

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Oregon Historical Society
Auditorium

Established 1887

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, October 7, 1927

Price Five Cents

Fifty-one Year's Growth

Fifty-one years ago, in Boston, the first message was carried over the wires of a new invention, the telephone. Today, half a century has wrought a change to the extent that that city alone averages 2,000,000 calls daily, and, what was then unthought of, 15,000 long distance calls. Throughout the United States this commodity has attained an equally phenomenal growth.

Yet there is no secret of this success. It but proves again that quality, combined with the agencies of service and progressiveness will be rewarded. The American people are the quickest in the world to appreciate value and make something wholly new into a necessity within an incredibly short time. It is the keynote of forwardness, to put the new thing on equal terms with the old and accepted, and give it a fair chance to show its worth.

The telephone and all other great industries are basically compounded of quality and service. An open minded people have earned and received honest and above board dealing. They are willing to allow leaders fair rewards and our people have always received as much, and often more than they give. That alone explains how a country barely a hundred and fifty years old can lead nations that are the product of centuries.

Utilities Buy Advertising

The public utilities of the United States gave no thought to advertising their light and power and heat service in the newspapers until after the close of the World War. Utility information bureaus were established in many of the states in 1920 and the next year the advertising appropriations of the service companies ran to something over a million dollars. During 1924 the companies paid \$3,000,000 for advertising and the budgets have steadily grown since that time it is estimated that more than \$5,000,000 will be paid by electric, gas, street railway and telephone companies for newspaper advertising in 1927. The leaders of the industries feel that it is the consistent way of getting the plain facts of their little understood business before the public.

Try To Win a Fine Prize

Corson's Music Store Encourage Sherman County Youth by Offering Prizes for Solution of Puzzle

On another page of this issue will be found an advertisement of the Corson Music Store, in The Dalles, offering a number of fine prizes for the most artistic answers to a puzzle given in the advertisement.

Believing that we have as artistic a people in this vicinity as anywhere, we are venturing the wish that a number of these prizes might be brought to our locality. We understand the judges awarding the prizes will first pass on the correctness of the solution, then on the most artistic presentation. If those blessed with originality or with particular talents for art needlework, or handicraft of various kinds, would spend some time and thought on the making of the most artistic answer to this puzzle, no doubt the result would be very much worth while.

No doubt the originality, together with the artistic working of this puzzle, will count for much and we would especially like to see our people bring home some of the prizes the Corson people are offering.

The Age of Machinery

Modern mechanical equipment has made possible untold efficiency. Whether it be in electric attachments for the home, such as washing machines, percolators and so on, or labor saving machines for industry and the farmer, power driven machinery has done more than any other agency to abolish drudgery and time-wasting.

The modern housewife can do practically all of her work by pressing a button or turning a switch; the factory owner can limit his employees to well paid experts and still increase his output by using the latest type of machines; road builders, lumbermen, and construction engineers can accomplish the industrial feats of today at lower cost with the powerful caterpillar tractors, mammoth shovels, excavators, graders and other heavy duty machines.

We are living in what might be truly called the "age of machinery."

No Gasoline Famine

"The problem of assuring ample supplies of petroleum over a long future is of keen concern," says Judson C. Walliver in the American Review of Reviews. "From the beginning, there have been epochs of anxiety, predictions of shortage. Yet demand gains by leaps and bounds, and supply keeps pace."

"There have been at times threats of overproduction, at others of shortage. But economic factors have always wrought corrections; if there is overproduction, prices presently tend downward and production decreases; if underproduction, prices move upward and furnish the urge for an increase of production which restores the balance."

"Constant discovery of new fields, deeper and ever deeper drilling, larger recoveries from the oil-bearing sands, more efficient refining, and the cracking of a constantly greater proportion of the heavy oil—all these things have kept supplies in pace with demand. It is now realized that if ever the supply of well oil definitely fails, there is an almost inexhaustible resource at hand, in the oilbearing shales which are scattered throughout many states, and the distillation of oil from coal. Scientists, technologists, government initiative, and the industry's interest have united in the research and investigation which seems to assure against a motor fuel famine."

Baseball at Night

"Electricity is now scheduled to bring professional baseball at night. It has already fooled the hens and caused them to lay eggs overtime, raised plants where formerly only darkness prevailed, has furnished food for trout farms by causing bugs to fly low to the water, freezes ice, curls milady's hair and does so many other unheard of things, that lighting a baseball diamond at night will seem tame in comparison."

NO LIE

Boas: "See here! You told my office girl you wanted to see me on a matter of life and death!"
Seltzman: "I do, sir, I want to sell you some life insurance."

Was Too Close Up

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright.)

"DEAREST NANCY: I hope you won't be too disappointed when you hear that I shan't be able to get back in time for you to take your trip this summer. I guess I should have told you sooner, but the days just seem to slip by without my knowing where they are going. It is wonderful up here and I am having the time of my life. I'm chasing a man and he's going to be here six more weeks. If you could go on substituting at the office for me just that little bit longer. I can't lose my job in case I don't catch him. Honey, I know you won't mind giving up your trip this once for your devoted sister."

"ANN."

When Nancy had finished reading her letter she flung herself across the bed and burst into uncontrollable weeping. She buried her face in the pillow and kicked her patent-leather heels in the air. Her aunt, hearing the commotion, ran in to investigate.

"Why, Nancy darling, what is the matter?" she asked, stroking the shaking shoulders of her niece.

"Oh, Aunt Sally, Aunt Sally!" sobbed the girl, turning over and throwing her arms around the older woman's neck. "I'll never be happy again, never, never as long as I live. My own sister has gone back on me. She's tricked me and she wanted to tell me until I'd made all my pretty clothes, and I spent my last penny to get the material to make them. And what'll I do with them in this hole? What difference does it make what you wear here? How could she do it? How could she? And I had my heart all set. I've been planning for this trip for over a year. How cruel she is! And my sister, my own sister that I loved so. How could she do this to me?"

"Do what, Nancy?" said Mrs. Walton at last.

"Read that letter, Aunt. I'll see just as cool as a cucumber. I hope you won't be disappointed. I'll see. Mrs. Walton snatched the letter and put it down with a gasp. "You've been tricked," she said. "You've been tricked by a man who's been chasing some man, and his sister's been about it being too close to the feature about it."

"Nancy, darling, she said after a moment, putting her arms around the girl again. You're facing your first disillusionment about human beings and it hurts the more because it's some one you love and trusted who has wronged you. It shouldn't hurt you any more than it some outsider had done it. Often those who are not related to us prove our most loyal and devoted friends and you mustn't let this embitter you. Another thing you have to remember, there are serious flaws in every human character, and perhaps if you knew other girls as well as you do Ann you would find that they had equally serious defects. Sometimes I think we get too close up to our relatives and that's what makes so many family quarrels and splits. I know this is hard on you, dear, and I'm not trying to condone Ann's actions, but if I were you I'd make the best of the situation and try to form new ties and interests."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, I wish I could, but I'm just burning up with resentment. It's eating my heart out to think that she'd do a thing like that to me. That hurts worse than the disillusionment. . . and my pretty new clothes."

Nancy's lips quivered and the tears began to fall afresh. "I can't see any one. Do call up and break my date with Ned for me tonight. It would just kill me to have to talk to him and just give him my money when my heart's inside me. Life simply isn't worth living any more. I don't ever want to see anybody again."

"Nonsense, dear. You're going to put on your prettiest new dress and go out and have a good time. Why, it's summer, and summer was made for youth."

"Oh, help me to be brave," begged Nancy with pathetic earnestness. Nancy had decided not to tell Ned about her broken heart, but she had not been with him ten minutes before she was crying on his shoulder and telling him the whole dreadful story. She was so pathetic and lovable when she was unhappy, Ned thought with a thrill as he held her close.

"Oh, I'm a little devil to talk about my sister that way and I guess I'm as mean as she is, but if just slipped out," she said contritely after awhile, her lashes still wet with tears.

"Nancy, you give me an idea and the courage to tell you what I know what we can do with those pretty clothes. I'm making a trip to Panama for the firm in October. . . . Summer clothes will be fine there at that time. . . . Let's make it a honeymoon, Nancy, dearest. Don't you think you could? I know you love me, so don't try to deny it."

"Who says so?" she asked, but the man's new something in her eyes as she sat there by him in the moonlight made his heart leap with joy as he kissed her again and again.

"For a penny I would," she laughed after awhile, but the ring in her eye, the belief the flippant of her words, and Ned's thought knew that Nancy really loved him.

FLYING IS FELT IN ARCHITECTURE

Roofs and Skylines Are to Be More Pleasing.

Washington.—Architecture is another profession that is being influenced by the great development of aviation. This is exemplified by the design prepared by Frank B. McMillan, superintendent of the division of post office quarters and engineering, for the proposed new Chicago post office, which contemplates a great flat roof, 320 feet wide and 800 feet long.

The evolution of architectural styles, like all natural evolution, is a slow process following the improved needs of growing intelligence. In America architecture is less than three hundred years old. In this period it has progressed from the log cabin to our modern monumental buildings. It took 1,000 years to produce the Egyptian temple, 500 years to build the Greek temples and 300 years to erect imperial Rome. And never were the demands and requirements as many as today. In materials, in structure and in purpose, the task of the architect is increasingly gigantic. And now the architect's purpose is to be changed if not dominated by our getting into the air.

Not just for the landing spaces are modern cities concerned. An artistic view from the air is demanded. German architects are studying this matter with the intention of recommending improvements in the aspect from the bird's eye.

Therefore we may expect roof gardens. Also we may not be surprised to see some of the billboards that line the automobile trails go up and lie down on top of the business houses. Atlanta tells the flying world that it is "Atlanta" by spelling it out on top of one of the highest buildings.

Our future cities will present an entirely different skyline, experts say. Such Gothic buildings as the Woolworth skyscraper and those of Chicago university with points and spikes and towers discouraging to aviators probably will disappear.

Lieut. Bert Balchen, who piloted the giant "America" through fogs of storm and fog over France looking for a place to come down, said in answer to those who were surprised that he could not see the Eiffel tower: "No, I did not want to see it. I was mighty glad that I did not see it."

Indians Enjoyed Rolling Bones, Relics Indicate

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Historians may not chronicle the fact that the American Indians of old rolled dice, gambled, and used roulette and powder, but the large Indian collection of Edward Snow, local collector, bears witness that they did.

Snow has one of the largest Indian collections in the city, particularly in regard to stone relics, some rare, aged, and of historical significance.

Among the thousand or more items in his collection are Indian gambling stones used in the manner almost identical to dice.

Snow also exhibits stones, thin and round, which speculation would have as Indian poker chips. On this order there are also larger stones, apparently used for lagging for a line, much in the manner of "pitching pennies," or as target for spears.

Snow's oldest relics date back four centuries. The exhibit as it now is was collected from states. It includes arrowheads, hatchets, spears, knives, scrapers, hoes, grain mortars, and bits of pottery.

The collection also harbors a Mexican spearshead dug from the walls of the Alamo after its fall, as well as a number of guns from past conflicts.

Falls 19,000 Feet Before Parachute Opens; Lives

Paris.—Dropping 19,000 feet from a falling airplane and yet living to tell the tale was the experience of a French pilot, Emile Van Laere. An airplane which he was testing near Beaumont sur Oise in the forest of Carnelle, began to fall from a height of 19,000 meters, it is said. The parachute did not open until he was a thousand feet from the ground. Although somewhat stunned from his descent, Van Laere was uninjured.

Chamberlin Flight May Cut Sea Trips

Washington.—Clarence Chamberlin's successful flight from the Levianth at sea to New York with mail marks the beginning of a service which may reduce to less than three days, in the opinion of W. Irving Glover, second assistant postmaster general.

David A. Burke, general manager of the United States lines, is confident that Chamberlin's feat will lead to a shortening of transatlantic trips, he said in a letter to Chairman O'Connor of the shipping board, written aboard the Levianth and carried ashore by Chamberlin.

Glover declared Chamberlin had brought nearer the consummation of Post Office department plans for the establishment of ship-to-shore and shore-to-ship service for transatlantic mail.

"For Sale or Exchange"

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

"REMODELED farmhouse, in perfect condition—For Sale or Exchange." Sally Humphrey read the sign thus worded as she spun along the highway one midsummer's day. An arrow on the sign pointed away from the highway up a hillside lane and, as Sally's eyes quickly followed the direction of the arrow, she saw a low-roofed little house peeping from the side of a knoll of oak trees on the hill. She and her roadster had been steadily mounting since she left home, an hour and a half before, and there was a welcome freshness about the air that had made her wish that she might spend long days in this hill country.

Since Sally had left art school she had devoted her talents to the decoration of lampshades and dinner cards. When Sally's old aunt had died six months ago, just after Sally had left off her art studies, she had found herself possessed of a rather small but very solid red brick house as her home even though it was placarded with the enormous "For Sale" sign.

Apparently no one wanted to buy the house, for so far there hadn't been a nibble. But there, up that hill with the red arrow pointing to it, was just the house she wanted. With her car she could get away from the city occasionally now—now she was driving over hills and down dales to get mountain laurel which she needed to copy in decorating some shades that had been ordered. Sometimes she went in her car far out in the country where she might catch little glimpses of woodland scenery that would do for her place cards.

With the laurel stowed in the back of her car Sally was coming back an hour later and, still remembering the charming little house, she drove slowly when she came to the sign. "Or exchange"—that was the part of the sign that took her eye now. She drove up to the roadside, stopped her car and got out. Of course there wasn't a chance that the owner would like to exchange this lovely country house for her red brick city place, but she would be safe in asking. Sally walked up two hundred feet or more to the house on the little hill.

That was when she saw David Gage for the first time—Doctor Gage, in spite of his youthful looks and not very professional manner. She said she had called to see about the house—and the young man asked her to sit down and told her that he was very glad he happened to be in.

"It was the real estate agent who put the sign up. I wouldn't have said the house was in perfect condition, and it is only partly remodeled."

But whatever shortcomings the little house may have had they did not displease Sally. "Now I'll tell you what I have to offer," said Sally after their tour of inspection. "You probably wouldn't be interested."

"I wouldn't unless it is something in a city or big town—preferably in a busy, congested neighborhood."

"That is just what it is," said Sally. "It is in Malford—once a nice quiet neighborhood but now, I'm bound to admit, in a rather crowded section."

Then David explained that he had just completed his work as interne at a hospital, and that he was about to start out on his career as a general practitioner of medicine. Alone in the world, he had spent practically all he possessed in completing his education—until some months before an old uncle had died leaving him this house. He had hoped to sell it and with what he got pay something down on a house where he could begin his career as a doctor. No use trying to get enough patients there in the country. But no one had wanted to buy it—so the agent had suggested the possibility of an exchange.

That very afternoon Sally drove David back to see her little house, and the next day she came back to the country house. Then David came back to see the little house in the city—there was much to talk about and consider even before going to the real estate agent for the terms of the exchange. And as David saw and admired the tastefully furnished little house in the city Sally saw new charms about it, and as she praised the little country house David began to wonder whether he would really be content to sell it.

There were several more meetings when Sally and David told each other far more about themselves than would have been appropriate under any other circumstances.

Then a week later, when David was drinking tea at Sally's, Sally began to waver. She had spent a lot of time furnishing the little house—after all it had belonged to her own people. "I want to live there in the country," yet it breaks my heart to leave this place."

David suddenly looked embarrassed. Then he laid his tea cup on the table and moved his chair near to Sally's.

"Why shouldn't we both keep both houses," he said. "I think I might be done—I've been thinking, hoping, I hope you won't think I am conceited even to think that you might ever be interested in me."

"I'm interested now," said Sally, "and now we'll have a town house and a country house and a car—a little money and enough coming in from the amphenades to keep going."

And so it was agreed.

Moro Theatre

LOOK OUT GIRLS!

WATCH YOUR BEAUS VIOLA DANA IN

"Naughty Nannette"

IS COMING

Saturday, October 8th

EVER BEEN VAMPIRED? SHE'LL STEAL YOUR HEART WATCH YOUR STEP!

COMEDY—NEWS

ONLY 15c AND 35c

SPECIAL

Sunday, October 9th Afternoon and Evening

LATEST ORIGINAL

Tunney-Dempsey

FIGHT PICTURES

Also Other Features

Fight Matinee Starts 2:30 p. m. Evening Show Starts 8:00 p. m.

ONLY 25c AND 50c

COMING

Tuesday, October 11th

"Laddie"

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S MOST POPULAR STORY — ALSO — TWO REEL COMEDY

COMING SOON

"The Great Mail Robbery"

OPENING AT ORPHEUM PORTLAND, NEXT WEEK

Ordinary, Sensible Citizens

Every year, fire, in this country, burns property over half a million dollars. In addition to this direct loss, is the much greater loss caused indirectly by employment resulting from destruction of plants, loss of profits and good will which comes from interruption of business. It is impossible to compute the increased loss caused by these indirect agencies, but it would be safe to say the total is brought to well over a billion dollars a year.

Think what this sum of money would mean if used for schools, roads, or what may be closer to the heart, if it were used for governmental purposes and taxes lowered accordingly. Instead, it is a great fortune destroyed as completely as if so many dollars were sunk in the ocean.

Something must be done! There has been laudable cooperation among editors in this country who have written voluminously on the subject, doing their bit to stamp it out. But this is not sufficient, valuable as it is. There must be the wholesome opposition of every locality. The careless and irresponsible must be made to feel the enmity of public opinion. Fire loss can be checked. The people, and only the people, can do it.

An Educational Influence

If merchants are to sell more goods they must advertise their wares more extensively and must describe them faithfully. The buyer must be informed accurately as to the nature of the goods, for advertising is not only a selling, but an education influence. Charles W. Myers, director of trade relations, Armour & Company, Chicago.

EVERYONE TRYING—GET BUSY—COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER

Win a Piano Free

FIVE OTHER BIG PRIZES GIVEN

EVERYONE ANSWERING WILL BE SUBSTANTIALLY REWARDED

Every Prize a Valuable One
1—NEW PIANO
2—TUBE RADIO

Every Prize a Valuable One
3—PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH
4—SET SILVERWARE

Every Prize a Valuable One
5—PIANO LAMP
6—BANJO UKULELE

Solve the Puzzle Now—today—Send in Your Answer

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS

Take any number from 2 to 16 inclusive. Do not use any number more than once. Place one number in each of the nine squares so that when they are added perpendicularly, horizontally and diagonally, that is, in every direction, the total sum is 33.

For the six most artistically made correct answers the six prizes will be awarded



So many requests for additional time have come in that we have extended time limit to October 20, 1927

\$10 Every Contestant Can Earn Ten Dollars in Cash \$10

Come in or Write for Particulars and Full Information Regarding This Offer

WRITE OR PRINT PLAINLY

NAME
STREET OR BOX NO.
CITY

Corson Music House, The Dalles