



### A SINGLE TAX DILEMMA

By ELNA PAULSEN

I came into a bigish town—  
'Twas big in point of size,  
I met a melancholy clown  
With misery in his eyes.

"Good sir," quoth I, and glanced  
about,  
"What ails the town and you,  
Is everyone vacationing,  
And have they naught to do?"

He fixed his mournful eyes on me,  
And sadly shook his head  
I glanced at all who wandered past  
And in their faces read

Despair—"Twas plainly written there  
That all who ran might read,  
"Good sir," cried I, "Pray answer me  
To my demands give heed.

"The town is big, but empty quite  
And when I last was here  
The streets were swarming day and  
night—  
The native shed a tear.

"Why, stranger, have you never  
heard  
What happened here of late?  
Upon the last election day  
We held within this state?"

"No! you shall hear the story now,"  
He cried with loosened tongue;  
From one who witnessed all the row  
And saw how it begun.

"You see, the Single Taxer men  
Accomplished their design  
And I have lost unto the state  
The farm that once was mine.

"And when I've earned a little coin  
I'll hie me to a train  
And leave this town far, far behind,  
And ne'er come back again."

This tale they told me far and wide,  
The reason now I knew  
For hopelessness on every side,  
As towns more empty grew.

"The outcome of the Single Tax,  
Or tax on land alone,  
Which puts all on land-owners' backs"  
They answered with a moan.

"Twas sad to see the once strong  
heart,  
Into hopelessness relax,  
And to know that all the wrong thus  
done,  
Was caused by single tax.



### THE NEW REVALATION

By DEAN COLLINS

U'Ren, the Moses of the modern day,  
Hath lifted to High Fels, his mystic  
eye,  
And heralds forth the latest message  
gleamed  
From solemn Oregon City's Sinal;  
Letting us wandering, baffled tribes-  
men know  
That which should fill us with  
sublime elation—  
That U'Ren, who hath led us on so  
long,  
Hath doped us out a new tax  
revelation.

Far had we wandered, 'neath th'  
Egyptian code  
Of private ownership of land, which  
founded  
The base of all our state's prosperity  
And led to growth, with certainty  
surrounded,  
Fondly we dreamed of greater, stab-  
ler growth;  
But a new vision to the Seer ap-  
pearing,  
Leads him to warn us that the  
promised land  
Lies farther on, in Single Taxer's  
clearing.

'Neath the old code, by U'Ren sup-  
plemented,  
We wandered on, well guided in the  
light time  
By bright cloud castles, and also  
conducted  
By pillars of hot air within the  
night time.  
Now he would cast those tables down  
and bust them,  
Whereon is graved our present tax-  
ing system,  
And carve anew his Fels-inspired  
commandment—  
The latest revelation of his wisdom.

Oh, "Moses," we have followed you  
some seasons,  
And were beginning to learn how  
to take them—  
The laws by which you strove to  
lead from Egypt,  
But now, aick, you're planning to  
remake them.  
Some of the dope you carried to  
adoption  
Might, after all, be quite the part  
of wisdom,  
But the thin soup of Single Tax doth  
drive me  
To hug the fleshpots of our pres-  
ent system.

### FIRE DANGER AT SEA.

How Flames Can Sweep the Inside of Even a Metal Ship.

The danger from fire on a transatlantic liner is more serious than is generally believed. It is much greater than the danger from collision and is becoming more and more dangerous with the increased outlay upon luxury and display. The main structure of the ship and most of its essential parts are of metal, but many of the fittings, nearly every feature of ornament and every trapping of luxury, are highly inflammable.

No one who has not been aboard the Spanish wrecks at Santiago can conceive how fire can sweep the inside of even a metal ship. Admiral Cervera described to me the experience on board the Teresa in these words: "The second shot that came on board set us on fire. The fire main was damaged. Soon we were unable to cope with the fire. It swept through her from bow to stern. There was not a space as big as the palm of your hand where life could have been sustained. An insect could not have lived on board. We had to get overboard or be burned."

It is true the Spaniards had not cut out their woodwork and thrown overboard all unnecessary inflammables, as we had in the American fleet, but the inflammability of one of their warships was much less than that of a luxurious ocean liner.—Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson in Engineering Magazine.

### PINEAPPLE PLANTS.

They Do Not Die After Fruiting, but Reproduce Themselves.

Pineapples do not grow on trees. Imagine a plant four feet in extreme height from the ground to the tip of leaves, a single stalk at the surface, but dividing at once into swordlike blades of leaves, fifteen in number, from the center of which appears a stiff, upright stem, at the top of which is the fruit. This stem is short, and the crown of the fruit when fully grown is a foot or more below the points of the leaves.

At the end of a year and a half from planting each plant produces a single fruit, even as a cabbage plant produces a single head. But the pineapple does not die after fruiting once. Down on the stem below the fruit and among the long, narrow leaves a sucker appears. If allowed to remain this will soon become the head of the plant, and within another year it will yield another fruit. This process may go on for a term of years. In the meantime, however, other suckers will make their appearance.

These are broken off, and when stuck into the ground they put out roots and become other plants. Thus a single pineapple plant may produce a dozen or more others while it is yielding fruit from year to year.

### The Intruder.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during a flood lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darky rammed his head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the boat: "Whar's you gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nothin'? Fust thing you knows you gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chil'en out in de flood an' drown 'em. What you doin' out here in de country wid your boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'nfields an' get back into de ribber whar you b'longs. Ain't got no business sev'n miles out in de country foolin' rou'n' people's houses nohow!" And the boat backed out.—Life.

### The Largest Described Snake.

Speke in his narrative of the journey to the source of the Nile describes the largest snake that has ever been seen by man. "I shuddered," he says, "as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay grass, bushes and saplings—in fact, everything except full grown trees—were cut clean off, as if they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The monster when measured was fifty-one feet two and one-half inches in extreme length, while around the thickest portions of its body the girth was nearly three feet."

### Looking Ahead.

It was the first night of a new play. "I say," remarked the author to the manager, "that scene shifter over there is a most peculiar looking fellow."  
"Yes; he's an Eskimo," said the manager.  
"An Eskimo! What on earth made you take him on?"  
"Oh, I thought it would be a comfort to see one happy face if the play turns out to be a frost!"

### Cases In Point.

Rivers—Brooks, that's the second time I've heard you use the phrase "aching void." I wish you would tell me how a void can ache.  
Brooks—Well, not to speak of a hollow tooth, don't you sometimes have a headache?—London Telegraph.

### In the Mountains.

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.—John Muir.

### Punishment For Whom?

Boss Barber—What? You have cut the gentleman four times? Well, just for punishment you must share him all over again right away!—Fliegende Blätter.

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**BANK OF ENGLAND**  
Tragic and Romantic Episodes in  
Its Historic Career.  
**DEADLY BATTLE WITH A MOB.**

The Bloody Climax to the Attempted Raid by the Lord Gordon Rioters—A Financial Coup That Was Spoiled by the Duchess of Marlborough.

No other banking institution has so romantic a history as that pertaining to the Bank of England, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

One of the bloody episodes in the history of the bank is that embraced by the story of Charles Walter Godfrey, one of its early partners in the bank. It appears that Godfrey while crossing the channel in the midst of a terrible storm and laden with £60,000 in drafts for the aid of King William, who was just then besieging Namur against the forces of Louis XIV., insisted upon his right to deliver the warrant for the money into the hands of the king, then in the trenches under hot fire. As he handed the document to the king, saying, in response to William's growl of remonstrance, "Am I, then, more exposed to danger than your majesty?" a cannon ball swept away his head.

Not so very many years ago there stood over the massive fireplace in the directors' room of the bank three rusty specimens of the old "Brown Bess," together with a number of roughly shaped bullets. In these relics was embodied a picture of the November night in 1780 when the mob of Gordon rioters marched down from Newgate, setting fire to every Catholic chapel on the way and advancing with a force of 5,000 upon the bank itself.

The clerks, armed with muskets, were unprovided with shot. Before them lay rows of leaden inkstands, suggesting the possibilities of a new use. In less than half an hour the inkstands had been melted and turned into bullets. The muskets were loaded. At every window of the bank stood two marksmen, their guns trained on the mob below. Yet the rioters came on until they were within ten yards of the bank gates. Then sharp and clear above the frightful din rose the order to fire, and from the windows poured a deadly volley. When the smoke finally cleared away 250 lay dead or dying in the open space now covered by the esplanade of the Royal Exchange. The attacking army wavered, stopped, broke line and fled, and the Gordon riots were at an end.

During the first part of the reign of George II. it was the practice of all banks to give a receipt in payment of a deposit, the receipts being passed from hand to hand and serving the same purpose as the check of today.

At that time Childs' bank, a private concern, which had the backing of a great part of the English nobility, exhibited such signs of future greatness that the Bank of England became greatly alarmed, especially in view of the fact that the "Old Lady's" notes were at a discount of 10 per cent. So little by little, through their agents, the managers of the Bank of England bought up every receipt bearing the Childs' signature, allowing the collections to accumulate each year until the time should be ripe, during a shortage of gold, to present the receipts in one great mass for payment. It was deemed a certainty that Childs' would not be able to meet the demand and would thus be ruined.

The principal figure in the drama that ensued was no other than the famous Sarah Jennings, in whom Childs' bank found its staunchest supporter. One night there came a wild clanging at the bell of the great gate of the town of Blenheim—a clanging that soon awakened every one in the town. A white faced, travel stained man staggered into the ducal hall, begging an audience with her grace. When the duchess, in her dressing gown, appeared, demanding to know the reason for this unseemly visitation, the man explained that the Bank of England held the Childs' receipts in the amount of £620,000, that those receipts would be presented for payment at noon following, that there was not at Childs' enough gold to meet them, that unless the demand could be satisfied within eight hours Childs' was ruined and that there was but one person in the world—her grace—to whom they might turn.

Whereupon the redoubtable duchess sat down and wrote out a check, which she handed to the agent. It was an order on the Bank of England for the payment of £700,000. He was instructed to take this check to the Bank of England and to say that if it hesitated for a single instant in paying it the duchess would proclaim it as a defaulter.

At 12 o'clock that day there appeared at the Childs' counter an agent of the Bank of England bearing a big bagful of receipts and blandly suggesting immediate payment. At the same moment the Childs' agent was in Threadneedle street receiving cash on the check of the duchess.

The cashiers at Childs' naturally took their own time in scrutinizing the receipts, spending fully half an hour over the first batch alone. They were at the end of the first hundred when their messenger arrived. Then they quickened the procedure a little, and within ten minutes the Bank of England had been paid in its own coin. The net result was that Childs' was many thousands of pounds richer.—Harper's.

We never see the target a man aims at in life. We see only the target hits.—Jordan.