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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, April 30, 1909.

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PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

Violets and Science.

By LUCY M. DELAINE.

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When Mabel Baskerville married Herbert Ward, scholar, learned professor, twenty years older than herself and apparently as serious minded as Mabel was frivolous, all their mutual friends and acquaintances held up shocked hands, figuratively speaking, at the seemingly ill assorted match.

"How had it ever come about?" one of the many dear friends asked, and "How long will they live together?" asked the more frankly critical.

One month passed by. "Oh, well, of course, the honeymoon," doubters laughed, and then another and yet another month passed apparently serenely, and another and yet another, until six months had come and gone without any "drifting apart," as Herbert's literary colleagues had predicted, or any indication on Mabel's part that she had wearied of her studious, scholarly husband.

The marriage had taken place in the fall—in the first week in November—and now had come April, with its days of sunshine and shadow, its first blooming crocuses and bluebells, its quick coming rains and as quickly dispelling sunshines.

Then gossip began to say that matters were turning out just as was to have been expected. Herbert Ward, passed most of his time in his study, and Mabel seemed absorbed in dinner parties, bridge whist and all kinds of amusements, making polite excuses for her husband's absence from functions she attended, saying, "Mr. Ward is so busy he could not accompany me."

She always seemed quite cheerful and contented—just the same merry, pleasure-loving creature she had always been—but on one delicious spring day in April Mabel left early a lunch, and she had been attending, pleading another engagement.

One of her friends attempted to rally her on leaving the party so early, saying, "Now that you are married, Mabel, you shall find you giving us up entirely, and you will be taking up some abstruse study or will become so domestic that we shall lose you completely."

Her Face of Youth.

By WILLIAM STANHOPE

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"The Dead Sea fruit of ashes, that is all life has meant for me. I wonder." But here Mrs. Elvira St. John drew herself up with a start. "What?" she thought. "Talking to myself like an old woman? Really I must not be so much alone."

Being alone at all was new to Mrs. St. John. She had always been on the quiver from her brilliant girlhood through the ten years of her married life and nearly ten of her widowhood, and the loneliness told on her.

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His Opportunity. A line of his face appeared before a certain judge one day, and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the tail end of the line. This man was a hunter, and he had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"Have you no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge. "No, sir." "Haven't you got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?" "What about your crop?" "No, I ain't married."

"What about your crop?" "No, I ain't married." "No fence to fix up?" "Haven't got a fence on the place." "You had better get a fence on the place." "You had better get a fence on the place."

Still in the Business. Lord Kames, a once famous Scottish judge, on his way southward to Perth from the northern circuit had to spend the night at Dunkeld. Next morning he made for the ferry across the Tay, but, missing the road, asked a passer-by to show him the way.

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "I see your lordship does not know me. My name's John Gow. Don't you remember me? I had the honor to be tried before your lordship for sheep-stealing."

WICKERSHAM AT WORK

New Attorney General Different From His Predecessors.

NEWSPAPERS ON THE ALERT

Head of the Department of Justice Favors an Open Door Policy and Will Keep the Reporters Busy. Some Characteristics of the Man.

When Attorney General George W. Wickersham entered upon his official duties at the Department of Justice in Washington recently it was at once evident that for the next four years there is to be an Attorney General of an entirely new kind.

Of course everybody knew that it would be a novelty to have an Attorney General who had never had anything to do with politics, much less held office, and who was known solely as an eminent lawyer in private practice. Mr. Knox occupied a similar position, but even he had had more to do with public affairs than Mr. Wickersham, and of the others in recent years Mr. Griggs had been Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Moody was a Congressman from Massachusetts, and Mr. Bonaparte had been prominent in politics for years.

But it became evident that Mr. Wickersham was to be a new kind of Attorney General in other respects. That sort of premonition or prevision that has through Washington had been busy for some days before he came. This sort of subterranean telegraphy is a well-known phenomenon in Washington, and its accuracy is frequently surprising. Most who had never seen Wickersham and knew hardly anything about him were saying, "There will be something really doing at the Department of Justice now."

This premonition or prevision is not a joke. Its strength may be gathered from the fact that several newspapers which had hitherto left the Department of Justice uncovered assigned reporters to cover it, and to begin as soon as Mr. Wickersham should appear. Mr. Wickersham promptly declared the open-door policy. He assembled the newspaper men on a Monday and said to them, "Heretofore my clients have been individuals and corporations. In performing my duties to them I have said nothing to them about persons about their matters."

"Now my clients are the people of the United States from Maine to California, and my new clients should be kept informed about the conduct of the interests which have been placed by them in my charge. I shall do it through you. They are your clients, too, and an incorrect statement by any of you will do harm to your clients and mine. Let us work together."

These were not his exact words, but they are near enough to them. They did more than anything else to confirm the impression already gained that a new kind of Attorney General had come to Washington.

It was characteristic of him, and especially of his direct way of going straight to the heart of a thing. If one were asked to sum up his character and methods in a sentence the words "directness" and "clarity" would have to be in it.

His methods as a lawyer illustrate it, and are different from those of most lawyers of prominence. While he never gives an opinion unless he is thoroughly posted on the subject, the opinion when it does come, comes with all the decisiveness and brevity of a shot from a gun. There are no "ifs," no "ands," no "buts." While the average lawyer gives an opinion with qualifying phrases, such as "on the other hand," or "in the event that so-and-so happens," Mr. Wickersham leaves no saying clause.

Sydney Smith's Wit.

Sydney Smith was the ministerial paragon of his age. While he never jests were so admirable that his jests were now twice told tales indeed. However, most of them will bear repetition.

Before the first bishop of New Zealand left England Sydney Smith strove to remind him of the dangers of his mission. "You will find in preaching to cannibals," he said, "that their attention will not be directed to the spirit, but always be concentrated on the letter. I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard. We shall never meet again, but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you."

"You are afraid of me," said Smith to a young woman who sat beside him at dinner. "You crumble your bread, and that is an undeniable proof of shyness. I do it when I sit by the bishop of London with both hands when I sit by the archbishop."

"Why are you doing that?" said he to a child who was stroking the shell of a turtle. "Oh, to please the turtle," was the answer. "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter."

Sullivan's Best Compliment. When Sir Arthur Sullivan of Gilbert and Sullivan fame was traveling in the western states a man rushed up to him and, grasping his hand, said: "Say, by golly, I'm mighty glad to meet you! When I heard you was a-comin' I couldn't wait hardly. But say, you ain't very big, are you? How much do you weigh?"

"About 150 pounds," answered the astonished composer. "Then how on earth did you come to knock on Ryan?" "I never knocked on any Ryan." "What do you mean?" "Ain't you John L. Sullivan?" "No, I'm Arthur Sullivan."

The man stood dumb for a few minutes, and then a smile spread over his rough features. "Are you the feller what put 'Pinafore' together? Well, then, I'm mighty glad to meet you just the same."

Arthur counted this as one of his greatest compliments.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thoughtful. "I hear you are going to speak in our town next week." "Yes, I am billed there. I wonder if any preparations are being made to receive me."

"Yes, I understand all of the arrangements that have been made. The hens, I am told, began laying eggs six months ago for this occasion."

"Pilgrim's Progress."

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

One day soon after the close of the civil war, while in Savannah, Ga., I drifted into a second-hand bookstore in search of something with which to while away the time during an enforced sojourn in that city. While there the proprietor told me this story:

"One day during the summer of 1863 Tom Clark, a man whom we knew to be opposed to secession, but who had always lived here and proposed to stay, he said, at least till the Union was restored, came into this store and began nosing among my books. He said he wanted something for an old aunt of his who took no interest in anything except religion."

I had Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Headley's "Sacred Mountains," "Pilgrim's Progress" and several others the name of which I have forgotten. He told me that he would like to take the lot to his aunt, let her pick out those she fancied and he would bring back the rest, paying for those he kept. I let him take all he wanted, and he went away with them. In a few days he came in and paid for all except "Pilgrim's Progress," which he returned, saying that his aunt had a copy and had read it through many times. "Besides," he added, "the book is too heavy for an old woman to hold any more. The covers alone must weigh a pound."

"Soon after this a mulatto came into the shop, handed me a scrap of paper with the words 'Pilgrim's Progress' written on it and asked if I had the book, saying that his mistress, who lived on a plantation between here and Augusta, had sent him for it. I showed him the book, but he said he couldn't read and asked if there were any pictures in it. I showed him pictures of the giant Despair, Apollyon, the Celestial City and other illustrations, which satisfied him, for his mistress, it seemed, had told him that in this way he might identify the book. He paid me \$10 for it in Confederate money—less than a dollar in greenbacks—and took it away with him."

Somewhat or another the darky excited my distrust. While I had been at the other end of the store I had caught sight of him turning the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" as though he was reading it. When I joined him I asked him if he wasn't deceiving me about not being able to read. He denied doing so with all the volubility of "De Lords" and "On ma word of honah!"—for which the colored race are noted. However, I didn't care whether he could or couldn't read, and five minutes later he had gone I forgot all about him.

There were a few Yankee prisoners of war in this town at the time who had been captured the autumn before at a big fight that had occurred on the railroad between here and Charleston. They were confined in the jail that had always been used for criminals. Captain Dan Mobray, a popjany, had charge of them, and he boasted that if any Yankee could break jail when he was in command he was the welcome I had caught sight of him turning the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" as though he was reading it. When I joined him I asked him if he wasn't deceiving me about not being able to read. He denied doing so with all the volubility of "De Lords" and "On ma word of honah!"—for which the colored race are noted. However, I didn't care whether he could or couldn't read, and five minutes later he had gone I forgot all about him.

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Despite Captain Dan's precautions one fine morning when the guard went to feed the prisoners he found every mother's son of them had gone during the night. Clark's daughter Helen fell in love with the fellow and he with her. Six months after the loss of our cause this Yankee came down and married Helen Clark. While here he told the story of how he and his comrades got their tools. Clark, who was rank Union, took home the "Pilgrim's Progress" on purpose to put saws into the thick covers. He didn't dare send the book direct to the prisoners, expecting that such an act would implicate him. He brought it back to me and induced an old lady to buy it and send it to the prisoners. When she consented Clark, not willing to rely on an ordinary messenger, got one of his sons to make up for a dandy, buy the book and carry it to the jail.

MORO, OREGON, APRIL 30, 1909.