

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

\$1.50 per Year; 12c. per Month

Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Of Every Description to Order

Quick and Cheap!

Printer Stamps Furnished, for Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, April 23, 1909.

Five Cents

THE ONE SURE WAY

To have money is to save it. The one sure way to save it is to deposit it with Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. bank. You will then be exempt from the annoyance of having it burn holes in your pockets. Aside from the fact that your money will be safe from theft; the habit of saving tends to the establishment of thrift, economy, discipline and a general understanding of business principals essential to your success.

To those wishing such relations we heartily extend our services.

WASCO WAREHOUSE MILLING CO. BANK MORO

MORO PHARMACY

Expert, Experienced, Registered Pharmacists
Medicines Carefully Compounded.

Complete Assortment of Silverware and Jewelry

FORMALDEHYDE, RUBBER GOODS, PERFUMERY,
BRUSHES, COMBS, SPONGES, CIGARS.

Any and all kinds of Patent Medicine Always in Stock



THE DALLES HOSPITAL

A modern hospital for the treatment of all medical and surgical diseases, except such as are contagious.

Rates, from \$10.00 to \$21.00 per week, according to room

Ambulance will meet all trains and boats if hospital is notified.

For Further Information Address

Drs. Ferguson and Reuter,
Medical Directors.

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

First Class Barber Shop in the Hotel.

Opposite Post Office

Moro, Oregon.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO
OBSERVER will reach more
people in Sherman County than
by any other medium available.

STOP where the people stop

The Umatilla House

The Dalles, Oregon.

Steam Heat. Electric Lights. Electric Call Bells.

HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.

All O R & N Trains Stop at Front Door
Railway Ticket Office in the Lobby.

T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING

All kinds of Reservoir and Cistern work in connection with water systems installed in first class style and all work done guaranteed.

Dynamite and powder work on all kinds of Rock Excavations

H. A. Stuart, Moro, Oregon.

PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

THE INDIAN'S SIDE AND A GREAT CHIEF'S DEATH

BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



AS these short descriptions of events, deserving more extensive reference than possible here, are nearing a close and have covered a period with which his name is associated, it is fitting that the general reader should be given a little insight into the character of the famous Sioux Indian Sitting Bull. After residing in Canada until his people were leaving him and returning to their reservations, having only a remnant of his tribe left following and family left, he himself consented to return under conditions that would be favorable to his followers; while he was anxious to secure a permanent residence.

He was also anxious to know that his absence was wearing many from the ranks of his people, and that the general reader should be given a little insight into the character of the famous Sioux Indian Sitting Bull. After residing in Canada until his people were leaving him and returning to their reservations, having only a remnant of his tribe left following and family left, he himself consented to return under conditions that would be favorable to his followers; while he was anxious to secure a permanent residence.

He was also anxious to know that his absence was wearing many from the ranks of his people, and that the general reader should be given a little insight into the character of the famous Sioux Indian Sitting Bull. After residing in Canada until his people were leaving him and returning to their reservations, having only a remnant of his tribe left following and family left, he himself consented to return under conditions that would be favorable to his followers; while he was anxious to secure a permanent residence.

In war his bitter opponent, in peace he was his friend and ally. He impressed me as a deep thinker. Considerations as to the proper rights to the lands of his fathers, he advanced arguments that were strong and convincing. His claim of primitive possession for acres beyond the white man's claim, of the conditions being undisturbed for centuries and existing as the Great Manitou had ordained, the beautiful supplies he had furnished on land and in the waters of wild fruit, wild fowl, wild cattle, abundance of wild horses, verdure to support them without the plowman's weary work—all furnished him an argument that the disturbance and compulsory change to his mode of life was arbitrary, unjust to the verge of what we call sacrilegious interference with the Divine will.

He had all the old treaties in his head in the Indian legendary manner, also in hieroglyphics, but in writing and printed type he had an extract from the treaty of 1865 by which the Sioux reservation of Dakota was set apart "for the absolute and undisturbed use and occupation of the Indians and upon which no outsiders but government employees shall be allowed to pass, settle or reside."

Facing his case like a lawyer, he would introduce it as a silent witness, justifying his actions, and with keen eyes he would watch it carefully, so that it could not be tampered with, and while of course, he could not read he had marks on this sacred tablet that he was familiar with. His eagle eye would scan the face of the reader of it to see the effect, and on its return his face glowed with the triumph it gave him as a claimant to a clear title.

I will give a general idea of the old man's description of conditions, results and the power to him of some mysterious man that was invisible, being in the dark-away east. That the white man at this time had taken most of the land, had destroyed or driven away the game and that the

at this time, through some mysterious mountain phantom or trickster, "medicine men" became very victims of a craze. This was based on the assertion that the Messiah (the Manitou) was coming back on earth to use his miraculous power in favor of the red man to crush out the whites, to restore everything to the ideal condition of former years, restore the ranges with big game, buffaloes, elk, deer, etc. This created a universal fanatic fervor, not alone among the Sioux, but affected all Indians on this continent. Former foes became fast friends, and from the Yakis in old Mexico, to the Alaskan tribes in the far north the religious ghost dance festivities flamed the flames of war. The "medicine men" preaching that the holy medicinal ghost spirits would protect the wearer, turn the white man's bullets, was accepted and made recruits by thousands. The dancing frightened the settlers, shocked the religious, philanthropic friends of the Indians and was officially ordered stopped. "Easy orders, eh?" Instead, if they had been allowed to dance, even if some did so to the death, exhaustion, like a boiler's safety valve, and an afterthought might soon have made it appear that so effectively kills absurdities.

I was at the time in Abasco-Lorraine with my exhibition and had with me seventy-five traveled Indians. We had all the facts, and myself and partner decided to close, camp the rest of the outfit in an old castle near Strasburg (Benfield) with a large domain, and I myself left by fast steamer via England for New York, while Major Bull, with the Indians as passengers, came via Antwerp and Philadelphia and hastened to the scene of strife.

The Indians brought home made a strong peace contingent at Pine Ridge, while I hastened, with General Miles' approval, to visit Sitting Bull in person, feeling sure that my old enemy and later friend would listen to my advice. The fact that I was willing to take the risk myself alarmed some well-meaning philanthropists, who devised a sinister motive in my action, and those who were crying strongest for Sitting Bull's suppression now claimed that his person was endangered by the bloodthirsty voyager—I, the one who

had everything to lose and nothing particular to gain. Going to a hostile camp of Indians, risking all, on the word of friendship and man to man respect (willing to test the ghost dance shirt in fair individual, single handed way, perhaps, if pushed), but alone and above all desirous to save my red brother from suicidal craze—they impressed President Harrison that it would create a war, ending in the death of Sitting Bull. So the commander in chief, the president, was constrained to act (afterward, in Indianapolis, to express regret for it to me personally), and my mission was countermanded at the threshold almost of the hostile camp. Sitting Bull's death and the Ghost Dance was followed.

Then came the army and the Indian agent. Left to himself, in conjunction with his adjutant, the army officer, most efficient and famous among the best Indian agents, Major James McLaughlin (now Inspector), would have probably brought about a peaceful solution. But eastern middle-class energy demanded action, action against this horrible religious innovation, and the forced march by their innuendoes and long distance fears.

All interested in my best belief were pushed, and Colonel Drum, commander at Fort Yates, and Major McLaughlin were ordered to cooperate to secure the person of Sitting Bull.

Henry Bull, lieutenant of Indian police, had intimated that the old chief was "preparing his horses for a long ride." Couriers were sent to tell him to quietly arrest Sitting Bull, and Major Edmund G. Fatchett of the Eighth cavalry and a Hotchkiss gun were sent to support him.

After a hard ride, just at dawn they saw a man coming at full speed on Sitting Bull's favorite white horse a Kentucky charger I had presented him three years before, whom they found

GREAT WELCOME FOR ROOSEVELT.

Prominent Men to Greet Him on His African Trip.

ARAB RULER INTERESTED.

Youngful Sultan of Zanzibar Anxious to Meet Former President—Governor James Sadler Will Also Entertain the Hunting Party From America.

When I arrived in British East Africa last spring I heard a great deal on every side about the visit of our former President, Theodore Roosevelt, to the hunting grounds of big game. Whether it was the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, the Lwalili of Mombasa, the English rulers, the German officers or the French colonists, everybody wanted to show their deep appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt.

A man who will wait with intense interest the guest's arrival will be the hereditary Arab ruler of all East Africa, young Ali bin Hamoud, the present Sultan of Zanzibar. I know the Sultan well. When the American Consul presented me to him in the palace in the summer of 1908 his first words were: "I am always glad to meet Americans. Your big country is the one I most desire to see. Your brilliant President is coming to East Africa, and he will have the warmest welcome ever given to a visitor in my domains. You see, we Arabs have the same sense of honor and high worth that you English-speaking people have. It would be the greatest pleasure in the world for me to receive Mr. Roosevelt and to visit America." So spoke the Sultan of Zanzibar, a young man educated at Eton, now twenty-two years of age, dressed like an English gentleman, and speaking the language of Shakespeare with an accent.

On the main land at Mombasa, the Arab ruler is called the Lwalili. He is a descendant of a race of kings from Mombasa. For a long time his Arab ancestors fought the Arabs of Zanzibar, but at last Zanzibar was victorious, and the Lwalili of Mombasa is now a finely educated young man, is a subject of the Sultan and under the Protectorate of England. Great Britain rents the shore land for ten miles inland from the Sultan of Zanzibar for \$50,000 a year. The hinterland is here by right of occupation, and a territory of 400,000 square miles, containing 5,000,000 blacks and 3,000 whites, makes up what is called the East African Protectorate. It is here in the interior that Gov. Sadler is kind to the natives and the Hindus at the expense of the white men. He expelled the Hon. Mr. Bailey and Lord Delamere from the legislative assembly at Nairobi last year because those gentlemen were actively working against the game preserves and the reserves of land for the Masai and other tribes.

Mr. Bailey and Lord Delamere are both rich men and very popular, and they will unquestionably be among the British colonists to welcome and greet the big man after big game. I understand that Gov. Sadler is going to have a bungalow, or Government House, which looks off from the rocks of Mombasa out upon the Indian Ocean, on a view unparalleled anywhere in East Africa.

Mr. Currie, manager of the Uganda Railway, and Mr. Sweeney, his assistant, are both good, progressive Englishmen. They told me that all conveniences that could conduce to the health and comfort of the visitors on the railway line of their journey would be put at the command of the popular American hunter. They have actually made improvements in their rolling stock and introduced new ice plants to please and help their distinguished visitor. This Uganda Railway, finished in 1902, runs from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, 344 miles, and along the greater part of it the game is protected on one side of the track. On the right hand side of the track hunters may shoot, and it is here that Mr. Currie and the railway officials will make all arrangements for tramps to stop, and things that can make the hunt at this point an assured pleasure and success.

There are hundreds and thousands of wild game in sight of the railway cars. The party will likely proceed directly to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, 337 miles inland. Here Gov. Sadler and Vice-Gov. Jackson will greet a guest, but at Nairobi is the famous American, Mr. William N. McMillan, who has a charming wife and whose boundless wealth and genial hospitality are known all over the country. Mr. McMillan I met in August. He was having his town house at Nairobi—a handsome bungalow—fitted up with electric lights, and rooms were being added to it that he may enable the

former President to stay at this American home while he is getting ready for his big safari (journey). There are nearly seven hundred Englishmen in and around Nairobi, and they will have receptions and horse races, banquets and speeches. In the Nairobi post office one day I was addressing a picture postcard to Mr. Roosevelt, who was then President, and an English pioneer farmer came in and saw it. He said to me: "If you know Mr. Roosevelt, tell him I have a farm ten miles square, with forty wild buffaloes on it. We are keeping them in the hope that your President will give us a look in."

Mr. McMillan is a nephew of Senator McMillan of Michigan. I asked him why he continued to live in Africa. He replied: "I don't know. No man knows what fascinates him with this wild country. I have Africanitis, I suppose. And I hope the President, when he comes, will find it as enjoyable as I always do. I have a farm of 20,000 acres and I can take him to rhino and wild buffalo, as well as lions—within fifty miles of Nairobi, and show him the wildest life he will find in Africa. We are simply rejoicing in the anticipation of the fun and sport and good fellows who shall have with such a popular and high minded and distinguished man as Roosevelt. We Americans are going to make it evident that we have a big man with us."

If Mr. Roosevelt will take my advice he will not miss the Kilimanjaro Mountain and the Taveta Forest, on the borders of German East Africa and in the Province of Moshi. He can get a train from Nairobi back to Voi, about two hundred miles. From Voi to Burra among the Taita Hills is twenty-three miles. At Burra he will find the English collector, a great and skillful hunter. Then he will cross the Serengeti, a desert of scrub for fifty miles, full of lions, leopards and hyenas. There I had two donkeys eaten by lions and a dog eaten by a leopard. Across the Serengeti there is a good road, built right up through British territory to German East Africa and Marangu, in the Kilimanjaro region. While I was there in August, 1908, eleven elephants were killed by British and German sportsmen in one week.

At Taveta—Forest on the border of German and British East Africa, lives the best sportsman in the whole continent of Africa, and Roosevelt cannot afford to miss a hunt with him—my friend, Mr. Hyde Baker, the English Commissioner. He has shot 200 elephants and an equal number of lions, besides a host of game and birds for Baron Rothschild. Tall and straight, and in his prime, Baker is the man nearest Roosevelt in Africa. Baker is the only white man who ever saw an elephant (the newest animal to science) alive. He shot it in the Jitu forest for Baron Rothschild.

Mr. Baker talked with me about the visit of America's foremost hunter. He said in a simple, boyish way: "Tell the President if he comes my way I will show him all the game." That was not much to say, but when it's all it's a great deal, for this man knows all the game from the Zambesi to the Nile.

In Moshi Roosevelt will find a glorious hunter in Sergeant Major Bast, of the Moshi Askaris (native troops). Herr Bast has killed two lions before breakfast. He has shot a rhinoceros by the score and lived among wild beasts for twenty years. He is the best authority on the Masai, the famous hunting warriors, in the world.

Continuing his journey to Uganda, the tide of enthusiasm will not abate when the indomitable "Teddy" reaches the Nile country and the Japan of Central Africa. The English Governor of Uganda, Sir Hesketh Bell of Entebbe, the Governor Bell will give the former President of the United States the freedom of Uganda. The Governor's new house at Entebbe will be open to the coming lion hunter.

The King of Uganda, Banda Chwa, a boy of twelve, grandson of that famous Moses, who entertained Stanley, told me, while his eyes sparkled with boyish gleam, that nowhere could the President find such big game as in Uganda. He drew me a map of Uganda and marked upon it the famous hunting spots in his big kingdom of 150,000 square miles.

There is a hotel at Jinja at the Ripon Falls, but here is a good Irish Episcopal minister, Archdeacon Buckley, and a good Catholic priest, Bishop Hanlon. These distinguished prelates expect to help make the President's stay among the wild men of the East an interesting and pleasing one. They are no vain carpet knights, these brave missionaries. It is cross savage morasses for 300 miles alone, unaided save by their granite faith. Said Archdeacon Buckley to me at Ripon Falls: "Send Mr. Roosevelt to me and I will take him a hundred miles into the depths of the Bukedi country, where men live in trees and are still cave men. We shall see great elephants and buffaloes who hunt the hunter, and we shall most of all appreciate the visit of a brave, true hearted man."

Roosevelt is a primal man, and also a man of ripest civilization. He is a rarer specimen of our kind than the okapi of the Congo forests, and where he goes good hunting, brave thoughts, brave deeds. His collection of specimens and game, his interviews with the colonists and the half savage kings and chiefs will be heard and read of with a universal interest. He will say and write just what he means, and his word to the white men and the black men in the forest will be that of a good man with a fine brain and a great big sympathetic heart. No man since Livingstone, I dare believe, will influence Africa more than Theodore Roosevelt, a notable hunter and a worldwide citizen."—Peter Macquese, F. R. G. S., in New York Telegram.

To Send Taft Garden Seed. "Why, you're a Congressman," said President Taft to Representative Hardwick of Georgia, when the Augusta statesman called on him at Washington the other day, playfully referring to his recent sojourn in the South.

"That's right, and if you're good I'll send you some garden seed," cheerfully answered the Georgian, whose bulk is about one-third that of the President.

Full of Solid Meat. Did you read President Taft's inaugural? No? Well, you ought to, for it is full of solid meat—Adrian (Mich.) Times.

OUR PRESTIGE ABROAD

William T. Stead Predicts the Americanization of All Europe.

FEDERATION THE OUTCOME.

Claims Only Influence of the American Idea Will Save the Old World—In International Congress of Eminent Men Summoned to Unite All Nations.

Kipling's oft-quoted lines: What do they know of England Who only England know?

may be applied with equal force to Americans whose range of vision is limited to the United States. Of such there are many millions. Nothing surprises me more in talking to the average educated American than his ignorance of the extent to which American ideas are transforming the world.

Of the far more that is no doubt. In the evolution of the Slavs of the Balkans the Robert College, that American institution on the Bosphorus, played a part more important than that of any foreign office in Europe, excepting that of St. Petersburg.

The most important development of internationalism that has taken place of late years was the opening of the International Parliament of Agriculture in Rome, where the King of Italy hopes it may develop into a universal parliament of the world. That institution, the full significance of which is as yet but little appreciated either in the old world or the new, was the direct product of American thought. Mr. Lubin, a citizen from the Pacific Coast, brought the idea to Europe, where it found a cordial welcome and a permanent home.

I need hardly refer to the influence of Americans at the recent conference at The Hague. The American idea was felt to be greater, more potent than any of the American delegates. Mr. Carr, a British statesman, living together in fraternal equality and settling all their differences by the impartial judgment of an independent supreme court.

Of these things many Americans have heard. But how many, or rather, how few have so much as heard of the latest and in some respects the most startling illustration of the dominating, all penetrating influence of the American idea? How many are aware that on the twenty-ninth of March there will assemble at Rome an International Congress of eminent men from every European country, who will come together for the express purpose of discussing what should be done to bring about the federation of Europe on American lines?

But such a congress is to meet in Rome near the end of the month. It is proposed that an International Committee of representative men should be formed for the purpose of forming federations leagues in every country, whose object is to bring into existence the United States of Europe on lines approximating, as closely as possible, to the United States of America.

The assembly of European notables is the outcome of a continental pilgrimage undertaken by Sir Max Waechter, a naturalized British subject, born in Germany as far back as 1837.

Sir Max Waechter makes no secret of his admiration of America. He made a comparison between the United States of America and the disunited states of Europe, and came to the conclusion, that, to quote his own words: "Europe is gradually losing its position in the world, and this will in course of time be usurped by other nations, which are rapidly coming to the front, unless we pull ourselves together and abandon the vicious system now prevailing in Europe which handicaps us so seriously in the commercial struggle for existence."

There is only one answer to that. Europe must be Americanized or Europe is lost.

But it will be asked, what chance has this bold German Briton of carrying out his Americanizing project? It was to find that out that Sir Max Waechter last year made a political pilgrimage through Europe. In a conversation, which Mr. Charles Lowe reports in the Contemporary Review, Sir Max Waechter declared that so far from finding the sovereign statesmen of the Old World hostile they are prepared to consider their inevitable Americanization with an open mind.

So Sir Max is sanguine. Septuagenarians are often optimists, and the congress is going to be held, and I hope it may be my good fortune to be there to see how wise men of Europe propose to Americanize the Old World.

William T. Stead, London correspondent of the New York American.

To Send Taft Garden Seed. "Why, you're a Congressman," said President Taft to Representative Hardwick of Georgia, when the Augusta statesman called on him at Washington the other day, playfully referring to his recent sojourn in the South.

"That's right, and if you're good I'll send you some garden seed," cheerfully answered the Georgian, whose bulk is about one-third that of the President.

Full of Solid Meat. Did you read President Taft's inaugural? No? Well, you ought to, for it is full of solid meat—Adrian (Mich.) Times.