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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, May 28, 1909.

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Are not alone confined to Rural Free Delivery of mail and the Telephone. There is another convenience which all farmers should have—and many do have—a checking account with a good bank. The possessor of such an account avoids the risk of having his money on his person or about his home where it is in danger of fire and thieves. His bills paid by check are not only a valid receipt, but also a convenience in his home transactions where very often the necessary change for concluding settlement is not at hand. Don't stop to think this over, but start an account now with

The Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.
Bank, of Moro.



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.

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

For Further Information Address
Drs. Ferguson and Reuter,
Medical Directors.

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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

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

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

Table the Best the Market will Afford

Opposite Post Office
Moro, Oregon.

STOP where the people stop

The Umatilla House

The Dalles, Oregon.

Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells.

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All OR & N Trains Stop at Front Door
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T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

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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



IN MEMORIAM.

They died to keep the nation one.
For north, for south, their work was done.
And done so well that now we stand
A great and undivided land
Whose strength is union and whose
good
is sealed in lasting brotherhood.
Taps!
Lights out!
Asleep!
One flag, one country.
Shall forever keep
These dead as sacred
And on the sod which covers them
Shall set a blossoming diadem.
W. J. LAMETON.

The Halo of Heroism

By Captain F. A. MITCHELL

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]
"My son," said the old civil war veteran, "I do not wish you to follow in my footsteps in the matter of war. 'War,' as General Sherman said, 'is hell.'"

"But, father, think of the glory!"

"The glory often falls where it does not belong and is usually overrated."

I will tell you a story to illustrate my point.

Two young men went from our town to the civil war. They were friends and had been schoolmates. We will call them Tom Ford and Billy Chamberlain.

They were both ordinary fellows among their associates until they became soldiers, and then they were transformed into premature heroes.

"Well, Tom and Billy marched away. They did nothing but march and lie in camp for awhile and began to feel that they could get into a fight. When they did get into a fight it had hardly begun before they wished it were over. After a charge by the enemy Billy was trying to find the remains of the regiment that had gone in under a perfect alignment with flags flying, but he could find no trace of them. He was passing a wounded officer, Billy heard him groan and, picking him up, was about to carry him away when a volley was poured into them. The officer begged Billy to drop him, but Billy wouldn't and a shower of bullets took him to cover behind a stone wall.

"The officer died a few hours later in Billy's arms. He begged Billy to accept a handsome gold watch, but Billy refused. He declined, saying that he might be accused of rifling a dead body, the dying man produced a pencil and paper and wrote down how Billy's bravery had got him to cover and that he had given Billy his watch in remembrance of the same. Only he didn't write Billy's name at all, for Billy gave him another one, and this is how that happened:

"After getting the officer to cover, the poor fellow's groans were heartrending and his cries for water worse than his groans. To get the horrible sound out of his ears Billy said he'd go and find some water. As they were on elevated ground, he knew there was none, but he couldn't stand the agony any longer without a rest. He crossed the field where his regiment had been cut up and suddenly came upon his friend Tom Ford lying on his back, looking straight up at the peaceful heavens. Tom's front teeth had been knocked out, and he had lost an eye. Billy bent over him, and the sight, if he had not been made sick of war already, certainly completed his horror of it. He spoke to the wounded man, who did not appear to recognize him.

"He was breathing, so Billy knew he was not dead, but he was disfigured."

"No, Billy didn't really think much of anything he had done. It never occurred to him that there was any bravery in carrying the officer to cover. He had done the same thing before and had not considered himself a hero. But he thought the incident might be appreciated for more than it was worth by the folks at home and make Tom's girl stick to him if Tom recovered. Tom did recover and, having no remembrance of the watch and paper in his pocket, concluded that he must have saved some one and had the memory of it all obliterated by his wound."

"Tom went home and was discharged. Billy fought to the close of the war when he went home to find Tom a much lauded hero. He had married a girl, who was very proud of him."

"Billy was delighted at the success of his ruse, for, you see, he knew Tom would not do anything in line of his eye and his teeth, though Billy didn't expect that his own carrying a wounded man for a few seconds would result in covering his friend with the halo of heroism for a whole lifetime."

"And did Billy never regret that he had turned this halo over to another?"

"Never. Had he kept it for himself he would have lived under a feeling that the work performed was entirely incongruous with the lifetime of praise it evoked."

"But, father, if Billy has a son isn't he entitled to the halo by inheritance?"

"Oh, yes! You're entitled to its reflection."

"Father, why have you never told me this before?"

"This is one of the minor tragedies of the great conflict which have been overshadowed by the record of greater events. There are many like it still unwritten, all breathing the spirit of heroism and sacrifice."

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BATTLING FOR THE BIRDS



By HERBERT K. JOB.

[Author of "Wild Wings," "The Sport of the Sky," etc. Photographs by the author.]

THE time has come when, if we are to have any birds or wild game left on this continent, we must fight hard for it. Species after species is falling from existence right before our eyes. The military fad for the wearing of wild bird plumage, if not checked, would soon make our national domain birdless. Insect pests now cause a loss to agriculture of \$800,000,000 annually. Excessive shooting, particularly that in the spring, is using up our fine game species of wild fowl and shore birds at a terrible rate. The Labrador duck long ago became extinct, and the wood duck, our most beautiful native water fowl, will soon be lost unless measures are taken to stop it. The beautiful little teal and other fine edible ducks are vanishing from the eastern parts of the United States. Every one knows how about twenty years ago the immense herds of wild or passenger pigeons which used to darken the sky by their multitude were finally exterminated. Just in the same way has the Eskimo curlew disappeared, which used to leave Labrador by millions and appear along our Atlantic coast in great flocks in early fall. Its companion, the celebrated golden plover, is rapidly approaching the same fate and with it the sickle billed curlew, the two godwits, the eastern willet, the upland plover and the piping plover. In fact, all our shore birds are in danger. Except in the south and west there are hardly any left.

Some say that with the growth of population this is bound to be the case.

game is a public asset, and any one who takes it for private use ought to be willing to pay for the special privilege the moderate amount asked.

The policy of the National Association of Audubon Societies is to make special efforts at strategic points. So, for instance, at present New Jersey is being made a center of effort. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York

have recently made spring shooting illegal and have enforced a license fee on hunters, and New Jersey, it is earnestly hoped, will follow suit in passing the similar bills.

The writer has just been giving a series of free illustrated educational lectures along this line throughout the state and had the experience of not meeting a single objection to his program and arguments. Apparently the only opposition comes from certain districts along shore which are really standing in their own light. This is also true in various other states. The greatest destruction of birds occurs in the southern states. Louisiana, however, has taken a splendid stand and, under the lead of the president of its fish and game commission, Frank M. Miller, is making herself a model for all her neighbors to follow.

If states and communities realized the value of game as a financial asset, they would protect and preserve it with intelligent care. An illustration in point is the experience of the little community of 900 people at Moriches bay, Long Island. Because there is some reasonably good duck shooting—only in autumn, mind—a sportsman's club has located there, bought real estate to the value of \$100,000 and spends each year at least \$3,500 directly in that community. The local hunters can get about 35 cents in the market for each duck they shoot, but for each duck shot by the club the community receives \$3. It pays to have good hunting, and this is true of any other locality.

It is high time, too, for all intelligent women to refuse to wear wild bird plumage in their hats. It is a mere matter of blind fashion, decreed in Paris by a male oligarchy, and is both wasteful and cruel. Every egret or osprey worn by a lady means that she has caused a brood of young to starve to death to gratify her vanity.

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