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D. C. IRELAND, Editor.
C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, December 29, 1911

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Emma Goldman praises the McNamaras; Emma never crawled on the original proposition.

Japan has been drawing on her treasury surplus; which reminds us that governments and individuals are very much alike.

President Taft had a Christmas turkey from Rhode Island, and a fruit cake from Texas, with a side dish of Missouri hominy.

What a flurry there would be in the financial world if the princes of India should water their stock of gold ornaments and precious stones.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens declares that this is a very wonderful country; it is quite apparent now that he got what he came after, on his recent visit.

One member of the house voted against the resolution on the treaty with Russia; it is a rare occasion when the Record has use for the word unanimous.

Too many poets in prisons are being released; why, they're becoming as thick in Minnesota and Missouri, as are cattle thieves in Grant and Crook counties Oregon.

Arizona is now formally in the states of the Union; the Gila monster is now a citizen and the horned toad a minion of the sovereignty of a sovereign state, which may soon exterminate him.

Another economic expert, Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, comes out with the theory that the high cost of living is due to the fact that too much money is being coined by the United States of America.

Honolulu is celebrating the new fortifications completed by Uncle Sam; may American marksmen continue to be the best, and never have anything more serious to look after than training practice.

If the United States can raise all the sugar it uses, \$100,000,000 a year will be kept at home, and what some of the European countries are doing in sugar production should not be too great a task for Americans.

Germany's military aviators stick to it that an aerial courier can carry 300 persons! at a speed of 50 miles an hour!! Count Zeppelin holds similar views but his plucky experiments have resulted in a long list of wrecks.

China has adopted a new calendar and henceforth will count the days like the other nations of the world; later on it is expected that the old empire will establish a weather bureau and a system of rural mail delivery.

Boys' corn clubs are popular in the south and they made 600 exhibits at the recent southern corn show at Atlanta; it is quite as useful as the boy scouts movement, and not bad fun, when the spirit of emulation is once aroused.

Said to the Disgrace of Russia.

While thousands of peasants are dying in several of the provinces of Russia, the government has prohibited the organization of private relief societies, and the newspapers have been forbidden to raise funds or mention the famine.

What sort of a government is this that refuses to assist the starving, or to permit individuals to allay their sufferings? The czar calls himself a Christian, he is the head of the Greek church; and yet permits a condition of this sort to exist.

Is it no wonder that his country is the breeding place of nihilism, and it would be no surprise were he assassinated as have been many of his despotic ancestors.

Ruler and Ruled Getting Together.

Two matters stand out as of much moment in the accounts of the coronation of King George as emperor of India. One is that Calcutta is to cease to be the capital of British India and Delhi again to become the capital of Hindustan. This swings modern politics power into an ancient historical center. The other is that the king and emperor generously devotes \$1,600,000 to the promotion of popular education and sagaciously plans to donate more. The two occurrences will produce a powerful effect for the better on the relations and feeling between the rulers and the ruled.

Japan has been drawing on her treasury surplus; which reminds us that governments and individuals are very much alike.

Japan has ordered \$500,000 worth of sawmill machinery in Milwaukee, Wis.; Japan has perhaps discovered that she can't saw wood with a battleship.

Andrew Carnegie doesn't want his friends to pray for any more blessings for him, declaring that he has had more than his share; he shouldn't worry; God knows it.

The suffragettes in London are being sent to jail in bunches; this should be occasion for rejoicing. We presume that in this, as in everything, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

A very good point made in the report of the late irrigation congress is that against the fake promoter; a scoundrel who should be brought speedily to an accounting for his impositions, not only upon certain credulous investors, but upon the government of the United States as well.

Russia was a friend to Uncle Sam in the Sixties, at the time of the political war of 1860, and Mr. Taft did well to prevent hot heads from giving Russia too many Sulzer fire brand capsules in the matter of abrogating the treaty of 1832, incident to the discrimination of Russia against American (?) Jews.

Over 5,000 rabbits have been shipped from Idaho to Pittsburg, Pa., markets this month; it is high time that such reckless doings, spreading hydrophobia, was held up by the state boards of health. We are prepared to assert that there is not a rabbit running the broad range of the continent that is a fit article of food.

New railroads always bloom in December; for more than 20 years we have been watching the roads "rush into Central Oregon," says the Blue-Mountain Eagle, and the blizzard rush always comes when ground is white with Christmas snow. It seems to be easier to lay steel when the snow is ten feet deep along the right of way, than when the grass is green, and the working crews get in ten hours a day.

Shuster's stay in Persia may not have been as long as may have been expected, but he let the Russians know that he was there, every minute of the time. That Persia would be compelled to sacrifice him as the price of the last shadow of independence was made clear on the day when Britain stood by Russia in her demands; but every American will be proud of the manner in which Shuster has stood his ground.

A Father Protests Against Football.

The father of a football player for a western college is being criticized for having forbidden his son to play in a closing game of the season, his team, it is alleged having been defeated in consequence. The father's side of the case is thus stated:

"My boy will graduate next year and I have an important position waiting for him. I saw my first game of football the other day and I was horrified. One boy was carried off the field with a broken leg. Another's face was smashed so that he will be disfigured for life. Nobody was killed, but I couldn't understand why somebody wasn't. I am told that such occurrences are not unknown. And so I concluded that since I am investing \$2,000 in my boy's education I am justified in demanding that he shall leave college in good physical condition and with all his arms and legs. I cannot let him run the risk of being spoiled for his life work simply to gratify a lot of rooters who don't care a rap for his future career."

What have even the most ardent friends of football to say to such an argument?

The construction of the Panama canal is the best thing Uncle Sam ever did for the world; if he now can find honest men to do it, and will build a system of good roads from ocean to ocean it will be the best thing he has ever done for the home country.

A state spelling match is to be held in Jefferson city next May. It is a good thing to be up in orthography. Andrew Jackson spelled the word whig, three ways in one letter, but the best that can be said is that he must have been in a considerable of a hurry.

The University of Oregon has not won a foot ball championship in four years, and it will be a blessed good thing for the University if it never wins another; but it has a glee club several notches above athletics as a refined diversion; and, as a cotemporary says, which has anything west of the Mississippi river "beaten six octaves and a couple of tempos."

Western governors were given a banquet by the progressive business men's club at Portland, Saturday night. They had returned from the trip through the east, on the governor's special, provided for the purpose of attracting the attention of eastern people to Oregon, and this feast was to show the advantages accruing to the Pacific New West from it.

Secretary Fisher's address to the new west governors at St. Paul, should prove helpful. Nothing, however, contains greater possibilities of helpfulness to the new west public than the secretary's declaration that the evils in the land laws can be adjusted only by the national congress, and that the new west governors ought to back him in his efforts to secure needed national legislation.

The Time For Violent Hands. President Alderman of the University of Virginia is a brilliant orator and makes it a habit to travel through the country delivering speeches to the alumni associations of the institution which he governs. On one occasion he was making such an oration and was in the midst of a glowing, star shaking tribute to the old students when he stopped and said: "The fact of the matter is, gentlemen, that the alumni of the university are dear to my heart, whether they commend me or abuse me. I am like the Irishman who lined up his family of seven giant-like sons and invited his caller to take a look at them. 'Ain't they the fine boys?' inquired the father. 'They are,' agreed the visitor. 'The finest in the world!' exclaimed the father. 'Ain't I striver mild violent hands on any one of 'em except in self defense.'—Popular Magazine.

How to Clean Dancing Slippers. Children come from dancing school with delicately colored pumps all smooched from contact with partners, and even their hair ribbons get a dust mark sometimes. But, however stubborn the marks, they can be removed with a firm, careful rubbing of art gum until they look like new. Mothers who have never used art gum in this way will be surprised at the results.

How to Keep a Bed From Damp. The best way to keep a bed from damp, if left for a week or two, is to leave a blanket on the top after it is made. Take the blanket off before using, and you will then find it quite safe.

A Marriage on Thompson's Island

How a Farmer Guarded a Passage Over His Land

By EMMA STANFORD

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In Casco bay, on the coast of Maine, is a peculiar geological formation. There are several hundred islands, some of them more properly called peninsulas, extending from the mainland in a southerly direction toward the Atlantic ocean. These points of land are all narrow and long and lie in the same direction.

On one of them—Thompson's Island—a few years ago lived a farmer named Perks. His farm was in its center and extended from shore to shore. He had consented that a road—the only road on the island—should pass through his farm. But he was a surly man, and when he saw his neighbors passing with their teams, on horseback or on foot, he never failed to grumble at having to afford passage way for, as he expressed



"I NEEDN'T KEEP ON SETTIN' THERE," he, "the hull population." So disagreeable did he make the transit for the islanders that in summer, when they could pass up and down by water, they used boats, but in winter, when the weather was cold and blustery, they were obliged to choose between old Boreas and old Perks.

The consequence of this disagreeableness of the farmer was a unanimous unpopularity. But his neighbors were prevented from showing their dislike, first, because he had the power to make their lot more uncomfortable by denying them a passageway and, secondly, because he had a daughter who, being the very antipodes of her father, they all loved. Lena Perks was the most lovely creature in the world. Most girls, knowing as she did that her father was hated, would have drawn within themselves and endured the obliquity in seclusion. Lena ignored the fact entirely. She never lost an opportunity to do any one a favor, never looked sour. Indeed, she always endeavored to counterbalance her father's unpopularity. But, however much she might have desired to do this, it would have been impossible for her to affect a disposition that was not natural. The popularity of polite persons is only skin deep.

Only one person on the island showed his condemnation of Mr. Perks to Mr. Perks himself, and that was Daniel Dobson, and by a singular fatality Dobson's son, Peter, and Lena Perks must needs fall in love with each other. The affair went on for some time without Mr. Perks suspecting it. Not that his daughter concealed it from him. Indeed, she was scarcely conscious of it herself. It is questionable if any couple can fix upon a point at which they have ceased to be friends and become lovers. At any rate, those who observed Peter and Lena were aware that they were lovers long before they were aware of it themselves. One of these, a spinster of forty-five, revealed the fact to old Perks, and it was the outbreak occasioned by the information that revealed it to the lovers themselves.

Lena was not so well fitted to breast a sudden storm such as the revelation called forth in her father as she was to endure the steady noxious wind that had been blowing ever since she could remember. She made a feeble attempt to give up Peter. She told him he must not come to see her any more; she could not write to him or meet him, and all that. But it wasn't long before the island knew of the situation. Peter Dobson was a manly young fellow, given, like his father, to an impolitic expression of his detestation for meanness and wrong. This made him a few enemies, but a number of friends.

Nature was too strong in Lena to permit the giving up a lover to please her father, and she suddenly developed a final rebellion. She told her father that since there was no reason why she should not marry Peter she would marry him, whereupon the old man vowed she should do no such thing. The result was that he shut her up in her room, turned the key on her and told her that she should not come out until she had promised to give up Peter. Lena was made a prisoner in the autumn, and when winter came she was still a prisoner. She had no means of communicating with any one outside of her father's house; consequently nothing definite was known about her, even by her lover.

The winter proved more severe than any that had been experienced in that



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region for years. A storm, first of wind, then of sleet, then of snow, beat down upon the bay, and after the wind had got the water in as bad a state as possible Jack Frost followed and stereotyped it. In other words, he froze it hard.

The coast was thrown into dire confusion. The water on either side of the island was frozen in such a lumpy condition with hillocks of ice and deep drifts of snow as to render it impassable. A ridge ran longer ways on the island where the snow could not effect its judgment, since the wind blew it away. The consequence was that, although there was no passage open by water, the road by land had not been blocked.

It was during this time that Lena made an escape. How she managed it no one knew; at any rate, no one told, probably because either her mother or some other member of the family assisted her, and it was desirable that whoever it was should escape the old man's wrath. Unfortunately for Lena, the way open to her lay toward the south, while her lover was north of her father's farm. She could not join him without passing through her father's farm. She made a mistake in sending word to her father that, being now free, she was determined to marry Peter Dobson, and she begged him to give his consent and permit her to be married at home.

Instead of yielding his consent, realizing that till a thaw came his daughter was still something of a prisoner, Mr. Perks seized a gun and, taking position on an eminence in the center of his farm, from whence he could command it from shore to shore, stopped the passage, threatening to shoot any one who insisted on going in either direction.

Naturally this blockade, which so far as intercourse was concerned divided the island into two parts, incensed the inhabitants, and when it became known that the blockader's object was to prevent the lovers from marrying there arose a clamor of indignation.

The evening of a number of citizens assembled at Farmer Dobson's house for the purpose of devising means to break the blockade. One suggested force, but Dobson was unwilling that they should risk the spilling of blood, especially in such a matter. Another thought a passage might be effected over the icy bay. But this, too, was attended with risk and could not be made a practicable passage. Then Abe Skinner arose and said:

"Neighbors, I guess you're not gettin' on the right track very fast. The way to break the blockade is to marry the boy and the girl."

"How 'y' goin' to do that," asked Jake Stevens, "when one on 'em is here and t'other beyond the Perks farm? The old duffer won't let his daughter come here. Do you 'pose he's goin' to let Pete go there?"

"Don't need to go there. There's a way of being married where the bride and groom are in separate places."

"How's that?"

"By telephone."

"By telephone?" all exclaimed.

"By gum, neighbors," said Bill Gomery, "I guess Skinner's hit the nail on the head, sure."

Peter was called in and the matter proposed to him. He eagerly consented. Farmer Black, living on the south end of the island, was called up and asked to bring Lena to the phone. He did so, and Peter asked her if she would be married over the wire. Some time was required to persuade her, Dobson, senior, took his son's place at some means of effecting a passageway through the island were found force would be used and her father might be injured, possibly killed. This brought her around and, being asked what clergyman she would prefer to marry her, said she had always intended that her former pastor, Mr. Dingley, should perform the ceremony. Mr. Dingley was on the mainland, but was called up on the phone and, when the case was explained to him, consented to act.

So while old Perks was sitting on a rock, with a gun in his hands, to prevent his daughter's marriage the ceremony was performed, the bride being on one end of the island, the groom on the other and the clergyman on the mainland. As soon as the latter had said to both Peter and Lena, "I pronounce you man and wife," Abe Skinner called up the Perks home and announced to Mrs. Perks that the twain had been made one. Mrs. Perks went out and called to her husband:

"Paw, 'y' needn't keep on settin' there any longer. Lena's married."

"What?"

"Married—married Peter."

"How did she git married with him and her separate, me bein' between 'em?"

"By telephone."

The old man didn't speak for five minutes, then he instructed his wife to call up his lawyer and ask him if a marriage by telephone was legal. The response came that most any kind of a marriage was legal now in America if really intended or illegal if a divorce was wanted, either way.

So Perks got off his perch, went into his house, traffic was resumed, and the affairs of the island proceeded as usual.

His Nature.
"That informer is a pig!"
"Which explains how he came to equal?"—Baltimore American.

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