The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY .... Sept. 13, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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Our Summer Outing.

[Original.]

I dread the coming round of the vacation season. All the world takes its vacation in July and August, and to secure rooms one must set about it when the beautiful snow is waltzing. Then you must fix your thoughts on forest or field, mountain or ocean, when you would prefer to stay at home and snuggle up to the fire. If you don't act then, when the thermometer stands at 97 degrees in the shade you must stay at home and roast.

Molly loves the mountains, I the ocean. The consequence was that this year when we sat down together to fix on a summer resort we disagreed. I am sorry to admit that we quarreled. The end of it all was that Molly said that since I was so unreasonable I could go where I liked; she was going to the mountains. And so she did. I went to the seashore.

I reached my place of rest when a cold northeaster was blowing. The guests in the house where I stopped were huddled together in the sitting room, grumbling at the proprietor for not giving them a fire. I strolled out on to the beach and stood looking on the dreary waste of flying clouds and rolling waters. The only happy thing in sight was a sea gull sailing between both. I went back to the hotel, sat down in my overcoat and smoked—smoked all day, smoked till my nerves were in the condition of the tumbling waters. That night I didn't sleep for two reasons—immoderate smoking and the cold. I slept under a sheet and a light blanket. I couldn't get any more. There was another reason for my insomnia—I was lonesome without Molly, but I would never have admitted it to her. Besides, I pined for the dry mountain air.

The second day was like the first, at least till noon, when I boarded a train and started to join Molly in the mountains. I spent the afternoon trying to think of a reason, not a truthful one, to give her for doing so. I reached her habitation at 10 o'clock at night, alas, to learn that she had gone away from it that morning.

"You see," said the landlord, "we've been having beastly weather here, and your wife got to thinking of the bright sun shining on the sands and the waves, and she said she couldn't stand it here. She must go to you."

Well, there was nothing to do but go to bed and take the train back the next day. But in the morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, gilding the peaks and leaving the valleys in contrasting shadows. The air was crisp and bracing. After all, Molly was right. My obstinacy was melted by the sunshine. I sent her the following telegram:

Am here. You were right. Come back.

About 11 o'clock I received one:

Am here. Will wait for you to come back.

"I wonder," I remarked sotto voce, "if that infernal sun has taken it into his changeable hot head to come out at the seashore as well as here."

What was I to do? What would Molly do? My experience with my dear wife gave me to understand that her reasoning would be something like this: "My husband is a man, and men are all obstinate. I'm not going to give in to him. I'm here, and here I'll stay. If he had been sensible at the outset, this wouldn't have happened." The reader may not understand this last statement, but I do, because I'm used to woman's logic—that is, Molly's logic.

Thus thinking, I took the next train for the seashore, first telegraphing, of course, that I would do so. I struck a change in the weather during the afternoon. The sun went back under the clouds, and by the time I reached the ocean I was greeted by the most dismal sound in the world, a fog horn. At the hotel I found my telegram to Molly (unopened), but not Molly. She had gone to join me in the mountains.

"You see," said the landlord, "the sun rose clear this morning, and the air was very soft. Your wife decided to stay here and telegraphed you. But by 10 o'clock the fog came in, and she went right away."

"It was the fog," I remarked. "Nothing else would have done it."

Well, I was mad. I was mad from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I was mad mentally, physically and in my very soul.

"What's the next train for the city?" I growled.

"In an hour."

"Send that trunk back to the station right off—right off," I said; "not a moment's delay."

That night at 10 o'clock I was sitting in my comfortable den at home, with a cold supper and a bottle of ale before me, a cigar ready in a box on the table, when I heard a carriage stop at the front door, then a latchkey turning. I stood on the landing looking downstairs. It was Molly.

"You here!" she said. I could tell from her tone that she was very angry.

"Yes. You too?"

"Of all the stupid, obstinate, incorrigable men I ever knew you are the worst!"

"Are you hungry, dear?"

"Starving!"

"I picked up some cold tongue and other things on my way home. Come up."

She came up (not smiling; oh, no, she didn't smile!), but when she had finished half a tongue and drunk some ale she felt better and remarked:

"This is the last summer I'm going to make myself uncomfortable by going away. How nice the house does look!"

"Just so," I remarked, lighting a cigar. "You see, my dear, it wasn't that I was so obstinate, but that the weather was so changeable."

F. A. MITCHEL.

...A... Labor Day Realism.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

PENNINGTON lit a cigarette, took one pull, hesitated, and then threw it away. He had forgotten the doctor's quietly spoken but incisive words, and now remembered them with a sudden return of his old dread of what might come.

And yet, what odds? The world was an unsatisfactory place at best, and if it was to be hedged in by high walls what pleasure would the little cells be?

He was no worse off than others, and his mind went over the little group of his own particular college friends, talented men, every one of them, with incomes above all possible whims. Baker, the class orator and best social man, was at a Keeley; Tomson and Burke had run out, not financially, but physically, and were spending half their time under doctors' care; Paton's heart was weak, brought on by smoking, and he had given up cigarettes two years before; Jones and McFales and Turner were the only ones who carried their heads and shoulders just as straight and high as when at college, and they were the three he saw the least of. Jones had gone in for agriculture, and, in spite of all his money, was a hard-working, practical outdoor farmer, with bronzed face and hearty voice and broad shoulders. McFales and Turner spent much of their time yachting, and when not off on the water were pretty sure to be riding after hounds or playing golf. And they, too, were strong and bronzed by the outdoor life.

Pennington shrugged his shoulders impatiently and a little dismally. He did not care for athletics, he had no taste for farming, and yet there had been a time when he dreamed dreams. But accomplishments went with trades and professions and things like that, and with so much money he could not drop into them.

Unconsciously he lit another cigarette, and it was only at its contact with his lips that he remembered and threw it away.

The sidewalk was now thickening so with humanity that he could scarcely crowd himself forward. Another ten feet, and the thickening began to solidify and become stationary. Pennington soon found himself wedged against a letter box near the curb.

A band of music was approaching, and his gaze went to it with the

"HOW HAPPY AND STRONG THEY ARE!" SAID A VOICE.

crowd's. It was the only thing he could do.

Behind the music came a great block of marching men, and behind them another, and still another. Then Pennington understood. It was Labor day, and this was the trades parade.

Under other circumstances Pennington's gaze would have swept away indifferently, but here it was the sidewalk or the street, and of the two the street was the less tedious. It was at least a moving bore.

The first impression that came clearly to his understanding was the strong, stalwart units of the blocks; the next, their contented and even happy looks. Then he started slightly, for among the faces he saw one that he remembered at college, a man who had gone in for literature and the higher things, a gentleman of fine and cultivated taste. And here he was marching in the trades, his figure strong, his eyes clear, his face happy.

Pennington grew perplexed, troubled. What did it mean? There were no faces like that among his friends, and his friends were of the favored few of earth. Even Jones and McFales and Turner were not the same. They were contented and healthy, but with a difference. In this face he had seen a suggestion of the dreams he had himself dreamed, a joy of life that was above materialism.

"How happy and strong they are!" said a voice at his side, and Pennington looked down, a quick glow coming to his face and fading yet more quickly. It was the girl who had tinged his dreams, who had since grown distant and sometimes scornful. There was a note of wistfulness, of vague entreaty and almost wonder in the voice, which he felt, but could not understand. His face grew yet more troubled.

"Yes, they seem strong and happy, Esther," he answered, "in spite of being in trades."

"Because of being in the trades," she corrected swiftly, a vibrant ring in her voice that brought his eyes again to her face. But she was looking out at the marching blocks, her gaze steady, but with a tremulousness of the delicate lips that somehow reminded him of the odd note in her voice.

She did not look toward him once, and when the procession had passed and the sidewalk relaxed its tension she slipped into the crowd and was lost. Pennington remained by the letter box until the sidewalk was clear and the street almost deserted; then he turned and walked in the opposite direction from what he had intended, his head bent thoughtfully.

The next day there was a rumor of Pennington's going abroad; his housekeeper had received a note to close the house, the agent to look after the affairs until further instruction.

Down on one of the back streets—a street unknown to Pennington's old life—were many dingy offices, meager in appointments, but representing a vast accretion of labor. At one of them a line of men were seeking employment, passing in front of a keen eyed foreman, who accepted or rejected them almost with a glance, but the rejections were few. Men were wanted for new blocks of buildings going up, men of skill, of strength, of merely carrying capacity, anything that could add to the labor force and hasten the work.

So when a white handed man of confessed incapacity stopped in front of the foreman's desk he was looked at askance, but finally accepted and set to carrying brick from the sidewalk to the men who were laying the foundation. It was muscle making or muscle breaking work, and for the first few days—or weeks even—it seemed wholly of the breaking.

But there was an under element of doggedness in Pennington's nature which had never come to the surface, and, though his limbs trembled with weariness long before the days were half over and at noon he sank into a crouching heap upon the nearest board

SET TO CARRYING BRICK FROM THE SIDEWALK.

rather than cross the street to a restaurant, he struggled on in some way until the hour of dismissal came. The second day the boss told him gruffly that he could not afford to pay him more than half wages, and the third day that he should pay him nothing at all, for he was worth nothing.

That was tantamount to a discharge, and so the boss meant it, but it was not one of actual words. Pennington disregarded it.

The boss looked toward him doubtfully from time to time, but in the end concluded to let him remain. Such determination promised good work if the man survived the breaking in. Besides, he must be in dire need. The boss could understand why such a workman might seek employment in vain. When pay night came he was given an envelope like the others, and the boss thought he knew why the now blistered and bleeding fingers turned the envelope over and over and finally slipped it into a pocket where a hand was allowed to remain as though to feel its contact. But he did not. It was merely the first money that the new man had ever earned.

Pennington had a little room over the secondhand Jew store where he purchased his coarse suit of working clothes, but he had not brought money to pay the room rent. He possessed a cheap silver watch, however, and this he left with the Jew as security. With his first pay envelope he redeemed the watch.

In his room were a cot, a chair and a rusty little stove propped up with wooden blocks. But it was not until the third week that he started a fire in the stove and made disastrously ineffectual attempts to cook his breakfast. It was a good sign, however. And by this time the blisters on his hands had disappeared under rough lumps and ridges.

How he had lived before this no one knew but himself, for until he received his second pay envelope he did not commence crossing the street to the restaurant for a noon lunch. When he sat down for a few minutes at the noon hour he did not double over in a tremulous heap as he had done at first, and, though his face was whiter and thinner, its flesh was firmer than when he first came, and his eyes were clearer.

The boss looked at him with more approval now and was beginning to see that the man knew things outside the working of his hands and that even their inefficiency would be overcome in time by his determination. For the most part the men were illiterate, and many of them among the foreigners could not even read or write. As Pennington's hands acquired a working knowledge of the materials and his mind began to more thoroughly grasp the details the boss gave him occasional jobs of oversight or authority, for he seemed the best man at hand for them. At first it was an hour or two of keeping the men's time, the stock taking of some of the materials or perhaps a commission downtown to purchase things that required inspection and could not be ordered by ordinary messenger or phone; then, after a year or so, he began to be left in temporary charge during the enforced absences of both foreman and boss. And by that time Pennington's hands were as firm and hard as the average workman's, and his thin face and narrow shoulders were filling out with good, solid flesh.

At the end of three years the foreman started out as an independent contractor, and the boss took his place. Pennington would then have become boss, but the new contractor asked that he go with him as foreman, and Pennington, with an odd feeling of exultation and wonder, consented.

All this time the agent had heard nothing, and an expression of speculation was beginning to appear on his face. Of course Pennington must be dead, for he was a man who required a great deal of money, and being in Europe made the money more imperative. The agent was in half mind to communicate with the nearest relative, but hesitated and concluded to wait a little longer.

A small portion of Esther Kilton's property consisted of downtown tenements, and in the last few years she had become infected with the reform movement and was remodeling them with more regard for the inmates' welfare than her rent roll. Several blocks had already been rebuilt and occupied, and recently to hasten the work she had given a block to a new contractor. When the old buildings were demolished and the new walls up a dozen or more feet she went down to look at the work.

Men were springing up to the cross timbers, dropping back and walking about on the narrow beams carrying heavy loads, and all with such unconcern and fearlessness that she stood looking at them, fearful and yet fascinated.

Poised on the very end of a timber almost above her was an alert, compactly built man who seemed to be directing the work. Something about him drew her gaze back again and again, yet even while her eyes kindled they filled mistily. He was so like and yet so unlike, so what the other might have been and was not.

Presently the man sprang lightly across to another timber, seven or eight feet away, explained something about the work to a new man, then crouched and dropped to the ground twelve feet below.

As he turned he stood facing the owner, and they gazed for some min-

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM DREW HER GAZE BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN.

utes into each other's eyes. He had been so absorbed in the work that he had not noticed her presence.

"Esther!" he said.

"Ralph Pennington," wonderingly. "I thought you were in Europe."

"No. I have been here all the time."

"In work like this?"

He nodded.

She looked at him, with the color rising warmly to her face. In her eyes was inquiry, then comprehension, joy, exultation.

"Ralph," she said softly after a long silence, "will you come up this evening and—and tell me about it?"

There was a smile in Pennington's eyes, though his face remained grave.

"Yes, Esther," he answered, "I will come up and—and ask you about it. I am now in the trades."

DICE WENT OVERBOARD.

How a Regiment of Crap Shooters Was Converted at Sea.

Five hundred pairs of dice are lying on the bottom of the Atlantic ocean somewhere off the east coast of the United States unless the fishes swallowed them and carried them away. The spotted cubes were thrown overboard by the negroes of the Twenty-third Kansas regiment during a violent storm at sea, the sacrifice having been prompted by penitence. It was while the negro regiment was on board the ship Vigilancia en route to Cuba in September, 1898, that a storm, says the Kansas City Star, converted a score of boisterous crap games into a fervent religious meeting.

The Twenty-third Kansas went from Topeka to New York city and from there sailed for Cuba. There was no sleep on board the Vigilancia the first night out. It is said that practically all of the negroes who were not prostrated with seasickness were shooting craps. The scene is described as one of mingled suffering and excitement. The distressed pleaded for quiet and rest, but were unheeded by the noisy gamblers.

Above the cries and moans of the suffering such language as this could be heard in different parts of the vessel:

"It's 'leven, an' I know it." "Shoot de money." "Didn't I get a coon?" "Little Dick."

Late at night, while the games were running high, a violent storm broke suddenly upon the sea. When the wind struck the Vigilancia a rudder was broken and she whirled round and round and then dipped down into the hollow of a mighty wave. The shock was unexpected, and in a moment the soldiers were experiencing all of the horrors of a storm at sea. The negroes grabbed up the dice and loose change and huddled together like cattle, some of them moaning and others too frightened to utter a sound.

The storm raged for an hour, the soldiers thinking that every moment would be the last. Fortunately there was a negro preacher on board, the Rev. John L. Waller. It was for him to rise to the occasion. He gathered a crowd of negroes around him and spoke thus:

"Brethren, the Lord sent this storm on the heads of sinful crap shooters. If we want to be saved, let us pray."

Then he dropped down on his knees and his voice was heard praying above the noise of the storm.

The soldiers joined with the preacher in his prayer. In a short time lamentations, moans and promises could be heard on every hand. It was a revival meeting in earnest. Nearly every one of the 800 soldiers was either singing or praying. The whole regiment was "converted" in a very few minutes.

But the rough sea continued. The colored preacher felt that something further must be done. An inspiration came to him. There must be a sacrifice.

"Our prayers and songs don't prevail!" he shouted. "There's something wrong. Brethren, the dice must go into the sea!"

The suggestion had only to be made. The dice were tossed into the angry waters, about 500 pairs. Some of the negroes also threw in the money which they had won with the dice. In half an hour after the dice went the storm abated.

The Rev. John L. Waller held religious services at frequent intervals during the rest of the voyage. They were always well attended. At each meeting he told his hearers that the prayers of the righteous had saved the wicked. Then he urged them all to remain steadfast.

Nothing was said about crap shooting during the rest of the voyage. Shortly after the soldiers landed in Cuba there was a pay day. Then it was that a backslider tried to borrow some dice, but not a single pair could be found in the regiment. They had all been consigned to the sea.

This was a condition that could not last. An ingenious negro soldier stole an ivory billiard ball from a Cuban pool hall and whittled out a pair of dice. He sold them for $12.

Presidential Nicknames.

Washington was nicknamed the Father of His Country, Americus Fabius, the Cincinnatus of the West, Atlas of America, Lovely Georgius (a sarcastic nickname applied by the English soldiery), Flower of the Forest, Deliverer of America, Stepfather of His Country (applied by bitter opponents during his presidency), and Savior of His Country; Adams was nicknamed Colossus of Independence; Jefferson, Sage of Monticello and Long Tom; Madison, Father of the Constitution; Monroe, Last Cocked Hat; J. Q. Adams, Old Man Eloquent; Jackson, Old Hickory, Big Knife and Sharp Knife, Hero of New Orleans, Gin'ral and Old Hero; Van Buren was Little Magician, Wizard of Kinderhook and King Martin the First; Harrison, Tippecanoe, Old Tip and Washington of the West; Tyler, Young Hickory and Accidental President; Polk, Young Hickory; Taylor, Rough and Ready, Old Buena Vista and Old Zach; Fillmore, the American Louis Philippe; Pierce, Purse; Buchanan, Old Public Functionary, Bachelor President and Old Buck.

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Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Of State Selection.

United States Land Office
The Dalles, Oregon, August 17, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that on July 5, 1907, the State of Oregon, by its duly authorized agent, in due form, filed in this office an application to select as indemnity school land the N½NW¼, and lot 1 of section 25, township 1 south, range 15 east W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands, or desiring to object to the allowance of the same, should file their claims or objections in this office, on or before the 11th day of October, 1907.

C. W. MOORE, Register

5ta30s27 -272]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of The Interior.
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Claude Spoon, of Monkland, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No 9554, made July 10, 1901, for the E½NW¼ and W½NE¼ of section 25, township 1 south, range 18 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 20, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz James Stewart, William Taylor, William L McCaleb and Wesley Brock, all of Monkland, Oregon.

5ta16s13*265] C. W. MOORE, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Or., August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that William L. McCaleb, of Monkland, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9638, made August 7, 1901, for the N½SE¼, SW¼SE¼ and SE¼SW¼ of section 12, township 2 south, range 18 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 20, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, Claude Spoon, Wesley Brock, all of Monkland, Oregon.

5ta16s13*265] C. W. MOORE, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Or., August 7, 1907

Notice is hereby given that Nelson Dade, of Moro, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807 made Nov 20, 1905, for the E½NE¼ and E½SE¼ of section 29, township 1 south, range 16 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: B F Shull, of Monkland, Oregon, and A H Barnum, William Sherar and Otto Peetz, all of Moro, Oregon.

6ta16s20*271] C. W. MOORE, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E Scott, of Ajax, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 8964, made February 5, 1901, for the lot 2 and SW¼NE¼ of section 3, township 2 south, range 19 east, and S½SW¼ of section 34, township 1 south, range 19 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz: L L Furney, George Smith, Ellen Cannon, Walter Smith, all of Ajax, Oregon.

6ta16s20*172] C. W. MOORE, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Louis C Davis of Monkland, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,074, made December 16, 1904, for the lots 7, 8 and 12 of section 19, and lot 1 of section 30, township 1 south, range 19 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 28, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Claude Spoon, W H Taylor, John Gibson, P M Ruggles, all of Monkland, Oregon

6ta16-20*272] C. W. MOORE, Register

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Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4 50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.45 p.m., arrives 1.50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

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SPOKANE FLYER. Passes Biggs. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.	7.00 p.m. flag 11.29p.m	8 00 a.m. no stop. 3.45 a.m.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington. Passes Biggs	7.40 p.m no stop. 11 39 pm.	9.45 a.m. flag 4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. Arrives at Biggs	8 00 a.m. 12.05 a.m	6.00 p.m. Lv. 12.15 pm.

Columbia and Willamette River.

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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound pasengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Tme tble No12 June 9, 1907 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
12:45pm	.0	Biggs	11.50 arve
1.05	5.4	Gibsons	11.19
1.10	7.0	Sinks	11.10
1.30	9.8	Wasco	11.00
1.45	14.1	Klondyke	10.45
1.50	16 1	Sandon	10.40
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.05	19.9	McDonalds	10.22
2.20	23.9	DeMoss	10.05
2.30	27.0	Moro	9.55
2.40	30.4	Erskinville	9.37
3.10	38.5	Grass Valley	9.20
3.25	45.8	Bourbon	8.55
3.40	52.5	Kent	8.40
3.50	57.3	Wilcox	8.30
4.30 arv	70.0	Shaniko	8.00 a m

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Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

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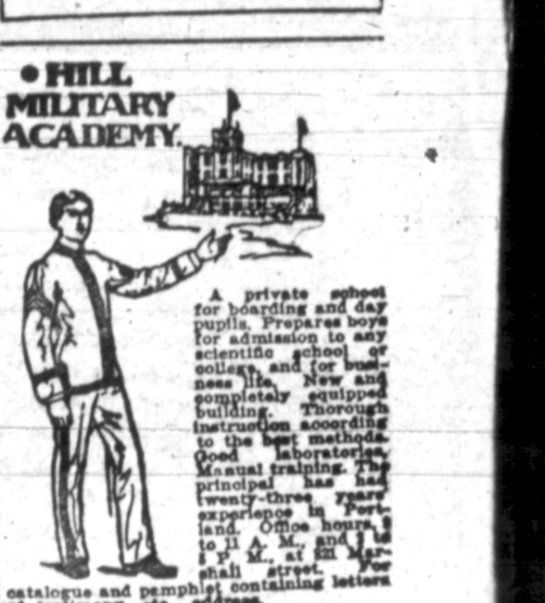

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