

# The Observer.

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FRIDAY, November 29, 1912

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As was to be expected Uncle Sam believes in fair, reasonable, canal tolls.

After a look over the returns Aguinaldo bobs up to suggest that he wins after all.

New York city boasts that its debt exceeds that of the national government; this boasted superiority is a certain sign of inferiority; it is a sinister sign of the appalling increase of municipal indebtedness in the United States.

Mr. Wilson remarks that he will fulfill his pledges; in the public mind there is an impression that democratic performance is different from its promises. Mr. Cleveland used strong language in saying so during his last term.

England, France, Italy and Russia, have a particular reason for wishing the Turkish war was over. Each of them has millions of Mohammedan subjects, and the feeling among these against the Christians has grown dangerous during the last 18 months; it is all these European governments can do to keep the Moslems quiet in European possessions in Africa and Asia.

What right has any wholesale book seller to expect the Oregon Law Reports at a 20 percent discount, a loss to Oregon of more than one dollar on every book it sold, and the more sold the less the state had to show for it and the poorer it became; an individual could not long continue on this basis, rightly asserts Secretary Olcott "therefore why should the state," and he justly cut it out.

Railroad construction in the solitudes along the Necanic, Fraser, Bulkley and Skeena rivers, B. C., are getting a rude awakening; prices for produce from the pioneer farms have gone as high as \$3.00 per dozen for eggs in winter and 85 cents in summer; David Hubble grew nine tons of potatoes to the acre, and sold them at eight cents per pound; the old fur trappers are in retreat.

Mrs. Charles D. Wynne, of the Klamath falls region, expresses a wish to die in the place of the five condemned murderers at Salem. Perhaps, if her bluff was called, she would change her mind and it would be found that she is only a cheap notoriety seeker; the best people in the world are those who want to live, in order to do good in an unassuming way, and are not eternally boasting about their willingness to die for the good of a cause.

"They have been investigating the tariff all my lifetime," said the President elect, when told that an effort would be made to investigate tariff schedules in advance of the extra session; there is common sense in that remark. A man who does not understand the tariff question now, never can; or at least never will let himself be made to understand it; what the Cobdenites intend doing they should do quickly, and give business a chance to adjust itself.

## A Dollar Tip

It Was Afterward Returned For a Charitable Purpose

By EDNA TROWBRIDGE

Viscount Hurleigh was dead, and his son inherited the title, with the entailed estates. Dowager Viscountess Hurleigh was now free to face with a family problem. Her son was provided for, but she had a daughter, Gladys, for whom there was no provision whatever and whom her mother considered entirely incapable of providing for herself. Lady Gladys had been born in America, where new fields are opening to women every day and where the daughters in wealthy families often work from mere preference, might have done very well. In England she was bound to be a failure. There is just as much special fitness for society as any other department of life, and Lady Gladys Hurleigh did not possess such fitness. When the young swells were brought up and introduced to her they got no response to their society chitchat and left her as soon as they could politely do so. Some Oxford or Cambridge professor might draw out what there was in her, but not the dancing man of the smart set.

The dowager viscountess was a practical woman, who instinctively understood the laws of supply and demand. American women of fortune were marrying titles in England, but she could not recall a single case of an Englishwoman of noble family marrying a rich American. British noblemen went to America for their wives. Why should not a British girl of a titled family go to America for a husband?

Letters of introduction were obtained to the social leaders of New York, and Lady Hurleigh sailed with her



DROPPED A SILVER DOLLAR IN THE FOREMAN'S HAND.

daughter on her errand of conquest. I say her errand, for she had the good sense to keep her object a secret from Gladys, knowing that if the girl knew it she would flatter to go, and when Gladys put her foot down there was no lifting it. The mother intended to guide the way diplomatically, keeping her daughter so far as possible from scientists, literary men, artists—indeed, all who used their brains in fields that were considered unprofitable. As to merchants and manufacturers, they were not to be considered. She proposed to surround her candidate with the wealthy society men of New York, ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might arise to supply Gladys' natural deficiency as a husband angler.

As the mother had expected, she and her daughter as members of the British nobility received every attention in New York, and the young men flocked about the young lady. But the men never got beyond a certain point. Gladys gave them an opportunity to show what of intrinsic value there was in them, and when it was apparent, as it was with most of them, that their brains were in their heels she shut herself up like a clam, and they soon dropped away from her. Her mother was disappointed. After spending a season without results Lady Hurleigh threw up the sponge and prepared to go back to England.

Then came a request from Gladys that they see something of those engineering and mechanical wonders that she had heard of as existing in America. Lady Hurleigh knew that a request from her daughter was not to be denied and reluctantly consented.

One morning Gladys and her mother, escorted by a gentleman and his wife, drove up before an enormous manufacturing concern and, alighting, entered the office, making a request to be shown the premises. At each department they were turned over to the foreman, who made such explanations of the machinery and processes as they asked for. One of these foremen, a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, instead of allowing them to gaze unintelligently at what they saw, explained their nature, explained everything in detail, he made himself and what he spoke of interesting to all except the discountess, who declined to be interested by any man in a suit of overalls. When they left the department Gladys was much pleased at the young man's offer to show them over the balance of the works and accepted it with thanks. She was somewhat surprised that he should approach upon parts of the factory under other foremen, but he made an explanation of the matter, and it was soon forgotten in the interest he excited in what they were seeing. When they were ushered out to their conveyance Lady Hurleigh dropped a

silver dollar in the foreman's hand, much to her daughter's mortification. Seeing her embarrassment, he showed a delicacy far above his station by accepting the tip as a matter of course. This was the last visit Lady Hurleigh made with her daughter to any of the commercial or mechanical wonders of America. After that she told Gladys that she might go where she liked if she would only cut it short so that they might get back to England, and in a few weeks they sailed for home. The poor woman had met with a great disappointment.

At the opening of the next season when the "American invasion" of England, as the English people call the beira of our tourists to Europe, began, persons whom Lady Hurleigh and her daughter had met in America commenced to send in their cards. The younger of these persons the viscountess left to her daughter to entertain. Gladys, who had been much pleased with the foremen, the absence of flattery among the masses, that she had found in America, surprised her mother by doing the honors successfully. Indeed, Gladys was far more attentive to them than her mother considered necessary, for the older lady not having gained anything from her visit was disposed to let the visitors see England by themselves.

Five young American men put in an appearance and these the viscountess left entirely to Gladys, seeing among them herself. One day a Mr. Edwin Atherton called, and the card being taken to Lady Hurleigh, raising her glasses to read the name and not recognizing it, she sent it to her daughter with a request that she receive the visitor. Some time after that when Mr. Atherton called again, Gladys, who was dressing, asked her mother to go and entertain him till she had finished her toilet. The viscountess did as she was asked, and though she felt sure she could not place him, nevertheless, to the manner born, she greeted him as one she remembered perfectly, but was careful to keep the conversation on general topics that she should not betray her ignorance of his identity. Her daughter appearing, she turned the guest over to her and, excusing herself, left the room.

It was not long before Lady Hurleigh noticed that Mr. Atherton was becoming a frequent caller. One day she asked Gladys who he was and where in America they had met him. But Gladys' identification was not especially clear, and her mother got but little satisfaction. The American's calls continuing and certain attention coming from him to Gladys that indicated more than an ordinary interest, the fond mother made another effort to learn from her daughter something about him. All attempts failed, but after one of Mr. Atherton's calls, Gladys went to her mother redolently happy and, holding her an American silver dollar, said:

"Mr. Atherton asked me to give this to you for one of your charities."

The viscountess looked at the dollar then at Gladys. Something to the girl's face excited a desire for further information.

"Do you remember, mother, when we were in America visiting a factory, being shown over the premises by a foreman and you tipping him when we went away?"

"It seems to me I do."

"Well, that's the identical dollar you gave him."

The mother looked stupefied, and the daughter continued:

"That foreman is the son and heir of the founder and principal owner of those works in America. It seems the sons of manufacturers sometimes go into their fathers' works to learn the business, occupying successively every post from the lowest grade. This Mr. Atherton is one of these persons. He has finished his apprenticeship and has come abroad on a vacation before assuming the vice presidency of the works of which his father is president."

Lady Hurleigh listened to this with intense interest. When Gladys had finished she said:

"Are you quite sure, daughter, that he has not come on any other account than a vacation?"

"He has, mother," replied the daughter, blushing. "He has told me that, after having shown us the factory, he made a resolution that he would follow me to England with a view to winning me for his wife."

"And you have accepted him?"

"I have."

There were counter currents in the other's heart. The idea of her daughter marrying a mechanic that she had seen in overalls and whom she had thought it proper to tip was a terrible shock to her, but when she learned that the young man was heir to millions she was mollified, and when she was presented to her as her future son-in-law she received him as well as could have been expected under the circumstances.

Atherton is now attending to business in America, where he and his wife live. Mrs. Atherton boasts that she is the only Englishwoman who ever attacked the American matrimonial market, so far as she knows, and carried away a prize.

For Charity.

A millionaire who was looking over his wife's cash account the other day said:

## ADRIFT A MONTH IN TROPIC SEA

Spaniard's Experience in the Caribbean.

MOST OF TIME IN HOT SUN.

Castaway Eked Out Five Days' Supply of Water and Food With Rainwater and Fish Until He Was Picked Up. Helpless When Rescued.

ATLANTIC sun scorched Spaniard, cloaked with a heavy blanket, sat in the forecastle of the British brig steamingly hazy. He had been told while shivering how he had been saved by the handy freighter from the blistering Caribbean after thirty days' drifting in an eighteen foot rumsackie flat-bottomed boat, says the New York Sun.

The castaway was Juan Rodriguez, originally of Almeria, but until recently a laborer on the Panama canal. After giving up his job in the canal he went to Caracas and bought the flat-bottomed boat equipped with a split sail and one jar of fresh water for a living. He had been fishing and headed back for Caracas, but an offshore wind that finally became a gale drove him to the north-east, and his sail was carried away. Seas filled the boat, and he bailed with his hat. He had a demijohn of water and food enough to last five days. When morning came he found no land in sight and no sun, and, having no compass, did not know which way to steer. He took off his shirt and made a sail of it and piled his jar just to keep himself busy.

Kept Track of the Days.

At the end of the first day he cut a notch in the gunwale of the boat with his jackknife so that he might keep track of the time. The notch was made Sept. 27, for he had set out from Caracas on Sept. 21. It was pleasant weather the next day, and a school of sharks paid him a visit, romping around the boat and occasionally coming up under it with a violence that nearly captured it.

On the day of the third notch in the gunwale Rodriguez decided that he would have to put himself on a diet. He figured that he might be three weeks adrift and cut down his daily bread allowance to a mere mouthful of water. When the sharks and other big sea monsters that frolicked too close to the crazy little ship for his comfort were out of the way he fished, having saved his tackle, and landed some good ones, which he ate raw. He added to his supply of water when it rained.

He wondered why he so small and navigated a sea in the Caribbean there seemed to be so few vessels about. After he had made the teeth notch he



HE WAVED WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS TROUSERS.

paid more attention than ever to his prayers, but also stuck steadily to his diet schedule. He slept at night and limited himself to about three hours, he believes, so that he might have more time to look out for ships. A little blow the seams of his boat opened permanently, and he set in water up to within nine inches of the gunwale. On the days when the tropical sun was blazing, and that was most of the time, the upper part of his body was baked and the lower half soaked in salt water. He exercised by using his paddle until salt water boils made it painful for him to move at all.

Not Able to Shout.

He was feeling blue when he cut the twenty-seventh notch in the gunwale calendar, for all his bread was gone and all the water. But rain came the next day, and he caught and ate some fish. He began to suspect that navigation in the Caribbean had ceased altogether when on Oct. 20, at 7 A.M., just after he had cut the thirtieth notch, he saw the smoke from the funnel of the bark. He had no voice to shout, but by a supreme effort he waved what was left of his trousers.

The bark was in command at this time of Chief Officer J. T. Mottman, and he saw the fisherman five miles off the port bow and headed for him. The bark was only a speck at first, and if he had not swung his trousers he might have been passed.

It Really Does.

"The rule falls alike on the just and the unjust."

"A good arrangement."

"Why so?"

"Seems to afford considerable satisfaction to both classes."—Chicago Journal.

Appropriate.

Legend of the "Mouth of Truth." In front of the old basilica of Santa Maria in Comedia, at Rome, there is an enormous block of marble, resembling a huge face with a widely gaping mouth. It is called the Bocca della Verita, or "mouth of truth," and in the days of ancient Rome the legend ran that if any one who had told a lie placed his or her hand within that yawning cavity the jaw would descend and cut it off. The Bocca della Verita is a large round stone of white marble about five yards in circumference. It is placed with two holes representing eyes, an opening for a mouth, a slightly raised nose, and two locks of hair are carved on each side of the forehead. The stone is of great antiquity, and, according to some, it was laid on the altar of Jove, and those suspected of perjury were led to it and obliged to confess by much the same threats as are used to children now. It is most likely, however, that the stone served as a sluice to some ancient sewer, for others like it, used for this purpose by the Romans, have been found—Wide World Magazine.

Kindness to Animals.

Far out on the very edge of town is a little schoolhouse, the first and second grades of which are commanded by a pretty little normal school graduate. Her pupils are all sons and daughters of the warmer sort of impulsive foreigners and have all reached a state of adoration for their queer and vic with each other in ways to please her. One day she had a few especially seem loving and caring for dumb animals. The next day little Pietro remained in his seat when his schoolmates dropped out to play. Teacher was busy at her desk and did not notice him until she felt a little fat tapping at her sleeve.

"Why, Pietro," she exclaimed, "what is the trouble?"

"Nothin', teacher. I just wanted to tell you how I was good to dumb animals yesterday," he promptly replied.

"Why, isn't that nice?" Pietro, just what did you do?"

Pietro drew himself up to his full three feet and proudly asserted: "I kissed the cat!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

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