

# The Observer.

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C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, October 20, 1911

If you do not read The Observer, why not?

We would like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for \$2.50; one year \$1.50; 12 1/2 cts a month isn't much. Try it. Order by postal card, and pay for it when you can.

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We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

Did it ever occur to you that it costs no more to produce printing that is pleasing to the eye than the other kind? The Observer is equipped with all the modern facilities for doing good work at the very minimum of cost. Try us with an order and if it is not executed to your perfect satisfaction you need not pay for it.

Send for advertising rates.

Hardly a day passes without its special sensation; it is either flood, war, famine, pestilence, murder mystery or railroad strike.

James Whitcomb Riley still lives all the public school children in Indiana honored his name at the anniversary of his birth Oct. 6th.

The most disagreeable thing about Los Angeles is the way they ask us to pronounce it; just try this on your mouth organ: Loce Ahng-hay-lais.

Alaskan earthquake shocks have displaced many things up there; Alaskan earth quake shocks have also displaced several things about Washington city.

The war in Turkey will not reduce the output of Smyrna rugs, although it may cause the mills in New England to work a little more industriously.

Spokane police must be getting careless; just the other day a prisoner discovered a five dollar bill in one of his pockets which the bluecoat had overlooked.

There is a pastor in Brooklyn who has a better thing, financially than preaching; he is selling "miracle wheat" to the farmers at \$60 per bushel, invariably in advance.

Vice presidential candidates in Mexico have harder runs for office than the candidate for president; but the latter sometimes has a hard run to get out of it alive, after getting into the office.

Once in a while nature says to the world: "The valleys are mine; my forces cannot be restrained; my dominion extends from hill to hill, and I must have uninterrupted access to the sea."

Another comet, just discovered, has been named the suffragette; if it lives up to its name it will be noisy, only fairly brilliant, and possibly not dangerous, so far as the earth is concerned.

Great Britain still has an eye on the Dardanelles, although Russia seems to have abandoned all hope of ever reaching them; the Eastern question, believed to have been dead, is seen now to have been only sleeping, and not very soundly at that.

One who has heard Mr. Taft says: "Whoever goes to hear the President speak, under the impression that he is to listen to a politician pleading his cause, comes away with the profound conviction that he has heard a broad-minded statesman pleading for the welfare."

Hon'ble W. R. Ellis has purchased one of the pioneer, picturesque, stock farms of the Washington coast near the famous old time Cathlamet, center of social days of the classic Thirties, 75 years ago. The tract contains upwards of 500 acres, for which Mr. Ellis paid \$27,000; he will place his son and a nephew on the property.

## An Alluring Indian Summer Day.

Sunday was an ideal day for motoring and just about everybody in this community enjoyed it; even The Observer Family indulged, C. L. and wife by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Sheets, and D. C. with Dr. Marie M. Goffin, Miss Ida Palmer of The Dalles, and Frank Comstock, chef. It was a real Indian summer day, such as only the Oregon Inland Empire can produce. The snow capped sentinels of the New West, Rainier, Adams, Saint Helen, Hood and Jefferson, all in sight at once from the Meloy Farm Ridge, presented a world picture that no nation can duplicate, grand beyond description. Jefferson was smoking, but we could not scent the brand from so far.

The demand of Gov. Dix, of New York, for the repeal of the law under which prize fights have been permitted under guise of boxing contests, is only one added evidence that this alleged sport is tottering to its fall, and that the spectacle of one bruiser beating another into insensibility will soon be an exceedingly rare one.

A unique exposition is to be held in Chicago next month, continuing up to and including December 9th; unique because, although it is held in Chicago, its purpose is to advertise the new prosperity of the distant state of Louisiana, and steer northern men south to participate in this prosperity.

## BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

An agitation has been started to have the Klamath Indian reservation opened.

"The land of contentment" is what President Taft dubbed Oregon on his recent visit.

The annual Oregon State Baptist convention is being held in McMinnville this week beginning Tuesday, October 17.

Taxable property in Multnomah County not including public service utilities has an assessed valuation of \$294,894,445, according to the assessment for 1911.

The latest report of the enrollment of Portland public schools shows 25,772 pupils to be in attendance. This is a gain of 2233 over the enrollment at this time last year.

By an order from the county court all road work in Multnomah County has been discontinued except the completion of a few unfinished pieces of new road and necessary repairs.

In Oregon, according to Charles G. Yale, of the United States Geological Survey, the total value of the mine production of gold, silver and copper in 1910 was \$700,676, against \$227,001 in 1909.

That thousands of dollars are annually withheld by county clerks, notaries and justices of the peace throughout the state that rightfully belong to the game protection fund, is the statement made by State Game Warden Finley.

All attempts to capture the murderer of Mrs. Eliza Griffith, who was murdered at her home four miles south of Philomath on the night of June 1 and whose body was found in a small creek near by on the following day, have been given up.

Census Director Durand issued the first official statement from the census bureau relative to the statistics on irrigation in Oregon. It shows that the total number of farms irrigated in 1909 was 6669, against 4636 in 1899, an increase of 2033, or 43.9 per cent. Within the same period the number of farms in the state had increased 27 per cent, indicating that irrigation is increasing more rapidly than dry farming in the state.

The Secretary of the Interior has issued an order that 23,900 acres of unappropriated public lands, excluded from the Deschutes national forest by proclamation July 4, will become subject to settlement under the homestead laws and to selection by the state under certain conditions on and after January 1, 1912, at the land office in The Dalles. The lands are located in Crook County, near Prineville, and are surveyed.

How to Make Disinfectant. Disinfectants are occasionally required in the home. They are used to destroy the germs of contagious and infectious diseases. A disinfectant is sometimes necessary. Some pleasing disinfectants are easily made. The following is a refreshing one for a sick-room or any room that has an unpleasant odor pervading it: Put some freshly ground coffee into a saucer and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum. Light it with a match. As the gum burns allow sufficient coffee to consume with it. The perfume is very pleasant and healthful.—Philadelphia Record.

No Credit. Actyn Barnes, tragedian, solemnly strutted into the bar of the night stand hotel. "Put a pint of wine on the ice, my friend," he said to the man behind the counter.

"Not if I'm in my right mind I won't!" checked the other, who happened to be the proprietor. "Cash down is the rule in this here tavern, boys!"—Kansas City Star.

## His Man Friday

### He Blunders Into His Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE  
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Lewis Warren's new bungalow was perched on a pine covered knoll on the shore of the lake.

There were several bungalows about the beautiful little lake, and here and there jutted forth a narrow pier around which clustered gayly painted canoes or brass fitted motorboats and from June until September the little summer colony fished and boated and bathed and then, suddenly, when the first week in September came the cottages would be closed and there would be no sign of life except the little wild animals that came to drink at the water's edge and the birds flitting among the pines.

Lewis Warren had built the bungalow for a retreat wherein to spend solitary days that would restore the energy he had lost during busy weeks down in the heart of the big city.

He went up there in June for a brief visit and hastily turned the key in his door and departed—to return again late in September, when his neighbors had fitted cityward. On this brilliant morning, when the sky seemed newly washed in blue and the little lake gayly reflected azure heaven and green earth, Lewis took from his Japanese servant a basket of lunch and went down to his own pier. The lunch, together with fishing rod and basket, was tossed into the bottom of a canoe, and Lewis stepped in and paddled slowly over to the island.

To have a whole month to himself in the most glorious season of the year, when every day is golden and the nights are cool and made for sweet sound sleep, seemed too good to be true, and at last, haunted by the fear that there might be some cottager lurking near by who might suddenly start his phonograph blaring into the delicious silence, Lewis started on a tour of the island skirting the beach in his walk.

Then all at once he stopped short and fastened his gaze on the damp sand at the water's edge.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he ejaculated in an injured tone. "I had a feeling that somebody was around. Can't lose me on that premonition business."

There under his very nose was impressed a footprint, the mark of a small bare foot, evidently that of a boy, and close beside it was another and another and still another of the same feet. Some of the footprints appeared to lead straight into the water, and others evidently climbed the sandy slope and were lost among the brown needles that strewed the ground.

"Somebody left those footprints on the sand, and that not so very long ago. I suppose the rascal is hiding in the trees up yonder. I may as well follow this trail among the spruces."

The trail was soon lost among the needles, and as there were a dozen little paths winding among the spruces it was no easy matter to decide which one to follow. Lewis soon tired of hunting for the trespasser and concluding that, whoever he was, the boy would probably not disturb him now that his presence had been discovered, the young man returned to his canoe and the neglected fishing.

He had just launched a shining lake trout when a distant splash attracted his attention. He turned his canoe and paddled around to the southern shore just in time to see a small dark head bobbing above the surface of the water, with now and then the flash of a bare foot as the swimmer drew nearer the mainland.

Lewis chuckled softly to himself, amused at the lad's hasty flight. "He doesn't know he's my man Friday," he grinned as he paddled back once more.

The day had been badly broken up by his uneasy wanderings, and now, after his luncheon was disposed of and he had spent an hour with pipe and book, he returned home resolved to come back the next day and enjoy the full measure of a lazy day.

Another glorious day dawned. He made his usual landing, fastening his craft to a weather beaten stake thrust in the sand. Then he carried book and basket around to the sunny southern shore and stretched himself on the sand. The water looked cool and inviting, but swimming was a diversion he had been obliged to forego the past year on account of a severe attack of rheumatism, which gripped him cruelly at the first impact of cold water.

Suddenly there bobbed into his range of vision a green canoe, untenanted and idly floating toward the mainland. It was several moments before it occurred to him that his own craft might have gone adrift, and when he went to look his fears were verified. The ancient stake had snapped asunder at the water line, and now he could see it floating along in the wake of the canoe.

"No use yelling to Taku. He'd only get excited and tumble in the soup kettle. He can't help me, and I can't help myself. Here I must stay until I am rescued, and I wouldn't be a bit disappointed to see that man Friday! Wish I hadn't scared him off—serves me right."

Shortly afterward a stone rolling down into the water started him to a sitting posture just in time to see a flash of bare feet disappearing among the spruces far down the beach. He followed his impulse and went after the trespasser. When he reached the spot he could plainly distinguish the little wet footprints leading straight up into the thicket of spruces. He halted there at the foot of the embankment.

"Hi, there, man Friday!" he called good naturedly.

There was no reply. Not a sound broke the stillness.

"I saw you that time, my boy. Don't try any game on me. I won't hurt you."

"Hi!" A voice started him from the gloom of the thicket not three yards distant.

"Ah, skeptical, are you, son? Well, listen to this—my canoe's gone adrift and I can't recover it on account of being old and rheumatic. I've discovered your footprints on the sand of my island, and therefore you're my man Friday. Today's Friday, you know. Don't you want to swim over and get my canoe for me, and then come back and have luncheon on the shore?" Lewis's voice was alluring.

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe!" chuckled the voice from the thicket, but its owner made no attempt to come forth.

"Will you get the canoe?" persisted Lewis. "I think there's chicken pie in the basket."

"I'll get it for you if you will go back and stay on the beach," parried the voice as it withdrew.

"Very well, Friday; I'll go burrow my head in the sand if you insist. I'm quite at your mercy. Exit Robinson Crusoe." Lewis grinned to himself as he went back to his pipe and book. Studiously turning his back to the lake and the strip of beach to his left, he enveloped himself in clouds of smoke and presently quite forgot his man Friday and the errand upon which he had been sent.

A pebble struck him squarely between the shoulder blades and brought him to his feet. The canoe was beached nearby, and sitting in it, a tarponia thrown over her knees, was a girl. Lewis stared at her with awfully fishing color, while she gazed with dark laughing eyes. Her face was tinted daintily by sun and wind, and her red lips were parted above perfect teeth.

"I beg your pardon," Lewis managed to ejaculate. "Are you—did you know I was speaking to a boy?" He knew the girl was enjoying his embarrassment.

She shook her head with a charming smile. "No excuses, Mr. Warren. Friday has reclaimed the canoe for you and expects a piece of chicken pie."

"Of course—of course I am honored," assured Lewis after he brought forth the luncheon basket, and he blessed the fastidious Taku for the dainty arrangement of the viands, the crisp paper napkins, the surprise of delicious fruit.

He did not invite her to leave the canoe, because he knew that the tarpaulin covered her pretty pink and white feet, and he had thought they belonged to a boy! He waited on her eagerly and forgot to eat as he watched her consume the luncheon.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing in the canoe," he said at length. "I would have marooned here all night if you hadn't overlooked my presumption and swam after me. I hope you won't take cold." He looked at the pretty blue bathing dress, with its elbow sleeves displaying slender brown arms.

"Dear me, no; I'm in and out of the water a dozen times a day. I'm enjoying it all I can this week, because we break camp next Thursday and return to town. Father and I returned from Europe only two weeks ago. As soon as he had learned that you had bought the other end of the lake—our camp is at the west end—he went over to call. That was yesterday, and he did not find you at home. He's gone over again today, and he won't find you at home."

Lewis looked puzzled and happy at the same time.

"Your father knows me?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, yes. I forgot to tell you who I am. I'm Freda Lanson, and father's Homer Lanson. He and your father used to be business partners."

"Oh, of course. Isn't that great?" Lewis was growing enthusiastic. He had known Homer Lanson for years, but never had met the only child which composed his family. Once in awhile the two men had dined together at some restaurant, and it always happened to be on the elder Warren's birthday, and in this way Lewis Warren kept a connecting link between his father's memory and the man with whom he had been in business.

"I'm sorry you've bought this island. We used to consider it public property," observed Freda as she suddenly slipped into the water and prepared to swim across to the mainland. "I hope you won't put up 'No Tres-

sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that, and the headaches will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." Sold by all dealers.

"You talked constantly through the opera," said one young woman.

"Yes," replied the other. "I disliked to do it, but it was the only way to keep father from going to sleep in full view of the audience."—Washington Star.

"It's remarkable how often a woman changes her mind."

"Oh, not always! There's one idea every woman gets that she never changes."

"What's that?"

"The idea that she's pretty!"

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passing signs on the beach."

Lewis blushed as he recollected his irritation of the day before. Then he recovered his self-possession. "The island belonged to Friday as much as Robinson Crusoe," he said, laughing.

"Thank you," she flashed back over her shoulder. "Au revoir, Robinson Crusoe!"

"Goodbye, Miss Friday," called Lewis, and he stood there watching her until a curve of the shore hid her dark head from view. "Friday—Freda—Friday—there's something coincident about those names. I believe I'm having another premonition, and I'll help it along until—until!" He smiled whimsically as he walked back to the canoe, and although he never finished the sentence, it is a significant fact that he always called her Friday, even after he had earned the right to call her his wife.

HOW TO CARE FOR TIRES.

Method of Removing Rust, Which is an Enemy to Rubber.

Rust is an enemy of rubber. It will pay the motorist to inspect occasionally the condition of the rims on the wheels of his car, especially if the outer surfaces of the envelopes near the beads look rusty. This discoloration is rust caused by rusted rims. This rust if not arrested will gradually eat through the rubber, attacking the canvas of the envelope. In time the edges of the rusted rims will become more and more uneven, tearing and eventually destroying the beads. Furthermore, rust works in between the beads and the rims, leaving space for water, which also damages the rubber.

To remove rust from a rim, the tire should be taken off and the rusty parts rubbed clean with coarse emery paper. Then smooth the surface with finer emery paper and rejoin the rim, applying one coat to the outside and two to the inside, making sure first that the surface is smooth and free from rust. Roughness may be quickly detected by running the hand along the edge of the rim. When the edge of the rim is too uneven for the use of emery paper, first use a file, after which emery paper may be used for finishing.

VICTIMS OF HUMOR.

Proctor Knott and "Sunset" Cox Bewailed Their Funny Tags.

The late Proctor Knott seems to be remembered chiefly as the author of the facetious Duluth speech, at the New York World. Yet he was a great lawyer, and as chairman of the house committee on the judiciary he had to do with serious and vastly important affairs. Mr. Knott's single appearance as a humorist fixed his reputation for all time, and no amount of profoundly serious work could change it.

Samuel S. Cox had a similar experience with greater reason for in early life he had cultivated the classics quite devotedly. Mr. Knott lived long enough to perceive that he was to be identified not with learning or public service, but with an oratorical exaggeration, and Mr. Cox found in his maturity that the speakership, the goal of his career, was denied him because it was no place for a funny man.

Although never a humorist, Proctor Knott accomplished something with satire and irony in which most men fail. He made himself understood. Nobody knew that he was joking. Nobody ever demanded an explanation of his remarks on Duluth or a retraction or an apology. From that viewpoint, therefore, he was one of the successful men of his generation.

Saving Father.

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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.

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A FULL LINE NOW ON HAND

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WHEN the doctor is summoned to the farm, it is generally in an emergency case.

Often it is the matter of life or death.

A member of the family has been stricken with sudden illness or an accident has occurred.

Every minute's delay reduces the chance of recovery.

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