

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, May 25, 1917

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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.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Poor Old Paw.

Willie—Paw?
Paw—What is it, my son?
Willie—If Finland declares war, will it be a finish fight?
Paw—You get to bed, young man.

Advice.

Stay out of debt, son, if you can.
Though scanty be your dole;
The whole world looks down on a man
When he is in a hole.

Hi Huh!

"Women are mighty poor at arithmetic," remarked the old fogey.
"Some of them are," replied the grouch.
"I know one who has been twenty-four years old for the past eleven years."

Bald.

We like to see poor father go
And start to brush his hair;
He acts as if he didn't know
There isn't any there.

Such a Langwidge!

"Brown is a mighty dull fellow, isn't he?" remarked Smith.
"Yes," replied Jones. "But he manages to bore everybody he meets."

Touch.

He surely is a merry nutt.
He borrows every cent he spends;
He is devoid of feeling, but
It gives him joy to touch his friends.

Show This Gent to the Padded Room.
D. T. Laughter of Abilene is among the arrivals at the Galveston—Galveston (Tex.) News.

Lost.

I may be dumb,
Likewise a jay,
But what's become
Of Schedule K?
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ed the star.
To know what's done
With that old like
Is to try.
—Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader.

And what's become,
Oh, tell me pray!
Of our old friend,
Chancellor Day?
—Allentown Democrat.

What's in a Name?

Dear Luke—Did you know that Mark Graves is a monument dealer at Butler, Ky.—C. D. Ehrig.

You Know Him.

He's always broke or badly bent,
Is this young spendthrift, Calva,
For money saved would represent
Good times he didn't have.

The Wise Reporter.

The electric fire alarm was turned in, and a few minutes later the Central fire company arrived, and at that time smoke was issuing from all the doors and windows. This was conclusive that the interior of the structure was ablaze.—Morison (Ill.) Sentinel.

Is Her Name Octavia?

Dear Luke—Mrs. Mark Anthony lives at Trenton, Tenn.—M. B. H.

Why, Sam!

Dear Luke—Sam Custer was arrested here for causing his wife, but was acquitted in police court.—J. J. Reagan, Lexington, Ky.

Things to Worry About.

The Missouri river contains 879,307, 623,000 tons of mud.

Names Is Names.

George Will Butin lives at Kansas City, Mo.

Our Daily Special.

Fortune smiles on a few and laughs at the rest of us.

Luke McLuke Says:

Next to a cat, the animal a small boy hates worst is the kind of a puddle that is kept by a woman.

Maybe you don't know it. But the men who go to Florida for the winter does not do so in order to save his coal bill.

A delegate imagines he is the whole convention until he gets to the meeting place. And then he discovers that if he had remained at home he wouldn't even have been missed.

Every true mother makes father go shopping for her, mother has to take the next day off and go shopping.

Every woman likes flattery—when she hears it applied to other women.

The trouble with the man who uses long words is that he seldom knows how to put them together.

One reason why there is so much room at the top is because most of us are too lazy to climb.

Once in a while a woman gets so tired of her husband that she can't even get any pleasure out of nagging him.

Why is it that the fonder a woman is of her less she wears?

When friend husband insists they can't afford to buy an automobile, friend wife can always show him that they could soon have a big bank account out of the carfare they would save.

Mother believes that if father had to be some other woman's husband for a few weeks father would appreciate mother more.

Spending money is a hard way to get a little change. But it isn't half as hard as marrying money.

What has become of the old-fashioned 1915 automobile?

A Stranger In a Strange Land

He Found a Strange Custom, but Was Equal to It.

By ALAN HINSDALE

A man left an eastbound train passing through a region west of the Missouri river and inquired for transportation to a point out of the line of travel. He was unmistakably English in the appearance both pertaining to himself and his clothes. But instead of the rugged physique of many Britishers he was rather small, and his pale cheeks gave evidence of ill health.

There was a difference of opinion as to how he could best reach the point he was aiming for. Some said the road was rough and the gentleman did not look as if he had the strength to stand the jolting of a wagon. Others said that if he went on horseback he would be equally shaken up. The wit of the locality suggested that there were road agents along the line of travel and it was as much as a man's life was worth to pass over it. In saying this the joker nudged the man next him, as much as to say, "Reckon I'll steer him out of it."

The stranger listened to these suggestions with evident interest, except the one about the road agents, this not seeming especially to interest him.

He succeeded in hiring a team to take him to his destination and was driven by the owner, who, wondering at an Englishman wearing apparel by no means like any other in that region, was inclined to question him as to why he was there. But the gentleman was tactful and gave him no satisfaction. Indeed, after the driver had abandoned his attempt to pump the stranger the Englishman asked a few questions for himself.

"I've heard," he said, "that out here there's what they call 'gun play,' that there are men who think no more of putting lead into a fellow than into a dog."

"Oh, that sort of thing used to be practiced out here," was the reply, "but we're civilized now and don't do it any more. At least it's not practiced near the railroad, where the country has been settled and court law has taken the place of gun law. But away from the railroads there are spots where the rough element has congregated, and there's still more or less free shooting. This region where you're going is one of that kind. I wouldn't advise any man to go there without a couple of revolvers slung under his coat."

"They say," remarked the stranger, "that when there's shooting going on it's the man who 'gets the drop,' as you say out here, on his enemy and shoots quickest who comes out ahead."

"That's about it," said the other. The stranger turned from the use of the revolver to the products of the country and learned that horses were raised there and the point he was making for was a center of a horse raising territory, from the fact that it comprised fine grazing lands. The stranger asked about the price usually paid for an average horse and the best way of getting horses to market and seemed interested in getting all the information on the subject that was to be had. But he didn't admit that he was personally interested in horseflesh.

On reaching their destination—a hamlet of half a dozen houses—they drew up before a store building which was the only one in the place that was not occupied for dwelling purposes except a saloon. As the Englishman alighted he attracted the attention of a couple of men standing on the porch of the saloon.

"Just look at that, Pete," said one of these men, referring to the stranger. "Did you ever see anything so purty in your life? Do you catch on to the glass eye—and the hat?" The Englishman wore a helmet. "Just think of you or me sportin' such a lookin' thing as that on our heads. And see the yaller things on his shoes, all buttoned up so ladylike."

"Shouldn't wonder if we could get some fun outen him, Bill," said the other. "Let's ask him in for a drink."

Meanwhile the Englishman was making inquiries for a man he had come to meet. The two men on the saloon porch approached him, and Bill addressed him in this wise:

"My friend, I don't know who you are or where you come from, but it's the custom of this place to treat all strangers hospitable, and me and this yere gent invites you to step into the saloon and have somethin'."

"Your kind attention is appreciated, I assure you," said the Britisher, "but seeing that I don't drink I must ask you to take the will for the deed."

"That's somethin' I've never do in these parts," was the reply, "especially when a man's invited to drink. Perhaps you're not aware that with us 'refusin' to liquor when invited is considered an insult."

"Oh, you mustn't take it that way, I'm not in good health, and my doctor has forbidden my drinking spirits."

"Your doctor don't know what fine whisky we have in this yere country and how much good it'll do a sick man. Come on, stranger; we'll give you the best dose of medicine you ever tuk in your life."

"I reckon, Pete," said Bill, "that seein' the stranger is a shirveled, miserable specimen we'd better let him off. It ain't no credit to force such a ladylike person as don't appreciate true hospitality."

"Well, then, suppose he sings us a song?"

"I'm no hand at singing," said the Britisher.

"There's nothin' about singin'," Pete persisted, "to hurt a man's insides even if he's sick. Now, see here, stranger; you give us a song mighty quick."

He took a revolver from his hip, cocked it and brought it to bear on the Britisher, who, seeing that he must either sing or get shot, began to do

the best he could in giving "Britannia Rules the Waves." He had scarcely given a stanza before Pete put a bullet so close to his ear that he stopped at once.

"See here, young feller," thundered Pete, "we don't want any such song as that! Give us somethin' American!" "I don't know any American songs," replied the Britisher. "I might teach you some money making tricks. I know one or two that you could practice on your friends to a profit."

The prospect of getting something by which he could "do" a friend caught Pete's attention. He asked what kind of trick the stranger meant and was told that the best explanation would be to show the trick.

"Have you got a coin about you?" he asked.

Pete fumbled in his pocket and pulled out half a dollar, which he tossed to the Britisher. The latter put it in the palm of his right hand.

"You see," he said, "that it's in the palm of my right hand. I put it up my sleeve this way. Now I take it out of my sleeve and put it in the palm of my left hand. I now put it up my left sleeve and take it out and put it in my left hand."

While he was doing this he was fumbling up his right and left sleeve. After placing the coin for the second time in his left hand he pulled his cuffs down over both hands; then, with cuffs closed, he extended one fist toward Pete and the other toward Bill.

"Which hand is the coin in?" he asked Pete.

"The left," was the reply.

"What do you say?" Bill was asked.

"Left."

Something cracked in the stranger's right hand, and Pete fell forward on the ground.

"Hands up!" to Bill.

Bill's hands went up in a hurry.

"Would you oblige me," said the Britisher to the man who had driven him, "by relieving the gentleman of his weapons?"

The driver acceded to the request and handed two revolvers to the Britisher.

This ended the episode. Pete was picked up, dangerously but not mortally wounded. Bill agreed to call the affair, of which he had not approved, quits, shook hands with the Britisher and was handed back his weapons.

At that moment a man rode up on horseback and, seeing the stranger, asked:

"Major Hollister?"

"Yes, Mr. Grierson."

"Well, let's proceed to business."

The two men withdrew from the others and after half an hour's conversation returned to them.

"Gents," said Grierson, "this is Major Hollister of the British army. He was wounded fighting the Turks and has since been in poor health. So they sent him over here to buy horses for the British army. I have just contracted with him for a thousand head."

"I'm sorry," said Major Hollister, "to have put lead into one of your number. I've seen enough of that at Gallipoli and don't want any more of it."

"How did you get the drop on Pete and Bill?" asked a witness to the shooting.

"The crowd seemed more interested in an explanation than in the apology, the major explained. Pulling up his sleeves, he showed slugs to each arm by an elastic strap a Derringer pistol.

"You see," he said, "when I shoved the half dollar up my sleeve and pulled it down again I pulled one of these little harkers with it, so that when I extended my hands I had one of the weapons in each hand. I was ready then to fire, but so disliked hurting any one that I delayed a moment, as if carrying out the trick, asking this man Pete and then the other which hand held the coin. I wouldn't have thought of carrying arms in this peaceful country, but Mr. Grierson wrote me that there were some lawless characters about this location and it was the custom to wear arms. I have found the Derringer the best weapon for short notice and fixed a pair in my sleeves."

"What's the cross you wear on your watch chain, major?" asked a looker on.

"Oh, that's what they call the Victoria."

"What's that?" asked several persons at once.

The major looked abashed and, turning, walked away toward the conveyance in which he had come.

"I think," said Grierson, "that I can explain what that is. I received a letter stating that Major Edgar Hollister, V. C., would visit me for the purpose of buying horses for the British army. Noticing the V. C. tacked to his name, when I wrote my correspondent again I asked what it meant. The reply was that it stood for Victoria cross, a decoration given by the British government for bravery. I was also informed that Major Hollister had especially distinguished himself at Gallipoli and had been decorated therefor."

Major Hollister, having completed his contract for horses, was driven to the railway station and proceeded northward, entering Canada.

The law doubling the automobile license fee has nothing to do with the \$6,000,000 road bond bill. The automobile license was increased by another law passed at the last Legislature. It is now a law. The increased license will be collected whether or not the road bond bill, which is a separate measure, is approved at the June election.

Standing on a point of land overlooking the Pacific highway and the confluence of the coast fork and the middle fork of the Willamette river, Darwin Bristow, of Eugene, son of one of the earliest pioneer families of Lane county, recited some little known history of early days, as he made the principal address in the dedication of a bronze marker at Corvallis point, erected by the Lewis and Clark chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

His Futile Attempt.

Mr. Scraggington (in the midst of his reading)—Here is an item about a blasted fool who kissed his wife 2,500 times in one day. Mrs. Scraggington—Of course he was a fool to think he could deceive his wife that way. What does the account say he had been doing?

GOOD ROADS POINTERS

The \$6,000,000 bond issue is a move in the state to secure good roads and should be supported. A movement of this kind must have a beginning and as the roads are built the demand will grow until eventually what is now a system of proposed main highways will be but a part of a system covering the entire state.—Burns Tribune.

During the week of May 21-26, inclusive, Highway Commissioners Benson and Adams will speak on the \$6,000,000 good roads bond bill in a number of cities in the Willamette valley. A separate itinerary has been arranged for each. Mr. Benson will be accompanied by Jay Bowerman and another speaker will probably accompany Mr. Adams. During the same week W. L. Thompson, the third member of the Highway Commission, accompanied by James Stewart, of Forest, will make a trip through Central Oregon, including Klamath Falls and Lakeview.

The Herald is heartily in favor of the \$6,000,000 bond issue, because the automobile licenses will pay the bonds and interest, and the taxpayers will not be out one cent for the construction of our main thoroughfares, and the regular road funds raised in the several counties will then be used to build good lateral roads from the rural districts into connection with the main highways.—Houlton Herald.

When state bonds for good roads were first proposed in California six years ago, 15 counties voted against the bonds. At a second bond election for the same purpose last November, every one of the 58 counties of the state gave a majority for the bonds. Could better proof be asked that the people of California have found that the issuance of state bonds for the construction of a system of permanent roads is a profitable investment?

The success of the \$6,000,000 road bonding bill at the special June election lies in the justice displayed in the recognition of all localities of the State in need of more roads; and better roads. Recognize all of them and build them as soon and fast as possible. If Good Roads and More Roads is the slogan, cover the whole State with the system and bury the hatchet of clique or class rule, otherwise, vote the bill into oblivion.—Drewsey Sun.

"The tax burden in Oregon is so intolerably heavy," says the Union Republican, "that it is believed that most of the taxpayers will prefer to bond at the expense of the auto license fees, as contemplated in the road bonding act, rather than vote a big increase of direct taxes to accomplish the same end. The people insist on having the roads built, and the whole controversy is as to methods of financing—direct taxation or bonds based on auto license fees."

The fact that the United States is at war with a foreign foe only furnishes an additional argument in support of the good roads bond bill. Improved and serviceable highways are a military necessity in time of war. In their present condition, even the main trunk roads in this state are entirely inadequate to meet the situation should the Pacific Coast ever be attacked by unfriendly forces. Good roads are not only desirable in time of peace but are positively indispensable when the country is in a state of war.

Commenting on the selection of Herbert Nunn as State Highway Engineer, R. B. Murdock, roadmaster for Coos county, pays the following high tribute to the qualifications of Mr. Nunn:

"By executive and technical training and experience, he is easily the best qualified man in the State of Oregon, if not on the Pacific Coast, for the position which he has recently been appointed to fill. The Commission is to be complimented upon their choice and the state upon its good fortune in securing Mr. Nunn's services."

Owners of automobiles will be required to pay the increased license fee whether the road bond bill passes or not. On the other hand, if the road bonds are voted at the June election, a real start will be assured in giving to the state a system of permanent highways constructed from automobile license fees and without increasing the general tax.

The Outlook is in favor of good roads and therefore in favor of the proposed bond issue. It will do all it can, legitimately, to help carry the coming election in their behalf.

It is true that several strong interests are opposing the bonds, but in one case at least the opposition is presumptuous and not the real sentiment of many who are being misrepresented. We refer to the Grange and its self-imposed champion, the State. Major Hollister is trying to make it appear that he has the support of the Grange in his opposition; but in reality he is only voicing the sentiment of a minority. It is a pertinent question to ask who gave him the authority to use the name of the Grange.—Gresham Outlook.

In their campaign of misrepresentation of facts, opponents of the \$6,000,000 road bond bill are making the baseless charge that it will cost the various counties not less than \$10,000 a mile to prepare roads for hard surfacing by the state; that for this reason few counties under the 6 per cent limitation can afford this expense and consequently will not be in a position to obtain paving under the provisions of the road bond bill. The actual experience of different counties in the state disproves this contention of the road bond opponents.

Morrow County is completing the grading and draining of a stretch of 18 miles of road from Lone to Heppner. The cost for the work for the greater part of that mileage was \$150 a mile. The very most expensive sections of the road did not cost to exceed \$5000 a mile. Under the ruling of the Highway Commission it will only be necessary for counties to grade and drain the road. The state will lay the crushed rock base and the paving.

TELEGRAPH WITH LIGHTS.

Battleships Can Send Signals Twelve Miles in Daylight.

Although searchlight signaling between battleships was a means of communication at sea long before the introduction of wireless telegraphy, it is still utilized.

The latest battleships of our navy are equipped with projectors designed especially for this purpose, while the older vessels use their regular searchlights, for which auxiliary shutters are supplied. Levers operate these latter members, flashing the lights on and off quickly so that messages may be spelled out in dots and dashes, either at day or night.

For day signaling the light shaft is directed squarely at the observer, and for enabling this a telescope is mounted with the projector. When atmospheric conditions are good the radius of communication is about twelve miles in any direction. At night this is obviously much increased, for light may be played on some prominent cloud and seen for a distance of forty or fifty miles.

When there are no clouds the searchlights may be directed skyward and their shafts of light seen at closer range. The feasibility of launching captive balloons as substitutes for cloud banks has been suggested.—Popular Mechanics.

HEADS OF ODD SHAPE.

The Kilon, Lafton and Maqbon as Described in the Talmud.

It is a matter familiar to every student of the Bible that the Hebrew priests were required to be physically perfect in the preceding. To use the words of the Talmud, in order to be eligible to service in the temple. The Talmud, in the tractate Bechoroth, says a writer in the Medical Record, enumerates several defects which disqualify a priest from ministering in his holy office. Among these are the kilon, the lafton and the maqbon.

The condition of kilon is ascribed as a person having a peculiarly shaped head, which is pointed at the top and broad at the bottom. The lafton was a man with a head shaped exactly the opposite of the preceding. To use the expression of the Talmud, he had a head very broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, like a leaf—i. e., a pumpkin.

The expression maqbon, derived from the word hammer, refers to a hammer shaped head or, as the Talmud describes it, one with a prominent and projecting forehead and occiput.

The terse descriptions of the kilon head and lafton head given by the Talmud would not be improved on by any modern textbook in medicine.

One Reward.

"Wealth doesn't bring happiness," "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "But it does in some ways by influencing others to put up with your grouchy eccentricities."—Washington Star.

The May of life blooms once, and never again.—Schiller.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the matter of the estate of Luther B. Hill, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator de bonis non, under the will of said deceased, has filed his final report and account of his administration of said estate remaining after the resignation of his predecessor, and that Monday, the 24 day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. thereof, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of said estate, and for such other relief as the court shall deem proper.

Dated at Moro, Ore., this 17th day of May, A. D. 1917. J. F. Foss, Admr.

D. B. N., under the will of said deceased. Bright & Bryant, Attys, for Admr.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the matter of the Estate of James M. DeMoss, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 24 day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, he and the same is hereby appointed as the time and the County Court room in the County Courthouse, in Moro, in said county and state, has been appointed as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of said estate.

Dated and first published on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1917. Julia DeMoss Manning, Administrator of the said Estate. Bright & Bryant, Attys, for Admr.

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