

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, May 31, 1918

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 1/2 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.

No. 216. Report of the Condition of The Bank of Moro, at Moro, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business May 10, 1918.

Resources—	
Loans and discounts	\$213,594.04
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	96.75
Bonds and warrants	5,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,337.63
Due from approved reserve banks	31,747.60
Cash on hand	9,025.46
Total	\$261,826.41
Liabilities—	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	803.93
Due to banks and bankers	11,892.69
Individual deposits subject to check	105,272.63
Time and savings deposits	11,428.00
Notes and bills rediscounted	33,086.00
Bills payable for money borrowed	50,000.00
Reserved for interest and taxes	65.00
Other liabilities	
Total	\$261,826.41

State of Oregon) ss
County of Sherman)
I, F. E. Fortner, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
F. E. Fortner, cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of May, 1918.
John M. Perry, Notary Public.
My commission expires Sept. 29, 1920.
Correct, attest:
L. Barum, R. C. Atwood, Directors.

No. 240. Report of the Condition of The Farmers' State Bank, at Moro, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business May 10, 1918.

Resources—	
Loans and discounts	\$118,647.36
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	182.02
Bonds and warrants	5,820.00
Stocks, securities, judgments, etc.	800.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,151.25
Due from approved reserve banks	36,232.62
Checks and other cash items	485.40
Exchanges for clearing house	200.00
Cash on hand	6,070.78
Expenses	186.25
Other resources	128.40
Total	\$169,915.28
Liabilities—	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	1,250.00
Individual deposits subject to check	121,255.88
Demand certificates of deposit	140.00
Time and savings deposits	17,607.50
Notes and bills rediscounted	4,500.00
Other liabilities	161.90
Total	\$169,915.28

State of Oregon) ss
County of Sherman)
I, Geo. B. Bourhill, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Geo. B. Bourhill, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1918.
John M. Perry, Notary Public.
My commission expires Sept. 29, 1920.
Correct, attest:
W. H. Ragdale, J. C. McKean, W. F. Jackson, Directors.

One of a Series of Informative Articles on Dental Hygiene—No. 2

Guarding The Children's Health

HOW many children are taught to use the tooth-brush regularly—and to use it right? Yet a clean mouth and sound teeth will either make or ruin their good health. On it depends a large part of their physical and mental and moral well-being. It is conceded by competent authorities that diseases of childhood, such as measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and so-called infantile paralysis, are not nearly so apt to attack children with healthy tonsils and clean mouths.

At St. Vincent's Orphanage, Boston, Mass., there had been very many cases of children's diseases. After the dentists taught these orphan children how to use the tooth-brush, and after their little mouths had been restored to health again, and kept that way, these children's diseases have been practically banished from that Boston institution.

Published by the State Dental Association of Oregon

There's a Time for Everything
Now is the Time to
Clean Up!
ECONOMY IN EVERY CAKE
with **SAPOLIO**

When a Lady's In the Case

Yacht and Fishing Smack
Race For Love, and
Both Win.

By DAVID WATSON
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

The Daybreak slipped out of muddy Albemarle canal in tow of her polished mahogany launch just as an omnivorous fog sifted in from Hampton roads. Commodore Keelson's trim schooner yacht was on the way via the inside route from his leafy winter home at Ortona, Fla., to his cool summer retreat at Rivermouth, on the Maine coast.

Needless to say the owner was not aboard. Captain Martin Gale, her fat little sailing master, wasn't going to cry baby at a little fog, especially as he was his own boss for the time being. So he pointed her down the ship chan-



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JENNIE HILBERT?" HE DEMANDED.

nel through a thick weather bedlam of whistles, horns and bells, into which her own patent hair raiser boomed its own doleful contribution.

Off Hampton while the skipper was debating with the mate whether to anchor inside Old Point or to keep on up the bay two bare spars loomed in the smother straight ahead. An instant later, with two helms rolling valiantly hard over and two anchors rumbling down under foot, the yacht had side-swiped the stranger with a bump that made both craft reel.

The funny part of it was that Captain Gale, following an impotent warning through his megaphone, had instantly recognized in the other vessel a Gloucester fisherman commanded by an old townsman of his, whom he had not seen since he gave up fish killing for the lure of blue broadcloth and the grip of a brass bound wheel.

In fact, the recognition was mutual. But the greeting of brawny Captain Andrew Sponson of the White Sea lacked some of the spontaneous cordiality called for by a five years' separation. He looked overboard and took stock of damage, then remarked:

"What do ye think ye're doin'?" Sponson's churlishness should be explained lest he make enemies. In the month since the White Sea had come south with a fleet of sealers to convoy the seething shoals of mackerel on their annual jaunt up the coast from Hatteras she hadn't made enough to keep her crew of eighteen in shoeleaces.

The peaceably disposed Gale later boarded the fishing schooner in his gig for a chat with his old shipmate. But Sponson, brooding over his lean season and with his crew of huskies dis-cussing afresh "the White Sea's luck," was not a very cheerful companion.

"I'm hoodooed," that's the long and short of it," he declared. "I call late I couldn't have found room between Port Monroe and Willoughby beach to git by your hooker."

"All there is to it, Andy," said Gale sympathetically. "you've got to git a decent vessel. How in Sam Hill do ye expect to git around with the rest of the fleet in a rusty old trap that can't git out of her own way, let alone nobody else's?"

"You wouldn't by no chance want to sail that fat bottomed catamaran of yours with the White Sea, would ye?" he inquired with elaborate politeness, waving an eleven inch hand toward the port hole which framed the handsome Daybreak, dim in the fog.

"By golly, I'd like to oblige ye," said the gold braided yacht captain, "but we're takin' things easy this trip, goin' up the inside route."

"All the more reason why ye can spare a little time," jeered Sponson. "Think up a better excuse than that. Owner won't let ye, truth was known." "Well, I don't mind givin' ye a go out here in the mornin' in the mornin', if it's clear," conceded Gale.

faunt perfume filled the smoky cabin. While a pudgy fat guarded the precious documents Sponson was allowed to gaze for a brief instant at the magic words:

"Your ownest Jennie."
"You got anything ye want to per-dice as evidence ag'in that?" demanded Gale triumphantly.

As if in a daze Sponson drew out another bundle of letters in identical stationery and Gale stared at the fate-ful line:

"Always your own Jennie."
"I don't bite for a cent!" sniffed Gale. "The writtin's different."
"The perfumery ain't," said Sponson, with something like a groan, "and it's easy enough to change handwritin'."

"Oh, have it your own way, ye big leg and arm factory!" said Gale wearily. "We won't have to fight about it. She'll tell ye where ye git back to Gloshter." "You pile out of here or we will be fightin' about it!" shouted Sponson.

"Well, I must be gittin' back aboard. What time do ye call late to git out of here in the mornin', Sponson—that is, allowin' it clears?"

Sponson appeared not to have heard for a moment. Then he said absently: "Oh, not till the tide ebbs—8 o'clock. I call late, allowin' it clears."

"Well, good luck! Sorry we couldn't fix up that little race," said Gale, seemingly anxious to heal the breach.

As Sponson was ostensibly only going out to the grounds again to dog the mackerel there seemed no reason why her crew should have got her under way so stealthily when the alvery moon rays leaked through the first rift in the clouds about midnight.

And as Gale was awedly going home leisurely through the canals there seemed no excuse why he should have followed the Gloucester man to sea so feverishly when the anchor watch routed him out and apprised him of her departure.

The inference is that Captain Gale and Captain Sponson "knew" each other of old.

Four days later the schooner-yacht Daybreak boiled in past rocky Montauk Point wing and wing before a southwesterly gale.

She certainly hadn't passed the last few days in "dawdling among the lily pads." The plankin' was gone from her bulwarks amidships, and the stanchions stood up lonely.

Captain Gale regarded the wild sky dubiously, shook his head, consulted his barometer again and ordered the reefed mainsail lowered.

"I hate like the deuce to go in," he said, "but I call late the Vineyard will be plenty good enough for us tonight." The mate, with an arm in a sling, agreed promptly.

But as the outer jib was downed off West Chop preparatory to joining the fleet of comfortably anchored shipping in the capacious haven Gale unceremoniously snatched the canvas cover-

ed spyglass from the mate and squinted through it up the harbor.

"By the great hook block," he fumed, "if there ain't that shabedid plug of Sponson's in there to an anchor! Where in the name of the gods and little fishes did he drop from? Well, this harbor ain't big enough to hold us both to night, that's all! We'll run over to Hyannis, and then we'll have a thirty mile start on him when the weather gits straightened out again!"

Of course Gale had no right to risk his owner's property so recklessly, and Sponson, though he owned the White Sea, was hardly within the bounds of common sense in sailing a potential season's catch 500 miles behind and racing madly northward.

It all goes to prove once more John Gay's two-hundred-year-old assertion. "When a lady's in the case you know all other things give place." The contemptuous eye of Captain Andrew Sponson had seen the maneuvers of the yacht, which he had believed hundreds of miles astern. Though his sails were hardly furled, he got the White Sea under way again and deftly ran out of the crowded harbor under head sails in pursuit of his fleeing rival.

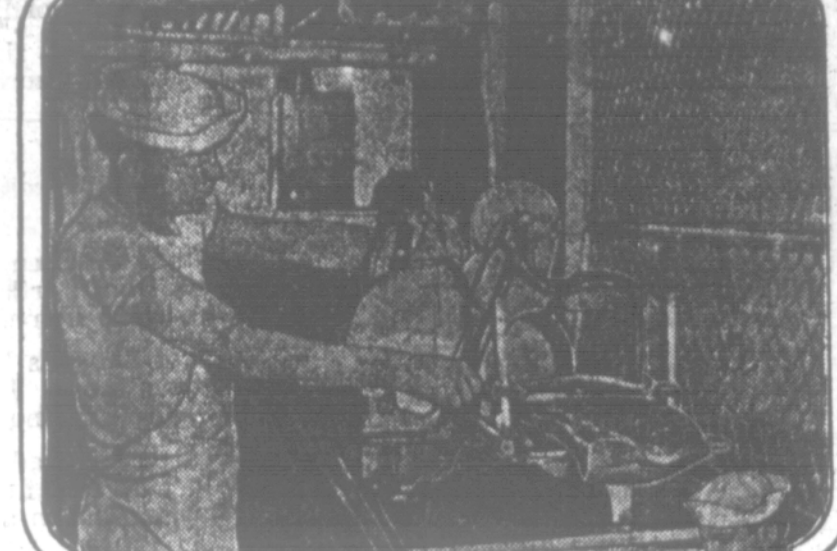
Next morning, if the glass of the marine observer at Highland Light could have bored the thickness of the furious easterly storm which lashed the sands beneath him, it would have revealed the wallowing schooners Daybreak and White Sea, nearly abreast heading resolutely across Massachusetts bay under balance reefed lower sails.

The course of each was laid for Eastern Point and Gloucester, sixty miles to the north. The yacht's spindling topmast had finally succumbed, and the last shreds of a ruined foretopmast flicked straight out from the masthead, but the loss of this top hamper was a blessing rather than anything else.

Gale appeared to realize that his was a losing fight. In such weather the fisherman was at her best, and the battle across the bay would be a long one.

Storm demons seemed to shriek in the tense rigging. And then, without warning, a screaming squall snapped the White Sea's main sheet. Sponson knew that it should have been replaced long ago, but his schooner was already in debt.

AMERICAN NAVY ELIMINATES WASTE



SLICING BACON ON BATTLESHIP

ACKIES in the American navy are classed as the best fed body of men in the world. In the ship's galleys every effort is made to eliminate waste. In the upper photo one of the cooks on the North Dakota is operating a meat slicer that cuts bacon with the least possible wastage. Fat is fuel for fighters. Bacon is badly needed in the allied armies and navies. The allied needs in pork products are 150,000,000 pounds monthly, three times as much as before the war. Another waste-eliminator on the North Dakota is the potato peeler, shown in the lower photo. Nothing is lost except the actual potato skin.

There is a sufficient quantity of po-

at the impact with a terrific crack. The White Sea drove into a trio of small Niagaras as she came to reluctantly at Sponson's more reluctant command, and the crippled mainsail speedily whipped itself into streaming ribbons. A storm trysail was bent on the main gaff, but in a few minutes it went the way of the mainsail.

The skipper bitterly realized that he was out of the race. He was a fool to have expected anything more than the beastly luck which had chased him all the spring. Perhaps he was even ready to believe what Gale had said of Jennie. At any rate, he led a mad attack on the snarl of thrashing spar and tortured canvas and as promptly staggered back and collapsed unconscious on the flooded deck.

Blood oozed from his thick, dark hair and stained the bronze of his square cut face as they carried him to his bunk. "The White Sea's luck," said the crew resignedly.

Then Big Len Gunnel, the seine heaver, took charge. The wreckage tied up further mischief, the plunging White Sea, her bravado and denyly whited, was put broad off before the gale.

To windward the Daybreak, ignorant of a possible tragedy and gathering new hope from the fisherman's misfortune, dipped the ragged yacht en-sign at her main peak in heartless adieu and went on.

Around the knuckle of Cape Cod foamed the fisherman, and after a long lead under foresail and jib she thankfully let go both anchors in Provincetown harbor.

A doctor was hoisted aboard immediately. Back with him came Big Len, bearing a crumpled Gloucester paper which told joyfully that the missing mackerel had "struck" again in great quantities off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The crew started a cheer, which was promptly squelched.

"Now, shut right up, every mother's son of ye!" ordered Big Len. "Skipper ain't in no condition to listen to no sech ki-yin! The galoot who lets another yip out of him goes over the rail, feet, head and stumack! Un' stand!"

The crew did. Early next morning a small boat, with a comely middle aged woman and a fluffy haired, brown eyed girl, came alongside, the latter feathering her oars with the touch of a man-of-war's man and making her landing un-damaged by an admiring crew.

"Darnation!" grumbled Big Len. "Ain't I got enough on to my mind already? Here's that pretty young one from home and that pretty young one of her'n chock on top of us! And women folks aboard a vessel is jest plain nuisance!"

He tried to entice the cook aft to do the honors, but the cook knew a thing or two and made himself scarce. So it was the peripatetic seine heaver who took their painter and meekly ushered them below, repeatedly assuring that the skipper merely "had the bark rubbed off."

"My land, Andy Sponson," began the relieved Mrs. Hilbert, restored to her housewifely self with a jump at the good news, "why don't you tidy things up a little bit?"

"Why, Mother Hilbert, aren't you ashamed?" expostulated the girl, who, with eyes shining, was on her knees at the edge of Sponson's bunk. "If you aren't nice I'll tell Andy all about

you and Captain Gale! No, Andy, your temperment will go up! No—well, just one!"

Big Len Gunnel, the seine heaver, backed out of the cabin and went on deck, where he took long, deep breaths of the bracing salt air.

DEFECTS IN "CANNED" SONGS

Vocalists Do Not Break Down on Top Notes and No One Shouts "Amen," Comments Countryman.

He was a plain, old-fashioned countryman "without no frills," as he often proudly boasted. He lamented the passing of the old cottage organ, ear-bobs and coal oil lamps and contended that persons in these days are not nearly as happy as those of a half century ago. The other day he came into town from his country home nearby, relates an exchange, and stopping at his son's home was entertained by his daughter-in-law with music on the phonograph. Knowing his fondness for old religious music, the daughter-in-law put on the records containing old-time hymns sung by the world's great artists of song. The old man was plainly thrilled and sat in rapt attention as he heard his old favorites sung with such sympathy and meaning as he never had heard them sung in real life. At the conclusion of what she called her "sacred concert," the young woman asked, "Well, father, weren't those old hymns sung as beautifully as you have ever heard them in the old days?"

"Emmy, they mightn't be so bad," he reluctantly conceded, "if that Madam Human Shunk or whatever you call her, had only broke down on the top notes like they used to in church, most always, and somebody'd only said 'Amen' right out loud when they got through singin'."

TANKS SLAUGHTER GERMANS

Small Type of Machine Used Effectively By British.

With the British Army in France. The slaughter caused by the small British tanks among a concentration of the enemy near Cachi appears to have been even greater than was originally reported.

A few of these little engines, which are much faster than the ordinary big tanks, made the assault so quickly on battalions of the enemy's infantry which were forming for an attack that the Germans were unable to scatter before they were being fiercely deluged with machine gun bullets.

Not only that, but a large number of men were caught beneath the tanks and ground into the earth.

Prisoners estimate that at least two and probably three German companies were wiped out in a few minutes.

The machines returned in such horrible condition from the shambles that they had to be washed down.

Compensations.

No one can do really good work without making money along with it, in this day and generation, when good work men are at a premium. If you are a good workman, working for the love of your work as well as for its money value, you may know that you will find your compensation in it. And it will be more than a money compensation, you may be very sure.

BUILD UP INDUSTRY

L. J. Simpson Believes this is Oregon's Problem Now.

Seventy per cent of Oregon's imports could be manufactured here. The biggest part of the profit usually goes not to the man who produces the raw material but to the man who puts it in shape for the market. Buy Oregon made goods whenever possible, and keep your money at home. L. J. Simpson, who for twenty years has devoted his energy to advancing real Oregon industries, believes that building up Oregon should be our commercial and business effort from now. The times following the war make such development imperative.

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PORTLAND, OREGON



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A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.