

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Oregon Historical Society
Auditorium

Established 1887

The Sherman County Observer, Moro, Oregon, Friday June 8, 1928

Price Five Cents



LAURA LA PLANTE
with **GLENN TRYON**
in **"Thanks for the Buggy Ride"**
15c AND 35c
Moro Theater Saturday, June 9th

When Glass Melts
The bureau of standards says that the glass of which an ordinary bottle is made begins to soften at about 600 degrees C. and continually becomes softer as the temperature is increased until at about 1,300 degrees C. it is very fluid.

Origin of "Illinois"
The state received its name from the Illinois river. The Indian word, of which "Illinois" is a corruption, is said by some authorities to mean "the river of men." Just why the Indians so called the river is not known.

Early Co-operative Group
The American co-operative community called Icaria was established in Texas in 1843. In 1850 it moved to Nauvoo, Ill., which had been vacated by the Mormons, and in 1857 went on to Adams county, Ind.

EACH WOMAN'S WISHES

(By D. J. Walsh.)

EDITH LESTER entered her mother's bedroom like a breeze of the May morning. She was a vivid young woman in becoming motor clothes of the most expensive make, but her gay smile gave way to a frown of disapproval as she saw the work upon which the older woman was engaged.

"Mother! You're not darning those old stockings!"

"They're not old, dear. And they're for too good to throw away. You'll never notice the mended place. I'm taking lots of pains."

"I know," Edith laid her hand on the slender drooping shoulder, then lifted it to her mother's white hair and rearranged a lock tenderly. "But, dear—! I had laid those away to go to the cook. I—I don't have to wear darned stockings now and you must certainly don't have to darn them."

She was instantly sorry that she had said this when she saw the faint tremor of pain that crossed her mother's delicate face. "Come!" she went on brightly. "Put away your work and go with Marc and me. We're going for a run into town, lunch at the Spafford Inn and a bit of shopping afterward. It's too glorious a morning to spend indoors."

Again that faint tremor. Mrs. Sherman glanced from the window at the big gray car, standing at the curb, and then up at her daughter's questioning face.

"Dear child! If you will just go without me. I—I've got some little things I want to do. I—" she paused.

"Nonsense! Come, mother," Mrs. Sherman sighed.

"I'd rather stay here—" but she half arose.

Edith bit her lip. Mother certainly behaved most provokingly at times.

"Never mind. Stay if you choose. Of course, I want you to do what you like best," she said rather shortly and ran out of the room, struggling with tears of disappointment.

"Wouldn't she come?" Marc Lester asked as his wife appeared. Edith merely shook her head in silence.

As her husband drove toward town she sat beside him thinking about her mother. She felt that she no longer understood her mother. Now that Marc's new affluence made it possible for them to do everything for Mrs. Sherman she seemed willing to accept no more than she had in the past. It was not that mother was old or ill; mother with her lovely spirit could never be old or ill. It was simply a pronounced indifference to the things that Edith found so delightful—the motor trips, the charming dinner parties, the fine house with its beautiful furniture and obliging servants.

She was as disappointed as a child in not having her mother with her. Then a pretty thought came to her. Why not take a bit of town back home to mother? If she could find the thing she wanted!

She did find the very thing she wanted in an exclusive shop—a gown of dull blue with a touch of lace, a gleam of ringstones. Think of mother in that dress with her white hair waved! She would be beautiful. Her heart was light as they sped homeward.

Carrying the box she ran upstairs to mother's room. Mother sat in the sunny window knitting lace. Knitting lace! She arose and kissed her daughter. And then Edith took the dress from the box.

"For you, dearest! Put it on. Let me see if it fits."

It did fit. But that odd little tremor crossed mother's face as she looked down at the rich breadths, touching lace and ornament with her small, crooked-fingered hand.

"It's lovely. But—I've never worn color, you know, dear, since your father died. Won't it look foolish on an old woman like me? Besides, it must have cost a lot of money?"

"What difference does that make?" Edith cried, almost sharply. "Money is of no consequence if you are pleased."

"You are sweet, dear, and Marc is generous." But mother's face did not light because of the gift. "I had company. Sally came over to lunch. We had it up here—on a tray. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not! You're to do exactly as you please in this house. But Edith felt again that wave of disappointment. She had failed again to reach her mother.

She went downstairs and out upon the porch where she sat down to think. But unable to reason things out she sprang up presently and ran down the street and round the corner and through a lane until she came to a low, old-fashioned white house with a trellis over the door. Here on the doorstone knitted lace which looked oddly familiar sat a stout, sweet-faced woman, who smiled welcome through her glasses.

"Dear Mrs. Rollins, you are mother's dearest and oldest friend. Can you tell me what's the matter with her?"

"Why, there isn't a single living thing the matter with your mother, Edith. She's as well as I am, and that's saying a good deal."

"Oh, yes, I know her health's good. It isn't that. It's—oh, Mrs. Rollins, you know how I love my mother and how I want to repay her for all she has done for me, and how willing and able we are to give her all the lovely things she has had to do without all her life. When we live in the new car she prefers to stay at home. When I buy her pretty things she does not enjoy them. Nothing I do seems to give her pleasure. It is a tragedy. It is breaking my heart." Edith's head went down with a sob.

The older woman patted her head gently.

"You're making too much of it, Edith," Mrs. Rollins said. "I guess maybe it's because you don't understand your mother as well as I do. We're old together, you see, just as we were young together. I know how poor your folks always were. Your father did his best but he was never a great earner. Your mother had to skimp and save. Probably you didn't know how much, but I guess your mother had to cut all the corners while she was bringing you up. Of course you're grateful as any loving child would be, and now that Marc's making so much money you want to heap your mother with favors. You want to make her dreams come true. She's been showing me things today that you've given her and if you could see how she cherishes them, how proud she is to be remembered. But she doesn't really want fine lace and sable neckpieces. It shouldn't wonder if most of the things you do for her are way over her head, like that music you took us to hear the other evening. It was mostly sounds to me till they played Home Sweet Home."

As the older woman talked Edith lifted her head, looking into those honest, loyal eyes. She even smiled now faintly.

"When your mother sees you happy and fortunate she's got all she ever wished for," Mrs. Rollins went on softly. "She's happy to see you happy. But she does appreciate not having to think about money troubles. She sits in that pretty room with her work-basket and pile of religious journals and feels all the contentment and peace of mind that she's never known before. Her requirements aren't many now—just quiet and love and seeing you happy. Those are her wishes. There's an old saying I heard long ago. 'Each woman's wishes are her heaven.' It's true. Your mother's got her wish, Edith."

Edith grasped the creasing old hand and put it to her lips. It was all clear to her now. She had misunderstood mother. Mother didn't want blue dresses or parties. Mother had her wish.

It was an enlightened Edith that flew home to mother. Her mother still sat by the window but she was not working now. She was gazing at something she held in her hand—something she tried to put out of sight. But Edith gently got possession of her mother's hand and drew the little secret forth. It was a tiny photograph of a little girl in checked gingham with pigtail.

"Mother, darling!" cried Edith, then suddenly they were both laughing tremulously yet heartily over that funny treasure of mother's—the picture of Edith herself when she was seven.

The king of Italy, a news item says, likes to play poker, but has a forced fondness for that form of game in which the duke takes the king.

ATTA-BOY EDDIE



If Eddie were under the weather,
We'd have to unite all together
—And sit on his head
To keep him in bed,
And bind him with leashes of leather.

If cut prices were the prime requisite when buying foodstuffs, you wouldn't care what you ate. But **QUALITY** is undoubtedly the most important factor, with **SERVICE** second. Have you ever stopped to realize that you can get both **QUALITY** and **SERVICE** at **MAY & SON** without a fraction of a cent being added to the cost of your foodstuffs?

Specials for Friday and Saturday

3 Amaizo (Corn or Gloss) Starch for . . . 23c
Diamond W. Jell Dessert, 2 for . . . 15c
United Brand Coffee, one pound pkg. . . . 40c
May's Special Coffee, one pound pkg. . . . 35c
Dried Prunes, extra good grade, 3 lbs. . . . 25c
Gem Nut Margarine, pound 20c
Blue Rose Head Rice, 4 lbs. 25c
White King Washing Machine Soap, pkg. . 45c
Receiving fresh Strawberries daily

Get the habit of coming to our store where you can save money. We reserve the right to limit quantities.

Walter A. May & Son
Store No. 111 UNITED GROCERS OF OREGON, INC.

It seems that the armistice was signed in a dining car. No wonder the World War turned out to be so expensive.

Probably the height of skepticism is refusing to put any stock in Mr. Trotsky's death certificate until he signs it.

Let the Kansas man who has succeeded in raising a seedless tomato try something hard, and give us the seedless raspberry.

The winter edition of Boston's telephone directory has been enlarged to two volumes, probably to accommodate all the brand A's.

A packer asserts in his ad that sardines are full of vitamin A, although offhand we would have thought there wasn't room in the can.

A new high explosive was recently discovered by a young experimenter in London, England, but no trace has since been found of either.

What ever became of the old-fashioned tough bulldog, like Tige in the Buster Brown comics?

Home Pointers

(School of Home Economic, O.S.C.)

In making oatmeal muffins the milk is heated, then poured over the oatmeal which is added to the rest of the mixture. This method gives a finer texture to the product.

To insure a flaky product in pastry have all the ingredients cold, then cut the fat into the flour in particles about the size of small peas.

If flour is browned for gravy or sauce add a small amount of white flour or cornstarch because browning flour changes some of the starch to sugar and lessens its thickening power.

The flavor of meats or cooked vegetables for salads are greatly improved by marinating them, that is, soaking them in French dressing.

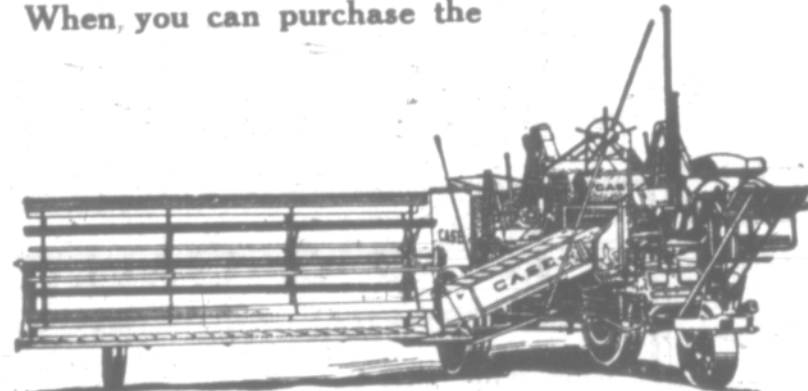
Humidity of the sick room may be kept constant by placing a pan of water on the stove.

Farmers of Sherman County!

The Best Prospects for the Largest Wheat Crop in the History of Sherman County is almost assured. Prices for this large crop of wheat, at the present time, is the highest it has been for several years.

WHY TAKE CHANCES IN LOOSING ANY PART OF THIS LARGE GRAIN CROP

When you can purchase the



CASE COMBINE HARVESTER

The harvester machine that has been proven to save the grain, and put it in No. 1 marketable condition at the least expense of any combine harvester in the market.

See J. C. McKean now

Farmers Elevator & Supply Co., Moro, Oregon

Dealers for Case Combine Harvesters

We carry a Complete Line of Extras for Case Harvesters

FREE electric cooking school



Especially NOW, electric cookery is NOT EXPENSIVE

A 3-hole, all white automatic Hotpoint is now only \$5 down and \$10 a month, wiring included. That's a special sale price good only until July 1. Monthly bills for electricity are never more than for solid fuel, in most cases less. The Hotpoint oven heats to baking temperature in 10 minutes . . . while you prepare the dough for breakfast rolls. "Speed" surface units are fastest, too.

THE cooking school will demonstrate other advantages of the Hotpoint range. Most likely there'll be new recipes, too, — for studied menus or hurry-up lunches. You'll see the cleanliness of a Hotpoint, its automatic controls that are like a maid at no cost, letting you come out of the kitchen on torrid days, giving you more time for other things than cooking. Come to our cooking school!

LEGION HALL

MORO, OREGON

Thursday and Friday
June 14th and 15th

Beginning at 1:30 p. m. each day, Miss Kennedy, demonstrator for the Hotpoint Range Company, will cook Complete Meals, Breads, and Cakes, using all appliances.

Any Hotpoint range now \$5 down and a 42-piece dinner set FREE!

Pacific Power & Light Company

See these Hotpoint ranges at any of our offices.

a buy if there ever was one

FLASH-SPEED-STRENGTH
SMARTNESS-POWER

all for \$875

COUPE F.O.B. DETROIT

ADD them all together for a vivid and vital picture of the Dodge Standard Six!

Fastest top-speed traveler ever sold under a thousand dollars, with the swiftest pick-up—bar none. Smartest lines, colors and upholstery ever lavished on a popular-priced car. And power without apparent limit—1 horsepower to every 47 pounds of car weight! A hill-climber of championship calibre!

Phone us today, and we'll gladly place a Standard Six at your disposal.

4-Door Sedan, \$895 • Cabriolet, \$945 • DeLuxe Sedan, \$970
f. o. b. Detroit

WALTHER-WILLIAMS MOTOR CO.
THE DALLES, OREGON

DODGE BROTHERS

STANDARD SIX

ALSO THE VICTORY SIX \$895 TO \$1295 AND THE SENIOR SIX \$1495 TO \$1770