Or.Hist.Soc., City Hall.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Established 1887. Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, July 1, 1910. Five Cents

The Grain Growers Conveniences

Are not alone confined to Rural Free Delivery of mail and the Telephone. There is another convenience which all farmers should have — and many do have — a checking account with a good bank. The possessor of such an account avoids the risk of having his money on his person or about his home where it is in danger of fire and thieves.

His bills paid by check are not only a valid receipt, but also a convenience in his home transactions where very often the necessary change for concluding settlement is not at hand Don't stop to think this over, but start an account now with

The Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. Bank, of Moro.

MORO PHARMACY

Expert, Experienced, Registered Pharmacists
Medicines Carefully Compounded.

Complete Assortment of Silverware and Jewelry

FORMALDEHYDE, RUBBER GOODS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, SPONGES, CIGARS.

Any and all Kinds of Patent Medicine Always in Stock

LOUIS HEYDT

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Harness and Saddlery

Collars Whips, Blankets, etc,

A FULL LINE NOW ON HAND

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Done.

Moro, Oregon.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tubs.

Everything First Class and Up to date.

Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office

EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.

MORO - - OREGON.

GUARANTEED PLUMBING

Geo. M. Miller

The well known workman will attend to all calls direct or by phone for

PLUMBING, STEAM FITTING, ETC.

Am now prepared with a complete kit of tools to attend all calls for plumbing, etc. in the country. Have you seen the Steel Watering Troughs I am making? If not take a look and order one.

Headqarters at Moro Hardware & Imp'emnt Co.

Painting, Paper Hanging

Satisfaction Guaranteed,
Both in workmanship and price.
Office at Furniture Store.

F. R. AXTELL, MORO, OR

PIONEER BLUE BARN

MORO, OREGON.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

C. R. BELSHEE, Proprietor and Manager.

Telephone from The Dalles or any Sherman county points at our expense. Service furnished to or from Moro to any point.
OUR MOTTO "Please the public."

EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE,
SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

HOW IT HAPPENED

YOU see, it was this way. There was a damsel who was nothing if not original, and after she'd taken a couple of thinks she got up a fireworks party for the night of the Fourth. Her old man had a house with a dandy big lawn. Every fellow was supposed to bring a girl and a bundle of fireworks.

Of course I'm for anything original, so I attended in a body. I gathered in a little fairy that I'd been tagging around for some time and a bundle of condensed noise, and we two stepped over to the party.

HE WAS TAKING A LONG ROUTE.

We were pretty nearly there when we met up with the brother of the girl who gave the party. He was trying to get home, but he was taking such a long route, going from one side of the walk to the other, that I was afraid he would not show up before midnight. He had a package of squibs under his arm and several other packages tucked away out of sight. He'd been celebrating and was piped proper.

I led him off to one corner and told him to go in at the back door and go to bed, but he took a dear old college chum clinch around my neck and began telling me in a megaphone tone how he had always loved me and couldn't think of parting from me. Well, you know the kind. He rebuked me with great dignity about being ashamed of an old friend. At last I got sore and told him to go fall off.

We pulled our freight out of there and left him zigzagging, but he loomed up at the party a little while later and acted scandalously.

About this time we had all begun to get busy with the punk, and then the trouble came my way. We had a bunch of these nice, innocent drainage canal dynamite capsules—these half footers, you know. Well, I sprinkled a few of them through the atmosphere until at last I tapped one that had a phony fuse.

The blamed thing fizzled away and got tired and petered out. Did I chase over to investigate the trouble? Not I. I knew what would happen if I approached that cracker to breathe gently on the fuse. Maybe I hadn't read about those good boys who had tried the stunt and then didn't have enough fingers left to handle their harps properly. Oh, little wise boy!

Maybe I was afraid or maybe I was wise, but I wasn't taking chances.

About this time the lad with the flossy footwork began to clamor about my being a cold footed party. He was good and noisy about it too. He allowed that if I was "'shamed of old friend" he'd make me ashamed by doing what I didn't dare.

Maybe he said this in a whisper—I don't guess. You'd have thought he was making an oration. I warned him to keep away, but he ambled merrily out into the street and picked up the uncracked cracker.

Now, if I had done that my friends would have been doing a slow sextet alongside me in a few days, but there's a kind providence on the staff of these tanks. After he had inspected it he lighted a new fuse he had fixed up and ducked before it went off. And me standing there, with those girls giving me the pitying glance! They all do; never take the facts into consideration. That's human nature for you!

Well, Pipesy felt so fine that he began to celebrate good and swift. He just touched off everything at once, thinking he was real cute, and things began zinging in all directions.

EVERYTHING WENT RED.

The girls and most of the fellows were taking to the trees, pursued by rockets, roman candles and pinwheels. I thought, "Here's where I do a grand stand play and make good," and so I jumped in to stamp out the lighted fuses.

Well, sir, this boy was that far off his dipper that he opened fire on me with a roman candle and scored all over the target. I caught one on the shirt front, one hit my hat, and that's all I kept tab on, 'cause just then one candle ball lighted the fuse of a cannon cracker that was in my pocket. Everything went red, and then somebody turned on the dark.

When I woke up I was tucked away in bed, wrapped in bandages and arnica until I could have got a job at the museum as a genuine Aztec mummy. The doctor said I'd be out in a week or so.—Bud Barclay in Chicago News.

The Date of the Fourth.

The absentminded man was busy at his desk.

"Here, Miss Daisy," he called to his stenographer.

"Yes, sir," answered Miss Daisy.

"Uh—what day of the month does the Fourth of July come on?"

"Uh—on the 4th, I think," replied Miss Daisy meekly.

"Thank you," said the boss.

Pyrotechnic Talk of Fireworks Man.

The iceman, the plumber and all the varieties of the little gods are under an eclipse, and the only thing in sight is the fireworks man.

Times may be hard and money scarce, but the fireworks man fails to give evidence of it. His prices are of the skyscraping order, and he knows that the good American people will manage to reach them in some way or other.

Maybe the fireworks man can't talk! The complacent genius who writes the circus programs and whose vocabulary consists of adjectives is a feeble creature, his intellect is a shriveled atom, his nerve the smallest section of a desiccated molecule, in comparison with the towering grandeur of the fireworks man.

"Crackers, roman candles, skyrockets and pinwheels? Yes, we sell them by the carload, but they are for the babes, the creature whose narrow intelligence has never surmounted the boundaries of the primitive celebrations of our ancestors. It wrings my heart with anguish when I read of the progressiveness of the American people and then think of the way they cling to crackers, pinwheels, roman candles and skyrockets when they might revel in the pleasures of paradise if they would but cast aside their superstitious conservatism and use our dragon nests or saucissons, our batteries of colored stars, the Egyptian circlets, the Aztec fountain productions or even the double crazy wheel."

Uncle Sam as Chanticleer.

"I reckon Uncle Sam ought to dress up as a chanticleer leading man this year," remarked the philosopher, "for he certainly will do some crowing, and, though that won't make the sun rise, it will cause a big nocturnal illumination all over this grand and glorious country."

INGLORIOUS FIFTH

THIS is the day
When the little boy next door,
Who has always had a penchant for peeking into things,
Is seen resting on the front porch
In bandages,
Explaining to a group of admiring friends
Just how he thought the cannon wasn't going off
When he blew
Down the touchhole.

This is the day
When the old cat
Drags herself out from under the barn, looking like a hair mattress after a cyclone,
And examines her tail to see if it is all on
And then,
With a rueful smile, takes
A quiet, unobtrusive sneak into the coal cellar,
Where there aren't any squibs or Firecrackers.

This is the day
When old Mr. Henderson,
Who lives two houses down the street
And whose horse ran away last night when the skyrocket came down in the alley,
Says that he's "going to prosecute 'em in the courts,
By George!
And if I don't get damages it's because
There ain't any justice in the state,
By George!"

This is the day
When everybody from grandma down
Wakes up cross and out of sorts,
When pa goes to his office in a grump,
And ma says she'll be blest if she ever tries to make any more ice cream with that old
Ice cream freezer,
And Aunt Het wonders
Why on earth people are so foolish as to think they're having a good time
By burning up money in
Gunpowder.

This is the day
When your mouth tastes of pink lemonade,
When you wish that peanuts had never been invented,
When you hold hard feelings toward the man who got up that parade in the morning,
When you feel as though you'd like to get a grip around the neck of the smart Alec who got up the first exploding cane
Andchokehimtoafrazzle!

And, lastly,
This is the day
When your kid brother,
With a rag around his left hand
And wearing blue spectacles,
Goes stumping around the back yard whistling and looking for firecrackers that didn't explode
And wishing
That every day
Was
The Fourth of July.—Puck.

SHERMAN COUNTY CELEBRATES

JULY 4th 1910

At

DEMOSS SPRINGS ORE.

FIRST CLASS MUSIC BY THE

SHERMAN COUNTY CORNET BAND

and the

DeMOSS LYRIC BARDS ORCHESTRA

GRAND LITERARY PROGRAM

ORATION BY REV. D. V. POLING

Train Arrives at 9:5 a. m. Leaves at 4:20 p. m.

100 School Children Will March in a Flag Drill and Sing. 100

A Double Male Quartette Will Sing Stirring Patriotic Songs.

The Famous Anvil Chorus, from Verdi's Il Travatore. The Orchestra will play, the chorus sing, and two stalwart blacksmiths will hammer the time on an anvil.

BAKED CLAMS SERVED FREE FOR ALL

Everybody is invited to bring their dinners and feast with us on the shady, grassy lawn and drink of the pure spring water.

150 Pieces of Turned Wood will be Played upon by THE DeMoss LYRIC BARDS.

THE GRAND TOURNAMENT WILL BE OPENED BY

The Business Men of Moro and Wasco in the Big He's Base Ball Game.

THE MEXICAN RING RACE. While the horses are running at full speed the riders catch rings with spears.

AUTOMOBILE RACE, against time, for a valuable prize.

THE PASS TIME SHOOTING MATCH. Every lady or gentleman in Sherman county that likes shotgun sport will bring their guns and participate; rifles not allowed. Plenty of ammunition and clay pigeons on the ground. A valuable prize will be given to the winner.

Horse Race, Bicycle Race; Hurdle Race; 100 yard Foot Race; 50 yard Foot Race for boys under 16; Little Tots Race for boys and girls under 6 years of age; Sack Race; Wheelbarrow Race; Three Legged Race; Barrel Race, and Race between Man and Horse; High Jumping, Etc. Merry-go-round, Ice Cream stand, Fire Works, Moving Picture Show, and other concessions to please all.

Hot Coffee and Sandwiches sold on the ground. Plenty of Hay for Horses.

SOMETHING INTERESTING EVERY HOUR. See Program Next Week.