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4000 ESTIMATED DEAD IN HALIFAX

Hundreds Consumed By Fire and Whole Neighborhoods Wiped Out.

Halifax, N. S.—Four thousand dead is the estimate of the superintendent of morgues of those who perished by shock or fire when the ammunition ship Mont Blanc blew up in the harbor here. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of bodies have been consumed by the flames and in scores of cases not only whole families, but whole neighborhoods, have been wiped out, and the names of all their dead may never be known.

This estimate of 4000 dead was made after a survey of the devastated district of Richmond, where areas of debris probably will not be cleared for a month.

The Richmond district, in the north end, where the poorer people lived, extends along the Narrows, a channel rightly named. It was in these waters that the French munition ship Mont Blanc, inward bound, was rammed amidships by the Norwegian steamer Imo, proceeding outward with a cargo for the relief of the Belgians.

How this crash, not of itself serious, ripped open on the decks tanks of benzine that trickled down to the engine room and started a blaze that wrecked part of Halifax will never be explained to the satisfaction of the people here.

Nearly every house in the district fell with a crash. In nearly all of these fires started and men, women and children—mostly children—were crushed to death or mangled under the debris which a moment later was a roaring flame.

The property loss, variously estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000, probably will prove to be nearer the minimum figure.

ITALIANS CHECK ENEMY THRUSTS

Italian Headquarters in Northern Italy.—The battle of Asiago has been virtually suspended, with the enemy checked, if not defeated, in his main design of breaking through to the Brenta valley and the plain a few miles below, although he succeeded in advancing his lines a short distance when the Italians fell back to new positions. These positions, guarding the Frenzila and Gadenia passes, have successfully resisted all enemy efforts. It will be cheering news to the allied world that French and British reinforcements have taken their place on the Italian front.

Besides their powerful material they bring the benefit of three years' experience of the hardest fighting fronts of France. All this counts for restored confidence, and from Venice to Treviso the people are breathing easier, for they know that the English, with the Highlanders, Welsh, Irish and Colonials and the French are in actual fighting front.

TEUTONS MOVE FORWARD

Area Vacated by General Byng Recaptured by Germans.

British Headquarters in France.—The Germans have recaptured the devastated area bequeathed to them by the British when General Byng made his withdrawal from the Cambrai salient.

It was an unsavory task that faced the enemy. The Bourlon wood still was reeking with poisonous gas, Grailcourt, Anneux, Cantaine, Noyelles, Maroing and Messines were a waste of ruins, and the low-lying ground on which the Germans apparently had planned to dig their new trenches were overlooked by the British positions.

Into this desert the big guns hurled tons of explosives and machine gunners sent a constant stream of bullets into the ranks of the enemy sent forward to prospect for desirable points available for defense. Meanwhile the major portion of the British army was sitting comfortably in their new home in what was formerly the famous Hindenburg trenches.

The withdrawal leaves the British in full possession of the Hindenburg line between the Nord canal and Villers-Plouich.

Finn Republic Proposed.

Stockholm.—A proposal submitted to the Finnish senate by the senate provides that Finland shall become a republic, with a president elected for a term of six years, according to advice reaching here from Helsinki.

British Capture Jerusalem.

London.—Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, announced in the house of commons that Jerusalem, after being surrounded on all sides by British troops, had surrendered.

Red Blood And Blue

Being the Sad Tale of How a Family Tree Was Blasted.

By HARRY KING TOOTLE
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

When she heard the news Mrs. Tower was in the seventh heaven of bliss, in which empyrean state, however, she was somewhat agitated because of her knowledge of the Tower unworthiness. To be sure, Rosemary was a charming girl, had had every advantage and was at home in the best society. Yet Rosemary's mamma could not forget one thing—the Tower blood was red, and the Van Artevasse blood was blue.

With old Peter Tower the case was different. He owed his millions to his red corpuscles, and if Rosemary married a man that was all he asked. He had never seen Addison Van Artevasse, but the prospective son-in-law's name was against him.

After a fashion Rosemary's letter was reassuring. She was too much his daughter to make a really vital mistake in so important a matter, but there was room for doubt.

She had written:
"Dear Papa and Mamma—I'm wildly, foolishly happy. You have always told me you could trust me to choose for myself. I know you will be happy in my happiness. I am going to marry Addison Van Artevasse. You, mamma, have met him. I know you can tell papa all the good things about him. He's simply splendid. Having spent all his money, he works for his living. He is one of the Westchester county Van Artevasse. They have been prominent in New York since the days of New Amsterdam. We want to be married in the spring. Say that you are happy, too, and the happiest girl in the world will be your devoted daughter."
ROSEMARY.

"You see, father, he works for his living," Mrs. Tower was quick to pick out what would be his chief recommendation in the eyes of her husband. "Yes, it's that or starve. You notice she says he's spent all his money



MR. BELMORE DISAPPOINTED THE TOWER AND SMITH ANCESTORS.

Now I suppose he wants to spend money."
"And why shouldn't he, pray?" Mrs. Tower raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Rosemary's our child. You surely are not going to be one of those unwise parents who rear their daughters in luxury and then cut off their allowance because they marry poor men?"
"Now, mother—"
"Besides, he's a Van Artevasse. He has the bluest blood in this country. And what have we?"
Tower began to take fright. His wife was giving indications of turning on the tears. The thought of their red blood always made her hysterical.

"What have we? I say. Nothing but money. What's money? It doesn't get the real things of life."
"I'll bet it's got us a son-in-law," Peter Tower was a self-made man who could be well described as long suffering and kind. Mrs. Tower, to whose aggressiveness he owed no small part of his success, was a pusher and a manager. In the old days, days so long ago that they made her shudder at the thought of them, she had managed the ice cream social of the church.

Then she had managed the town's charity bazaar.
When properly pressed time works wonders. Even before this reached the purple velvet sofa which engulfed all party drowners Mrs. Tower was a member of society.
Having arrived, one would imagine that the lady's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. It was not. One thing was lacking. The Towers had no ancestors.

Immediately on receiving the tidings of great joy from her daughter, the news of the coming alliance with the house of Van Artevasse, Mrs. Tower took down her well thumbed volume of "First Families of America."

Six pages, an almost unprecedented allowance, were devoted to the Van Artevasse family, root and branch. There was a wood cut of old Jan Van Artevasse, who helped buy Manhattan Island. Two descendants were honored with steel engravings.

The future son-in-law himself, Addison Van Artevasse, was mentioned. His mother was a Miss Addison. Pride of blood could ask no more.

To marry at one fell swoop into six solid pages of "First Families of America," to say nothing of the pages devoted to the Addisons, was glory and honor beyond all whopping.

servo to decrease his perturbation of her mother.
The more she thought of the ultra-marine blood of Addison Van Artevasse the more brilliant appeared her own cardinal corpuscles. She gazed about the walls of her roocco mansion and beheld expensive examples of modern art and one alleged old master, but nowhere did there gaze down upon her a family portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Peale, Gilbert Stuart or Benjamin West.

In imagination Mrs. Tower wandered through the stately galleries of the Van Artevasse and saw upon their walls portraits which stared down upon her stonily because she could not point to Tower pictures of an equal worth.

She felt keenly the humiliation of their scornful looks. She would give anything to be on an equal pictorial footing with her future son-in-law. But what was there to do?

When the grand idea came to her one might well believe that it struck her amidships with great violence.

Down she clumped into a Louis Quinze chair, almost shattering the frail piece of furniture, and, notwithstanding her delight, mentally considering leaving it all but a few cubic inches of breath out of her.

But she had laid violent hands upon an idea which was well worth a near stroke of apoplexy.

It was this:
The Tower money would be sent into the markets of the world to buy creditable and creditable portraits in all of Tower and Smith—ancestors.

That was the idea, an idea worthy of the progressive wife of Peter Tower. The money would not be poured into pictorial channels in such streams as to bull the market. That was not the Tower way.

It would be sent forth covertly through alien hands. But, presto, when the coup was accomplished the barren Tower walls would blossom with the fairest flowers.

The lady's only regret was that this was one house where she could not call in the reporters and give them the details with the usual Tower platitude and embellishments.

Plans for the wedding progressed and with them progressed Mrs. Tower's plans regarding the ancestral portraits. An estate in Westchester county had been purchased by Peter Tower at his wife's solicitation and presented to Rosemary.

Wishing to have as brilliant a wedding socially as possible, Mrs. Tower ruthlessly killed a fictitious distant relative, closed her western mansion because she was in mourning and transferred her activities to New York.

Being in mourning meant that Rosemary was to be married quietly at a fashionable New York hotel. The real significance of this was that the western folk would receive announcement cards, and the guests were limited to Addison Van Artevasse's own caste.

There had been another reason for this move. Mrs. Tower had decided to dower Rosemary with the new ancestors. To have placed the portraits in her own residence would have advertised their falseness to those who knew the Tower antecedents.

To hang them on the walls of her daughter's new home would only invite admiration and awe on the part of her daughter's husband and friends and relatives.

Several weeks before the wedding Mrs. Tower had an interview with a confidential agent who had learned somehow or other that she was in the market for colonial portraits.

He was a dapper young chap, with a sympathetic and intuitive understanding. He had the politeness of a Frenchman, the artistic temperament of an Italian and the hustle of an American.

His calling card was graced with the name of Sartoris Belmore. In those circles wherein he indulged in his checks the anagrammatic name of Isadore Felsilver.

"You understand now, Mr. Belmore," came in rich, flute tones from the massaged throat of Mrs. Tower.

"Madam has been as explicit as only she can be," Mr. Sartoris Belmore bowed with the grace of a dancing master. "Your husband's aid is the collecting of early American portraits. You wish to surprise him on his birthday by augmenting his collection. It shall be as you wish."

One might think that Mr. Sartoris Belmore was ignorant of the purpose to which the pictures were to be put. He was not.

Such commissions came to him as a matter of course because it was known that he was in touch with most of the possible sources of genuine supply. Many were the reasons given him for desiring these portraits, but never the real one.

Mr. Belmore, however, preferred that they should not tell the truth, because where the customer thought the agent was being kept in the dark he did not quibble about the price.

A check which would have bought half a dozen fine French portraits where Mrs. Tower originally lived and moved and had her being.
The agent protested that he had been forced to pay such high prices for the portraits that there was absolutely no profit in it for him—absolutely none.

Having delivered the goods, Mr. Belmore dropped out of Mrs. Tower's life. Soon after the portraits had been delivered to their new owner Rosemary and Addison Van Artevasse were married.

The wedding was as smart an affair as Mrs. Tower herself could wish.

It took a squad of policemen to keep the avenue cleared, and Rosemary's picture was in every paper.

The bride and groom departed for Palm Beach to enjoy the last days of the season, and Mrs. Tower spent her time at the new country place, picking out the proper spots for the ancestral portraits to hang.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Van Artevasse returned, at the suggestion of Mrs. Tower it was decided to give a week-end party to the Van Artevasse.

"I'll show them who we are," was the dowager's grin comment to her daughter. "They may have come over in the Mayflower or the Half Moon, but my ancestors came over too. They're not Indians. And look at those ancestors! Any one could be proud of them."

As she thought this she glanced admiringly at the portraits which she had adopted with such enthusiasm.

Among the first to arrive for the week-end was Kitty Wendling, stout, wife of the German ambassador at a European court.

She was a proud woman and was not certain that she liked Rosemary. For Mrs. Tower, she had been quite amply to her. All this because she was Addison's cousin and a Van Artevasse.

Mrs. Tower happened to be in the state dining room when Kitty greeted her cousin in the library. In that way



"I SOLD THEM TO OLD MAN TOWER FOR \$30,000."

Inspiring room, be it said, hung the more imposing of the ancestors supplied by Mr. Sartoris Belmore.

Of course Rosemary's mamma did not mean to listen, but she could not help hearing what was said.

"Hello, Kitty," she said. "How are you?"
"Fine, thanks. How do you like the place?"

"Not as grand as I thought it would be. The pictures help out, don't they?"
Mrs. Tower felt herself burning with pride as she heard this remark, passing over sedulously the allusion to possible gaudiness.

"Yes, they are a fine lot of old portraits."
"I'm glad they're here. You don't know how I'd like to see them. I wrote you that you had sold them."

"Oh, I sold them," she said. "I sold Van Artevasse's collection," said Mrs. Tower. "I sold them to old man Tower for \$30,000."

How Mrs. Tower got upstairs she did not know.

Her maid found her having one of her semi-apoplectic fits. And with the passing of the fit passed with it Baron Smith de Wyntercombe of Wyntercombe Hall, Kent, as well as a certain Colonel Melbury Tower, who had been present at the surrender of Cornwall.

As it had been done by a cyclone the Tower family tree was then destroyed, root and branch.

Gerard's Line of German.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette wrote to that paper his impression of American Ambassador Gerard's line of the German language as it sounded to him in Baltimore.

"Heard from the back of the room," he writes, "the speech did, so I thought, sound like American, with variations; but listeners of the foreground declared that both grammar and vocabulary were accurate. The sentences were German sentences, rather short. One was not kept waiting anxiously for the verb, as for a difficult catch in the long field; nor was the verb announced in the German style, by the premonitory rumblings of semi-detached propositions. But the flow of words was easy, and all the points were made, and the only effect of the peculiarities of the ambassador's accent was to inspire the disposition with fuller confidence in his good-will and Anglo-Saxon sympathies."

Watterson's Appetite.

Col. Henry Watterson's appetite has long been the envy even of men far younger than himself. A fellow-journalist tells of his experiences in trying to keep the colonel company: "I was invited to dine with him at a club in Louisville one time. At that time I would eat with anybody anything at any time, so I followed the colonel through a long list of fancy dishes. At dessert he ordered two cantaloupes and filled them with vanilla ice cream and sprinkled the cream with paprika. I followed him that far, but then he ordered two cucumbers and sliced one over the cream in his cantaloupe and offered me the other. I did not take it, and that is the reason why I am giving this interview today."

HAVE A LESSON IN FRENCH

Finally and Friends of Young Indianapolis Officer Learn the Meaning of "Sans Origine."

The son of a prominent Indianapolis business man recently received a commission and was called for service in France, relates the Indianapolis News.

The family and many friends of the young lieutenant were anxious to learn of his safe trip across, and the father received many inquiries about his son's welfare during the weeks of silence following his departure.

Finally a cablegram was received and the word was passed around that the soldier boy had landed safely. Someone thoughtfully inquired just where the cablegram came from, and a close inspection of the message revealed what was thought to be either the port of landing or the headquarters of American troops. It was written plainly enough, across the top of the message—"San Sorigin."

Speculation was rife; office associates brought out atlases; maps and encyclopedias were consulted to find out, if possible, whether the young officer was near the scene of activities, at a port, or in the south of France. Finally someone with a knowledge of French spoiled all the fun by informing the eager group that "Sans origin" was the French equivalent to "somewhere," or, literally, without origin.

The cable operator who had copied the message had merely divided the letters in the two words at the wrong place.

SAYS SHARK MEAT IS GOOD

Writer Declares Flesh Looks and Tastes Much Like That of Young Pig, but Is Not as Juicy.

A good many people do not know how shark's meat tastes when it is cooked. There is some talk of a government investigation of this matter, observes the Hartford Courant, so that everybody may get the taste as second hand.

The writer of this paragraph, owing to the fact that he was a good deal of a seashore man at the time, has tasted cooked shark for himself. The flesh of the shark, when a Southern cook presides over the kitchen, looks very much like the meat of a young pig, and tastes very much like that meat. The main difference is that the flesh of the infant hog is a trifle more juicy.

When one reflects that part of the shark family was created with a relish for human flesh, or has been brought to this liking by some millions of years of evolution, it seems odd that man, when he gets the chance, should also like to eat the shark. It goes to show that in the general scheme of existence nothing is wasted.

The shark can get a good dinner out of a man, and the man can get a good dinner out of a shark. It all depends on which one gets the other first. In either case it is fair eating for the one who gets the dinner.

He Wasn't Acrobatic.

Miss Prue Dent-Papa says you are improvident and that he will never consent to my marrying a man unable to make both ends meet. Orville Harduppe-Well, I'm afraid I shall never be able to do so. I'm so contented. Good evening.

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STOMACH TORN UP

Indiana Lady Describes Condition, Which She Says Was Due To Constipation and Talk of Relief Obtained From Black-Draught.

Scottsburg, Ind.—Mrs. Annie Johnson, of this place, writes: "I well remember I suffered for a long time with constipation, which would get me down. I took doctors' medicines and any number of purgatives. They would leave me in a worse condition than I was before taking, and my stomach so upset. I know once I suffered from constipation, I was so ill we had to have the doctor, just so nervous and feverish. The doctor said I would have to quit medicine, my stomach was so bad."

My husband was reading and found something about Theodor's Black-Draught and brought me a package to try. I used it regularly at first until I began to feel better, then I used just a dose occasionally. I was cured of this constipation and am sure the Black-Draught did it."

If your stomach is out of order, you will suffer from such disagreeable symptoms as headache, biliousness, indigestion, etc., unless something is done, serious trouble may result.

Theodor's Black-Draught has been found a valuable remedy for these troubles. It is purely vegetable, and acts in a prompt and natural way, helping to regulate the liver and to cleanse the bowels of impurities.

Try Black-Draught.

THE DREAM OF A WORLD COURT.
The thought of an international court or conference for the settlement of international disputes is not new, writes Oscar Hallam in Case and Comment. Grotius suggested it nearly three hundred years ago during the Thirty Years' war.

William Penn, in 1693, proposed the establishment of a European diet, parliament, or estates for the maintenance of perpetual peace.

Rousseau, Kant and Bentham followed. Sumner devoted himself to the question of disarmament, the establishment of a congress of nations, and the abolition of war by means of an international court of justice.

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