

SUBMARINE CRAFT

They Surpass All Warships in Concentrated Deadly Power.

A DIVE UNDER THE SURFACE.

The Terrifying Sensation and the Agony of Roaring Noises That Seize the Nerve as the Vessel Goes Down Into the Depths of the Sea.

In waters where the United States maintains a naval station you may happen to see a tall staff cutting through the water as though borne by some unseen hand beneath the surface. On the top of the staff is a slight bent hood pointed in the direction of motion. This is the eye of a submarine.

From the lens in the front of the hood a picture of the whole seascape is carried down by a succession of mirrors in the hollow staff until it is thrown on a prismatic lens at the bottom. Here the navigator of the submarine watches a moving picture of what is going on above the surface of the water and guides his boat accordingly.

We said boat advisedly, because it is really a vessel for the transportation of human beings at sea. It is, moreover, more than a floating craft, swimming on the surface like a swan. It is also a diver, darting down into the depths like a fish.

Let yourself be shut up in it and dive with it and it seems more like a tightly corked bottle. Your first sensation as the boat starts downward is that you have foolishly allowed yourself to be shut up in a death trap from which there is no escape. Your heart sinks faster than the boat.

And then something happens to make you forget everything but that this craft is a hellish contrivance for destroying your hearing. As the submarine dips under the surface and all outlet for sound is cut off by the sealing waters the rush of the sea around the steel walls becomes the rattle of spring hail on a tin roof. You remember that old and painful swimming hole experiment when you held your head under water and let a playmate strike two stones together. But here the assault on your eardrums is as though a million stones were striking together. A pebble falling through the waters on the steel hull sets the inside clanging like a Chinese temple full of jangling gongs. You must shout to be heard.

Through the roar from the vibrations of the steel shell come the insistent crackling hum of electric motors, the rattling fire of gasoline engines, the whirl of machinery and the barking cough of exhausts. Your craft seems to be nothing but an elliptical mass of concentrated noise sinking through the sea. You fear that it will blow up from its own vibrations.

When you have in a measure controlled your protesting ears you look around and see a wonderful array of engines, machinery, dandy torpedoes jashed together in pairs and the steel tubes from which they are projected with compressed air all stowed away in the least possible space.

The double walls surrounding you are themselves huge ballast tanks, which can be filled with water through valves opening into the sea outside or can be emptied by the force of compressed air from within. As these tanks are filled the hull of the submarine sinks until only the periscope, the elevated eye of the vessel, shows above the water. When the water is forced out of them the boat becomes light and rises to the surface until its conning tower, superstructure and the upper part of the hull are exposed. Then the craft is navigated like any other boat.

When the vessel is submerged the navigator at the lower end of the periscope has a far more intricate task than the steering of an ordinary boat. The periscope, of course, brings him a limited view of the sea about. Then he must steer in two planes instead of one. His craft turns not only to the right or left, but also up or down.

To enable the vessel to stay under the water a longer time than usual the submarine carries a reserve supply of air. This emergency supply is compressed in a steel tank under the enormous pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Should the tank burst the explosion would wreck the boat. Perhaps a better idea of the tremendous concentration implied by this pressure may be gained from the statement that if this storage cylinder were punctured with a hole no bigger than a needle and if the tiny jet of escaping air were to strike a man it would pierce him through and through like a bullet and even drive a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

For ordinary purposes the air supply used under water is carried in ordinary cylinders at much smaller pressures. Unusual precautions have to be taken to prevent the contamination of the air supply by gases from the storage batteries and from the gasoline motors.

Concentration epitomizes the submarine. Its energies and utilities are packed in like the parts of a puzzle, and in the concentration of deadly power it surpasses any other weapon of man.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Passion is out of place in any discussion and more than ever in a right cause, for it befores and bemuddles it.—Gogol.

EATING IN BERLIN.

A Humorist's View of the Native's Wonderful Appetites.

The average Berliner eats a double chin running all the way around and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry, and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through into his dining room.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals, four in number and all large ones, and in between times he now and then gathers a bite. For instance, about 10 o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard boiled coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he browses a bit, just to keep up his appetite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say a school of Bismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake and one thing and another—merely a preliminary to the real food, which will be coming along a little later on.

Between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at 11 o'clock, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer and nibbling on such small tidbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphalia ham.

There are forty-seven distinct and separate varieties of German sausage, and three of them are edible, but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly overrated. It is pronounced Westfailure, with the accent on the last part, where it belongs.

In Germany, however, there is a pheasant agreeably smothered in young cabbage, which is delicious and in season plentiful. The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the grasping and avaricious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, 40 cents for a whole pheasant and half a peck of cabbage—say enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

HE WANTED A JOB.

The Red Bearded Sailor Who Insisted That He Could Sing.

One day many years ago, when Billy Emerson was in his heyday and all San Francisco was at his feet, he was accosted by a sailor with a long red beard. The sailor said that he could sing and wanted a job.

"I have no opening," said Emerson. The tar, however, was obdurate and several times during the day importuned Emerson to give him a chance. To get away from his tormentor Emerson was compelled to go to his hotel.

Near the theater was a saloon where the minstrel boys were wont to congregate after a show. It was of the usual kind, with a room in the rear, with a piano and a piano player. Into this room, when the performance was over, went the sailor and asked the man at the piano if he would change places with him and allow him (the sailor) to play in his place. The musician acquiesced.

The performers trooped to the front of the saloon, and soon there came from the rear room the strains of "Sally in Our Alley," sung as only one man in the world could sing it.

"Boys," said Emerson, "that's Tom Dixon."

A rush was made for the rear, where it transpired that the "sailor" was none other than the great minstrel tenor. He had gone to Australia with a company. It disbanded, and he worked his way home as an ordinary seaman, during which time he grew the long red whiskers.

Did he get the job with Emerson? You didn't know Billy or you would never have asked that.—Edward Le Roy Rice in Chicago Journal.

Not American at All.

A certain type of story—that having the sudden conclusion, such as "Willie Jones fired a cannon yesterday; the funeral will be tomorrow"—has been claimed as purely American in its origin. But, as a matter of fact, this kind of story is older than America itself. If you will turn to II Chronicles, xvi, 12, 13, you will find these words:

"And Asa in the thirty-ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wants to Get Even.

Some day, when our bank account gets even lower than it is now, we are going to try to arrange to take a year's leave of absence and spend it with our wife's relatives, staying about half as long with each of them as each of them usually stays with us.—Ohio State Journal.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote. Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Once Was Enough.

Mrs. Church—Did you ever get your husband to try to wash the dishes?

Mrs. Gotham—Only once.

"Why only once?"

"Because the next day we had no dishes."—Yonkers Statesman.

CANCER A PUZZLE

In Many of Its Phases It Baffles Medical Science.

ITS CAUSES ARE NOT KNOWN.

Neither Is It Revealed Whether the Disease Is Hereditary or Not—In Its First Stage It Is Curable—How the Malignant Growths Spread.

"The word 'cancer,' says World's Work, "though it figures largely in popular speech, is used with less and less frequency in medical literature. There is probably no word comprehensive enough to include all the kinds of abnormal growths to which the human frame is subject. Cancer is merely one shape in which this tendency to malformation manifests itself.

"The human body in its ideal condition is a symmetrical product. It consists of a multitude of parts, each developing not only with reference to itself, but in perfect harmony with the rest of the organism. A subtle influence, known as the power of organization, regulates this highly important matter. An arm, a leg, a nose, a chin—any organ or member which one cares to name—does not develop independently, but preserves important relations with the rest of the body. Our four fingers and thumbs have constantly in mind the rights of one another. When one reaches a certain size it does not keep on growing, but stops. If it still went on a single finger would reach a length of several feet in a lifetime.

"Any observant person, however, is aware that this law is constantly violated. On almost any part of the body little independent growths start into existence. These are composed of minute groups of rebellious cells, small colonies which for some reason ignore this law of development and start on an independent existence of their own. They serve no physiological purpose. When harmless, as they frequently are, they are merely inconvenient blemishes. When dangerous they end by destroying life.

"Mild manifestations of this lawless tendency are the queer formations commonly known as warts and moles. There are other more noteworthy protrusions, such as 'wens,' that grow inexorably, frequently upon the scalp, reach a certain size, and then stop. This latter growth belongs to the general class of tumors known as benign. They are benign simply because after developing singly to a certain point their growth is mysteriously arrested. Between benign tumors and the most malignant cancers there is only this difference: That the latter have the power of unlimited growth.

"The true cancer, once started on its riotous career, keeps on and digs deep into healthy surrounding tissue and destroys it, until finally, for a variety of reasons, it kills the patient. In some cases a benign growth which has remained quiescent for years suddenly develops a new vitality and becomes malignant. There are those who maintain, though the occurrence is certainly rare, that a harmless wart may sometimes develop into a genuine cancer. The point to be brought in mind is that all these abnormal growths are related; that the only thing that makes one malignant and another not is this tendency to keep growing.

"A genuine cancer in its final stages has another development. It no longer confines its activity to the original seat, but starts new cancers in other parts of the body. Certain groups of cancer cells break away from the primary headquarters, escape into the blood stream and start new growths elsewhere. This is the phenomenon known as 'generalized cancer.'

Millions of dollars have been devoted to the study of cancer and its cure, and every known scientist is wide awake to the study of the disease and to grasp hold of anything that may indicate a possibility of its alleviation. The points upon which the authorities on cancer in this country agree, says the New York World, are as follows:

First.—Cancer in its first stage is local and is curable.

Second.—The causes of cancer are not known.

Third.—It is not known whether or not cancer is hereditary.

Fourth.—There is absolutely no cure for cancer except to cut it out.

Fifth.—Go to a physician at the first sign of trouble. Preferably, be examined by a physician at frequent intervals anyhow.

Sixth.—The idea that cancer in plants may give rise to cancer in man is fantastic. Tumors are not contagious.

Seventh.—Radium does not permanently cure internal cancer. It may check the growth for awhile, but sooner or later it comes back. Popular belief in radium is based on the fact that only the occasional cures are heard from—not the failures. The failures outnumber the cures 100 to 1.

A Good Sign.

In digging out an apothecary's shop in Pompeii the workmen brought to light a notice that confronted visitors to the place 2,000 years ago: "Otiosis non est locus; discede, morator." It is a good sign for the modern office or place of business. Callers who know Latin will read it for themselves. Those who do not will ask what it means. Then comes your opportunity: "This is no place for idlers. Loafers, get out!"—Youth's Companion.

One day is worth two tomorrows. Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.—B. Franklin.

A Fair Athlete.
She could swing a six pound dumbbell. She could fence, and she could box. She could row upon the river. She could clamber 'mong the rocks. She could do some heavy bowling. And play tennis all day long. But she couldn't help her mother. 'Cause she wasn't very strong.
—Puck.

Accounted For.

"How is it that Jinks, even if he is in love, can listen so rapturously by the hour to that girl's strumming on the piano?"
"Jinks is as deaf as a post."—Baltimore American.

THE CLASSIFIED "AD."

In learning to utilize Classified Advertising, you take a "six-league" stride toward success! There are still some people living in Dallas and Polk county who have not learned to use The Observer's classified advertising columns. They know that there are "such things as 'want ads,'" and probably assume that some people must find them useful. But, for some reason or other, they have not put these "ads" to the test of usefulness to themselves.

These same people have "caught up" with events in many other directions. They utilize the telephone, the telegraph, gas, electric light, the street cars. They adopt modern conveniences for house-keeping. They utilize time and labor-saving appliances in business.

But, having a task for a classified advertisement to do, they try to find some other way to accomplish it. If it is a renting task, they depend upon a placard. If it is a property selling task, they put up a "For Sale sign." If it is a position-finding task, they rely upon personal friends to help them. If they have furnished rooms to rent, they place an advertisement in the window or over the door bell.

When these people make their first successful use of want advertising, they acquire a new optimism.irksome tasks become mere business matters. New possibilities without number open to them. They learn to utilize the "Six-League Boots" of publicity when occasion requires—and every little daily problem becomes manageable. The Observer is published Tuesdays and Fridays, and gives results. It has been proven.

SCHOOLBOY WANTED

For steady, summer, part-time, easy work. Must be bright, neatly dressed, and under fourteen years of age. Give references and mention day and hour when parent will come with boy for interview. Good pay. Splendid training. Write to Box 69 Observer.

Hills Bros.



TEA and COFFEE

FOR SALE AT

Loughary Grocery
DALLAS, OREGON

"INDIAN" MOTORCYCLES, BICYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

BASEBALL AND ATHLETIC SUPPLIES.

When thinking of a motorcycle, bicycle or repairs, call in and let us show you our line.

L. B. HIXSON, Jr., DALLAS, ORE.
315 North Main Street. Phone 1072

A Barbed Wire Cut, Collar or Saddle Gail not properly healed leaves a disfiguring scar.

Ballard's SNOW LINIMENT

Is the Right Remedy for All Abrasions of the Flesh.

If the wound is cleansed and the liniment applied promptly, the healing process begins at once and the wound heals from the inside outwardly, thus performing a perfect cure that leaves no scar. If the wound heals on the outside too quickly, pus forms under the surface and breaks out into a running sore that is hard to cure and inevitably leaves a bad scar.

Owners of blooded stock prefer this liniment to all others for that reason, and they use it not only on fine animals, but on human flesh, as it does its work quickly and thoroughly.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. James F. Ballard, Prop. St. Louis, Mo.

Stephens Eye Salve is a healing ointment for sore eyes.

Sole and Recommended by SOLD BY CONRAD STAFIN.

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A MAMMOTH AMUSEMENT ENTERPRISE



UNDER A PALACE PAVILION THEATER. GRAND SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION

MORE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. MORE HORSES, DOGS AND PONIES, AND THE LARGEST FREE STREET PARADE OF ANY SIMILAR EXHIBITION IN THE WORLD.

SHOW GROUNDS AT THE CORNER OF LYLE AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

