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Rates by the day
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A Good Clean Family Hotel

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Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.
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The Umatilla House
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Steam Heat. Electric Lights. Electric Call Bells.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.
All OR & N Trains Stop at Front Door
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T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING

Talking to Himself
A Scotchman, when asked why he always
talked to himself, replied:
"In the first place, because I like to talk to
an intelligent man."
"In the second place, because I always like to
hear an intelligent man talk."
We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.
Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than
on any other subject.
We don't say a word about prices—it goes
without saying that prices are right.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
Try us. We Print anything.
Observer Printing Office
Moro, Oregon.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler
Special attention given work sent
in by mail or express.
All work warranted first class
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Dentist
Crown, Plate, and Bridge Work a Specialty
Permanently located at
MORO, OREGON

Dr. C. Hartley
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Charges reason-
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Opposite the O. T. Co. store.

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WISE BROS
DENTISTS
MORO, OREGON

THE MODERN BIG GUN
Its Making Involves a Sequence
of Mechanical Wonders.

HOW ARTILLERY IS BUILT UP
Boring the Monster Tube, Wrapping
on the Hundred Miles of Wire and
Fitting the White Hot Steel Jacket
on a Twelve Inch Weapon.

It takes a big thought to grasp the
immensity of the famous Tyneside
hive of industry, Elswick works, says
the People's Journal. The area covered
by this huge concern is equal to that
of many a fair-sized town. The em-
ployees, 20,000, are a whole population
in themselves. For a full mile along
the northern bank of the Tyne stretch
workshops on workshops.

From the moment you put your foot
inside the first department you realize
you are in a veritable museum of me-
chanical wonders.
"Here is a gun being bored," your
guide announces, and you accompany
him over to the huge lathe to see the
process and at the same time gather
some vastly interesting information as
to how artillery is built up.

One of the first things done to these
ponderous weapons is the hollowing
out of the bore. This, as may be im-
agined, is not the work of an hour.
With the finest machinery in the world
it required an average of eighteen days
to pierce a ten yards long steel mus-
sle with a twelve inch bore, grooved
slantwise.

To see the gun tube, weighing any-
thing up to sixty tons, fixed into the
lathe is itself most interesting. To
manipulate the larger pieces two hy-
draulic cranes are used. These cranes
work overhead and run on rollers bed-
ded to the side supports. Electricity
supplies the working power. With the
huge lathe fixed, smoothly, almost al-
lently, it is swung majestically into
the air and carried along in whatever
direction is required. Before you have
done speculating as to what may hap-
pen if that mighty load comes crash-
ing down on top of you you hear the
order "Lower" and down comes the
sixty tons of steel with the ease and
grace of sixty pounds of feathers. But
a still greater marvel awaits you in
the next department to which you
are conducted. Here you learn some-
thing of the process of gun wrapping.

The wire with which modern
artillery is wrapped is of the finest
steel, flat, like the master spring of a
clock, and a full hundred miles of it
are required to wrap a twelve inch gun.
The figures are somewhat surprising—
wire enough to stretch in a straight
line from Newcastle to Edinburgh used
on one single cannon.

Wire seems a weak substance to use
in connection with artillery. In point
of fact wire guns are the strongest
in existence. The rifled steel tube you
saw in the department just left is ca-
pable of withstanding a pressure of
fourty-five tons; wired, the tensile re-
sistance will equal 110 tons, and pro-
jectiles may be fired from it at the
rate of a minute without the slightest
fear of the gun bursting.

The wire is wrapped on to the tube
in the same way as thread is wound
round a bobbin. The huge coil is fixed
overhead, and as the powerful ma-
chinery revolves layer after layer is
wound round the gun just as if cast
on and smooth and level as veneering.
Think of it! One hundred miles of
steel wire, springing as quickly as a
cat's paw, is wound round the gun
automatically by machinery, and a
strand lapping by the thousandth part
of an inch!

Even now, however, that gun is in
quite an embryo stage. It has about
a dozen three foot sections through
before it is ready to hand over to the
government that has ordered it. It
is sent to the stock room, where many
hundreds of guns of all sizes and pat-
terns are kept ready for immediate
sale to anybody wanting them.

You leave the turning shop and pre-
sently find yourself in front of what
your guide declares to be furnaces, but
which you think would be better de-
scribed as infernos. You are surprised
to learn that these furnaces are heated
by gas, and on inquiring the reason
you are told that it is for the sake of
purity and cleanliness. The grit and
dirt from any kind of fuel would ruin
the work done at these furnaces. And
what is that work? Putting on the
outer jacket of the gun—just a little
matter to buy up those miles of wire
and inches of forged steel within that
again.

Presently there is a commotion.
Something opens somewhere. There is
a terrific glare, and the temperature
rises suddenly up to well, something
rather warm. Then a crane is set in
motion, something you can faintly see
grasping something else you don't wish
to look at—it is as suggestive of the sun
within ten yards of you—and before
you well know what it all means the
white hot steel jacket is being fitted
on the gun barrel reared alongside.
When that jacket cools it will fit con-
siderably tighter than the garments of a
growing boy, though that is an after-
thought which comes to you when you
have got into cooler regions. Interest-
ing as it is, the process of investing a
gun with its jacket is too sultry for the
unprepared visitors to stand much of,
and you hasten outside to where cog-
saws and leg pads are not necessary.

A gun complete, with all its fixings
exactly as if it were in a fort or aboard
a ship, is awaiting your inspection. If
you did not know before that a modern
gun is a marvel, you certainly grasp
that fact now. When you have finished
wondering and admiring you ask for
figures and particulars. You learn that
the gun is a twelve inch one; its length,
with the breech piece, is forty-five feet;

its total weight, with all its mountings,
\$50 tons.
All you see from the outside of the
steel shell tower is the long muzzle
pointing suggestively out of the for-
ward embrasure. The armor plating of
these walls of steel varies in thickness
from eight to twelve inches. You enter
the stronghold by a heavy steel door in
the rear. You now observe that the
gun is erected on supports over a pit
thirty-five or forty feet deep. This pit
exactly corresponds with the position
the gun will occupy when mounted
aboard ship. The machinery you see
at the rear of the gun is an ammuni-
tion hoist and hydraulic apparatus for
working the gun. As you contemplate
how warriors got along in the days of
ramrods, lanyards and cannon balls
less in size than the average turnip.
But mark the marvels of modern gun-
nery! You touch a handle, and, with
an ease that astounds you, you down
the muzzle of the mammoth piece.
You release another handle, and, with
the simplest possible movement so far
as you are concerned, the entire gun
mountings begin to revolve in a circle.
A similar simple touch will send the
huge projectile on its journey of four
or five miles to strike and pierce twelve
inch armor plate.

"Hydraulics," your guide laconically
explains. "Magic" fits in better with
your private ideas. Even the ammuni-
tion hoist works automatically. Should
a shot unfortunately damage its me-
chanism it can still be worked by hand.
A miracle of mechanics, a wonder of
adaptation!

TRY TO LIVE LONG.
Bargain With Death and Win All the
Years You Can.

No one of us is so poor or so un-
worthy that he is not ready to bargain
with death. Let the specter name his
price and we give up our lives and
our tobacco with equal promptness.
He may have our fortunes and our
homes, our pride and our achieve-
ments and aspirations—yes, even our
eyes and ears—if he will but smile up-
on our prayers. Let him so command
and we will abide in the wilderness,
we will find comfort in huts, we will
lie down with the beasts of the field.
Better even a howling Nebuchadne-
zar than a moldering Hercules.

It is needless to tell you that death,
as an arch grafter. We know with
whom we are dealing, and we know,
too, that he grins in his sleeve at our
eagerness to delay the inevitable.
What to him are ten more years or
fifty years or fifty centuries? Had
Sargon, the mighty ruler of the Baby-

lonian world, secured a respite of 5,000
years he would even so have been in
his grave for more than a century
when Richard of England led the cru-
saders to the walls of Jerusalem.
An old legend tells us that when
Methuselah was 500 years old an
angel came to him and advised him to
build a house instead of living in the
open air, as he had been doing up to
that time. The patriarch asked how
much longer he had to live. "About
500 years," answered the angel.
"Then," said Methuselah, "it is not
worth while to build a house."

By this token Methuselah proved
himself a pessimist. To Azrael a
thousand years may be as yesterday,
but it is not for us to follow the ex-
ample of our antediluvian forefather
and view existence through the eyes of
death. Every moment added to our
earthly tenure is regarded as that
much again. The monk Hildeheim,
listening to God in the melody of a
bird that in a space of three minutes
found that in those three minutes 300
years had flown. And so to each of
us life means always the possibility
of joy and revelation unmeasured by
time or space. Therefore let us bar-
gain with death. True, he will claim
us at last, but we shall have had the
better of the bargain.—Lippincott's.

What is Happiness?
"What is happiness?" asks James
Bryce in the Atlantic. "Is it pleasure,
and, if so, what is pleasure? Aristotle
gave us a definition of pleasure, or,
rather, perhaps a description, since
the logician says that you cannot de-
fine an ultimate fact which has not
been much improved upon. It is not,
however, psychological definitions that
need concern us, but rather this ques-
tion, which occupied the utilitarian
school seventy years ago, whether the
pleasures taken in the aggregate as
constituting happiness are to be sub-
jected to a qualitative as well as a
quantitative analysis. Shall we mea-
sure them by the intensity by which
they are felt or by the fitness and
elevation of the feeling to which they
appertain? Is the satisfaction which
Percival felt in watching the perfor-
mance of a drama of Sophocles at an
Athenian festival greater or less than
the satisfaction which one of his slaves
felt in obtaining a jar of wine?"

Howell—You seem to think that I
will lose if I make the investment.
Powell—My boy, it is just like indor-
ing a note for a friend.—Brooklyn Life.
The Cooper Institute was presented
to the city of New York by Peter Co-
oper in the year 1868. The institute
cost between \$600,000 and \$700,000.

A WARM WELCOME.

The Way an American Visitor Was
Received in London.
"When I arrived in London," says a
well known actor, "I received a charm-
ing letter from a man whose name I
could not recall ever having heard be-
fore, but presuming that it must be
some friend whom I had forgotten I
readily accepted the invitation to din-
ner which the epistle contained and
duly turned up the following evening
at the hotel named. A gentleman
whom I did not recognize at once ap-
proached me with outstretched hand,
and so pleased did he seem to see me
that I did not like to hurt his feelings
by admitting that my memory had
failed me, but trusted that some chance
remark might presently remind me of
our previous acquaintance.

"In due course we enjoyed the best
dinner the house had to offer, accom-
panied by the very choicest cigars. At
this point the gentleman left the room
in order to get something out of his
overcoat pocket and failed to reap-
pear. I waited for him in vain. Then
by degrees the truth dawned upon me,
and I realized why he had been so
generously pleased to meet me. How-
ever, he told so many amusing stories
that the evening was pleasant enough
to more than compensate me for being
obliged to pay the bill."—New York
Globe.

A "Peach" of a War Story.
Humor is not associated with the
bloody days of Kentucky in Revolu-
tionary times. But a bit of fun of the
grotesque kind is recited by Lynn Tew
Sprague in the Outing Magazine in an
article entitled "General Isaac Shelby,
First Governor of Kentucky." The in-
cident follows:

"A patriot soldier of the neighbor-
hood named Culbertson, who subse-
quently became a captain, was at the
time acting as a scout to Shelby's com-
mand, and while gathering informa-
tion before the action he came sudden-
ly upon a British dragoon, far from sup-
port, who was eating a peach. Both
were startled by the meeting, and the
Britisher swallowed the fruit, stone
and all, and reached for his gun. A
shooting match ensued. The dragoon
perished in the duel and was hastily
buried by the scout in a shallow hole.
Visiting the grave next year, Culbert-
son found a peach tree growing from
it, and he boasted of living to enjoy
fruit rooted in British soil and fertil-
ized by his adversary. The story, we
may add, is Culbertson's very own,
but who shall say that the patriot
army lacked constructive imagina-
tion?"

PROVE IT ANY TIME

By the Evidence of Many People

The daily evidence citizens right here
at home supply is proof sufficient to
satisfy the greatest skeptic. No better
proof can be had.

Here is a case. Read it:
Mrs. Mary Clark, of 218 West Second
street, Albany, Oregon, says: "I have
suffered from kidney trouble and back
ache so badly as to be entirely help-
less at times. When I got Doan's Kidney
Pills, at the drug store, I had no idea
that they would help me so much.
A few days use, however, banished the
backache, and regulated and strength-
ened the action of the kidneys. I then
started treating two of my children
who were afflicted with embarrassing
weakness of the kidneys. The noctur-
nal symptoms promptly disappeared,
and both children have been comple-
tely cured.

I look upon Doan's Kidney Pills as a
god-send."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
New York, sole agents for the United
States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.
Additional Locals.

Wedding Stationery, at The
Observer Book Store.
Three Dollar Gold Fountain Pen
for \$1.50, The Observer Book Store,
this month. A good times bargain.
E. C. Davis, proprietor of the Grass
Valley Barn, promptly attends all
calls, day or night. Animals given
the very best of care. Charges are
right.

The Pacific Coast Elevator Co are
buying all kinds of grain, wheat,
barley, oats, etc., and are prepared
to pay the highest cash prices, at
all stations in Sherman county. See
adv in this paper.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine tablets.
All druggists refund money if it fails
to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on
each box, 25c.