

Mark Moorhouse Will be in Round-Up No More

The Grim Reaper Claimed Familiar Figure in July and Pendleton is Sorry

The Round-up is a time for unrestrained jollity, for fun, for pleasurable excitement, for pure enjoyment and the sights and scenes at the exhibition produce but few other sensations among the thousands who sit through the thrilling entertainment. But this year the Round-up to many of the spectators, especially to those resident in Pendleton, strikes a note of sadness at intervals into the great symphony of joy. There is nothing present to mar the scene of gaiety with a touch so variant. It is caused by something absent. A figure that has grown familiar to Round-up audiences is missing and it is the knowledge of the reason that at times subdues the exhilaration of some of those present.



MARK MOORHOUSE

During the year that has elapsed since the last week of frontier celebration, death has invaded the ranks of the directorate of the big show and removed one of the most valuable members. In the fullness of his young manhood, Mark Moorhouse, one of the originators of the Round-up and prominently identified with its success for the first four years of its history, was stricken down in July of this year. Early in the month an embolism of the brain produced partial paralysis and he lingered until the afternoon of the 29th when he expired.

His death produced a profound sorrow in Pendleton, for an infant, boy and man this city had known him. Born less than 32 years ago on a farm not far from Pendleton, he had ever since lived here and had risen to prominence both in the business and social world. His activity in the various enterprises which have made him home known as the "biggest little city in the west" made him a valued citizen and that the ever-swinging sickle should have cut him down when his usefulness was not fully flowered but made the sorrow of the community more heavy.

Mark Moorhouse was one of the typical young men of a city that is known for its young men. Such as he has created an atmosphere that is distinctly Pendleton's, and when the first idea of an annual cowboy carnival began to take form it was but natural that he should be one of those called upon to develop it. Though young in years the romantic west which the Round-up commemorates is not so far distant that he did not know it from personal contact. The son of Major Lee Moorhouse, one of the early superintendents of the Umatilla Indian reservation and one of the most noted photographers of Indians in America, even his home associations were essentially western. As a youth he was one of a band of young Pendletonians frequently called upon to don the paint and feathers

of the aborigine American to entertain guests from a distance, and his imitation of the weird steps and movements of the Indian dances had a savage artisticness about it.

At the initial performance of the

Round-up he was commissioned with the task of conducting the show. "Exhibition manager" was his title and to him belongs a large share of the success of the Round-up from the start. The rapidity with which event followed event, the absence of the little delays and drags which so mar any entertainment as such as anything else produced to the effect which made the renown of the frontier exhibition national in its scope, and none contributed more toward this tempo than he. So efficient was he, indeed, in this particular department that he held the position of exhibition manager and director of competitive events until the day of his death.

The fact that the 1914 show has been made a success without his aid, that the exhibitions have been conducted with the accustomed dispatch in nowise detracts from the honors he has won. It but simply emphasized the fact again that the Round-up is not dependent upon any one man for its continued success but, operated by a organization and under a system perfected by himself and his associates, it cannot help but retain its high standard. But the fame that belongs to it now will grow as the

years grow had its source in the men who had the vision, the courage, the judgment and the skill to plan and conduct the show in the beginning. And the name of Mark Moorhouse stands out prominently in the list.

HANK VAUGHAN AND HIS HIS RESTLESS WAYS

(Continued from Page 10.)

Halley rode to Athena and from there took the road to the farm upon which the grain was supposed to be stored. Just before coming to the reservation line, he met the farmer with a four-horse load of the wheat he was going to seize. As he approached the wagon he noticed that Hank Vaughan was riding alongside and that, as soon as Hank recognized the officer he jumped from his horse and, seizing the lines, tried to turn the team back. His idea was that if he got the grain back on the reservation, a county officer could not touch it.

Halley rode up and, addressing Hank, told him to stop. Hank paid no attention to the command, "Stop it, Hank," came the order the second time and with that the gunman whirled, his hand flying to his back pocket. Halley was watching for this move, however, and his own gun flashed out and covered Vaughan before the latter could more than grab the butt of his own sixshooters. "Stop it, Hank," Halley said for the third time.

Vaughan looked into the muzzle of the gun for a moment and then said, "Damn it, John, I'd rather die than quit."

"Well, you've got to quit this time," answered the officer. "You're playing a losing game."

"You win," said Hank, "take the grain," and Halley took it on into Athena and foreclosed the mortgage on it. Vaughan rode alongside into town and confided to Halley somewhat as follows, "I don't care about you taking me, John, but the blankety-blank blanks will advertise it all over the country."

Though he felt the sensation of hot lead entering his flesh more than once it was not a bullet that laid Hank Vaughan low. He died a tragic death but no officer or other gunman could claim the credit for it. It was his own folly and recklessness that brought his career to an end. One day about the year 1894, he rode into Pendleton and, after drinking deeply of the fiery fluid that exhilarates, mounted his horse and dashed down Main street at breakneck speed. As he reached the O. R. & N. tracks, his horse's ironshod hoof slipped on the steel rails and the animal fell heavily to the ground, pinning the rider beneath and crushing him badly. He died shortly afterwards.

He was past 50 years old when he died and more than 30 years of his life he was in the limelight of notoriety. His widow still lives and is yet making her home on her land on the reservation.

They Do Not Stay Long on Sharkey



Sharkey in Action

© 1915 by Dunsley & Gustin

LOVE OF ADVENTURE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The Round-up gives thousands of people each year an opportunity to see life on the range "as she is lived."

While the exhibition is of a thrilling nature, do not forget that life on the range even in this day is one of personal danger and thrills. Hardly a day passes but what there is some adventure and if they all could be recorded a most marvelous book might be written.

To the easterner particularly this kind of a show appeals but it is no less attractive to the westerner who makes his home in some of the larger coast states and of the states between the Rockies and the Mississippi. This fact is attested to in the large number of visitors from these sections which come to Pendleton annually to see the Round-up.

The love of adventure is something which probably will live forever in the human heart. The feats of daring men and women appeal to everybody everywhere. And the Round-up supplies the necessary elements for thrills and startling entertainment. It is these things which have made the Round-up the biggest frontier celebration in the world.

The Permanent Brand

By Berton Braley

When I was a maverick runnin' free
The West she took an' she branded me.
Marked me deep with that special brand
That she puts on sure in that Western land;
An' after that christenin' occurred
She turned me loose with her own big herd.
But I was allus a stray at heart
An' I roamed all over the bloomin' chart
From North to South an' from West to East
I sure was kind of a restless beast.
An' I mixed with herds of a hundred kinds,
—The sorts that a maverick critter finds,
But wherever I chanced to take my stand
They piped me off by my Western brand!
I've tried to hide it—but what's the use?
I've tried to beat it an' wander loose.
But somethin' gets me an' brings me back
To the old-time herd on the old-time track,
Fer that brand ain't one you twist an' change
To suit each rancho you want to range.
Fer its burnt deep down in your heart
An' soul
An' it won't come out till you join the roll
Of them that's finished, as all things shall.
By findin' a place in the last corral
—An' I ain't sure but the Western brand
Won't still show plain when we come to stand
Where the Boss of the Final Round-Up picks
The first class lot from the mavericks!



A Touring Tip

Firestone Non-Skid Tires

FOR over fourteen years Firestone users have been spreading the good news. Year by year the army of Firestone Regulars has increased. It is whole-hearted appreciation of extra merit that is responsible for the growth of Firestone—THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE TIRE FACTORY IN AMERICA.

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Firestones give double value; they not only cost less at last, but they cost no more than just ordinary tires at first.

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Firestone users get the benefit of this condensed efficiency—and they get these benefits at average price. Make our advantage in production your advantage in buying.

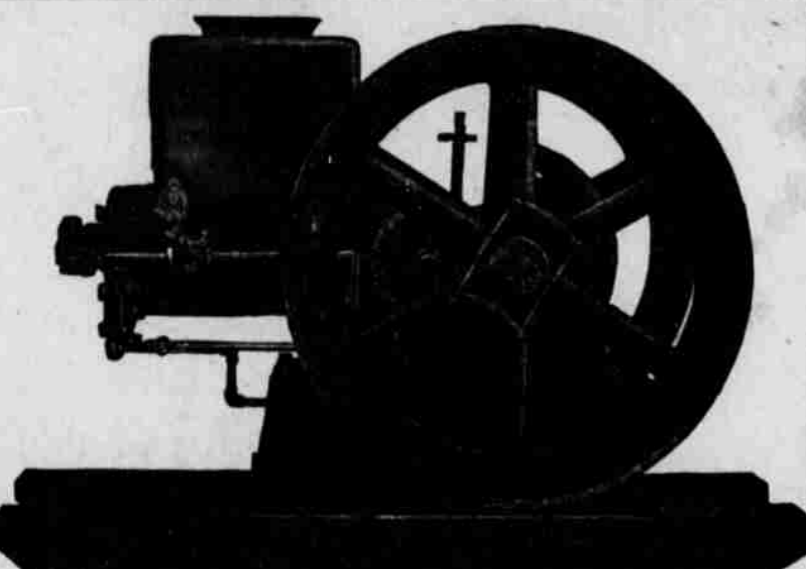
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No one ever made money doing machine work

A good many people fool themselves into thinking that by doing the hard drudgery work about the farm or shop by hand instead of investing in a gasoline engine and suitable machinery, they are saving money. No greater mistake has ever been made. The modern dividend paying factory is a lesson to farmers as well as others. Here nothing is done by hand or muscle power that can possibly be done with machinery. Hard work alone never will get you much money, at least not as much as if you use your intelligence to get the very most out of your time and labor. For instance if your cream separator, feed mill or pump when operated by a gasoline engine will give you three extra hours a day for other work it will not take many months before the money you have invested in equipment will be returned to you, will it? After that the money and labor saved begins to count on the profit side of the ledger. Thousands of farmers in the Northwest have found that the most economical and wise course is to

Let Stover's Good Engine do the hard work

The Stover is a capable engine, designed principally for farm use, which is so easy to use that it is built for everyday hard use with no mechanic around to tinker with it and keep it running. The Stover is designed to be operated and cared for as easily as any other piece of farm machinery. It is SIMPLE, having few moving parts and all of them are made doubly strong. From the bed up the Stover is constructed of tough, durable material heavily reinforced. The bearings are extra long, well lubricated and the lubrication is taken care of in such manner as to prevent wear as much as possible. The Stover develops full rated horse power and does it economically. It is ready for business when you are. It has no hair spring adjustments and no complicated parts to get out of order.

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While you are in town drop in and see this remarkable engine. We will gladly show you and in just a few minutes you will fully understand its operation, (even if you have never used a gasoline engine), and you will quickly see that the STOVER is the engine you can depend upon to do your hard work with profit and satisfaction to yourself.

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