

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, July 25, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

John Montag of Portland was nominated by the president to be United States marshal for the district of Oregon.

With a \$30 drying plant and a cheap stove, Charles Bales of Dorena, has solved the problem of marketing loganberries.

Governor West commuted the sentence of death imposed upon Jackson F. Adams, convicted of killing Clinton Chamberlain, in Clatsop county, to life imprisonment.

The bodies of C. B. Smith and wife, who perished in a blizzard on Mount St. Helena, were both found after a long search, and were brought to Portland for interment.

Senator Lane, of Oregon, has the appointment of another cadet at Annapolis, and has asked President Kerr, of the Oregon agricultural college, if he will examine candidates for the place.

Portland's wheat exports for the fiscal year ended June 30 show an increase of more than 20 per cent over those of the preceding year, according to figures made public by the department of commerce.

Having exhausted the supply of cans that, before the season opened, was deemed amply sufficient, the Eugene fruit growers' cannery have started evaporating loganberries instead of putting them up in syrup.

The Al Kader Temple, Shriners, of Portland, has advised Secretary Frank Meredith of the state fair board that the shriners will be glad to accept Saturday, October 4, as their special day at the state fair this year.

The most recent and approved mining apparatus, designed after the patterns now in use in the Massachusetts Institute of technology, will be installed in the Oregon agricultural college school of mines.

A piece of currency issued when the United States was young is in the possession of G. H. Thomas of Portland. It is a three dollar bill issued nearly a century ago by the Hudson State bank, at Hudson, N. Y.

A number of new courses in forestry and mining, as well as a reorganization of the work offered in animal husbandry, are announced in the new catalogue of the Oregon agricultural college.

The mayor, board of aldermen and police at Medford made a raid on every rooming house in that southern Oregon city, with the result that no evidence of wrongdoing was discovered.

Annual reports from the county school superintendents of five counties, just received by the state school superintendent, show that in all of them there are more boys attending the public schools than girls.

For the reason that he was a socialist, Police Sergeant Andrew Sorenson was reduced summarily to the ranks by Police Chief Clark at Portland, and was ordered to take an East Side territory until he becomes a patrolman, July 20.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the life saving service, Washington, D. C., for construction of ten 36-foot self righting and self bailing lifeboats with gasoline engines, three of which are to be delivered at Astoria.

A new machine for saving gold from the black sands of the beach is being tried out in a cove near the entrance of Coos Bay. It works on the centrifugal wheel principle, and is something on the order of a cream separator.

Harry Beard, formerly of Linn county, has been sentenced at Roseburg to ten years in the Oregon penitentiary. Beard had been paroled by Governor West and went to Douglas county where he was convicted of stealing a horse while employed as a ranch hand.

William L. Finley, state game warden of Oregon is one of 16 ornithologists and leaders in bird protection who have been designated by the secretary of agriculture to advise him in the framing regulations to make the new federal protection of game effective.

The petition of the squatters in the vicinity of Arrow, Lake county asking that the Portland business interests assist them in their effort to have the land in that section taken up by the Portland commercial club, and every effort will be made to hasten the relief for which the settlers are asking.

Tasile Stewart, a director of the Milton ditch company, was tried in Justice court and fined \$10 and costs for unlawfully opening the headgate on his ditch to the detriment of the other water users in the community. This is the first time a conviction has been secured this year under the operation of the new water law of Oregon and much interest was shown in the case.

Expenditures in sight indicate that the state of Oregon will have a deficit of over \$1,000,000 before any of the next year's taxes are paid in April, according to a statement issued by State Treasurer Kay at Salem. With less than a half million dollars in the general fund, this entire fund will be wiped out before August 10, and the state will have to begin paying 6 per cent interest.

Confession of a Girl Graduate

A Story For Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. He was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older.

I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childlike and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him.

That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't bestow a thought on me for a companion, and yet,



"I PUT MY HANDKERCHIEF TO MY EYES," though I was a child to him, he was a good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me.

When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at the same university. The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had no changed that he did not recognize me.

When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain it was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I took especial pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of ensuring Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor.

A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me: "Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient."

He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, pothooks, P's with the tops turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words interlined here and there with little triangles under them. Indeed, the whole essay looked as if a daddy longlegs had waded through a pool of ink, then stroiled over the paper.

"One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost.

"I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is undesirable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' You have invariably used them incorrectly."

"Oh, yes, you can. It's very simple when you once catch the idea."

He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one shall save me; I will drown." Then he gave me the grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I were drowning and should not be in accordance with my understanding of his explanation, I

would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me.

He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that nine-tenths of it was unnecessary. I having made the errors on purpose. I thanked him at the end of his instructions and said that I would profit by them, which was deceptive, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview.

And so I did. On the second session of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,'" he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place some thing." He gave me the grammatical construction, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have laid the book on the table."

He looked at me with a mingled pity and distress and went over the ground again, which was what I wished him to do, for I had made the blunder purposely. At the end of his second explanation he asked me for another example. I said, "I laid down to rest."

At this he grew impatient and spoke sharply to me, whereupon I put my handkerchief to my eyes to conceal tears that I could not shed. At this he spoke to me not only gently, but I was rejoiced at perceiving tenderness in his voice.

"Pardon me, Miss Brown," he said; "I will not be so impatient with you again. Doubtless you will learn all these points in construction if you should acquire them because you are one of the best writers in your class. I will not call your attention to them again, but leave you to pick them up as you proceed."

"You mean that you're tired of trying to teach me," I whined.

"Not at all; not at all, I assure you. If you prefer it, I will continue."

"I do prefer it," I said, drying eyes into which I had succeeded in forcing a bit of moisture. Then, taking my essay, I went to the door, the professor politely opening it for me. I maintaining my lugubrious countenance till it had closed behind me. Then I congratulated myself that I had made considerable advance toward obtaining the degree that was nearest my heart—M. A. L., or mistress of the art of love.

I blush now, years after I was aiming at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at or spoken to me except as he would to a child.

One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, taking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature."

"Is he?" I said indifferently.

He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and sham surprise by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain.

When my college career came to an end I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my coming summer vacation. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women. And I was quite sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations to enable me to select a subject, but at a good more to decide upon its treatment and a couple of dozen more to consider changes in the text after it had been written.

The evening before commencement we were sitting side by side, my manuscript before us. There were no interjections, no pothooks, no erased P's, for the production was finished and ready for the next day's use. Professor, instead of making a pothook with his pen on the manuscript, made one with his arm around my waist.

Then I was happy, for I knew that in addition to the degree of B. A. that the prex would hand me on the morrow I had attained that of M. A. L. so much nearer to my heart.

Making It Hard to Be Happy.

"Why should you be complaining? Think of all the blessings you've got."

"Oh, it's all right to say that, but how can I think of my blessings when the neighbors are always taking the trouble to flout them before me?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Picture of Life.

A colored philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my brethren, am mostly made up of prayer for rain and then wishin' it would clear off."—Prosythian.

He who seeks a brother without a fault will have to remain without a brother.—Talmud.

A Good Investment.

W. D. Magill, a well known merchant of Whitesboro, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine as he was to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers.

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Ingenious Spiders.
The Royal society in London was recently entertained by a distinguished traveler with an account of a spider living in Australia which makes its habitation along the seashore, in the crevices of the rocks, between high and low water marks.

But when the tide is in their homes are covered with water. Instead of deserting them, however, the spiders solve the difficulty by means of closely woven sheets of silk, which they stretch over the entrances, behind which they manage to retain sufficient air to keep them alive during the time they remain submerged.—St. Louis Republic.

Time is Sometimes Kind.
Father Time is not always a hard parent and, though he tortures for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigor. With such people the gray beard is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the ruler calendar of a well spent life.—Barnes Hodge.

A Roland For an Oliver.
Although the saying is in more common use than "Roland for an Oliver," yet few are acquainted with its origin. The expression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two comrades who were famous knights in romance known in early French history for their valor. The wonderful achievements of the one can only be equaled by those of the other, and so we have the phrase, "Roland for an Oliver."

The Postage Stamp Portraits.
Thackeray's novel "Postage stamp" picture of the English royal family was made by cutting the heads from postage stamps and mounting them on pen sketch bodies drawn by the author with his characteristic humor.

Not Original Sin.
Adam heard them blame the cost of living on the middleman.

"The only thing they don't blame on the first man," he thankfully observed.—New York Sun.

Wise Mabel.
Mother—Mabel, why do you take two pieces of cake? Mabel—Cause, ma, you told me not to ask twice for it.—Puck.

No day is long enough to waste any of it nursing a cough.—Chicago News.



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