The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY....November 14, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Grade teachers of the Eugene public schools have formed a local branch of the National Grade Teachers' association.

A new gymnasium will be built at the Oregon normal school at Monmouth. Ground has been broken on the project, which will cost $8000, and which will be finished in 60 days.

James J. Hill states that the Hill railroad interests are building and preparing for operating fast steamers to ply between the Columbia river and San Francisco.

Monument has been added to the list of "dry" towns of the state. Election returns show that prohibition won by six votes. Ballots of the women influenced results.

Representative Hawley of Oregon has introduced bills prohibiting lieu land selections in Oregon, except when the base lands surrendered to the government are also in Oregon.

The ruling of the industrial welfare commission that women employed in factories shall not earn less than $8.64 a week or work more than 54 hours in any week became effective Monday.

By freakish antics of nature there has been produced in the orchard of Joseph N. Hunter, at Bend, a combination of Spitzenberg and Jonathan apples, the flavors and colors of the two varieties being separate and distinct in one apple.

A bottle dropped overboard off the Siberian coast by the hydrographic expedition of the Pacific ocean, three years ago, to ascertain the rate and direction of the current, was found at Yaquina bay.

Jackson county court's offer of pay for a section of the Dollarhide toll road, has been accepted by the owner of the road. The section is needed in connection with the construction of the Pacific highway.

Senator Claude McCulloch of Baker has been retained by the corporation department to prosecute actions now pending in Multnomah county for violations of the blue sky law, as well as those in contemplation.

The railroad commission has been advised that the Southern Pacific has granted a reduction in the freight rate on car lots of canned goods from Creswell to Portland from 25 cents per 100 pounds to 17½ cents.

State Game Warden William F. Finley is sending broadcast an appeal asking hunting organizations of the state to donate to the charitable institutions of their vicinities, game for Thanksgiving.

The Oregon Butter and Cheesemakers' association will hold its adjourned session at La Grande on December 5, in connection with the farmers' congress and tri-state dairy meeting, to be held there at that time.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has introduced a bill making Milton Wheeler, of Portland, a colonel on the retired list of the United States army, volunteer rank being held by him during the civil war.

Governor West commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of Lem Woon, who had been sentenced to be hanged November 14, for the killing of Lee Tai Hoy in Portland, March 7, 1908. The Chinese said he eventually would be able to prove that he did not kill the man.

The Oregon public ownership league organized temporarily at Portland by the election of John L. Schuyleman as president and J. B. Stilwell as temporary secretary. One of the principal objects of the league is to urge a law establishing a system of voting by mail.

The secretary of agriculture has advised Senator Chamberlain that he will furnish telegraphic crop news to Oregon farmers, beginning the service immediately. The secretary will telegraph his reports to the weather bureau at Portland and that office will print and distribute information to all the daily and weekly papers in Oregon.

Despite the warnings issued by the state fish and game commission, laws which were meant to prevent one hunter from killing another, and the suggestion by State Warden William L. Finley that all hunters wear red caps and coats, the hunting season which ended November 1 marked the death of two hunters and the injury of eight others.

After a conference with the reclamation commission Secretary Lane set aside from the reclamation fund $15,000 to be used jointly with an appropriation of a like amount made by the Oregon legislature to defray the cost of survey and examination of various water power sites on the Columbia river, with a view to formulating plans for their development.

Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh, for the W. C. T. U., has protested to Senator Lane against the bill of Millionaire S. Benson, of Portland, introduced by Senator Works, to prevent the manufacture of spirituous liquors in the United States. She says beer and wines are more harmful than whiskey, and that the brewers, through ownership of saloons, control the white slave traffic, and would have much more power if the distillers were put out of business.

A QUEER LAKE.

With Neither Inlet Nor Outlet It Has a Mysterious Tide.

There is a curious Swiss lake, Lake Marjelan, which at regular intervals completely disappears and does not begin to refill until the following winter or spring. On these occasions it empties itself so rapidly that the Rhone rises several meters in a few hours and overflows its banks.

But it is not necessary to go to Switzerland in order to find a freakish lake. There is a pond in the center of Long Island, at the present end of the Motor parkway, called Lake Ronkonkoma. It has neither inlet nor outlet and lies at the foot of the hills that form the backbone of Long Island. Round its shores are many pretty summer homes. The trees about it are much larger and more beautiful than elsewhere on Long Island. The waters of the lake are very clear and cold. In some places it seems bottomless.

The strange thing about Lake Ronkonkoma is that it has a tide; not a tide like the ocean that rises and falls every twelve hours, but one that takes seven years to rise and seven more to fall. The difference between high water and low water mark is between thirty and forty feet. Many scientific men have studied the curious phenomenon, but no one has found out what causes this mysterious tide. Neither long continued rains nor severe droughts affect the quantity of water in the lake.

The Indians used to hold the lake in great awe, and few dared to cross it in a canoe. There is a legend of one brave who, while fishing, was drowned in the lake. His body was found six months afterward nearly ten miles away in Long Island sound.—Youth's Companion.

HIS BACKING WAS GOOD.

And President Tyler Found a Place For Old Jack Dade.

President Tyler had a curious office seeking experience at the very beginning of his administration. Old Jack Dade, a character about Washington, who had been the president's classmate at college, went to the White House, and said he, "Jack, I want an office."

"You do?" said President Tyler. "What office on earth do you think you are fit for?"

"Why, one o' these 'sinecurees' I hear so much about—no work and good pay," Dade promptly replied.

"Well, Jack," said Tyler deprecatingly, "you know that I am president now and must have some kind of warrant for making an appointment. Can you get anybody to indorse you? Could you bring me a letter of recommendation?"

"Oh, yes," said Dade. "I'm fixed for that," and he produced a letter of four pages written by Tyler himself to President Harrison, whom he had just succeeded, urging the claims of his dear friend and classmate, Colonel John W. Dade, for a good, fat office. "Cast your eye over that!" he exclaimed in triumph.

Tyler read the letter attentively to the end, folded it carefully and said: "Jack, your backing is irresistible. Come up here tomorrow, and I'll have a place for you."

The next day Colonel John W. Dade was appointed keeper of the Federal prison of the District of Columbia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Appropriate Excuse.

"Before the establishment of righteous courts and trials by jury where justice could be obtained," explained the teacher, "persons suspected of certain crimes were tried by what was known as the 'ordeal.' One of these was the 'ordeal of fire.' Hot plowshares were laid at short intervals along the victim's path, and the suspected person was blindfolded and compelled to walk over them. If he succeeded in doing it without stepping on the hot irons he was deemed innocent. But if he received burns he was adjudged guilty. Who would submit to such an ordeal now? Johnny, would you?"

"No, ma'am," said Johnny.

"And why not?"

"I'd get cold feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Other Woman.

"I don't see how that woman can gad about the way she does and neglect her little children."

"How do you know that she gads about?"

"We get the same girl to take care of our babies when we're away from home, and she's kept busy over there fully half of the time. It provokes me so to have to be put off so often when I want to get away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where Ma Was Strict.

Little Girl—My mamma is awful strict. Is yours? Little Boy—Orful. Little Girl—But she lets you go anywhere you want to and— Little Boy—Oh, she ain't strict with me. Little Girl—Then who is she strict with? Little Boy—Pa.

In This Rapid Age.

"Mamma's good little boy want a slice of bread and"—

"Oh, mother, cut out that sort of thing. I'm nearly four years old."—Chicago Tribune.

Sweet Salt.

The Professor—Life itself is but a chemical combination of the constituent atoms of chloride salts. The Girl—Well, it's sweet to me, anyway.—Puck.

Joy is not essentially bad, but good, while grief is essentially bad.—Spinoza.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

Our own happiness ought to fill us with continual kindness to others and a desire to make them happy too. Our own sorrow ought to stir us to compassion and desire to help the sorrow of other people. If our joys or sorrows fail to produce these effects in us, then they are wasted and ignoble. No personal experience comes just for ourselves.

A HUSTLING TIME

By M. QUAD

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Five men sat around a supper table in a farmer's kitchen after a hard day's work in the cornfield.

There was Moses Bright, the father, fifty-five years old and a widower; there was Abraham, aged thirty; there was Leviticus, aged twenty-seven; there was Philetus, aged twenty-five; there was Aaron, aged twenty-two. Not a son had left home yet.

"Abraham," said the father as the meal was finished, "there's a widder woman named Parsons bought the Taylor place. She brought with her a span of hosses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs and fifty hens. She's a hustler. She can mow and plow and chop wood."

"What of it?" asked Abraham.

"You wash up, grease your boots and hair and go down and ask her to marry you. You are thirty years old, and it's time you were married."

Abraham got ready and departed. Moses Bright was boss around that house. The young man arrived as the widow was straining the last pail of milk. He sat down on the doorsteps with his back toward her and said never a word. He was in greater fear than as if a bull had been chasing him across the meadow. The widow took notice of him at once and then ignored him for a long ten minutes. Then she stopped singing to say to him:

"Get out!"

Those were blessed words to Abraham. He got. He fairly flew for the first forty rods. When he reached home he found his father sitting in the door, pipe in mouth, and sat down on the nearby wash bench. His brothers had gone to bed. It was five minutes before the father took the pipe from his mouth to query:

"What'd she say?"

"'Get out!'"

That was all. There was more corn planting next day, but half an hour before quitting time the father said to Leviticus, who was working next to him:

"Abraham don't know enough to crawl under a haystack when it's raining pitchforks. You go over there tonight and spark that widder."

After supper Leviticus went. It was either suicide or go. He found the widow milking the last of her four cows. She looked up as he entered the barnyard, but neither spoke. The young man stood with his back to the fence and chewed on a straw, and she hummed the air of a hymn as she milked. When she had finished she rose up and asked:

"Any more idiots in this neighborhood?"

"Yes—no—yes!" stammered the young man as he made for the highway and home.

It was potato planting next day. At the supper table the father reached for a third slice of fried pork and said:

"Philetus, lie up and grease up. Four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs."

Philetus turned pale and lost his appetite, but he obeyed. He found the widow uprooting burdocks in the front yard, and before he could say anything she asked:

"Ain't there another kid named Aaron?"

"Yes."

"Then run home and send him along and I'll start an infant asylum with him!"

Aaron went and came back to shake his head and hear his father call him a dinged idiot. That night the four sons entered into a conspiracy, and it was at the breakfast table that Abraham said:

"Father, the Widder Parsons is a hustling widder woman. Two hosses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs and fifty hens."

"Waal, what of it?" was asked.

"It's your turn to go sparking."

"Boy, don't gimme any sass!"

"No use to bluff, father. You either go sparking or we quit the farm."

The old man was given the day to consider the matter. When supper was over and without a word to any one he slicked up a bit and took the highway. The widow sat on her doorsteps, smoking her pipe. She bowed and made room beside her. Not a word was said for a long minute. Then Moses cleared his throat and remarked:

"Them four dough headed sons of mine seem to think I'd better get married ag'in. And being as you appear to be alone in the world and being I think I'd be happier"—

"Oh, I don't know," interrupted the widow, drawing away a bit. "I'm alone in the world, but I seem to be having a purty good time."

"But them fool sons o' mine!"

"Yes, I know. It's dreadful to have a lot o' idiots around. You don't say it's love at first sight, do you?"

"N-o-o, not skassly, but I'm a hustling man, and you are a hustling woman, and—and"—

"And you think we ought to hustle in this case?"

"That's about it."

"Then you come along three days from now, after I finish planting my taters."

And when the father got home and found his four sons waiting and grinning he said:

"Two hosses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs"—

"But what of the widder?" was asked.

"She's mine, and as she don't like children every last one of you can prepare to hustle out o' this and take care of yourselves!"

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia, use cough medicines that contain codine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. It cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

People in the News

Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams, a woman attorney of San Francisco, aspires to be United States district attorney.

Willie Ritchie, lightweight champion of the world, defeated Leach Cross in a 10-round bout, which went the limit, at Madison Square Garden in New York.

Dr. Charles McBurney, who was in attendance at the bedside of the fatal illness of the late President McKinley, died at Stockbridge, Mass.

Dr. David A. Arter, believed to be the last remaining delegate to the convention which nominated President Lincoln, died at Canton.

John Hoyle, warden at San Quentin penitentiary, will resign his position to enter the hotel business at San Francisco with his brother.

Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, defeated for governor, has announced that he will resign from congress to run for governor again in 1914.

The fortune of $3,000,000 left by the late Charles G. Gates, goes to the widow. Had the young man lived he would have received the bulk of the estate of $35,000,000.

General Felix Diaz was wounded in an altercation which occurred in the Malecon at Havana. He was stabbed twice, being wounded behind the ear and in the neck. He was also beaten with canes.

Mrs. Hope McEldowney, at Chicago, testified that she had given James Ryan, clairvoyant, known as Professor Crane, $15,000 for advice, after she had been convinced by him that she was followed by bad influences which make investments unsuccessful.

Romance of a Picture.

The ups and downs of the artist's calling are well illustrated by the fortunes and misfortunes of the late M. Sukhorovsky, a Russian artist. His celebrated painting, "Nana," was exhibited all over the world and made a fortune for himself and others. After personally receiving some $300,000 for its exhibition the artist, thinking its vogue over, sold "Nana" for $21,000, and the dealer resold it at double the price. An American bought it and showed it all through the United States, Canada and South America and is reported to have made $1,000,000 by the enterprise. On the other hand, the artist lost all his money by unfortunate investments and was reduced almost to beggary.

The Test.

Statesman—I trust the people.

One of Them—All right. Lend me $5.—New York Sun.

MOLECULES ARE INVISIBLE.

Yet Their Tracks Through Space Can Be Discerned.

It came to be evident about the middle of the last century that, in order to explain certain facts connected with the relative weights of gases, matter must not merely consist of atoms, but that these atoms must have the power of uniting in small groups. In forming a compound, indeed, this must be so. For instance, carbonic acid gas must consist of one atom of carbon, which, along with two atoms of oxygen, forms a small group of three atoms.

The novelty of the conception was in the notion that oxygen itself, in the state of gas, as it exists, for example, in the air, consists of small groups of atoms; in this case, two. To such small groups of atoms was given the name molecules. A molecule is that portion of a substance which can exist in the free state, as oxygen does in air. An atom generally exists in combination, but atoms may and sometimes do exist separately, in which case they also are termed molecules.

Now, can molecules be seen? Is their existence a mere assumption? The answer to that question is, No, they cannot be seen, but artificial molecules can be made which correspond so closely in their behavior to real molecules that the existence of real molecules is practically certain. Moreover, although no one has ever seen a molecule, still the track of a molecule moving through space has been seen, and, just as Robinson Crusoe was right in inferring the existence of man Friday from his footstep imprinted in the sand, so the real existence of a molecule may just as certainly be inferred from the track it leaves.—Sir William Ramsay in Harper's.

COLD COMFORT.

It Came After the Little Faker Had Got His Punishment.

The east end small boy had sadly misbehaved and was locked in his room. Pretty soon his mother heard him calling.

"Muvver," said the shrill voice, "I'm goin' to bust the window and fall out!"

The mother made no reply. Again the shrill voice arose:

"Muvver, I've found some matches, an' I'm goin' to set fire to the curtains."

The mother remained indifferent. Once more the voice hailed her:

"Muvver, don't you smell sumfin' burnin'?" Even this drew no response.

"If you don't smell nothin'," the voice went on, "it's 'cause I pulled off all th' match heads an' swallowed 'em, an' I'm goin' to die. Do you hear that, muvver; I'm goin' to die."

By this time the mother was thoroughly incensed, and, hastily preparing a cup of mustard and hot water, she hurried upstairs.

"If you've swallowed match heads," she announced, "you'll have to swallow this to keep them company." And then she poured the nauseating stuff down his throat.

A little later the aggravating youngster, sadder, wiser and much humbled, concluded to take the balance of his punishment in silence.

"I didn't really swallow the matches, muvver," he contritely explained.

"I knew you didn't, sonny," replied the mother.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Orange

By IVAN WITKOWSKY

The Countess Mellkoff was sitting in her boudoir in Moscow, Russia, when the card of Colonel Michalovsky was handed her. She directed the servant to admit him.

"My dear countess," he said, "I have come to ask a favor. Knowing you to be intimate with the imperial family, that the empress esteems you highly, I should be obliged if you would use your influence to secure for my nephew a commission in the navy."

"Colonel, you overrate my influence. I am not often bidden to the palace. Indeed, I fancy I have been forgotten there."

"How can that be when Grand Duke V. is to dine with you this evening."

"Who told you that?"

"Why, the duke's movements are always known. He informs the police of his engagements in order that they may provide for his safety."

"Do the police consider publishing his whereabouts providing for his safety?"

"They have not published his coming here. I was conversing with one of the police officials about securing my nephew an appointment in the army. This man knows of my acquaintance with you and said to me: 'Grand Duke V. dines with the countess today. If you see her and ask her influence in the matter she will undoubtedly secure a promise of the appointment while he is at the table.'"

"Well, my dear colonel, I am willing to oblige you if I find an opportunity, but you must not rely too much upon me. I wish you were to be a member of our dinner party. I would invite you except that the grand duke, as you know, must have a list beforehand of other guests wherever he goes, and now there is not time."

"I have no especial desire to meet him. But since you are to grant me this favor is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing that I think of."

"I have just received a box of fruit from the south. Would you like some for your table?"

"Indeed I would. Fruit at this season is not to be had."

"I will bring it before the dinner is over."

"Can you not send it?"

"Send it! No. Do you suppose I would trust a servant with what can not be bought for love or money? He would either eat it or sell it and say that he had been robbed. I shall bring it myself. What o'clock will your dinner be served?"

"At half past 8. We shall be ready for fruit by half past 9. The grand duke does not like to sit long at table; he is a very busy man."

Michalovsky left her shortly before the dinner hour.

"So the police told my cousin that, did they? I know better. The police do not tell such secrets. Alexis got it elsewhere. But where? He certainly could not have got it from any of the duke's household. The colonel would not use it for any other purpose than the pretended one. But the duke's life is in danger every moment from revolutionists, and if it is known that he is to dine with me tonight he may be assassinated either coming or going. I will send a messenger suggesting that he stay away."

She wrote a note stating that his expected visit was known and begged him not to come. But he replied in person.

"Ah, countess," he said gallantly, "do you suppose fear would cause me to forego the pleasure of dining with you?"

"Did nothing happen on the way?"

"Nothing."

"But I fear for your return."

"Banish it from your mind. I am here to enjoy a pleasant evening with you. Let us throw fear to the winds."

They dined together, and during the dinner the countess asked the duke for the appointment as she had promised.

"At whose request do you ask me for this favor?" he said after promising the commission.

"My cousin, Colonel Alexis Michalovsky."

"Colonel Michalovsky?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Only as colonel of a regiment."

At the moment a dish of exquisite cut glass was brought in on which was mellow fruit, surmounted by a large orange. The dish was set on the table between the two, and the countess was taking the orange from the top of the pyramid when the servant said to her:

"Colonel Michalovsky begs that he may speak to you a moment. It is about the appointment. He wishes to change his request."

But the countess did not hear. On taking up the orange she noticed a small spot where it had been plucked from the tree. She held the orange under her nose and noticed a peculiar odor. Then suddenly she saw a tiny flash such as might come from the fuse of a firecracker. There was beside her a finger bowl that had been placed on the table with the fruit. The countess quick as a flash immersed the orange in the water. White as a cloth, she told the duke to run for his life.

"Not while you sit still," he said.

When the bomb was cut open by the police it was found to be an orange skin filled with nitroglycerin. The fuse had burned within an eighth of an inch of the contents.

Colonel Michalovsky tried to escape, but was caught and sent to Siberia.

So He Is.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an explaner.

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.

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