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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, July 23, 1926

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At the Top of Tulip Hill

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

VIRGINIA DAY felt the necessity
for helping with the earnings of
the family income.

"But, my dear," said her mother
as they discussed the subject for
the fifth time, "you help so much at home.
Practically all of the housekeeping
falls on your shoulders."

Virginia tossed credit aside. "It is
nothing. I can continue to help you
and still earn a penny to add to the
family exchequer."

"If it would make you happier—
"It isn't that, dear mother. I am
happy. But everyone is more nearly
satisfied with himself if he is earning
his own salt. Isn't it so?"

"It seems to be in this generation,"
admitted the mother.

"It is so. And when I see women
with two or three little children and
all their household work to do, pursuing
some sort of lucrative work, I am
ashamed of my laziness." Virginia
had evidently been giving the matter
of her own efficiency some serious
thought and her mother could not
help admiring her lovely daughter.

"Have you decided on anything in
particular? What can you do?"
"Sell tulips!" announced Virginia
simply.

"But—"
She cut her mother's protest short.
"I know I don't own a single bulb
nor a square inch of ground, but I
have a scheme."

"Seems to me you'll need one
daughter," said the mother.

"You remember the other day when
I went with Julia to a tea place out
on Long Island? Well, that is where
my scheme was born. And yesterday
I went out on the train to see if it
was a real inspiration that I had had
—and it was. We had passed in driv-
ing the loveliest field of tulips I had
ever beheld. Then and there some-
thing told me that opportunity was
whispering in my ear. I had read
somewhere or other that to be ef-
ficient in life we must learn to cap-
ture those winged moments and make
use of them. I recognized this as a
golden chance, and I believe it was."

The mother looked at her daughter
with widening eyes. Was this her lit-
tle girl speaking with so much under-
standing of life?

"It seems that the man who owns
the tulip field had started in hap-
pily, but had not the proper business
methods for getting his goods into the
market. I saw at once a whole plan and
I outlined it to him. He was delighted,
poor soul. He is artistic, but he is
not so practical. We decided to put
the tulips all in divisions of color for
next spring, hundreds of each var-
iety with the beginning that he al-
ready has planted so irregularly. My
job all winter will be to get orders
from hotels and tea rooms in the city
for certain color schemes for certain
days. For instance, I will sell a big
hotel scarlet tulips for Monday and
Tuesday, yellow for the following two
days, and so forth, and eliminate the
profit of the middleman or florist. I,
myself, will deliver them in our old
station wagon, and when I get too
busy we will hire a truck. Do you
see? It will be practically no expense
to me and we are to divide profits.
He is willing—even enthusiastic."

Virginia went on planning and car-
rying out her scheme and went so
far as to suggest to one tea room
owner on Fifth avenue that a rain-
bow afternoon tea feature would be
attractive. She planned for them a
series of tables decorated entirely in
single colors from the tea cloth and
china service to the tulips in the cen-
ter—each one different. Her idea
was to have a real rainbow effect as
you entered the long room, carried
out in colored tables.

"Moth, I am so wrapped up in our
scheme and so enthusiastic that I
am probably a bore to you at home.
Am I not?"

"On the contrary, dear, you are a
marvel to me," said her mother.

"Does Mr. Harrow have a family?"
asked the mother, quite naturally.

Virginia blushed as her mother had
never seen her blush before. And
in her confusion she was lovely.

"No—she has never been married.
He's a sort of an artist who lives in
this little bungalow and had started
the tulip farm to keep the pot boil-
ing, so to speak," explained Virginia.

"Oh," said her mother.

Virginia became more and more cer-
tain that the moment that she had
laid eyes upon the field of tulips had
been one of the golden opportunities
of her life. The idea was materializ-
ing and with it was growing a very
wonderful romance.

"You know I just felt that fate
was guiding me that day when I came
to make the business proposition to
you about the tulips," she said one
evening when she had been having
dinner with her partner.

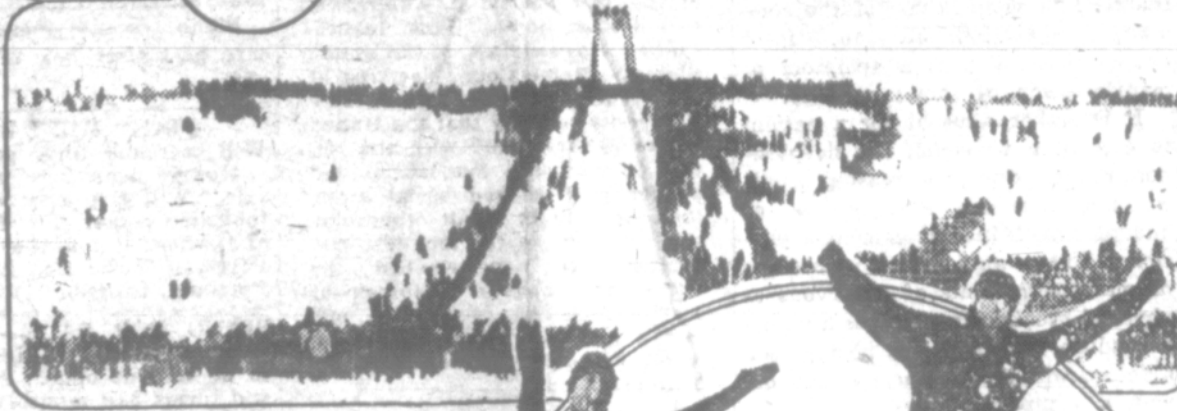
"And has it been a kind fate?" he
asked.

"It has, Frank. You know it has.
We shall build the new bungalow at
the crest of the hill and its windows
shall look out upon the riotous field
of color in spring. Other seasons will
take care of themselves."

"Might we call it Tulip hill, dear?"
he asked.

"We might—it's a pretty name. But
we won't tell them what wonders
there are at the top of the hill. Only
you and I shall know that," said Vir-
ginia.

Skiing and Snowshoeing Popular Sports in Old Quebec



SKI JUMP AT QUEBEC



SKI JUMPERS IN THE AIR

If at first you don't succeed—
fall again! Naturally, you just
have to when you try to ski or
snowshoe. Never be discouraged
if for the first three or four at-
tempts to progress with snowshoes
on your feet you always end on
your nose. Until you learn the
swing, or waddle of snowshoes
which brings one shoe in front of
the other, instead of on top of it,
you will not learn to move softly
and noiselessly over the surface of
high piled snow. Until you learn
this, the skis must remain parallel,
and not take to criss-crossing and
affectingly crossing each other.
You will not enjoy the thrill of
speeding down a mountain side, or
napping off the brow of the hill,
to land smoothly on the road be-
low and glide to a rapid stop.
And Quebec is not only the place
to learn but it is the place to en-
joy winter sports to the fullest
extent when you have become an
expert. The entire winter is filled
with ski races, snowshoe races,
competition on top of competition.
An international convention of
Snowshoe Clubs being held in
February will fill the Chateau
Frontenac with snowshoers in uni-
form more than a thousand of
whom are expected from all parts
of Canada and the United States.
The world championship in snow-

WHY GOVERNMENT PRICE FIXING WON'T WORK

History's Long List
of Great "Southpaws"

On Fifteen Per Cent Bonds

STRAIGHT TALKS
WITH AUNT EMMY

Authors Who Evincied
Interest in Cookery

Yet Many Don't

Spoiled the Effect

Doctor Was Right

Harvest Groceries

Special Low Prices

We offer you choice of complete line of Canned
Fruits, Vegetables, and Relishes.

Also Special Prices on Harvest Quantity Orders in
Fresh Vegetables, Staple Groceries and All Cook
House Supplies.

Comparable Prices plus Immediate Delivery and
Personal Service.

MAY & SON Moro, Oregon

Member Store United Grocers of Oregon

Open Evenings Until After Harvest.

One of the most persistent fallacies
is government price-fixing on com-
petitive commodities. There is al-
ready government price-fixing in com-
modities and services where competi-
tion plays no part in price determi-
nation. These are railway transpor-
tation, electricity, gas, telephone and
telegraph, and so on. Here govern-
ment price-fixing is solely to protect
the consumer. There are two fatal
objections to government price-fixing
for agricultural products, which rep-
resent the most competitive business
in the world. These are, first, that it
will not work; second, that it is al-
ways done for the consumer as
against the producer.

Government price-fixing for agricul-
tural products would work if at the
same time the government regulated
wages, profits, middlemen's margins,
the production of all commodities and
the rationing of all consumers. In
short, if the population were enlisted
in one vast army, directed and ra-
tioned, price-fixing would work, but
otherwise not. If the price is fixed on
the wheat the farmer sells, then he
cannot keep on producing wheat if
wages or the cost of harvesting ma-
chine rise, or if the cost of other
material he buys rises. So the next
step would be the fixation of other
prices, and yet other prices.

The United States government
fixed the price of wheat but once in
our history, and then it was to benefit
consumers, not producers. The gov-
ernment might, in an emergency, fix
some agricultural prices for the pur-
pose of elevating such prices. Such
action would inevitably and speedily
lead to outcry from city consumers
and a consequent reversal of policy.
Indeed, the consumers, not the pro-
ducers, are most likely to demand
and secure food price regulation by
government authorities. The farmer,
therefore, who favors any form of
governmental price-fixing is working
against his own interests. He is put-
ting his head into a noose.—James E.
Boyle, Professor of Rural Economics,
Cornell University, in the Banker-
Farmer.

Sleeping Sickness New Disease.
Sleeping sickness, known scientifi-
cally as encephalitis lethargica, or
epidemic encephalitis, is a compara-
tively new disease in the United States.
It was not actually recorded here until
1919 after the first serious epidemic
of influenza. In Europe likewise it ap-
peared only after influenza had been
raging for a time.

Riches in Dream Power

An inmate of the Pennsylvania
Home for Working Blind has become
known as a philosopher among his
friends for his ability to estimate the
value of life. "A man is as rich as
his power to dream," he said. He
maintains such power is far greater
in value than material riches.

Fine Work in Airplane

In building an airplane work as
fine, accurate and delicate as that in
making a watch is required.

History's Long List of Great "Southpaws"

Cheer up, all ye southpaws. A del-
ver into obscure matters of history has
unearthed something that should
please each and every one of you. It
is really something to give you reason
to put on airs of superiority. Are you
not pleased to learn that Alexander
the Great used his sword with his left
hand? Charlemagne, the patron of
scholars, used his pen with his left
hand. If he did any writing at all. Also
the Pharaohs were left-handed and so
were the greater Caesars. In the
period between 2500 B. C. and 15 B. C.
a left-handed man was considered "the
darling of the gods" and was rushed
into high office. Yet, the left-handed
have had to suffer under instructors
who tried to make them change a
physical habit. Even some educa-
tionalists claim that left-handed pupils
fall far below the average level of
school efficiency. In fact, the left-
handed have been jeered at probably
everywhere except on the baseball
field.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Varied Ideas About Money and Its Uses

Probably more has been said and
written about money than any other
subject under the sun. Fielding, who
spoke with the authority of a magis-
trate, once commented that "money is
the fruit of evil as often as the root
of it." Doctor Johnson said, "Money,
in whatever hands, will confer power."
In "The Way of All Flesh," Samuel
Butler wrote that "money is like a
reputation for ability—more easily
made than kept." His modern dis-
ciple, G. Bernard Shaw, goes farther
and says, "Any fool can save money;
it takes a wise man to spend it." Ba-
con wrote, "Money is like manure; a
little use unless it be spread." A
quotation from Horace reads, "Money
amassed either serves or rules us."

John Stuart Mill, in his monumental
work, "The Principles of Political
Economy," points out that furs, cow-
rie shells and even cubes of com-
pressed tea have been used in various
places as money. He goes on to say
that "money is a commodity and its
value is determined, like other com-
modities, temporarily by demand and
supply, permanently and on the aver-
age by cost of production."

No article about money would be
complete without quoting an Ameri-
can. It seems typical of the American
mind always to couple money with
work—they rarely refer to the one
without the other. Thus John D.
Rockefeller: "I determined that, in
addition to working for money, I would
make money work for me."—John D.
Rockefeller's Weekly.

"Don't jump at conclusions so fast!"
said Aunt Emmy. "I did not say that.
A bond is as safe as a church if the
company that issues it is financially
sound, has a high credit rating and is
making money. Before you buy bonds
assure yourself that the company be-
hind them is above reproach."

"But the man who told me about
these fifteen per cent bonds was so
earnest—I felt sure I could believe
him."

"Don't turn over any money to him
until you have some advice on the
bonds from your bank," admonished
Aunt Emmy. "Then, if you find out
that the bonds are questionable you
will escape another bad investment."

—A. B. Ayres.

Know Your Cook Book, Girls, Advice of Diva

Margery Maxwell, prima donna with
the Chicago Civic and Ravinia opera
companies, and
who enjoys the
distinction of be-
ing among the
first American
girls to be recog-
nized in grand
opera circles,
takes particular
pride in her culi-
nary skill. Cook-
ing, in her esti-
mation, is a fine
art which is rap-
idly being lost.

"Doubtless one
of the big reasons for this condition
is that modern young men don't ex-
pect the girls they marry to know
much about cooking," said Miss Max-
well.

"In the future, before man pops
the question, he's going to find out whether
the girl knows what clafoutis are
and whether she's wise to the elements
of a balanced diet."

There are certain dishes to which
Miss Maxwell is partial. As she ex-
plains them, they are readily pre-
pared. Miss Maxwell uses for

Maryland Chicken.

Two 3 1/2 lb. chickens

1 cup water

1 cup butter

1 cup salt

1 cup pepper

1 cup evaporated milk

1 cup salt

1 cup pepper

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