

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, January 26, 1912

Personal Talk With You.

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

SEEING THE CIRCUS

By M. QUAD

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It was several years ago, but Deacon Spooner is still shivering over his narrow escape. There was to be a circus over at Darby's Ferry, and a good many of the simple people of Delhi calculated on going. The ministers and deacons and other Christian people frowned upon the idea, of course, and Deacon Spooner in particular used all his influence to keep people at home.

Whatever got the matter with him on circus day he himself could never explain, but he got up at daylight and walked seven miles, and when the performance opened he had a front seat. A hundred Delhi people saw him there, but he didn't seem to care. In fact, he appeared to be having the best time possible, and he didn't even get conscious stricken over it when he got home.

Of course, such a break could not pass unnoticed. When Deacon Tyler heard of it he called Deacon Williams, and the two together called upon the minister and others, and it was decided to bring Deacon Spooner to account. He got scared about it and wanted to go to Iowa and visit his sister, but he was held on to and put on trial.

When he was asked if he wanted to make a statement, he rose up and said: "I said I wouldn't go to the circus, and I advised others not to go, and whatever got into me I can't understand. I went to bed feeling that circus performances were invented by Satan to trap the unwary and that my face was set aglow like a flint, but I got up at daylight and headed for Darby's Ferry and struck a gait of four miles an hour. I was there to see the circus come in."

"Deacon Spooner, does insanity run in your family?" asked Tyler in very serious tones. "Have you ever lost your mind for a day or so?"

"If so I don't remember it. I've been told that I lost my mind when I came pretty near marrying a widow with nine children, but I dunno."

"And neither your father nor mother was ever an inmate of an insane asylum?"

"I don't think so, though my father acted a little off at times."

"Then you couldn't truthfully say that insanity runs in your family?"

"No, I couldn't."

"Could you truthfully say that your mind was unchanged for the time being? Did you seem to be yourself or somebody else? If you was crazy, of course, we can't hold you to blame."

"No, I can't say as I was crazy," replied the deacon.

"But do you lay it to sinful curiosity?" asked Deacon Williams.

"I guess I'll have to. I'd been hearing about circuses for the last fifty years and had never attended one."

"But you found it sinful when you got there?" asked Moses Schermerhorn, who rings the bell for prayer meetings.

"No, I can't say as I did," slowly replied Deacon Spooner.

There was a long drawn sigh and a shudder all around, and the minister said:

"Deacon, you may tell us what you saw there."

"Well, the first thing I run up agin was four elephants. They was sapin' their ears and eatin' hay, and I didn't feel no sinful thoughts as I stood and looked at 'em. Can't a body see elephants and be saved too?"

"Go on, deacon."

"Then I took in the camels and zebras and giraffes. I looked at 'em over and over agin, but I didn't bolt and want to swear and fight."

"Fact is, I felt powerful peaceful over it. It is agin me to look at critters with humps and stripes and long necks?"

"But they was connected with a circus," protested Deacon Tyler.

"Yes, I believe they was, but I couldn't help it. After I got through there I went over to look at the rhinoceros. By gum, but he was a betty critter! He weighed as much as two cows and a calf. I admit that I felt a little bit sinful when lookin' at him. I made up my mind that if a critter like that tackled me in the road at night I'd bust my suspenders tryin' to knock his horn off. Is it too much to ask that my sin be overlooked?"

"We will hear further," said the minister, who wasn't looking so solemn as he might.

"Well, they had an ostrich, two alligators, four hyenas and a sacred bull from India. If I was hurt by seein' them critters and things I'm willin' to give in, but I'm sayin' that I don't feel like callin' any one a liar."

"And you didn't feel that you had sinned?" queried Moses Schermerhorn as he shook his head in a solemn way.

"Not a feel. I even wanted the horses to go faster and the fellers to diplop the harder. When a feller came climbin' around with pink lemonade and charged me 10 cents for a small glass I did wish I had him in a ten acre lot for about two minutes, but the feelin' passed off as soon as I had drunk the lemonade. I guess you'd have all felt the same, wouldn't you?"

The deacon was turned out of the room, and the investigating committee went into executive session, and an hour later it had—

Resolved, That while Deacon Spooner had attended the circus and was liable to feel sinful he saw the animals first and didn't feel sinful and was therefore exonerated from all blame and was advised not to do so again.

A Mystery

Pertaining to the Great Football Game of '91

By NED PORTER

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It was during my second year at the University of M. that the strange case of what has since been called "Meriwether's ghost" occurred there. The tradition dates back some twenty years and has been talked about now and again ever since. Whenever I go back to the college the following dialogue invariably takes place:

"What was your class?" I am asked.

"Ninety-one."

"Let me see—that was about the time of that great football game in which Meriwether figured so strangely, wasn't it?"

"I saw the game."

"That's quite enough to collect a number of undergraduates who listen in rapt attention to my account of the matter."

The spirit of football was rampant that year. It seemed that all we went to college for was to play football. At least the biggest and strongest men were in for football, and the rest of



THERE WAS A ROARING CHEER.

we were absorbed in what absorbed them. There was the usual training and practice, followed, or rather, intermingled, with a series of games, beginning with our least important antagonists, to end with a match game with B. College, at that time sporting the most important team outside of the three largest American colleges.

Of course everything focused on this final game. Gummerton of '92 was captain, and we had a celebrated ex-Yale man for trainer. I think a good deal of the interest was excited by the enthusiasm of the captain, and some of the fellows declared that if his team didn't win the game with B. he wouldn't survive the defeat.

The Meriwether twins were in college at the time. You've heard of Tom Meriwether, haven't you—the big football player of that time? Well, he was the Meriwether that figures in this story, or his brother Bill, or Tom's ghost; nobody could find out then, and nobody seems to have been able to find out since. Both boys were big fellows. Few could tell them apart, and the only physical difference between them was that Tom was a trifle more massive than his brother. But there were lots of differences outside of the physical composition of the men. Tom wouldn't study and was devoted to athletics. Bill wouldn't have anything to do with athletics and was a "booker."

The captain wanted both men on the team of '91, but he couldn't induce Bill to leave his books for practice. Gummerton would have taken him on even during the last week without any training, but Bill couldn't be persuaded.

The captain had no end of trouble with Tom Meriwether on account of a girl he was infatuated with, Betty Williams, an incorrigible flirt, who played with the big fellow at a sea-man would play with a harpooned whale. When time came for practice Tom would be missing. Where was he? Nobody knew except that he wasn't on hand. He had taken a train for the next station above, where Miss Williams lived. The worst of it was that Betty's best man was a B. man, and she sympathized with the B's in the coming game. Those of us who knew best believed that Betty, knowing Tom to be our main reliance, was trying to prevent his efficiency by keeping him away from practice. She was also always persuading him to get and drink what was disallowed in training.

Bill Meriwether having more influence with his brother than any one else—the affection between twins is notorious—we tried to get Bill to keep Tom away from Betty till after the big game. Bill did everything he could in the matter. He argued with Tom, scolded him, and if he didn't get away from her he would surely come to grief. He wouldn't find out what his object was till the game had been played and lost to us. The whole college would turn against the man who had been made a fool of and put his college into the line holes.

Tom would see it all as plain as day and promise not to do so any more, but his sight and his resolution would not last twenty-four hours. The matter seemed to trouble his brother Bill excessively. He got so at last that nobody dared speak to him about Tom's action for fear of receiving a rebuff. Toward the last we all let him alone.

Five days before the game Gummerton, seeing that Tom was half the time absent from practice and

stantly breaking the training rules, made an effort to induce Bill to take his place on the team. But Bill was inexorable, and the captain had to give up, putting on a substitute, for there was no one, trained or untrained, who could fill a gap made by the herculean Tom Meriwether. The only question remaining was whether Betty Williams would keep Tom away from the final game.

Every effort was made to provide for this contingency both by keeping a watch on Tom and having the next best outside man, Watkins of '98, ready to take his place in case Tom was fished away by the girl. Of course that meant defeat, but there must be some one to fill the gap.

I was one of the men appointed to watch Tom Meriwether from the time he got out of bed on the morning of the match game till the fight was on. I arose at 6 and was in his room by 7. The bird, or, rather, the winged monster, had flown. I learned that he had left the evening before, but no one knew where he had gone. When I reported the fact to Gummerton he looked as if he had been struck by a bullet. "It's all up with us," he said. "She's got him and will keep him till it's too late for him to play the game."

I asked the captain if we hadn't better see Bill about it, and he said no. Bill couldn't do anything; we'd better keep away from him; the matter only irritated him.

Gummerton notified Watkins that he would probably have to play. The managers discussed the matter as to what to do to get hold of Tom Meriwether, but nobody was willing to go to Betty Williams' home and drag the big fellow out. There were hopes that he would turn up at the last moment.

The game was to begin at 8 o'clock, but could be started off till half past 8. There was a train coming from Boonton, ten miles up the road, where the Dallah lived, due at our station at a quarter past 8. I, with two other fellows, was at the station all the morning watching the arrival of every down train. But at noon we gave it up and went to dinner.

At 8 o'clock there was the usual roaring on the field, the crowds on the side of each college shouting themselves hoarse before the game began. Tom had not arrived. Watkins was in harness and expecting to play. Gummerton was in despair. He didn't call the game till 8:25. As the men were lining up the big man came over the fields and on to the ground. The singular part of it was that he had his football clothes on. I say it was singular because he was supposed to have come from the last train.

I tell you there was a roasting cheer on the part of our fellows when we saw him. Gummerton gave a yell like a crazy man. Meriwether dropped in his place in the line, and the game began.

I remember when Tom appeared I looked about for his brother to see how Tom's appearance would affect him. I looked everywhere, but no Bill Meriwether could I find. I mentioned this partly because I thought it singular that Bill should not attend the game and partly because it bears on the mystery. Inquiries later showed that Bill wasn't in his room at the time the game was played. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

I'm not going to describe the game, for beyond the fact that it was won almost exclusively by Meriwether's play, he has nothing to do with the strange aspects of the case. When our men were making their last cut for a few minutes before the end of the last half I saw a man jump the fence on the other side of the gridiron and say something to the crowd there which produced a commotion. Then a shudder came over the assembled multitude.

The train due at 8:15 from up the road had fallen through a bridge three miles from Boonton, and more than twenty people had been killed.

The ground was cleared in an instant, many of those present making for the scene of the accident. I went to my room to get an overcoat, for I had been chilled standing in the November wind, and, coming out into the dormitory hall, met a member of my class, who, with a half scared look on his face, said:

"What's this about Tom Meriwether being killed in the railroad accident?"

"Tom Meriwether? Why, he has just won the game."

I never like to tell this part of the story, for I expect always to be grieved when I do so. Nevertheless I'm going to tell it as I heard it and as it was universally believed at the time. It seems that Bill Meriwether during the morning had been in Boonton to try to bring Tom back in time for the game. They were coming down on the wrecked train. When the crash came Bill had got up from the seat on which they had been sitting side by side to get a glass of water. Tom was mashed into a jelly. Bill was unhurt.

"Now, then, you've got all I know about it. Both brothers were on the train when it was wrecked. It isn't likely that Bill would leave his dead brother to play the game. And how could Tom have played it, a corpse?"

A Giant Emperor.

Maximilian, the giant Roman emperor, could twist coils into cork-screws, powder hard rocks between his fingers and do other seemingly impossible things. When angered he often broke the jaw of a horse or the skull of an ox with his fist. His wife's bracelet served him for a ring, and every day he ate sixty pounds of meat and drank an amphora of wine.

Whistler's Consent.

Whistler's amusing personal anecdote was charmingly displayed on one occasion when A. G. Playden, a London police magistrate, attended a private view at the Grosvenor gallery. "Almost the first friend I met," he said, "was Whistler, and he very good naturedly took me up to a full length portrait which he was exhibiting of Lady Archibald Campbell. After I had done my best to express my humble appreciation of a beautiful picture I asked him if there were any other pictures which he would advise me to look at. 'Other pictures,' exclaimed Whistler, in a tone of horror. 'Other pictures! There are no other pictures! You are there!'"

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

A Russian Effect.

This striking child's dress of navy blue serge is worn with an over Russian blouse in blue and green with a gold stripe. The plain blue serge is used as bands in a circular head.



HAVE BLUE SERGE AND PLAIN DRESS.

ing on the blouse and for the side strip. The plain undersleeves are edged with lace and stitched, while a gathered lace yoke is used in the blouse. Blue crocheted buttons are good to use on the left fastening.

Shoulder Lines.

In past seasons it could be remarked that yokes, round or square or pointed, as the case might be, were in fashion, but now any shape, regular or irregular, is in order. Shoulder capes, large and small, are in evidence, giving a quaint, old time appearance to the costume that suits very well a certain type of figure, but otherwise is apt to look dowdy.

The line between these two effects, quaintness and dowdiness, is a very fine one and cannot be too closely observed.

Caught in the Rain.

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Perils for Heroes.

The highly original will of an eccentric bachelor, Emil von Bismar, is reported from Vienna. The deceased, the brother of a well known Hungarian deputy, was sixty-five years old, devoted women and lived on a war footing with all his relatives. In his will he bequeathed all his real and personal estate, worth about \$100,000, to his favorite draft horses. As executors of the will he named the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapest, stipulating that the interest on his property should be devoted to the care of these twelve animals and that upon the death of one of them another aged horse was to be taken in and cared for, so that the number of twelve might always be maintained. The relatives are furious.

Too Old for a Calf.

There is a certain poet-preacher in Wales who has a favorite sermon on the prodigal son. About seven years had elapsed between his visits to a certain chapel in the vale of Glamorgan. He preached this sermon on both occasions. Special attention was drawn by him to the fatted calf. At the close of the service on the second occasion a witty deacon asked the preacher, "Is it not time for that fatted calf to become a bull or a cow?"—Cardiff Western Mail.

Too Much Face.

You feel as if you had one face, too many when you have Neuralgia. Don't you? Save the face; you may need it; but get rid of the Neuralgia by applying Ballard's Snow Liniment. Finest thing in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, cuts, scalds, lame back and all pains. Sold by More Pharmacy.

Wanted—A Handhold.

Meandering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was moved to ask him what the matter was.

"I was just thinking about bad roads and the wonders of 'edgins,'" was the answer. "This earth is a splendid round faster—a railway with behind time."

"Well, we ain't felt off yet."

"No. But think of what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while the territory slid under our feet until de place we wanted to go to come along."

—Youth's Companion.

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with a little delay as possible. Here is a drug list's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enoch Laroga of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." Sold by all dealers.

An Odd Swimming Contest.

Sir John Pakington, a courtier of Queen Elizabeth, was a reckless layer of wagers. He once bet \$8,000 that he would swim the Thames from the bridge at Westminster to the bridge at Greenwich faster than three relays of young noblemen. Sir John won this bet. The relays of noblemen, though they swam hard, were badly beaten. The queen was present at the race, and to the losers she gave, by way of a consolation prize, a butt of sack.—London Standard.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Hogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For-croup there is nothing that cures it. For sale by all dealers."

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—

In the name of the State of Oregon: 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 7th day of February, 1912, and if you fail to so appear and answer, 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 willful desertion, and cruel and inhuman treatment, 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 consecutive 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. Henriehs County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 19th day of December, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 22d day of December, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

74222 ft. 1251

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

Helen Musa, Plaintiff,
vs.
Paul Musa, Defendant.

To Paul Musa, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon: 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 8th day of March, 1912, and if you fail to so appear and answer, 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 cruel and inhuman treatment 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 consecutive 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. Henriehs County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 24th day of January, 1912, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 26th day of January, 1912.

S. J. SILVERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

74222 ft. 1251

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Veronica Hughes, Plaintiff,
vs.
H. H. Hughes, Defendant.

To H. H. Hughes, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon: 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 8th day of March, 1912, and if you fail to so appear and answer, 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 cruel and inhuman treatment 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 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. William Henriehs County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 24th day of January, 1912, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 26th day of January, 1912.

S. J. SILVERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

74222 ft. 1251

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