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BIGGS SERVICE STATION

H. H. Willard, Proprietor. Lunch Goods. Bottled Drinks on Ice. Quaker State Oils. Union Gas. Ajax Tires. The Patronage of my Sherman County Neighbors Will be Appreciated.

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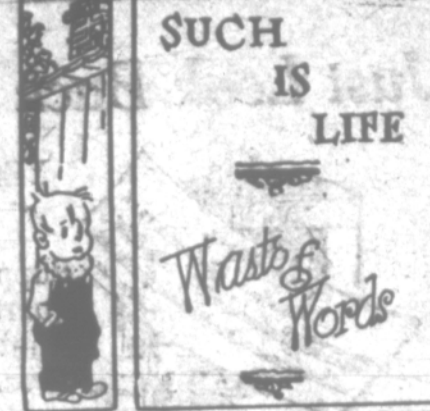
THE DALLES, OREGON. Phone 345 The Dalles. Ambulance Service. A. M. Wright. Representative at Moro MORO, OREGON

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BIRDS IN CAPITAL FOR TOUR TO SOUTH

Flock Into Washington From Nearby States.

Washington.—Thousands of feathered members of the Purple Martin society have flocked to Washington from nearby states for their annual convention, preparatory to embarking on their usual winter tour of South America.

The birds have selected as their meeting place the vines atop the poles on Floral street, between Thirteenth street and Alaska avenue, where they hold early morning and night sessions to the monotonous of residents of the vicinity and passing motorists.

The other morning they rested side by side on the wires for a distance of two blocks, later taking off for an inspection tour and "bird-eye" view of the city. In the evening they return again and one of these mornings they are going to adjourn suddenly and begin their flight southward, according to Dr. C. W. Richmond of the division of birds, Smithsonian institution.

Doctor Richmond points out that the martins seem to have selected the national capital as an annual meeting place in the late summer. In previous years they have held their sessions at different points around town, one year selecting the elm trees near the Pan-American building, another year using the trees near the botanic garden and still another year meeting on Rhode Island avenue in the northeast section.

"After assembling from nearby places and from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and other sections near Washington, they usually hang around for a few days before suddenly taking off in one group for the South," Doctor Richmond stated. "They will take up winter quarters probably in South America. Sometimes they number from 10,000 to 20,000 birds, according to various estimates."

Other large flocks meet in other cities about this time of year, Doctor Richmond said, and they, too, will journey to warmer climes.

While the exact date of departure of the visitors on Floral street can only be guessed, it appeared certain that leaders of the flock will see that the migration begins before the hunting season opens.

Should Be Thankful

Americans should never cease to be grateful that they are living in a country whose government is not operating the railroads, telephone and electric light services, according to Phillip H. Gadsden, president of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, who recently returned from Stockholm, where he represented the United States Chamber of Commerce at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce.

When asked how these services compared with the services rendered in the United States, he said that the contrast between rates and services of government owned utilities on the Continent and in England with rates and services rendered by privately owned and operated companies in America was very striking and all in favor of our country.

"As an illustration," Mr. Gadsden said, "the report of the Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce on International Telephony, that of the 19 principal cities in Europe, London has telephonic communication with five, Paris with nine, and Berlin with 13. The average delays during the busy hours on long distance lines between Berlin and Paris is 68 minutes; between London and Amsterdam, 34 minutes; between Paris and Brussels, 180 minutes. The time by rail between Paris and Brussels is 217 minutes. In other words you could send a messenger from Paris to Brussels in just about the time that you could complete a long distance call between these two cities."

Mr. Gadsden also called attention to the superiority of the electric light and power services in the United States over similar services abroad. "In London, for instance," he said, "practically every political subdivision has its own separate and independent electric system, and these systems are not standardized but differ from each other in voltage and other characteristics, the result being that if a household moved from one political subdivision to another, the electrical appliances such as vacuum cleaners, electric irons, and so forth, which he had purchased, could not be used in the new location.

"The citizens of the United States should be very grateful to the founders of this republic that they set up a government designed to encourage individual initiative and private enterprise, and on the theory that government should be confined to seeing that every citizen has a fair and free field in which to work out his own future, free from unnecessary governmental interference.

"After what I have seen abroad, it seems to me that it is the duty of every thinking American to be vigilant in resisting any and all efforts to extend the operations of government, whether Federal or State, into the field of business."

The Nurse's Error

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

JOE POWERS' whole life would have been changed had he only realized that women were wild about him. Absolutely wild. I say. They liked his big awkwardness, his sort of clumsy helplessness, his honest blue eyes. And although he was such a virtue, masculine type there was something almost pathetic and wistful about him, too.

It made Barbara Martin want to put her arms around him, to comfort him, but she blushed furiously at the thought and glanced guiltily in his direction as she sat demurely beside him in front of the tiny open grate fire at her home. She was as petite and dark as he was, huge and fair; a pleasing contrast were these two together; the slight made two folks feel sentimental and think back over their own love affairs with gently reminiscent sighs.

Joe tried not to go to see Barbara. He always felt and really was so miserably tongue-tied in her presence; yet there was something about her that drew him like a magnet and if, that feverish, wretched bliss just to sit beside her and steal occasional glances at the pink flush in her cheek and the parted red lips and the black curls that flitted so recklessly with him and made him long to put out a huge hand and touch just one little curl. He could do it so gently that she would scarcely realize what was happening, he knew he could, if only he dared.

Their conversation on these visits betrayed little of their real feelings. "Did you work pretty hard today?" This from Joe.

"Yes, pretty hard. End of the month; had a lot of bills to get out. Did you?"

"Yes, I had sort of a bad day. Had to fire a couple of men and I had to count 'em their wages and children. It's hard work being a foreman."

"I guess it is."

More silence.

Joe struggled frantically to think of something to say but not one single idea could he coax into his mind.

After several weeks of this he began to show the strain. He saw Barbara almost every evening and loved her more each time, but it was ridiculous to think about proposing to her. In the semi-conflict he lost quite a bit of weight; he began to feel like a fat man. Then one day at the plant he was suddenly stricken—the company doctor said he had acute appendicitis and ordered him at once to the hospital.

To say that Joe was frightened simply does not describe it; he was paralyzed. He had never been in a hospital and he feared that he was going to die. He became absolutely certain of it when he felt himself being rushed along the street in the ambulance with its sinister wailing siren.

Then he thought of Barbara. Before they operated he would write to her and tell her how much he loved her, with instructions to deliver the letter after his death. He got a strange satisfaction out of this and at the hospital refused to let the nurses start their preparations until he had composed his letter.

"My own dearest sweetheart," he wrote. "When you read this I shall be dead, but I wanted you to know that I have loved you ever since the first day I met you, and I had hoped some day to ask you to marry me. You're the sweetest little girl I've ever known and you just made this lonesome old city seem like another world to me. With deepest love, Joe."

He was surprised and pleased, too, by his emotional outburst. He slipped it inside an envelope, and addressed it. Then he put it in another envelope and marked it "Please mail at once." Then he crawled out of bed and put it in his coat pocket. "They would be sure to go through his things after his death and find it there and mail it. If he didn't die he could retrieve it and destroy it. Fine! The next two days were rather vague to Joe. He had sensations of sinking and rising, of darkness and day, but on the third day he felt measurably better. It was then that he heard a stern professional voice in the hall saying, "He isn't dead. I tell you—I'll show him to you." The door opened and like the flight of a bird Barbara with a little frenzied cry had crossed the room and had thrown herself on the bed, was kissing him frantically, her soft arms around his neck.

"Oh, Joe, oh, Joe, when I got your letter and thought you were dead, she shuddered, hiding her head on his shoulder.

"Who mailed that letter?" said Joe suddenly.

"Oh, my Lord, I don't guess I'll get my cap now," said a white-faced prebendary at the foot of the bed. "But I was going through your pockets to get your valuables and send them to the office like we always do and I came across the letter and mailed it this night."

"It's all right," soothed Joe trying to hide the joy that rang in his voice at the apparent calamity. "You run along and don't worry any more."

"Oh, thank you for not reporting me," snuffed the little nurse hurrying out of the room.

And now that the ice was broken, Joe shed his timidity like a cloak and found that it was easy to draw his little Barbara to him and kiss her and kiss her and kiss her,

Vine Planted Before Revolution Bears Fruit

The granddaddy of all American grapevines, still growing although it was planted several years before the Revolutionary war, is described by George Shaffer in an article in Liberator.

"When Father Junipero Serra planted a sprig of grapevine at San Gabriel mission in 1771," the writer points out, "he planted not only the first grapevine in California, but also the roots of a vast industry. The benign Franciscan padre could hardly be expected to know that from that little shoot of grapevine would sprout an industry worth \$250,000,000 with employment for 100,000 persons. "Father Serra's original vine still grows," the writer continues. "In the yard of an old inn at San Gabriel the patriarch of grapevines stands just where the old monk—now 143 years old—planted it. It is said to be the largest grapevine in the world. Eight feet in circumference, its gnarled and twisted trunk flings long, windup arms over a trellis that covers an acre. A ton of grapes is its annual yield. The benches and tables of more convivial times still recall the custom of country folk to gather and sip their wine under its shade."

Cotton Mather Gave Name to Yale College

Cotton Mather would willingly have become president of his alma mater, Harvard, succeeding his father, but though there were opportunities, he never was elected, writes William E. Barton in the Denbigh Independent. He became dissatisfied with Harvard, and on January 2, 1717, he wrote in his diary:

"What shall I do for the welfare of the college at New Haven? I am inclined to write into a wealthy East India merchantman at London, who may be disposed on several accounts, to do for that society and colony."

"Accordingly he wrote to Elithu Yale, a rich and childless man, saying: "If what is forming at New Haven might bear the name of Yale college, it would be better than a name of sons and daughters. And your munificence might easily obtain for you such a commemoration."

The money came, and the name was given to the college by Mather and it remains.

Acted on Information

Richard Mansfield walked into the Grand Central hotel at Oshkosh, Wis., says Felix Shay in "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora." Behind him was a valet carrying two big grips. The tragedian took four steps from the door to the desk, and leaning over, in one of those half-confidential stage-voice asides that reach to the topmost gallery, said:

"Ah, have you music at meals?" And the clerk adjusted the glittering glass on his bosom, smiled serenely, and said:

"Yes, yes, surely so; yes, we have music at all meals."

And Mansfield turned to his valet, who was resting from labor with the heavy valises, and said:

"Oh, Oh, James! Look you to our luggage! To our luggage!"

And four more strides took him to the door, and the actor and valet disappeared.

Arnold's High Mark

One of the high spots in the career of Benedict Arnold came at the second battle of Saratoga. Arnold defeated Gen. Horatio Gates, and did not hide his contempt. So Gates put him under arrest for insubordination, and he was confined in a small room of a farmhouse behind the American lines in charge of a sentry.

When the battle broke out Arnold scented the situation and evaded his guard, leaped upon a horse and led the attack that carried the British entrenchments. The field of Saratoga is well marked, and where Arnold penetrated Burgoyne's trenches stands a gray granite monument. On it is carved a cavalier's jackboot, with the spur broken off. The marker bears no comment or name, but it points the high-water level of Arnold's career.

The Exposure

He had poured forth passionate declarations of love to the pretty girl at his side. He did not think he was capable of such eloquence. Yet in the midst of his loving words the girl yawned. Even though she raised her hand to conceal it, it did not escape his eager eye. His torrent of burning words ceased. The light of hope died in his eyes.

"Why speak to you of love?" he cried, hoarsely. "You are utterly heartless. Your yawn showed it!"

"Oh, Clarence," she whispered, horror-stricken, "did I open my mouth as wide as that?"

Has Long Wielded Razor

A barber since he was fourteen and still calling "Next!" at the age of eighty-eight is Abial B. Anthony of Burlington, Vt. During his many years at the barber trade Mr. Anthony has worked on four generations of family. One of the fifth generation is here and the barber hopes to shave him.

It's Cold Up There

Eddie—Marry me, and I'll be sitting on top of the world. Gloria—Then you'd better get a pair of fur trousers ready.

Origin of "Blimp"

The origin of the word "blimp" is unknown. Some authorities believe it is a "telescope" word formed from "b" in "balloon" and "limp." "Blimp" is generally applied to a nonrigid, lighter than air, dirigible balloon.

Much dust and dirt can be kept out of the house by taking precautions. If the roads near your house are not oiled, stop some of the dust at doors and windows. Dust window sills, porches, steps and walks daily. Cover the pantry and store room window screens with cheese cloth to keep out the dust but let the air in. If the walks about the house are muddy get the family to use shoe scrapers and leave muddy rubbers and boots outside.

Horticulturists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are now developing hardy chrysanthemums for gardens in the Northern States. They expect to develop strains which will bloom between September 1 and 15 for the most northern states and others that will bloom between September 15 and October 1 for gardens a little further south.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Sherman. In the matter of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, as by law required to the undersigned at the office of W. C. Bryant in Moro, Oregon within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published October 21, 1927. ARTHUR SMITH Administrator of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased.

W. C. Bryant, attorney for administrator. Date of last publication November 18, 1927.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County. M. Liberty, Plaintiff.

Quincy E. Gwynne, and Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, Administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated October 12th, 1927, upon the judgment and decree rendered October 10th, 1927, and entered in the said Court on October 11th, 1927, in favor of M. Liberty, plaintiff, and against Quincy E. Gwynne, Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, Defendants.

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W. C. BRYANT Attorney-at-Law

Office Phone Main 93 Moro Oregon

Dr. J. R. Morgan DENTIST

United States Dental Examiner for this district. Office at MORO, OREGON

DR. C. L. POLEY Physician and Surgeon

Grass Valley, Oregon. People can reach me from Moro at night from the long distance booth at Hotel Moro by ringing The Dalles.

Dr. W. N. Morse Physician and Surgeon

THE DALLES, OREGON. Office at the Hamilton Hospital Phone No. Hospital 487

JAMES STEWART SHERMAN COUNTY STOCK AND BRAND INSPECTOR

Moro - Oregon. DEPUTIES: L. Schadewitz, Kent, Oregon; Dr. J. S. Saunders, Moro, Ore.; W. H. Meyer, Wasco, Ore.

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