

The Observer
MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, May 14, 1920

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 on year 12 1/2 cents per month. A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the day and date at which the paper will be delivered.

Had Gas Mask for Watch.
If the Germans had had a better sense of efficiency and had spent more time on the things that really counted, they might have fared better. For instance, many German officers wasted hours hanging on their dugout walls curtains and "God Bless Our Home" pictures, which were not at all appreciated when they were captured by the allies.

One careful German soldier had a gas mask made for his watch. The energy was wasted, for the watch is now in America.
The gas mask is simply an outside case—one face of it glass so that the time will show through it—which fastens tightly about the watch and allows nothing to go in or out.
Of course a watch does not need a respirator, nose-clip, mouthpiece or chemical box. — Popular Mechanics Magazine.

To Frost Glass.

It is often convenient to frost bulbs and lenses, and here is a method by which this work may be done at home. To a mixture of 24 ounces of ether and 18 ounces of benzine add two and a quarter ounces of sandarach and half an ounce of musk. The parts to be frosted should be immersed in this solution a few minutes.

Political Notices

To the Voters of Sherman County
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff for Sherman County, Oregon, at the Republican Primary nominating election, to be held on May 21, 1920. If nominated and elected, I pledge to give my best and careful attention to the duties of the office.
HUGH CHRISMAN

To the Voters of Sherman County
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Assessor for Sherman County, Oregon, at the Republican primary nominating election to be held on May 21, 1920. If nominated and elected I pledge to give my best and careful attention, in the future as in the past, to the business conduct of this office.
OTTO PERTZ

To the Voters of Sherman County
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of county clerk for Sherman county, Oregon, at the democratic primary nominating election to be held on May 21, 1920. If nominated and elected I will give my careful attention to the duties of the office.
MARY L. HOSKINSON.

To the Voters of Sherman County
I will be a candidate at the republican primary election to be held on 21st May 1920, for the office of county treasurer. If elected to this office I will fulfill the duties thereof to the best of my ability.
GEO. B. BOURHILL.

To the Voters of Sherman County
I hereby announce myself as candidate for the office of County School Superintendent of Sherman County, Oregon, at the Democratic Primary nominating election to be held May 21, 1920. If elected, I will endeavor to work to the best interests of the schools of the county.
GRACE L. MAY.

Candidate for Sheriff

In voting for J. M. Yocom for the republican nomination for sheriff all voters can be fully assured that if I am nominated and elected they will have a competent and efficient officer and one that at all times will give the duties of his office close and efficient supervision and personally attend to proper and strict law enforcement. This is not merely a statement of facts, but a pledge as well.
J. M. YOCOM.

No. 216. Report of the Condition of The Bank of Moro, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business May 4, 1920.

Assets	
Loans and discounts	\$446,712 50
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,779 99
Bonds and warrants	10,977 65
Furniture and fixtures	1,852 50
Due from approved reserve banks	12,097 80
Checks and other cash items	2,364 56
Cash on hand	13,678 13
Total	\$489,454 57
Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000 00
Surplus fund	25,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	2,392 91
Due to banks and bankers	14,961 35
Individual deposits subject to check	210,397 75
Time and savings deposits	47,302 56
Notes and bills redeemed	179,400 00
Bills payable for money borrowed	30,000 00
Total	\$489,454 57

State of Oregon
County of Sherman
I, K.A. McPherson, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
K. A. McPherson, cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of May, 1920.
J. C. Hester, Notary Public
My commission expires Feb. 1, 1921.
Correct at Moro, Oregon.
L. Benson, E. O. McGee, Notaries

THE EAGLE'S FEATHER

By JEAN X. BONNEAU

"Go rope your horse; he must be sold tomorrow," whispered the old man between groans, as he turned to his other side on the ragged blanket.
The boy to whom he spoke sat in the center of the teepee gazing out, with unseeing eyes, at the distant snow-crowned mountain peak. He held every muscle and nerve tense lest the tears should come; it would never do for an Indian to weep, an Indian whose grandfathers sang their death-songs without a quaver; but the horse was his only companion, his only friend.

The old man sighed and rubbed his hand across his inflamed lids.
"Look out, Pepe," he said. "Is there not even a coyote in sight? My old stomach is glued to my back, and every bone in my body cries out for food. This evil one, my enemy, presses his teeth into my heart, and it burns. Is there nothing, nothing to see?"
"Nothing," replied the boy. "Wait; I see a partridge."
Picking up his gun, Pepe leaped through the opening and sped through the soft wild clover.

"I must go far," he said to himself. "For although grandfather can no longer see, he hears doubly well."
He ran down to the little stream that came from somewhere in the mountains, and fired off his gun into the air. Then he crept slowly, as softly as a cat, to a tree a few yards from the teepee, where he scraped under the needles and cones until he uncovered a barn-yard hen. Cautiously he retreated to the stream, where he gave a triumphant shout, then ran up the hill and into the teepee.
"See, a fine one," he cried. He picked and cleaned the fowl dexterously, and then cooked it over the fire.
The old man could scarcely breathe for excitement, and crooned like a child over his share; but Pepe did not eat, for his heart was heavy. He sat with his chin in his hands, watching the withered Indian, who was no longer able to tell the difference between wild and domesticated fowl.

As the soft evening came, and the sun gazed for the last time that day at his own reflection in the little pools of the valley, a sleek-coated black horse came loping toward the solitary teepee among the pine trees.
He shook his mane from his eyes, and his long tail swept the sage-brush behind him. Throwing back his head, he called with shrill cries that echoed against the foothills.
Pepe stood erect; a joyful light spread over his face.

"The horse has come," he said. "I need not rope him. Must he be sold tomorrow?" But the old man was asleep; the clean-picked bones of the chicken lay beside him.
A low, coaxing, whinny came from the entrance flaps. The boy rose and placed his hand across the quivering nostrils of the horse, for the grandfather had not slept in many hours. Then, together, boy and horse walked out under the murmuring pines.

Pepe was a Cree Indian, belonging to a Canadian tribe that had no right to expect aid from the United States government. He and his grandfather, with a small band of these aliens, had been following up the game, but the old man's feebleness and blindness so increased that he could not travel; and the others, compelled to follow the food, had left them. Nothing remained to the old warrior but the boy and the horse.

Pepe was courageous, strong and agile as an antelope. At first he managed to find scattered game, but it gradually became more difficult; the wolf of starvation approached very near the pointed doorway; then Pepe took to stealing.
He did not like to steal, for he belonged to a race of chiefs, and it was beneath his dignity; besides (but this was a secret he told only to the horse), the white boy that hunted and fished through the woods, with whom he often talked, would not think it right.

The white boy had given him shot for his gun, and had shown him his dog, but he had no horse like Pepe's, and had envied the Indian boy. This evening he sat on the bank of the stream gazing at the stars.
"The white-faced boy with the hair of sunshine can run faster than you can pace. His voice is like the coyote's, you can hear it many miles."
The white boy had spoken no louder than Pepe, when they had met, but the little Indian was trying to impress the horse. In his ears kept ringing the old man's words, "He must be sold tomorrow," and Pepe knew that, although it might not happen tomorrow, the parting could not be many days off.

If the white boy would only buy him. He would never be cruel to him; and maybe Pepe might sometimes see his old companion.
Several days after this, Pepe, on his horse, rode down the canon. The meadow lark flew above them singing his beautiful springtime song, and Pepe thought he said, "Klahoyim, tili-tium" (Good-by, friend). But the boy's eyes were dry and his face wore the calmness of his people.

In the roadway lay an eagle's feather. Pepe stared over, and deftly seized it with his little red hand; then he wound it tightly in the strong black mane of the horse.
"This is so you will not forget me," he said.
The horse paced down into the valley, and Pepe rode straight to the home of the white-faced boy.

"Want sell horse. You buy him?" was the Indian's greeting.
"What? You want to sell your horse? That horse? What is your reason?" was the reply.
"Must have money," said Pepe.
"How hungry?"
"Wait, let me think," said the white boy. "I have a plan. Do not sell him; feed him for the summer. I will give you four dollars a month, and when ever you wish him come and get him."

Pepe slipped to the ground and whispered in the horse's ear: "Remember the eagle's feather. By it I promise to come for you when the roseberries are ripe."

For many weeks the horse called after his master, running back and forth in his corral all night. He grew thin, and would have refused food altogether if it had not been for a small white hand that fed him, and a sweet voice that comforted him. They belonged to the white boy's little sister, who came each day to feed him oats and smooth his neck.

Sometimes she would tie red ribbons in the horse's mane and tail, and ride him over the foothills.
The days went by, and the horse ceased to call; but every night he would stand by the fence and gaze up toward the canon. The great yellow lilies were blooming on the mountainsides, while the red berries hung in clusters on the kinikinic. The huckleberries ripened and still Pepe did not come.

"What do you think is the reason, Jack?" said the little sister. "You don't suppose he has stayed to death, or has been killed, do you?"
"Maybe the officers have him," Jack replied. "You know he is a Cree, and they are being rounded up and sent back to Canada. They are killing all the game."
The roseberries ripened and the boy did not come.

As the weeks passed on, all the Crees to be found on the western side of the Rocky mountains were gradually gathered at a nearby military post, a poor, huddled mass of sick and starving humanity, with dull, despairing eyes, who preferred starvation to the possible punishment awaiting them for past misdeeds across the border.

The hand was guarded by colored soldiers stationed there, under a white commander. Stretched on his face, near one of the soldiers, lay an emaciated Indian boy.
"He been that way eveh since he come, sah. Think he crazy, sah." As the officer turned away, he saw, riding across the sage-brush flat, that stretches between the town and fort, a party of gay young people on horseback. In a race, one coal-black horse outdistanced all the rest, and the girl on his back proudly tossed her head.

Suddenly the horse stopped, trembling in every limb. His shining black eyes were fixed on the camp outside the fort. Then he gave a call, high, shrill and piercing; back through the clear air came a shrill answer. The horse bounded forward. Over the sage-brush he flew like a bird, and bore his rider into the midst of the camp, past guard, past commander; what cared he for the cry of "Halt!" He did not stop until he reached the boy.

Then his rider understood, and slipped from her saddle to the ground. "He has been expecting you ever since the roseberries ripened," she said. "Why did you not come for your money?"
"The soldiers hunt, and I hide in the mountains," he replied.
That night he told the horse all about it; how the old man had died suddenly, and gone to the happy hunting grounds.

Several days after this, escorted by the troop, the Crees were marched away.
Behind the train came a band of horses, the ponies belonging to the Indians. The dust flew into the eyes of the driver, but he did not care. His face beamed with happiness, and he shouted with joy as the wind blew back his straight black hair, while he cracked his whip at the drove in front.

The horse he rode tossed his head; his tall sweep of the sage-brush, and beside red ribbons he had an eagle's feather twisted in his mane.
First Silk Hose in Ireland.
Women who have done so much knitting within the last few years will no doubt be interested to know that Scotland is the home of the knitters, and by the Scotch it was introduced into Ireland, where, in the 16th century, the gallants of Galway sported "fine knit silken stockings and foreign pantoufles." In those days Galway was the center of a thriving trade with Spain and it was through this port that Henry VIII got his silk stockings, worn on special occasions, that no doubt were of Spanish manufacture. About that time, possibly, knitting became a popular work and pastime for the ladies of Ireland and it is well known that its history trade is carried on most extensively, the habrigran stockings being known the world over.

There was one fatality due to accident in Oregon during the week ending March 11, according to a report by the industrial accident commission. The victim was James Polihronis, rail-car employe of Portland. A total of 41 accidents were reported.

Lee Tabor, a resident of Island City is dead as the result of a hold up in his home. Two masked men entered the room, where Tabor was playing solitaire, and ordered him to throw up his hands. As he made a motion to reach for his gun he was shot by the robbers.

Wage increases aggregating \$228,000 annually and affecting approximately 2000 men, were announced by the paper mills of Oregon City. The firm are the Crown-Willamette Paper company and the Hawley Pulp & Paper company. The average increase is 3 cents daily.

The state highway commission has received notice that Oregon will get 50 more trucks from the federal government. These trucks will be distributed among the various counties, and will be used in road construction work. The state has received 170 of these trucks up to the present time.

All records with relation to the number of patients receiving treatment at the state hospital for the insane a Salem were shattered last week when the population of the institution totaled 1796. Including the attendants, physicans and other employes, more than 2000 persons are housed at the hospital.

Special Rates
NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Fifth and Washington Sts., PORTLAND, ORE.
Room with privilege of bath, single, 75c up; double \$1.00 up
Room with private bath, single \$1.50 up; double \$2.00 up.
Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot pass our doors.
Transfer at 5th and Glisan streets from North Bank Depot.

WE CAN DELIVER
a "490" or "Baby Grand"
CHEVROLET
ANY TIME
ROADS ARE BETTER EACH DAY
MORROW BROS.
WASCO, OREGON
Sherman County Agents for Chevrolet Automobiles

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

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The Brunswick is frankly a combination of the best in tire building. There is one tread that's supreme beyond question. And that is now on Brunswicks.
There is one side-wall construction, which, by every test, holds the summit place for endurance. And that one was adopted for Brunswicks.
Fabrics differ — up to 30 per cent — in their strength tests. On Brunswicks the maximum long-fiber is the standard.
There are certain additions, each one expensive, which add vastly to tire mileage. The Brunswick embodies all these extras.
There are no patents, no secret formulas to prevent any maker from building the best. It is simply a question of knowledge and skill — cost plus care.
Brunswick standards are known the world over. The very name certifies an extraordinary tire. Yet Brunswicks cost no more than like-type tires.
Buy ONE Brunswick. It will prove that a better tire cannot be bought, regardless of price.
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLENDER CO.
Portland Headquarters: 46-48 Fifth Street



Sold On An Unlimited Mileage Guarantee Basis
J. A. Hardin, Moro, Oregon

ELECTION, MAY 21
STATE ROADS
Vote 302 X Yes
For 4% State Road Bond Limit

BALLOT TITLE IS AS FOLLOWS:
CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT—Referred to the people by the Legislative Assembly.
302 X Yes
303 No

NO PROPERTY TAX—NO DIRECT TAX
NO INCREASE IN AUTO LICENSE FEES
NO INCREASE OF GASOLINE TAX

Keep these three facts in mind. The present auto license fees and gasoline tax will pay both the principal and interest on all the bonds under this amendment, and will yield an annual surplus besides for other state highway work. No additional taxation of any kind.

FEDERAL FUNDS MUST BE MATCHED
Oregon must have sufficient Highway Funds to match Federal apportionments or Oregon cannot get the benefit of Federal money for Oregon Roads. Increasing this constitutional limit is a necessity. Unless limit is increased, either state roads cannot be completed for many, many years, or must be finished by direct property taxation. This measure averts direct property tax for state highways and makes early completion possible. Let's get the roads built now.
Income from Present Sources Sufficient to Pay Principal and Interest.
The fact that revenues from auto license fees and gasoline tax, without increase of present rates, will be amply sufficient to pay both principal and interest on these bonds, is clearly set forth by official figures in the State Pamphlet mailed to every registered voter. Refer to State Pamphlet for verification. Examine the table carefully. It proves that no property tax is required and that present rates for auto license fees and gas tax will redeem principal and interest and yield surplus besides.

For Interest Tables, Pamphlets or further information, write to OREGON ROADS AND DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION
W. L. HENNING, President, 245 5th St., Portland
L. C. CHURCH, Chairman Executive Committee, E. 1. 4th
Campaign Headquarters, 311 Worcester Building, Portland, Oregon
VOTE 302 X YES—For 4% State Road Bond Limit

At the Price OF NEW TIRES YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO THROW AWAY YOUR OLD TIRES GET THEM REPAIRED AT THE
MORO TIRE SHOP
Opposite the Moro Hdw & Imp. Co
Vulcanizing Retreading All Work Guaranteed

WRITE, PHONE OR CALL UPON
W. C. HANNA, DUFUR, ORE
FOR BARGAINS IN FARM PROPERTIES
Special Attention Given Wheat and Stock Farm

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co
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Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.
MANUFACTURERS OF
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DELCO-LIGHT
Increases Farm Efficiency
Fifty thousand Delco-Light plants in operation on American farms are saving at the most conservative estimate, an hour a day each—or over 18,000,000 work hours a year. That is equal to an army of 60,000 men working ten hours a day for a full month.
Delco-Light is a complete electric light and power plant for farms and suburban homes. It furnishes an abundance of clean, safe, economical light, and operates pump, churn, cream separator, washing machine and other appliances. It is also lighting rural stores, garages, churches, schools, army camps and railway stations.
HULERY BROS.
Moro - Oregon
The Domestic Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio
Over 50,000 DELCO-LIGHT Plants in Actual Use

