

## BLUE READY FOR MEXICAN WAR

To Him Is Intrusted Duty of Supplying Vessels.

FOUGHT IN CUBA IN 1898.

By Giving Cubans Whisky He Was Enabled to Draw Map Showing Exact Location of Spanish Vessels—Story of Brave Exploits and His Promotion in the Service.

Washington. — Do you remember what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina? Well, the application of that immortal principle made Victor Blue famous.

Just now he is Rear Admiral Blue, in command of the bureau of navigation of the navy department. That bureau is to the navy a good deal what a peculiarly broad gauged train dispatcher, with collateral authority over the general manager, might be to a railroad. It practically runs the department. During the war with Mexico it will be Blue's duty to see that the ships are provisioned and coaled and manned. Between times he will give the commanders their sailing orders. The chief of this bureau is the eyes and legs and right hand of the average civilian secretary of the navy. When he was Lieutenant Blue, Sampson's fleet was lying outside Santiago harbor waiting for Cervera's fleet to come out. It didn't come. No one was even positive that it was in.

"I'll find out," said Blue. He went ashore alone, depending on the guidance and escort of the Cuban patriots who were camped in the tall grass thereabouts. The patriots had been badly skinned up that day in a sharp skirmish with the Spaniards. The Cuban chief was one of the roughest Cuban chiefs Blue had ever encountered. Wounded patriots were lying all over the camp growling. Lieutenant Blue asked for guides and an escort.

"Not a man!" said the savage general. "Not a one!"

He meant it. That was obvious. So Blue didn't argue the case with him. But in his slender baggage were two bottles of the best whisky that ever softened the heart of a man.

"My general," said Blue softly, "will you join me in a toast to Cuba Libre?"

Would he? He did. Blue hauled the bottle and filled a tincup so full of whisky that it dripped down the sides. The general began to gaze on him with misty and affectionate eyes.

"My general," said Blue, "before I go, will you not join me in a toast to the allies—the United States and fair Cuba?"

The general did. In another tincupful of whisky that was charged with conversation and love. Pretty soon he put his arms around Blue and kissed that young gentleman.

"A man you asked me for," wept the general, "and I refused you. Alas, alas! Take 100 men, my hero!"

Blue took eight men and wriggled through the tall grass until he came to the precipitous edge of Santiago harbor. Sparkling in the darkness below him he saw the lights of Cervera's ships. He reported to Sampson, but that was not enough. Sampson wanted the position of every ship mapped, so that the Americans could elevate their guns and shell them over the hills which locked Santiago harbor. Blue went back another night—in danger of his life at every wriggle through the grass—and climbed a tree which overhung the harbor's edge. There he managed by a miracle to make a perfect map of the position of the Spanish ships. Between times he had to come down out of the tree and boot his impetuous patriots into giving up their guns. The tree hung directly over a populous Spanish fort, and Spanish soldiers were within easy potting range. His Cubans wanted to get a few scalps before they went back to the jungle. Blue's map making struck them as academic and absurd and a waste of time.

For that exploit Blue was jumped five numbers in rank, for "extraordinary heroism." He had fairly divided the Santiago honors with Lieutenant Hobson, although the latter's feat was more spectacular.

### DELIVERS POSTAL TO DOG.

Carrier Calls "Tige" to Every One Until Right Tail Wags.

Hammond, Ind.—A postal card came from Hot Springs, Ark., directed to "Tige, Hammond, Ind." Postal authorities pondered over it long. It read: "Darling Tige, are you a good dog?" and was signed "Mother."

Julius Kosanke, a mail carrier, agreed to deliver it. He called "Tige!" at dogs all day and was chased by them. He at last came to a house where a bow-legged, swaybacked bull pup came out to meet him.

The dog growled savagely, and Kosanke said, "Hello, Tige!" and the dog wagged his stubby tail. The carrier asked the woman of the house whether her dog's name was Tige.

"It is. Have you a letter from his mother?" she asked Kosanke, and then continued: "Well, here is a letter to his mother; please mail it."

## "A NO. 1," FAMOUS HOBO, MARRIED

Romance Halts Roaming of Best Known Tramp.

HIS REAL NAME A SECRET.

Thirty Years' Tramping Around the World at Total Expense of \$7.61 Railroad Fares—Learned Four Languages. Now Prominent Citizen of Erie, Pa., Where He Settled Down.

Erie, Pa.—"A No. 1," the "champion hobo" of the world, has settled down and married. The wanderer who made his home from Suez to Sitka has crammed himself up in a six room apartment. The tramp who has been sleeping in box cars for full thirty years now has a mahogany bed.

For a third of a century he drifted aimlessly from Chile to Alaska. He "rode the rods" for more than half a million miles. He saw more scenery at less overhead cost per look than any man living. In thirty years he paid only \$7.61 railroad fare. But he never smokes, drinks or gambles. His only great passion was the wanderlust. And now this hobo has forsaken the road, fallen in love and married.

One night in February, 1911, a freight train chugged into the yards at Erie, Pa. The night was cold and a stinging sleet was falling. "A No. 1" was hidden away in one of the box cars dozing. The car inspector roused him out and found that he was half frozen. He took him to his shanty and shared his midnight lunch with him. The remainder of the night "A No. 1" spent sleeping on a bunk covered with black cushions in the glare of a red hot stove. It was an unusual act of kindness for a hobo to receive. "A No. 1" vowed that he would never forget it.

Last November "A No. 1" visited Erie again, and this time he brought a present for his true friend, the car inspector. He was invited to call at the inspector's house. He accepted the invitation. Then he met the inspector's



"A NO. 1" daughter, Miss Mary Abigail Trohoski, a high school graduate, twenty years of age and a finished musician.

In that one night Cupid accomplished for the roamer what "A No. 1" had been trying to do for himself for a quarter of a century.

Love was stronger than wanderlust, and they were engaged. The announcement caused consternation among the ladies of Erie. They whispered about the outrage of pretty Miss Trohoski throwing herself away on a hobo. Some of her friends came to her with tears in their voices and pleaded with her to reconsider it. All in vain. Miss Trohoski replied that hers was not the common variety of hobo. She was right. He is the most remarkable roamer in trampdom.

"A No. 1's" history is too well known to require any detailed comment. He ran away from home when he was eleven years of age and became a yeggman kid. A yeggman tramp doesn't beg; he robs; he would blackjack a man for a meal. He always has a kid to travel with him, for the child can stand outside while he is cracking a safe and give him the signal when a "copper" approaches. Besides, the kid, with the appeal that his tender years makes, can get food for both by begging for it, while a regular old tramp would be more likely to get jail.

The yeggman that this hobo traveled with thirty years ago called him "A No. 1" kid. The boy got his "moniker" from this: tramps never have real names. They are called "Alkali Ike" or "Box Car Bemie" or the like. Ask "A No. 1" his real name, and he will reply, "Sh—sh—just 'A No. 1.'"

He has a picture of himself and Jack London taken during their companionship on the road in 1894. "A No. 1" also possesses autographed cards from Thomas A. Edison, Luther Burbank and William H. Taft. Another card has this terse note: "I know 'A No. 1' to be O. K. Theodore Roosevelt."

"A No. 1" has prevented twenty railroad wrecks in as many years. He has letters from three different railroad presidents thanking him for his saving of property and life.

"A No. 1" won a \$1,000 wager once by "deadbeating" his way from New York to San Francisco in eleven days and six hours. With \$750 of this he bought a tomb at Cambridge Springs, Pa., and inscribed this epitaph on it:

"A No. 1"  
The Rambler  
At Rest at Last.

The remaining \$250 he spent in rescuing boys from the hard life that has held him in its grip for so many years.

### BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

All the tillable land available for settlement in the area recently eliminated from the forest reserves in central Oregon will not accommodate more than 200 families comfortably.

The president has restored to entry for 20 days from May 8, 200 acres in the Oregon national forest in section 28, township 2 north, withdrawn from entry October 11, 1912.

The judgment of the lower court in Portland, where Attorney Max Cohen was found guilty of subornation of perjury in a white slave case, was affirmed by the United States court of appeals at San Francisco.

In shipping 1200 pounds of seed rye from Burns to Port Rock, Lake county, a distance of 120 miles, L. Woldenberg routed it by parcel post, the shipment going by way of California and Reno, a distance of 2000 miles.

Massive logs cut from the forests of Oregon, some of which weigh 20 tons each, have been received at San Francisco for use in building the great colonnade at the Oregon fair structure. They were shipped by rail.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the temperance society of the Methodist church, will head an auto tour for the prohibition party. Headquarters will be opened in Portland.

Mines placed by the war department on the edge of Peacock spit at the mouth of the Columbia river, will be taken up on account of protests of fishermen. The mines are unloaded, but are a menace to the gill net men.

Plans have been consummated for Salem's biggest cherry fair, June 25, 26 and 27. A temporary pavilion will be erected on the courthouse square for the exhibits, and many novel entertainment features will be provided.

The Dubois Lumber company has filed suit against Clatsop county, at Astoria, to restrain the collection of more than \$5000 taxes under a special levy made by road district No. 15, on the ground of illegality of proceedings.

Through the efforts of Luther J. Chapin, Marion county farm expert, a potato growers' association was organized at Salem for the purpose of improving the grade of spuds being produced in that section. The plan is to ship in good potato seed.

Judge William Galloway of the Marion county circuit court has ordered that a peremptory writ of mandamus be issued directing State Treasurer Kay to deliver the \$000 or more school fund notes, representing loans of school money aggregating over \$6,000,000, to the state land board.

U. S. Senator Lane of Oregon, in the debate on the amendment to the agricultural bill, said that the government did not want any of John D. Rockefeller's money in extension work. He said the money was "tainted" with the blood and tears of the women and children shot down in Colorado.

The prune crop in several sections of Polk county is injured and prospects for the average crop are unfavorable, according to the growers. There are some orchards, however, that are well protected by nearby hills and are expected to yield the usual crop.

Vivian Gray, secretary of the Harney County Cooperative association, has appealed to Governor West and Secretary of State Olcott for state assistance in protecting the crops of Harney county against the jackrabbits. She says that the jackrabbits have taken the crops for several years until the farmers are discouraged and financially impoverished.

A completed railroad grade between Eugene and Coos Bay is practically finished and rails will be laid to Marshfield early in 1915, according to H. P. Hoey, Southern Pacific engineer in charge of the Willamette Pacific. One thousand men are at work and this number is to be increased as fast as men can be shipped in.

Representative Sinnott, by authority of the house committee on public lands, has reported favorably to the house a bill, heretofore passed by the senate, authorizing the state of Oregon to exchange its scattered school and indemnity lands in forest reserves for a compact body of forest lands of equal area and approximately the same value. The bill affects about 50,000 acres and was introduced originally at the request of Governor West in order that the state might obtain title to a single tract of land suitable for a state forest.

With the women enfranchised the registration in Oregon for the primary May 15, this year, totals 226,924, with 11 counties reported unofficially. There will be little change either way in the final statement. For the primary, 1912, when only men voted, the registration was 131,880. That the women will substantially figure in the primary and the election in November is proved by the registration figures. That the big lead of the prohibition party over other minor parties is due to the recent victories of the "dry" element in this state is the belief of the men who oppose the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

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