

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, October 17, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Heavy snow fall in the Sumpter district has caused delays to railroad traffic and telegraph and telephone lines have been hampered.

Mrs. Sarah A. Evans was re-elected president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at the convention at Hood River.

Since the establishment of the state automobile registration department, in 1911, Multnomah county has paid in more than \$26,000 in fees.

Owing to effective forest patrol Lin county passed through the summer without a single destructive forest fire.

Three carloads of horses have been bought in upper Malheur section by the government for use in the war department.

Glendale and Sutherlin will not vote on local option issues November 4 because of technicalities in the petitions.

Governor West had no right to incur debt in carrying on vice crusade work, and the emergency board had no authority to declare legal such action, according to the attorney-general.

L. D. Westfall of Tualatin won the handsome loving cup offered by the Great Northern railroad for the best agricultural exhibit at the state fair at Salem.

More than 30,000 head of sheep will leave Bend for Chicago stock yards, this probably being the largest single shipment of mutton ever made from Oregon.

Eugene was chosen as the next place of meeting at the closing session of the annual convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Hood River.

High school officials of Coquille have placed a ban on pupils attending picture shows, parties, dances, etc., on any night in the week except on Friday and Saturday.

George Temple, aged 12, a Chemawa student, shot Watchman George Staniff. The latter hit the boy on the head with the former's weapon. Both may die.

The Noti tunnel on the Eugene-Coos Bay railroad is nearly ready for the rails. Trains may be run from Eugene to Mapleton within the next 90 days.

School fund loans in Oregon aggregating \$100,000 may be forfeited unless the notes are renewed or foreclosure suits are brought, says Governor West.

Representative Humphrey of Washington may visit some of the more important river and harbor projects in Oregon if Representative Hawley finds he can't make the trip.

The C. A. Smith lumber company has been asked by Governor West of Oregon to defend its title to 10,000 acres of land which, it is intimated, has been obtained by use of dummy school land selections.

Guy M. Lindsay, former cashier of the Citizens National bank of Baker City, was freed of the charge of misappropriating funds, because of the government's failure to produce any damaging evidence against him.

George H. George, president of the Astoria National bank, vice president, secretary and treasurer of the Columbia River Packers' association and one of the foremost citizens of Oregon, died at his home in Astoria.

That the national forest, which recently was opened to homesteading of available agricultural lands, is on the brink of an era of development is the opinion of J. Roy Harvey, newly appointed supervisor.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has informed Senator Chamberlain that in sufficient room on the battleship Oregon will prevent Oregon guardsmen from accompanying the ship through the Panama canal, as an escort.

Suit has been filed by the attorney general of Oregon against the governor, secretary of state and treasurer, for recovery of \$14,000 said to have been unlawfully spent out of the penitentiary revolving fund.

Senator Chamberlain has been told by the state department that the proposed legislation by Chile has been changed to make the lumber duty 70 per cent ad valorem, an increase of 50 per cent. Instead of 215 per cent as intended.

Governor West intends to put the payment of expense of grand jury investigation of I. W. W. deportation in Coos county up to A. H. Powers, of the Smith-Powers Logging company. Powers is blamed for instigating the deportation.

Very largely through the efforts of Representative Sinnott, the director of the geological survey has recommended to the secretary of the interior designation under the enlarged homestead act of sections 7, 8, 14, 23, to 26, township 36 south, range 16 east; sections 1, 2, 11 to 14, 23 to 26, 35, 36, township 27, range 16 east, Lake county, near Fort Rock.

Governor West has appointed a committee to devise a plan for an improved system of forest taxation. The governor also will urge the committee to formulate a plan to encourage reforestation and the settlement of logged-off lands and to make recommendations to the next legislature.

How It Was Answered

The Prayer of a Lonely Woman

By LILLIAN WARTZ

Mrs. Tompkins, rocking in the shade of her vine wreathed porch, peered down the short length of the street. "An automobile in front of Pike's," she murmured bitterly. "I expect it's her brother-in-law from Marlin. He's in the business. I declare it ain't right, it ain't fair!" Her black eyes snapped angrily as she drew back and piled her crochet needles.

"Honk, honk!" sounded defiantly, and a small motorcar turned into Willow street and stopped in front of Mrs. Tompkins' house.

She arose, and an expectant light came into her eyes. Was it possible that she was to have "automobile company" at last? Thus far she was the only resident on the street who could not boast an acquaintance who owned a motorcar.

As she reached the head of the steps a bearded and beggared head was thrust from under the top, and a man asked quickly:

"Does Mrs. Mills live here?"

Amelia Tompkins drew herself up stiffly.

"Next house," she said grimly, and a dull flush reddened her cheeks as she went back to her chair.

"You might have known it was for me," tossed Susie Mills across the space that separated the two houses as she came around from the side door to greet her visitor.

Amelia Tompkins made no reply as she rolled up a length of crocheted lace and tucked it in her workbasket. Her lips were set grimly as she gathered



HE WAS LEANING EAGERLY FORWARD NOW.

up workbasket and the weekly newspaper and went into the house, carefully latching the screen door behind her.

Her movements were very deliberate. She went through the house and set the teakettle on the stove; then she went upstairs to her bedroom and locked the door. After that she knelt down beside her bed and prayed with real anguish of soul.

Her neighbors in Willow street might have been horrified if they had heard the prayer of Amelia Tompkins. Undoubtedly they would have called her worldly, for she prayed earnestly that the Lord would send her "automobile company."

There were six houses in Willow street, and the only house that knew no automobile company was the white cottage of Amelia Tompkins. It stood at the end of the little blind street and faced all the others, three on a side.

Not one of Amelia's kind hearted neighbors realized how the lonely widow longed for the flash of big lamps before her gate on a summer evening and the gay summons of a motor horn. So many times had she run to door or window at the sound and only to see the much desired vehicle pause at the gate of one or another of her more fortunate neighbors.

She was glad when night closed down and she could retire to her room, undisturbed by honkings or brilliant flashes of lanterns.

One might say that Amelia Tompkins was foolish, but who can blame her? She was one of a small community. Willow street was a little settlement by itself. Everybody owned his own home, and all attended the same church. Beyond Willow street the city went its own way. To the Willow Tompkins Willow street was life.

And life was very dull without automobile company.

One morning she stood on the front porch watering her hanging baskets. Amelia was fond of flowers, and her little place was a perfect bower of beauty.

"You're looking kinder peaked, Amelia," called Susie Mills, whipping

around the corner of the house, very late in her green veil and brown duster. "What you need is a good spin into the country."

Amelia's pale cheeks flushed, and she looked really pretty. She had a certain plump prettiness that had been much admired when she was a girl. Since her husband had died Amelia had clung tenaciously to black and white gowns, which were not at all becoming. Wearing the right sort of clothes, Amelia would have regained much of her youthful prettiness. She was lonely, and she was sad, and she seldom found cause to smile, which is very sad when one is only forty-five and a comely widow.

"A little spin in the country is what you need, Amelia," repeated Susie, hanging over the gate expectantly. "I s'pose that's what you're going to take," said Amelia, with what grace she could muster.

"Oh, yes! Fred's going over to Winslow and said he would take me along."

"In the yeast wagon?" flew off the end of Amelia's tongue.

Mrs. Mills turned sharply. "Yeast automobile is better than walking," she said loftily.

Amelia agitatedly snipped off an unoffending lobelia blossom.

"It's too hot even to walk," she retorted. "I'm going to have a car myself," she said impulsively.

"Humph!" sniffed Susie Mills. "I guess it's coming soon," she added sarcastically.

There came a honk from the end of the street, and a large motorcar turned from the avenue into Willow street and came unerringly up to the little white cottage. As it wheeled about and came puffing to a standstill the solitary occupant stepped to the ground and shook out his long linen duster.

Susie Mills was agog. "You looking for me?" she chirruped.

"I'm Mrs. Mills," she said pleasantly. "I am looking for Mrs. Tompkins," he informed her, his hand on Amelia's front gate.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Mills enviously, and she was enraged because the yeast car came noisily up the street just then and bore her away. She could not see the meeting between Amelia Tompkins and the man in the beautiful car.

As for the other motor enthusiasts of Willow street every man, woman and child found imperative business near the respective front gates.

The stranger pushed open Mrs. Tompkins' front gate and in three long strides had reached the front porch. Amelia, outwardly calm, but inwardly exulting at this answer to prayer, came forward, tall and rather graceful and very attractive in the uncertain light.

"Mrs. Tompkins?" asked the man courteously.

"Yes," said Amelia. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." He placed a chair for Amelia and sat down on a hickory chair. He laid his motor cap beside him, and Amelia noted with a faint stirring of her pulses that his forehead was very nice and it was too bad that his cap had left a red crease there.

It was rather a familiar looking forehead. The way the brown hair was brushed up and back reminded her of some one. The memory was a painful one for Amelia, for it aroused the one grief of her girlhood. She wondered what this man wanted. To sell something, of course.

"I am afraid that you will think I am impertinent, Mrs. Tompkins," he said, rapping the edge of his cap against the seat and looking at her rather doubtfully, "but I couldn't help coming. I've been wanting to for some time—in fact, ever since—well, since you were free."

Amelia leaned back in the rocker and panted a little. She felt that something very unusual was about to happen in her quiet, uneventful life. Such things happened in books, but—she was speaking again. "It's twenty years since we met, Amelia. I don't wonder you're forgotten me," he blurted forth at last.

Forgotten him?

Amelia leaned forward, her heart in her blue eyes. Could any girl forget her first love? Could any woman forget the man who had loved and whom her parents had bade her cast off for another and more advantageous match? If such things could be forgotten then Amelia Tompkins could forget Ralph Blake.

"Oh!" she cried sharply. And after a few moments she cried again, "Oh, Ralph!"

He was leaning eagerly forward now, a good looking middle aged man with boyish eyes and a general air of prosperity that seemed out of place upon a man whose Amelia had known only as a shy country youth.

"Amelia, I've waited and waited, and I can't forget you," he said tensely. "I will take some time for you to pick up the threads after all these years of separation, but I've never changed. I feel just the same as I did that night when—I told you!" he ended in a whisper.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, with a shaking voice, and so the intervening years vanished with the warm breath of true love, and their hands met and severed their patient lips.

So "automobile company" came to Amelia Tompkins in a strange way. It came in direct answer to prayer, so Amelia firmly believed, and while Ralph Blake is in the automobile business and owns many cars, somehow, for Amelia, automobile company has resolved itself into one meaning.

That is the daily homecoming of Amelia's husband.

And I may add that the Blakes are generous, and all of Willow street revels in countless automobile excursions.

EFFORT.

Nothing can be accomplished in the work of this life without effort. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort, and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible.—Samuel Smiles.

HOW HE GOT LIZ

By G. B. MARTIN

When I was a young fellow just getting old enough to make up to the girls all the boys used to laugh at me for a fat. I don't think myself that it was because I was so awfully stupid, but I was dreadful homely. That was what put me at a disadvantage. My eyes and my hair were a different color, and I was kind of rawboned. All I was good for above the other boys was that I could lick any of 'em. But when it came to sprucing up for a dance I hadn't a ghost of a show alongside the worst looking fellow in the lot.

My old mother told me once: "Eljah, if you want to win a woman's favor do something for her. Let her see that you think kindly of her. Your father wasn't a 'good looking' man when I married him, just a rawboned farmer's boy, and I took him in preference to the best looking fellow in the town because he used to come round when he hadn't nothing to do and churn and milk for me. When I saw him churn or milk or set on a stool milking to save my work I forgot his red hair and his freckles and his big knees and elbows and set my heart right on to him."

I didn't forget what mother said, and when Liz Bunker came to take the school and I thought she was the prettiest thing of womankind I'd ever seen and wanted her mighty bad I made up my mind I'd try to make her forget my ugliness somehow like father did. But what made mother forget his? I couldn't do it. Liz didn't churn or milk cows. She taught youngsters reading, writing and arithmetic. I couldn't spell with her, and I couldn't go to her school and say, "See here, Liz, you just go out and sprawl yourself on the grass and I'll teach 'em for you." I couldn't say that 'cause I didn't know enough.

One day after school I met Liz coming home, and she was crying. "Why, Liz," I asked, "what's crying for?"

"Oh, don't bother me." "I wish you'd tell me." "I wish you'd tell me." "I can't make 'em behave by being kind to 'em, and I'm not strong enough to whip 'em."

"How old are the children that make the disturbance?" "Children! They ain't children. Ben Hooker's twenty and strong as an ox; John Wilkins is nearer twenty-one; then there's Ollie Smith—be's eighteen and can whip either of the other two."

I remembered what mother'd said, but I didn't let on about it to Liz. I said to her, says I:

"I didn't know you'd such old men into your school. If I had I'd 'a' been a scholar myself. I ain't got no education, and I want some. Will you take me into your school?"

"Liz said she would. So the next day I went round. I set on a bench with an arithmetic before me, and while I was a studyin' I kept an eye on them big fellows, waitin' for 'em to do some of their tricks. Pretty soon Ollie Smith, there, a spitball across the eye. I school at him. Liz was in the eye. I said by Liz's expression that she dreaded what was comin', but I didn't say nothin'.

She reproved Ollie gentle-like, and he sent another ball at Ben Hooker. Ben throw'd it back. John Wilkins threw a book at Ben, and there was a racket on sure 'nuff.

"Miss Bunker," says I, "which one o' these boys would you like to see made to behave best?"

"Any one on 'em," she said, her voice trembling.

"I think," I said, "you'd better give 'em a lesson. A lesson in good behavior might break some o' the school furniture."

"School dismissed," said Liz. We all went out on to the grass plot in front of the schoolhouse, and I told Ollie that his lesson would come first; that I proposed to give separate lessons and if any one not gittin' every bone in his body some time, even if I didn't do it then. I think this kept 'em off guard, what followed. Any way, so one of 'em interfered to help the other. I soon laid Ollie on the grass, and I pummeled him till he was sore all over. Then I took John, who was the biggest of the three, but he wasn't fightin' for a party schoolteacher as I was, and at last I downed him with a blow that broke his jaw. Ben said he didn't want no lesson, so the instruction was over and school was in again with all the scholars present except John, who he was excused with a broken jaw, and he was excused when school was out I walked home.

When school was out I walked home. Liz was the most grateful girl you ever seen. She said I needed a good one more, 'cause she'd give me private lessons, but I went the next day to see the effect o' my instructions in deportment.

It was the quietest school you ever seen. John Wilkins never come back, and the other two o' my behavior and school as quiet as mice. After school I told 'em that if they needed any more lessons Miss Bunker would all send for me, but they'd learned it all at once, and Liz didn't have to send for me.

The private lessons wasn't much good to me for learnin', but they was for 'lovin'kind'. Liz would never have had such a feller as me if it hadn't been for the way I'd helped her out o' her trouble. After all, I got my wife on the same general principle that father got mother.

A Danger. Unfortunately a proud spirit is always in danger of being mistaken for a bad disposition.—Puck.

Chronic Dyspepsia. The following uncollected testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia. "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicines I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done more for me than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

EDWARD S. PLANK



Edward S. Plank, veteran pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, whose work was a feature in the world's baseball championship series.

Brief News of the Week

Springfield, Mo., defeated the proposed commission form of government charter.

Arguments in the government's anti-trust suit against the International Harvester company were scheduled to begin Monday in St. Paul.

The California railroad commission has ordered transportation lines to put in individual sanitary drinking cups which will sell to the public for 1 cent each.

Suffragettes in London interrupted services in the Westminster Abbey, with chants for suffragettes now in prison, when the clergy failed to mention the women in their prayers.

The concerted yells of 3000 fans at the Temple auditorium, Los Angeles, where they were watching the baseball score, split several pipes in the \$30,000 pipe organ.

Hereafter a motor and a policeman must stand guard with a watchful eye in every public dance hall in Boston to see that the tango, turkey trot and other dances of a similar character are not attempted.

Strong opposition to abatement of the severity of examinations at the West Point military academy is voiced by the superintendent, Colonel Townsley, in his annual report.

Commissioner of Mediation Stewart, of the federal department of labor, will recommend forthwith a congressional investigation of the strike of Colorado coal miners.

The Western Fuel cases, in which are involved many officers and employees of the Western Fuel company, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government through manipulating weights, came up for trial Monday in the United States district court at San Francisco.

The British government has decided to establish an opium monopoly in Hongkong at the expiration of the present agreement and it is thought that with the control of the traffic in the hands of the government its gradual suppression will be easier.

People in the News

Adolphus Busch, multi-millionaire St. Louis brewer, died in Germany, aged 76.

Prince Taro Katsura, ex-premier of Japan and a close friend of the emperor, died after an extended illness.

Yuan Shi Kai has been elected president of China by the two houses of the republican parliament. He will rule five years. Twenty candidates were nominated.

James M. Sullivan, American minister to the Dominican republic, has induced the warring factions in that country to sign a peace pact.

According to information brought to Victoria by a Japanese liner, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, organizer of the Chinese revolution of 1911, has not left Japan, but is in hiding at the island empire.

Failure of Governor Johnson of California to name a new medical board is keeping 500 young physicians from getting licenses to practice.

Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, the famous militant suffragette leader, sailed from Havre for the United States aboard the liner La Provence.

It is rumored that the widow of Mayor Gaynor will seek to have the will of her late husband overruled on the grounds that sufficient funds for her maintenance have not been provided.

Mrs. Jennie May Eaton was placed on trial at Plymouth, Mass., Monday, on an indictment charging her with the murder of her husband, Read Admirel Joseph G. Eaton, U. S. N., retired.

The petition to have Lola Norris and Marsha Warrington, who eloped to Reno with Diggs and Cammett, declared dependents, was denied by Judge Shields on the recommendation of the probation committee.

Problem of the Two Jacks.

Here's a Judge Crutfield story from Richmond:

"Two fellows charged with gambling said in defending themselves that they were not gambling, but merely playing with the deck, seeing if they could get two jacks out at the same time."

"Crutfield looked them over carefully and said slowly: 'I will give you six months, and you twelve months. Now, see if you two jacks get out at the same time.'—New York Telegraph.

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