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SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER.

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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Sept. 18, 1908

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Watkins Remedys 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., Demos, Oregon O. B. Messinger Moro, Oregon. City Dray Express and Freight Delivered to any Part of the City Piano and Furniture Moving. Trunks and Grips Delivered To and From all Trains.

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POLK'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. R. L. POLK & CO., Inc. Seattle, Wash.

Talk of New York.

A Characteristic Story of Governor Hughes—The Cost of Being a Yachtsman—A Life of Mansfield.

GOVERNOR CHARLES E. HUGHES has been very much in the public eye owing to the complex political situation in the state of New York. His methods in conducting the state's business are sometimes commented on interestingly by men with whom he comes in contact. One story is told of the governor that illustrates the impartiality he shows in dealing with matters affecting the state.

When the legislature was in session there were two well known senators who had been in the legislature which they earnestly desired the governor to sign. One of these men was called on by the governor and he earnestly desired the governor to sign. The governor and to criticize him for making the action in question. The senator was much averse to doing this, for he felt he would not be able to do it. Mr. Hughes and lead him to veto the particular bill he had before him. But finally pressure became so strong that he delivered a stinging, bitter speech against the governor.

The other senator arose the same day and defended the executive in re- sponding terms, paying him as the greatest of all New York's governors. He set down feeling that the fate of his pet bill, then in the governor's hands, was secure.

A few days later the first senator went hesitatingly into the executive chamber to ask the executive to sign his bill. But he felt that he was wasting time. The governor, however, was very affable and said: "Oh, yes, that bill I have looked into, and I find it all right. I will sign it immediately." And he did so. The senator departed, hardly believing that his ears were in good working order.

Shortly afterward in walked the second senator and asked the governor confidently about signing his measure. Mr. Hughes, much to the legislator's chagrin and disgust, said: "Oh, that bill I have looked into the matter and find it all wrong. I can't for a moment consider signing it."

"What's the use of having a governor like that?" muttered the crest-fallen senator as he meekly departed. "He can't be human if he does not stand by the people who stand by him."

Somewhere or other it takes some politicians a long time to get accustomed to dealing with governors and other high executives who act on public measures according to the merits of the measures and not according to the status of the man who is their sponsor. Most veteran politicians consider politics to be a game of "You tickle me, I'll tickle you," but sometimes governor like Hughes breaks traditions of long standing.

It is customary to hear horse racing termed the sport of the great wealth required to conduct a racing stable for pleasure, but nowadays yachting as conducted in New York waters may well take the place of horse racing in this respect. Up to date yachting, as the New York millionaire's yacht, costs far more in a year than the operating of a stable of average size for the same period. And, moreover, there can be no profit in yachting. It is an amusement sport. There are no purses to race for, only cups and other trophies; also the betting feature is generally absent from yacht races, while owners of race horses sometimes win fortunes in a day on bets.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's yearly yachting bill runs over \$200,000 when he goes in a sailing yacht. His big steam yacht is always near at hand, so that he can entertain his friends and find comfortable quarters for himself. Almost all the millionaire yachtsmen who race sailing craft use their steam yachts in the same way as Vanderbilt, often having their families follow the races on the steam craft.

The crews on the racing yachts have to be the highest class of seamen, receiving \$20 a month, food and keep. The captain's salary may vary from \$3,000 to \$10,000. The repairs alone on almost every sailing yacht forty feet in length run up to several thousand dollars. Some of the sums spent in a single year on yachting by New York millionaires are as follows: H. H. Rogers, \$100,000; John P. Morgan, \$200,000; Frederick G. Bourne, ex-com-

mander New York Yacht club, \$140,000; Ex-Commodore Gerry, \$110,000; John Jacob Astor, \$150,000; the Gould family, \$280,000.

William Gillette, famous as actor and playwright, is writing a new "detective play," which, he believes, will equal "Secret Service" in popularity and profit making.

Mr. Gillette is known about town as one of the most particular and exact men about little things. If some one makes an engagement with him and keeps it, Mr. Gillette was apoplectic. If his eggs are not cooked just so in the morning, the waiter has absolutely to flee heading to prevent his wife from collecting his life insurance.

On one occasion Mr. Gillette gave his manager directions as to how he wanted the cast of his company printed in the programme. The manager summoned his press agent, who has charge of writing the material for the programme, and told him to do just what Gillette had ordered. That was to print the names of the players in some particular fashion and not to print any periods after any of the names. For Mr. Gillette has peculiar ideas on punctuation. Well, when the printer got the copy, sent to him by the press agent, he saw there were no punctuation marks in it, and, assuming this to be a mistake, he inserted them himself.

When the proofs were returned to the press agent to be corrected, he neglected to have the punctuation marks taken out. The names of the players were consequently printed in the programme with periods after them.

When Mr. Gillette saw the programme he became so exceedingly wrathly that the unfortunate press agent was immediately discharged.

Mrs. M. G. Quackenbos, whom Attorney General Boanparte has made one of his special assistants in the campaign against the trusts, is a New York lawyer of great brilliance. Mrs. Quackenbos has the faculty of underscoring a remark with an appropriate simile. Thus, discussing the other day the character of a certain notorious millionaire, she said: "I suppose there is some honesty in the man, but it is hard to find. It reminds me of the railway hand sandwich. A man passed bitterly in the consumption of a very hard, dry rail sandwich. He looked at it and said to the maid behind the bar: "I don't see no ham in this."

"Oh, you ain't come to it yet," said the maid, with a smile. "A minute or two passed. The man's jaws worked gloomily. Then they stopped again, and he said: "I don't see no ham yet, young woman."

"Oh, she replied, 'you've gone and bit over it now!'"

Paul Wiltstach, the playwright who was business manager for the late Richard Mansfield for many years, is just now in Paris, Va., at Gunston Hall, revising the proofs of his "Life of Mansfield."

Mr. Wiltstach is one of the most highly thought of theatrical men in New York's club life, and Mr. Mansfield placed the highest confidence in his literary ability. When in New York, Mr. Wiltstach can always be found at the Players' club, opposite Gramercy park. He was Mr. Mansfield's personal adviser in many matters, and Mr. Wiltstach was not generally understood by the public, and the unreasonable and biased critics had done much to wound the feelings and make sorrowful the life of Mansfield.

Mr. Wiltstach's "Life of Mansfield" will be issued in the fall and will consist largely of material hitherto unpublished. ROGER ELLIOTT.

O. Henry's Start. A Pittsburg reviewer recalls the fact that O. Henry had "breezed" unannounced into the office one day a few years ago on his way east. He was in a hurry because he was hungry. He had an inside coat pocket bulging with manuscript and a vacuum in the compartment consecrated to small change. He looked as if he had seen much of the world and a good deal of it had stuck to him. For all that he looked as happy as a philosopher, and all he wanted was a dollar or two for some of those manuscripts to provide food before marching onward to New York. Two or three months later the story refused by this Pittsburg editor appeared in a prominent eastern magazine. It made people sit up and ask, who the writer was.

Names You See In Print.

THE tragedy at Baylis, N. F., in which W. E. Annis, a publisher, met his death at the hands of an officer of the regular army in 1904 after a career of much value to his country. He was born in Philadelphia in 1840 and is a West Point man. He is known as one of the ablest of military engineers. For many years he was senior engineer of the Nicaragua canal commission, conducting the investigations of that body into the merits of the various routes for the great waterway. General Hains left West Point to go to the front at the outbreak of the civil war, through which he served as an engineer officer from Bull Run to Appomattox. He received three brevets for gallant service. In 1862 he was assigned to the charge of the reclamation of the Potomac flats at Washington and continued in charge until 1881, when that work was well advanced toward completion. He served with credit in Porto Rico during the war with Spain. General Hains married Virginia P. Jenkins, daughter of Admiral Thornton Jenkins of the United States navy. His son, Thornton Jenkins Hains, who, with Captain Hains, is charged with the murder of Annis, inherited the admiral's fondness for the sea and served as a navigator before taking up his present profession as a writer, in which he has attained note as an author of stories of the sea.

He made a record as a reformer in the Kansas house of representatives, of which he served as speaker one year. When he appeared in the legislature his independence asserted itself, and he was humiliated. Among other jokes his opponents made him pass under was one cutting down the Kansas university appropriation \$20,000. When the legislature adjourned Stubbs returned to his home in Lawrence and went to the board of regents.

Laying down a slip of paper, face down, Representative Stubbs remarked: "Boys, you must not lose anything through sending me to Topeka. They cut the appropriation down \$20,000. It will exterminate cockroaches if sprinkled in their haunts. Pitch, wheel grease and tar stains can be quickly removed if the spot is first covered with lard, then soaked. With turpentine sponge clean and gently till dry. A few drops on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes nicely. Moisten sponge with turpentine to clean gilt frames.

How to Use Turpentine. When threatened with pneumonia rub the lungs with turpentine and apply hot fannels. Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains from muslin. A few drops of turpentine added to the water in which clothes are boiled will whiten them. It will exterminate cockroaches if sprinkled in their haunts. Pitch, wheel grease and tar stains can be quickly removed if the spot is first covered with lard, then soaked. With turpentine sponge clean and gently till dry. A few drops on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes nicely. Moisten sponge with turpentine to clean gilt frames.

How to Transplant Small Trees. A small tree or any shrub may be successfully transplanted at any season or at any stage of growth in the following way: Dig a trench entirely around the tree, a foot or more in width and a little deeper, leaving the roots imbedded in a ball of earth. Fill the trench with wet cement and leave undisturbed until it hardens. The tree may then be lifted and removed at pleasure. After placing it where it is to stand, break and remove the cement and immediately fill the space with earth.

How to Preserve Clothes Wringers. When the rollers of your clothes wringer begin to break buy 5 cents' worth of bicycle tape and wind it around the rollers. Wind the tape carefully and snugly and then wind a piece of white cloth around the roller to cover the tape. A wringer which is treated in this manner will last twice as long as if treated in the usual way.

18th ANNUAL DISTRICT FAIR

Of the Second Eastern Oregon District Comprised of the Counties of Wasco, Hood River, Sherman, Gilliam, Crook, and Wheeler, will be held at

The Dalles, Oregon

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday The Main Attractions are The Pavilion in the city. Stock Exhibit. Speed Attractions. School Childrens Exhibit. Balloon Ascensions. Arnolds Amusement Co., who will outdo former efforts. All railroad and boat lines will give reduced rates of fare

Handsoms 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.

The Scrap Book

One Point of Resemblance. When John McCullough was starting in Texas, in one town, where he was billed to play "Ingomar," the costumes were delayed by a railway accident. The manager was equal to the situation, however. He went to every butcher's shop in town and hired all the sheep and cow hides he could to dress up his supers. When McCullough came on the stage that night he felt back appalled by the stretch of the hastily improvised clothing worn by the barbarians.

"What do you think of them?" the older Sothern laughingly asked McCullough, pointing to the supers as the curtain rolled down. "They neither act like, look like nor talk like barbarians," curtly growled the tragedian, "but, by the gods, they smell like them!"

PRAYER OF SOCRATES. Grant, O Olympian gods supreme, Not my wish and not my dream; Grant me rather good than shames. Nor ruddy copper in the mines, Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod And be a fool and seem a god. Nor precious robe with jeweled fringe Splendid with sea born purple tinge. Nor silken vest on downy pillow, Nor hammock hard on heaving billow. But give all goodly things that be Good for the whole and best for me. My thoughts are foolish, blind and true. Thou only knowest what is good.

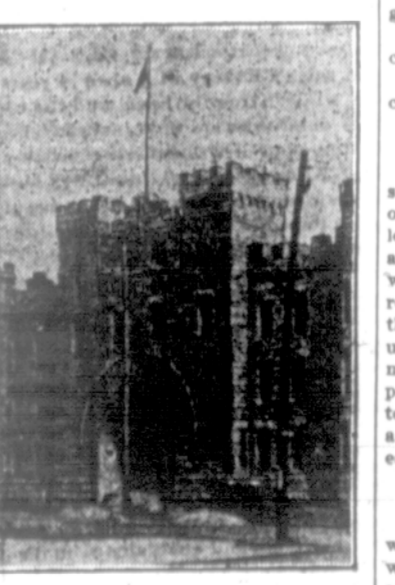
A Stranger to It. A patient entered the dental parlors of a noted dentist in Louisville. The man's eyes were bloodshot and he was bearing several other marks of a condition for which he could not be blamed, considering he had a severe toothache. "It's awful, doctor, and I want it fixed right away," he groaned. "The dentist made an examination and then asked if cold water seemed to make it worse. "Cold water," snorted the patient in the deepest disgust. "Cold water! How in blue blisters should I know?"

His Last Request. Once upon a celebrated desperado was to be publicly executed in Kentucky. Joe Blackburn, then a rising politician, chanced to be among the spectators. Before the sheriff adjusted the noose to the neck of the condemned man he tendered him the customary privilege of making any dying observations he might desire to for the benefit of his hearers. "I don't think I've got any remarks that"—the man began to say, when he was cut short by a loud, cheerful voice shouting: "Say, Bill, if you hadn't got anything special to talk about I wish you would give me about fifteen minutes of your time just to let me say to these good people that I am a candidate for their suffrages and to show some reasons why."

"Hold on," said the desperado. "Sheriff, who is this man?" "That's Blackburn." "Yes." "What's Blackburn—Joe Blackburn?" "Yes." "I thought so. Give him my time. Give him all of it. But go ahead and hang me first and make Blackburn talk afterward."

He Wanted to Know. The Employer (caddy)—Why are you so late? The Suburbanite (gruffly)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?

Partly True. Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my belt's out of work for nine years is as true as gospel.



THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.