

SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

The recent election held at Molalla, to decide whether the town should become a municipality, resulted in a four to one vote in favor of incorporation. At Bonanza two big business buildings were destroyed by fire. They were occupied by a general merchandise store, confectionery, drug store and barber shop. The Florence council is obtaining estimates of the cost of water main, with a view to installing a 10 or 12 inch main through the business section of town for fire protection. Reports from Baker say that on September 1st the Oregon Mill & Grain company and the Rock Creek company, operating the two largest flour mills in Baker county, will be consolidated. Er. M. B. Marcellus, health officer of Portland, has written to the state railroad commission, asking that the express companies be compelled to adopt a more hygienic system of shipping meats. I. H. Van Winkle has been elected dean of the law department of Willamette university, at Salem, succeeding Charles McNary, appointed as a supreme court justice. The new dean was for eight years assistant attorney-general of Oregon. Redondo B. Sutton of Portland, has been commissioned a second lieutenant of coast artillery at Fort Monroe, Va. Sutton is a West Point graduate, and a brother of the young marine officer who met an untimely death at Annapolis three years ago. Corporation license fees remaining unpaid in the state became delinquent August 15, and Commissioner Watson is checking over the list with a view to enforcing collection. Suits against the delinquent companies will also include a \$100 penalty in each case. Twenty-eight sections of timber land in the district lying southeast of Jewell, in Clatsop county, contain 948,375,000 feet of timber, according to the cruise returns filed with the county assessor at Astoria. The banner section of the district contains 82,290,000 feet. Cramped while swimming, Miss Laverne Willett, 18 years old, was recently drowned in the Willamette river near Dayton. She was accompanied in the water by her brother, 13 years old, whom she seized and almost drowned in her frantic efforts to escape. A barn filled with hay and grain was fired and destroyed by a bolt of lightning at Carson station, on the United Railway, 27 miles out of Portland, in one of the worst electric storms ever known in that neighborhood. It was owned by Henry C. Carson, whose loss is \$1500. An automobile owned and driven by W. W. Kent of Drain upset on the stage road 36 miles west of Roseburg, and Mrs. Mary Holyfield, mother of Mrs. Kent, was instantly killed. Mrs. Kent sustained two fractures of the arm, but her husband and three small children escaped unhurt. Unless Governor West commutes his sentence to life imprisonment, Lem Woon, a Chinese, convicted in Portland in 1908, of killing Le Tai Hoy, will be hanged. A mandate of the supreme court of the United States was received by the clerk of the state supreme court, the verdict of the Oregon courts of murder in the first degree. M. A. Mayer, owner of the Mayerdale fruit farm, has shipped the first carload of prunes this season from Mosier. He has sold his entire crop, estimated at 5000 crates, to a New York firm. The Mosier prune crop is not so large as that of last year, but is of better quality, and is commanding prices very satisfactory to the growers. Identified as "Yellow Bill" or J. B. Allison, one of the best known yeg-men and holdup artists on the crime calendar, the body of Joe Barron, the man who was shot in the holdup of the Soo-Spokane train at Portland, and who died the following day without making known his identity, will be held at the morgue until further details are received of his complete record. Announcement has been made at Marshfield that the Southern Pacific railroad company is arranging to develop the coal fields of Coos county. Oregon towns now using coal from Washington, Wyoming and Utah mines can be supplied, it is said, with Coos county coal at a large saving in freight expense. The Southern Pacific owns the Beaver Hill mine, the largest producer in the Coos Bay field where it is sinking a shaft. Frank G. Swagart and Sam McGee, two campers in Willows county, were treed by a bear in the north woods near Enterprise. They fired at the animal, but it paid no attention to their bullets, and charged straight for them. Each sought a friendly tree and remained in its branches during a drenching rain, while brain stood guard beneath. Tiring of its vigil, the bear finally ambled off into the woods and the campers escaped, racing back to camp with such speed that they cleared a five-rail fence, it is said. Next day they returned for their hats.

The Color Schemer
He Schemed Not Wisely,
but Too Well
By CLARISSA MACKIE

Timothy Brooks paused before Ben Marshall's gate and whistled shrilly for his friend. Ben thrust shirt sleeves and a rumpled head through the window of his room. "Wait a minute—I'll be down," he called. Timothy heard his spasmodic gurgles as Ben's whistled melody was interrupted by a struggle with the "choker" his sunburned throat resisted. At last he appeared, flushed of face, rather wrinkled as to choking collar, with a brand new scarf of brilliant orange streaking down into his vest. Timothy's watchful eye saw the scarf and marveled, for it was of the same hue as Ben's orange hair and a few shades lighter than his freckles. On top of the brilliant hair was one of those little green hats, tipped rakishly over one eye and cocked aggressively upon the opposite side with a foolish little red feather stuck in the band. As they went down the street Ben Marshall was acutely conscious of Timothy's inspection. "Well?" he asked sharply. "What's the matter with you?" "What's the matter with you?" exploded Timothy wrathfully. "You look like—look like—He stopped and searched for a happy simile. "I look like what?" demanded Ben. "Just like a yellow carrot with a little bunch of green on top," finished Timothy scornfully. "I suppose they do look kind of new," admitted Ben rather sheepishly.



"I LOOK LIKE WHAT?" DEMANDED BEN. "I got 'em over to Hampden, and the clerk there said he'd pick out a color scheme for me." "It's a scheme, all right, Benny. If you bought that hat and necktie at Bloomer's." "I did." "Was the clerk a black haired fellow with a narrow face?" asked Timothy with interest. "Sure. Do you know him?" "No, but I guess Flora does." Timothy's tone was significant in its emphasis. Ben reddened, deeply, further deepening his "color scheme." "You mean he goes to see her?" he asked in a surly tone. "I've seen him taking her to ride in a Hampden rig," explained Timothy. "And his putting that color scheme on you makes me think he did it to make you look like a fool before Flora Mills." Ben stopped short and faced about. "I'm going back home to take these off," he choked, pulling at the offending orange scarf. "No fellow's going to make a fool out of me—not if I know it!" he fumed. "It's getting late," suggested Timothy. "We told those girls we'd stop for 'em at 7:30, and it's that now. If we want to get to the moving picture show on time we got to take the 7:45 ferry across the river." "Oh, well!" growled Ben, now quite dissatisfied with his appearance, and he turned and walked on beside his companion. On the front porch of the Mills house the two sisters, Flora and Dora, were awaiting them. Both were dressed in white, and they were equally pretty. Only Timothy and Ben disagreed about that. Timothy thought that Dora was the loveliest, and Ben contended that Flora's beauty was superior in every way to that of her younger sister. When the two young men came up the walk a very queer look came into Flora Mills' gray eyes. In one flashing glance she saw the green hat, the red feather, the orange necktie, the flaming hair and the freckles. Ben Marshall had always dressed quietly in grays or browns. What strange freak had prompted him to array himself as a self-respecting peacock would have done? Perhaps the answer to that question was in Flora's heart, for all at once a lovely flush tinted her cheek and the queer look in her eyes changed to something softer. Without apparently noticing the vivid attire of her escort she talked commonplace all the way down to the ferry landing. Timothy and Dora, walking behind, smiled once as a yamant breeze lifted the green hat from Ben's head to land him a merry chase before he recovered it and once more placed it on his head. "What possessed Ben to do it?" whispered Dora, her eyes brimming with mirth. "You know Willie Perkins?" asked Timothy, by way of reply. Dora nodded scornfully. "I detest him and I believe Flora does, too."

don't see why she permits his attentions unless it is because she is too soft hearted to turn him away. Do you know he is going to sing tonight at the show?" "I didn't know it. Ben bought those things from him in Bloomers, and he told Ben it was a 'color scheme.' If he knew we were going to the show tonight I'd say he did it on purpose." "He did know we were going. So he's the one who rigged Ben up like a minstrel, is he?" Dora was indignant. "New way to foil your rival, you know," said Timothy dryly. Ben Marshall's brilliant attire attracted more attention than that modest young man desired, and before they entered the darkened interior of the picture show he was wishing he had never attempted to make himself more attractive in the eyes of the girl he loved. "I'm too blamed homely to play tricks with myself," he thought moodily. "I expect Flora thinks I'm pretty mean to make myself and the rest of 'em so conspicuous. When I get home I guess I'll make one better!" The reels passed before their eyes, revealing one picture after another, weaving romance and tragedy until the last scene vanished. The pianist paused for breath and then broke into a soft prelude, a colored sheet of music was thrown on the screen and William Perkins appeared upon the stage. If Ben Marshall was a color scheme in his orange and green tints, Mr. Perkins was a symphony in lavender and gray. For an instant the spot light held him in its white circle and displayed a perfectly fitting gray suit, a pale lavender shirt with a scarf of violet silk. A lavender silk handkerchief protruded from his upper coat pocket, and his low cut shoes displayed silk hosiery of the same delicate hue. Mr. Perkins might not have been so appropriately dressed for the occasion, but certainly the effect was most pleasing to the young women of the audience. Mr. Perkins sang a love song illustrated with sentimental pictures, and he rolled his light eyes at Flora Mills and shook his dark locks of hair and exercised the tremors of his voice in the tender passages. Flora looked at the pictures, a scornful smile curving her lips. Poor Ben thought she was comparing his outlandish garments with the sartorial glories of the singer and was very miserable. Willie Perkins had the same idea and was equally happy. Another picture show flashed upon the screen, and the little group of four were startled into great attention. There upon the screen was a Tyrolean peasant with the duplicate of Ben Marshall's foolish green hat. Then the page turned, the piano rippled and was still, and then burst forth a startling wailing song from the triumphant lips of Willie Perkins. Poor Ben crushed his green hat under the seat and stared miserably at the pictures on the screen. Flora sat beside him, very straight and cool, and beyond her were Dora and Timothy, indignant and uncomfortable. Surely Willie Perkins had spared no pains to present his rival in a foolish aspect before his sweetheart. Poor Ben's interest in the show was entirely gone. His whole mind was occupied with every bitter thought against his rival, who had rigged him out in such an outlandish color scheme merely to be a foil to his own exquisite selection. He was thankful when the entertainment came to a close. The four were very silent on the homeward way. The night was warm, and a full moon silvered the river. As they left the ferryboat Ben tucked Flora's hand under his arm and was rejoiced that she did not resist his boldness. In the shadow of a drooping tree he stopped for an instant. "Flora," he choked, "you must think I'm an awful fool to rig myself up like this. And I don't suppose you'll marry me, Flora?" This last question popped from Ben's agitated throat with a stinging suddenness and was promptly answered by Flora's close to him, that her hand was not withdrawn. That his pressure was returned by her fingers and her face was temptingly near his own. So he had his answer, and Flora told him that she knew why he had arrayed himself in such gorgeous plumage, and he kissed her again. When they reached home they found Timothy and Dora just cementing their betrothal in the approved manner, and for a moment the congratulations were confused and happy. At last Dora laughed merrily. "I suppose we can thank that color schemer, Willie Perkins, for this." She swept the porch with a little gesture. Ben Marshall tossed his green hat in the air with an exultant whoop. "Flora, I'm going to keep this hat forever," he said. "If you don't I shall," said Flora calmly. It was only a few weeks later that the engagement of the two sisters was announced. Then it was that Willie Perkins discovered that his "color scheme," so nicely planned for his rival, had not worked to his own advantage. Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Dr. G. Stenge, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "Over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedies was sent me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

A Real Lottery of Marriage
By MARY T. BRYCE
I grew up with a full realization of the great risks attending marriage. I wished that a husband might be selected for me, as marriages are made in foreign countries, especially among princes. If, however, I had left the matter to my parents both of them would have died leaving me an old maid. And being an old maid was a horror to me. I wished to be a wife, the mother of children, the feminine head of a home. My trouble was to make a selection of the man to be the masculine head. This may sound absurd, but the truth is there were several men who had proposed to me. They were all good men, but I dared not risk matrimony with any of them. "I know what the matter with you," said my friend, Mrs. Seamon. "You have never met a man of your own caliber—one who, the moment you saw him, you would wish to possess." "It wouldn't make any difference," I replied. "I would not marry him. The only way for me to marry is to not know who the bridegroom is to be and be married in the dark. Once tied I would have to get used to it, I suppose." "I am not sure but you are right. I know such a man as I have described to you. You might be married to him just as you say, in the dark without ever having seen him. He has never seen you and was only yesterday making the same plight you have made." To make a long story short, I became engaged to John Chesborough, knowing only his name and what Mrs. Seamon had said about him. We were to be married in a dark room with not a ray of light in it. As soon as the knot was tied the lights (electric) were to be all turned on at once, and after a few moments' conversation we and a few relatives who would be present were to adjourn to another room and partake of a wedding breakfast. Then we were to part, not to come together again until mutually agreed. It might be a month, a year or never. Had I been about to marry a man I knew and was to live with him from the day of our marriage I should have during the engagement been on the border of nervous collapse, especially on standing up to be married. As it was, it seemed to me that I was waiting to make a trip or sign a deed to a piece of property or something like that. And when I went into that dark room and my father led me to the spot where I was to be married I was perfectly indifferent as to what I was about to do. Perhaps this does not correctly express my feelings. I felt a pleasure akin to gambling. I was like one who expects to draw a prize or a prize! How I did hope I would draw a prize! And, if I should draw a blank, what then? Simply this: If I didn't fancy him I would not live with him. The advantage in the plan was that there was something stout enough to bind us together till we might begin a wedding process. Having been put in position, the ceremony began the services. At that part where he placed my hand in that of the groom I knew that I should like him. How? There is something in the clasp of a hand that draws us to another or repels us. I felt that the hand clasping mine was a hand of vigor and tenderness combined, and the moment I clasped it I felt a current passing through it and up my arm, distributing itself through my being. From that moment I was so absorbed that I forgot to make the responses, and the clergyman was obliged to wait till I had done so before proceeding. When the end came and I heard the words "man and wife" pronounced I was in a delirium of anxiety. For the first time I dreaded disappointment, but I had no time to indulge my emotions. In an instant every light was turned on at once. I turned and looked up into a handsome, manly, kindly face that looked down upon mine with an encouraging smile. A clapping of hands sounded in my ears, but since my whole being was engrossed in what I believed to be a prize I had drawn in the lottery of marriage it seemed to me in some faraway theater. My husband offered me his arm, and we led the little procession of attendants to the adjoining room, where the breakfast was served. It had been agreed that there should be no congratulations, since they might be painful. But we were no sooner seated at the table than some one proposed a toast to "the first and second prize, the former drawn by the groom, the latter by the bride." I tried not to show my relief and happiness, but in spite of all my efforts a continual smile hovered on my lips and a blush burned in my cheek at every happy word spoken to me. Our breakfast lasted till early afternoon, when one by one the others withdrew and presently we found ourselves alone. My husband rose. "The contract, I believe," he said, "calls for a parting immediately after the breakfast." "Immediately?" I said, looking I know not where to avoid his gaze. "I leave you to name the exact time." "Then let it be later. We will wait while in the drawing room." The out part of the contract that was not carried out was the parting. I do not recommend the plan of my marriage to others, but for me it was an instantaneous and, I may say, a lifelong success. Cautious. Jeweler—Shall I mark the ring "From George to Grace?" Engaged Young Man—No; I guess you had better make it "From G. to G." You see, Gertrude is the name of my second choice.—Washington Star. Causes of Stomach Troubles. Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercises, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, overeating, overdrinking, partaking of spicy and indigestible food, your age and condition. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

JINX IS DISCOVERED IN GERMAN'S CLOCK
Struck Thirteen on Friday and Brought Much Bad Luck.
Amite City, La.—George Zollenburg returned to his home near this city after another ineffectual attempt to have the jinx taken out of his grand father's clock. The ancient timepiece is to blame for a long train of misfortunes that started Friday, June 13, 1913. The following details have been supplied by Mr. Zollenburg: The clock was brought to this country by Mr. Zollenburg from the fatherland. The old time mill had never missed a tick or let a second slip by unrecorded until noon on that fatal Friday. While waiting for dinner Zollenburg was surprised and alarmed to hear the old heirloom strike thirteen times for noon. "You'd better take that to some clock mender in Hammond," said the watch fixer, and he put his hand behind him as though the old timepiece were hot. Zollenburg took the clock to Hammond and, not wishing to have it fixed under false pretenses, told the jeweler there about its having struck thirteen. Neither of the Hammond clocksmiths would touch the hoodoo with a looking pole. Since then Zollenburg has taken the clock to every expert near here, only to have the clock declined. That is not all. Here are a few of the things that have happened since, for which he blames the clock: His rich mother-in-law departed this life back in Germany without leaving him a red penny. He visited her the one that walks with a limp deserted her nest after sitting patiently for two and a half weeks, an thirteen—there it is again—thoroughbred Cochon china eggs. His hired girl eloped with his best stable hand. Twelve kittens fell in a well near his home and were drowned. His brittle cow, Bosie gave birth to triplets, all of which were black as coal dust and mules. FOR CELEBRATION. American Committee Will Erect United States Canadian Memorial Arch. Duluth, Minn.—The American committee in charge of the celebration of 50 years of peace between English speaking peoples is planning a United States-Canada memorial arch or bridge as a feature of the event. The bridge will be located at the point where the Duluth and St. Vincent road will join the road to Winnipeg. It will be so placed as to command the junction of both roads with a road leading through North Dakota and South Dakota. A great lakes demonstration, participated in by ships of the United States and Canada also is planned. The Best Medicine in the World. My little girl had diphtheria very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her. I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world. writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clara, Mich. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement. MEN OF LITTLE WIT. Eight men who deserve to be slapped on the face—he who despises a man of power, he who enters a house uninvited and unwelcome, he who gives orders in a house not his own, he who takes a seat above his position, he who speaks to one who does not listen to him, he who intrudes on the conversation of others, he who seeks favors from the ungenerous and he who expects love from his enemies.—From the Persian. A Good Investment. W. D. Magill, well known merchant of Whitewater, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicines so as to be able 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.—Advertisement. OPENING HIS HAND. William Penn was once urging a man to stop drinking to excess when the man asked, "Can you tell me an easy way to do it?" "Yes," Penn replied, "It is as easy as to open thy hand." "Convince me of that," the man said, "and on my honor I will do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," Penn answered, "whenever thou finds a glass of liquor in thy hand open that hand before the glass touches thy lips and they will never drink to excess again." MISFORTUNES. Fortune misfortunes that thou mayest strive to prevent them, but whenever they happen bear them with magnanimity.—Zoroaster. Youthful High Finance. "Say, mother, give me a dime for the slot machine." "Go away! Those slot machines are often no good." "This one is. I've tried it with a button."—Mogendorfer Blatter. His Literary Bent. "Father, when I leave school I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money." "Humph! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you've done since you've been at school." Consoling. "Porter, I've lost my luggage." "Imph! Then you'll no be needin' a porter."—London Opinion.

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