

The Observer
MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY... November 7, 1913
SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

George Bingham, a prominent business man of Oregon City, was mistaken for a deer near Trail and was shot and killed.

The senate, after a bitter fight confirmed the nomination of Frank McManamy of Portland to be chief inspector of locomotive boilers for the interstate commerce commission.

Governor West has honored a requisition for the return to Kankakee, Ill., of Samuel Perlin, accused of operating a confidence game.

A vineyard plant with an annual capacity of 10,000 gallons, began operation at the Eugene Fruit Growers' association cannery, turning to a profit, all apples that heretofore have been entirely wasted.

Fifty Roseburg merchants have formed a company, known as the Roseburg Stamp company, incorporated, the purpose being to conduct trading stamp business to meet the competition of foreign trading stamps.

Senator Chamberlain will endeavor to induce the war department to withdraw the plan of having Sand Island ceded to Oregon. The senator held a conference with Major McIndoe, who is now in Washington.

Sensor Lane has been advised by the commissioner of the general land office that a survey has been completed and accepted of three townships in Lake county, which will permit the opening of these lands for entry about the last week in November.

With apparently not the slightest fear, but protesting their innocence to the last, Mike Spanos and Frank Seymour, slayers of George Dedaskalou of Medford, went to their deaths calmly on the scaffold at the state penitentiary.

Representative Hawley has been advised by architects of the treasury department that plans for the new federal building at Medford have about reached completion, and that this building will soon be ready to submit for bids.

Sensor Lane saved H. F. Ferry, a doorknocker at the government printing office, his job. The man had been dismissed for showing the president's wife through the offices without first bringing her direct to Public Printer Ford.

The Paretus Manufacturing company of Portland, which has the contract for the interior furnishings of the new supreme court building at Salem, has been notified by Labor Commissioner Hoff that it must not work its employees more than eight hours a day.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill has announced that the thirtieth annual convention of the Oregon State Teachers' association, Eastern division, to be held in La Grande, November 24, 25 and 26, will be the most important in the history of the division.

Sensor Lane is preparing a bill directing the grant of 250,000 acres of public land to the state of Oregon, the same to be sold at no less than \$4 an acre, and the proceeds applied to construction of public roads. He will probably frame the bill giving California and Washington similar grants.

Sensor Chamberlain has introduced a bill granting Oregon 4239 acres of swamp lands in townships 37, 38 south, range 10 east, Willamette meridian, heretofore considered Indian lands. He has also introduced a bill authorizing a preliminary examination and survey of the mouth of the Umpqua river.

A hay shortage threatens Walla Walla county before spring. Diversified farming has led to the production of slightly less hay in the southern part of the county than in the old days, before the railroad came. Now stock feeding is developing on a considerable scale, and all the hay available will be needed for this purpose.

L. L. Haines, a rancher of Eckley, Curry county, was shot fatally by his brother-in-law, Hugh Hampton. Haines, who is unmarried and about 40 years old, has shown signs of insanity. He attacked a sister at one time, beating her severely, and this is presumed to have caused the shooting.

An industry that promises much future development recently has been launched in the unrequited sections of central and southern Oregon by the Oregon Borax company, a subsidiary of the American Soda Products company of Portland and San Francisco. The prospect is an extensive and an important one. It provides immediate development of the soda deposits in Alkali lake, Lake county. It is said that these deposits now are in the form of carbonate of soda—a product that enjoys a ready market.

During the week beginning November 10 competition for the trophy to be presented by the bankers of Oregon to the best company in marksmanship of the Oregon National guard, will be held on general order just issued by Adjutant General Finnes. It must be completed for annual. It will be awarded to the company getting the highest percentage on a basis of 23 1/3 of the enrolled strength of the company at the date of that muster.

The Diamond Block

A Case of Too Strong a "Detective Instinct"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It happened in Chicago. The Diamond block stands on a corner formed by two principal thoroughfares, a tall building with buff stone walls rising above the crowded streets until the upper floors are a blur to the eye below.

Up on the twentieth floor are the offices of John Diamond, owner of this building and many others of the same kind in the big metropolis. Many varied are the interests of this rich man and the transaction of his affairs requires the reservation of the entire twentieth floor for his offices.

All day long dozens of clerks pore over ledgers, typewriters and adding machines.

Mr. Diamond was seldom seen about the building. Most of his business was transacted through competent executives, of whom Henry Robinson was the chief. The Diamonds lived in a magnificent house on the lake front and went in for society. Helen Diamond, the beautiful daughter of the multimillionaire, had drifted through the offices once or twice to



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED, see her father, and her coming and going had blazed a trail of fire in the heart of George Brown, the newest clerk on the force.

It was a singular fact that Mr. Diamond's rare visits to his offices were invariably on the eve of his departure for Colorado and Arizona, where he had extensive mining interests.

It was immediately after one of these periodic visits of John Diamond that young George Brown, the new accountant, did a bit of detective work that brought him to the personal notice of the great John Diamond himself.

Young Brown was a slim, dapper youth, who did not hate himself in the least, and who was not in love with work of any sort. He read detective stories and knew positively that he was one of the chosen few. He possessed the "detective instinct." He believed himself quite fascinating enough to win his employer's daughter, Helen Diamond, flattered himself that he was capable of becoming general manager of the whole business and so would be an acceptable son-in-law.

One morning young Brown entered the elevator and was sped up aloft with other workers. The car stopped at the eighteenth floor to let off passengers and again at the nineteenth to drop Trowbridge, who worked in the Dover insurance offices. Up it shot to the twentieth floor, where Brown got off with a puzzled frown marring his ingenuous brow.

The empty car dropped down and as it went he watched it intently. Then he walked to another elevator and rode down to the ground floor, counting each floor as he passed. When he again mounted to the twentieth floor there was a strange light in his eyes and excitement tingling every nerve of his sensitive frame.

He was on the verge of a mystery, the solving of which would place him in the limelight of publicity and bring down upon his talented head the stern approval and friendship of John Diamond.

Over his ledger Brown pondered the facts as he had stumbled upon them. Between the nineteenth and twentieth floors of the Diamond block there was an expanse of white wall quite unaccounted for—why, that blank wall was the height of any of the other floors in the building and yet there appeared no door to its surface. The elevators were of solid metal plates and a grill door, and the passing of this fifteen feet of unaccounted for space might be quite unnoticed unless one was sharp-eyed and sharp-eared, like young Brown. Why should there be such a waste of space in this great building, where every foot of room was valuable?

That was the mystery, and George Brown resolved to solve it.

At noon, as he waited for the elevator, he saw the roof of the ascending car stop just below his floor level, and he distinctly heard Mr. Robinson's voice. When the elevator reached the twentieth floor it was empty.

"I thought Mr. Robinson was on the car," said Brown curiously.

The middle-aged operator shook his head negatively.

Henry Robinson, the manager of the Diamond interests, was a martinet in

discipline. George Brown despised him accordingly and knew with unerring certainty that he could all Robinson's job with one hand tied behind him.

Brown argued thus: Henry Robinson had supervised the building of the Diamond block—what more natural than he should connive to have one of the floors sealed to public knowledge, yes, even the knowledge of his guileless employer, and use it to his own advantage? What sort of work was carried on secretly there? George Brown had it all figured out to a nicety, counterfeiting, of course.

Robinson, the counterfeiter! What a morsel for the amateur detective to roll under his tongue.

But George Brown wanted to be very sure that he was right before springing his information upon the unsuspecting John Diamond. Just at this time Mr. Diamond was in the west.

So George Brown entered the tall building across the street and surveyed the Diamond block from the outside and studied the Diamond block from an upper floor whose windows were on a level with the windows of the mysterious unnumbered floor of the Diamond block.

Counting carefully he found the nineteenth floor, gold lettered windows of the Dover insurance company quite distinct—then another set of windows unlettered, closely curtained, then above them the wire screened windows of the Diamond offices, known as the twentieth floor.

At last he decided to consult a detective.

So one evening at 8 o'clock the elevator carried up five passengers—George Brown, Allen, the detective, and two policemen in plain clothes and a reporter from the Daily Dispatch, for Brown did not want his triumph to pass unnoticed.

When they had risen several stories Allen placed his hand on the arm of the elevator man and showed a revolver.

"You are my prisoner," he said coolly. "Now, my man, no fuss. Just stop at that unnumbered floor between the nineteenth and twentieth."

White of face and with muttered protests the man brought the car to a standstill before that mysterious, unnumbered space that had attracted the attention of keen young Brown. Instead of opening the usual door, the man turned and slid back a door in the rear of the elevator, disclosing a corresponding doorway in the wall.

That was the entrance to the unnumbered floor.

George Brown was a-tremble with excitement.

The five entered the door and found themselves at once in a narrow passageway, softly lighted and thickly carpeted. As they passed from one luxuriously furnished room to another Brown pictured the downfall of the guilty manager when his secret should be disclosed to Diamond.

Handsome library, luxurious smoking room, billiard room and then the murmur of voices from an adjoining room brought the five to a standstill before a closed door.

Then with one movement the five pushed into a small, lighted study, where sat Robinson, the manager, in intimate conversation with—John Diamond himself!

The millionaire sprang to his feet and stared angrily at the invaders.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

The detective, Allen, was quite unwilling to share the honor alone. He grasped George Brown by his coat collar and pushed him to the front. In picturesque words he explained the situation.

"And this young pinhead"—he ended in a gasp of rage as he shook George Brown as a terrier shakes a rat.

Mr. Diamond was smiling astutely. "Gentlemen," he said at last, "this private suite of rooms is the only refuge of a man weary of the noise and clutter of the world and the hollow thing called 'society.' Here I can hide for weeks at a time, absorbed in my books and in my experimental work in the laboratory yonder. Now that you have spied me out I can no longer remain unless I have your word of honor that my secret shall remain unpublished."

Freely they gave the promise, all save George Brown, who was too crushed for utterance. He merely nodded his head in a broken hearted way and was glad that he knew of another job that he might have for the asking, a job where there was so much work to be done that there was no time for the development of the detective instinct.

But the reporter of the Daily Dispatch yielded to temptation one day and published the whole story, and to the end of it he appended the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Diamond to Henry Robinson, general manager of the Diamond interests.

And George Brown, sticking manfully to his new job, smiled bitterly when he read the announcement and took to his breast the one crumb of consolation it afforded him.

He had been right in his argument that a millionaire's daughter sometimes marries her father's general manager.

Jerry's Place.

The best known employee of a Cincinnati firm of tailors is the colored porter, Jerry. In order to conserve all of the good will and bad book accounts, the firm has incorporated under a name that covers several panes of glass, and following this abridged city directory is the abbreviation "Inc." A customer, while being measured, remarked to Jerry: "You seem to be the only man in the shop whose name does not appear on the window. What's the trouble?" "Oh, I'm boss, all right," replied Jerry. "I'm de ink."—Argonaut.

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia, use cough medicines that contain cocaine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough of cold. An expectorant, like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, is what is needed. It cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all druggists.—Advertisement.

Wagner Worship.

"There is no such worship of national genius in America as prevails abroad," said a recently returned tourist. "In Germany, for instance, at the opera the scale of prices varies according to the composer, Wagner, of course, commanding the top notch admission. But the most peculiar feature of this musical adoration is that it affects the toilets as well. With the elaborate gowning of a New York audience in mind, I approached our landlady as to the propriety of appearing at the opera in such a makeshift costume as my tourist wardrobe afforded. 'It depends entirely upon the composer you intend to hear, fraulein,' was her astonishing reply. 'For some your present attire would be perfectly proper, but if it is the great Wagner you are to hear'—She broke off, but an expressive shrug of the shoulders told plainer than words that it would be an affront to his ashes to appear in anything but the most stunning and up to date evening gown."—New York Tribune.

When Thanks Were Given.

Many years ago a noted chief of the tribe of Chippewa Indians while hunting wounded a deer and followed it for miles. The chase was long and very severe, and the Indian was in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue and lack of food and water when he found himself on the top of a wonderful mountain, at the foot of which nestled a beautiful lake crystal clear. From the surface of the lake trout leaped, and upon the shore lay the deer he had hunted. Here were food, water, fish and fuel for cooking.

Raising his hand and facing the setting sun, the exhausted chief exclaimed, "fish-pem-ing," which in the Chippewa tongue means "heaven" or "the place on high."

The story was remembered, and the name given by the Indian was adopted by the white settlers when the present city of Lahpeming, Mich., was formed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Inexperience.

In a boarding house for bachelors Amanda, a typical "mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style, so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said: "Mandy, do you like the country?" Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?" Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?" Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes.

"Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about takin' care of any animals."—Harper's Magazine.

Antiquity of Naggins.

No, if you are nagged you are not alone in your experience. Nor are the nagged persons of this age the only nagged persons of any age. Naggins is an old custom. They tell us that Adam, Job, Socrates, Aesop, Leonidas, Machiavelli and many more distinguished historical personages were victims of naggins. This proves the antiquity but not the wisdom or the respectability of naggins. And if it is as old as it is claimed to be let it crawl away somewhere to die. For come to think of it, naggins is just as hurtful to the nagger as it is to the nagged. So why injure ourselves for the purpose of injuring some one else? Samson did that, you know, when he pulled down the temple of Gaza and broke his own back. Rather a poor example to follow, eh?—Detroit Free Press.

Wrote In Bed.

Mark Twain wrote nearly all his later books in bed. So persistent a "slogger" was he that he had a special contrived bed desk fitted up so that he could write without trouble or exertion while propped luxuriously among his pillows. He used to aver that most of his best thoughts came to him in bed and that the trouble and worry of getting up, shaving and dressing dispersed them all and left him in no mood for commencing his literary labors. He was of opinion that bed was the very best place for the author, and he acted upon his belief.

Careless.

"Have you made a special study of the subject on which you are going to lecture?"

"No," replied the gifted speaker. "I tried that once, and I got so interested in the subject that I didn't have time to write the lecture."—Washington Star.

Man's Love For Woman.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"Would you marry a man who has the reputation of being not more than half wit?"

"No, but I'll be a sister to you."—Houston Post.

Cynical.

"My wife is an angel," said the boob. "How long has she been dead?" asked the grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.

Lake Huron's Islands.

Lake Huron is dotted with over 3,000 islands. This is more than any other lake has.

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicines I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Honesdale, Pa. For sale by all druggists.—Advertisement.

Out at Service.

A young housekeeper, if her cook is stupid, her nurse idle, her maid more given to flirtation than to household duties, sighs for the model servants of the good old times. But did "the good old times" ever exist historically, or do they only live in dreams and ballads?

Charles Dickens tells of the appalling stupidity of London kitchens. Sir Walter Scott mentions a genius who, fearing that all his master's bees would desert the hive, plastered the openings and suffocated all the inmates. Samuel Breck has gruesome accounts of burglars, highwaymen, pirates and murderers among the convicts sent over from England before the Revolution. Daniel Defoe's pictures of extravagance, carelessness, rascality and all that is undesirable among servants is a classic. Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" seems to forestall every story of negligence, or wastefulness, or dirtiness the present generation has heard.—Living Church.

The Top Hat.

Although the beginning of the "cylinder of civilization," as it has been called, can be traced back to the Elizabethan era, it is only about seventy or eighty years ago that the top hat of the present day reached its final shape. Since then it has altered slightly in the dimensions of the crown and the curl of the brim, but the hat itself has remained essentially unchanged. The top hat seems to have had its beginning in the habit of gallants in the Elizabethan period of cocking up one side of their broad brimmed, high crowned felt or beaver hats and securing them with a jewel. The French court later developed this into cocking up three sides of the hat and fastening one with a loop of ribbon. From this fashion came the cockade, now used only by grooms and footmen. The silk hat of today was born in France and supplanted the now nearly extinct beaver hat of practically the same shape, though considerably larger.—London Standard.

Blind Swimmers.

The man who is unfortunate enough to lose his sight or to be born blind, says a medical authority, severely handicapped on dry ground, but he can, if he is a swimmer, find his way easily enough in the water. Blind people generally have a keen sense of hearing, and they can steer themselves in the water by sound as well as an ordinary man by sight. If they are swimming toward a certain point a whistle from time to time will enable them to reach it with unerring accuracy. This fact has been proved by some interesting experiments. A race between blind men and ordinary swimmers on a lake resulted in a victory for the former. Normal swimmers lose much time in raising their heads for the purpose of keeping their eyes on the winning post. This also prevents them from concentrating all their attention on speed.—Exchange.

Roses For Restoring Hair.

Roses form the chief ingredient in what is probably the earliest recipe for a hair restorer on record. According to Pliny, "wild roses reduced into a liniment with bear's grease make the hair grow again in most marvelous fashion." Pliny also recommends "ashes of roses as serving to trim the hairs of the eyebrows." Roses figured prominently in several old time strong drinks, such as rosa solis, which consisted of rosewater mixed with aqua vitae and flavored with cinnamon. The favorite morning draft among Elizabethan roisterers was "rosa solis, to wash the moulgrubs out of a moody brain."—London Chronicle.

Remote Origin of Alcohol.

No one knows when alcohol was first made. It is commonly taught that it was first distilled by the Arabians about the tenth century, but there is little doubt that they obtained the secret from Italian doctors, who had long been practicing it. Paul Richter in the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift shows that a knowledge of "aqua ardens," or "burning water," may be traced as far back as the second century A. D. to a Christian father named Hippolytus, who possessed a recipe analogous to those handed about during the middle ages.

Oldest Ball Game.

Tennis is pronounced the oldest of all the existing ball games. It is impossible to give its origin, but it was played in the parks or ditches of the feudal castles. It was at first the pastime of kings and nobles, but later it grew popular with all classes. The French took it from the Italians and the English from the French.—New York Press.

Unpleasant Reaction.

Bones—What is it that makes you look so downhearted? Binks—My employer's wife has endowed another mission. Bones—What of that? Binks—Every time she does it the old man cuts down our salaries to get even.—Boston Post.

Involved.

Young Woman Applicant—Excuse me, but I suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want a young lady to do nothing, don't you? Business Man—Yes, I don't.—London Tatler.

Will Power.

There are exceptions to the rule, but if a man is wrong saying he generally will manage to do it himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The power to acquire is worth more than the thing gained.—Old Saying.

A Chinese Joke.

This is a sample of the jokes they like in China:

A courier, bearing important dispatches, was given a horse and told to make all possible speed toward his destination. Some time afterward he was found in the road, walking and pushing his horse before him.

"Why in the world are you doing that?" he was asked.

"Oh," he said, "I reflected, and I came to the conclusion that we should make more speed on six feet than we possibly could on four."

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