

The Observer.

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D. C. IRELAND, Editor.

C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, December 27, 1912

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Farmers to the number of 267, of whom 36 were women, attended the farmers week at the O.A.C. in Corvallis.

Possibly you may have noticed that many a young man's success in life was due to the fact that his father was poor.

This is an age of safety; they started off with safety bikes and now they have safety pockets for safety matches. The latest is a gladstone Christmas present to all.

A young Italian with a voice like Caruso is working with a pick and shovel in Detroit and refuses all offers to become an operatic singer; he sized up all the professions, and took his pick.

The Oregon Almanac by the state immigration commission contains accurate statistics and reading matter about Oregon's resources and products. Never before has there been such an exhaustive report on what this state has to offer to the settler.

The Observer, right after election, stated that women could not qualify as jurors in circuit or state courts, but some courts allowed it until Attorney General Crawford called a halt; read the law, and cited its violations. Women can be jurors in justice courts.

Young women students at Cornell will not be allowed to play basketball with other colleges in the future, because of the high nervous tendencies resulting. The athletic council took this step on recommendation of a woman doctor, who told the council that the intercollegiate games were injurious.

Doesn't it make you feel like a miserable piker when you read the trifling figures brought out in the money trust investigation? J. P. Morgan testified that you can't corner money, but he said he had only 128 billion corralled. We all know, that in the 1907 money panic, some one connected with the Morgan outfit would not let go of the money belonging to others that was in his hands and it was loaned out at high interest. That was the time Roosevelt let Morgan kill off the Tennessee Iron Company.

A project has been launched in the Willamette valley to construct an immense water service system with which to supply all cities pure mountain water, to come from Clear lake and to cost \$4,000,000. The state board of health is urging the installation of the system by the cities interested, including the state government to the proportionate expense needed to the supplying of the state institutions. Now nearly all the cities, towns and state institutions are supplied with Willamette river water, most of it not filtered, which is also used to care for the sewage of the district and a proven breeder of typhoid and kindred disease. At each legislative session some one dies from typhoid.

CHRISTMAS GIFT WORTH WHILE.

Twenty-Four Hour Electric Lights for Farm Residence and Barns.

Without a doubt the most appreciated and pleasing Christmas gift, as well as permanent and lasting investment, all tending toward an easier method of accomplishing the work which must be done on a farm and in a farm house was the free handed gift by Henry Richelderfer to his farm, two miles north west of our sister city of Wasco, and to the farm management, both in the farm residence and what is considered out door work.

This gift from Mr. Richelderfer takes very substantial form; like all of his additions to the building up of his farm and so characteristic of the successful farmer that he is; it was not gone into until the cost was carefully considered; its benefits studied and its final successful working fully assured.

In the last respect Mr. Richelderfer was fortunate in securing the services of C. E. Sheets, who has charge of the electric light and water supply at Moro.

This Christmas present of which we are writing, needs an engineer to install, but not one to handle and run it; any man on a farm can keep such a proposition in order; it is not at all complicated; just a simple electric light system for the house and farm that any farmer can own.

The system which Mr. Richelderfer has had installed by Mr. Sheets is what is known as a ten ampere, 32 volt direct current system. Although a capacity of 20 amperes or more may be had when needed by using the combined capacity of dynamo and battery at the same time.

This is sufficient to give strong, perfect light to a 2-story 16-room house, with two bath rooms, pantry, and store room, each of the rooms on the lower floor being lighted with a 4-light chandelier; another house occupied by the men who work on the farm; and two barns, each barn being lighted at entrance, water trough, loft, and convenient places inside. All the electric lamps are lighted from switches and in most of them they can be lighted or turned off from two separate distinct places through what is known as a three way switch.

Through the use of storage batteries the lights can be used day or night whether the dynamo is in use or not; when the dynamo is running, any excess electricity goes to the batteries through an under load switch, which must always be thrown into position by hand when charging battery; if for any cause the dynamo should stop, this switch drops at once, or the battery current would drive the dynamo and gas engine and exhaust itself. By this means current is always available for light and no one need hurry home to start things going; neither is the engine needed every night.

Another feature about this plant is the use of three counter resistance cells in connection with the sixteen battery cells; it is by their use that it is possible to use the current for lights while charging the battery, as these three cells reduce the high voltage necessary for charging the battery to a right voltage to be used in the lamps.

The system under discussion is what is known as a 24-hour plant; possibly it is the only one of the kind in Oregon, but that is not a reason why others will not be installed in this county. The entire lighting system is controlled from a switchboard installed with the plant. Upon this board is mounted the ammeter, voltmeter, underload switch, resistance box, and two double-throw knife switches which are used in various combinations for sending the current direct to the battery; or through battery and counter cells to the lamps; or direct current on the wires.

There is another way of looking at the installation of such a light system; the above can be charged to comfort, which is all right in its proper place; those who know Mr. Richelderfer are aware that while having things comfortable for those around him might be termed a hobby, he is entirely to be practiced a farmer to always see but the one side of a question; he considers this also as an investment that does away with nearly all fire danger.

Formerly there were more than an average of six lanterns twice a day in use at the barns; now there are none to be upset by men or kicked over by cows, colts, or horses. There are now no coal oil lamps in the house for a woman to fill when she is rushed for time; no oil burners to boil at least once a week; nor oil spilt over hands, floor or table to try a woman's temper; not danger of upsetting a lamp.

Mr. Richelderfer in commenting on the plant said that anything that could be secured that would save work for the woman folk is to be commended; and that any farm that has a gas engine can have an electric light system.

Christmas Comes but Once a Year.

The Christmas holiday spirit was celebrated in joyous acclaim dear to the heart of the children and some of the older ones as well with appropriate exercises in which the high school and the grammar grades and the Sunday Schools joined, at Moro opera house Tuesday evening.

The interior of the opera house was prettily decorated with crepe paper streamers in the red and green Christmas colors over which was suspended wreaths of holly and Oregon grape; the centers of the wreaths being filled with large red Christmas bells.

At each side of the stage entrance, reaching from the main floor to near the ceiling, were two large fir trees both laden with gifts for impatient youngsters and decorated with colored electric lights. Immediately over and across the arch of the stage was a decoration of fir branches; from among the center gleamed the word Welcome in purple on a white ground; the whole surmounted by a large holly wreath and red bell, while directly beneath on the center of the stage was a replica of Mount Hood with midget fir trees growing on its snow covered sides.

The program was an exceptionally good one and enjoyed by all. The finale was of original conception and a happy termination in which Collis Moore, dressed with appropriate costume took the part of Santa Claus' little boy; while he was speaking Santa Claus, impersonated by Dr. W. C. Nason, arrived, at the front entrance to the hall, came in and the fun began.

After the distribution of presents each child was given a package of candy and pop corn as the crowd left the hall.

The Medford rate bill, called into law by initiative at the last election, is absorbing the attention of the papers of Portland and of certain attorneys, to its disparagement. Of all the reproach heaped upon this rate bill one sentence in a Portland paper clears the air and brings issue out in relief: "It will destroy the wholesale interest of Portland." That is about all there is to the controversy; Portland wholesalers forced the railroad to abolish certain rates and the people have voted them back. Public opinion and the courts will be the judge as to the extent of the compromise that may be necessary before the new law is an active agent in Oregon.

March fourth will give emphatic illustration of the democracy of American society: Professor Wilson will become President Wilson and President Taft will become Professor Taft; as President Cleveland became Professor Cleveland at Princeton so will Mr. Taft become professor of law at Yale. The work there will be thoroughly congenial to the new ex-president who is regarded by the American bar as one of the greatest jurists of the United States.

To avoid danger of fire in the college buildings a circus 40x100 foot tent was erected on the OAC campus for the moving picture demonstrations of the poultry department during farmers week. About the walls was arranged one of the largest and most complete poultry exhibits ever given in the northwest.

Thirteen million dollars for gum and twelve million for the gospel is the comparative value of gum and gospel in this so-called Christian nation declared an evangelist in a recent Portland speech.

RESTORED ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

By ALBERT KENYON

"You must get well for Christmas," said Ethel.

"Why especially for Christmas?" "Think what a welcome gift your recovery would be to Mildred."

I made no reply to this for a few moments. I was thinking. Mildred was my betrothed. Ethel was a girl my mother had taken in through charity some years before. At my death she would be unprovided for, because my property was left in trust for my children.

"Yes," I said presently, "my being out of danger on Christmas day would be a gift to Mildred in another way than the one you mean. If I get well my future is provided for. If I die she must look elsewhere for an estate."

"I am sure," said Ethel, "that she thinks only of having you spared to



SHE GAVE A LOW CRY.

her. Besides, you know that she has an income of her own sufficient to keep the wolf from the door."

"You haven't anything, and by the terms of my father's will I am unable to provide for you."

"You are only too good to wish to do so. I am sure you would make some provision for me if you could. But I know that is impossible."

I was so weak that even this bit of conversation was too much for me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them Ethel was bending over me, fear and agony depicted in every feature of her face. But I was too ill to be more than momentarily impressed with her anxiety on my account. I lost power to move or articulate. But I could see and hear as distinctly as ever.

Ethel ran out of the room and returned with every body in the house. Some one said, "He is dead." Another said, "Get the doctor, quick!"

It was some time before the doctor reached my bedside. When he did he put his hand on my heart and kept it there a long while. Back of him were the members of the household and Mildred, who had been summoned. She and Ethel stood near each other, and I noticed the contrast in the expressions on their faces. Ethel's denoted intense grief, Mildred's something more like awe.

"He is dead!" said my housekeeper of the doctor.

No reply was given to the question. The doctor continued to peer at me and kept his hand on my heart. Presently he gave up looking for signs of life and, turning away, said regretfully: "Yes; he has gone."

I had my eyes on the two girls before me and was watching to see how they took the announcement. A look of infinite pain, longing, despair, came over Ethel's features. Mildred burst into tears. And yet it struck me that they came from strained nerves, the presence of death, a solemn moment. She turned away with the others and left the room. Ethel was the last to pass out, and just before doing so she turned and looked at me. I shall never forget that look.

I lay in the same condition for some time. Preparations were making for the funeral. A man came in and stood looking at me curiously. I was filled with dread, for I knew what he was there for. He went away, and later the doctor came in with the housekeeper. He stood looking at me for awhile, then took my wrist in his hand, then put his hand on my heart. After that he asked the housekeeper to bring a hand mirror and, holding it under my nostrils for a while, examined it carefully.

"Suppose everything for awhile," he said to the housekeeper. "It is possible that there is a faint life fluttering within him. But my nothing about this just now. I don't wish to excite any false hopes, especially in his betrothed."

"You're right, doctor—she's wrapped up in him. It's a sad blow to her. If he could only have been spared to enjoy this Christmas with her."

They went out of the room, and I was left alone for some time. Then an old friend of my mother's and a lady I had long known came in to have a look at me. Both stood silently beside me for a few minutes, then went to another part of the room, and I overheard this bit of conversation: "This is very hard on poor Mildred, isn't it?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is."

"Why, don't you think it is a great blow to her?"

"She won't be rich, as she would have been had he lived to marry her. But you know Mildred's inclinations

have always been for Malcolm Fairchild."

"I didn't know that."

"They were engaged when he (looking toward me) came in, though he was not aware of it."

"I hadn't heard that."

"Malcolm has always been a pet of mine, and he confided his betrothal to me. He was heartbroken when he had to give her up."

"Didn't she love him?"

"I think she did; but, you see, he had nothing but his salary. No girl in her senses would give up a fortune for a salary that must be earned. An income from property is very different. It earns money while one is asleep."

"That's so, but girls are apt to be romantic, you know."

"Mildred is practical. I don't think she will ever die for love."

I wanted no girl for a wife who had given up some one she liked better. The dialogue continued for a few minutes later, and I heard every word.

"Ethel hasn't been treated right. She was taken in, given a home, brought up in a refined way, and provision should have been made for her."

"Oh, she'll be all right. There's a rich man ready to marry her the moment she says the word."

"Why hasn't she taken him before this?"

"Nobody knows."

I felt like putting in the words "except the dead," but I couldn't, and, besides, I wouldn't if I could.

The speakers fell to talking of the approaching Christmas festivities, mentioning how sad it would be for those in the house of mourning. I had no idea how long it would be till Christmas, but heard one of the ladies say to the other that it was "the day after tomorrow." Persons were continually coming into and going from the room in which I lay, and I heard some one say, speaking of the funeral, "Why are they so long about it, and why don't they have it over with before Christmas?"

I knew it was Christmas eve by the remarks of these persons. I was much depressed at the prospect of the holidays passing and I lying there like a log.

Then I began to wonder if by an effort of the will I might not pull myself out of my peculiar condition. I have always been a great believer of the power of mind over matter, and it occurred to me that if I could bring myself to believe that I could throw off my ailment, I would be able to do so. Of course my condition troubled me. Indeed, I was in danger of being buried alive. I determined to make an effort of the will to regain an active condition.

I commenced on Christmas eve by driving all thought or fear of interment out of my mind. After awhile I began to think that I could move my muscles, though I didn't try. I fell asleep feeling less troubled and awoke in the morning refreshed as I had not felt since I had lost muscular power. I remembered that it was Christmas morning, and I was still apparently a corpse.

The door opened, and Ethel entered. Casting a glance at the sunlight coming through a window, she moaned: "Oh, what a Christmas—the brighter without, the darker within!"

She came to the bed and stood looking down upon me. She did not speak, but I could interpret her thoughts from her expression. She looked at my cheek and seemed surprised. I wondered if she did not see a tinge of color in it. She started for the door as though to call some one, then stopped, hesitated and came back to me. Kneeling beside me, she took my hand. She must have felt some warmth in it, for she began to rub it. I felt a current, a nerve current, a current of life passing from the hand that held mine and coursing up through my arm to my heart. For the first time since I had been stricken I had power. My hand began to tighten on hers.

She gave a low cry, but I did not know if it sprang from joy or fright. She made an effort to rise, I suppose to call others, but I held her. Then I made an effort to speak, but could only whisper: "Put your arms about me."

She did so.

"Lay your cheek against mine."

This, too, she did. I felt the life coming back to me. I made no effort for awhile, permitting the vigor I was drawing to accumulate. Then I spoke again.

"Dear heart, the life you have recalled is a gift to you on this blessed Christmas morning."

The flood of hope, joy, love, that welled up in her rushed to me and spread itself through my being. Within a few minutes more I could move any muscle I chose. And I was there, on Christmas day, restored, with the girl whom I knew loved me and for whom there had been born in my heart an equal passion.

Mildred married the man whom she had discarded for me—or, rather, for a fortune. If that fortune had been vested in me to do with as I liked I would have settled a part of it on her. I came back from the dead on Christmas morning, and on the next Christmas morning our first child came to Ethel and me from out the great ocean of life.

As it Should Be.

Shopper:—I want to buy a necktie suitable for my husband. Salesman:—Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men. Puck.

Two Sides.

"There are two sides, you know, to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There two sides to a piece of fly paper."—Washington Star.

An Exception.

"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

He Speaks.

She—Was he furious, dear, when you told him that we had been secretly married? He—Not really furious, only surmising. Judge.

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.—Pythagoras.

BEST WISHES

FOR A

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

Stock Food	New Year Post Cards
Poultry Food	Local View Cards
Formaldehyde	"Let'er buck" Post Cards
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Batteries	Birthday Post Cards
Prescriptions	Perfumery
Moro Pennants	Phonographs and Records

1913 Calendars to Give Away.

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