a purely personal smile of amusement and good will to a girl whose sparkling face rose clear above the mass and who in her excitement snatched a derby hat and waved it enthusiastically.

"Did you see him smile at me?" she asked breathlessly, when her feet touched the pavement.

"I don't see how he could help it." Sedley took her arm and drew her to one side, as the people hurried on toward the capitol. "If you will give me some information on the subject, I will see if I can help you find that lost hotel."

"You are just as good as can be," she said gratefully. "It's the Willard, and I know papa is frantic about me by this time."

"The Willard? That's easy." And Sedley's conscience justified the "around your elbow to get your thumb" route which he took to the hotel, by the theory that it was easier to walk six blocks through practically empty streets than to walk two against a surging mob.

When they reached the hotel, he took his leave reluctantly. "I wonder if it would be rude to say I would like to meet you again?" he asked.

"I don't think it would—very." There was amusement in her eyes. "Papa would probably like to thank you for finding this lost hotel."

When she told him her name and her native state, Sedley's face brightened visibly. "Do you happen to know the congressman from the Second district?" he asked eagerly.

"Know him? He read law in papa's office," she said.

The congressman from that Second district was interrupted at his dinner that night by a young giant who threatened to break every bone in his body if he did not take him around to be introduced to Judge Gaillaird and his daughter.

The congressman helped himself to the macaroni and smiled broadly.

"All right, Sedley, my boy; I'll arrange it. That's the belle of our state. I don't wonder that you show symptoms of having it in the very worst form."

One afternoon a week later Sedley guided Norvelle Gaillaird through the corridors of the Congressional library, wearing an expression that would have affirmed the opinion that there was no occupation or pursuit ever followed by man that was one-half as pleasant as guiding sightseers over Washington.

While she read the old English inscriptions he wondered if his native Boston ever saw a hat that compared with the girl's little red turban, or if Boston ever saw anything so perfect as the glowing face set off by her chinchilla furs.

"Was that turban made from a bird of paradise?" he asked musingly.

"Bird of paradise?" She left the old English inscriptions and turned toward him laughing. "Your study of ornithology has been woefully neglected. I think we had better take in the zoo next. I believe you would find it came nearer being the breast of a flamingo. We must hurry back to the hotel in time to lunch with papa. He says he has scarcely seen me for the last week. But you are a wonderfully clever guide," she added approvingly.

"Let's sit here just a minute," he said persuasively. "It's terrible to think you are going home in three days"—despondently.

Norvelle laughed at his woeful face. "You must be a Yankee of deepest dye"—reproachfully—"to think going south is such a terrible ordeal. You ought to go see our south before you say things about it."

"May I really come?" he asked, and his voice made her lower her eyes and commence a study of the American Beauty she wore on her coat.

"We are a hospitable people," she said evasively, "and our house is very large."

He leaned forward earnestly, trying to see her eyes. "But I don't want to venture into your strange land unless there would be some one there who would be happy because of my coming"—pleadingly.

She gave him a glimpse of her eyes. "It would make me happy," she said softly.

"You dear little girl," he whispered, laying his palm covertly over the little gloved hand on the seat beside him

Unimportant.

A Princeton man tells of a conversation that took place between the coach of a football eleven and one of the players. An important game was soon to be played, and the coach was of course most anxious that every player should be in the best physical condition. But to his great disgust one of the men upon whom a great deal depended if the great game was to be won seemed to be in "bad form." Taking him aside, the coach had the following "heart to heart talk" with the recalcitrant:

"See here, you're not looking so good. Muscles flabby and wind bad—awfully bad. What's the matter? Been drinking anything?"

"Not a drop."

"Then you must be smoking."

"Haven't touched a pipe, cigar or cigarette since the training began."

"Studying?"

"Well, yes—a little."

Whereupon the coach gave vent to a snort of disgust. "See here, you've got to stop that! Do you want to lose the game?"—Harper's Weekly.

A Shorthand Blunder.

One day a lawyer dictated a special writ of fieri facias to his shorthand clerk and, being in a hurry, rushed off to court with the transcript as soon as it was made without reading it. When it was presented the dignified judge glanced through it, looked at a certain part of it steadily and became convulsed with laughter. He then handed the paper back to the lawyer, stating that he was sorry he couldn't grant his petition.

"I think, please the court, that this is according to rule," persisted the attorney.

"Well, this court is unable to do anything for you," replied the judge. "Your request is unreasonable. Just take your petition and read it."

The lawyer did so and found that it requested the court to grant "special red fiery faces to its petitioners."

Mans' Unreasonableness

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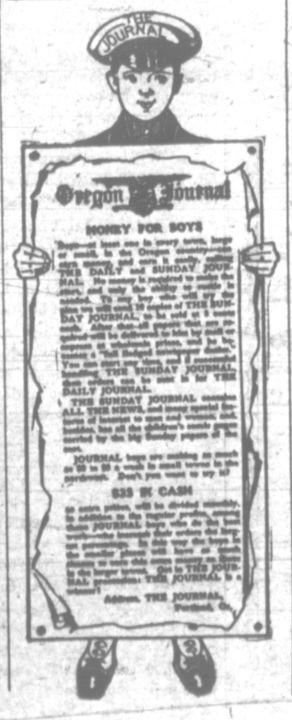

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