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Farm Bureau Harvest Wage Scale

At a joint meeting of the Farm Bureau executive committee and the labor committee held in the county agent's office June 24th a wage scale for harvest labor for 1922 was recommended and adopted, after careful consideration of the action of other eastern Oregon and Washington counties on this matter. A careful canvass of the labor situation was made and it is believed that the scale adopted is a fair one.

The criticism has been made in the past by uninformed people that farmers did not hold to the wage scale in all cases. It should be understood by every one that the following figures setting wages for different kinds of work are not any more than suggestive of basic. If the farmer feels that the man he has hired is worth more than this, he should not hesitate to pay it. On the other hand, when out side men come into the county for harvest it is impossible to know whether they are worth more than the customary wage. For that reason, somewhat uniform wage scale is needed as a basis for hiring the average harvest hand.

The scale of wages recommended is as follows: Common labor including cooks, roustabouts, header tenders, straw and hay haulers, \$3; grain haying, \$2; sack sewers, \$5; combine drivers, \$4 to \$5; jig, \$4; separator tenders, \$8 minimum; truck drivers, \$4; picking up and pulling sacks in the field convenient for hauling, 1c.

Mysteries of Nature.

One of the most mysterious powers that have been observed is the capacity of certain fishes and water animals to live out of the water. Some small crustaceans have been known to live for 40 years in dried mud without losing the power of actively living when the mud was moistened again. A naturalist visiting Jerusalem took a little mud from the pool of Gihon, at the Jaffa gate, and put it in a pill box. It lay dry for 40 years, but when some of the dry dust was put into a saucer full of water it gave rise after a short time to some lively water fleas. The eel, as is well known, can travel through damp grass. There is a tropical fish, known as the climbing perch, which has the very curious habit of scrambling by means of its pectoral fins, up stones, roots, and even the trunks of trees, in search of insects on which it feeds. Still more surprising is the habit of a South African fish, called Clarias, which is said to make nocturnal raids on the fields in order to eat the grains of millet.—Chicinnati Enquirer.

One Way It Does Not Rain.

The weather men have been trying to answer: "How does it rain?" It is a hard question, says Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the weather bureau at Washington. "Lots of people are content to say that the droplets at the top of the cloud pick up others on their way down and come out at the bottom full-sized raindrops," he said. "That sounds nice, but those who give this explanation seem to overlook the fact that clouds can float in the sky for days without giving a drop of rain." He has calculated how big a drop would result from such a fall, and it turns out that a cloud particle falling from top to bottom of a dense cloud a mile thick on its way, would come out only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, much smaller than an ordinary raindrop.

Oh, So That's It!

We are shortly promised stockings that will button up, and this recalls the old query: "Why is it that a woman always buttons her clothes up in the reverse fashion from a man?" If it were a fact that all women were left handed, and consequently found it easier to do things in this way, it would be understandable. But they are not.

A mere male thing offers me this explanation: "Probably, it is because all women are imitative. They intend in future to oust men from the earth entirely. Wherefore they stand in front of the glass, and endeavor to create in it a reflection as much like a man as possible. But looking glasses always show things reversed, and woman, not being able to realize this, always does things backward." So that's that!—London Opinion.

Meat Flour.

The qualities of meat flour, a new food that is being made in New Zealand, were described to a meeting of farmers and others held in a New Zealand town. The speaker said that recently at a dinner 18 persons sat down to a meal composed entirely of meat flour dishes, and only a little over half a pound of meat flour was used in its preparation. It was excellent for invalids and bore a high food value. It could be exported easily and compactly, and would keep, so far as present tests went, for two years without the slightest sign of deterioration. It took three pounds of meat to produce one pound of the flour, which was at present being readily sold at five shillings (\$1.25) a pound and was found exceedingly economical in the household at this price.

Philosophic Solemnity.

How does Nature defy us with a few cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.—Emerson.

Ralph and the "Stop" Sign

By MYRTA A. LITTLE

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This story is going to be about a girl and a railroad—and a few other things. Ralph Thomas—the girl through school, and home in Brenton, living on the sleepy, beautiful street with colonial houses on both sides, had been wishing for two things with a vengeance.

The things hadn't come, but the Eastern Branch railroad had, and suddenly it had also bought and paid for its right to cross Brenton's aristocratic thoroughfare, staid old families notwithstanding, and in so doing had incidentally and quite unconsciously tied itself up with Ralph Thomas' two wishes.

First, Ralph wanted something to happen, anything 'most, from a balloon ascension to a new kind of cereal; and second, Ralph wanted to prove somehow that she 'could do something besides eat, sleep, look pretty, and play lady for her dotting father and mother. So, she went hunting, found something interesting—unusually interesting—made plans, and put them up to her father, with results as follows:

"It's preposterous! A Brenton Thomas doing such a thing! Why, it's worse than your last threat to act for moving pictures!" said father, his fingers meeting precisely over patched knees. Ralph plumped herself on the patches.

"It's not fair to lose all the fun on earth because you're a Brenton Thomas, dad," she pleaded.

"Have you spoken to your mother about it?"

"Mother said it was a joke, and I'd soon get over it. She said nobody but men—traded railroad crossings, anyway. I won't get over it, though. Henry Jones, the crossing man, can't work—any longer, men are scarce—"

"Here I have looked forward to your marriage to some prosperous—let us say, writer, and now you're darning to think of being a crossing tender!" groaned the Squire.

"Exactly!" beamed Ralph. "A crossing tender. Sit in the dinky little crossing house by the hot little stove. Then when the train whistles, dash out and hold up the sign with 'Stop' on it."

"Stop!" said Squire Thomas.

"Exactly," said Ralph. "Stop everything that's likely to get in the train's way. It isn't as if there were lots of trains, either. I'd be on duty at seven, eight, or nine. Time off at noon. Nice salary. Bigger later, maybe, if—well, if—"

Ralph had the grace to blush, though at the time her father did not know why she blushed.

Father tried another tack. "You do not consider the lives that would be in your hands, Ralph. You are flip-pant. You'd have to do more than listen for whistles. What that young Jones put such notions into your head for—"

"Henry Jones is all right!" said Ralph Thomas, emphatically.

"What did he leave his crossing job for, then? Good job—for him! What did he come to Brenton for in the first place? Where did he come from?"

Ralph evaded the question. "Oh, please, dad," she pleaded. "Let me—just try."

"No, Ralph, no!"

But, being Ralph, she did, of course. In fact, in a couple of days Squire Thomas found himself telling two of his friends that daughter thought it would be an interesting experiment, the authorities considered her dependable, a goddess as it were, and so on and on. So all Brenton was converted, though it was a jolly idea, liked to see the bright-haired girl holding the black and white "Stop," at the little crossing, and called at the little gray house and told her so.

Ralph was happy as a June day. The signals were magic things, the green and red and white lights that picked the darkness, the round flare of the engine like a great sunburst out of nowhere, the tapering threads of track, the puffs of smoke and steam with the sunlight playing on them, the shrieks of the whistle, the big healthy rumble and roar, the hurrying folks, waving their hands, maybe, from hundreds of passing windows, oh, it was great! It got into Ralph's blood, just the way it had been intended that it should.

And, at the very start, the man appeared. He had a brand new, office in the city five miles from Brenton, and a home in the country, three miles north. He drove a brave, trusty car that slid through the snow like a friendly bob, and from the day Ralph took up her new work, he always waited at that Brenton crossing, in the morning for the up accommodation to pick by, and in the evening for the down accommodation.

Naturally, he talked with Ralph, while she held the "Stop" sign, and afterwards, gradually they made astonishing plans, as had also been intended. The man's name was Norton. He was large, dark, rich, had fascinating business connections, and was obviously interested in Ralph Thomas. He brought her books to read. Ralph was thrilled; read them from cover to cover. It wasn't all she did. Among other things she signed a contract. Oh, things were happening, all right.

"Good work," said the station agent to Ralph, after the first month—not about Norton's plans, but about things were happening, all right.

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SHERIFF RAIDS MOONSHINERS

Big Haul in Made on John Day River Distillery. Men Not Caught

A twenty-gallon copper moonshine still, over fifty gallons of finished moonshine whiskey and 350 gallons of mash were captured Thursday by Sheriff Hugh Chrisman, accompanied by Robert Urquhart and John McCune, in a raid upon what were at one time two abandoned buildings on the John Day river, one-half mile below what is known as the old Ruggles pumping station, 18 miles east of Moro.

The copper still was found where it had been hidden a few minutes previously by the moonshiners, in a small out-building a short distance from the main building in which the mash and larger part of the moon were discovered.

Entrance to the larger building was gained thru a door on the second floor, there being no doors or windows on the ground floor. After prying loose the wood latch on the door with a stick, the sheriff and his aide scaled there was discovered one ten-gallon jug and one eight-gallon jug, both full, and a five-gallon beer keg, half filled, besides other containers full of moonshine whiskey, seven 50-gallon barrels of mash and the warm stove upon which the still had been operating.

Thursday morning at eight o'clock, Sheriff Chrisman, accompanied by Robert Urquhart and John McCune, left Moro in Chrisman's car and arrived at the top of the hills overlooking the John Day river canyon an hour later. Chrisman and Urquhart began the descent on foot to the old Ruggles place. McCune remained with the car at the summit of the hill.

Having found nothing of an incriminating nature after a thorough survey of the Ruggles place, the sheriff and Urquhart went on down the river to what had been an old farm house. Here they found the old entrance of a house with no doors or windows on the ground floor, and no ladder to reach the second floor.

After making an entrance and finding the mash, moonshine, and stove, Chrisman and Urquhart set out to find the still that had been operating upon the mash.

Traces of the moonshiners led to a small out-building a short distance away. Horses were loose nearby. In the building was discovered the 20-gallon copper still and six gallons of moonshine. The still was yet warm. It was evident that it had been but a few minutes off the stove. It is the opinion of the sheriff that the moonshiners saw himself and Urquhart approaching from up the river and attempted to hide the still where it might not be found at once. Copper stills are valuable, and to get one legally it is necessary to go thru a series of government entanglements, and then the possessor is stealthily spied upon to make certain that the still is not put to illegal use.

Each with three gallons of moonshine and with the still between them as evidence, Chrisman and Urquhart set out up the hill to the car. The sun was hot. The climbers became weary and fagged. The moonshine was thrown out on the hillside to give relief from unnecessary weight. Two hours were consumed in reaching the top.

Sheriff Chrisman is holding the copper still at the court house as evidence. He is fairly certain that there were more than one in the moonshine camp, as the table in the house shielding the liquor manufactory was set for two.

The way Ralph tended the crossing. "Fine you got permission for this—other business, too!"

"Shh!" warned Ralph. "Mum! It's awfully good of the railroad, of course, but think of the boost it'll be for Brenton. And I'm not neglecting my crossing."

The test-day came. It was afternoon, one minute before schedule time for the 5:15 express. It always passed the down accommodation at Brenton or between Brenton and the first station down the line. It would pass at Brenton tonight. Ralph was ready for it standing erect, alert, the black "STOP" held firmly in her hands, a new tingle in her fingertips.

Up to the street chugged the brave and trusty car that meant that Norton was, as usual, on time to wait for the down accommodation. Down the street, riding his white horse was Henry Jones. Ralph stood straight and small, "Stop," held high above her head. The express shrieked at the first curve. Jones' horse reared, the brakes on Norton's car evidently refused to work. It was just as if all the perverse fates on earth were gathering right there round that brave "STOP," to see to it that Ralph's wish came true, and something happened.

Something did! After himself descended on the scene, from the corner grocery he had been watching his daughter and Norton and the down accommodation more closely than anybody knew. Now he was right on hand, kicking the pieces of Norton's car out of the way, so he could get to Ralph, and

PATCHING UP KING'S SPEECH

Serious Omission Recently Gave British Parliamentary Authorities a "Bad Fifteen Minutes."

William Cobbett, who used to complain of the bad grammar and the in-different English of the king's speeches to parliament, surely never contemplated the omission which marked the king's speech at the opening of the recent session. The speech itself was remarkably short—139 words all told—and it came to a sudden stop without the usual invocation of God's blessing on the labors of parliament. When the king had departed, the officials were horrified at the omission, and hastily sent up a verbal addition to the press. Some of the newspapers used it and some did not. Nor was this all, for when the lord chancellor in the house of lords and the speaker in the house of commons read out the speech at the afternoon sitting, the invocation was there, but the words were different from those supplied earlier in the day. The secret history of all these changes would make an interesting matter for a modern Pepsy.

atching her out of several men's arms with worthy vim. As a matter of fact, however, Ralph didn't appear to be hurt, and she did appear mightily surprised, to say the least.

"O, dad, whatever did you have to turn up now for?" she groaned.

"It's all Norton's fault," growled father, meaning the accident.

"I jumped," said Norton cheerfully. "Not a scratch."

"Worse luck!" raved father. "That Jones chap's to blame, then. If he'd stuck to his job in the first place, Ralph wouldn't—"

"I've struck, all right," said Henry Jones. "You bet. But we'll have to do this thing over again anyway, Squire. Just a test, for lights and things. Greatest thing ever. Aristocratic old town, railroad crossing main street, pretty girl crossing tender, all full of love for the railroad."

Henry night pictures were got—train coming, Ralph standing there, you bet! Tried crossing stunt myself, y'know, at first, so I could write my synopsis better. Norton here, director, new corporation in the city. This'll make a five reel, with all the other stuff we've—"

Suddenly the Squire noticed a menacing click click from near by. "What's that?" he demanded.

"Moving picture machine, of course. Camera man's still at it. Think we can use this for the real thing I gues. Been looking long time for an aristocratic father, Squire Thomas. You wouldn't—Oh, but, Ralph said you wanted her to marry a prosperous writer. Great little actress she is. Hasn't she worked! Five year contract signed. Salary raised twice. You wouldn't mind being my father-in-law sometime—in a picture and in real life—"

"STOP!" thundered the Squire, but nobody seemed to hear him.

Experiment Farms Proven Practical

That the work done by the agricultural experiment stations is of inestimable value to the nation, and, thereby, to each of its people. Several years ago the land in northern Morrow county was thought to be practically valueless as far as wheat growing was concerned. Dwight Minner, now a prominent Morrow county farmer, was not long ago a traveling salesman. His company sent him to Morrow county to look over some farm property. The idea of becoming a farmer himself struck Minner so strongly that in the fall of 1917 he purchased 1,440 acres in the northern end of the county and started farming. Now the land is worth \$30 an acre, double the amount Minner paid for it. The increase in value is due to the results that Mr. Minner has secured from up-to-date farming methods.

At the time of purchasing his land, Mr. Minner went to the Moro experiment station to get the pointers that years of work in wheat raising had placed on record. He found that his summer fallow must be plowed early. Figures proved that there was no money to be made in harrowing in wheat in the spring, and that Turkey Red was the best winter wheat. Under his method of farming, Mr. Minner's place is considered to be good for 15 bushels an acre, an average for all years.

The work done by Mr. Minner has assisted materially in building up the community and county in which he lives. His leadership in adopting the farming out of experiment stations has convinced many others of the wisdom of this policy, and as a result an era of prosperity seems to be drawing a little nearer.

Milk Bottle Thermometer.

A North Woodward housewife, who lives in a house boasting a back porch, says she can always tell how cold it is by the length of the cone of frozen milk in the neck of the bottle she finds on her back porch every morning. By comparison with a nearby thermometer, she says, she finds that at about 20 above the cap of the bottle is barely lifted and the contents frozen about two inches down. At 14 above she found the cap shoved up about two inches and the milk solid some three inches down. Seven above is good for a projection of "solid" milk some four or five inches above the bottle neck and the contents semi-solid throughout. The bottle of milk thermometer is reliable only for above-zero temperature, as lower temperatures must be judged by the curvature of the frozen neck of cream.—Detroit News.

Of Beauty and Glands.

"Shakespeare's most famous poem," wrote a schoolboy, "was 'Venus and Adonis.'"—Boston Transcript.

NATURE KIND TO OLD MAMMY

Tessie Explains Why She Has No Need to Waste Her Substance on Milliners.

Tessie is the fashionable washer-woman par excellence. There was a time when she used to be a regular old Southern mammy, but now she's so stylish she never wears the same hat for more than a week.

Tessie dotes on them, talks about them all day long while washing and laundering the family's linen, and sometimes wears them when hanging out the wash on the roof.

But just how Tessie managed to wear so many different hats became a mystery. Her salary would never permit such extravagance. None of the hats was a "hand me down" or made over. So there was nothing else to do but to put the question up to her.

"Where do I buy mah hats?" she repeated. "Why, I don't buy 'em; natcher gives 'em to me."

When Tessie was accused of spoofing she explained how nature she, its generosity upon her. Tessie, it seems, seeks windy neighborhoods.

"Las' week," said Tessie, "I got that velvet tam when it was blown off'n a woman ridin' on the L. This here beaver sailor came a-rollin' down Third avenue in that win'torm the other day. But mah best gift from natcher was blown off'n Riverside drive fire escape. It was a red and orange turban with a emerald hatpin in it."—New York Sun.

Auto Wheelbarrows.

Auto wheelbarrows, designed by a contracting firm, are really miniature dumping trucks with a new arrangement of their parts. The machine described in Popular Mechanics Magazine, is built on a light truck chassis, with the driver's seat at the rear, back of the wheels. The engine is placed between the front and rear wheels, and the hopper is in front of the engine, directly over the front wheels. The dumping mechanism is operated by means of a lever. These machines have a much greater capacity than the ordinary wheelbarrow and have proved economical of both time and labor.

Somewhat Peculiar.

In 1820, it is recorded by an English magazine, Edward Smith died at the age of seventy-five years, and that "until a few years before his death it was his constant practice to ride upon a bull, and instead of smoking tobacco he had his hay salted and smoked it instead of that plant."

Points the Way for Others.

We are not disparaging idealism, but an "idealist" is too frequently a man who has high notions of what the other fellow ought to do.—Boston Transcript.

Married Men Trustworthy.

Statistics indicate that married men are more trustworthy than single men. In the ratio of 6 to 1, probably because of their increased sense of responsibility.

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