

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, December 29, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK" SAVED OLD JAPANESE

He Lived 21 Days on Rock Till Breeches Saved Him.

"FISHERMAN'S luck" is the only explanation to be given of the happy result of the adventure that befell an old chap named Morimoto, who belongs to the Japanese colony of Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands. Cast away in a storm, he lived for twenty-one days on a bare rock in the Pacific ocean not more than a square rod in extent, making his meals of raw fish caught with a bone hook and a piece of twine he had in the pockets of his trousers, his only garment.

Meantime his friends had given him up for lost and had held his funeral two weeks before he was returned to them.

The day before the storm Morimoto went out alone in his little boat to make his daily catch.

The wind, rising suddenly, carried him helpless past the harbor of Lau-



TRYING TO HAIL A PASSING SHIP.

pahoehoe, where he tried to seek shelter. It was only by mere chance that his sampan lived in such weather.

Soon after nightfall his sampan crashed against a rock, and Morimoto was thrown into the breakers. A high wave caught him on the crest and flung him against the face of the jagged rock. By sheer accident he caught hold and before another high wave came pulled himself over the ledge and fainted.

In the little weather worn hollows of the rock Morimoto found fresh rain-water. With shellfish for bait and little enough of the fish he managed to catch two or three fish a day. These he ate raw.

The nights were cold, and Morimoto, weakened by his exposure and lack of food, suffered severely. In the daytime he spread his breeches on the face of the rock in the hope that some one might see the white speck and come to his aid.

Twice he saw fishing sampans miles away, but none came near. On the twenty-second day a big power sampan went by, while Morimoto waved his breeches wildly as a signal. As it was about to turn the point and Morimoto looked despairingly at what was probably his last chance of rescue one of the crew saw the white rag. Morimoto was saved, so the Nipponese of Hilo say, by the transcendent goodness of the emperor, but the Hawaiians insist on "fisherman's luck."

Ride on a Rhinoceros.
Quentin Grogan, the big game hunter who acted as guide for Colonel Roosevelt in Uganda, has just returned from a trip to the Congo that was successful in adventure.

Grogan went out in search of a pair of live white rhinos, no specimen of which is in captivity. At Regaf he got in touch with a youngster, but missed getting a rope about its leg.

In a mad endeavor to capture the brute Grogan flung himself at it, grabbed it by the ears and mounted its back. He is probably the only man who has ever ridden a live white rhino. The beast screamed with terror and dashed at a wonderful gait across country.

Frightened though Grogan didn't forget his native sense and made straight for a clump of thorn bushes, into which it dashed. Grogan was literally torn off its back. His face and body were lacerated and his feelings also at losing the object of his trip. Now he is in a more philosophic mood and says:

"Never mind; I had a fine ride."

Conquered by the Desert.
Mohave desert has at last claimed Al Williams. He had defied it and had boasted that he would conquer its terror; and ring out of it vast riches. For years he had seemed to succeed in the first part of his boast. His knowledge of all the mountains, watering places and trails in that stretch of arid country made it possible for him to go great distances on prospecting trips, seeking the gold he was certain he would find, and come out safely. But the last time the desert fooled him with a great sandstorm which changed the whole aspect of the country in which he was traveling. His body was found in a gulch half a mile from a spring.

His Night Off

And What It Accomplished For Him

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Dunbar stepped out of the tall Park road building with a pleasant sense of freedom. He had turned in his last page of copy for the Sunday edition, and he had twenty hours of rest and relaxation ahead of him. To Sam Dunbar, the most indefatigable worker on the Daily Universe, relaxation meant seeking his pleasure among haunts that must furnish copy. In his youthful enthusiasm his life had thus far consisted of work, sleep and work.

On this Saturday night Sam was inspired to seek the garish lights of the Bowery. In some restaurant there he might find the type of young man he was looking for—the weaker brother who had lost hope and self respect and who was burdened with a multitude of vices, yet in whom there might be some slumbering spark that could be fanned to a flame of renewed interest in life, ambition and, in the end, reputation. If he could prove that this might be done with some of the degenerate sons of the city, perhaps a measure of the gold that was steadily poured toward the enlightenment of the heathen of other lands might be diverted to that greatest of all charities at home.

Now he strolled along the Bowery, mingling with the crowds that thronged the sidewalks, looking here and there for a cheap eating house wherein he might find what he was looking for. Sam Dunbar was hanging up his hat in a chop house preparatory to taking a seat at one of the polished cherry tables when the vacant eyed youth whom he had picked out for his prey



"OR, TAKE HIM AWAY!" SHE CRIED.

suddenly arose from his seat and approached the cashier's desk. Sam looked around at the other patrons of the place. Two flashy dressed men sat in a distant corner. Here and there a man was eating a solitary meal, and directly opposite him a girl was bent over the greasy bill of fare.

There was something in the droop of her shoulders that appealed to him. They looked like shoulders that were accustomed to carrying themselves proudly, but now they hunched together, and the enormous beaver hat was so flopped down about the girl's face that he could see nothing save a round white chin and a pair of red lips that undoubtedly trembled.

Regardless of the waiter's disdainful glance and the insulting laugh of a man in a striped suit of clothes, Sam reclaimed his hat and moved across to the table occupied by the girl. She did not lift her head at his approach. She merely bowed it lower over the framed cardboard until the broken feather on her hat nearly swept the table.

The broken feather decided the matter for Sam Dunbar. If there was no degenerate young man to be reclaimed that night, here was material for his hand, or, as he told himself, for his paper.

The waiter shoved a card under Sam's nose and thumped a glass of water on the table.

"A porterhouse steak and coffee," was his decision.

"And yours?" The waiter snapped the question at the girl.

"A sandwich and a cup of tea," came from under the beaver hat in a very small voice.

The waiter departed and returned almost immediately with the tea and sandwich.

The girl slowly lifted her head and made a pretense at eating the food. Sam, apparently absorbed in a newspaper, noted that she ate daintily and that her hands were pretty and well kept. All her face was charmingly sweet and refined.

Where did she come from? What was she doing here on the Bowery? Sam asked himself these questions as he discussed his meal. He wished there was something that he could do. He felt that she needed protection. Here was the timidity of innocence. There was no guile in the frightened blue eyes that evaded him.

An opportunity came. The door swung open, and a man entered, a swaggering, half drunken individual, who made slow progress up the room, supporting himself by a dirty hand laid on the table. When he reached the table where the young reporter and the girl sat the man paused and stared foolishly at the girl.

"Say, Mabel," he began, with a threatening glance toward Sam, "if you want me to throw him out I will. What say?"

The girl uttered a little cry and flashed an appealing glance toward Sam. "Oh, take him away!" she cried nervously.

Just then the waiter blundered up and with little ceremony ejected the

newcomer from the place.

The girl was rising from her seat and fumbling in a small bag that hung from her waist. Sam pushed aside his own unfinished meal.

"If you're afraid of that fellow, Miss Mabel," he was beginning when the girl put out a protesting hand.

"Oh, you are mistaken," she said, with a broken little laugh. "My name isn't Mabel, and I never saw him before in my life. He was merely of a fence, that's all."

Suddenly he arose and reached for his hat. "This is a pretty tough section," he said quietly. "I wonder if you'd let me put you on a car for home?"

The girl hesitated and looked at him. Their eyes met in a long, earnest, absorbing glance. At last the girl uttered a little sigh of relief.

"If you will be so very kind," she said gently.

The waiter grinned sardonically as they paid their checks and passed out of the restaurant together.

"Which way?" inquired Sam as they paused on the sidewalk.

"Way uptown—Ninety-second street," returned the girl. "If you will put me on a car."

"I'll see to that," said Sam. "There's an elevated station two blocks down. I will be glad to see you all the way home if you will permit me," he suggested.

"You are very kind, but perhaps I am taking you out of your way," said the girl.

"Not at all. This is my night off." They walked slowly down the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare, the girl's face quite hidden by the enormous beaver hat. Sam Dunbar walked very straight, his broad shoulders thrown back as if braced to meet some expected trouble, his handsome brows knitted in perplexity.

Not a word was spoken until they were in the train rumbling northward.

"I would like to ask you what you're doing so far from home," hesitated Sam at last. "That's a pretty tough part of the city, you know."

"I do know it," she said quickly. "Because it is tough?" he repeated incredulously.

She nodded her head, and the broken feather wagged in unison. "I don't believe you would like to hear why I went there."

He looked uncomfortable. "Well, I would like to hear," he said bluntly. "You're too young to be wandering around the city like this."

"I'm not as young as I look," she protested. "I hope you will understand me. I suppose you live down there yourself, but I had a mission down there." She blurted it out as if relieved of a burden of secrecy.

"A mission! Then you are a settlement worker?"

"No. You see, I am a woman reporter for the Daily Sphere. I have come in contact with some of the unfortunate girls of the city, and I thought that in my spare moments I might get down among them and perhaps be the means of leading a few of them back into a better life." She blushed rosily under the disreputable hat.

He sighed with relief at her confession. "But that was a mighty dangerous thing for you to do," he advised her. "You might get into serious trouble yourself. Tonight was your first attempt?"

"Yes, and I was so frightened. I picked out that chophouse, and I felt so perfectly awful with this wicked feather in my hat." She reached up and plucked out the offending feather.

"I suppose I've made a failure of the whole thing just when I thought I was going to accomplish such a noble work. There is a man on the Universe who reaches young men in this way, and his example inspired me to do likewise. His name is Dunbar."

"Perhaps we can work together," said Sam quietly, fishing a card from his pocket and handing it to her.

She uttered a little cry of delight. "How very strange!" she was beginning, when a sudden thought brought the reason to her check once more. "You thought you thought you were going to save me?" she asked quickly.

It was Sam's turn to blush. "I might have known you were different," he said apologetically.

She waved the feather thoughtfully. "Not while I wore that, Mr. Dunbar. I believe we are coming to my station."

Sam accompanied her to her home in a most irreproachable neighborhood. In the months that followed it was his good fortune to instruct her in other matters outside of the sphere of philanthropy.

In the end they formed a matrimonial partnership and worked together for the reclamation of unfortunate. Once a week they entered the restaurant where they had first met and dined under the contemptuous glance of the waiter.

"I don't know if I ever told you, Sam, but I believed you to be a reprobate when you sat down by me that first night, and I was so afraid of you."

"You've got over it bravely enough," replied her husband, trying to look beseeched and dimly failing in his attempt.

Keep the Plows Bright.
The following man will keep the plows from rusting: To three pounds of tallow mix a pound of white lead. Melt tallow in an old iron pot and stir in the white lead. When using, heat the mixture and apply it with an old paint brush. In the spring just put the plow in the ground. This will clean the moldboard as bright in a few yards as it was before. The same applies to any farm tool used for cultivation.

Sheep Respond to Care.
Few sheep have as good care as they ought to have. Too many farmers leave them to shift for themselves. They can't do their best that way. Make much of your sheep. They are one of the best kinds of property on the farm.

Spoken on the Wheel.
The most general punishment for criminals condemned to death in the eighteenth century was the wheel. The victim was laid out and bound to a large wheel, the executioner breaking the bones of his arms, legs and thighs with a heavy iron bar, his detestable manipulation of which was always applauded by the crowd.

SELECT CULLINGS

Senatorial Names.

Obadiah is an uncommon name nowadays, but there are senators of the United States with names more unusual than the senator from Maine has. The Williams are most numerous, with Georges second in number and Johns third. The more familiar given names are borne by United States senators as follows: William, 8; George, 7; John, 6; Henry, 5; James, 4; Joseph, 4; Robert, 4; Charles, 4; Thomas, 3; Francis, 2; Frank, 2; Benjamin, 2; Clarence, 2. These are the only names repeated in the present membership of the United States senate. The common given names borne by one senator each are: Theodore, Jacob, Moses, Isaac, Luke, Miles, Claude, Nathan, Harry, Duncan, Lee and Simon. The other names borne by one senator each which are more unusual are these: Wesley, Carroll, Reed, Jonathan, Elihu, Obadiah, Bokes, Billson, Coo, Atlee, Urnfold, Porter, Asie, Knute, LeRoy, Norris, Gilbert, Murphy, Isidor, Winthrop, Jeff, Augustus, Shelby, Weldon and Hoke.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The "Cement Gun."

In reconstructing the Grand Central terminal yards at New York a "cement gun" is used to apply a mortar covering to the structural steel work. A mixture of dry sand and cement is shot from a nozzle by compressed air. A second hose delivers to the same nozzle a supply of water under pressure, and the mixture of sand, cement and water is shot out with a velocity of about 250 feet per second. The nozzle is arranged to produce a thorough wetting of the material. As the mixture strikes the surface to be covered the coarse sand grains rebound until the fine cement mortar, which adheres immediately, has formed a plastic base in which the coarse particles become imbedded. A covering of any required thickness is then rapidly built up. A similar gun is used on the Panama canal in covering the sides of the Culebra cut with cement to prevent the unstable earth from sliding into the canal.—Exchange.

Keep at It.

Tattered Tim—I've been tramping four years, ma'am, an' it's all 'cause I heard the doctors recommend walkin' as the best exercise. Mrs. Prim—Well, the doctors are right. Walk along.

HOW TO TAKE EXERCISE.

Sedentary Workers Need to Use Their Muscles Regularly.

Look at the city dog or the city horse—if any still exists. Let these animals be pampered, full fed and kept from work or play, and they become fat, indolent, decrepit, short lived. They must have exercise really to live. It need not be the rigorous task of the footman or the coursing greyhound or the hard drilling of the thoroughbred race horse in training. But a reasonable amount of exercise they must have in order to live.

So with the city man, the brain worker, the man of sedentary occupation. And, inasmuch as "man," of course, embraces woman—as the philosopher said—it follows that she, too, needs reasonable exercise if she would live at her best. But the reasonableness of the exercise must never be forgotten.

It would be suicidal folly for the hardworking business man or practitioner of a learned profession to box ten rounds a day with a pugilist at top speed or to run a mile at his best pace or to play three fast sets of tennis. Yet three or four rounds a day or six rounds every other day at moderate speed, with, say, a couple of minutes' brisk mixup at the finish, or a pleasant, jogging run, or a set of tennis daily, or six sets distributed over a week, would do wonders in keeping the busiest sedentary worker full of the joy of living and doing and out of the hands of the doctors.

Preferably man should take his physical exercise as play. A pleasant swim of fifteen or twenty minutes' duration, a swift stroll with a friend or two over five or six miles, a lively game or two of squash or tennis or handball—any one of these will do a man more good than hours of monotonous mauling a punching bag or pushing dumbbells. The mind, the soul itself, is benefited by play, while the bodily functions are strengthened by the physical work in the game.—Harper's Weekly.

THE INJURED FINGER.

How to Treat It When No Antiseptics

Every one knows that disfigurement and sometimes suppurative affections follow the bruising of the fingers. Worse still, at times the injury results in an unsightly finger nail until the blackening disappears.

Now, the next time you squeeze your fingers in the door or hit them when you aim for the head of a tack seat yourself on a chair in front of a stationary washtub and hold your hand under the cold water faucet in as near as possible an upright position as is possible and let the cold water run on the injured members for nearly an hour. If the water gets too cold turn it off for a few minutes, but be sure and keep the hand in the upright position, so that the blood will not run too freely into the bruised portions of the finger and discolor it.

Cold water is nature's own antiseptic. While away camping with a physician and his family where there were many campers in a lovely spot miles away from a drug store, the doctor demonstrated the healing virtues of cold water in many ways. One day a member of the camp had the misfortune to cut his hand poisoned by having it cut with the fins of a fish. When he came to the doctor for aid his arm was greatly swollen and darkly purple, even above the elbow. The physician washed the wound with small sponges of absorbent cotton saturated with cold spring water, and he also made him keep compresses made of absorbent cotton and cold water over the wound, changing them as soon as they became warm for fresh ones. It was a quick and satisfactory cure.

A Possible Reason.

"I wonder how Adam and Eve came to name their eldest son Cain," said Wattle.

"They probably knew what they were naming," said Dingbats.—Harcourt.

The Correct Time.

To stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts; then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption; just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough; if it has been running on for some time the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

How to Renovate Carpets.

To one pint of warm water add one pint of ox gall; dip a soaked flannel into the mixture and rub well the surface of the carpet, place by place, rinsing it as you proceed in clean cold water, taking care not to make the carpet too wet, and finish off by rubbing with a dry coarse cloth. The carpet, of course, must be well beaten before it is operated upon. This process is simple and surprisingly effective in renovating the colors. The only drawback is the effluvium given off by the gall, but this is soon remedied by exposure to the air or by opening the windows if the carpet be laid down.

Don't Be Hopeless.

About yourself when you're gripped with rheumatism or stiff joints; of course you've tried lots of things and they failed. Try Ballard's Snow Liniment; it will drive away all aches, pains and stiffness and leave you as well as you ever were. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Charles W. Hudson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary L. Hudson, Defendant.

To Mary L. Hudson, the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 29th day of December, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Hendricks, County Judge for Sherman county, made on the 19th day of November, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of December, 1911.

WILSON GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

7d227 1251

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Harriette Tuttle, Plaintiff,
vs.
George Henry Tuttle, Defendant.

To George Henry Tuttle, the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 29th day of December, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Hendricks, County Judge for Sherman county, made on the 16th day of November, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of November, 1911.

E. B. DUFUR, Attorney for Plaintiff.

7d17,229,122

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Minna M. Parsons, Plaintiff,
vs.
Charles E. Parsons, Defendant.

To Charles E. Parsons, the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 29th day of December, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of wilful desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Hendricks, County Judge for Sherman county, made on the 16th day of November, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of November, 1911.

T. B. McDEVITT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff.

7d17,229,122

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Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal, one year, \$1.50
Sherman County Observer, 1.50
Total \$3.00

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR \$2.

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The Sherman County Observer

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