

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

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Heaviness of heart is not overcome by change of outer skies. It is overcome only through change of spiritual climate.

A man lives as he thinks. He also thinks as he lives. Thought and life each in turn are cause and effect. Conduct influences thought and thought shapes conduct.

Illinois wants common-sense taught in the schools. A good subject, theoretically. Practically, however, where are persons competent for teaching it to be had? —Spokane Spokesman Review.

It all the candidates that are up for political offices were as well known to the public as their wives know them, what a blessing it would be to the masses, as it would insure a short ballot.—Polk County Observer.

The colors of the official flag of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are blue, gold and orange. At fly and hoist there is a blue triangle the apices of each centering in a gold oval in the middle of the flag, upon which a blue battleship is silhouetted. Above and below the central figure are fields of orange.

The Political Future in Oregon

The cause of so much unrest and trouble of the present day, in business as well as politics, is the omnipresence of impracticability. Each recurring election year ten thousand political prescriptions are offered by men and women of the highest character and with the purest motives, but with no good sense as to what is obtainable ultimately and will be workable in a complex cosmopolitan country such as the United States. One of the most time consuming of all proposed measures that generally comes before the voters of Oregon is that affecting the use and distribution of liquor. We have had the privilege in the past elections of voting upon county local option, state prohibition and the adoption of the Home Rule measure at the last election.

It was generally considered that with the adoption of the Home Rule measure that the time had come when this particular subject would be eliminated from state politics and be relegated to the point where each locality would legislate upon the question as the majority of each section would prefer.

The Observer four years ago supported the Home Rule measure, as being the best obtainable method of regulating the sale of liquor in Oregon. It always has held to that opinion and does yet today. We consider that if the state at large should by any possibility vote the state of Oregon dry, this year or any other year, it would only open the way for a few politicians, such as only a Tammany organization could create, to wax wealthy off the blackmail levied upon those who would engage in the business of supplying liquor to those who had the price to pay for the satisfying of their appetites.

The Observer is strongly of the opinion that no where is there a strictly legally dry community; even Sherman county cannot produce such a place; while some of the component parts of the county have been dry for years. If within a community that has been and is dry by legal agreement amongst themselves there is a disregard of law upon this subject how can such a law be enforced where the public opinion is utterly opposed to such a measure?

We hear a great deal about high taxes; a farmer friend of ours just before voting at the last election said he was opposed to any measure that would increase his taxes. But it will certainly eat tax money to try and enforce laws of this nature among people of a community that do not desire such laws and resent their enactment.

But there is another side to this question; a side that to the management of the Observer looms possibly the larger of any other one item that could be cited in a discussion of this subject; that is the education and training for disregard of law and the evasion of law seen every day by the growing generation when a community is forced to do certain things, by statute, to which they are opposed.

Under our American system of government it is supposed that the most popular man gets the office for which a contest is maintained; that being so, any effort to force upon the majority of voters of a section the enforcement of, to them, obnoxious laws an office holder would certainly loose a certain amount of popularity. That being the case such an officer would certainly try to please all factions and fail by pleasing none.

A farmer near Eugene was arrested last week for the crime of converting his prune crop into prune brandy. He is said to have been manufacturing prune brandy for several years, but the sheriff has never been able to secure evidence enough to convict.

A model of the Panama Canal, 500 feet in length, will be among the exhibits by the United States government at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Of the \$500,000 appropriated by congress for federal exhibits, \$60,000 has been turned over to the Isthmian Canal Commission for the construction of the model. The model complete in all working details, will allow the passage of toy boats. It will be built to scale.

He Needed Credit

By EDWARD L. BARKER

Jim Follansbee and I were in London waiting for a remittance that didn't come. What was the matter I didn't know, but I didn't get the money. Jim was strapped and depending on me to help him out. I had arranged for certain sums to be sent me periodically, and they had come all right except this last one.

Were you ever in a strange land without money or credit? Well, it's a mighty mean feeling. We hired a room, which we paid for in advance for a week, and this left us 12 shillings for meals for that period. I expected surely that my draft would come within seven days at most, and then I should have all I needed for both of us. But the mail steamers continued to come in one after another and no remittance. I put off the person who rented us the room, but I couldn't induce any one to trust me for a meal. Jim and I both got so lean and hungry that our own mouths wouldn't have known us.

One evening when we were pretty near starved I said to Jim, "Jim, I'm going to have a bang up good dinner." "I'd like to know where you're going to get it," said Jim. "And I'm going to take you in too." "That's very good of you. Only I don't want any Barmecide feasts just now. I'm hankering after the real thing."

"Shut up and listen." I developed my plan to him. I reserved for myself the leading role, and Jim didn't like playing a low down part, but he was hungry enough to steal a baby's bottle. So he consented. About 7 o'clock I went into a nice little restaurant on a side street where "bobbies" weren't very frequent and, hanging up my overcoat, sat down to a table and ordered pretty nearly everything on the bill. I ordered turtle soup, fried sole, a cut of South-down mutton—English mutton's Jim dandy, you know—and I just told the waiter to bring me all the entrees—there were six of 'em—and a quart bottle of ale. You see, I was so hollow that I needed all these dishes to fill me up.

That was a dinner I've never forgotten. Every time I get awfully hungry I eat it over again—in imagination. When I'd got through with the substantial I topped off with an English plum pudding, washed down with some real port—the real stuff that the nobility drinks—and ordered a cup of coffee.

Having satisfied a hunger that had been accumulating for a week, I strolled up to the cashier's desk, where the proprietor himself sat behind a cigar counter. I had picked out a shilling cigar and was cutting off the end preparatory to lighting it when I heard a voice close beside me say: "Mr. Marston, this is the luckiest meeting for me in the world."

I turned and there was Jim beaming on me as happy and as innocent looking as a six-year-old boy. "You have the advantage of me, sir." "You haven't the advantage of me. I know you for Edwin Marston, head of the firm of Marston, Plunkett & Co., bankers, Wall street, New York. I once kept an account at your house. My name's Follansbee—that was the only truth in the whole tale—and I repeat I'm lucky to meet you, for I've spent all my money and am waiting for a remittance. You must help me out."

"I don't remember you, sir," I replied, "but I'll not see a fellow countryman in a strange land in need of friends. How much do you want?" "Oh, £50 will do. But, I say, I haven't dined and I need a sovereign for a dinner right off."

"Go right over there to that table and order what you like." Jim sat down at a table, and I don't think he left anything on the menu, unorderd. If he did it wasn't anything more succulent than a herring. I stood by the landlord puffing my cigar.

"When he has had his dinner," I said, "just make one bill of it all." Then I went on to tell him that our firm did such a large business that I couldn't remember everybody who dealt with us or who knew me. I sometimes got swindled, I admitted, by people who said they knew me and whom I didn't know, but I'd rather get stuck for £100 now and then than refuse one of 'em.

The landlord had dabbled a little in "Americans" and asked me about several railway companies in which he had shares. I didn't happen to know about any of them, but I told him so much about each one that Jim had plenty of time to eat his dinner. I was leaning over the counter with my back to my friend, the landlord facing him. Suddenly the landlord cried out to me: "That fellow's going out!"

I was bound to finish what I was saying. There was Jim near the door. "He's stealing your overcoat!" cried the landlord as Jim snatched the coat. With an impression I ran to save my coat and down the street after the thief.

We met later in our room much refreshed. But we didn't have any more deprivation, for the next morning I received my remittance. I went around to the restaurant and paid for the two dinners. All I had wanted was a little credit. I am aware that to get it I practiced a trick worthy of a jailbird. But was there any harm so long as I was good for the amount?

AVARICE. Avarice is an incurable malady, an ever burning fire, a tyranny which extends far and wide, for he who in this life is the slave of money is loaded with heavy chains and destined to carry far heavier chains in the life to come.—St. John Chrysostom.

Without Bains, Willy-Pa, what's a hopeless case? Pa—Twelve empires.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Rather Novel Complaint. An English traveler once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woe-laden despair and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man! I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live. Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" (The water of this lake abounds in fish). "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

Winning the Victoria Cross. This is the story of the act of gallantry for which Lieutenant Roberts won the V. C. at Khodagunje. After a pursuit which had continued for nearly five miles a body of mutineers had been overtaken, who faced about and fired into the squadron at close quarters. Roberts saw Youngusband fall, but could not go to his assistance, as at that moment one of his sows was in dire peril from a sepoy who was attacking him with a fixed bayonet, and had he not helped the man and disposed of his opponent he must have been killed. Roberts then disarmed a sepoy making off with a standard and rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom he cut down, was nearly killed by another man who put his musket close to his body, but the weapon fortunately missed fire, and he carried off the standard.—Cornhill Magazine.

Water From the Yangtze. There is a saying in China that to make a perfect cup of tea you must take leaves from Mingshan and water from the Yangtze. No one supposed the actual turbid river water to be meant, but no one could explain the proverb until De Rothorn, who wrote an interesting treatise on Chinese tea, solved the problem or thought he did.

De Rothorn was once crossing the Yangtze near its mouth, at Chenkiang, when he saw some men in a boat dipping water into buckets. He inquired why they did that and was told that at the bottom of the bay there was a spring, remembered since the time when the present river bed was dry land, and that this spring water was highly esteemed in cooking. Here, then, he concluded, he had found that special water of the Yangtze which, with Mingshan leaves, made the best cup of tea in the world.

Some Ball Game. The several members of the family had been telling what they would do if they owned the world. Mother would abolish poverty. Father would provide absolute justice for all. Sister Sarah would give every woman the vote. Finally the views of ten-year-old Johnny were sought.

"What 'ud I do if I owned the world?" said he, looking up from a geography he had been studying. "Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. First I'd get old Atlas to sign up two baseball teams among his brothers and cousins; then I'd lay out a diamond on the desert of Sahara, put the Rocky mountains around it for a fence, give the players the moon for a ball and the north pole for a bat, and, say, maybe I wouldn't sit on top of Pike's peak and see some ball game"—Judge.

Knew He Was Honest. A man who kept a small shop was waiting on a single customer early one morning. His little boy and he were alone at the time, and the shopkeeper was obliged to go upstairs for some change. Before doing so he whispered to the little chap to watch the customer to see that he didn't steal anything.

Very soon the proprietor returned with the necessary change, and the boy sang out, "He didn't steal anything, pa; I watched him!"

Rats. In America it is estimated that the number of rats is nearly equal to the population, but they are not nearly as dangerous or destructive as the rats found in many of the foreign countries and are more easily exterminated. It is estimated by Professor Elliott that there are 40,000,000 rats in the British Isles. India's population is outnumbered by rats to the extent of four rats to each human being.

Consulting His Comfort. "You encourage your boy to use slang?" "Well, I don't exactly encourage him. But I must admit that he causes me less personal annoyance than my daughter, who is constantly criticizing my grammar."—Washington Star.

Well Named. "In some parts of Brazil there are birds with bills a yard long," said the tall man. "What do they call them?" asked the short man. "Tumbler birds," replied the tall man. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

The man who saves when he has little is called stingy. He that saves when he has much is said to be judicious.

Seems That Way. "There are some bottles of water they call bigas, are there not?" "Yes." "Then I should think the bigas were the most appropriate places for the barks."—Baltimore American.

Enforced Applause. "My husband doesn't care for grand opera." "But I notice that he applauds vigorously." "He does that to keep awake."—Washington Herald.

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