

THE DAILY CHRONICLE

Established 1890. The Dalles, Ore. Published Every Evening Except Sunday by the Chronicle Publishing Company Inc. Ben R. Luffin, General Manager. Entered in The Dalles postoffice as second class matter. United Press and United News Service Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. DAILY CHRONICLE BY CARRIER. One year, in advance, \$12.00. Six months, in advance, \$7.00. One month, in advance, \$1.50. DAILY CHRONICLE BY MAIL. One year, in advance, \$12.00. Six months, in advance, \$7.00. One month, in advance, \$1.50. WEEKLY CHRONICLE. One year, in advance, \$2.00. In ordering change of address, subscriber should always give old as well as new address. TELEPHONES. Editorial Rooms, Black 111. Business, Adv. Clk. Dept., Red 111. Subscribers to the Chronicle are guaranteed service. Prompt and regular delivery of every subscriber's paper is the aim of the circulation department. The Chronicle carriers are required to put the papers on the porch or wherever the subscriber wishes the paper delivered.

for the prosecution and N. H. Gates for the defense.

At the bride's residence, in this city, Saturday, June 20, by Rev. W. C. Curtis, pastor of the Congregational church, Dr. Silas H. Frazier and Mrs. Alida Dunham were married.

230 DEGREES ISSUED AT U. OF O. COMMENCEMENT

By United Press. EUGENE, Ore., June 21.—Two hundred and thirty degrees, and eight certificates, were granted by the University of Oregon yesterday at the 45th annual commencement exercises in Willard hall. Of this number 147 received either the bachelor of arts or the bachelor of sciences degrees, 18 were graduated from the graduate school with their masters' degrees, and 15 received degrees from the medical school. According to Carlton Spencer, registrar, this is the largest class ever graduated from the university. The largest group to receive degrees from any one department, outside of the college of literature, science and arts, was from the school of business administration, 32 receiving their degrees. One hundred received their bachelors' degrees from the school of literature, arts, and science. The school of education turned out 27 and the graduate school 18. Of the more important schools, law came the lowest, with only thirteen checked out.

GAMBLING FEVER HITS WASHINGTONIANS HARD

By United Press. WASHINGTON, June 21.—Expect an eye turned towards a big blackboard, a throne filled beneath with avarice, overflowing across the street car tracks, impeding autos and traffic, refusing to heed the admonitions of three policemen. All eyes focused upon the blackboard, where presently a youth with a piece of chalk inscribed three names followed by cabalistic numbers. A buzz of conversation swept the crowd. There was a murmur of satisfaction and grumbles, with plenty of curses under the breath. Shriek voices of women were heard and their presence was further marked by the gayest dresses and hats. It was the regular afternoon gathering of a few of the race bettors of the national capital. Inside the newspaper office operators were conscientiously answering the query "Who won?" and the inevitable sequel, "What did it pay?" Washington is gambling mad. No city in the country, so the knowing professional gamblers say, has a worse case of betting fever. Government employees by the thousands wage every afternoon a sum that in the aggregate looks like an item from an appropriation bill before congress. There are lookmeets or their agents in all the government buildings. When George Carter took office recently as Public Printer, he found horse race gambling among employees of the Government Printing office so widespread that he was forced to suspend some employees and to threaten general dismissal to stop it. Women as well as men were "plunging" and, according to Carter's investigation, diverting more time to a study of "form charts" and "dope sheets" on the horses than to their duties. There's the case of a young man who not so long ago was a secretary to somebody of importance. He was thinking about getting married, he said, so he saved his money. It amounted to \$3,000 when he started betting, with visions of a big pile of easy money. He's a taxicab driver today, and he isn't thinking about anything much except getting three meals a day and a bed. There's a telegraph operator with a good job, who follows a regular routine, saving religiously until he has \$300, then spending it all on the ponies. When it's gone he starts to save another \$300. He has a "system."

EPISCOPAL WORKERS HOLD WELFARE CONFERENCE

By United Press. MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 21.—For the first time a national conference of social service workers of the Episcopal church will be held immediately preceding the National Conference of Social Work. The conference opens here today and it continues through Thursday. John M. Glenn, director of the Russell Sage Foundation, will address the Episcopal workers tonight on "What Relations Ought the Social Service Work of Our Church to Bear to the Work of Other Christian Commissions." Among others to take part of the gathering are: Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, secretary of the Social Service Commission of the Diocese of New York; Rev. Algernon Elmendorf, who has been with it ever with instruction in New Jersey; Miss Katherine P. H. Ward, general secretary, Church Home Society, Littleton, Mass.; John M. Glenn, president of the National Council of Social Service of Holy Rev. T. E. Sunderland, superintendent of City Missions of the city of New York.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(From The Chronicle, June 21, 1896.) The champion bowling record of 28 which has been held by Victor Schmidt for the last two weeks, was broken this morning when Harry Liehe made a score of 61 points. An individual named McDonald, a trifle under the "influence," fell from the bridge into the water while trying to avoid a train today. He was to see by Will Moody and found to be considerably bruised. The boys who were arrested for cruelty to animals were dismissed today by Justice Davis. Bert Phelps and Hayward Riddell were attorneys

OLDEN DAYS IN WASCO COUNTY

By Margaret Walker

George Snipes was born July 19, 1832, six miles from Raleigh, North Carolina. The Snipes family lived there for seven years, then moved to Tennessee, where they lived until George was 12 years old. The next move was to Jefferson County, Iowa. George attended the country school, and his family lived on a farm near the family of moderate means. As he became older, one particular girl, Martha Inler, in the little school, became more attractive and brighter than any other.

When he had reached young manhood people throughout the state were becoming greatly interested in the country farther west. Iowa and Missouri were no longer frontier states. There was the lure for the home-seeker to push farther west, where new lands could be had for the claiming. The year he was 20 years old, many of the neighbors of the Snipe family sold their possessions and made up an emigrant train to come to Oregon. Among them were the Inlers.

After they had gone, a real desire to go seized George. His mother cautioned him with enough to last a year. With only these clothes he bid the home folk goodbye and started on foot. He walked 20 miles to a village where a party of men with three wagons were starting west. They needed a driver for one wagon, and since he was experienced in the management of oxen, George was engaged to go with them. He did not find their company to his liking, however, and after two weeks, decided to leave them. He walked 35 miles to a small town, Winterset, Iowa.

Here he found quite a train preparing to start for Oregon. The next morning he stood by and watched the experienced boys attempting to yoke up the oxen. He laughed at their clumsy efforts, when one of the men said, "Can you drive an ox team?" "Yes," George replied. "Then," said the man, "if you want to go with us, I will take you and you can stay with us for two weeks after we get to Oregon." He gladly accepted the terms. The party consisted of 13 wagons, 23 men and not quite so many women and children. Including the oxen and milk cows, they had about 100 head of stock during the first few days. George helped wherever he was needed. One particular wagon driven by a young man in which several girls rode was constantly in trouble. The driver did not know how to manage his oxen and most of his attention was devoted to the girls rather than to the team. As a consequence in passing through marshy districts in Iowa, the wagon was repeatedly mired down and the oxen turned in their yokes.

The responsibility of driving them was then given to George Snipes. This incurred the enmity of the other youth. When he taunted George, saying he had schemed to ride with the girls, George told him that he need not worry about that, that he had a finer girl in a train ahead. The journey across the plains was

potentially for conversation on two different occasions.

At the Delphin river the trains turned toward Fifteen Mile creek, or the vicinity where Dufur now stands. When camp was made at the Delphin, George found a card addressed to Dr. Shaug, The Dalles. This was almost like meeting one of his own family, for Dr. Shaug had been the family doctor and an intimate friend of the Snipes family in Iowa. This was on Friday. He immediately got about getting a substitute to drive for him on Saturday, and on Sunday, the trains always resting, he came to The Dalles.

A warm welcome was given him by the doctor and his good wife. They had a store here and owned the land which is now the Snipes land, west of the city. When he was offered work, George replied, "No, I must go on to the valley and get a start, for I have to feed my girl to get her." "Here, well fix that right here," said Dr. Shaug. "I have a lot of cayuses. We'll send a couple of trusty fellows and get her right away."

The plan was made, but when the young riders reached Fifteen Mile, the Inlers had left the train and started toward Tugh Valley. George waited at the camp, while his companions went seven miles south to what is now known as the Brook house place, where the Inlers were camped. One of the boys remained in the background with his horse and an extra horse, with the extra saddle while the other one rode up to the camp and asked for Mr. Inler. When he stepped forward the young man said that his name was Inler and that he had come to see if possibly they were related. The newcomer was invited to supper and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

When opportunity offered he slipped a letter to Martha explaining the situation and telling her to step away. She told him that she would be ready. About dark, Mr. Inler went to see

about the cattle, when he noticed two horses with saddles, tied in the shrubbery near the creek. He came back to camp and ordered the boys to gather the stock in near the wagons and keep them there. "For there are two fellows out here who probably meant mischief." Early in the evening, Martha pleaded an excuse for going to bed. The party was gathered about a big camp fire. The visitor excused himself soon after and made his departure. After getting into the wagon, where she was supposed to sleep, Martha Inler watched anxiously for her father to turn his back. When finally he did, she slipped out and ran to the waiting horsemen. The next morning Martha did not come to breakfast. "Call Martha," ordered her father. A young man replied, "If you had had a hand over your girl last night, instead of the cattle, she might be here now." Mr. Inler was furiously angry. The elopers and their assistants reached The Dalles at two o'clock in the morning. Riding up to the tent, where the Shaug family lived, George Snipes called, "Hello Doc." "All right sir," came the answer. A Methodist minister had arrived from Oregon City the night before. In an hour Martha Inler became the wife of George Snipes. She had only the clothes which she wore; he had his clothes and \$1.60 in money. The doctor fitted them out with all they needed and gave Mr. Snipes work. They lived with Dr. and Mrs. Shaug until September, 1854. The next year they bought land at Rowena and here they built a log house. Eight children were born to them here. Several years later they bought the present family home west of The Dalles, which had changed hands four times after Dr. Shaug sold it. A three-room log house was built and here the family of 14 children was reared. After years of work and careful manage-

ment the brick for the present pretensions home were made and burned by Mr. Snipes. One of the triumphs of his life came when after years of anger on the part of his father-in-law, Mr. Inler came to his home when the new house was being planned and asked to borrow money, thus acknowledging his mistake when in former years he had called George Snipes a "worthless good-for-nothing." The money was loaned him and the bitterness of years was wiped out. The new 11-room house was built in 1877 and the family has lived there ever since. Mr. Snipes' account of life in the old log house and of the move into the new 11-room brick house, the best in the country, called to mind the words of Will Carlton, when he said, "Out of the old house, Nancy, moved up into the new; All the hurry and worry is just as good as though. But I'll tell you a thing right here that I ain't ashamed to say, There's precious things in this old house that we can never take away."

"Probably you remember how rich we were that night. When we were fairly settled an' had things snug and tight; We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new, But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too. "Fare you well, old house! You're naught that can feel or see, But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me; And we never will have a better home if my opinion stands. Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made by hands." Mrs. Snipes died in 1901. Of the 14 children, 4 girls and 4 boys are yet living. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Snipes, stand as examples of the pioneers who have been truly home builders.

Cherries Wanted Paying Cash SEE ME BEFORE DISPOSING OF YOUR CROP CARL WODECKI 822 East Second Street Across from Wasco Warehouse

The Best of the Bargain When you buy advertised goods you are getting the best of the bargain. Only good goods, fairly priced, can stand the strain of advertising. You can't imagine a merchant or manufacturer advertising a lot of articles that are poor in quality, poor in make, and that will not give reasonable wear. Such goods can't stand the strain of advertising. The business can't stand the strain of public condemnation. When a merchant signs his name to a statement he is careful of what he says. When the whole reputation of his business is at stake, he is doubly careful. When that statement is being sent out to all the people, so that anything in it that is not true will be known to all of his employes and most of his friends; then you may be sure he is ten times doubly careful. So, when you buy a advertised goods you get the best of the bargain, because they must be advertised. That is why it pays you to read Chronicle advertisements, and to buy the goods advertised. Advertising protects you. Read it and get the best of the bargain.

Lake Keechelus—in the heart of the Cascades, Washington Through the heart of the Cascades RED CROWN GASOLINE The Gasoline of Quality ON the motor road from Seattle to Tacoma and the East, the motorist passes through many points of unusual scenic interest. Lake Keechelus is one of these. It is over six miles in length,--having the appearance of a great river, and is situated at an elevation of 3,000 feet in the very heart of the Cascade range. Motorists will find this region a most enchanting country dotted with beautiful lakes and mountains and huge fir, spruce and cedar trees measuring in some instances six to eight feet in diameter. And all along the route the motorist can get Red Crown Gasoline the all-refinery motor fuel that assures quick starting, rapid acceleration and more power. Look for the Red Crown sign. STANDARD OIL COMPANY California