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To Oregon Will Prevail From the East
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The World Of Books

RECENTLY Rider Haggard had the experience of giving his daughter in marriage to Major Cheyne of the British army. In a sick bed, and other stilted that is conventional for matrimonial occasions Mr. Haggard looked to be quite a young man, although he is now fifty-three years of age. It is probably the author of "She" that he has gained his greatest fame, and in speaking of his early work recently he said: "My entrance into literature was purely an accident. Even after my return from Africa I had no idea of entering the profession. I went to Africa as secretary to one of the governors. I was in the country at the time of the war and left disgusted at the outcome. While in Africa I made a close study of the habits of the natives and the country generally. In consequence when I returned to England I was in a position to describe what I had seen and heard. These materials, with a sufficient amount of romance blended with them, are made use of in my tales of African life. "As I have already stated, my entrance into literature was due to chance. While practicing at the bar I conceived the idea of writing a work on politics. This, my maiden effort, proving successful, I was induced to



RIDER HAGGARD AND DAUGHTER.

write romances. "Dawn" was my first effort. Then followed other romances, including "She." It is said of Mr. Haggard that he was once in a farmhouse which was occupied by some Boers, who began discussing a plot against the British, and he knew that if they discovered he was English they would probably shoot him on the spot as a spy. He was debating how he could get rid of them before they made the discovery when one of them lit his pipe and threw the match, still burning, to the floor. Haggard leaped up and stamped it out.

William Dean Howells, who recently sailed for Europe in search of health, is one of the most kindly and modest of men. When approached by the struggling author or the reporter he does not play the grandee, but rather indulges in pleasant reminiscence. A writer asked him recently what particular bit of praise had inspired him the most, and he said: "It was just a chance remark made in an out of the way place when I thought myself an out of the way and very much hidden person. It was years ago, when life was harder than it is now. I was in a Canadian hotel, roaming about the place, not knowing what to do. So I went to the desk and combed the names on the register. Another man with a friend evidently felt the same way I did, for they peeped over my shoulder. One said to the other: "Say, I guess this place is all right; Howells is here!"

"This was the first time I had heard myself spoken of by strangers. It gave me a peculiar kind of encouragement, different from any sort of sensation I have felt since."

Ford Madox Hueffer's new book, "The Half Moon," comes at a time when it is especially fitting that the life of the discoverer of the Hudson should be revived. Hendrick Hudson was first of all a navigator and had little to do with the spirit of greed and conquest that characterized his age. In the words attributed to him in the novel, "But we set our names upon the hills that are more lasting than brass and upon broad rivers that shall flow when all liberties be burned." Egotistical, brooding, no interference, possessing an almost uncanny ability to read men, equally ready to break up meetings and play with his pet

What Authors Are Doing

alice, the glamour of romance will always envelop his name. The date of the story is in the early years of the reign of King James I. The best of action for the English portion of the story is in the town of Rye, one of the cinque ports, which had then their own laws, rights and no-popity, quite apart from those of the rest of England, and for the rest of the book the action takes place on board the Half Moon, the ship in which Hendrick Hudson first came to the island of Manhattan. It is, however, in no sense a colonial novel.

George Bernard Shaw, the author, playwright and wit, who is to spend several months in America, generally manages to keep his wit about him on all occasions. When his play "The Arms and the Man" was first produced in London there were loud calls for the author, and Mr. Shaw went before the curtain. As he did so one derisive voice from a displeased playgoer in the gallery spoke his ear, and, peering, he looked in the direction whence it came.

"Yes, I quite agree with your opinion," said Mr. Shaw, addressing the person who had uttered the catcall, "but what can two of us do against a houseful?"

Except for what Richard Harding Davis has done in that direction, the novelists of the time seem not to have paid much attention to South America in selecting their characters and in the weaving of their plots. At any rate, there is a rich field of material for romances there which is not yet been worked for all it is worth. With the growing interest in that part of the continent it might seem that the romancers of the United States would cast their eyes that way. One who has done so is Laurence D. Young, whose story "The Climbing Doom," published by the G. W. Dillingham company, New York, is a romance rather out of the ordinary. The action is partly in South America and partly in the United States. The plot is certainly ingenious and turns on an episode supposed to have happened during the later career of the Spanish conqueror Pizarro. Some American adventurers stumble upon a city far up in the Andes where live descendants of the ancient Incas and their people, ruled by Queen Zarra, whose genealogical tree goes back to the union between Pizarro and an Inca princess. These people have scarcely changed since Pizarro's time, according to the story, because access to their city and



LAURENCE D. YOUNG.

gress from it are barred by the character of the surrounding country. The only entrance to it is through a pass held by a tribe of gigantic ants, the climbing doom, which overwhelm travelers and whose bite is death. "Pizarro," the author declares, "is the bones of those who have attempted its passage. The Americans of the story were able to get by these insects with the loss of only one of their number. The author dedicates his story to his mother, Julia Ditt Young of Buffalo, poet and essayist, and it is interesting to learn that he began work upon it as he lay upon a sick bed, condemned, as it was thought, to die.

"To die with nothing accomplished," said he as he heard the verdict of the physicians, "is out of the question. I will write a book." His conclusion followed, and "The Climbing Doom" was the fulfillment of his promise.

Explained. "Why must we settle so much money on our titled non-in-law?" asked Mr. Cramer. "I never understand those things," answered his wife. "His ancestral pride positively demands that he be removed from danger of humiliation by looking like a poor relation."—Washington Star.

A GAS LEAK.
After Results That May Come From Hunting It With a Light.
The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damage, as is shown by the experience of a household not long ago.

One or two small leaks were detected by going over all the pipes and holding a lighted match to them. The smell of gas ceased, but was replaced a few hours later by the smell of burning wood.

Another visit to the cellar showed a charred floor joist a little distance above a gas pipe. There was no apparent cause for this until a very close examination resulted in the finding of a tiny jet of gas which was issuing from the pipe beneath the beam.

It was lighted, but was so small as to be blue in color and nearly invisible. It had been lighted by the match used in the first investigation, but had not been noticed.

"If that leak had happened to be in a lead joint instead of an iron connection," said a gas man, "there would probably have been work for the fire brigade. The smallest possible jet of lighted gas issuing through lead will in time heat and melt the lead and make the leak larger until a big flame is issuing."

"This may make a fire hours later in the dead of night or at a time when no one is in the house. The only proper way to look for these very small leaks is to paint the suspected pipe with a smooth soap lather. Just as in the case of a bicycle tire, the thickest leak will blow a bubble in the lather, and there you are."—London Telegraph.

MEXICAN JACALS.

Primitive Huts in the Villages of the Native Indians.

The Mexican Indian huts in the villages and upon the ranches of the lower Rio Grande border region of Texas have a style of architecture and construction that is distinctly their own. This type of primitive building is rapidly passing out of existence. At many places on the border families of Mexicans have abandoned their jacals and moved into more pretentious houses.

No money outlay is necessary in erecting the old style picturesque structures; neither is a knowledge of carpentry needed. A double row of upright poles firmly set or driven into the ground forms the framework for the walls. Between these two rows of poles are placed other poles or sticks of shorter length, forming a thick and compact wall. At each of the four corners of the building posts are set reaching to a height of about eight feet. Roughly hewn stringers are laid from one post to another, and to these stringers are tied other poles that form the framework of the walls. The strong fiber from the maguey plant or strips of buckskin are used to tie the poles into position. The rafters are tied to the ridgepole and the stringers in the same manner. At one end of the building is built the opening through which the smoke of the inside fire may ascend. Stoves are unknown among these Mexicans, and the cooking is all done upon the ground.—Kansas City Star.

She Was Slow.
The shop assistant had shown and reshown the toys to the undecided shopper. Rabbits, monkeys, jacks-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manfully stated, operated and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she reiterated for the twentieth time.

"The madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."—London Opinion.

His Translation.
A dignified elder of an Australian church was presiding at a charitable concert. A Miss Brown was to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and a note was passed to the chairman intimating that she would give "The Song That Reached My Heart."

He thereupon made the following announcement: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song That Reached My Heart.'"—London Chronicle.

No Hurry.
He—Then you have decided to accept the proffer of my heart and hand? She—Yes, dear. He—Thank! You have made me the happiest of men, but we must have some regard for the old maxim and not be married in haste. She—Don't worry about that. I am perfectly willing to wait till next week.—Los Angeles Times.

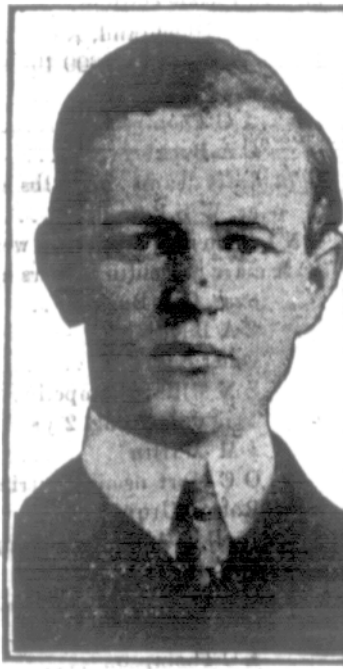
Uncle Sam's Victory In China



P. C. KNOX.

Secretary of State Knox. On the face of the affair the first impression is that it is a brilliant diplomatic move, and the impression grows as the whole question develops. In a word, this move will prevent Europe from seizing the empire.

The initial act, or the entering wedge, as it is called, of American predominance takes the form of an allotment to bankers in New York city of one-quarter participation in a loan negotiated by the Chinese government for the construction of the Hankow-Szechuen railroad. The total amount of the loan is \$30,000,000, of which \$7,500,000 is to be taken by an American syndicate composed of the National City bank, the First National bank, J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kahn, Loeb & Co. The sum, so small for Wall Street, is truly a mere wedge, but the principle involved is considerable of worldwide importance and opens the door for things far greater. Americans are to have equal opportunity to supply material for both the Szechuen and the Canton lines and the branches. They will appoint subordinate engineers, and they will have also one-half of all future loans of the Szechuen railroad and its branches, with the corresponding advantages. Willard D. Straight, our consul general at Mukden, will represent the American financiers interested in the affair and arrange all the details in Pekin.



WILLARD D. STRAIGHT.

The novel and unusual feature of the transaction is that the United States government for the first time in its history officially backed a syndicate of private bankers and helped them in a profitable transaction. Some weeks ago the American ambassadors at London, Paris and Berlin were instructed by the state department to convey to the governments of England, France and Germany the intention of the American bankers to participate in the Chinese railway loan, then pending exclusively in Europe, basing the claim on an understanding arranged in Pekin several years ago by diplomats regarding the parceling out of future loans.

The state department has fought successfully the European group which sought to exclude American participation. The victory, the state department officials say, augurs well for the future.

State department officials do not hesitate to declare it was not the mere amount of money involved in the proposed loan that was at stake. It was a matter of principle. The question is a broad one, and the settlement arrived at in Pekin Aug. 17 indicates that the products of American industries will be used in the construction of the road, and American engineers will assist in its supervision.

MONKLAND CASH STORE.

OUR LINE OF SHOES IS COMPLETE

And by the 15th of October still more are due to arrive. For Quality and Prices we have A SELECTION HARD TO BEAT.

A Full Assortment of Men's ties, socks, and shirts. Special attention given Mens Furnishing Goods.

C. A. NISH, Manager.

Church and Clergy.

While St. Peter's cathedral at Rome was being built forty-three popes lived and died.

Rev. Joseph Corkey, a Presbyterian pastor of Londonderry, Ireland, has eight living sons in the Presbyterian ministry. Where's the other denomination that can show such a patriarch as that?

Miss Hilda B. Clark is serving her second term as assistant to her aged father, Rev. Dr. De Witt S. Clark, pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational church, Salem, Mass. Smith college trained her.

Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, rector of Grace church, New York, will turn back into the work of the church the \$40,000 presented to him by his parishioners on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his rectorship.

Things Theatrical.

Blanche Ring is to make an Australian tour. Maudie Adams has begun her season in "What Every Woman Knows." Edda Spong is appearing in vaudeville in a play called "A Man and His Mate."

Lenora Ashwell produced a new play in London with the significant title of "Grit."

Sam Bernard wants to get a play in which he can show himself superior to musical comedy.

Winchell Smith's new play, "The Fortune Hunter," is to be produced shortly with the author in the leading role.

Science Siftings.

Light passes from the moon to the earth in a second and a quarter.

On July 6 the earth is farthest from the sun than at any other time in the year.

Mercury, the swiftest traveler among the planets, moves through space at the rate of thirty miles per second.

Heft sufficient to melt granite is believed to exist at thirty miles under the earth's surface. This is the maximum depth to which geological theory extends.

Animal Oddities.

A pigeon coos without opening its bill.

Bats in the Bermudas often build their nests in trees.

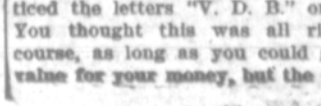
An eagle can live twenty days without tasting food and a condor forty days.

The air fox, or flying mouse, of Borneo is a moth. This queer creature has a head shaped something like that of a fox or a mouse.

THE LINCOLN COINS.

Designer of New Pieces and His Controversy With Secretary MacVeach. The letters "C Q D" which have been seen so much in print must for a time give way to "V. D. B." Not that the latter have anything to do with steamship disasters or wireless telegraphy, however. They are the initials of Victor D. Brenner, the designer of the new Lincoln pennies, whose controversy with Secretary MacVeach over the coins is attracting so much attention.

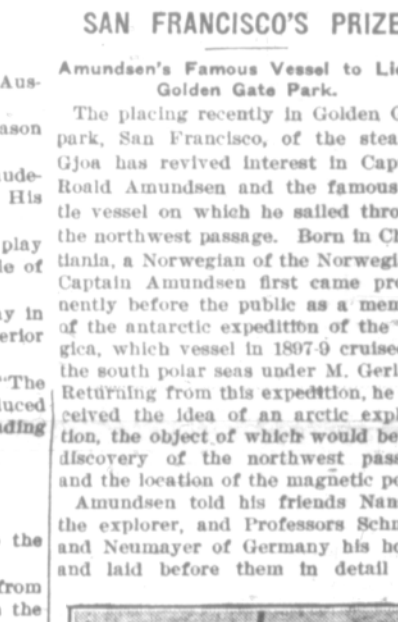
"If you have secured one of the new Lincoln pieces you have probably noticed the letters 'V. D. B.' on them. You thought this was all right, of course, as long as you could get full value for your money, but the head of



VICTOR D. BRENNER.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PRIZE.

Amundsen's Famous Vessel to Lie in Golden Gate. The placing recently in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, of the steamer Gjova has revived interest in Captain Roald Amundsen and the famous little vessel on which he sailed through the northwest passage. Born in Christiania, a Norwegian of the Norwegian, Captain Amundsen first came prominently before the public as a member of the antarctic expedition of the Belgica, which vessel in 1897-98 cruised in the south polar seas under M. Gerlach. Returning from this expedition, he conceived the idea of an arctic exploration, the object of which would be the discovery of the northwest passage and the location of the magnetic pole. Amundsen told his friends Nansen, the explorer, and Professor Schmidt and Neumayer of Germany his hopes and laid before them in detail the



THE GJOVA.

plans which, if followed, he felt convinced would solve two of the three greatest of arctic problems. These friends, thoroughly believing in Amundsen, realized at once the merit of his arguments and unhesitatingly advanced his scheme. Accordingly the Gjova, a single masted sloop of forty-seven tons, was designed and constructed to weather the roughest of arctic storms and seas, and on June 1, 1898, she sailed away from Christiania harbor on her long voyage to the frozen north, and after suffering great hardships Amundsen gained undying fame by being the first to sail a vessel completely through the northwest passage.

Recently the famous little vessel was beached near the Cliff House, San Francisco, and moved on rollers to a pond in Golden Gate park, where it will commemorate its own and Amundsen's deeds, having been presented to the city by the Danish citizens.

Proverbs.

To live long is to suffer long.—Danish Proverb.

There is never wanting a dog to bark at you.—Portuguese Proverb.

Good counsel is better than a thousand hands.—German Proverb.

An ounce of favor goes further than an ounce of injustice.—French Proverb.

Dentist—Now, what can I do for you? Patient (whose heart has failed at the last moment)—Oh—my teeth are perfectly all right, thanks. Er—what I really came for was to ask if you would—er—care to play golf with me—er—some time this month or next.

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA