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MORO - - OREGON.



Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always
talked to himself, replied:
"In the first place, because I like to talk to
an intelligent man."
"In the second place, because I always like to
hear an intelligent man talk."
We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.
Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than
on any other subject.
We don't say a word about prices—it goes
without saying that prices are right.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
Try us. We Print anything.

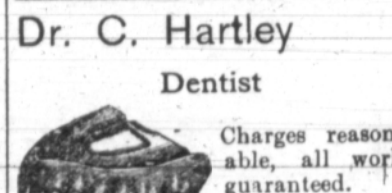
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Moro, - - - Oregon.



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I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon.
Meets every Saturday
evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Visiting members are
cordially invited. Mem-
bers are expected to be
present. By order of the
Wm. Rudolf, N. G.
R. M. Braub, Secretary.



Eureka Lodge No. 121,
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Meets the first and third
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month. Visiting members
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J. M. Parry, Secretary.



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No. 23 O. E. S. Moro, Or.
Regular communication
each 2d and 4th Thurs-
day evenings monthly.
By order W. M.
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Where Jealousy Won

By FRANK GRANBY

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According to the Barbersville Daily
Herald of Thursday afternoon, June 22,
two great events had just happened in
the town. The Herald was not inclined
to sensationalism, but when it announced
the spire of the Baptist church edifice
was two inches out of plumb or that a
spotted cow showing signs of the rabies
had galloped through the burg at
midnight its readers were bound to sit
up and take notice.

The announcements on this occasion
ran that Professor Gordon had arrived
the night previous at the house of Mr.
George Fraser, "one of our wealthiest
and most esteemed citizens."
Barbersville was duly excited, and the
enterprise of the Daily Herald was
highly praised. When an enterprising
daily paper gets hold of one big thing,
it generally follows that another is
lying ready at hand. It was so in this
case. Another daring burglary followed
the first, and, although the police were
set to work, it had to be admitted that
there was no clew. The clew, however, lay
in the hands of pretty Jennie Wren,
daughter of the widow Wren, but nei-
ther she nor any one else knew it at the
time. Had the Herald paid strict atten-
tion to society events, which it didn't,
owing to the fact that its one reporter
couldn't spread himself over more than
five or six departments at once, some-
thing would have been said weeks be-
fore concerning the engagement of
Miss Wren and George Watson. The
latter was the son of the leading gro-
cer of the town and its best catch.
After having bestowed his attentions
upon various young ladies he had finally
and definitely fallen in love with
Jennie and asked her hand in mar-
riage.

The Herald could have chronicled
this fact and claimed a great feat over
all other contemporaries, and then a
day later it could have added that
a sudden coolness had arisen be-
tween the happy couple. It might
even have discovered that this cool-
ness was on account of the fact that
young Mr. Watson had met a girl from
Boston who was a summer boarder
in the town and was trying to get up a
distinction to while away the vacation.
When his fiancée heard that he had
stood on the dock with the Boston girl
for two hours while she fished and
that he had bailed her boat, advised
her how to hold her fish pole and as-
sisted her to land a dozen sunfish and
one sucker she gave him to understand
that such conduct could no longer be
tolerated. He had said that he liked
a girl with a temper. He forgot that
Miss Jennie had one. He stood on his
dignity, and she stood on her rights,
and so it came to pass that he was
seen no more at the house of the
widow Wren.

There have been courtships and en-
gagements and marriages without
these "tiffs," but they have been few
and far between. No matter what
your sex or how gray your hair, you
live to hold your own and as a re-
sult of the happy couple, the Daily
Herald didn't announce that Mr.
George Watson and Miss Jennie Wren
had said goodby to each other, but
they had done so, and an hour later
both were wishing they hadn't.

Next morning they were wishing so
still more, but then the difficulty of
"making up" stared them in the face.
She wouldn't write, and he wouldn't
call, and how was the thing to be ef-
fected? And then he heard that she
had taken up with the superintendent
of the candy factory, who was an
elderly man and a widower, and she
learned that he had not only been
fishing again with the Boston girl, but
had taken her for a row on the lake
and was sending her daily boxes of
candy.

Meanwhile the burglar was busy ev-
ery night. The criminal was cute as
well as bold. Sometimes it was found
that he had entered by a first floor
window and then again by a second
story. Sometimes it was impossible
to tell how he had entered, but he had
done his work in a thorough manner.
Money and jewelry came first with
him. Afterward he gathered up such
knickknacks as suited his fancy. A
vigilance committee was formed to as-
sist the police, but the robberies went
on just the same. Even Professor Gor-
don, sleeping in the tent which held his
world renowned aggregation, was one
of the victims. As he slept and dream-
ed of greater aggregations to come
some one robbed him of a hundred dol-
lars in cash.

The six policemen of the town,
when was a Vidocq in his own
estimation, were simply stumped at the
daring of the mysterious criminal. Day
by day the Herald came out with the
announcement, "Another Daring Bur-
glary—Where Will It End?" but echo
answered, "Where?"

Now, it is said that when a woman
is jealous she is more jealous than a
man. She can't indulge in shoot-
ing or throat cutting as often, but this
may be because the opportunities do
not arise. When two weeks had gone
by and Miss Jennie Wren had not heard
from George Watson except to his detri-
ment the demon of jealousy was
aroused, and she determined that he
should find out the penalty of trying
with a maiden's heart. She wanted to

meet him just once and tell him what
she thought of him; and then lay a
horsewhip over his shoulders. She
didn't want to do it in a sensational
manner, however. She simply wanted
a settlement as between the two of
them.

Her small brother bought her the
whip of a harness maker, informed her
that George was calling at the house
where the Boston girl boarded, and one
dark evening all was ready. Miss
Jennie attended the prayer meeting at
the Methodist church first. The same
course is recommended to every girl
who contemplates horsewhipping a re-
calcitrant lover. It will soothe and
calm and prepare her for the business
in hand.

When the prayer meeting was out,
the girl with the whip made her way
alone for half a mile and practiced all
sorts of cuts on the way. She meant to
take George at the gate, red handed,
as it were. She was surprised to find
the house dark and the family appar-
ently gone to bed, but she entered the
yard and crouched down behind a bush
to make further observations.

Time does not count when a young
woman is on a young man's trail. It
may be that an hour had passed before
Miss Jennie was satisfied that no trick
was being played on her. She had just
left her book to make a start for home,
rather sorry and rather glad at the
same time that she hadn't been afford-
ed an opportunity to wield the horse-
whip, when a stalwart figure suddenly
stood before her—George Watson, and
smoking around as if ashamed! He
had come up as softly as a cat, and
though taken entirely by surprise, she
laid on the whip.

At the first blow he leaped back,
with a sort of snarl. At the second he
sprang forward, with a cry, seized her
and threw her over the bush and then
disappeared in the darkness.
She screamed at the top of her lungs.
A dozen neighbors and half the police force
were roused out, to find the girl in
hysterics, and it was half an hour be-
fore she could tell her story. About
the same time it was found that a
nearby house had been burglarized.
There were black and blue marks on
Miss Jennie's arms where he had seized
her, and there was no doubt that
she must have been thrown ten
feet high to clear the bush.

There was much excitement for the
next hour or two and lots more fat
copy for the Daily Herald. Then one
of the police force named Woodhead
proved that he had been wrongly
named for long years. He had been
thinking over the catlike approach,
the bruises and the strength of the
assault, so he nodded his head and
went down to the tent, holding in his
hand a three cornered account of the
plunder. The big monkey had not
only been used to do tricks to amuse
an audience, but to earn dishonest
profits for his master. The Daily Her-
ald had a three cornered account of the
plunder. The big monkey had not
only been used to do tricks to amuse
an audience, but to earn dishonest
profits for his master. The Daily Her-
ald had a three cornered account of the
plunder.

"It occurred about 9 o'clock in the
morning, just as Jennie Wren was
recovering her fright," George Wat-
son called at the coffee counter he
saw that the door was open to him by
the widow's daughter.
"Well, sir, what is it?" she asked,
with her heart in her mouth.

"He did a very good thing in reply
to me," she said, and kissed her, and
when she tried to draw away he kissed
her again, and presently both were
planning and telling how sorry they
were and they would never do it again
and—
"Well, you know how those things go.
If you don't, then you have missed a
good thing and don't deserve to be
told that the happy couple were mar-
ried in the fall and life went well with
them forever after."

Successful After All.
There was not one of Mr. B-n's
family who did not try to devise a sys-
tem of mnemonics for him. From his
wife down to his youngest daughter-in-
law, but none of the systems proved
satisfactory. It was his wife's idea of
the strings on Mr. B-n's fingers, and
one afternoon he appeared before his
youngest daughter-in-law with the
thumb of his left hand wound about
with yellow cord.

"Will you give me a cup of tea, Ma-
rie, so I shall have strength enough to
go home and confess I can't remem-
ber what this thumb was tied up for?"
he asked ruefully. "I'm getting worse
and worse, and I presume my wife is
about discouraged with me."

"Why, Father B-n," said the pretty
daughter-in-law compassionately, "your
thumb is all red. You just let me untie
that cord and bathe it with alcohol and
water."

"Oh, it's all right!" cried Mr. B-n.
"That was what I was to get. I re-
member now—alcohol for the chaf-
ing dish!"—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Help It.
A well known Allegheny clergyman
recently spoke at a religious service in
the penitentiary in Woods Run. He
noticed that one of the convicts seem-
ed extraordinarily impressed. After the
service he sought him out and con-
tinued the good work by remarking:
"My friend, I hope you will profit by
my remarks just now and become a
new man."

"Indeed I will," was the cheerful re-
ply. "In fact, I promise to you that I
will never commit another crime, but
I will lead an exemplary life to my dy-
ing day."

"I am very glad to hear you say
that," said the clergyman, "but are you
certain you will be able to keep the
promise?"
"Oh, yes," said the convict; "I'm in
jail for life."—Harper's Weekly.

Old Fashioned Strategy

By Willbur Bates

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Steddie

The instant you laid your eyes on her
you felt quite sure that her grand-
mother had selected her clothes.

That is not just the way the girls at
the Empire lunch room, No. 5, ex-
pressed it. Kitty Behman, who had al-
ways questioned it over the force of
black frocked, white aproned wait-
resses, parted her marcelled locks placidly
and remarked:
"Well, his nilla sure picked a lesson
in that."

"What?" otherwise Sally Loftus, sat in
the cashier's booth near the entrance
arranging small change in neat piles.
Her head, crowned by brown locks,
ported demurely and almost severely
in the middle, was bent above her
work, but her quiet glance traveled to
the group of gossiping girls. Inciden-
tally they took in other things. At
one table the ice had melted in the
butter dish and water trickled over the
mahogany surface. On another table
the glass sugar bowl was nearly empty.
A soiled napkin and butter plate
had been left at a third table.

The girl who looked as if her grand-
mother bought her clothes fingered the
round buttons on her queer cashmere
basque, and her eyes well maintained
the trumpet gently against the old
fashioned brooch at her throat. Inside
the chased circle of gold rested braided
strands of hair the exact shade of
the girl's. Her glance finally rested
on the slumped shoulders of the young
man who stood by the big plate glass
window, where a white aproned youth
poured a stream of white dough on
hot griddles.

The young man, who was Ralph Put-
nam, son of the owner of the Empire
circuit of lunch rooms, started back
to the kitchen, and as he passed the
new cashier he flung her a glance that
was almost appealing. She met him
with one oddly reassuring and fully
comprehending. He—hesitated, per-
haps, but as he passed the group of
girls near the coffee counter the light
died out of his eyes once more.

Kitty Behman smiled up at him fam-
iliarly.
"Where'd you get the Christmas tree
ornament, Ralph? There's one thing
sure. You needn't worry about any of
the boys copying her out. She's had
her fortune read 'old maid' by every
clairvoyant in town, or I miss my
kisses."

"Her father went to school with
mine. She comes of very good family,"
he said apologetically.
"Gee, but it's fine to have a pull!"
was Kitty's contemptuous reply.
Ralph wandered into the kitchen.
More than ever he hated the lunch
room and everything connected with
it. And in truth he was not entirely to
blame. His father had sent him to
private school to college, where he had
learned the classical courses, and then
his somewhat unreasonable parent
could not understand why his bookish
son could not walk, diploma in hand,
age it as well as the other young men
in the same position of responsibility
who had served their apprenticeship,
even to cooking griddle cakes in the
kitchen. Ralph had trouble auditing
his accounts, getting quarrels in the
kitchen and preserving some sense
of discipline among the port
waitresses.

All this—and more—Sally Loftus
learned before the breakfast rush set
in. It was a soggy day, and gradually
discontent seemed to permeate the
room. A tired looking stenographer in
bedraggled skirts was arguing with a
burly waitress, who replied tartly that
some folks expected a lot for 10
cents. Ralph stood helplessly at the
table, afraid to take a hand in the
argument, but when the waitress finally
flounced to the coffee counter he saw
her pick up a towel and told the patron
he would bring her some fresh toast.
After he had done this he paused wearily
at Sally's elbow. She crossed her
hands demurely on the marble ledge
and said quietly:

"I was so glad to see you reprimand
that waitress. She was very impertinent,
and we ought to make every cus-
tomer feel that she wants to breakfast
here regularly. Don't you think so?"
Ralph started. He had not called
down the saucy waitress. He had
merely tried to undo the mischief she
had wrought. Now he wished he had
scolded her before the customer.

"We have a lot of regulars," he said
in the same apologetic tone he had em-
ployed to Kitty Behman.
"But we want a lot more. We ought
to have every place at these tables
taken between 7:30 and 8 o'clock."

Suddenly Ralph started down the
narrow aisle. For the first time he no-
ticed the water dripping from the bot-
tom plates. He approached the saucy
waitress and said with a funny at-
tempt at sternness which was quite
lost on the astonished girl:
"Clean up those butter plates, and
don't you ever again tell a customer
she wants too much for her money.
We want them to get all that's coming
to them."

"What do you think of that?" de-
manded the girl, with an injured ex-
pression, as she turned to a helper.
"What's come over him?"
Something had come over Ralph Put-
nam, a serious sense of panic. He
hurried back to the cashier's desk and
lashed against it as if for support. He
almost expected to see the reprimand-
ed girl dash out, because never before

had he dared assert his authority. But
instead the girl really cleaned up the
butter dishes, and the girl whose grand-
mother bought her clothes watched her
do it from the tail of an observing eye.
Sally Loftus had a busy day, but
when she was relieved at 7 o'clock she
was not ready for home. She entered
Ralph's tiny private office, some slips
in hand.

"Will you please help me with the
accounts?" she asked in friendly tones.
"Why, you don't have to—the other
cashier!"
"I know, but I want to learn every-
thing about the business, and I know
you can teach me."

Ralph fairly gasped, but he spread
the troublesome slips and bills before
her. In fifteen minutes she had the
matter straightened out, and with a
quiet "Thank you, I can do it after
this," left her employer with a sense
that somehow an angel had suddenly
illumined his miserable existence.

From that day on affairs at the Em-
pire lunch room, No. 5, ran differently.
The quiet young woman in the cas-
hier's window was forever telling Ralph
Putnam how sensible he was to do this
or that—things which he had wanted
to do, but was afraid to undertake—
and straightaway he went off and did
them. The cashier was constantly in-
vesting him with business virtues he
did not possess, and as constantly he
tried to assume them. The climax
came when an elderly man tipped Kitty
Behman with a nickel, and as she
dropped the coin into the pocket of
her white apron she said to Ralph,
who was almost at her elbow:
"Gee! I thought I read in the papers
that Russell Sage was dead."

"The old gentleman told Sally Loftus
about the insult as he paid his check.
Sally glanced up quickly. Ralph, red
of face, was frowning and unfolding a
napkin, and Kitty, with dancing eyes
and impudent tilt of head, was tell-
ing the other girls what a smart an-
swer she had given her stingy cus-
tomer."

Ralph strolled over to Sally's side.
She made change for a little type-
writer. Then she turned to Ralph.
"There is one thing I admire in Kitty
Behman," she began. "Not many
girls would smile like that when they
had just been dismissed for impertin-
ence."

Ralph threw back his shoulders.
"Then you think it would be all right
to fire her?" he asked.
"The only thing you could have
done," replied Kitty firmly. "I felt
sure you would see it that way."
Ralph had not thought of firing Kit-
ty. She had ruled the entire floor so
long—but now—
That night Kitty was summoned to
the tiny office. Ralph was a trifle pale
around the lips, and his voice was
husky, but his intention had not wavered.
It was well for him, however,
that dismissal came so suddenly to
Kitty that she actually lost the power
of speech.

Three months later Tim, who checked
umbrellas and ran errands for No. 5,
Kitty on her way home from
work.
"How's the little old maid?" she in-
quired flippantly.
"What's your young?" he inquired sar-
gently. "She's going to best you in the
altar by a mile. She's trotting in the
class with his nilla, too—an' the old
man's tickled to death. Says she's
made a man of his boy, an' he don't
care who knows it."

"Well, what do you think of that?"
exclaimed Kitty, smothering her marcel
waves reflectively.
"That some of you wise ones ain't
one, two, three with the old fashioned
sort with the right kind of wheels in
her think pot. So long."

The Sleeping Baby's Smile.
It is interesting to see how old is the
maternal delusion about the smiling of
babies in their sleep. All children
asleep are well for him, however.
Like as possible to the real smile—the
humorous and delightful little silent
sketch of a mouth, appearing first at
any age between a year and two in the
child. Yet human sentimentality has
insisted on calling the sleeping grin-
ace, due to flatulence, a smile, and
even a smile caused by dreams of an-
gels. And St. Monica, must have
been as unsilencing on this point as
any other matron, for St. Augustine,
reveling in his "Confessions" the
growth of his own mind, mentions that
he had been told of the coming of in-
fantile smiles, "having appeared pre-
viously in sleep." Thackeray echoes
St. Monica, for he shows us Amelia
sitting by her child, "who was smiling
in his sleep." No baby ever smiled in
his sleep yet or is ever likely to do so.
—London Chronicle.

Origin of the Christmas Stocking.
From Italy comes the legend from
which we are supposed to get the time
honored custom of hanging up the
Christmas stocking. Good old St. Nich-
olas of Padua used to throw long knit-
ted purses tied at both ends into the
open windows of the very poor people,
and these purses were of yarn and not
unlike the footless stockings. Finally it
became the custom of the people to
hang these empty receptacles out of
their windows on the night before
Christmas so that St. Nicholas would
put a gift into them as he passed by
and by, when the coin of the realm
became scarce, toys were put in for
the children and useful presents for grown
people. In the north country, where it
was rather chilly at Christmas time,
the purses were hung on the mantel-
piece, and it was believed that the
good old saint would come down the
chimney and fill them. When these
purses went out of fashion, stockings
were substituted and have been used
ever since.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Reduced Round Trip Excursion Rates
To Pacific Coast in 1907.

During the summer season of 1907
reduced round trip excursion rates
will be in effect from The East to
the Pacific coast, Montana, British
Columbia and Arizona points.

Rates from Chicago, via direct
lines to North Pacific coast points
will be \$75, and from Missouri river
common points, Council bluffs to
Kansas city inclusive, and St. Paul
and Minneapolis, rates will be \$60.
St. Louis, Denver, Colorado springs
and Pueblo \$50. Rates to Spokane
and points effected, will be \$5 less
than to the coast. Rates one way,
via California, will be \$13.50 higher
than those above mentioned.
Tickets will be on sale daily, June
1st to Sept. 15th, with final return
limit of October 31st.

Account of 23d International Ch
Endeavor convention Seattle, July
10-15; Convention of Baptist YPU
Spokane, July 4-7; Grand lodge of
IOGT Seattle, July 16-22; rate of
one lowest normal 1st class limited
fare for round trip direct routing
with \$12.50 additional one way
through California, has been named
to North Pacific coast points and
Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis,
Missouri river and Colorado points.
Sale dates east of Colorado points,
June 20th to July 12th, west, June
21st to July 13th, final return limit
Sept. 15th.

Account of Mystic Shrine con-
vention Los Angeles, May 9-11, and
conference of German Baptist Br.
Los Angeles or Long Beach, May
16-23; and National Eclectic Med.
Association Long Beach, June 18-
23, one lowest 1st class fare for the
round trip has been authorized to
Los Angeles and San Francisco with
\$12.50 additional for tickets routed
one way, via Portland. Sale dates,
Mystic Shrine and German Baptists
April 26th to May 19th final return
limit July 31st, and for NEM asso-
ciation