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Dr. Walter L. Niles, dean of Cornell University Medical college, advises poor boys not to study for the medical profession. His claim is that the poor boy is seldom a leader in his class because his health is impaired by overwork, while he has developed a rigidity of mental process that precludes imagination. We do not know upon what foundation the doctor builds his opinions, but it is hard to reconcile it with the prevailing impression that the poor boy is a more sincere and determined student than the son of the rich, says the San Francisco Chronicle. For one thing, he has more at stake. Usually he must make his own way. His investment in a college course is entirely his own. He is fully aware that he must realize on that investment and he wastes no time in foolishness. The son of the rich has no such controlling influence. His parents pay the freight. If he succeeds, all well and good. If he fails, his parents may still pay the freight. Many of the nation's greatest men in the medical, as well as in other professions, originated from the so-called poor boy class. They have been successful because they were equipped with a sense of responsibility that is not always a characteristic of the youth born with a silver spoon in his mouth and sent through life with a silver-lined purse.

A revival of business is reported from Rotterdam. Steamship companies are laying new keels and different big German steamboat companies have made the city their terminal for North and South American trade. Rotterdam has suffered heavily during the war and since the Ruhr occupation. All the German Rhine trade, with its prosperous regions, passed through that city on its way to the North sea. The French and Belgians have diverted a great deal of that trade through the Meuse and Moselle canals toward Antwerp. Yet it seems that the Dutch, navigators, merchants, business men and humanitarians of the first rank, have found a way out without going to war or getting into any friction.

BILL BARBER SAYS
IT MAY BE THAT FRUITS FEEL PAIN, AS A FRENCH SCIENTIST MAINTAINS, BUT THE GRAPEFRUIT IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HIT BACK.

Moro Experiment Station Work Expands to Neighbor Counties

Taking the work of the experiment station to every county of eastern Oregon is now being attempted by the Moro branch station. The purpose of this new idea in station work is to determine in exactly what localities and under what conditions will the results and findings of the station be entirely applicable, especially in regard to the best crops to grow. In 1923 three grain nurseries were grown, one in Umatilla county, one in Morrow county and one in Wasco county. The results obtained from these grain nurseries were so encouraging that the work was enlarged in 1924 and will be further expanded in 1925 to include nurseries in several other counties. This year there are two nurseries in Umatilla county, one near Pendleton and one near Pilot Rock; two in Morrow county, one near Ione and one near Eight mile; one in Wasco county near Dufur; and one in Sherman county at Kent. Superintendent Stephens reports that two successful field days were held recently at each of the nurseries in Umatilla county and two at the nurseries in Morrow county. At the nursery at Eight mile there were 212 people in attendance. At each field day at each nursery interest by farmers was keen, especially in the new smut-resistant winter wheat varieties, and most of the new hybrid wheats between the federation varieties and present commercial winter wheat varieties.

Celebration of July 4th Gives Bend Boy Permanent Booze Jag

A case of permanent intoxication is reported from Bend that is said to have taxed the medical knowledge of the doctors of that city in interior Oregon. The news story reads about as follows: A hitherto sober youth took on enough moonshine on the Fourth of July to become thoroughly inebriated. His friends put him to bed and he apparently recovered. But in the heat of the day following all of the symptoms of intoxication returned except the distillery breath. His nerves became partly paralyzed, his speech was impeded, his walk erratic. Each warm day since that time—and nearly all of them have been measurably warm—the same condition has recurred. The youth is employed at night and so has been able to carry on his work, but in the day-time he exhibits all the signs of intoxication, and physicians have been unable to prescribe any relief.

Another reason for seeing America first is that European hotel keepers have just decided to advance prices still further, ignoring the lesson of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Food costs may have declined a bit, yet they have a long way to go before they drop to the level of the good old days when round steak was ten cents a pound and the butcher "threw in" a hunk of suet.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.
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THE VANISHED POMP OF YESTERDAY

EDWARD, the seventeen-year-old son of my next-door neighbor, was in a state of mind. He was going to take his "girl" to a party and was a good deal humiliated because the family did not own a coach or a limousine, and the journey from her house to the scene of the social orgie—a distance of four or five blocks—would have to be made in an open car. "It's rotten luck to have to take a girl that way," he complained to his mother, all sympathetic as mother's always are. "I don't know what she'll think. All the other fellows have closed Packards or Marmonas, and I have to go in an open Buick." It was indeed a cruel fate.

It was not thus when I was seventeen. We went in style then. I was to take Hattie Barlow to the Fourth of July celebration in Mink Grove. She was a mighty pretty girl, and she was thirteen. It seems a little young now, as I think it over, but that fact never occurred to me then. I made elaborate preparations for the event. I washed the lumber wagon and swept it out carefully. I made a fresh cushion for the spring seat, and tied a new ribbon on the long buggy whip I carried. I trimmed the manes and tails of the mules I was to drive and brushed and curried them until their coats shone like ebony, though I didn't know much about ebony then. We went in the morning so that we could be part of the parade which was headed by the local band and led by Taylor Rowlett riding a spirited bay horse and wearing a beautiful red sash made of shiny paper muslin. It was some parade! I remember that Hattie wore a white shirtdress and a bright blue silk skirt that her aunt had sent her from Boston. Her hat was white with a band of yellow daisies around it, and as I said, she was mighty pretty.

I had two dollars and a half to spend. We stayed all day and had lunch in the grove, and rode the merry-go-round, and ate ice cream, and popcorn, and everything; but dinner we ate at the Martin house, the big hotel in town. It was the first time I had ever eaten at a hotel and it cost me twenty-five cents each for the dinner, but there were no tips. We didn't start home until after the fireworks. We drove slowly, and the moon was shining and the night birds were calling and, as I think I've said before, she was mighty pretty, and I was very happy amid the splendor of it. But it's all vanished now, though Sir Frederick Hamilton didn't have a thing on us that night!

It matters not on what plane of life one labors, nor how large or small the number of his acquaintances, the man who toils, and yet knows that in the circle of his influence there is at least one life in which there is sunshine where, but for him, there would have been shadow; that there is at least one home in which there is cheer where, but for him, there would have been gloom; that there is at least one ear in which there is hope where, but for him, there would have been despair—that man carries with him, as he goes, one of the richest treasures on this earth.

The German press, which is critical of the display of wealth by Germans who are abroad, might urge a collection from some of those bloated Germans of enough money to feed some of the starving German children.

French scientists claim to be able to hear the sounds of stars, and as soon as we learn to make a noise like a star we shall be able to join in the well known music of the spheres.

The new spring colors for women's hosiery include "drumskin," "tambour," "rum-tum," "tom-tom," "blare," "clarion" and "fanfare." And we were taught to believe that stockings should be seen and not heard!

Horse Power Combine Harvester Has Run Away in Wheat Field

The horse power combine harvester owned by Eugene Amidon working on the F. L. Burnett farm ended its days work last Friday, July 11, with a runaway that resulted in quite a bit of broken harness, several horses injured and one horse killed. The start of the accident was a belt that slipped off its pulley. When a stop was made, one of the 27 horses which had been acting sick earlier in the day—dropped to the ground. This sick horse began a series of struggles, alternately falling down and regaining its feet. This was bothering other horses in the team and the driver, after trying to make members of the crew understand, started to climb down he drivers' ladder and hunt up some of the crew.

When he was about half way down on the ladder, the horses in the outfit became frightened, half bolted to the right and the balance to the left. This pulled the down horse against and under the header, and at the same time pulled the combine about 300 feet before the horses broke loose. During this time the front wheel of the combine was pitching and rolling over the uneven ground and the driver was wondering if he would be able to get out of the mess without serious injury.

As luck would have it, the horses broke loose about fifty feet from a ravine for which they were headed and which would have wrecked the machine completely if it had been pulled into it. None of the crew were injured. The sick horse had to be killed, others were scratched and bruised. Some of the horses came into the business section of Moro where they were caught. The harness and machine were repaired and the outfit was running again, as usual, by Saturday noon.

Wheat Prices are Going Higher \$1.12 at Moro on Wednesday

The local wheat market became an established fact for this season when the Portland market reached \$1.25 on Saturday for 5000 bushels of soft white sold at that price for Portland delivery in August. Demand for wheat is good, with very little selling at country points and farmers disposed to hold for higher prices, as is usually the case with a raising market.

The export wheat market at Portland appears to have fully opened. Two steamers are now listed openly for crop loading, with no means of knowing how many other steamers are held in reserve for future loadings.

News reports state that the demand for wheat from California is exceptionally heavy at this time and that the grade of wheat suitable for that market is quickly taken when offered. Prices offered for either dark hard or hard winter in this city as late as Wednesday of this week, was said to be \$1.12 for that grade of wheat.

Deterioration of farm machinery because of lack of shelter costs American farmers tens, possibly hundreds of millions of dollars a year. Experts estimate that avoidable loss occasioned by idle farm machinery standing in open fields is perhaps equal to one-half of all the taxes paid by the farmers of the United States. If conditions in important farming areas of Illinois reflect the situation the country over, damage to farm machinery from the elements runs up to a most amazing total, says the Power Farming. Engineers motoring through Illinois recently found that the loss to machinery and implements left standing on farms along the roadside would be \$650 per square mile a year, or more than \$1 an acre. In a distance of 126 miles they observed twelve tractors, costing \$1,000 cash, standing exposed to the weather, absolutely without any protection. These tractors, built to give twenty or more years of hard service, probably will be consigned to the junk heap after five years. There are \$60,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the United States. If the Illinois estimate holds good for the rest of the country, a loss of more than \$370,000,000 a year is sustained by the farmers because of lack of proper housing of their farm machinery and implements. This would pay for enough building material to furnish adequate protection for a generation.

Spain's greatest scientists have arrived at a little village named Moanchil. An interesting phenomenon of earth movements is taking place there. Houses, vineyards, olive groves, fences, roads, all are disappearing into the earth. The movement of the earth is gradual, hardly perceptible to the eye. A great loss of crops has been occasioned. In one instance a cottage slid along 200 feet without getting damaged before it started to sink. After two days its roof was still visible. In the bowels of the earth are unknown forces of terrible capacity. Sometime it would be interesting to think of carrying out Flammarion's dream of boring a tunnel through the heart of the world. But the heat probably would kill the workmen. An Italian engineer suggests digging a canal and extinguishing Yasuvius. If that were attempted, the moment the sea hit the molten masses of lava, Italy would go up in a terrific explosion.

The reading of advertisements is a habit easily acquired, and is an invaluable aid to the wide-awake purchaser.

Fire Come From Sparks

Great fires from little matches grow.

People who live by raising wheat shouldn't throw cigarettes by the roadside.

Did you ever wonder, if some folks are as careless at home as they are in the field?

Every time you throw a cigarette out of the car, say to yourself, "Here goes another fire"—and don't throw it.

The fine art of being safe consists in being dead sure that every spark is out.

What the wheat sang— "Ashes to ashes,—and dust to dust If the combine don't get us, the cigarettes must."

Field Fire: A very large and disastrous result from a very little carelessness.

Spark: A compound essence of fire fury, compressed into the smallest possible space. Usually found in cigarette stubs, matches, and neglected camp fires.

The man who puts out the last spark generally acquires the reputation of being the one wanted by every employer.

Then, Finally. You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is, of course, feminine. If she is singular, you become nominative. You walk across to her, changing the verbal and then becoming dative. If she is not objective, you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative, and you become imperative. Her brother is an indefinite article. You walk in and sit down. You talk of the future, and she changes to the object. Her father becomes present and you become the past participle.—Ohio Northern Review.

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