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Snapshots In Stageland



ONE of the successes in "The White Sister," Viola Allen's new drama in four acts, by F. Marion Crawford and Walter Hackett. This is the third drama with the scenes laid in Italy in which the actress has appeared within six years, the two previous efforts being "In the Palace of the King" and "The Eternal City," written by F. Marion Crawford and Hackett respectively. In each of these Miss Allen found more than the ordinary quota of success, and by those who are entitled to express an opinion "The White Sister" is full of possibilities for the actress that neither of the two held.

Shortly before his death Mr. Crawford declared that the play was taken from real life. It deals with a girl who, while engaged to be married, feels it her duty, when her fiancé is ordered to the front as an officer in the Italian army, to let him go without protest. When she discovers his name in a list of the killed she enters a convent, only to find that the report was erroneous.

The lover returns. There is a strong effort on his part to induce the nun to come back to him, but she puts her vows before her earthly love. The lover arranges to abduct her, bringing her to his room, where he insists that she shall sign a petition to the pope asking for her release from her voluntary obligations. When she refuses he threatens to kill himself, and at the sight of his revolver she relents. Thereupon, brought to his senses by her heroic self sacrifice, he tears up the paper. By this time a jealous woman has arrived on the scene to hint at the nun's presence in the soldier's room and to promise a reward for her capture. And the captain shoots himself to save the woman's honor.

"The Girl and the Wizard," Sam Bernard's new attraction, has been another one of the successes. If viewed as a play, however, it is a slight affair, but if it is viewed as a musical comedy it takes high rank, for it is that strange thing, a musical comedy with a plot.



and a serious one. The wizard is a rich Jeweler in the Austrian Tyrol, a noble hearted old fellow, who has lavished his affections and his money on his nephew. When the boy reaches the age of twenty-one the Jeweler proposes to take him into partnership, but there is a quarrel when the youngster announces his intention of getting married.

Before the Jeweler has thought to ask the girl's name the boy rushes off to enlist in the army, and nothing more is heard of him for six months. Meanwhile the uncle has been induced to believe that the girl he himself secretly loved for years, but has never dared to dream of marrying, loves him. Her old rake of a father makes the pretense for the purpose of getting money out of the wizard, and the marriage is about to take place when the boy returns and the uncle learns the truth—that the girl really loved his nephew and was being sacrificed by her father. He surrenders her to the boy and the play ends.

One of the most gratifying revelations of the season has been the discovery of Miss Elsie Ferguson's talents. Miss Ferguson must win a distinguished position. Her performance in "Such a Little Queen" is one of the few thoroughly refreshing things on the stage in New York at the present time.

The New Plays and Players

"Billy," the new farcical comedy by George Cameron, recently presented in New York, has scored a laughing success. The adventures of the hero, who, having lost four front teeth in a football game, finds himself unable to pronounce the name of his sweetheart, Beatrice, who is also besieged by his rival, Sam Buntice, form a lively and laughable narrative as interpreted by a company of expert comedians. Sidney Drew plays the title role of Billy and other important parts are allotted to Mrs. Stuart Robinson, Jane Marbury, Caroline Harris, Marjorie Chapman, Franklin Jones, George LeBlond and Mme. Neuenendorff.

John Drew's sixteenth season as a Charles Frohman star began by his appearance at the Empire theater, New York, in "Inconstant George," a new comedy in three acts from the French, by R. de Fiers and G. de Calhuet. As in "My Wife," the earlier comedy by the authors of "Inconstant George," which was his vehicle two seasons ago—Mr. Drew again has a role that gives admirable scope to his versatile powers in genteel comedy and that perfectly fits his personality as well.

Society's pet, a congenial flirt, with no other ambition in life than some-



JOHN DREW.

day to make up his mind on something, abundant in wit and with a delicious vein of unconscious humor. George Bullin is one of those continuously humorous characters that always mean well, but have a perfect genius for getting themselves inexplicably misunderstood. Every fair face he meets becomes George's instantaneous target for flowery speeches—mere words to him, but serious vows of undying constancy to his hearers. Mr. Drew snugly fits the part rather than the part fitting him. Among the high class musical comedies that have taken well are "The Love Cure," "The Dollar Princess" and "The Chocolate Soldier." The latter especially is set to haunting, captivating, inspiring music, filled with waltzes and marches that refuse to be forgotten.

"The Widow's Might" is the melodramatic attraction in which Lillian Russell, as young as ever and, if anything, more beautiful, will tour the country this season. The comedy of "The Widow's Might" is based entirely on the mental distress which the widow suffers in her attempts to evade the proposals of marriage made to her by the friends of her late husband. During three acts she manages to escape the declarations, but in the fourth act each love sick swain has his say. There is a villainous uncle who tries to squander the widow's fortune, but her brave attitude leads to the rescue. During three acts a minor love episode and an exciting scene in a Wall Street office, with tickers ticking and messengers hustling. In this scene the falling price of "Tide-water," in which everybody has invested money, causes men to tear their hair and stamp with rage. Later the capricious tickler clicks forth better news—"Tide-water" goes up and up and up, and the curtain falls on general rejoicing with the widowed lady and her friends receiving the congratulations of the disappointed lovers.

Another of the successes is "Arsene Lupin," one of the most fascinating detective-thief plays ever seen upon the modern stage since "Sherlock Holmes" and "Raffles." One of the fortunate actresses this year is Henrietta Croft, who does not have to look for a new play because she will appear in "Sham."



HENRIETTA CROFT.

next two seasons. The tour opened in Chicago, and all the cities of the east will be given a chance to see "Sham." The far west and south will not be visited until the season following. James T. Powers is continuing the successful run of "Havanna," the time-honored comic opera imported from London. He will be seen in this vehicle throughout the entire season. Edmund Brown, who has been so successful in "The Thing Degree," is to play the titular role this season in "The Earth," the sensation of the London boards.

WORLD UNION OF WORKMEN.

Discussed by Gompers During
His Trip Abroad.

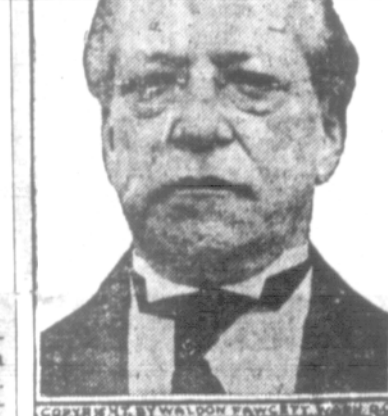
A STEP FORWARD TAKEN.

Cause Advanced by Visit of American Federation's President, He Thinks. Found Greatest Contrasts in France. Most Contentment, Most Poverty.

Returning to America from his European trip, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared himself happy that he had worked to good purpose in bringing about a better understanding between Great Britain and the continent of Europe and between Europe and the American trades union movement as understood by the American Federation of Labor.

"My vacation was nothing but hard work," he said, "but I have seen a lot of interesting things. I am glad to be home."

Traveling with Mr. Gompers in his rapid journey was James W. Sullivan of the New York Typographical union. They interviewed government officials and labor leaders, doing little sight-seeing after their work was done. Mr. Gompers went away to attend as a "near," or fraternal, delegate the British trades union conference at Ipswich, England, meeting on the first



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Monday of September, and also the international trades union conference in Paris, following the other assemblage.

Step Forward Taken.

He received respectful attention at both meetings and feels that a step forward has been taken in the direction of the formation of an international trades union league. He represented the interests of the people of America and made strong arguments.

"The question of an international federation could only be put forward as a suggestion," said Mr. Gompers. "It could not come as a motion, but it was printed upon the order of the proceedings for the conference at Ipswich next year."

"I spoke on the questions that might affect American labor unions. They have a scale of wages abroad, and many organizations have agreements with their employers."

"My report will be made to the twenty-eighth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Toronto, the first convention ever held in Canada in heed of the request of Canadian labor on Nov. 6. The convention will continue two weeks."

Most Contentment, Most Poverty.

"I seemed to find the most contentment and the most poverty in the actual meaning of that term in France. It is the French characteristic or temperament to be satisfied, but this reminds me of the man who didn't believe in stripes, as the story was told by David Lubin of California, American permanent delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture in Italy, which has a splendid building. Egypt, this man said, had no strikes, but in Egypt, he was reminded, men go about wearing sacks for clothes, with a hole in each corner for sleeves."

"A healthy discontent with existing conditions, well controlled and well organized, makes for social improvement and the good of all the people."

Mr. Gompers said he wanted to get back before the decision of the United States court of appeals in the Bucks Store and Range company's injunction case, in which he, John Mitchell, now of the trade agreement department of the National Trade federation, and Frank Morrison were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court for continuing the encouragement in print and speech of a boycott. They appeared from the decision.

"I am ready to go to jail anywhere," said Mr. Gompers, "in defense of the right of American speech."

Will Leave Million For Peace.

Edwin Ross, the publisher of Boston, an earnest advocate of international peace, has made provision in his will that on his death \$1,000,000 shall become available for the cause of universal peace. He will also contribute \$50,000 annually to the peace cause during the remaining years of his life.

FATHER AGAINST SON.

Novel Contest Between the Gardeners For Buffalo Golf Championship.

Mr. W. Allen Gardner of the Country club of Buffalo won the city championship on the Park club links recently. The runner up was his seventeen-year-old son, Hamilton Gardner. This was the unique result of the play that eliminated all other contestants in a field of nearly 100 entrants. Never before in this country has a father faced his son in the final of a city championship contest. The unusual situation aroused the greatest interest among golfers, and the press of the city featured the match in prominent head lines.

Allen Gardner, the new champion, has for years been a star member of the Country club team and has played in many tournaments in this and other states as well as in Canada. His prowess as a golfer is well known, and from the first he was considered a likely candidate for championship honors in the city tournament. But no one thought of Hamilton in that connection. The youngster has been playing the game only a couple of years, but his advancement has been so rapid that his father openly confessed his fear of the result when the final test came.

That his fears were well grounded was shown at the very start of the match, when the boy won the first hole and after halving the third, won the fourth, making him 3 up. It looked very much at this stage as if the son was about to make a run-a-way game of it. He was clearly playing the better golf and showed absolute confidence, without a sign of nervousness. The large gallery that followed in the wake of the strangely matched pair, which was composed of Mr. Gardner's old golfing friends, could with difficulty refrain from chaffing the father on his impending defeat. But, of course, they restrained themselves, although their amusement must have been perfectly obvious to the exasperated sire.

Hamilton was 2 up at the turn and going as smoothly as silk. But at this juncture the "old man" took a mental brace and proceeded to close the gap in the score. Right at the tenth hole he started his gall, winning it 5 to 3 to Hamilton's 4. As the bogie is 5, it can be seen that the pair were straining every nerve. They went along in bogie to the twelfth, which Allen won in one stroke under the colonel's pattern. For the first time in the match they were all square. The "old" took the thirteenth in 4, but Allen evened up by winning the next hole. The father annexed the next two holes and held this advantage to the end, winning by 2 up. This ended the most novel contest for the city championship that Buffalo will ever see, in all probability.—American Golfer.

HAVE YOUR CHILD TESTED.

Clark University Will Tell You if Anything is Wrong With It.

Secretary Henry R. Curtis, of the Child Conference For Research and Welfare, instituted at Clark university at Worcester, Mass., as the first department of its kind in this country, is being flooded with inquiries from parents in all parts of the country who desire to have their children examined by the new methods.

The purpose of the department is to gather statistics as to the best methods of promoting the health, happiness and welfare of children and form child welfare organizations. The endeavor also will be to determine in what points children are weakest morally or physically.

The head of the department, directly under Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, is Dr. Curtis, formerly of Washington, who has been engaged all his life in child welfare work.

The department has not been long enough organized to show results and it is not definitely known how it is to be received by the child welfare organizations of the country, but from the number of letters received lately concerning it Dr. Curtis thinks it will leap into popularity at once.

Parents who have children with physical or moral defects may have them examined. "The chief purpose of the organization," said Dr. Curtis, "is to correlate the work of child welfare institutions and especially to provide all workers in these various fields who desire it with the latest results of scientific child study that bear upon their work. One of the most valuable features of the work will be to provide parents, teachers and others who have the responsibility of the care of children with the results of the scientific study of children."

SEWED UP FOR THE WINTER.

Foreign Mothers in Philadelphia Implored to Help.

"Foreign mothers in Philadelphia have made it a practice to sew their children's clothes so they would remain on all winter."

That was the statement made before the American Humane association convention in St. Paul by Miss Mary F. Lovell of Philadelphia, who said that drastic steps had been necessary to stop the practice with regard to pupils in the public schools.

Englishwoman's Unique Honor.

Miss J. E. Woodward, M. D., has been admitted to full membership in the Royal College of Physicians of London. It is the first time in its history that this body has conferred the coveted M. R. C. P. upon a woman, although some women have obtained the L. R. C. P., which indicates that the holder has been licensed to practice medicine.

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AT THE JUNCTION.

The Situation That Grew Out of
a Long Wait.

By DONALD ALLEN.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

MISS Carrie Mayberry had made a journey of seventy miles up the state to pay a month's visit to her aunt. She had had to change cars at a junction en route, but the conductor had been so courteous and there had been so many passengers changing with her that she had not minded the ten minute wait. In returning after her visit was up things were different. The conductor was a cross-grained old chap who had no good looking daughter of his own and then the only other passenger to get off and take the G. and B. road was a young man, who proceeded to saunter up and down the platform without giving Miss Carrie a second look.

As if these three or four things were not bad enough, she learned that the train she had to wait for was three hours behind time. She did not learn this from the young man, oh no! He found out for himself and then he gave the information to himself, though he must have known what a hurry she was in to get back home and see pa and ma. He just didn't care whether she got home that day or the week after.

Miss Carrie learned about the lateness of the train from the red headed depot agent. It was a country junction. The depot and his house were the only two buildings there. The only landscape for three miles around was made up of a spotted cow, a swamp, a haystack and a water tank. It took the red headed man just one hour to get ready to come out on the platform and say:

"Your train was three hours late an hour ago, now it's only two hours."

"What—my train late?" was the exclamation. "Why didn't you tell me so when I got off?"

"No good. You'd have had to stay just the same."

The young man saw her look of chagrin, disappointment and anger from the four barrel on which he was sitting, but did not come forward and take the red headed man by the neck.



HE GUESSED IT WAS GOING TO RAIN—or speak words of consolation to her. She looked at him and mentally called him names—real hard names.

The agent had a home, a wife and two children. The home was quite near, and the right thing would have been to invite Miss Carrie to tarry there. He didn't do the right thing. He didn't care whether she walked the platform or roared on the haystack.

And that young man—nice specimen he was! Of course Miss Carrie had made up her mind when she first got off that if he tried to scrape acquaintance she would promptly freeze him out, but that was on the understanding that he was a chump—no time. Now it was hours late, and that made all the difference in the world. He ought to know that it did.

Just after the red headed man had told Miss Carrie that she still had two hours to wait she looked at her watch and found that it had stopped. There was no clock in the depot. The young man had a watch, which he frequently consulted in a somewhat ostentatious way, but would the girl bumble her to ask him what time it was? It was in this world. There were some

yellow dowers growing alongside the tracks twenty rods away, and he could have jumped down and pulled her a bouquet.

The two hours were about up when the red headed man went out to Miss Carrie to say:

"Your train is another two hours late, making five hours in all. Mebbe it will be six, but I'll say five to you."

"And I—i've got to wait two or three hours more?" she almost screamed.

"Unless you want to walk."

The young man was at the far end of the platform inspecting a patent washing machine that had arrived by freight, and yet he must have heard the message and known her feelings. If not, why did he say that?

The sitting room was about twelve feet square. It contained a rusty stove and a single bench. Its windows had not been washed since the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the only picture on the walls was that of a young lady with long hair and holding in her hand a bottle of the stuff that did the trick. Miss Carrie took one end of the bench and the young man the other. For two or three minutes they gazed at the rusty stove. Then they raised their eyes as high as the long haired girl and kept them there a long time. She could have grown another foot of hair without his noticing it.

Then the young man consulted his watch. The girl wished it would stop with a bang, and she walked over to one of the windows to see if the cow still stood out on the marsh. He walked over to the other to see if the haystack still stood upright or had a Pisa tower lean to it. Silence for twenty minutes. The two could almost hear more rust gathering on the stove.

Then all of a sudden, Miss Carrie gave way. She had been wanting to cry about something for three weeks past. The something had come. There were tears and sobs.

"What's—what's the matter?" asked the young man.

"You are," she answered fiercely.

"How am I—I—"

"You know. Here I've been for a whole week and you haven't—haven't even spoken to me! No, you haven't, and I'm ready to tell you what I think of you!"

"But you know—you know"—he faltered.

"Of course I know! Was it my business to come up and speak to you first? You knew I was impatient. You knew I was lonesome. You knew I had nowhere to go. And—well, you just walked and walked and walked, and you wouldn't even look at me. Where are your manners, sir? Are you a stick of wood or a young man?"

"But I flirted with a girl once, and she threw me," he protested the young man.

"But am I that girl? Are all girls alike? Did that girl have to wait five or six weeks at an old junction? I—I don't want to flirt. I want to talk—just talk. I want to know when that old train is coming, when it's going to stop raining, what time it is, if the curd has come out of my hair in this dampness and lots and lots more. Why, if you hadn't been a chump—I mean if you hadn't been a talker—we might have had a real long visit, and I could have told you all about my Aunt Sarah."

It wasn't too late to make amends. The young man hitched nearby and began to talk, and half an hour later, when the red headed man came in to say that the train had concluded to be two additional hours late, the couple gave him no attention, and he went to the house and said to his wife:

"Well, they're took to each other at last, and I just heard him ask her if she would correspond. If it ain't a marriage within a year, then I'll dye my hair and grow chin whiskers."

A Little Improvement.

Doctor—So your insomnia is not quite so bad, eh?

Patient—Not quite, sir; sometimes my foot goes to sleep now.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA