**The Observer.**

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY..........April 24, 1908

**Personal Talk With You.**

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# AN OFFICIAL JOURNAL

## Hobson Wants Government to Print National Newspaper.

## TO BE STRICTLY NONPARTISAN

**Hero of the Merrimac Plans a Journal to Be Issued Periodically and to Summarize Government Work—Different Editions For Each Section—No Editorial Comment.**

Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama, the hero of the Merrimac, has prepared a bill for the periodical issue of an official journal which shall contain brief notices of the work of the various departments and bureaus of the government, of the supreme court and of congress, says a Washington special dispatch to the New York World. Mr. Hobson said the other day:

"The official journal is intended to make a connecting link between the government and the people. The project grew out of my work with the agricultural department. I found that a vast amount of most valuable material did not reach the people. My first movement was to take this material to the people of my district, the Sixth Alabama, by a campaign in which representatives of the agricultural department made short talks. The result was like an awakening. Property values advanced appreciably, especially timber lands, and an era of improved agriculture has begun in that district.

"I found that all the departments of the government were issuing publications giving the results of their work, between 150 and 200 all told, yet the vast bulk of the people were not being reached. I believe that the proposed journal will create renewed interest and confidence among the masses in governmental affairs. It will be strictly nonpartisan and without editorial comment. It cannot help but aid the press of the country, not only in furnishing a ready index, but also in creating a taste and demand for reading matter and for additional information upon important subjects.

"It is intended that the issues going to industrial sections shall be somewhat different from the editions going to agricultural sections and that the editions for the cotton states shall be somewhat different from those going to the grain states, so that each section of the country may get most information upon the subject in which it is chiefly concerned.

"The control of the journal is to be vested in a joint committee independent of any influence. It is intended that during the sessions of congress the journal shall be double the size of the issues between sessions. The former will have sixteen pages, the latter eight. Although all details are left to the joint committee, it is expected that the journal will be issued weekly, but it may be semiweekly or even appear at shorter intervals if found necessary.

"The present estimates contemplate allowing each congressman and senator to furnish the names of 15,000 recipients of the journal. There will be additional copies, and all told about 1,500,000 families will receive the journal free. The postoffice department will handle the copies in blocks, through the carriers, thus saving the expense of addressing, the postmasters and rural carriers keeping lists of the recipients."

The sum of $75,000 is appropriated by the bill for equipment and $275,000 for the expense of issuing the publication.

It is Mr. Hobson's idea to have a staff of trained newspaper men to handle the news which is sent in by the various departments. Just how the bill will be received cannot be hazarded, but Mr. Hobson has made inquiry and finds that most of the department officials are in favor of it.

## CRUSADE AGAINST TRAMPS.

**Posters to Scare Hoboes Away Carry a Terrible Warning.**

The Los Angeles (Cal.) police have inaugurated a crusade against the tramps who are infesting Los Angeles that will make all previous efforts seem insignificant, says the New York Herald. Thousands of posters are to be put up along the railway lines between Los Angeles and the desert warning all hoboes that the police are waiting for them and that they will be put to work as soon as they arrive there.

The posters are worded as follows:

"Hoboes, keep moving. Rent is high and food is scarce. Taxpayers will not support you. Long sentences in the chain gang given here. Sixty to ninety days our specialty."

The idea originated with Marshal Anderson of Yuma, Ariz., who found the scheme worked successfully.

**Novel Experiment With a Rat.**

In Seattle's fight against the spread of the bubonic plague by rats an interesting experiment was made recently, says the New York Tribune. A rodent was dyed blue and turned loose to find out just how long it could retain its liberty and how far it could travel without falling into one of the myriad of public and private traps set for the plague distributers. The particular rat selected for the test was caught a week after being turned out a mile from the point where it was liberated. In one week lately 2,025 rats were received by the health department, of which 1,529 were paid for at the rate of 10 cents each. The total number of rats brought in since the plague campaign started is 15,831.

# ON the COASTER SPECIAL.

*By TAYLOR WHITE.*

Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

"Do you think King can keep this pace all the way to town?" asked Joyce anxiously.

Dick Torrington's chin squared itself as he looked at the sturdy black flying over the hard packed snow.

"If King doesn't keep going," he said, with an uneasy laugh, "you'll keep on being Joyce Waring and not Joyce Torrington. I've timed it so as to just make the train. If we miss that, your father will be after us in no time at all."

Joyce shivered at the suggestion. For years she had lived in dread of the stern old man who since his wife's death had looked on life with hatred. When Joyce had come, her gentle mother had slowly faded away, and Hiram Waring, blaming the innocent child for the death of the woman he loved so passionately, had never shown her the affection that was her heritage.

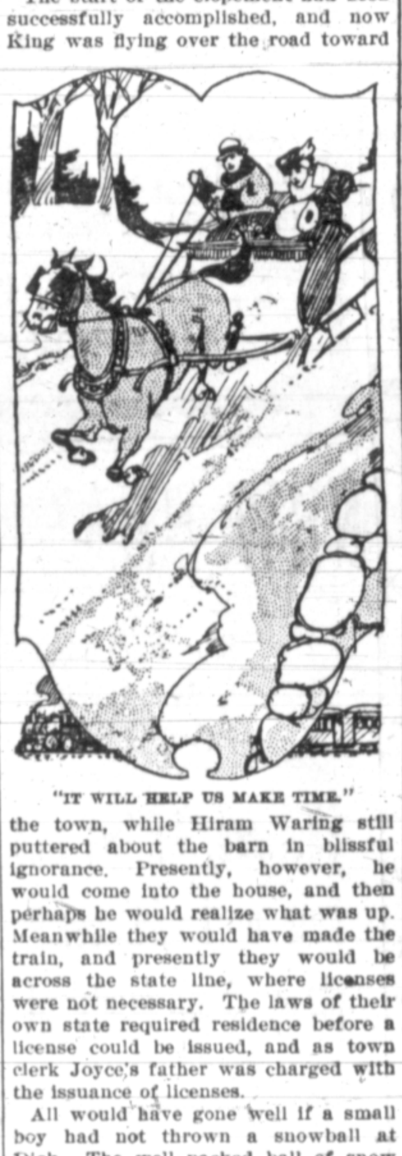
As a child her innocent transgressions were punished with an unjust severity, and when Dick Torrington had asked her father for her hand he had been driven from the house for no other apparent reason than Mr. Waring's hatred of Joyce. The father would not give his consent to a marriage because it would make her happy, and thereafter he watched her more closely than ever.

But Dick Torrington was not of the sort to take his unjust dismissal without an effort to win the woman he loved, and the elopement was the result.

Busby was the terminal station of a branch line on which the single train made two trips daily each way. Hank Carew took a pride in the punctuality with which the road was run, and it was certain that the morning train would leave exactly at half past 9.

By planning the elopement so as to reach the station just as the train started, Dick was assured that there could be no successful pursuit. King could cover the ground faster than Waring's double team, even should the latter be already hitched.

The start of the elopement had been successfully accomplished, and now King was flying over the road toward



"IT WILL HELP US MAKE TIME."

the town, while Hiram Waring still puttered about the barn in blissful ignorance. Presently, however, he would come into the house, and then perhaps he would realize what was up. Meanwhile they would have made the train, and presently they would be across the state line, where licenses were not necessary. The laws of their own state required residence before a license could be issued, and as town clerk Joyce's father was charged with the issuance of licenses.

All would have gone well if a small boy had not thrown a snowball at Dick. The well packed ball of snow missed the driver, but struck King a smart blow in the ribs. The high spirited horse was unused to such treatment and bolted down the road with Dick frantically sawing at the reins.

"It is all right!" he shouted. "It will help us make time. It will be easy if I can stop him before we reach the Hill."

Joyce's face blanched. The Hill (always spelled with a capital) was a steep descent of nearly a mile, with one ugly turn. If King should bolt down the hill, there was little chance that Dick would be able to guide him around the curve, and they would be thrown down the side.

"You will stop him before then," she said confidently. But the corners of her mouth were drawn and her lips were white. She knew King and realized how little chance there was even while she sought to comfort Dick with her confidence.

It was a little more than a mile to the top of the Hill, and Dick fought the horse every inch of the way. He had called to Joyce to kneel in the bottom of the cutter, and just as they reached the descent he pulled King's head to one side and guided the crazed animal into a tree.

Dick shot over the side of the cutter as they struck, but he was on his feet in an instant to hold the horse. There was no need for that. King lay still on the sparkling snow with his head twisted oddly to one side, and for a moment Dick gazed sadly upon his favorite.

Joyce, he had seen, was unharmed. Her position and the thick robes had saved her from worse than a shaking up, and she had regained the seat.

"Poor old King!" she cried as she saw with relief that Dick was unhurt. "I could kill that little Edwards boy."

"Never mind the Edwards boy," said Dick brusquely. "What we have to think about is the train. We never can walk that hill in time to make the train. Have you nerve enough to coast it in the cutter?"

"I'd risk anything rather than return home," cried Joyce. "I never will let father catch us."

"Then here goes," cried Dick gayly as he pulled the cutter back into the road and caught up one of the broken shafts. "It's been a long time since I went bobbing, but I think I can make it."

He gave Joyce the shaft to hold and pushed the cutter over the brow of the hill, climbing in over the back when he had it started.

Once back in the cutter he took the shaft and improvised a steering rudder. The body work afforded him leverage, and Dick laughed as the sleigh began to gain speed.

For the first half mile the road was straight, and little steering was necessary. Then ahead loomed the turn, and Dick's face turned grave as he dug the shaft into the road.

Slowly the sleigh responded to the pressure, and in another instant they had swung around the curve as neatly as a champion coaster on his low pointer, and they were again on the straight and headed for the station.

Hank Carew had just backed his engine down from the house, and a white plume of steam rose from the dome as the engineer waited for the minute hand of the clock to touch the bottom of the dial.

The runaways were still a quarter of a mile from the station when the cutter slowed up, but they had gained more than a minute in their swift descent, and they did not have to run.

As they came up to the station platform the little knots of loungers gathered about them. Rapidly Dick explained the reason for the coast, and the listeners cheered as they heard the tale. For years they had grumbled at the way Waring treated Joyce, and they were glad that at last she was to be released from her father's hard reign.

"Here comes your dad now!" piped a shrill voice. And with one accord they turned to see the familiar Waring team tearing over the brow of the hill.

Carew glanced at the steam gauge and the clock. Then he leaned out of the window.

"All aboard that's going!" he called in a stentorian voice. "We're changing the schedule today. The 9:30 is going out at 9:28!"

Another instant and the train was rattling down the road toward the state line, and Hiram Waring came dashing up to the platform to be greeted by ironical cheers.

"The train went ahead of time!" he sputtered. "I shall report this to the officials!"

"You're wrong, squire," drawled Ned Burns, who posed as a wag. "That ain't the regular train. That's the Coaster special. Makes close connection with the Cutter express, from up your way."

The laugh which followed showed Waring that the sympathy was all with the runaways. He was to be a candidate for county treasurer in the fall. It would not do to turn his townspeople against him. As he headed the horses for home he half turned in his seat.

"When that Coaster special completes the round trip," he shouted out, "you might tell Dick Torrington to come out to my place. I ain't going to kill the fatted calf, but there's a turkey I was saving up for Christmas. I guess that'll do as well."

**The Romans and the Sea.**

Virgil is understood to have lived long on the bay of Naples, and he dwells repeatedly with unsurpassed effect on the littoral phases of the sea, but on the element at large he expresses little but a sense of vastness, power, malevolence. It is a toilsome and perilous expanse, to be hurried across and escaped.

Across the land the Romans went with indomitable confidence, marking their way with those works of peculiar permanence, so that today the Briton traverses the original roads they built, and the Gaul walks beneath their arches. But even in imperial times the voyage from Brundisium to Greece was something of a hardship. The ocean was a thing "bestrew'd with wreck and disaster." In its depths or on its shores lay the bones of those who never received burial and hence could not pass over the Styx.

When Tiberius built a yacht he floated it on the quiet lake Nemi and very likely kept it anchored like a palatial houseboat. The sea lacked that essential stability which the Romans so much valued. It was estranging. Roman adaptability made it a medium of empire, but never with the viking spirit.—Sewanee Review.

**Johnny's Interpretation.**

Little Johnny was hustled off to church one Sunday morning with the admonition that if he could not remember the text when he came home he couldn't go out to play that afternoon. At the dinner table he was asked the text of the sermon and said:

"Don't be afraid, you'll get the quilt."

The mother laughingly replied, "You must be mistaken Johnny," but he was sure he was right. The matter dropped until, during the week, the pastor called, when it was learned that the text was, "Fear not, the comforter will come."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Square Deal**

Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines—for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and their formulas are attested under oath as being complete and correct. You know just what you are paying for and that the ingredients are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots found growing in our American forests and while potent to cure are perfectly harmless even to the most delicate women and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. A much better agent is used both for extracting and preserving the medicinal principles used in them, viz.—pure triple-refined glycerine. This agent possesses intrinsic medicinal properties of its own, being a most valuable antiseptic and antiferment, nutritive and soothing demulcent.

Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heart-burn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

## PROHIBITION'S "DIXIE."

**A Twentieth Century Rendition of "Marching Through Georgia."**

Prohibition in Georgia has drawn from some unnamed prohibition versifier the following "Marching Through Georgia," which, it is suggested, may be sung to the tune of "Dixie," says the New York Post:

Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll have a grand new song;
Sing it as we mean to sing it, eighty millions strong;
Sing it as we love to sing it while they march along—
Rumshops are marching from Georgia!

Hurrah, hurrah, they lead the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, our land will soon be free!
Hear the Dixie chorus, from Atlanta to the sea,
While they are marching from Georgia!

Oklahoma answered when she heard the joyful sound;
Kansas took new courage, while old Maine felt sure her ground.
All the south awakens, and the north will soon come round,
Swelling the new march from Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll vote the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, Columbia shall be free!
Swell the Dixie chorus, from the mountains to the sea—
America is proud to follow Georgia.

Maryland Prohibitionists, not to be outdone, furnish this battle song, which, the party's press bureau assures the public, has just been "dashed off" by one of the workers:

We have a foe we mean to fight
In Maryland—my Maryland,
An enemy to God and right
In Maryland—my Maryland.
Arise, ye people; take your stand
And work together, hand in hand,
For God and home and native land
In Maryland—my Maryland.

Of Oklahoma we are proud.
She sets the pace for Maryland.
Then why should rumshops be allowed
In Maryland—my Maryland?
The southern states are doing well,
And Delaware now breaks the spell.
What we will do time will soon tell
In Maryland—my Maryland.

The legislature soon to meet
In Maryland—my Maryland,
The people's will must not defeat
In Maryland—my Maryland.
This mighty question must be solved;
There is a principle involved—
Saloons must go, we have resolved,
In Maryland—my Maryland.

Rumshops are destined soon to go
In Maryland—in Maryland.
Good, thinking people will it so
In Maryland—my Maryland.
Arise, ye people, in your might,
For God is on the side of right,
And he will help us win this fight
In Maryland—in Maryland.

**In Spooning Days.**

"What a beautiful thing is thought!" said she.
"A boon it is to myself and Jim.
I sit and think he is thinking of me,
And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him."
—New York Press.

**Uncle Jerry.**

"Many a boy," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "gets a whipping for being merely suspected of doing the things his father was too slick to get caught at when the old man was a boy himself."

# TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

## James Watt.

*By ROBERTUS LOVE.*

*The steam engine was a plaything when he began to tinker with it.*

It was George Stephenson who, observing the lifting of a teakettle's lid by the hissing and bubbling within, conceived and created the first crude steam engine, but it was James Watt who divined the immense possibilities of steam as a motive force and adapted the engine to practical uses. So many and so important were the improvements added by Watt that he shares honors with the inventor of the original engine. Watt perfected the steam engine, adapting it to general industrial service. He took an embryotic contrivance and developed it practically to a finished creation.

This Scotchman was an instrument maker by trade. Employed in that capacity for the University of Glasgow, he took advantage of his association with the professors to increase his scientific knowledge. In the laboratory was a little steam engine vast in possibilities, but little more than a plaything when Watt began to tinker with it. His first great improvement in the engine was the invention of the independent steam condenser, which conserved much of the power that was lost in the original machine. Watt also invented the centrifugal governor, the water gauge, the mercury steam gauge and many other features, leaving the steam engine in its essential construction very much as it stands today.

Watt worked at his task with unflagging zeal. He made the improvement of the steam motor his life's work. From 1759 to 1774 he was almost constantly engaged in perfecting the mechanism of the engine. It is said that republics are ungrateful. This cannot be said of the kingdom of Great Britain in the case of James Watt, for the government extended the Watt patents beyond the prescribed term of years in recognition of the long period of time which the tireless inventor devoted to his work of improvement and adaptation.

Clara—I'm going to break off my engagement with Tom. I find I do not love him. Maude—Indeed! When did you make the discovery? Clara—Last night. I saw him out riding with another girl, and I didn't feel like pulling her hair or scratching her eyes out at all.—Chicago News.

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"THE LAMPS are splendid. Everyone exclaims about the amount of light they give," writes Mrs. W. T. Reese, Tiffin, Ohio. "My City friends visiting here say they are as good as Gas. In fact, my home is now considered the best lighted house in the county. Why, when we go visiting our neighbors of an evening it is hard to keep from exclaiming about the poor light they have!"

The Angle Lamp is the new method of burning common kerosene oil, and is as different from the ordinary lamps in results as it is in appearance. It makes common kerosene the best, the cheapest and the most satisfactory of all lighting methods. Safer and more reliable than gasoline or acetylene, yet as convenient to operate as gas or electricity.

**The Angle Lamp**

is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal.

And yet the lamp actually pays for itself. For while the ordinary round wick lamp, usually considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil, The Angle Lamp burns a full 15 hours on the same quantity. But send for our catalog " " explaining the new principles employed in this lamp, and for our proposition for selling on

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| SPOKANE FLYER. | 7.00 p.m. flag | 8.00 a.m. no stop. |
| Passes Biggs | 11.29p.m | 3.45 a.m. |
| For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points. | | |
| ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington. | 7.46 p.m no stop. | 9.45 a.m. flag |
| Passes Biggs | 11.39 p.m. | 4.51 a.m. |
| PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. | 8.00 a.m. | 6.00 p.m. |
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For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10.00 p. m. Arrives 5.00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points. Ash street dock. Leaves 7.00 a. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

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Gen'l Passenger Agent,
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# Grand Ronde Chief

Black stallion, 15.3, weight 1137 lbs. Record 2:34½. No. 18671.

**SIRED BY ALMONT MEDIUM, 2:18**

Sire of Prince Almont, 2:13¼, Lynmont 2:23½ [sire of Deimont 2:10¼] and eleven others in the list.

First dam Ursina, by C. M. Clay Jr. 22, sire of 35 producing dams, including Tecora, the dam of Chehalis 2:04¼; Del Norte 2:08; and others.

Second dam Mary Coleman, [dam of Linda Sprague 2:19], by Mambrino Chief, son of Mambrino Chief II, the sire of Lady Thorne 2:18; and others.

Third dam, by Toronto. Fourth dam, by Keokuk, son of Imp. Truffle.

**Grand Ronde** is a substantially built horse; the kind that can go to town and come back; has style and trotting action that he transmits; he has had but little track work, but has trotted halves in 1:09 and quarters in :33; Grand Ronde will make the season of 1908 at

**At my farm, six miles south east of Moro, each Monday.**
**Grass Valley, each Tuesday**
**Wasco, each Thursday**
**Moro, each Friday and Saturday,**

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**R. T. Morgan, Owner**