

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....June 19, 1914

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C. L. IRELAND.....Manager.

Send for advertising rates.

If you do not read The Observer, why not?

We would like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for \$2.50; one year \$1.50; 12¢ a month isn't much. Try it. Order by postal card, and pay for it when you can.

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify as of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

Church and Society notices FREE, except when for money making purposes. Such notices at regular rates at the option of the publishers.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year 12¢ cents per month.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

In order to stimulate interest among stock breeders in Oregon, the Oregon exposition commission announces that \$10,000 will be set aside as prizes for the best stock from this state exhibited at San Francisco next year. This will be in addition to the \$175,000 which will be offered as livestock prizes by the authorities of the exposition.

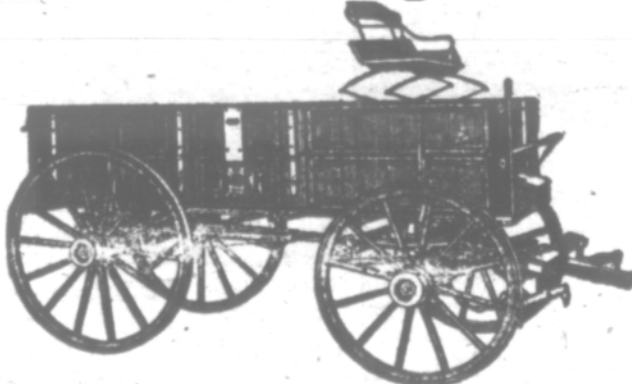
The end of the construction period of the Panama Pacific international exposition is shown to be near by the fact that the period for the installation of exhibits has begun. The first exhibit was placed in the palace of machinery on May 27th, with appropriate ceremony. The exhibit was from the Diesel engine works and the cost of installing the exhibit was more than \$700,000.

A branch of the United States customs service is being placed on the grounds of the Panama Pacific international exposition. Special arrangements have been made to exempt from duty all exhibits to be returned to the original shipping point. Exhibits which will be sold after the exposition or during the period will be forced to meet the usual tariffs.

Send Crosfield your order for link chain belting, cylinder teeth, for the Holt and Best.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. **HALL'S Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

International Harvester Farm Wagons



The IHC Line
GRAIN AND HAY
MACHINES
TRACTORS
CORN CRUSHERS
PULVERIZERS
DISC HARROWS
CUTTING MACHINES
WAGON TRAILERS
WAGON COVERS
WAGON TIRES
WAGON BOLTS
WAGON NUTS
WAGON WHEELS
WAGON AXLES
WAGON SPRINGS
WAGON SHOCKS
WAGON BUSHES
WAGON U-BOLTS
WAGON CHAINS
WAGON CARRIAGES
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WAGON SUPPLIES
WAGON ACCESSORIES
WAGON REPAIRS
WAGON MAINTENANCE
WAGON OVERHAULS
WAGON REBUILDINGS
WAGON RESTORATIONS
WAGON MODIFICATIONS
WAGON UPGRADES
WAGON ENHANCEMENTS
WAGON IMPROVEMENTS
WAGON OPTIMIZATIONS
WAGON MAXIMIZATIONS
WAGON EFFICIENCY
WAGON PRODUCTIVITY
WAGON DURABILITY
WAGON RELIABILITY
WAGON SAFETY
WAGON COMFORT
WAGON CONVENIENCE
WAGON VERSATILITY
WAGON ADAPTABILITY
WAGON FLEXIBILITY
WAGON SCALABILITY
WAGON SUSTAINABILITY
WAGON RESILIENCE
WAGON ROBUSTNESS
WAGON STURDINESS
WAGON STRENGTH
WAGON ENDURANCE
WAGON LONGEVITY
WAGON PERFORMANCE
WAGON EFFICIENCY
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WAGON RESILIENCE
WAGON ROBUSTNESS
WAGON STURDINESS
WAGON STRENGTH
WAGON ENDURANCE
WAGON LONGEVITY
WAGON PERFORMANCE

FOR many years the Weber wagon has been accepted as the standard of wagon value everywhere. No model of the Weber wagon was ever so good as the 1914 model now on the market. The Columbus wagon this year is the equal of the Weber wagon in every way; where quality and features are concerned, the Weber and Columbus wagons are twins. One good feature common to both is the International fifth wheel, making these **The Only Fifth Wheel Farm Wagons on the Market**. The International fifth wheel prevents the pulling up or pitching of the boiler, and therefore does away forever with bent broken king pins and circle irons. This one feature is worth a trip to town. Go to the IHC local dealer who handles Weber or Columbus wagons and ask him to show you the fifth wheel on these wagons. If you don't know who handles them, write to us and we will tell you where you may see them.

International Harvester Company of America
Portland, Ore.
Champion Dearing McCracken Milwaukee Columbia Plans

District School Meeting.

The annual school meeting held at the school house Monday of this week contained some thing resembling fire works that was not expected by any one in attendance.

The meeting was at all times harmonious; the clerks annual report was read, showing cash on hand \$2,558.18 with warrants outstanding of \$1400 and bonds of \$4000 and accrued interest of \$343. The report also showed there were 250 voters in the district, a total of a hundred more than last year, and also 145 pupils. The report also told that it cost \$5000 a school year of nine months to maintain an efficient school.

The unexpected began to happen when W. H. Ragsdale wanted it understood that he did not want a reelection as director and wanted some one else elected as his successor. This was followed by the nomination of W. C. Bryant and Mrs. Julia Hansen for the three year term as director.

Mr. Bryant was absent and Mrs. Hansen tried to decline the nomination, but L. Barnum rose to the occasion by tendering his resignation so that both could serve on the board; he said that the best interests of the school would be served in that manner as both understood school work.

After the speech making and linguistic bouquets the election of W. C. Bryant as director to succeed W. H. Ragsdale; the acceptance of the resignation of L. Barnum and the election of Mrs. Julia Hansen to fill the vacancy proceeded in proper order. Then F. A. Sayers decided that he did not care to serve longer as a director and his resignation was laid before the meeting; there was quite a discussion as to the acceptance of the resignation and the probability of the action being misunderstood. Finally 5 voted to accept, 4 not to accept, and 6 not voting; 15 being total attending.

J. M. Parry was reelected clerk

Meeting of Farmers Union.

At the last regular meeting of the local farmers union it was voted that the proposition of having wheat warehouses to be maintained by the union at both Moro and Demos during the coming season, be referred to a committee with power to act.

Voted to accept the invitation of the Wasco union to meet with them at Wasco Saturday afternoon June 27th.

Voted to have the wheat sacks under option of purchase be ordered to arrive by July 1st and that all members interested be ready to take care of their part of the deal not later than the meeting at Wasco.

Voted that only members in good standing with dues fully paid be permitted to participate in the financial benefits accruing by the activities of the union.

Voted that the secretary be instructed to draw a warrant for \$25 payable to the Grass Valley union in accordance with report of committee.

Other matters of special importance to the members were discussed and action taken.

The New Automobile

Its Demonstration Trip Was an Eventful One

By F. A. MITCHEL

I was shopping and had been looking at some laces. Leaving the store, I went out on to the sidewalk, intending to go home, but it was such a bright spring morning that I was loath to do so. Beside the curb stood a new spick and span automobile, the sun glistening on it and the cushions looking so comfortable that I wished I might have a spin in it. My husband was at the time trying automobiles with a view to buying a new one, and I wished he would select one exactly like the car before me. While I was coveting it Charlie Forsyth came along and after greeting me joined me in admiring the machine.

"I'd like a spin this morning," I said to him. "I haven't been for a week. Our chauffeur has been laid up, and I'm afraid to go out into the



"I DON'T OWN THIS CAR. ISN'T IT YOURS?" country alone, for if my machine should break down I wouldn't know what to do.

"I'll take you out," he said. "Get in." I knew that Charlie was fond of motoring, but was surprised that the car should be his. However, he owned several cars, and I expressed no surprise. The truth is I was thinking that I should decline his invitation, but my husband was not at all jealous and permitted me to accept any attentions I saw fit. But I was quite sure that if he would be displeased at my motoring with any one that person was Charlie Forsyth. This was what occupied my mind as I stepped into the car.

"Only a short ride," I said. "Tom said he might be at home at noon to-day with a new car he is trying and take me out with him after luncheon."

"Just as long or as short as you like," he replied. I knew Charlie to be a fine driver, and I was therefore surprised that he had some difficulty in getting under way, but I supposed that, his machine being a new one, he had not yet become familiar with the crowd of vehicles that frequented that part of the city, and it was not long before we were moving on a country road regardless of the speed limit. We had been out about half an hour when I asked Charlie how long he had owned the auto.

"Owned what auto?" "Why, this one." "This one? I don't own this car. Isn't it yours?" "Mine! No. I never saw it before today."

"Well, I'll be jingled! We've stolen an auto." "I began to laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," he added. "The owner can make a lot of trouble for us if he likes."

"I wonder who the owner is?" "I don't know, but I do know that I'm going to take it back from where I got it as soon as possible. I only hope—no, that cannot be expected—the fellow has been detained so that we can get it back before he misses it."

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Turn around and go back as fast as you can!"

"It would be better to return by another road. We'll strike a crossroad presently. I'll take it and run a mile or so reach an asphalt paved way that will take us back to the city."

We kept on, but in a few minutes I heard an ominous buzzing behind. I turned and saw an auto coming like the wind.

"My goodness gracious!" I cried. "Suppose it should be the owner of the car coming for us!" "Quite likely it is," said Charlie grimly.

I can understand the temptation of persons running autos when they knock down or run over some one to try to get out of the scrape by flight. The impulse to make a race for concealment is very strong. The almost certainty of final detection is lost sight of. This is the way I felt, and I fancy Charlie was tempted in like manner.

But he never said a word, not did I. I knew by the spitting of the machine as he turned on more power and opened a valve to let out gas that he was going to run for it.

But both Charlie and I were fools not to turn about and, if we met the owner of the car we had taken, explain the mistake and throw ourselves on his mercy. As I have said, it was that desire inborn in humanity, and in the brute creation for that matter, for the excitement of a race.

"Don't look back," said Charlie. "I knew by this that my doing so would indicate that we were trying to

Boosters Club Entertained.

Miss Georgia Fuller entertained the Boosters Club of Monkland and Hay Canyon at her home the evening of Friday, June 12. The business meeting of the club was held on the veranda which was beautifully decorated with crepe paper and lighted with a number of fancy Japanese lanterns. After the business session an interesting program was given by members of the club, followed with games.

At eleven o'clock refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served by the Misses Vinita Hinkle, Alta Hastings, Georgia Fuller and Messrs. Del Benson, Dewey Thompson, Carl Tomlin.

Among the visitors present were A.M. Wright and wife, T.S. Reese and wife, John Hasting and wife, Grant Morgan and wife, Claud Thompson and wife.

Including visitors, there was an attendance of fifty, all reporting an evening well spent and a thorough good time.

Suit Sustained by Supreme Court.

The decision of the Marion county circuit court, in the suit for criminal libel brought by the Benedictine Sisters of Mt. Angel, Ore against J. E. Hosmer, editor of the Silverton Journal, was sustained this week by the supreme court. The supreme court opinion was written by Judge Chas. L. McNary and concurred in by Chief Justice McBride and his associates, confirming the unanimous verdict of the jury which found J. E. Hosmer guilty of criminal libel. The Benedictine Sisters of Mt. Angel are entirely vindicated and Hosmer must pay his fine or go to jail.

Sherman County Realty Transfers.
Dating to June 13, 1914

Oliver J. Bales to Victor H. Smith; sw 1/4 sec 14, se 1/4 sec 15, ne 1/4 sec 22, all in tp 1n r17e wm, consideration \$4,400.

L. V. Moore and wife to G. W. Hansell; lots 6 and 7 block 13 in city of Moro, consideration \$800.

John H. Biggs to C. T. Yocum; lots 3 and 4 block 3 in Biggs first addition to city of Wasco, \$100.

escape by flight, whereas if we paid no attention to those behind us it would appear that we were simply going at high speed. But despite the caution I could not help turning my head. I could not see who was in the car behind us on account of the dust, and by other evidences of a breakneck speed I had little doubt that the driver was trying to catch us.

"I think they're gaining just a little," I said.

Tom pushed the speed gauge a trifle farther on—not to the limit, for we were already going at a tremendous gait. The telegraph poles flew like the spokes of a revolving wheel. Fortunately the road was good, but Charlie dare not turn when we reached the crossroad without slowing down, and this he did not wish to do. So we looked it like a cannon ball.

Looking ahead, I saw what looked like a road turn and as far as possible on the side. When we reached one of them the astonished face of the driver flashed upon me and vanished.

Looking back, I saw that we had gained on our pursuers. They were still under full speed, but they surely could not have an eight going a machine as ours. But at this moment something underneath our car began to rattle. Charlie instinctively moved back the speed gauge.

"I'm afraid we're beaten," he said. "Oh, go ahead!" I cried. "Take the chances."

"If anything should break while going at this speed we'd be mashed into pulp."

Possibly, added to this view of the case, Charlie had had time to consider the folly of our course. The rattling continued, and he took off more power. I looked back and saw that our pursuers were rapidly coming up with us. I think I would have renewed the pace if I had known we should be wrecked, but Charlie had got some recreation into him and kept reducing instead of putting on speed.

"When they come up," he said, "don't appear as if we had been trying to get away from them. Brazen it out. I'll declare, till otherwise convinced, that the machine is mine."

So we prepared ourselves for a bluff, and our pursuers, coming near, shouted to us to stop. Charlie obeyed, and the other car slowed down beside us. When I saw what it contained the heavens grew black, all about me whirled, and I sank back on the leather cushion.

I had been flying from my husband. I didn't quite faint away. I was sufficiently conscious to see on Tom's face the look of a man who had caught his wife running away with a rival. The first words I heard came from Charlie, and it was evident that he had not lost his presence of mind.

"Hello, Tom!" he said. "What are you doing out here at this time in the morning?"

Tom made no reply. He was too appalled to speak.

"I met your wife," Charlie continued. "In front of Waterman's store looking at this auto. I thought it was hers, and she thought it was mine. I proposed a spin, and it was only a few minutes ago that we discovered our mistake."

I saw a look of mingled relief and

doubt come over my husband's face. He seemed to wish to believe the story, but found it hard to swallow. Presently he said in a reserved tone:

"You are in a car I have been thinking of buying. I left it awhile ago before Waterman's, going in to buy a pair of driving gloves. When I came out the auto was gone. A policeman told me he saw a man and a woman get into it and drive off in this direction."

By this time I had recovered sufficiently to take my part in the conversation.

"We discovered our mistake," I said. "Just as we heard you coming for us. Not knowing who you were, but supposing you were the owner of the car we had taken, we thought we would race you for it. Flying from my own husband—ha, ha."

Tom didn't seem to think it funny a bit, the reason being plain. The idea that was uppermost in his head was that I was stooping with his rival. However, the fact that we had taken the automobile he had been using convinced him. If we had intended an elopement we should not have been likely to take that particular car. The fact of having been pursued by Tom began to strike Charlie as very ludicrous. The corners of his mouth began to quirk up.

Tom's smile broadened into a grin, and starting his auto—he had borrowed it for the pursuit—he left us to go where we pleased. We followed him home, and I invited Charlie into luncheon. We found Tom opening a bottle of wine, and before the party broke up we were in a state of laughter at our stealing an automobile, being chased for thieves and finally my being considered an eloper by my own husband.

"We've got to get back to town," said Charlie. "Do you want your wife in your car, Tom, or will you trust her to me? I promise solemnly not to run away with her again."

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Moro Property For Sale

The property known as the Mrs. J. H. Landry place, containing 3 1/2 lots, a well built and commodious barn and chicken house and also a good sized residence; there are a number of large trees and a drilled well. For particulars call on J. N. LANDRY 3419 Moro, Oregon.

Farm and Outfit Wanted

Wheat farm with horses and machinery wanted in exchange for excellent stock and dairy farm of 320 acres thirty miles from Portland, Oregon; no waste land; plow and pasture land, near free range, 7 miles north of Cape Horn station on the north bank railway, no commission, owner.

Write to M. RELTON, Cape Horn, Wash

Man and Wife want work

During harvest; she as cook, is a good one, and he as one of the crew; both experienced.

Write to F. W. WISE, Underwood, Wash

Team and Wood For Sale

A good young team of well broke horses; also good 16-inch pine wood; for price and particulars write to

W. C. REES, Friend, Oregon

Holt Harvester For Sale

In good order. Sixteen foot cut. Hitch for 26 horses goes with the machine. Will consider trade or purchaser can cut crop in payment for machine. Address

J. M. EDDY, Moro, Ore

Boot and Shoe Repairing

An experienced shoemaker by trade; understand leather work; guarantee all work done; have a shop in the brick building on First street next door to Moro hotel; ladies shoe work a specialty; your patronage will be appreciated.

345-19 GEO. VOLHARD.

Your Clothes and Hats

Are wanted by us; to make them for you as good as new; try us, we treat you right.

Tripp Cleaning and Dye Works The Dalles, Oregon

Pasture For Rent

Lots of bunch grass and plenty of running water; \$1.25 per month; write or phone, J. M. MARLIN, a3m80 Grass Valley, Oregon.

J. R. Morgan

Dentist

MORO, OREGON

1st to 15th of each month. Office opposite Drs. Goffin

WASCO, OREGON

16th to 30th of each month. Office opp. McCoy, Atwood Co

Dr. C. L. Poley

Physician and Surgeon.

Moro, Oregon.

Office in residence.

The Grain Growers Conveniences

Are not alone confined to Rural Free Delivery of mail and the Telephone. There is another convenience which all farmers should have — and many do have — a checking account with a good bank. The possessor of such an account avoids the risk of having his money on his person or about his home where it is in danger of fire and thieves.

His bills paid by check are not only a valid receipt, but also a convenience in his home transactions where very often the necessary change for concluding settlement is not at hand. Don't stop to think this over, but start an account now with

The Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.

Bank, of Moro.

A NEW MACHINE

Called the Holt Oregon Special

Gasoline Harvester, 22 foot cut; capacity 40 to 60 acres per day; horses required 20 head; cylinder 28 inches; shoe 4 1/4 inch wide; length over all 57 inches; draper 44 inches; front wheel 16 inch wide; both side wheels 20 inch wide; uses 45 horse power gas motor.

New this year, a 75 horse power Holt Caterpillar engine; equipped with high and low speed transmission.

Mount a 30 or 45 horse power Gas Motor Harvester Equipment on your harvester; it will save the grain and reduce horse equipment at least a third and possibly better.

Horse drawn Holt harvesters from 12 to 22 foot cut.

Full line of Holt and best extras. Our 1914 sprocket chain are absolutely the lowest in the county.

O'MEARA

Supply and Implement Company

WASCO, OREGON.

R. J. GINN J. E. COLEMAN

GINN & COLEMAN

DEALERS IN

Glass, Paints, and Oils. Bone and Alfalfa Meal.

AGENTS FOR

Canton Plows, Superior and Peoria Drills.

EXTRAS

For all kinds of machinery carried in stock or procured on short notice.

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

Good Printing

conveys an idea of success. You may never see the man himself. It's his letter head, his envelope, his business card, circulars or catalogue. You size the man up by these things. What impression of a man and his business do you get if he writes to you on wrapping paper or axle grease stationery? How does yours look? Is it neat, tasty and modern? Is it if The Moro Observer Job Department prints it. Better bring in that next job.

READ THE OBSERVER ALL the time.

For County news