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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Sept. 11, 1908

Five Cents

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To have money is to save it. The one sure way to save it is to deposit it with Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. bank. You will then be exempt from the annoyance of having it burn holes in your pockets. Aside from the fact that your money will be safe from theft, the habit of saving tends to the establishment of thrift, economy, discipline and a general understanding of business principals essential to your success.

WASCO WAREHOUSE MILLING CO. BANK MORO

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Hotel Kent, Moro, Oregon.

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Accommodations First Class. Headquarters for Traveling Men. Rooms Well Furnished, Nicely Ventilated, Newly Renovated. The Best of Table Board at Moderate Price.

STOP where the people stop

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The Dalles, Oregon. Steam Heat. Electric Lights. Electric Call Bells.

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OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—Settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co.

In sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON, and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are:

Table with 2 columns: City, Fare. Includes Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, New York.

Tickets can be prepaid

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph. F. CRABTREE, Local Agent, Moro, Or.

Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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First street, Strong brick, Moro, Ore.

Confectionery

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Vinton Hotel

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New Entirely.

Convenient to Business

PRICES REASONABLE

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Corner Front and Morrison Streets

Free bus to and from trains. Rates by the day: 50 c, 75 c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.

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A Good Clean Family Hotel

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Until further notice I will not carry with me on my trips over the county any medicines, salves or liniments; but a full stock will be kept on hand at my store and all mail orders will be promptly filled.

Alex. Hunter, Agt., Demoss, Oregon

O. B. Messinger

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FOLK'S GAZETTEER. A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession. N. L. POLK & Co., Inc., Seattle, Wash.

STREET'S GREAT FEAT

Diamond Star Held on to Ball Dropped 450 Feet.

WON ON THIRTEENTH TRIAL.

Plucky Catcher Accomplished Feat Many Experts Vainly Attempted. Sphera Dropper From Top of Washington Monument, Was Five and Three-quarter Seconds Falling.

From a little window only a few feet below the top of the Washington monument at the national capital there dropped the other day a baseball such as is used by the big leagues. It curved, twisted, squirmed and then with a thud and an impact that nearly knocked the daring recipient down landed in the padded hand of Charlie Street, an American league catcher.

When that insignificant looking sphere had landed a feat long considered impossible had been accomplished, and Street was heralded as the first man who had ever caught a ball thrown from such a height—450 feet. The impact against the pitcher's mitt is estimated at 200 pounds. The velocity in the last second was tremendous.

Street used the ordinary catcher's glove. The striking scene was witnessed by only a few men, who had been invited to the test. There was Street himself, standing fifty feet away from the base of the monument. Around him clustered Preston Gibson, newspaper proprietor and clubman; Ganley, left fielder of the Washingtons, and McBride, shortstop.

Far above this little group, in the tiny window that looked like a dot on the monument, stood another man. He had ten baseballs with him. He constructed two little planks a sort of runway, down which he was to roll the spheres.

There was no warning of when the first ball or the last one was to come hurtling down to Street. He didn't have the advantage of the usual signal from the pitcher. He had to wait to stand there, eyes like slits, hands held out, head up, waiting.

He knew that before him such giants of the diamond as Buck Ewing, Fred Clarke, Charlie Snyder and Milti Kittredge had stood in that same spot long ago and made gallant but futile attempts to capture the baseballs that whizzed and sank downward faster than any express train, whirling as if they had St. Vitus' dance, now being swept this way by the wind, in an instant forced in another direction, always erratic, always baffling.

Street stood on the north side of the monument. Suddenly Ganley sang out: "Here she comes!" Street saw the ball—a tiny dot against the sky. The wind whistled it to one side. Street shifted his position. It took just five seconds for the ball to come to the top of the earth, thirty feet from him. Again came a whistling, erratic ball. It plunged far from the catcher. Seven other spheres shot downward, and yet Street might as well have been a mile away.

Ball No. 11 came closer to the man below, and he had his gauge. The twelfth ball hummed almost into Street's hands. It touched the tips of his fingers, and from the impact he knew that if one of the missiles hit his head it would be good night for him.

Gritting his teeth at the thought that unucky thirteen was coming his way, he carried the plucky catcher heard Ganley sing out again: "You've got it!"

There was a "bang," and Street quivered from head to foot, as a slip of quiver in a collision. He stood still as a wooden Indian, looking at the little sphere in his hands. Then he laughed like a child, only half conscious of the fact that he had done what no man in the world ever had done before.

Street described his experience as follows: "The approach of the ball appeared to be in wavy lines, and that motion was more realistic by the prevailing light. I couldn't gauge the line of flight, and that is a condition of the first importance in stopping a ball. It was an unusually windy day.

"When I touched the twelfth ball I knew that it would succeed. My nerve came back, and when the thirteenth ball arrived I closed in on it and held it fairly and squarely.

"I can't say very much more about it, only that the force was more terrible than that of any ball I ever caught in my life, either batted or thrown. I guess the speed was many times greater than that of a ball hurled at me by Pitcher Johnson."

Training Bank Employees to Shoot. As the result of the crime wave that has swept over Massachusetts, with its accompaniment of murders, burglaries, robberies and other crimes, the Shawmut National bank, one of the largest in Boston, has equipped a shooting gallery in the basement of its building, and every employee is required to take his turn at target practice for half an hour daily. Automatic guns are furnished every employee, from messengers to bank cashiers, and the employees are sent off in squads for their practice, which is under the supervision of the chief watchman of the bank.

Esperanto Books For Blind. The Esperantists have decided to publish books in Esperanto for the blind and to prepare proper exhibits to give information relative to Esperanto.

THE LAST LEAF

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1906, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

IN a little district west of Washington and low square the streets were run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called places. These places make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should in traversing this route suddenly meet himself coming back without a cent having been paid on account?

So to quaint old Greenwich village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth century gables and Dutch attics which they bought. Then they imported some pester named for Joanna. One was from Maine, the other from California. They had met at the table of a cafe on an Eighth street "Deimonio's" and found their tastes in art, almost equal, and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unclean stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. One on the east side this navigator strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss grown places.

Mr. Behrman was one of what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mile of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red fisted, short breasted old duffer. But Johnny he snote, and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch windowpanes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor stalked Sue into the hallway with a shaggy gray eyebrow. "She has one chance in, let us say, ten," he said as he shook down the mercury in the clinical thermometer, "and that chance is for her to wait to live. This way people have of lying up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she is not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She—she wanted to paint the bay of Naples some day," said Sue. "Paint? Ho! Ho! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jeweled twang in her voice. "Is a man worth—But, no, doctor, there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the cartridges in her funeral procession I suggest 20 per cent more of the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one in five chance for her instant recovery."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnny's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime. Johnny lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

"She arranged her board and began a pen and ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to literature. As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horse shoe riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnny's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward. "Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven," and then "ten," and "nine," and then "eight" and "seven" almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old ivy vine gnarled and decayed at the roots climbed halfway up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung almost bare to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue. "Six," said Johnny in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sude." "Leaves on the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you need to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were—let's see exactly what he said—best against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now and let Sude go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it and buy port wine for her sick child and pork chops for her greasy suit."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnny, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No; I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark; then I'll go too."

"Johnny, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnny coldly. "I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnny, closing her eyes and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michelangelo's Moses heard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had welded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his mistress' robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a dab in the line of commerce or advertising.

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Oregon State Fair & Exposition

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Special Railroad Rates

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A week of profit for you and the family. Summer school for all.

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The Dalles, Oregon

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday

October 6th to 10th

The Main Attractions are

The Pavilion in the city. Stock Exhibit. Speed Attractions. School Childrens Exhibit. Balloon Ascensions. Arnolds Amusement Co., who will out do former efforts. All railroad and boat lines will give reduced rates of fare

Handsome Premiums Offered for all Exhibits, Races, Etc. See premium list, which will be furnished upon application. A great exhibit of our annual resources and endless amusements in car lots are in store for everybody.

J. L. Kelly, President. J. M. Patterson, Secretary.

shade be raised. The ivy leaf was still there. Johnny lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken-broth over the gas stove. "I've been a bad girl, Sude," said Johnny. "Something has made that



"With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman's name is Sue. Some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him, but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable." The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now—that's all." And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnny lay contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf and put one arm around her, pillows and all. "I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place and some scattered brushes and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall—Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece. He painted it there the night that the last leaf fell!"