

**The Observer.**

MORO CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.  
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D. C. IRELAND, Editor.  
 C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, January 3, 1913

If you do not read The Observer, why  
 not?

We would like to have you take it, and  
 become a subscriber. We send it two  
 years for \$2.50; one year \$1.50; 12¢ a  
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 notification of a Postmaster that the sub-  
 scriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a  
 delinquent.

Did it ever occur to you that it costs no  
 more to produce printing than it does  
 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.

After fifty two years of existence  
 at Salem as a state institution the  
 Oregon State Fair is threatened with  
 extinction from two different  
 but similar sources; the first is lack  
 of funds with which to replace old  
 leaking buildings with modern  
 structures; the second is removal  
 to Portland, where all similar fairs  
 have died through neglect and ex-  
 ploitation. The state legislature  
 should provide the necessary fund  
 for its proper maintenance right  
 where it is; with the increase of  
 electric roads for quick intercourse  
 that is now going on in the valley  
 it belongs where it is now located.  
 It never was intended as a freak  
 amusement feature for city crowds  
 and the farmer class will not fol-  
 low it to Portland.

As an example of the new order  
 of things in the transportation of  
 domestic commerce is this one in-  
 cident of lower express rates.  
 The post office department was re-  
 cently advised by a California fruit  
 grower that shipment of two car  
 loads of prunes put up in 8-pound  
 boxes was being made ready for  
 parcel post delivery to New York;  
 the rate being 96¢ per box. When  
 the express companies got that tip  
 their rate went to 35¢.

A flow of illuminating oil has  
 been struck in the Summer Lake  
 valley, near Silver Lake, Oregon,  
 at a depth of 400 feet on the farm  
 of Orval Polly. The gas is good  
 enough to use for cooking.

One thing sure about this season  
 of the year seldom overlooked, is  
 mistletoe; it makes a man realize  
 that the best things in life are to be  
 had right here at home.

**Wish all a Prosperous New Year.**

In wishing our readers the compli-  
 ments of the season we desire  
 also to voice our thanks for the  
 many kind expressions received  
 during the past year relative to  
 the ends we have been trying to  
 attain. Many expressions of very  
 kindly commendation have been  
 received and The Observer is well  
 repaid in knowing that duty per-  
 formed to the best of our ability  
 has left its impression on the con-  
 ditions of our little community  
 as well as the county at large, and  
 has tended to make all of us, in  
 the aggregate, happier for the year  
 now past and greater hopes for  
 the one in our immediate future.

Those who live in "dry" terri-  
 tory and have an acquaintance  
 with the family of Mr. Souze; the  
 erstwhile urban and amiable two  
 brothers, Thomas and Jeremiah;  
 C. Noble, and their many relatives  
 will read with dismay that congress  
 at this session will most likely pass  
 an enactment prohibiting the ship-  
 ment, by any means, of liquor into  
 dry territory; after this measure  
 becomes law the anti liquor league  
 will work for the passage of a law  
 prohibiting the issuance of internal  
 revenue tax receipts in dry terri-  
 tory; planning to follow that with  
 a national prohibition campaign.

The bill rendered Moro school  
 district by Dr. W. C. Nason for  
 professional supervision of school  
 children during the recent small  
 pox scare was very reasonable; it  
 included a period of 21 days pains  
 taking individual inspection, the  
 charge being only \$30. It could  
 easily have been larger when it is  
 considered that Dr. Nason's repu-  
 tation as a physician in this com-  
 munity was at stake.

While talking about good roads  
 in and through the county don't  
 let us forget that the road to The  
 Dalles needs nearly as much atten-  
 tion as any in the county. Also  
 a satisfactory working arrangement  
 should be arrived at with Gilliam  
 county respecting a bridge across  
 the John Day.

Never be satisfied merely to in-  
 quire "what will it cost me?" also  
 ask "how will it last me?" If the  
 thing that is cheaper were "just as  
 good" possibly it wouldn't have  
 to be cheaper.

**An Awful Shock.**  
 The deputy stage manager at the  
 Theater Royal, Dublin, at one time  
 was a little man named Linders, who  
 had a strange dislike of the ladies of  
 the ballet and treated them rather  
 harshly. He wore a wig, but the fact  
 was not generally known. On one oc-  
 casion, however, an enraged coryphee  
 seized him by the hair, and off came  
 the wig, exposing a shiny expanse of  
 cranium. He at once dashed off to  
 complain to Mrs. Harris, the man-  
 ager's wife, but the good lady could  
 only gasp in stupefied tones: "Good  
 gracious, Mr. Linders! Why, you are  
 bald!" To which Linders instantly  
 replied: "No, madam, no. My hair  
 became loose with horror!"

**A New Year's  
 House Party**  
 By JOHN R. MORRISON

We were two boys and three girls in  
 our family, the youngest fifteen, the  
 eldest twenty-six, when we gave the  
 New Year's house party that proved a  
 turning point in my life. Every room  
 in the house was occupied, some of  
 them by three persons. We had scarce-  
 ly got together when we began a se-  
 ries of practical jokes on one another,  
 at which the girls were far more  
 adept than the boys. The very first  
 night the sheets in every fellow's bed  
 were scotched, and the next day at  
 luncheon there were cream cakes on  
 the table filled with cotton provided by  
 the girls. One fellow swallowed his  
 cake, cotton and all, rather than con-  
 fess himself stung.

We sat up so late nights and some of  
 us were steering so early in the morn-  
 ing that we were ready to fall asleep  
 at any moment. One evening when  
 playing the game of "twenty ques-  
 tions" I was sent into another room  
 while the others chose something for  
 me to guess. There was no light in  
 the room where I waited, but there  
 was an easy chair. I sat down in the  
 chair and fell asleep.  
 I was awakened by a kiss. I grab-  
 bed a girl, but she got away from me,  
 though only after a fierce struggle.  
 When I had once lost her it was not  
 easy to find her, though the rustling  
 of her skirts was a disadvantage to  
 her, while my greater weight, render-  
 ing my tread heavier, was constantly  
 betraying me. She dodged me for  
 some time, when all became quiet.  
 Then suddenly I heard the door open  
 and close. Since the adjoining room  
 was also dark I knew that the others  
 had turned off the lights to enable the  
 girl I was after to escape. The escape  
 having been effected, I went to the  
 door to go out. I found it locked.

It was some ten minutes before it  
 was opened, and I joined the others,  
 the room having been relighted. I cast  
 my eyes from one girl to another with  
 a view to discovering who had kissed  
 me. The first girl I looked at had a  
 scratch on her nose. But the second  
 also had a scratch, and the third, in-  
 deed, every girl was scratched. I look-  
 ed at the fellows and saw that they  
 were all laughing at me.

Now, among our guests there was  
 one girl for whom my heart had begun  
 to beat. I would have given a king-  
 dom if I had had it for proof that Ma-  
 ria had done the kissing. Whoever  
 had done it had doubtless been dared.  
 Whether my preference for Maria had  
 been noticed by the other girls and  
 when I was found asleep she had been  
 chosen to play the joke on me I didn't  
 know. If she had done the kissing she  
 certainly showed no evidence of the  
 fact—that is, any more than the rest  
 of the girls—a scratched nose. But  
 there was one thing that led me to sus-  
 pect her. While every other girl in  
 the room was keyed up to the highest  
 pitch of mischief, their eyes dancing,  
 their tips, cheeks, every other feature  
 smiling, Maria seemed simply uncon-  
 cerned.

At 2 a. m. I went to bed no wiser as  
 to the identity of the kisser than be-  
 fore. But the next morning after hav-  
 ing dressed, noticing that I needed to  
 change my handkerchief, I jerked it  
 from the outside pocket of my coat and  
 heard something land on the floor.  
 Stooping, I picked up a stickpin.  
 It at once occurred to me that during  
 the scuffle of the evening before the  
 pin had fallen from the lady's apparel,  
 probably from about the neck, and  
 caught on my handkerchief. Unfortu-  
 nately it was a very inexpensive arti-  
 cle with an imitation pearl for a head  
 and did not identify any particular  
 girl. I realized the importance of keep-  
 ing my find a secret. Going down to  
 breakfast, I found that three different  
 girls wore pins that were duplicates of  
 the one I possessed. They were the  
 most likely to be suspected, and among  
 them was Maria. Doubtless if there  
 had been enough sun articles to go  
 round every girl would have worn a  
 stickpin as well as a scratched nose.  
 By and by it occurred to me that when  
 the pin was in transit from the girl to  
 my pocket it had made the scratch on  
 her nose.

The problem was now narrowed  
 down to three girls, for doubtless the  
 girl who had done the kissing was  
 among those who wore pins. It seem-  
 ed to me that I must make her betray  
 herself or the victory would be with  
 the girls. I sat down to the breakfast  
 table, ignoring my find. But while the  
 girls were rinsing their dainty fingers  
 in their finger bowls I said:  
 "I have found something that belong-  
 ed to the girl who kissed me last  
 night."

Every girl expressed by her behavior  
 a keen interest in what I said except  
 Maria, who took advantage of rinsing  
 her fingers to bend over the little glass  
 bowl before her. I made up my mind  
 that I was getting "warm," as the  
 children say in hide and seek, and con-  
 cluded on a bold stroke. I continued:  
 "You may think that a little stickpin  
 she lost when trying to get away from  
 me is what I refer to. It is not."

Every girl stopped smiling and look-  
 ed serious. I could see Maria wince.  
 "The girl who kissed me I love," I  
 went on, "and I am ready to proclaim  
 it here before you all."  
 I fixed my gaze on Maria. A hot  
 flame sprang into her cheeks. To con-  
 ceal it she turned away and presently  
 threw up the sponge by covering her  
 face with her napkin.  
 The next year Maria and I entertain-  
 ed the same party in our own house.

**THE SMILE THAT COUNTS**  
 It is easy enough to be pleasant  
 When life flows by like a song,  
 But the man worth while is the one  
 who will smile  
 When everything goes wrong,  
 For the test of the heart is trouble,  
 And it always comes with the  
 years.  
 And the smile that is worth the  
 praises of earth  
 Is the smile that shines through  
 tears. —H. P. Chandler.

**Pickings For the Parson.**  
 A Dovecote bridegroom gave his best  
 man an envelope.  
 "Hand it to the parson after the cere-  
 mony," he said, "but don't do it ostentat-  
 iously."  
 The best man followed instructions  
 but it seems that he performed his task  
 too covertly, for the father of the  
 bridegroom, after the pair had depart-  
 ed, believed that an omission had oc-  
 curred and quietly pressed a banknote  
 into the minister's hand.  
 But he also was too secretive about  
 it, and before the party broke up the  
 bride's brother felt called upon to draw  
 the minister aside and thrust a ten dol-  
 lar bill upon him.—Newark News.

**'Twas Ever Thus.**  
 "I suppose you have found," said the  
 plain citizen, "that every man has his  
 price."  
 "Yes," replied the lobbyist, "except  
 the man who is worth buying."—Phila-  
 delphia Press.

**The Sea Horse.**  
 This fish is found in the Atlantic  
 ocean around the coast of Spain, the  
 south of France, in the Mediterranean  
 and in the Indian ocean. Sea horses  
 are very small and have been found  
 often curled up in oyster shells. The  
 head is much like that of a horse, and  
 the rings around the body and tail re-  
 semble those of some caterpillars. The  
 habits of these fishes are singular and  
 interesting. They swim with a wav-  
 ing motion and frequently wind their  
 tails around the woods and rushes.  
 They have fins to sustain them in the  
 water and even in the air. They live  
 on worms, fishes, eggs and substances  
 found in the bottom of the sea.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**  
 (Publisher)  
 Department of the Interior, U. S. Land  
 Office at The Dalles, Oregon, December  
 20th, 1912.  
 Notice is hereby given that Asbet E. York  
 of Ajax, Oregon, who, on September 11th,  
 1908, made a certain entry No. 0260, for  
 sec. 22, T. 24 S., R. 24 W., sec. 23, T. 24 S.,  
 R. 24 W., section 22, township 1 south, range 19 east,  
 Willamette meridian, has filed notice of  
 intention, to make, for three-year proof,  
 to establish claim to the land above descri-  
 bed, before me (George W. Parsons, United  
 States Commissioner, at his office at Cou-  
 don, Oregon, on the 4th day of February,  
 1913.  
 Claimant names as witnesses, Harry  
 Palmer, Albert S. Tate, Oscar Simmons,  
 Herman York, all of Ajax, Oregon.  
 G. W. MOORE, Register

**SUMMONS**—In the Circuit Court of the  
 State of Oregon for Sherman county.  
 Sadie Belle Macomber, Plaintiff,  
 vs.  
 Frank E. Macomber, Defendant.

IF Frank E. Macomber, the above named  
 defendant—  
 In the name of the State of Oregon:  
 You are hereby required to appear and  
 answer the complaint filed against you in  
 the above entitled suit, on or before the last  
 day of the time prescribed in the order of  
 publication, to-wit: on or before the 14th day  
 of February, 1913, and if you fail to so ap-  
 pear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the  
 court for the relief demanded. In the com-  
 plaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a  
 decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony  
 now existing between the plaintiff and your  
 self, on the grounds of cruel and inhuman  
 treatment, and for such other and farther  
 relief as to the Court may seem equitable  
 and just.  
 This summons is served upon you by pub-  
 lication thereof for a period of six consecu-  
 tive weeks in The Sherman County Observer,  
 a weekly newspaper of general circulation,  
 published in Sherman county, Oregon, in  
 pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Hen-  
 ricks County Judge for Sherman county,  
 duly made on the 31st day of December,  
 1912, and the date of the first publication  
 thereof is the 21 day of January, 1913.  
 HARRY E. YAKOWICZ,  
 Attorney for Plaintiff.



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 Easy to clean and rewick. Don't Smoke.  
 Don't blow out in the wind. Don't Leak.

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 grow YOU in the ground**  
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**The Seed Man. PORTLAND, OREGON.**

**Auction Sale  
 Tuesday, Jan'y 7th**

Adjoining the Fred Guinther Place.  
 Second House from head Rattle Snake Grade.

- 250 acres Fall Sowing Turkey Red Wheat, one third rent.
- 18 foot cut Holt Combine and 32 Horse Hitch
- One three year old gentle Jersey cow and heifer calf
- Two 3-bottom 14-inch Canton Gang Plows
- One Gilbert Hunt 500 gallon Round Water Tank and Wagon
- One 3 1-2 New Bain Wagon with wheat rack
- One 3 1-2 High Wheel Mitchel wagon with rack
- One 3 1-4 Header Truck Mitchel wagon with rack
- One 3 1-4 New Moline Wagon
- One Iron wheel wagon
- One Hack with removable top
- One Buggy with top
- 600 Gallon Round Water Tank
- Two water troughs
- Eighteen Hoe Superior Drill
- Canton Drill Press
- Six set of work harness, all first class
- Blacksmith outfit; Drill, Anvil, Vice, Forge, and set of Taps and Dies, and all other tools for same
- Household goods and Hand Tools of every description generally used on a farm; nothing reserved; this is a clean sale
- Twelve ton Wheat Hay
- Ten head work horses & mares
- Two horses coming three year old
- Horse colt coming two year old
- Set buggy harness
- Good Cook House
- Four Section Iron Harrow
- All the chickens on the ranch

**SALE COMMENCES AT 10 A. M.**  
**FREE LUNCH WITH COFFEE AT NOON.**

**Terms of Sale:** All sums under \$10 cash; on  
 sums over \$10 five per cent discount for cash;  
 bankable note due October 1st, 1913, in settle-  
 ment for all other sums over \$10.

**C. W. Johnson, of Moro, Auctioneer**  
**David Brown, Owner. L. Barnum, Clerk**  
**I HAVE QUIT FARMING.**

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 FOR A  
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