

More City Official Paper. OFFICIAL PAPER OF SHERMAN COUNTY, OREGON. C. L. IRELAND, MANAGER. D. C. IRELAND, EDITOR. FRIDAY, Nov. 6, 1908.

Church and Society notices FREE, except when for money making purposes. Such notices at regular rates at the option of the publishers.

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

Send for advertising rates. Well; the whirlwind finish came at last. How does it suit you?

Noah Webster's biggest monument is the 75,000,000 of his spellers that have been sold.

Tennessee night riders have taken to murdering lawyers—having previously murdered the law.

Americans have this year spent \$7,500,000 abroad. A pretty substantial reason for Hand Across the Sea.

The returns indicate that the next congress will be republican by a strong working majority, in both branches.

It is difficult to understand why there was so much friction in the campaign, when every thing was so well oiled.

The Herring aeroplane traveled at an altitude of three feet. Pedestrians will have to look out or they will stub their toes on it some day.

The American sailor who climbed through flames in Tokyo to rescue a Japanese banner from being burned probably never read one of Hobson's speeches.

A new fangled aeroplane in Chattanooga fell 50 feet without seriously injuring the aviator on board. Man is more of a bird than has been supposed.

Roosevelt, old Hitchcock and the Henys, and other hyenas, have only won disgrace for themselves in this fight. Roosevelt's butting in cost Taft a 50 percent depreciation of the popular vote.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland has lost his 3-cent fare franchise, but he is still fighting for it. Perhaps he thinks he is leading the greatest reform in history, only to be brought about through persistence.

Before the fleet arrived at Tokio 20,000 Japanese children committed "America" to memory for singing. Wonder if they got beyond the first verse without humming? Like our average American has to do!

Nothing could be more friendly than the messages exchanged by President Roosevelt and the Emperor of Japan over the visit of the practice fleet. The messages are punctuated with comely instead of hostility. The mikado expresses an earnest desire to be perpetually a friend and good neighbor of the United States. Mr. Hobson will be disappointed in his hope to stir up something bitter. There has been nothing to compare with the reception in Japan since the Czar of Russia was welcomed to Paris in the fervor of popular enthusiasm over the Dual Alliance. Even the most confirmed pessimist will search in vain for any hint of war in this most remarkable international love-feast.

The result of an investigation of the recent outbreak of typhoid in Georgetown, D.C., by officers of the marine hospital service, disclosed the fact that a woman milkmaid, at a neighboring dairy, who had typhoid 18 years ago still throws off in her disjecta virgula typhoid fever bacilli, and was the responsible agent in spreading the disease. With one exception this is the only case of a considerable outbreak of typhoid in this country traced through milk to such a carrier. The astounding feature of this case is that the woman appeared to be enjoying good health. Gen. Wyman says that an important new source of the disease has been developed, and that it establishes the fact that 2 percent of all recovered cases of typhoid become bacillary carriers for a longer or shorter period, even though appearing otherwise well.

People are gladdened with wonders. How else may one account for the fact that the promise of a new ship as big as the Mauretana and Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse combined, has attracted so little attention? When the Great Eastern proved unprofitable the prediction was common that so great a ship would never again be built. Nor was there one launched for just 40 years. The Oceanic was the first modern ship to exceed the Great Eastern in displacement, the true measure of a vessel's size. It is taking only ten years to double the Oceanic. The new ship, which is to be fitted named the Titanic, will be 14,000 gross tons larger than the Mauretana. This means a probable displacement when loaded of more than 60,000 tons. The Titanic will be more than three Dreadnoughts in size and nearly four times as big as the largest American warship now in commission. She will be nearly ten times as large as a record breaking Ocean Greyhound of 26 years ago, the Alaska. And even of such a marvel, nobody nowadays arises to say, as they did of the Great Eastern: "This is the limit."

Send The Observer to your absent friends. It is better than a letter, and gives all the home news. Four months for 50c.

Zeppelin's new airship can carry 10 passengers; which reminds us that once there were Ten Little Indians.

AIRSHIP LINE PLANNED.

Machine Will Make Round Trip From Africa to London in Twelve Days. An airship fleet with accommodations rivaling those of the finest modern steamships will shortly be operating between Pretoria and London, making the round trip in twelve days if the expectations of a company just organized here are realized. The announcement of the enterprise is contained in a recent issue of the Transvaal Weekly, which says that some of the most influential men in South Africa are financially interested and which gives details regarding the plans, quoting Mr. Heinze, a German engineer and the inventor of the airship that the company is to use. Mr. Heinze states that as the result of years of study and experiment he has evolved an airship that can be controlled in all sorts of weather and steered as easily as a motor car. Of course the essential details are not divulged, but the following particulars, supplied on the authority of the inventor, show that in the matter of expectations Mr. Heinze is nowise less behind other potential conquerors of the air.

"The movements and soaring of the machine will be in every way similar to those of birds, and it will respond to the rudder and elevation control," he says. "It will carry from twelve to fourteen passengers. The ship is in some respects larger than that of Count Zeppelin. It will be about 300 feet long, the center 45 feet in diameter; the balloon of hydrogen in volume 15,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, and the machine will have a lifting power of 30,000 pounds, the ship itself weighing about 20,000 pounds. The vessel will be driven by compressed air worked by four motors, each having 100 horsepower."

TOO TALL FOR ANYTHING.

Even Too High to Join the Army, a Young Giant Bewails Fate. "Is there such a thing as a man being too tall to join the army?" asked a gigantic young fellow of a dapper looking officer standing in the entrance of the United States army recruiting office at Kansas City the other day. He was told that a man could be too tall and that he probably was in that class. "I thought not," he replied, "too tall for anything but the circus business, and I'm so blamed tired of that I never want to see the inside of a canvas again. I'm too tall to work in the average shop, too tall to work in a store, too tall to be employed in any store, too tall to hustle on a street, too tall to engage myself as a traction car motor-man or conductor, too tall—ah, what's the use? I'm too tall for anything." The man's name was Jarvis Henderson, and he hailed from Harrisburg, Pa. He stands seven feet two inches in his stocking feet.

Gives Salary to the Church. "I have no use for the money unless I should care to buy an automobile, and as I do not need or desire one of the machines I shall turn my salary over to the church," said the Rev. William A. Brothers of the Immaculate Conception church in Montclair, N. J., to his parishioners in announcing that he would contribute his first six months' salary to the building fund.

Bull Charges Train and Derails Car. When an express train on the Ulster and Delaware railroad near Kingston, N. Y., approached a giant bull standing on the tracks the bull lowered his shaggy head and charged. The impact with the cowcatcher threw the bull to the top of an embankment, but the animal struggled back to the track to continue the battle and fell under a parlor car, derailing it.

A poor man once asked Pierpont Morgan to purchase a foreign lottery ticket from him. Generously enough the millionaire bought the ticket at double its face value. The share eventually won a big prize. Mr. Morgan sent for the man and offered to settle on him \$1,000 a year for life. The man did not show any pleasure at this magnificent offer. "What's the matter?" "Why?" asked Mr. Morgan. "You are good for fifteen years of life at least." "That may be," answered the man, "but if I live on your side, as usual, Mr. Morgan, I sha'n't live twelve months."

Unofficial Oregon Returns

(Special to The Observer.)

Portland, Or., Wednesday, 11 o'clock, Nov. 4.

Returns received up to this hour give Taft the State by not less than 20,000, which undoubtedly will be increased later. Partial returns give Taft Multnomah county by 1,500, up to this hour.

(Signed), C. N. McARTHUR, Secretary Republican State Committee.

Gregory's Fortune.

By Barry Preston. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The candles in the thousands of Japanese lanterns which flooded the lawn with their soft light were burning low. Here and there one would sputter uncertainly and then go out, leaving a break in the long lines of various colored illumination. The orchestra in its palm bordered pavilion played a final selection, after which the musicians put their instruments in the cases with businesslike finality. The crowd which an hour earlier had fairly swarmed the place was now thinning out to a few scattered groups. Already the gayly costumed young ladies at the various booths were beginning to put away their remaining wares, yawning openly as they wearily took account of stock and compared notes on the sales they had made. The annual bazaar for the Home For Incubables always came to just such a stereotyped, successful ending. Quite apart from the other letterers, on a rustic bench beneath a towering maple, Peter Gregory watched the proceedings about him the while he smoked a contemplative cigarette. He had done his duty nobly. He had taken the many booths in order, permitting himself to be awed at each and making prodigal purchases of useless things, which he promptly gave away. One booth, only he had not visited, and that was the one where, for the amazingly small sum of \$1, you could have your horoscope cast, your past read and your future forecast by "Mile. Nazro, Matchless Egyptian Seer, First Appearance in America." If one were to believe the lurid poster just outside of the flap of the Graham children's lawn tent. Gregory glanced at the tent in question and puffed somewhat faster at his cigarette.



"YOU HAVE A RIVAL," SAID SHE, the cigarette, as if he were endeavoring to steel his nerves for an ordeal. For certain reasons he had wanted to have his fortune told until the fortune teller should be quite alone. Even as he looked two stout, middle aged women, accompanied by a prosperous looking man, came laughing out of the tent and made their way toward the tent. Behind them Mile. Nazro stood in the tent's entrance looking across the grounds.

Gregory tossed the cigarette aside, got to his feet and took a long breath. Then he stalked sedately to the fortune teller's booth and removed his hat in a deferential salute. "Am I too late to consult the fortune teller?" he asked. The young woman before him smiled rather wearily, but with a certain well simulated professional welcome. She was a tall young woman, with a supercilious figure. Her blue eyes twinkled merrily. Her face was dyed an ornamental tint with grease paint, and her lips were very red from the same reason. From beneath the dark wig that covered her head a single lock of blond hair strayed out rebelliously. "You are rather late," she said, "but perhaps we can manage your future, or at least a part of it, before all the lights go out. Will you please come into the tent? Will you have it by the palm or the cards?" she asked as she seated herself before a small table gay with bright paper and tinsel. "The cards, if you please. I think them much more reliable," said he gravely as he sat down opposite her. She produced a deck of cards and pushed them toward him. "Cut them, if you will," said she. Gregory split the deck, and the girl turned the cards face up. "Ah," she murmured as the deuce of hearts was displayed, "you are in love—very much in love!" "Admitted," said he quickly. He looked at her with such concentration that her eyes fell, and in her hurry she dropped some of the cards. Gregory picked them up and returned them to the table.

For a moment she manipulated the deck; then she tossed on to the table the jack of diamonds. "You have a rival," said she, "a big, light man. He is very rich." And she laid the ten of diamonds beside the jack. "Right again," said Gregory. "Mile. Nazro, your insight or the cards, whichever it is, is positively uncanny. Now tell me more about the lady, please. Does she favor me or my rival?" There was more manipulating of the deck, mere cutting by Gregory, and the girl looked keenly at a card in her hand. "Which does she seem to favor?" Gregory asked, leaning forward. "You," the girl said simply. With a sudden, swift movement Gregory caught one of the girl's hands in his own, but she drew it away, not without a certain hauteur. "This is only according to the cards, please remember," she said in a low voice. "Oh," said Gregory contritely. "Forgive me. I thought—that is, I hoped." "And according to the cards," said the girl hurriedly in a very evident effort to cover her embarrassment, "the lady whom you love is dark." She pushed the queen of clubs toward him. For a long time Gregory looked at her steadily. Then a hint of a smile curved the corners of his mouth. "Of course that is all according to the cards," he suggested. "There was a long pause. "Not wholly," the girl confessed, her face turned from him. "To what, then, are we indebted for the rest of it?" he asked. "Oh, to—intuition and—and to insight." Gregory laughed outright. It was a ringing, contagious laugh. He caught up the queen of clubs and sealed her far away to the lawn. "Exit the dark lady," he said. "There never was one. The girl I—the girl who is everything to me is not dark," he ended, looking meaningfully at the one blond lock that crept from beneath the wig. The girl arose in some confusion. "I'm—I'm very much afraid I can't tell you any more about the future," said she. "I think we'd best consider this sitting ended." "Oh, no, indeed," Gregory declared pleasantly. "There's a lot more to be settled yet. That rival, for instance—how about him? What shall we do with him?" "There was a long silence. "We've got to do something about the rival," Gregory maintained. The girl picked up the jack of diamonds and the ten spot with it. "If it's not the dark lady," she said in a very low voice, "the rival doesn't count—neither he nor his riches." She tore the two cards in pieces and tossed them from her. In an instant Gregory was on his feet. "Violet," he cried. "Violet, you mean?" "It was the cards," she said feebly, springing to her side. A half hour later as Gregory was leaving the grounds he encountered Tom Briggs. "Going to take the car home, Peter?" the latter inquired, with a mystifying chuckle. "Certainly," said Gregory. "What is there so funny about that?" "Nothing," said Briggs, with another covert gurgle, "nothing whatever, only Peter, as an old and trusted friend, I'd advise you to wash that bit of carnage paint off your chin before you go."

Value of an Automobile Face. "When I first came to New York," confessed a girl art student, "I thought all the women had regular putty faces. It seemed to me I never saw such blank walls of expressionless faces. I would get into a street car and look about me and could not detect any sign that any one else knew I existed. Women looked right through me as if I were a pane of window glass. I soon found out that a woman's pretentious face is a woman's protection. It is not that New York women cannot look bright and interested; it is because they dare not show any friendliness in public. When I first came, sitting from a smaller city where every one on a car is a lively manner, look about me, smile and study the people, just as I would do at home, sitting in my study. They naturally thought I was trying to start a flirtation. Several times I was followed as a penalty for my too interested manner, and I began to adopt the New York way. Now I go in many parts of the city acting as near like an automaton as I can, seeing no one, never expressing any interest or emotion in my face, and have learned the secret of going about this big city unmolested."—New York Times.

Poverty and Luxury. Poverty and luxury—these are the diseases of our industrial regime, to cure of which the Socialists offer their ineffectual remedy—ineffectual since the population of the United States is made up of 90,000,000 individuals, some of whom will be forever on the verge of bankruptcy, however great their income, and some frugal and always carrying their account on the right side of the balance sheet, however small their annual allotment of wealth. Poverty and luxury are twin diseases sapping the life of society, the one destroying ambition by withholding sufficient nourishment to the body, the other rendering men worthless to society by a superabundance of the good things of life. Poverty is a disease not indigenous to our American soil. It is a plague brought in by immigrants from wretched Europe, and the patients are cured here by the thousands. So long as there remains an uncultivated acre of land anywhere in the Union there is no real cause for poverty nor any excuse for luxury while a foot of land is undeveloped.—J. T. Lincoln in Atlantic.

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Electors meet at the state capitol the second Monday in January and vote by ballot.

The voters are counted by congress the second Wednesday in February. The president-elect is to be inaugurated on March 4 next.

NEW TODAY.

Horses Lost—Reward. Left my place on or about the 15th of October, 1908, three horses, One a bay mare, white strip in face, weight about 1050 lbs, branded V on left side; One a bay gelding, weight about 1200 lbs, a white spot on his belly and a white strip in his face; One a black or brown gelding, weight about 1200 lbs, star in face and one white foot, no brand.

When in Portland STOP AT Hotel Oregon. Corner 7th and Stark Streets. It is new and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance tele-phones. European plan. Rates \$1 per day and upward. Highest priced room \$3 per day.

Farm Tools, etc., for Sale. I am offering the following personal property on very reasonable terms: 2 3-bottom 14-inch Flying Dutchman gang plows. 2 16-disc Superior drills. 1 34 wagon. 4 sets work harness. 3 milch cows and several head of good horses. Write or phone N. W. THOMPSON, Moro, Or. n6\*312

Information Wanted. We have several parties who are looking for homestead locations or relinquishments, also some good timber claims. If you know of any good homestead or timber claims, it will pay you to write to us. Address AETNA REALTY CO., 225 Failing Building, Portland, Or. t64-309

To Buy, Sell or Exchange. Any person or persons having horses, cattle, houses, lots or household goods for sale, exchange, or parties desiring to buy such property, will find The Observer a good medium for advertising and securing a customer. Try THE OBSERVER, Moro, Or.

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