

The Observer.

Moro City Official Paper.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF SHERMAN CO.
MORO, OREGON.

Entered as second class matter at the
post office at Moro, Oregon, July 25, 1891.

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C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, December 20, 1912

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
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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
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Crete developed the hobble
skirt five thousand years ago and
it has never done much of any
thing since.

Legislators will find a lot of
freak bills ahead of them when
the assembly convenes at Salem
next month.

Two Berlin doctors have in-
dorsed the wearing of corsets by the
women; probably they had seen a
woman in one of those "low and
behold" party gowns.

It is explained that the kaiser's
order forbidding German diplo-
mats to marry women of other
nationalities is intended to pre-
vent leakage of government state
secrets.

The Womans League of Phila-
delphia knocked a hole in the egg
trust last week, selling eggs for 24c
a dozen; a decrease in price of 36c
a dozen. The war on the egg
trust is now on in New York.

Easter comes early next year;
it will fall on March 23d. Dates
of other feast days regulated by
that of Easter will be much earlier
than usual. The first day of Lent,
Ash Wednesday, will be the 5th
day of February.

Dr. C. S. Braddock, the man
who first made cranberries grow
in New Jersey, where no cranber-
ries had ever grown before, has
just died. He was an octogenar-
ian and about fifty years ago be-
stowed the boon of cranberry
sauce upon the New Jerseyites.

The Nobel prize for peace could
not be awarded this year. Italy
was fighting Turkey; Mexico was
fighting rebels within; Turkey was
fighting the Balkan allies; and, at
home, Theodore Roosevelt had
raised the standard of revolt
against the republican party.

Rules Governing the School Childrens Industrial Fair next Year.

The executive committee of the
School Childrens Industrial Fair
association of Sherman county
was called to order by W. C.
Bryant, ex officio president, at
Moro December 14th; those pres-
ent were P. M. Nash, Moro; F. E.
Fagan, county school superintend-
ent elect; H. R. Hoobler, Rufus;
J. O. Russell, Wasco; letters from
G. B. Coleman, Kent, and C. L.
Sheets, Grass Valley, stated that
they were unable to be present
and expressed their wishes for a
successful meeting.

After considerable discussion in
relation to prize list and age limits
for eligible contestants in the sec-
ond annual school childrens fair
it was voted that contestants be
divided into three classes:

Class A, those past 13th birthday
Class B, those from 9th to 13th
birthday.

Class C, those from 6th to 9th
birthday.

Where there is no competition
in a class, nothing above second
prize shall be given. Contestants
in class C shall be allowed to enter
exhibit in class B when no dupli-
cation exists.

The school childrens industrial
fair for 1913 will be held at Moro
in connection with the Sherman
county fair and will be open for
entry to all pupils of the public
schools of Sherman county. Live
stock, money, and merchandise of
value will be given as prizes to
those making the best exhibits.

Every exhibitor is expected to
plant his own seed; cultivate his
own plants; harvest his own crop;
he must care for his own animals;
he must, with no other help than
advice, do his own mechanical
work, or needle work, and pre-
pare their own culinary exhibit;
a signed statement to this effect will
be required of each exhibitor; par-
ents and teachers are asked to co-
operate with those in charge to
secure absolute honesty on the
part of the exhibitor.

School Childrens Day shall be
the last day of the county fair. It
is planned to assemble all children
in the grand stand at time for the
awarding of prizes. Prior to the
awarding it is the intent and pur-
pose of the executive committee
to have some interesting speaker
address the children along indus-
trial lines.

After careful consideration of
financing this feature of the edu-
cational work of Sherman county
it was unanimously voted that the
county court be asked to set aside
the sum of \$650 for prizes and in-
cidental expenses in fostering the
enterprise.

J. O. Russell, Wasco, was elect-
ed secretary and P. M. Nash,
Moro, treasurer.

According to the secretary's re-
port there was subscribed for the
school childrens industrial fair for
1912 the sum of \$455.35, of which
\$105 was in merchandise prizes;
balance on hand towards the 1913
fair, \$36.79.

While visiting his son at Oswego
last week Dr. C. W. Rollins had
the misfortune to fall and break
one of his legs. His age, 84 years,
makes the injury doubly severe.

"JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS" BY EUGENE FIELD.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will.
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellows call me Bill.
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor ole they give for belly ache!
Most all the time, the whole year round, they ain't no fies on me.
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids go out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the groceryman is worried an'
cross

He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his
boss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Grammar says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionary like her eldest brother Dan.
As was et up by cannibals that lives on Ceylon's
isle.

Where every prospect pleases an' only man is vile,
But grammar she has never been to see a wild west
show.

Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old Sport he hangs around as solemn-like an' still;
His eyes they seem a-sayin', "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hers that use to make things hum!
But I'm so polite an' 'ten' so earnestly to biz
That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicious me,
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candy, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair an' mind your p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloon, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "yessum" to the ladies an' "yessur" to the men,
An' when there's company don't pass your plate for pie again,
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE MIKADO'S PEOPLE.

WORDS adequate to a descrip-
tion of the festive season in
Japan are difficult to com-
mand. Even the camera and
brush would fail to do justice to a
scene of such gay activity and color.
As Christmas approaches city, town
and village take on a new appearance,
and the diversions of the people a new
turn and tone. In Japan Christmas is
not a mere holiday. It represents a
holiday season in the fullest sense of
the term.

For weeks before the dawn of Christ-
mas day preparations elaborate in kind
and degree are under way. Men in
tight fitting costumes, their profes-
sions, or the contractors' names printed
on their backs, spend day after day
decorating the streets and houses.
Stands for the lanterns and the festive
greening must be erected, and a thou-

of a friend to express the good wish
that the recipient will live till the loins
are bent up like a lobster. Whether
the orange represents orange blossoms
and plenty of weddings in the family
is not clearly known. Above the orna-
ments of the doorway is stretched a
piece of artistically woven straw rope,
the white sign of reverence for the
ancestral gods. As one goes along the
streets they seem gradually to be
transformed into long and winding ave-
nues of trees, suggestions of the an-
cestral hunting grounds, and at night
the whole is lit up by innumerable
lanterns that shed a varicolored light
on the decorations and the crowds that
through the thoroughfares. The blast
of lantern color lends the scene a mag-
ic touch that charms the Japanese
mind and has no little attraction for
the foreigner.

To tell of the endless array of gifts
that at this season pass between friend
and friend, neighbor and neighbor,
would be impossible. Among the more
common may be mentioned a basket
containing a dozen eggs or oranges, a
box of sponge cake, or a cake of soap.
The latter gift being in no way intend-
ed as a reflection on the beneficiary.
New York Post.

Let Her Pass.

See the merry Christmas shopper,
But for goodness' sake don't stop her!
Let her glide along her pathway;
Let her pass you with a smile.
Though you know her, don't detain her,
For the fact could not be plainer
That if you two get to chattering
You will merely block the aisle.

Do not ask her how she's feeling,
If her sister's baby's peeling
From that awful scarlet fever
Or if it will affect her mind.
Don't inquire about her mother
Or her nephew or her brother.
Can the idle gossip, lady,
There's a crowd of us behind.

Do not ask her what she's knitting
Or crocheting for a fitting
Little Christmas gift this season.
If you get her started she
Will relate her whole life story.
All its tragedy and glory.
And there's full two hundred people
Trying hard to walk on me.

See the merry Christmas shopper,
But for goodness' sake don't stop her!
There's no chat that you can think of
That is really "how" worth while.
Let her go about her buying,
Though to speak to her you're dying.
Cut it out this Christmas season,
Let's have freedom in the aisle.

Dead Sun!
We know that the universe contains
many "dead" suns, those which have
given forth all their heat. Some as-
tronomers think they are much more
numerous than the burning ones. It
is believed that once a sun is "dead"
it will fly through space until it comes
in contact with another sun, dead
or alive, and the impact will set them
both at a tremendous heat, create new
solar systems with attendant planets,
and thus the process may go on
throughout eternity.

The Retort Political.
One of the first secretaries of agricul-
ture was a man of great shrewdness
and ability, which were not incompat-
ible with a certain slow footedness.
He was known to be late at cabinet
meetings, where tardiness is a serious
breach of etiquette. One day when he
came into a meeting a minute or two
late one of the other secretaries, think-
ing to give a helpful rebuke, said:
"Hello! Here comes the tail of the
administration!"
The secretary said leisurely into his
seat and then answered:
"Well, the tail may come in handy
some day to brush the flies off the rest
of the administration."

MR. MARDIFIELD'S CHRISTMAS GRANDSON.

"I WONDER who they are!" said
old Mr. Mardifield.
He was standing at the win-
dow of the breakfast room,
looking across the sunny street at an
unpretending little cottage.
"Whom do you mean, uncle?" asked
Clara Barton, who expected to be her
granduncle's heiress.
"Why, those people across the way!"
"Oh, common folks, I dare say. No-
body else would live in that house."
Old Mardifield came to the breakfast
table. He sighed softly as he took
the cup from Clara's jeweled hand.
"Uncle, dear, you are very silent,"
said Clara.

"I was only thinking, my dear," said
the old gentleman apologetically.
"Only thinking!" Yes, his mind had
gone back years along the dusty track
of time, and he had been mutely pon-
dering upon what the result would
have been had he shaped his course
differently in the days that were gone.
He had had a son once, of whom he
had been proud and fond, and if—
"I would have done anything for
him—anything," thought Mardifield,
swallowing his coffee, "if he would
only have been willing to consult my
feelings a little. But when he mar-
ried that western girl it was like
drawing a salt between us, and he
knew it. But he's dead now, and even
on his deathbed he was too proud to
send for his old father."

These were the thoughts that were
passing through old Mardifield's mind.
As the old gentleman was returning
from a walk later in the cool sunshine
a little fellow hanging over the gate
accosted him eagerly.

"Sir, are you Santa Claus?"
"Not that I know of. Why?"
"You are like the picture in my
book," said the boy—a fat old gentle-
man, with a long white beard and lots
of parcels. And my mamma said
Santa Claus wouldn't come to our



"MADAM, I AM SANTA CLAUS."
house "cause we were so poor. And I
want a stocking full of toys, like the
other boys, and a new sled, and a pair
of skates, and I thought if I saw Santa
Claus I'd ask him."

Here a soft voice from the window
called "Lionel! Lionel!" and the ap-
parition slipped down from the gate
and ran away.

"A cunning little rogue!" thought
Mardifield. "Santa Claus, eh? An old
gentleman with a long white beard—
ha! ha! ha! And I might have had
just such a chubby rascal of a grand-
son as that if only—I wonder if they
would object to my adopting him! I
will turn Santa Claus for once!"

The stars were shining out, tiny
points of gold, through the darkness
of the Christmas eve, when Mr. Mardifield
knocked at the door of the little
cream colored cottage.

"Come in!" a gentle voice called, and
Mardifield, groping his way through a
semilighted hallway, found himself in
the presence of a sweet faced woman,
in a pillow chair, her fingers busied
in some piece of knitting.

"Madam," said he, bowing courtsoo-
ly, "I am Santa Claus!"

And then he told her the story of
how little Lionel had accosted him in
the morning.

"You are very kind, sir," said the
woman tremulously. "We are poor—no
poor, in fact, that the barest neces-
sities of life are sometimes beyond our
reach—and little Lionel's dream of San-
ta Claus must have gone unrealized if
it were not for your thoughtful con-
sideration."

She smiled faintly, with a motion of
her white transparent hand toward
the chimney, but as Mr. Mardifield
turned round to look he started as if
smitten by some sudden blow.

"My God!" he gasped, "whose picture
is that hanging over the mantel?"

"My husband's portrait, sir," and he
turned once more to face her, "you are
Charley's wife?"

"My husband's name was Charles
Mardifield," she answered. Little Lion-
nel, awakened by the loud voice in
which the old gentleman had spoken,
sat up in his bed, with disheveled curls
and big eyes.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus!" he cried.
"Mamma, I knew he'd come!"
"My child," said Mr. Mardifield, lift-
ing the little form in his arms, "Santa
Claus has sent you a grandfather."

THE GREATEST LIFE.

The greatest life is never the life
that stretches itself upon cushioned
couches, but the one that chooses
the place of battle and reels under
the blows and gathers itself amid
pain and dizziness and gives back
more blows than it takes till it
stands weary and pausing, perhaps,
but justified to itself and to the
world by a clean and conquered vic-
tory.—Richard Wightman.

SAD IT MUST BE

At times, not to be able
to get what you want.

Such sadness is being rapidly dispelled at this store
under the new management; the time is not far off
when this will be one of the best equipped drug
stores in the state of Oregon. We especially call
your attention this week to a list of items which
may help, considerably, to solve what is said to be

Xmas Troubles

Toilet Sets	Calender Pads
Fancy Hand Painted Dishes	Holiday Post Cards
Ladies Hand Bags and	Creme and Tissue Paper
Leather Goods	Christmas Seals and Stickers
Booklets and Novels	Christmas Bells
Phonographs and Records	Moro Pennants
Novelty Jewelry, etc.	Santa False Faces
Christmas Perfumes	Christmas Garlands
Childrens Story Books	Christmas Tree Decorations

We have received from Portlands leading Rose
Petal Bead maker a small but elegant assortment
of Rose Petal Bead Necklaces, which are open to
your inspection.

MORO PHARMACY

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The desire for Comfort and Safety suggests
THE LINE OF BLOCK SIGNALS
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"The Easy Way"

Through
Trains High Class
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Write them you are coming then let us
Tell you how Little it will cost.

A. ROSE, agent for O. W. R. & N., MORO, OREGON

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO
OBSERVER will reach more
people in Sherman County than
by any other medium available.

COMMUNITY SILVER.

If You Could
Take out the metal fill-
ing of a
**COMMUNITY
SILVER.**
spoon, the pure silver
plate remaining would
still be heavy enough to
eat with.
Made only in a plate
heavier than triple, Com-
munity Silver will wear
a lifetime.
Call and examine this
famous line.
Each article guaranteed
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