

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Moro, Oregon

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Moro, Oregon, July 25, 1891

Official Newspaper for Sherman County

Foreign Advertising Representative THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

C. L. IRELAND, Managing Editor

FRIDAY..... March 23, 1923

Statement of Ownership

Management, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Sherman County Observer, published weekly at Moro, Oregon, for April, 1923

State of Oregon, County of Sherman,

Before me, a notary public, in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. L. Ireland who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor, Publisher, and Owner of the Sherman County Observer and that the following is a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, postal laws and regulations, to-wit:

That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager is C. L. Ireland, Moro, Ore. That the owner is the said C. L. Ireland. There is absolutely no one who holds mortgage, bond, note or other debt against the said newspaper its equipment or building. Signed C. L. Ireland.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 19th day of March, 1923.

I, M. Peterson, notary public.

My commission expires June 30, 1924.

Several of the logging camps in the lower Columbia river district have been compelled to close as a result of snow.

George L. Cleaver of Portland has been appointed state prohibition officer by Governor Pierce. This office was created by the last legislature and carries a salary of \$2400 a year. Mr. Cleaver will have his headquarters in Portland.

Representative Sinnott has left Washington, D. C. with the house irrigation committee for the southwest to investigate the Imperial valley irrigation project. He will return to Washington, D. C. before going to Oregon for the summer.

Fourth class postmasters for Oregon have been appointed as follows: Charles E. Newell, Birkenfield; Nels J. Hanson, Flora; Mrs. Eda Dukes, Merila; Mrs. Annie O. Johnson, Odell; Amos D. Robinson, Robinette; and Bertha M. Forbes, Stauffer.

Following the holding of a public meeting at Astoria by Major Richard Park of the United States engineers to consider objections to the new proposed highway bridge across the Lewis and Clark river, permission was granted the highway commission to erect the structure.

News Letter From Kent

H. H. White was in town last week from his home at Wasco. Ova Hansen and family moved last week to their new farm home south of Moro.

Mrs. O. M. Leonard and two small sons are visiting at the home of Chas. Guyton.

The W. C. T. U. will meet this Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Ada Guyton.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Amick celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary Sunday, March 18th.

Miss Zippie, who has been absent from her classroom the past week because of flu, is again able to be at school.

Max Pleumke, genial landlord of Hotel Kent, was delivering teachers Monday with the help of a brand new Studebaker.

Mrs. L. J. Davis was operated upon today morning. Reports state that she is recovering nicely from the operation.

Mrs. Carl Schadewitz went to Grass Valley Monday morning to consult Dr. Thatcher, who took her to Portland the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parrish of Troutdale, spent the week-end at the Jas. Dellinger home. Mrs. Parrish and Mrs. Dellinger are sisters.

Manager R. Abell and Henry Moore fixed up the local telephone lines Saturday. It is hoped that the work is more permanent than the last attempt.

J. R. Dellinger and son Arnold were Moro visitors Saturday between trains. A call at the dental office of Dr. Morgan was the paramount feature of the visit.

Miss Young, Edw. Justesen and Chris Polson made a trip to Tygh Valley Sunday in Chris' automobile. They visited Miss Young's sister, Mrs. Zene Watkins.

Henry Schadewitz and wife spent last week visiting with relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Schadewitz is considering strongly moving back to Sherman county from The Dalles.

Dr. Thatcher was called Tuesday evening to see Mrs. Dellinger, who was ill with what was thought to be ptomaine poisoning. We are glad to report that Mrs. Dellinger is now recovered and Thelma back in school.

A party at the home of Jas. Leonard Saturday evening in honor of Miss Nellie's birthday was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

Der Goat.

Take Your Time, Boys. Look before you leap. Be sure you are right, and then take another look. —Duluth Herald.

The Life of a Prospect

Some years ago I went into a store to inquire the price of something, an expensive thing this was, that I wanted to buy some day when I had the price. They were just as nice to me as they would have been if I had come in ready to buy and plank down the cash. Then for the time being I forgot all about it, but they didn't. About a year after my visit to the store the salesman I had seen there came to see me, says the New York Herald. He was a very agreeable gentleman and in no way insistent; he had just looked in on the chance that now I was ready to buy; but my bank account hadn't looked up to any great extent and I was not ready, as I told him; but I added that when I was ready I would come in, and I would come to him. That, I thought, ended it as far as hearing from them was concerned; but not so. A year later I had another call from the salesman, my friend, if he will now permit me so to call him, on the same errand; a pleasant call and a pleasant little talk, but with the same result as before; and now, a year to a day after that second call, he has been in to see me again. We had our usual pleasant little talk, and then I asked him: "Don't you ever give up a prospect?" To which he answered, smilingly: "We never give up a prospect till he dies."

Nothing would please me more than to see a renaissance of American wit and humor, writes James L. Ford in the New York Tribune, but I do not know how this is to be brought about. Committees of the sort assembled for every imaginable purpose, and which command a degree of popular respect that seems amazing to the sophisticated, are powerless in the matter. Not even in those great universities that offer elective courses in nearly everything from playwriting to plumbing is there a chair of wit and humor; and, while every variety of jumble and rascality rears its head without fear of consequences, the sword of ridicule, the only weapon of real strength in the fight against evil, is permitted to rust in its scabbard.

Every minute of day and night, 32,334 letters are dropped into mailboxes. The total is 1,400,000 an hour. Small wonder, that a letter occasionally goes astray. Our destructive sense rages at these isolated delays. It rarely occurs to us to give credit for the vast majority that are delivered on time, for the constructive instinct has not yet conquered the destructive tendency in man's brain. Observing a few isolated cases, we accept them as applying generally—crime in particular.

The recent flight at practically 250 miles an hour by Lieut. R. L. Maughan at Mt. Clemens, Mich., opens a vista of possibilities which without doubt will become actualities within a few years. For example, such a speed would carry a traveler from New York to San Francisco or to London in about half a day. It would enable the trip from New York to Chicago to be accomplished in between three and four hours and from the Pacific coast of America to the Orient in less than a day and a night, while a journey around the world would be achieved in well under a week. Surely the age of material wonders has hardly yet been glimpsed.

The best publicity for a restaurant, according to members of the National Restaurant association, is the best possible menu card. They are as crazy as loons. The best possible publicity is that superinduced by a competent chef, writes Geo. M. Bailey in the Houston Post. We can produce some old negro women in Texas who have never seen a menu card, but who can make every garlic-smelling chef of New York look like a Russian ruble.

French scientists have learned to make "mineral oils" from vegetable oils. They made the discovery because France needed it. Eventually the whole world will need it. The incident is of first-class importance.

In undertaking to find out how and why Pullman cars are named, the Scientific American invades the realm of forbidden knowledge and lays itself open to punishment for impious presumption.

An Illinois woman has won a prize for "America's best cookies," and a newspaper account says they were the kind that mother used to make. Nonetheless—the best cookies were the kind grandmother used to make.

A bee raiser says it is going to be a hard winter, and the sign of that is that the bees are making windproof hives. Why not hire a few bees to fix your house up against the coal shortage?

A woman was granted a divorce because her husband went out 11 years ago for a drink and never came back. This would seem to be sufficient proof nowadays that he got it.

Had Wrong Idea of Statue. The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the capitol plaza at Rome was preserved by the early popes under the impression that it was a statue of the Emperor Constantine, the first Christian emperor.

Electors Broken Up by Napoleon. An elector was once a prince who had a vote in the election of the emperor of Germany until Napoleon broke up the old German empire and consequently destroyed the college of electors.

SUSAN'S EVIDENCE

By MYRTA ALICE LITTLE

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Diantha Holbrook slumped into the cushioned Windsor rocker, smoothed her gray hair and began her periodical lecture to, against and for the benefit of Cousin Susan, who sat menacingly on the high-backed sofa in the corner.

Diantha went to the old mahogany secretary, pulled down the heavy sloping desk, opened the drawer that she stuck and took from it a piece of pink paper.

"It's a check for ten dollars. It's signed, 'Linwood Webster,' and it's made out to you," gasped Susan. "What you gone and done, Diantha Holbrook?"

"I sold the old hocked-up clock case I've been keeping in up in the attic, and I sold that rocker with no spokes and lame legs that I've been setting in for sixty years and breaking my back. That's what I've gone and done," said Diantha, bravely.

Speechless, Susan Holbrook put her Paisley shawl over her head and hobbled across the yard to her lonely gray house. They're all on "ep' crazy," she whined, dropping into a backless chair, "over a grinning antique kid—a crank—"

Whereupon the subject of her eulogy strode up the weed-grown path, and knocked at the door. "I've got a few minutes to talk antiques," he said, smiling.

"You've got a few more'n I have, then," snapped Susan Holbrook. "Get out of my house, the quicker, the sooner, or I'll have the constable after you. Carting off Mrs. Stevens' china by the pitiful nights and mornings, he ye? And storing furniture in the old Smith house, and now after my things. Git out—"

Lin Webster got out, and Susan watched him. He went round to the Stevens' back door. She waited until, in the dusk, she saw him go down the back steps, carrying a trunk, which he took to the depot.

Susan waited no longer. She put her shawl over her head and tottered across the side yard to the Stevens' and rang the bell. There was no answer. Once she thought she heard footsteps inside, the hasty closing of a door and putting down of a shade. But nothing else. No one came to the door, and Susan crept over to Diantha's to report her suspicions.

"You come over and live with us and learn to give folks credit for being as good as you," Diantha advised.

"When I come over here to live I'll be considerable wiser, I mean—older than I am now," Susan snorted. She went home and took up her solitary vigil by her own kitchen window. In less than an hour Lin drove back. A little later, when all had been quiet across at the Stevens' for some time, Susan heard queer sounds, grating, scraping. Then she saw a man creep up on the porch in the moonlight. She saw the flash of a light, heard voices, louder sounds. And Susan stole through the hedge to Diantha's sitting-room window. Diantha was sitting up reading. There was a knock at the side door. "He's burgling now, gettin' desperate now he knows I'm suspiciousing his doin's," Susan gasped.

"Burgling nothing, with Molly and O' Mary in the house," Diantha declared.

"Where was they today when I called?" Susan demanded, curly.

"Maybe Molly's gone to camp already, and O' Mary might of been taking a bath," ventured Diantha.

Diantha's plans were frustrated. There came a knock at the door. Diantha fluttered about and opened it to the Stevens' husband and father. Susan slunk into the bedroom.

"Just came over to explain, Diantha, in case you heard our rumpus over across and got worried," the man laughed. "Twas I burgling my own house. Didn't get my wife's letter saying Molly was sewing on her trousseau for a while. Thought the house was empty, forgot my key and tried the porch window. Lin heard me, thought I was a burglar. We had a ruse. I thought he was one. And there was Molly laid up with chickenpox, and O' Mary not letting anybody in. But 'twas the noise I wanted to explain. Women folks living alone might imagine things were worse than they were. Back home now and help O' Mary chaperon Molly and Lin. Wedding's coming off next month. Good-night."

"You heard what he said, Susan Holbrook?" said Diantha sternly. "Now who's the crank—Lin Webster or you? Do you think it's fitting you should live alone with such notions as you get hatched up?"

"You've got so much stuff you ain't got enough left to keep house with anyway," Susan admitted in a dazed voice. "Twill be a deed of charity if I move over, I suppose."

"And you're going to move your suspicious OUP?" said Diantha, firmly. "Come, it's bedtime."

Work on Egyptian Dictionary. The dictionary of the Egyptian language, began a quarter of a century ago, will be completed, barring another war, in 1928. There will be approximately 2,000 folio pages of type and 5,000 folio pages of "autographs" or "citations." It was an even 100 years ago that a Frenchman deciphered some of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Since then Egyptology has flourished, though obscurely. The dictionary will mark a new epoch. About three-fourths of the text is already in type.

Miriam's Handicap. Two girls were giving a concert. Jean sings nicely, but Miriam cannot carry a tune at all. After trying repeatedly to sing the tune, Jean ran to her mother crying, "Mother, we can't have a concert. Miriam sings crooked."

Sea Life Under Great Pressure. Life has been found in the sea at depths of more than 24,000 feet, although at such depths any object is under a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch.

TURN ME OVER

Turn me over to the law, says the old jaw.

The more haste, the less speed, says the old jaw.

The campaign against the Industrial Workers of the World is warming up in Coos county. Seven men are under arrest in Marshfield and five in Coquille.

The annual picnic of the Oregon Holstein Breeders' association will be held on the Oregon Agricultural college campus at Corvallis during the week of June 29.

Plans have been completed by the Oregon public service commission for resuming the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company rate rehearing in Portland Thursday.

The state tax on gasoline and distillate produced a revenue of \$66,911.10 during the month of January, 1923, according to a statement compiled by the secretary of state.

More than 326 members and guests attended the annual meeting of the Baker county chamber of commerce at Baker. It was featured by an Oregon products' banquet.

Taxpayers of Lane county have more money this year than for a number of years past, it is said by members of the tax collecting force in the office of Sheriff Stickle.

To meet the housing need created by the rapidly growing population, construction of 60 frame houses will be started immediately at Bend by J. R. Conway, Portland contractor.

Unassigned surplus of the state industrial accident funds, excluding the state appropriation, aggregates \$487,070.26, according to a report prepared by members of the commission.

R. H. Bonney, superintendent of the Union fish hatchery, near La Grande, has announced that 26 new tanks, which will increase the capacity of the plant one-third, will be installed in the hatchery in the near future.

Walter E. Meacham of Baker was re-elected president of the Old Oregon Trail association at its annual meeting at Baker. A. W. Nelson of La Grande was elected secretary to succeed Horace B. Ryder of Baker.

A joint show will be staged by the Pendleton Rotarians and American Legion members of the Pendleton post next month for the purpose of raising funds to equip and maintain Sturgis park for the benefit of Pendleton children.

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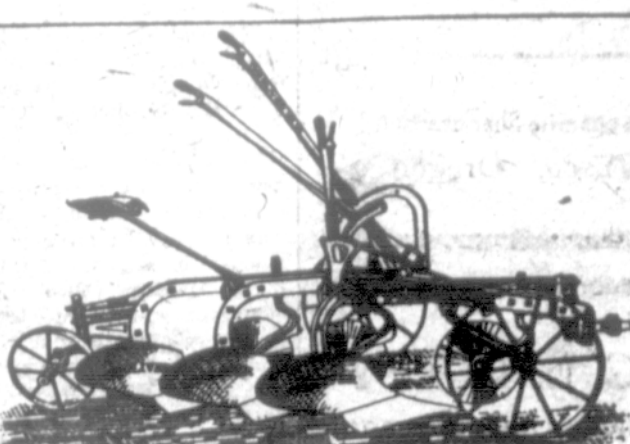
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