Or.Hist.Soc., City Hall.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER
PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.
$1.50 per Year; 12½c. per Month
Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER.

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description to Order
Quick and Cheap!
Rubber Stamps Furnished.
Ink for Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887. Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Nov. 19 1909. Five Cents

The Grain Growers Conveniences

Are not alone confined to Rural Free Delivery of mail and the Telephone. There is another convenience which all farmers should have — and many do have — a checking account with a good bank. The possessor of such an account avoids the risk of having his money on his person or about his home where it is in danger of fire and thieves.

His bills paid by check are not only a valid receipt, but also a convenience in his home transactions where very often the necessary change for concluding settlement is not at hand Don't stop to think this over, but start an account now with

The Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. Bank, of Moro.

MORO PHARMACY

Expert, Experienced, Registered Pharmacists
Medicines Carefully Compounded.
Complete Assortment of Silverware and Jewelry
FORMALDEHYDE, RUBBER GOODS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, SPONGES, CIGARS.
Any and all Kinds of Patent Medicine Always in Stock

OSTERMOOR BUILT, NOT STUFFED
MATTRESS
FURNITURE ... AND ... UNDERTAKING
O. W. AXTELL
Moro - Oregon.

THE IMPROVED Nonpareil COPPER RIVETED OVERALLS
A Splendid Overall for every use. Cut generously full. Two hip pockets. Felled seams. Continuous fly.
For Sale at all Dealers.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.
Manufacturers
San Francisco California

AUTUMN CATALOG No 64 OF TREES ROSES SHRUBS BULBS
Send us your name and address and receive free postpaid this beautiful illustrated catalog, with complete cultural directions.
PORTLAND SEED CO. QUALITY
Your Name
Address
Mail to PORTLAND SEED CO. (No. 831) PORTLAND OREGON

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.
Sunday Dinner 35 cents.
Table the Best the Market will Afford
Opposite Post Office
Moro, Oregon.

STOP where the people stop
The Umatilla House
The Dalles, Oregon.
Steam Heat. Electric Lights Electric Call Bells.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.
All O R & N Trains Stop at Front Door
Railway Ticket Office in the Lobby.
T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

A Dinner That Walked Away

A THANKSGIVING STORY

BY

FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

THE way it began Hannah was cross that day. For one thing, she had a big Thanksgiving baking to do in an old fashioned house where pies and cakes were made by the quantity.

Then, while she was out of the kitchen a minute, Margery in a frolic with puss had upset the churn with its load of cream all over the snow white floor.

That made plenty of extra work, but the crowning disaster was to find when she went to the pantry for the beans she intended to bake that a bottle of brandy that she had kept last summer to bathe her ankle, which she had sprained in falling down the cellar stairs, had been upset.

It stood far out of the way on the top shelf, but unfortunately the dish of beans was directly under it, and the brandy had dripped over them, soaking them so thoroughly that it was not possible to use them.

But the worst was yet to come. On finding the beans ruined she simply emptied them into the pail which stood at the kitchen door and, washing her hands, set to work to knead her big pan of puffy bread dough.

Now, the kitchen door opened into a woodshed, and the ash pail, with the beans on top, was supposed to be safe enough, but unfortunately on this special afternoon the outside door was ajar.

The beans had not been there long before the turkeys came around to be fed, as usual, and one of them, of a prying disposition, noticed the open door and, probably remembering the good things that came out of the door, quietly hopped on to the step and walked in.

Nothing to be seen but piles of wood for the season, now getting severe, and—yes—a pail with something in it.

"Ah, that looks good! I'll try it," thought the curious turkey (no doubt).

She did try it, and, not being sensitive in either taste or smell, she never stopped trying it until she had swallowed all the top ones, soaked in brandy, and then turned to go.

The effect was sad.

Her head whirled around, it is supposed. At any rate, her legs refused to hold her up, and she fell to the ground insensible.

A GLANCE TOLD THE SHAMEFUL STORY.

Half an hour later Hannah went out for more wood to replenish her fire and in the gathering darkness stumbled over the turkey, still lying there.

A glance at the fowl to see that she was not outwardly hurt and another at the pail told the shameful story.

"Here's a fine bit o' work!" exclaimed Hannah, turning the limp turkey over. "The idiot has gone and killed herself entirely with those beans. I'd like to know who left open that door! Well, well, I want a turkey for Thanksgiving, and this one died by accident, and its meat will be as good as though I'd wrung her neck."

So, muttering and grumbling to herself, after fixing her fire she attacked the turkey, for, though she was sometimes cross, she was always economical, and she knew no questions would be asked as to how it came to its end, provided it was fat and was roasted well.

In a few minutes she had the feathers off, except those on the wings and tail, and she laid the picked turkey on a bench to cool, shutting the door to keep out the cat while she finished some other work.

Meantime tea time arrived. The family came home and were all at the table when the door burst open and Hannah rushed in, evidently frightened out of her wits.

"Oh, Mr. Winslow," she cried, "there's something in the woodshed, all in white, and it ran after me when I went for some wood, and I daren't go out there, if you plaze!"

Mr. Winslow, supposing some animal had got in, left the table and, arming himself with the poker as he passed through the kitchen, threw open the door.

Silence and darkness only.

Yet in a moment came an audible rustling on the wood pile and an indistinct glimpse of something white.

"Bring the light, Hannah!" called Mr. Winslow, and, taking a candle from her trembling hand, he led the way to the strange object.

"It's a white—why, no, it isn't!" he interrupted himself as he drew nearer to the fluttering, frightened thing. "It's—I declare, it's a picked turkey! Where on earth"—

"A picked turkey!" screamed Hannah. "Sure, and can it be the one I picked myself this evening has come to life?"

"How did you kill it?" asked Mr. Winslow.

"I didn't kill it at all. The botherin' crater killed itself atin' beans that got soaked in my brandy, and I had to stop my work and dress it before it cooled."

"Well, it evidently was not dead," said Mr. Winslow. "But now it's dressed you better cut off its head."

"Oh, no, papa!" cried Margery, who stood on the steps. "Don't kill the poor thing! I'll take care of it somehow."

"But it'll freeze, dear," said papa, going back into the kitchen.

"No; I'll fix it up. I'll make it something to wear. Please let me," pleaded Margery earnestly.

"PLEASE LET ME," PLEADED MARGERY.

"Well, I don't care, child," said her father, laughing. "Do as you like and dress it up. I want a fat gobbler and not a five pound hen turkey for Thanksgiving."

After some trouble the shivering, naked turkey was caught and carried into the warm kitchen. It was carefully wrapped in an old skirt for the night and tied into a basket.

The astonished creature rebelled and fought against the indignity of wearing a flannel skirt, but cold conquered it, and at last it cuddled down quietly in its strange new bed.

KRISTINE WAS VERY FUNNY.

Through the long Sunday that followed the turkey was kept a close prisoner, and by the next morning many plans had been thought out for its comfort.

That was a great day for Margery, who was confined to the house by delicate lungs and who longed for something to pass away the hours when lessons were over and the daily sewing "stint" finished.

Here was something to do! The new pet was fed and the lessons and sewing hurried through, so that by noon she was free to carry out her plans.

MARGERY FED HER.

By this time the turkey had found out that Margery wouldn't hurt it and was not so frightened as it had been last night, so when the little girl took it in her arms it made little objection.

"Now you must have a name," said Margery softly, carrying her new plaything off into her especial corner of the big kitchen, where work and Hannah never came. "Let me see," she went on. "I'll name you after my lovely doll that got broken—Kristine—and I must make you some clothes so you can walk around and not be hobbled up so."

With the help of mamma the busy little girl contrived a sort of coat for Kristine. It was made of an old shawl and was bright scarlet, with black and white plaid.

It came pretty well up on the neck and of course covered the naked legs. The wings were left inside. It was fastened together at the breast and was really a pretty good fit—considering.

As ornament Margery sewed some of the fringe of the shawl around the neck like a ruff, at the edges where the wings ought to be and around the legs. So when dressed the unfortunate, or, rather, naughty, turkey looked like a new plaid variety of the scarlet flamingo, with side pockets and fringed drawers.

The appearance of Kristine stalking around in her new suit was very funny. How the boys did laugh! And even papa had to wipe away the laughing tears.

In this dress the next morning, after she had been fed daintily, Margery introduced her to her old friends of the poultry yard by opening the kitchen door and letting her walk out where the turkeys were taking their breakfast.

Margery thought they would be glad to see her; but, alas, this distinguished stranger in gay attire was not recognized. They stared and scolded at her, and the old gobbler ruffled up his feathers and dragged his wings on the ground and came up to her, saying angrily:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Kristine seemed to be disheartened at this coolness on the part of her family and slunk into a corner, as though ashamed of her fine dress. Then the family crowded around her to punish her impertinence in coming among them and actually began to peck at her.

Margery, who was watching from the window, could hardly believe her eyes at first; but, yes, they were actually pecking at the poor outcast, who finally fled screaming across the yard. Margery flew to the door, and Kristine hurried in just in time to escape the whole family, who were close upon her.

"You poor, dear Kristine!" she murmured over her when she had her safely in her arms. "Did they peck you? The naughty things! You shan't go with them any more! You shall stay with me in the house."

So it came to be at last. Hannah grumbled a little; but, after all, she couldn't say much, for it was by her own fault that the poor thing lost its own winter coat. Before long the family grew quite attached to Margery's pet, whose name they shortened to Kris.

On her part Kris was a very bright bird. She would come when called by name, and she never failed to be on hand at mealtimes, when she would walk around the table and receive delicate bits from every one.

While her little mistress was studying or sewing Kris would stand and look at her, turning her knowing head first one side and then the other and sometimes saying in a reflective way:

"Quit!"

SAYING IN A REFLECTIVE WAY, "QUIT!"

As soon as books and work were put away she was ready for play. In fact, she enjoyed her strange life very much and grew fat under it, so that pretty soon the boys began to tease Margery by suggesting that her pet was ready to take her place on the table.

The only time she seemed to be uncomfortable was when the cheerful kitchen was scrubbed.

No sooner did Hannah appear on the scene with scrubbing brush and go down on her knees to polish the floor than Kris would hop by a sort of ladder which one of the boys had made for her up to a corner of the high mantel over the fireplace, and there she would sit, all humped up and miserable, till the work was done or till her little mistress came and took her into the sitting room.

The place where Kris was intended to spend the time of her banishment from the yard was a large chamber over the woodshed, which was kept warm by the kitchen chimney, and there's where her bed, or roost, was prepared for her and where she was shut up every night. But she was so lonely and unhappy and tried so hard to get out and Margery was so fond of her for a playmate that she generally got down before breakfast and did not go back until bedtime, which is at dusk in the turkey family, you know.

Well, the winter passed away, and spring came. Kris grew a new sort of feathers under her plaid dress, and when the weather became warm mamma said she must leave off her dress and go out of doors with the rest. So the first really warm day Margery took off the red dress and drove her out.

Kris had not forgotten her cool reception in the winter, so she at first was careful not to go too near the turkeys, though they did not object to her now in her feather dress. After a few days she stayed most of the time with them, only coming when called and generally making a visit to the table for her usual treats.

She had not been out very long when one morning Margery went out to see her and she was gone. No one had seen her since breakfast. Margery felt very bad and after looking all about came to the sad conclusion that she had strayed away and got lost, for the whole flock wandered far off to feed. But the next morning at breakfast time Kris walked in, as usual, and began to beg for food. Margery hugged her and fed her, and she ate as though she was starved.

When she had finished her meal she went out again, and about noon her little mistress sought her again, and again she was missing.

This now became the regular thing with Kris. Every morning she was on hand for her breakfast, and in spite of watching she would slip away and hide so that no one could find her again.

Poor Margery was almost heartbroken at this tendency to vagrancy in her pet, but Hannah only smiled and said:

"Wait a bit and you'll see something nice."

But, though Hannah had her suspicions, she was not prepared for what really occurred one day.

After this strange conduct had been going on for a few weeks there came a day when Hannah had another scare. She declared that tramps or thieves were up in the woodshed chamber. She heard them, and she dared not go up.

PETTING THE WHOLE FAMILY.

While she stood in the woodshed telling Margery in a whisper about it the child heard a step that she knew.

Kris hopped down on to the top step of the stairs which led to the room overhead. After a moment she hopped to the next, and after her came, one by one, twelve baby turkeys.

Margery screamed with delight and ran to catch Kris and pet the whole family, while Hannah rushed upstairs in dismay and saw a sight that shocked her more than the fear of tramps.

In that room trunks and things not in use were stored, and a month or more ago Hannah had carried up there a large square "squaw basket" with a cover, a basket such as the Oneida Indians of New York state make for various household uses of their white sisters.

This basket was nearly full of the winter supply of woolen stockings, all neatly mended and laid away till fall. In this basket, on these soft stockings, had Madam Kristine made her nest and hatched out her interesting family.

She must have found the door ajar and managed to pry off the cover, which lay on one side, and here she had hidden all these weeks.

The room was put in order and the door closed, and Kristine was provided with a place in the yard. Every day she wandered off with her babies, but she never started until she had visited the breakfast table with her whole brood to get her regular morning meal.

At first it was funny to see them run around and pick up crumbs, but as they grew it began to be troublesome to have a flock of turkeys so much at home in the house. So mamma made a new law that Kristine and her family must be fed at the door.

After that her life was like that of the other turkeys, only she knew her name and would come when called and never failed to run up to Margery whenever she saw her.

And the dinner that walked away last year supplied twelve tables with dinners this year and provided Margery with a fine lot of pocket money for her pains.

Thanksgiving Day.

Now the turkey roosting low
Finds his spirit full of woe;
Notes that popularity
Is not all 'tis said to be;
Wishes that he had been wise
In his corn fed paradise.
He'd by far the wiser been
Had he rested 'mongst the lean;
Had he dieted a bit,
Keeping all his muscles fit,
'Stead of, like a prideful flat,
Gorging until plump and fat.

See! In state at last he lies,
Flanked about by pumpkin pies,
Flanked with fresh cut celery,
Giblet sauce and cranberry;
Covered with a pall of crisp,
Here and there a parsley wisp
Lying softly on his breast;
Stuffed with spice and nuts of chest
Poor old turkey! Victim he
Of his gobbling vanity.

Gladsome day for young and old,
Whether winds be soft or cold;
Day that gives a nation pause
For its grateful "Deo Laus;"
Day that brings us face to face
With the fount of love and grace—
It were blessing past compare
That we have a day so rare;
Day from others all apart
Given over to the heart,
To a realizing sense
Of the great beneficence
Of the hand divine above
That hath ruled us but through love.

—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

Groceries
Preferred Stock Brand
SPECIAL PRICES ON
Salmon, Oysters, Tomatoes, Corn.
Monkland Cash Store
C. A. NISH, Manager.

NATION TO TEACH HOUSEKEEPING

Government Plans to Teach Domestic Science to Women.

TO AID THE FARMERS' WIVES

Department of Agriculture Has the Project Under Way, and Details of the Movement Are Already Decided On—"Farmers' Institutes For Women" Is the Slogan.

Convinced that the countrywoman is not getting the necessary training in the way to manage a home and because of the fact that instruction in domestic science is for the most part confined to students in towns and cities the department of agriculture has taken up seriously the question of how to train the women of the rural districts to do their work and manage their homes.

The individual brought up in the country may suspect that the farmer's wife knows more about running a home properly than her sister in the city, but the department of agriculture doesn't feel that way about it. It finds a great need for instructing the farmers' wives and daughters in domestic science and purposes to make a beginning through farmers' institutes for women.

Results of Ignorance In Home.

According to a report on the subject by John Hamilton, farmers' institute specialist of the department of agriculture, comparatively little is being done in training women and girls who live in the country in domestic science or the management of the home. The rural schools do little, and other opportunities are few. Ignorance in the home of the proper way to manage it, Mr. Hamilton points out, means food improperly prepared and sanitary conditions neglected. Moreover, the selection and cooking of food and the keeping of things clean are not all the items in the duties of the countrywoman. Other problems exist, such as those connected with the rearing and education of children, the clothing of the family and the social, intellectual and aesthetic improvement of the housewife herself.

Radical Change In Methods.

According to the census of 1900, there were 37,244,145 women and girls in this country. About 35 per cent, or over 13,000,000, lived in the rural districts. Mr. Hamilton says that to reach this great multitude with even limited educational facilities for the study of domestic science and household art will require, as Mr. Hamilton views it, a radical change in the methods heretofore pursued. The introduction of the study of domestic science and household art into the rural schools, the high schools and the normal schools is only a part of the work that will be required.

"Winter schools for adult women will have to be organized," says Mr. Hamilton. "Movable schools in large numbers will have to be sent out; suitable demonstration schemes will need to be devised; expert advisers to visit countrywomen will have to be employed, and publications adapted to the capacity and needs of rural housewives will have to be introduced into their homes."

Institutes For Women.

Farmers' institutes heretofore have been largely conducted for men. If women attended, they have had to consider the same subjects as the men, as a rule. But now the movement for distinct farmers' institutes for women is rapidly growing, and it is considered by the department the best agency at present to increase the countrywoman's knowledge of domestic science. Last year 732 meetings for countrywomen were held by the farmers' institute directors in the several states. The work in such institutes is far from perfect, but it is in the right direction.

As in the case of many other things, other more progressive nations in such matters are far ahead of the United States, though the American finds it hard to realize it. Austria, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, France and the German states have for many years been conducting schools of domestic science and home economics specially adapted to country people and also courses of study in these subjects in fixed institutions in towns and cities.

NEW SOURCE OF RADIUM.

English Engineer Says There Is One In Portugal.

That the recent discovery of rich ore deposits in Portugal will make possible for the first time the manufacture of radium in quantities sufficiently large for commercial use is the assertion of Harry March, a young English civil engineer, who has come to this country in the hope of interesting American scientists and American capital in the Portuguese mines. He has brought with him a boxful of ore, specimens of which have been examined by mineralogists here and abroad, who declare that the mineral contains large quantities of crystalline uranite, or what is technically known as autunite, the substance from which radium is extracted.

Professor James F. Kemp, head of the department of geology at Columbia, and other members of the staff have seen some of the specimens.

According to one analyst, Allen F. Walden of the chemical department of Oxford university, who subjected the mineral to the usual scientific tests for radium, it is estimated that the ore contains nearly 720 milligrams of radium to the ton, a new record. The ore itself he found to be made up of quartz thickly crusted with yellow crystals. These crystals when examined proved to contain uranium, calcium and phosphoric acid, and there was no trace of other metallic or acid impurities.

Up to the time of the discovery of the Portuguese deposits the chief ore from which radium was extracted was pitchblende, considerable quantities of which are found in Bohemia and in Cornwall, England. The amount of radium producing material in this substance, according to Mr. March, is about 6 per cent, whereas the ore obtained from Portugal has been tested and found to contain 33 per cent of oxide of uranium. E. B. Barboni, a French chemist, after subjecting the new mineral to careful tests, declared that by reason of the ease with which it could be treated it was in his opinion "at least three times superior as raw material to pitchblende."

COUNTRY BANKS THE BEST.

Young Men Find There Greatest Opportunities, Says Chicagoan.

"Young man, go to the country if you want a thorough groundwork for a financial career. Shun the big city bank, where you are liable to get into a departmental groove and go no higher."

Joseph T. Talbert, president of the Chicago Clearing House association and first vice president of the Commercial National bank of Chicago, was talking of the reasons as he saw them for his being called to New York as a vice president of the National City bank when he gave this advice to young men.

Mr. Talbert attributes his success to the fact that he was trained in a country institution and says that he "rubbed elbows with the farmer."

"In the banking business, as well as in any line of trade, the man who knows his customers, their habits and peculiarities, is going to get the best results. I have never regretted that my start was in the country bank. It was a good school, and no young man who is in earnest will have cause for regret if he takes a course in it."

POLE FINDER CONFESSES.

Professor Phelps of Yale, Drawn by a Sawhorse, Reaches World's Top.

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale says that he is the only original discoverer of the north pole. He describes it in the following letter:

At latitude 87 I made my final dash, consisting of a few parenthetical remarks on the weather. I hitched the span, the sawhorse and the pony, to a new buckboard wagon, cutting off the tongue, so that I might be the first to announce my discovery. Ten miles had swiftly flown by, when the pony, thinking that the sawhorse was a seahorse, tried to eat him. The pony naturally resented this, and the team, already frightened by the narrowness of the meridian lines and by the spectacle of a large fountain penguin, became unmanageable.

The two faithful Eskimos were thrown out and were immediately devoured by polar bears, who, seeing their long beards, took them for arctic hairs, esteemed a great delicacy by these animals. I was pitched high in the air and landed on the small of my back, thus discovering not only the pole, but the whiffletree. At this moment my right ascension was about ten seconds, my declination, so far as any future attempts are concerned, was final and absolute. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA