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M. FITZMAURICE.....EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1919.

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E. R. Wheat, Constable.

OUR BOW.

With this issue of the LEADER we come before you in the role of editor, and with kindly New Year's greetings to all. We have no alluring promises to make in regard to our future management of the paper. If our work should hereafter prove unsatisfactory, there will then be less disappointment.

The task of editing a country newspaper is not, under the best of circumstances, such a simple matter as most people in their wisdom seem to think, but to a stanger in a stranger place, it is rendered still more difficult. We, therefore, crave your indulgence until we can become better acquainted with you; and to this end we cordially invite you to come and see us in our editorial lair. Come and make our acquaintance; let us know the local happenings in your neighborhood; drop in to see the "new editor," if for no other or more laudable purpose. True, we are not much to look at, but we will endeavor to give you a cordial welcome, and if your name is not already inscribed in our books as a subscriber, we shall be greatly pleased to place it there.

Hoping that the LEADER, by maintaining a consistent course in all things that count for the up-building of our town, county and state, will, during our regime, prove worthy of the support which it is now receiving, and is entitled to receive at your hands, we bid you one and all a BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

M. FITZMAURICE.

Subscribers to the fund for aiding in the completion of the railroad to Moro are responding promptly to invitations sent out recently by Moore Bros. to pay up their subscriptions, which came due on the date when the road reached Moro. Those who have not settled should do so without delay, as the money is urgently needed at this time.

The case of State against Adolph Hays, for breaking down a fence, is on trial in Justice Meador's court, as we go to press. John Lynch, of Bigelow, is the private prosecutor. E. B. Dufur, of The Dalles, appeared for the defense, and J. B. Hosford for the prosecution. It was a jury trial.

Now is the time to file your homestead on that piece of railroad land which was not paid for before Jan. 1st.

Subscribe now for the LEADER.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

"What greater or better gift can we offer the republic than to teach and instruct our youth?"—Cicero.

A good school means a great deal for the youth of the section in which it is located. What is a good school? One that has a complete course of study, competent instructors and proper facilities for conducting its work, you will doubtless say. A good school means more than that. There must be character back of it. The president of the institution should be a man or woman who stands for the best things in life, and the instructors should not only be educated for their work, but they should be cultured, christian men and women. It is astonishing the little thought given by parents to the influences that surround the boy or girl while away from home attending school. Fathers say: "Oh, my boy never takes up with things that are bad; I would trust him anywhere." A fortunate indeed is that boy if the father is right, but the fact remains that a great number of our boys have vices, and that young men who are sound in mind and body are in demand.

It is not right to place either a boy or a girl during the period of life when they are so susceptible to outside influences, where they come in contact with the demoralizing side of life.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As, to be hated, is but to be seen; Yet soon enough, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

PROBATE NEWS.

Judge Fulton disposed of considerable probate business this week, including the following:

Application of F. A. Lyon to resign as administrator of the estate of Chester Hinman, deceased; resignation accepted.

Final account of Emma Wilder, formerly Emma King, executrix of the estate of Michael King, deceased, was filed and her petition for leave to resign her trust was submitted; ordered that notice of the filing of said account and application to resign be published in a county paper for the statutory period. The total receipts from the estate aggregated \$3482.43, and the total disbursements \$3914.58; total claims against the estate, \$3644.78. At the same time was presented the petition of Dallas Wilder to be appointed administrator of the estate with the will annexed. The total amount remaining and unappropriated is as follows: 320 acres of land and school land certificates covering 480 acres; also a large quantity of wool unsold.

Important Meeting.

Pursuant to call of J. B. Wheat and other leading farmers, a meeting was held at Wiley's Hotel last Saturday for the purpose of electing three delegates to attend a meeting of farmers and wheat-growers to be held in The Dalles, on the 11th inst., for the purpose to take all necessary steps to urge upon our representatives in congress the necessity of immediate action in the matter of opening the Columbia river.

The meeting to be held at The Dalles will be followed by another representative gathering of farmers and business men at Astoria for the same laudable purpose. At the local meeting last Saturday, A. C. Huff presided, and Superintendent Ragsdale acted as secretary. After a statement of the objects of the meeting by the chairman, the business of electing delegates was proceeded with, and the following representative citizens were duly elected delegates to attend the meeting to be held at The Dalles: J. B. Wheat, O. P. Hulse and Carl Peetz.

Probably the tallest woman in America has just died at the City of Mexico. Her height was six feet nine inches. She was born in the state of Sonora, and was in no way remarkable except for her unusual height. For the last few years she had been a familiar figure on the streets of the capital of Mexico, where she attracted a great deal of attention from all strangers and travelers. She died at the age of 43. Her name was Magdalena Ciente. She was uneducated and spoke the Spanish language with difficulty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

To remove a grease spot from wall paper, hold a piece of blotting paper over the spot with a hot flat-iron for a few moments.

LEADER AND WEEKLY OREGONIAN 1 year \$1.75 in advance.

Henry Ward Beecher's Advice to His Son.

From a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher, we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men—and young women, too:

You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

Make few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promises. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two evils that destroy thousands every year. Lastly, do not forget your father and mother's God. Read often the proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament.

To Struggling Young Men.

Take care of yourself; nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights; your help will come through the roof, down from that God who, in the six thousand years of the world's history, never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who, thirty years from now, are the millionaires of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—nightiest in church and state—are now on a level with you, not an inch above, and with you in straightened circumstances now. Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the intervals of his playing he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman of a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers.

No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books, and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, and in your ear; and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him.—Talmage.

Roosevelt's Slippery Way.

Theodore Roosevelt at school was required to write essays, deliver orations and "speak pieces" just as are all school-boys in these modern days, and his old playmates still delight to relate how "Ted" brought down the house by his method of rendering the old stand-by, "Marco Bozaris."

Everybody knows at least the beginning of the stirring poem: At midnight, in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knees in supplication, Should tremble at his power.

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak, he arose with all his confidence, and began:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knees—"

Then his memory failed him, and he repeated:

"Greece, her knees—"

In vain his memory stubbornly refused to work. Once more he shouted, desperately:

"Greece, her knees—"

The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked:

"Grease her knees once more, Theodore; perhaps she'll go then."—Times-Herald.

The cheerful giver is very apt to be a systematic one.—Ex.

A Guess Again.

"I guess it's time to go," remarked at last the bore. "An excellent guess," she answered. "Why didn't you guess before?"

A Great Loser.

Now doth the so-called busy bee Have matters pretty slick; She lives on honey months and months And never works a lick.

IF.

If love were always rosy And knew no mortal ills, And never went to pay the rent, Or stormed at grocery bills, Then would the world go singing, And heaven would kiss the hills, If love were always rosy, And paid no grocery bills.

—Atlanta Constitution.

The train was about ten miles west of Ypsilanti when an oldish man came into the car with a bill in his hand and called out: "Kin any purson here change a ten-dollar bill for me?"

Everybody was willing to try, and he finally got two fives. Then he wanted one of them broken, and he finally found a passenger who said he could give him five ones.

"I'll take 'em," replied the man, "but then I shall want some one to bust a dollar for me."

"Will two halves do?" asked a woman, as she investigated her purse.

"Yes, if I can't get four quarters," he replied. "I'm sorry to make all this trouble, but you see how it is. The old woman has sort decided to stop off at Ypsilanti and visit her sister for three or four days, while I go to Detroit and back. Her sister mayn't be at home, and she'll naturally feel a little queer without any money. I thought I'd give her a quarter, but if I can't git it, why, I'll let her take fifty cents, though I know I'll never see any of it back. She'll go to town and run through a dollar in less'n two hours, and I have to keep a curb on her."

He finally got a quarter, and the "old woman" had it tied up in the corner of her handkerchief as she got off at Ypsilanti.—Detroit Free Press.

Three little maidens were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in three families during the past year.

"My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty, and he had a silver knife and fork from grandpa, too."

"My little brother Walter's got a bee-utiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up."

"My little brother Freddie's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!"—Youth's Companion.

It was in the Coliseum.

"Pardon me," Seneca leaned forward and touched one of Agrippina's ladies-in-waiting on the shoulder. "Pardon me, but would you mind taking down your coiffure so that I can see the arena? I am particularly interested in to-day's massacre."

Her only reply was a swift glance of patrician scorn, for she knew he had come in on a press ticket.

Rome has fallen since then, but the theater hat has not.—Truth.

Druggist (to doctor who has just entered)—Excuse me, doctor; Mrs. Scadd's little boy has just brought in one of your prescriptions for filling; but, really, I can't make it out to save me. Will you kindly give me your assistance.

Doctor (after looking over prescription)—"Hum—er—well—er—hem—er—well, young man (pompously), I'm not a prescription clerk; I'm a doctor."—San Francisco Wave.

"This," said the mother, in her best instructive voice, as she guided the child through the museum, "this is a praying-machine, used by the benighted heathen."

"I don't think that is half as nice as having your praying done by the preacher, like we do, do you, mama?" asked the small girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mary" asked the old man, "whose picture is that on the front of the paper you have?"

"That is a picture of President Cleveland," said she.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" exclaimed the old man; "has he been cured of something, too?"—Adams Freeman.

The shadow of trouble is generally blacker than the trouble itself.

"Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops, "you often hear of the hardships of sailors handling the wet and frozen sails in winter, don't you?"

"Yes, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops, "and terrible they must be, too."

"But you never hear anybody say anything about the hardships of women hanging out clothes in such weather as this, do you?"

"No, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops, with sudden energy, "but you ought to."

"So you are having your house redecorated, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Yes, the workmen began last week."

"Are you making radical changes?"

"Yes, very."

"What is to be the main feature of the new house?"

"You, if you'll consent."

Two of the best papers in the State of Oregon—the Weekly Oregonian and LEADER—for the small sum of \$1.75 per year.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. J. BRIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in any court of the state. Office, over Krause's harness shop, WASCO, : : : : OREGON.

Dr. I. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Drug Store. Moro, : : : : Oregon.

H. S. WILSON, D. S. HUNTINGTON. HUNTINGTON & WILSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK, The Dalles, : : : : Oregon.

J. B. HOSFORD, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. Practices in all the Courts of this State. Moro, : : : : Oregon.

Dr. Lloyd D. Idleman, DENTIST. DOES ALL KINDS OF HIGH CLASS DENTAL WORK. Office hours: 9:30 to 12 m.; 1:30 to 5 p. m. Office over the Bank, Moro, Oregon.

R. E. HOSKINSON, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. Practices in all Courts of this State. Real Estate, Collection and Insurance Agency. Abstract of titles and conveying a specialty. Moro, Sherman county, Oregon. We respectfully solicit business in our line, insuring that promptness which always follows strict attention to matters of this character, confident of our ability to handle the same in a manner satisfactory to all.

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. THROUGH TRIP IN ONE DAY. Fare, one way \$4.50. Shortest line from Portland and way points by 12 hours.

GOING SOUTH. 10 a. m. Antelope. 1:30 p. m. Kent. 4 p. m. Grass Valley. 7 p. m. Moro. 1:30 p. m. Arrives at Antelope. 10 p. m. Arrives at Wasco. 4 p. m.

GOING NORTH. 3 a. m. Kent. 7 a. m. Grass Valley. 9 a. m. Moro. 1:30 p. m. Arrives at Wasco. 4 p. m.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO. Time Schedule No. 3.—To Take Effect Friday, July 1st, 1919. 12:01 A. M. Pacific Time.

No. 3. No. 1. No. 2. No. 4. LEAVE. LEAVE. LEAVE. LEAVE. 5:00 a. m. 4:00 p. m. Wasco. 7:00 p. m. 8:15 a. m. 5:40 a. m. 4:40 p. m. Biggs. 6:15 p. m. 7:30 a. m. Arrive. Arrive. Leave. Leave. E. E. LITTLE, President. D. C. O'REILLY, Gen. Manager.

STOP WHERE THE PEOPLE STOP, AT THE UMATILLA HOUSE, (RATES SAME AS OTHER HOTELS.) AND YOU WILL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND CALL BELLS. The Dalles, Or. SINNOTT & FISH, PROPS.

BROCK'S RESTAURANT. Is the place to get good meals or board by the day or week. LODGING. 25 CENTS. A Choice line of Canned Lunch Goods, fine Confectionery, Best after-dinner Cigars. Everything first-class, and terms the lowest compatible with quality. G. W. BROCK, Proprietor. Moro, Oregon.

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Collections made at all points on favorable terms. Sight exchange and telegraphic transfers sold on New York, San Francisco, Portland, The Dalles and various points in Oregon and Washington.

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DRESS-MAKING PARLORS. All ladies needing the assistance of a first-class dress-maker, are invited to call upon MISS MAGGIE HUFF, AT HER DRESS-MAKING PARLORS, OVER THE N. M. CO.'S STORE, Moro, : : : : Oregon.

E... B... WHEAT, JEWELER. CLEANING AND REPAIRING. ALL WORK GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS. NEXT DOOR TO HADLEY'S BREEK. Moro, : : : : Oregon.

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LOOK HERE! THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER ON THE PACIFIC COAST, AND THE BEST SHERMAN COUNTY PAPER FOR A WHOLE YEAR FOR \$1.75. JUST SEE: Weekly Oregonian \$1.50. Moro Leader 1.00. Both Separate \$2.50.

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Good care given stock. Terms Reasonable. W. C. JOHNSTON & CO., Props. Moro, Oregon.

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