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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
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## STRANGE SUICIDES.

### Odd Ways Men Have Taken to End Their Own Lives.

### ONE MADE A GUILLOTINE.

**Then Decapitated Himself—Another Built His Own Funeral Pyre and Cremated Himself—Blacksmith Forged Cannon to Blow Off His Head.**

Lately a naturalist engaged in catching moths—after dark, of course—was surprised to see a fire burning in a spot called the Warren, near Dover, England.

Hastening to the spot, he found that a man had undressed himself, placed his clothes on the ground so as to form a circle, saturated them with methylated spirits and, having set fire to them, remained himself in the center of the blazing ring. Though the naturalist tried to save him from his terrible but voluntary situation, he was so badly burned that he died next day.

A similar instance occurred near Hurst Park race course, where the body of a man was found who appeared to have been burned to death. Indeed, there was sufficient evidence to prove that he had first tied his legs together, then poured paraffin over his clothes and then set himself on fire.

A most deliberate and determined suicide was that of a peasant in Bohemia. He set fire to his house and then fastened himself to a beam by a chain, which he locked by a strong padlock, of which he immediately threw away the key. His neighbors made heroic efforts to save him, but in vain.

Probably the method of quitting life adopted by a native of Lyons is unique. He guillotined himself. Grinding an ax to a razorlike sharpness and attaching a weight to it to give it impetus, he constructed a perfect model of the celebrated instrument of the French revolution.

When the apparatus was ready he laid himself on his back, pulled a cord which was so adjusted that it allowed the knife to fall and severed his head as cleanly as the public executioner could have done it.

It is probable that many suicides are the result of momentary impulse. It is of course a well known fact that looking down from a great height seems, as Shakespeare notes in "King Lear," to give one the impulse of suicide.

Clifton suspension bridge, the London monument and many other dizzy heights have had to be provided with especial guards against suicide, yet it is surprisong how deliberate the plan of suicide may be.

IN THE CENTER OF THE BLAZING RING.

For instance, a blacksmith in France committed suicide under really extraordinary conditions, for he deliberately and with the work of months forged a cannon for the very purpose and blew his own head off with it, while an army pensioner of Canning Town actually filled his mouth with gunpowder and set a light to it.

Some time ago a young journalist thirty-two years old was found hanging dead in his apartment. There was a dog collar about his neck, to which the rope was attached. He wore only a pair of long black stockings, with garters below the knees. He was insured for 30,000 francs in various companies, and they refused payment on the ground of suicide.

The young man's relatives, who sued to recover, alleged that it was not a case of suicide. They claimed that the young man was prosperous and happy and was only trying to find out how it felt to be hanged with a view to embodying his sensations in a book he was about to write.

The bell ringer in an Austrian church executed a variation on the common form of hanging. As he was infirm, he was provided with a chair while performing his bell ringing duties. While tolling the bell for a funeral he put his design into execution. Mounting the chair, he made a slipknot in the rope, put his head in the noose and kicked away the chair, where he swung until when found he was quite dead.—Insurance Age.

## INDOOR CURLING.

**San Francisco Scots to Try New Game With Wooden Stones.**

Scots are a canny lot, the world has always realized, but a new evidence of their canniness has been demonstrated by those men of the Land o' Cakes who have made their homes in San Francisco, says the New York Evening Sun. These Scots have had one grievance since going to California, and that was that rarely was there ice there of sufficient quantity or quality to allow them their favorite sport of curling. Therefore some enthusiast conceived the idea of curling on roller skating rinks, and, as the management of such places could not be brought to see the use of letting the heavy stones whirl around on their floors, it was necessary to devise a "stone" that would not tear a hardwood floor to frazzles.

A little thought was productive of one exactly like the real thing, only made of lignum vitae, and to add to its effectiveness the inventors added a set of three small rollers which project slightly from the bottom of the stone. These rollers are ball bearing and turn on a swivel, so that their action is determined by the direction the stone takes. The opening of the new game is to be marked by a tournament in which a number of Scots intend to appear in kilts and tartans, and with a few pipers present the unnatural roar of the stones down the floor may be offset by the shrilling and wailing of highland tunes.

## RATHER "HIGH" VENISON.

**State Treasurer Hauser on Deer Hunt Aims Well and Regrets It.**

Julius Hauser, New York state treasurer, whom "the pee-pul" transferred from the ovens to the vaults, who used to be a baker, is a Nimrod, although he does not hunt with a brass band, says the New York World. Mr. Hauser is particularly anxious to keep secret the facts concerning his recent hunt the opening day of the deer season on Long Island.

Proudly Mr. Hauser led his companions toward the "deer," drawing his hunting knife to give the doe the coup de grace if need be.

"This venison is rather 'high,' isn't it?" said the state treasurer, sniffing suspiciously as he got near the fallen creature.

It was not a buck. It was not even a doe. It was a black and white animal about as big as a big cat, with a sharper nose and a bushier tail than a cat. Even as it died the creature had tried, with the strongest weapon nature gave it, to drive away its enemies.

"Boys," pleaded the state treasurer, with deep emotion, "don't, don't tell this in Albany and, above all, don't, don't let it get in the newspapers."

## LONG HORSEBACK TRIP.

**Woman Aged Eighty-nine to Try a Hundred Mile Ride.**

On a wager Miss Annetta Wilbur of Marysville, O., eighty-nine years old, will soon try to ride on horseback a hundred miles to Hamilton, O., says a Marysville dispatch.

Despite her advanced age Miss Wilbur is an enthusiastic horsewoman and is a member of the newly organized Bit and Spur club.

Some of the woman's friends, also members of the club, in commenting upon her ability as a horsewoman declared their belief she could not stand a journey of a hundred miles. She immediately took them up and wagered a dinner for the club that she could make the trip with ease.

Miss Wilbur's friends tried to dissuade her from the undertaking, but she was obdurate and insisted on making the wager and fulfilling its terms.

**Charles J. Glidden's Ambition.**

Charles J. Glidden, the wealthy Boston globe girdling automobilist, says, according to a Boston dispatch to the New York Tribune, that his present ambition is to make balloon ascensions in as many countries throughout the world as possible. He is an insatiate traveler and already holds the world's record for mileage traveled in an automobile, by which he has reached almost every known or accessible country.

**The Bernard Shaws.**

Sindbad, Twinbad and Dad Gum,
Gee Whiz and Bernard Shaw,
Grab Bag and By Gad,
Seven men from Bagdad
Laying down the law!
Seventh sons of seventh sons,
Seven of them sunny
With the joy that comes from
Being very funny!
Not the usual sort of fun
Any one might see.
We are whirling dervishes,
Whirling solemnly;
We are very wise men
Jesting dismally.
Ibsen or Gibson,
Pickles, art or prunes,
Pessimism, poetry,
Snuff or pleniunes,
Anything you mention,
Anything you state,
Turned into a drama,
Written while you wait—
Only we are confident
That our point of view
Is too extremely subtile
For the likes of you!
Only very solemn things
Subjects are for jest,
One should scribble reverently
Scribbling of the rest.
So we prove humanity
Rose with Adam's fall,
So we prove that what is
Isn't what at all.
We are subtle wizards
Wixing very wisely;
We can spring surprises
Surprisingly surprisely;
Show that things that aren't
Are really things what is—
Wizards whizzing whizzingly,
Wisely watch us wiz!
Sindbad, Twinbad and Dad Gum,
Gee Whiz and Bernard Shaw,
Grab Bag and By Gad,
Seven men from Bagdad
Laying down the law!

—Don Marquis in Uncle Remus' Magazine For November.

## MODEL CAPITAL CITY.

### Scheme Proposed by Oklahoma to Erect One.

### WILL SELECT VIRGIN SITE.

**All Public Institutions to Be Grouped In Place Built on Ideal Lines—New State to Employ Architects and Engineers to Lay Out Grounds.**

Shall the people of Oklahoma erect an ideal capital city, in which would be grouped all the state institutions, or shall they be distributed over the state in separate locations, as a sort of pap to each section? is a question that is now being agitated throughout the new state, writes a Muskogee (I. T.) correspondent of the Chicago Post.

Argument for the united plan presents the opportunity of building a city that would be the only one of its kind in the world, where every building and its surrounding grounds could be laid out on a plan of absolute permanency and with relation to its surroundings and its contemporary state institutions. This plan, it is asserted, would save the taxpayers of the state $5,000,000, or $25 for each voter in the state.

For the other plan it is argued that certain towns in the state would be given one institution each, and the state would thereby divide its property and extend a certain state interest to the various counties where such institutions were located.

Residents of cities where there are hopes of landing some state building favor the latter plan. The average citizen, who has no favorite town, wants the state buildings centralized under the ideal city plan.

Some of the strongest men in the state are working on the ideal capital city plan. They propose to have the state elect a nonpartisan commission which shall have entire charge of the work of building this city. It is proposed the state shall condemn two or three townships as a site within fifty miles of the exact geographical center and then let the commission select the most advantageous city location out of this prescribed area.

Expert engineers and architects would be employed to lay out the site and place the grounds for each building in a general scheme with the other institutions. Here would be located the state capitol, the penitentiary, the asylum, normal schools, agricultural college, some of the experiment stations, school of mines and other institutions supported or endowed by the state. When all the land necessary for the state buildings should be segregated the remainder could be laid off in town lots and sold for residences or business.

Conservative town site men say that in this manner the state could sell at the first sale $5,000,000 worth of lots, which would be available for the construction of the state buildings. By other plans the taxpayers must pay for the buildings. In addition to this, as the city grew additions could be laid out and sold by the commission, and the state would have a big income from these sales for many years.

In addition to the state buildings, the commission would also control the municipal property. The state would own and operate all street car, light, water, telephone and other municipal franchise properties. As the streets are laid out water and sewer mains, telephone and telegraph wires are to be laid under the streets in conduits, and the street once made would seldom have to be disturbed—in other words, as the city builded it would conform as near as possible to modern methods and requirements.

To carry this plan into effect it will be necessary for the legislature to call an election for the people to vote the needed power to a commission or other body to have charge of the proposition. It is believed that the first state legislature will consider such a call.

The enabling act provides that the state capital shall remain at Guthrie until 1913. This gives five years for a decision as to a permanent capital. This would also give time in which this comprehensive plan of a model capital city could be carried into effect.

**Corridor Cars For India.**

The East Indian railway intends shortly to put corridor trains, built after the most approved American design, on the Calcutta-Bombay run, and eventually similar trains are to take the place of the present mail trains to Delhi and beyond, says Engineer. The new carriages, which are almost ready, are luxuriously upholstered.

**In the Swim.**

We've been to see John Drew
And other fine theaters,
The Hippodrome and Hammerstein,
And now we tip the waiters.
Indeed, we've moved into
A neighborhood of rank—
We've done it all since father drew
The money from the bank.

Before the panic came
A phonograph was ours,
And to the park we'd go
To while the Sunday hours.
But now the uplift is
For us—I must be frank;
We're going some since father drew
The money from the bank.

Oh, father has a hat
That's high and shiny black,
And mother wears a toque
That's befanced on her back.
Our noses pierce the air,
We stare at folks quite blank;
We're bloods, we are, since father drew
The money from the bank.

We never rush the can
(We buy it now in cases),
And as for beef and beans,
They make us hide our faces,
For lobster is our dish,
With cheese that's very rank—
Since dear old father drew
The money from the bank.

—John A. Moroso in New York Times.

## FOR STREET AND HOME.

**Gowns Suitable For Outdoor Wear and Other Fashion Hints.**

Extremes in the way of woman's dress are now the order, for outdoor garments are thick, warm and furry where possible, while the dinner gowns and ball dresses are invitations to pneumonia. A woman will shiver all day at home in a wadded dressing gown and go to a ball or to the opera dressed in flimsy material, with her arms and neck bare. To be sure, these ladies may have diamond necklaces, which, we all know, afford a glow of satisfaction, and perhaps that is the way they keep warm.

So we will talk of the handsome outdoor wear which does not make us shiver. The long coat suits are certainly worth special mention this season, for they have a fit and a style about them which make the plainest figures graceful. The lines are long, soft and curving, so that, while they appear to hide all angularities, they are still such shapes as add to the apparent slenderness of the stout on account of the long lines.

The coat in the illustration is part of a suit, the corners being rounded off at the bottom, and a bias of rich silk is set below the edge. The cuffs are similarly arranged, while the flat collar is treated with facing of the silk. All seams are doubled under and stitched, which defines them still more clearly. The front closes with numberless little buttons with loops of silk soutache. Some of these coats have a vest front attached, but most of them are quite independent of the vest, and some have no vest effect at all. Skirts to these suits are always made to match in material and manner of trimming.

Skirts to the tailor suits are made in plaits stitched down to the knees and made to fit the hips perfectly, or they are with many gores, each having a little spring at the bottom. The latter variety has one tuck straight around and below that a band of the material, which in this instance was in black broadcloth winter weight. Below the bias band, which was set on in undulations, was another band of the silk. The finish was exquisite. All fine tailor suits now show pockets galore on the outside of the coat and often one on the inside, which might be called a breast pocket, like those in men's coats. Women have long been deprived of pockets, and it is time something was devised in that line.

A novel and fetching evening dress is worth mention partly on account of

TAILOR SUIT AND EVENING GOWN.

its oddity and partly because many clever women can imitate it, often finding that some silk on hand may be utilized.

The foundation naturally is of silk of some color. Even a skirt that has been laid aside as not good enough for a dress may be just the thing. Any color can be used for the underskirt, but the outer one should be white. There is such a lot of different materials suitable for this sort of dress that it is impossible to mention them all, but fine dotted net and chiffon are probably the best two. The skirt must be cut on the straight and tucked in three clusters, between which are set doubled ruffles of silk cut in scallops. This may be thin silk, liberty or something like that, or taffeta, but the preference would be for the softer kinds. The tucks may extend quite around the skirt, which would be best for younger women, but the panel effect is quite often seen just now, so in that case the sides of the front breadth are marked by a line of lace or fancy chiffon braid.

Hats are becoming too large for comfort with all the trimming that is piled upon them. Some of them have the fronts short and the back part of the brim so elongated that it would seem as though it would be impossible to keep them on. But thus far in history woman has always been able to grapple with such great questions more or less successfully. The willow plumes are handsome and lend distinction to any hat; but, alas, they are not waterproof, for no feather ever grew with flues as long as the willow plumes show, and other flues are glued to them. They are graceful and beautiful in sunny times, but don't get them wet.

Burnt orange and all the warm browns are to be the really fashionable colors, as purples are so trying to most complexions that few women of taste will wear them. But the contingent that always rushes after a novelty is wearing purple in all its shades until the eyes weary of seeing them. Still the dark petunia shades and some of the plums are good when treated correctly. That means trimmed with rich castle braid and perhaps a little fur around the edges of sleeves and collar.

OLIVE HARPER.

## HOW I CAME TO BE A FARMER.

[Original.]

When I was a young man, having read a great deal about the failure of officials to find and bring to justice illicit distillers in Tennessee, I was seized with a desire to try my hand at the business. Polk county swarmed with moonshiners, and to Polk county I went. Reaching the locality that I sought, I began operations by pumping the inhabitants. Passing a farmhouse I saw a good looking young woman on the porch taking care of a couple of little children. I dismounted, went in and asked for a drink of water. The woman pointed to a gourd hanging in a well house, and I helped myself. Then, before asking any questions, I played with the children with a view to opening a way to the mother's confidence.

"Sorry your husband isn't at home," I said. "I'm looking out for timber lands. Perhaps he might know of some to sell."

"I haven't got a husband," she replied; "I'm a widder."

She went on to tell me that it was hard for her to get on since her husband's death. The country was ruined by the illicit distilling that was going on. Instead of farming, everybody was making whisky, and that kept respectable people away.

"Would you," I asked, "be willing to do something to get rid of the moonshiners?"

"Well, I don't like to git my neighbors down on me."

"But supposing you could make a nice thing of it."

"What d'y' call a nice thing?"

I named a sum I was willing to pay for the information I desired.

"Look a-here, stranger," she said. "You hain't after lumber; you're a-huntin' stills. Now, if you double that what yo' said, it's a go."

I complied with the terms, and she gave me minute information as to where I could find a half dozen secret whisky manufactories, with the names of persons who knew all about them and could testify to their existence and ownership in court.

Having kissed the children—I wanted to kiss the widow, too; she was very tempting—I mounted my horse, confirmed the information given me by pretending to stumble on the stills while hunting timber lands, then rode to the county seat and swore out warrants for the persons whose names had been given me as the owners and subpoenaed the witnesses.

Some time was required to serve the papers, and it was several weeks before we were ready for trial. Meanwhile I called frequently on the widow, becoming quite at home in her house, taking the children out to walk with me while their mother was busy with her household duties. I feared that my being so much at her home would lead those whom I was prosecuting to suspect that she had given me the necessary information, but they didn't seem to trouble her. I began to feel that I would not mind settling in Tennessee with a view to ministering to the widow and the fatherless.

When the case came up for trial it became apparent that the stills I had seen were small ones, the main stills where the bulk of the whisky was made remaining undiscovered. The fees paid the witnesses whose testimony was worthless—cost the state a round penny, and the amount paid the widow was a dead loss to me. I was riding away from the courthouse much discomfited when one of my witnesses overtook me.

"Stranger," he said, "what'd you uns give for some more information?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I'll give it to you anyway. The widder that put y' on to 'em owned the hull kit. Her husband owned all the big stills about hyar, and when he was shot a year ago by a revenue officer his widder tuk the property and has been runnin' it ever since. Hyar's a paper she writ you uns."

He handed me a missive from the widow inviting me to take supper with her that evening. I thanked the man for his information and, turning, rode to the widow's home.

"Stranger," she said, "I hain't no great lover fer still hunters, seein' my husband was shot by a 'revenue,' but I hain't got over your takin' a shine to Tommy and Maudie. Here's the money you uns paid me fer puttin' you uns on to the stills. I own 'em, and the witnesses I give y' air all in my employ. Reckon it wouldn't be right to take pay fer that. The state can afford to pay the witness fees."

We were soon seated at a table on which was a delicious supper of ham and eggs, biscuit, corn bread and coffee. The widow did everything she could to make me forget my failure to break up moonshining in Polk county, and by the time I had finished my supper I was in a very contented frame of mind. While I smoked she put her children to bed, and during the time she was "doing" the dishes I went into the room where the little tots lay and played with them till she had finished. When they were asleep the widow sat down beside me and said:

"I want to git out o' this moonshinin'. I'm a lone woman, and, though I'm no fool at turnin' off 'revenues,' I hain't got the head fer turnin' my property into money."

"You're a rough diamond," I said, drawing her to me. "I'll help you out on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you marry me."

She consented, and in a short time I had turned her stills into cash, with which I stocked the farm. Meanwhile we were married, and I make a much better farmer than detective.

ROGER PERKINS.

THUMPING HEADACHES
Many Moro Women Have Them, But Few Know The Real Cause.

Dull, thumping headaches;
Sick, prostrating headaches;
Dizzy, whirling, blind headaches;
Point to disorders of the kidneys,
Tell of uric poisons in the blood.
Narcotics may ease the pain
But won't cure the cause.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys;
Remove uric poisons, purify the blood,
Banish headache, backache, urinary ills

Mrs J Mueller, 428 East 4th st, Albany, Or, says: "It is not often one finds a remedy so good as Doans' Kidney Pills, and I feel it almost a duty to tell my experience with this medicine. I had been suffering with kidney complaint which brought on backache, pain in the loins, headache and dizziness. There was much annoyance also from irregularity of the kidney secretions. Though I used several remedies trying to get relief, Doans' Kidney Pills procured at a drug store, were the best. In fact, there was really no comparison. They did all else had failed to do, and I cheerfully give them my endorsement."

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Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.

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