

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, October 6, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

ITALY DECLARES WAR ON TURKEY

Turkey's Request for Delay Ignored and Hostilities Have Begun.

London.—Italy has declared war on Turkey and hostilities have begun. No sooner had the time limit fixed by the ultimatum expired than, ignoring the Turkish conciliatory request for delay, Italy declared war. The Turkish representatives in Italy received their passports.

The Turkish commander at Tripoli was asked to surrender the town, but declined, and the Italian forces immediately occupied Tripoli and Benghazi.

Aside from Tripoli, the Italians have been victorious over the Turks wherever they have met them.

The Duke of Abruzzi is reported maintaining his foothold at Prevesa, where he landed following a bombardment, the sinking of a Turkish destroyer and driving two transports ashore to escape capture.

The Turkish cabinet resigned when war was declared and a new ministry was formed under Said Pasha, but retaining the former able war minister, Mahmud Shekiet Pasha.

Turkey continues her efforts to secure intervention by the powers. In the meantime Italy is actively pursuing hostilities. Italian battleships are reported to have appeared off Smyrna and Salonika.

Constantinople.—Mobilization is being hurried. Turkish troops have been sent to Macedonia and along the frontier. In spite of the government's pacific assurances, the fear persists that if the war with Italy is prolonged a frontier incident will occur which will unavoidably precipitate a Turkish-Greek war.

DR. WILEY WINS FIGHT

Wilson Says He Would Be Glad to Give Free Rein.

Washington.—Irrigated to exasperation by Dr. Wiley's five-year-long fight to be made sole judge of the law and facts in the enforcement of the so-called pure food law, Secretary Wilson, who returned from his vacation a few days ago, is willing to turn the enforcement of that statute over to the doctor. He would not make the slightest objection to the doctor being placed in sole charge of the work.

His idea is that it is not part of the duty of the head of a department created to foster agriculture to be called upon to decide about labels on food products or which is the right way to make whiskey or beer.

Methodists Urge Cards and Dances.

Los Angeles.—The Southern California conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adopted almost unanimously a resolution asking the General Conference which meets next May in Minneapolis to strike from the discipline of the Church the rule against card-playing, theater-going and dancing.

Tips to Travelers.

Take a candle in your bag and a box of safety matches. When they are wanted you will be glad they were put in. The space required for them is small. A passenger on a steamer that was wrecked had a small candle, which enabled her to collect some of her most valuable possessions when the lights went out after the collision. Carry a few pens in your bag if you do not use a fountain pen. You will find that it is worth while, as the pens provided at some hotels and other public places are often so bad that it is impossible to use them with any satisfaction.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Test For Butter.

Here is a test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice: A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burnt paper is rather pleasant, but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.—Chicago News.

Butter in Pie.

A bit of butter about the size of a large bean improves the filling of a lemon pie, making it richer and smoother. Sometimes as much as a spoonful is used. A Frenchman often adds a tiny bit of butter to a cherry pie, and an apple pie is also improved in the same way.

She Know!

Dentist (to old lady who wants tooth pulled)—Do you want gas, madam? Old Lady—Well, I should say so. I don't propose to stay in the dark with you or any other man.

Yes, Indeed.

Stobbs—The average wife tells her husband everything she hears. Stobbs—And a lot she doesn't.—Philadelphia Record.

The Last Chance

It Led to Proof of True Friendship

By SARAH MARIA GRANT

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A dirty looking Mexican had brought the roughly scrawled note to the Lone Bull ranch. It was at the edge of the evening, and the extended absence of light hearted Harry Barry had been a matter of comment among his comrades. His two weeks' leave of absence had been stretched to three, and, although work was dull at this season, his absence caused a vague disquietude among the older men.

The note was addressed to Gabriel, and he unfolded it with the careful deliberation of one who seldom receives an epistle. He held the torn sheet of paper close to the lamp and scanned the words with sharp eyes that narrowed to mere pin points of light when he had concluded.

"It's from him," he said, with a curt nod toward Harry Barry's empty chair. His voice, Gabriel was not given to emotion, but he had grown attached to Harry Barry and loved him as a son.

"What's happened?" demanded Jim Lewis.

For answer Gabriel tossed the note across the table, and Jim seized it eagerly and read aloud:

Come to the three cottonwoods and bring the boys to celebrate. It's the last chance.

Hardened though they were, the faces of the four blanched at the meaning of the words smote them strongly. The three tall cottonwoods that stood near Satan's Gulch marked a spot that was recognized throughout the adjacent cattle country as a place where the swift justice of the plains was meted out to offenders.

Without a word the four arose and reached for their hats. In the same grim silence they strode out of the bunk house, forgetful of the Mexican who crouched in the veranda as they passed.

They were three miles on their way toward Satan's Gulch when the Crane broke the silence. "What became of the greaser?" he asked suddenly.

"I forgot him," admitted Gabriel. "Did anybody pay him for the letter?"

"You paid him yourself, Gabe. I saw you flip him four bits," remarked Jim Lewis.

They all grew silent once more, thinking perhaps of the merry evenings spent under the star dusted sky or in the shelter of the bunk house about which good humor swung.

"There's only one thing Harry might do," growled Gabriel from the depth of a troubled heart.

"And he wouldn't do that unless he was pushed to wrangle. Harry, he wasn't one to force gun play," added Jim Lewis seriously.

"If Harry did drop his man it would be in a fair fight, and there wouldn't be no cause to—" The Crane's pause was significant.

They rode on across the shriveled grass and down dry water courses, heading always for the southeast and yet ever dreading to glimpse the gaunt outline of the cottonwoods against the sky. A young moon slipped down the western peaks, and after awhile there was no light save that of the stars, and in the soft radiance they moved on their way to take advantage of their last chance to say farewell to Harry Barry.

It was Gabriel's eyes that first saw the black cottonwoods, and he halted his horse with a sudden jerk and stopped the progress of the other men.

"I got something to say," he muttered hoarsely. "We all know that what's going to happen in the morning can't be stopped just because Harry is our friend. Some of us that breaks the law, whether intentional or otherwise, has to pay the price, and Harry's got to take his medicine. But we'll all stand by him till—"

They nodded silently, but there was not one of them, Gabriel included, who did not register a mental vow to attempt to free Harry Barry before the dawn broke.

Almost within the shadow of the trees the four halted their horses and peered into the gloom. Jim Lewis slipped from his saddle and cautiously reconnoitered. Presently he came back and spoke breathlessly.

"He's yonder—alone. White Star is near at hand."

Leading his own horse and followed by the others, Jim Lewis cautiously led the way into the deeper shadow where Harry Barry was sleeping. They were somewhat puzzled at the absence of his captors, but Satan's Gulch presented many rocks and crannies that might be preferred to the star canopied sky as sleeping quarters, and probably the condemned man was bound and helpless.

Presently they discerned the outline of a picked horse and not far away a dark bundle on the ground that breathed heavily.

"The young devil," growled Gabriel to himself—"sleeping like that tonight!"

In spite of the silent vow that had been registered a half hour before Harry Barry's friends moved as by one accord to accomplish a set purpose.

Quietly enough one unpicketed the horse White Star, and mounting his own beast, led the other. Another pulled a blanket from his saddle, and the other two assisted in tossing it over Harry Barry's head and bodily carrying that bundle of muffled threats and wriggling muscles to Gabriel's mount, where he was laid across the saddle in front of the lean ranchman, and in less time than it takes to relate the incident they were away, riding like a streak for the state line.

The animated form of their captive only added speed to the flight of Gabriel's horse. Familiar expressions, some of them profanely strong, assured them that they had made no mistake in capturing the right man. It required all of Gabriel's iron strength to hold the angry captive in place.

The mysterious change that heralds the dawn found Gabriel, Jim Lewis, the Crane and Tim Lewis riding through a narrow defile whose farther end marked the line of another state. Harry Barry, shaken into a more comfortable posture, but his head and shoulders still enveloped in the blanket, was permitted to ride White Star, while his friends with voices lowered during their frequent converse managed to conceal their identity from him.

When they were safely on another territory they paused and gathered into a semicircle about the prisoner. The blanket was withdrawn from Harry Barry's indignant countenance, and he split the morning air with a whoop of disgust when he viewed the faces of his friends in the wan daylight. Worn and haggard they were, but each pair of faithful eyes viewed him with brotherly love.

"What in the blanket-blank-blank is the matter with you gasbores?" he bellowed wrathfully. "Is this what you call a joke to carry a feller thirty miles away from the first streak of luck he's ever had? I wish I'd kept it to myself!" He looked around at their crestfallen faces, his own anger abating in the light of concern he read in the eyes fixed on him.

"We're your friends, Harry," boomed Gabriel solemnly. "What we've done this night has been a big job, as we all know it, but I don't believe one mother's son would have done it for anybody but you. Seems like I couldn't bear not to hear you laugh no more."

The rough fellow drew his sleeve across his brow, and for an instant his troubled and betraying eyes were hidden.

The others nodded assent. "Not for nobody but you, Harry," added the Crane crustily.

Harry Barry stared at their wooebegone faces with bewildered eyes. He looked little like a condemned man, a man who had faced death but a few short hours before—a man who had escaped certain hanging from one of the three cottonwoods at Satan's Gulch.

"What's the rumpus?" he demanded at length. "You got my note all right?"

"That's why we came, and—what's happened that you call the limb of a cottonwood the first streak of luck you ever had?" demanded Gabriel sternly. "There wasn't no gal in the case?"

Harry Barry stared. "Nary gal," he managed to say after awhile, "but what's the limb of a cottonwood tree got to do with me?"

Silently Gabriel passed over the note that the Mexican had delivered, and the others stared curiously as the young man read it.

"Where's the rest of it?" he demanded.

"Rest of it?" they echoed.

"The first part. It's been torn off."

"That's the way it was handed to me," said Gabriel.

"I'll bet the greasy toad tore some of it off to make a cigarette," muttered Harry Barry. Then, turning toward them, he said without a trace of humor in his pleasant voice: "This part, boys, sounds mighty desperate, but when I tell you what was in the part that the greaser tore off you'll understand. The whole note said: 'Hurray, I've struck silver at Satan's Gulch after all! Come to the three cottonwoods and bring the boys to celebrate. It's the Last Chance. And, boys, the name of the new mine is Last Chance.'"

His careless young face grew very tender as the four yelled themselves hoarse with delight. They joked one another about the mistake they had made, and as they turned about and rode back over the trail into their own state they discussed, with much laughter, the pains they had taken to bring Harry Barry away from his streak of luck. Harry Barry's favorite theme for months had been his belief that silver would be found at Satan's Gulch, and he had utilized his three weeks' vacation to prospect that region thoroughly, with the best of success.

Harry Barry himself was the only serious one in the party bound for the cottonwoods. At last, when they all drew rein under the trees and had examined the notice of his claim that was posted, there they waited for him to speak.

He looked around at their tired faces and read the satisfaction in their eyes. There came to him then the full knowledge of what friendship means between men.

"Friends," he said gently, "I understand now why you rode down to the three cottonwoods, and you must have believed some in me to do what you did. This ain't going to be a big mine—there ain't a fortune in it—but, no matter what else it is, there's a few partners in it, and it's name is Friendship. You fellows lay down and sleep while I get some breakfast."

Before they obeyed him there was a brief instant while hands gripped hands, and then the tension was removed, and they were on the old footing once more, save for the strong foundation that the night's work had laid for their future friendship.

Shapely Swedes.

The Swedes are probably the tallest people in Europe and have on the whole erect, handsome figures. To some extent this advantage is due to physical exercise, for Swedish gymnastics are compulsory in the elementary schools, and the system is much used in other schools and colleges.—London Telegraph.

Not Mail, but Farewell.

Ragles (cheerily)—Good mornin', boss! Farmer—It wouldn't be "Good mornin'" if I offered ye work. Ragles—Right ye are, boss; den it ud be "Good day."—Boston Transcript.

In riches dishonestly come by the heirs of the third generation shall not rejoice.—Solomon.

Literary Funds.

The royal literary fund in England was established as a result of the commemoration felt for Floyer Sydenham, a Greek scholar of Oxford, who was thrown into prison for a debt for meals and died there at the age of eighty. The establishment of a fund to assist needy literary men was due principally to the efforts of David Williams, a Welsh nonconformist minister, a friend of Benjamin Franklin.

AVIATOR DIXON IS KILLED AT SPOKANE

Spokane.—Fresh from his triumph of last Saturday, when he topped the Rocky Mountains in a successful flight from Helena, Cromwell Dixon, 19 years old, Curtiss aviator, fell to his death from a height of about 100 feet in his initial performance at the Spokane Interstate Fair grounds.

A mere handful of spectators witnessed the accident, and thousands who were craning their necks for a glimpse of the aviator did not know of the tragedy enacted just out of their range of vision. Dixon was removed to the emergency hospital on the grounds, where he died 45 minutes after the fall.

Death was pronounced due to cessation of the brain and hemorrhage; Dixon's leg was also broken, the bone protruding from the flesh. His face was battered almost to a pulp.

When rescuers got to him Dixon was lying under his machine, which was smashed to pieces. He was unconscious and remained so until dead.

Would Repeal Boxing Law.

Albany, N. Y.—Governor Dix will send to the Legislature a special message urging the prompt repeal of the law under which the State Athletic Association was created to legalize boxing and other athletic exhibitions.

Relph's Majority 20,583.

San Francisco.—The final count of the election returns from the primary election shows that James Relph, Jr., was elected mayor by a majority over F. H. McCarthy, of 20,583 votes.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Millward B. Davis Marcell, Plaintiff, vs. Ann Aletha Davis Marcell, Defendant.

To Ann Aletha Davis Marcell, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of October, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Henriehs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 25th day of August, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of September, 1911.

S. J. SILVERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Edwin F. Weaver, Plaintiff, vs. Leah Helene Weaver, Defendant.

To Leah Helene Weaver, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of October, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. William Henriehs, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 25th day of August, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of September, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Sherman.

L. S. Scott, Plaintiff, vs. J. C. O'Leary, Defendant.

To J. C. O'Leary, defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of October, 1911, and if you fail to so answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$200.00, together with interest on \$1250.00 from October 5, 1908, to September 19, 1909, and interest on \$500.00 from June 19, 1909, to the date of a final judgment in this action.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. Wm. Henriehs, Judge of the County Court for the County of Sherman, State of Oregon, and said order was made and dated the 15th day of August, 1911, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 1st day of September, 1911.

T. M. MORRIS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

A Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. Charlotte S Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotte S Campbell, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of November, 1911; and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Henriehs, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 5th day of October, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 5th day of October, 1911.

A. E. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Got What He Asked For.

Among the best of the stories told by Russell, one of the Edinburgh Scotsman's former editors, was an instance of the innate cleverness of the newspaper boy. Russell had entered a train at Prince's street station, Edinburgh, one Friday, when a smart little newsboy immediately called out to him, "Scotsman, sir?" "How much?" said Russell jokingly. "A penny, sir," replied the boy. "Oh," said the editor, "I don't want today's Scotsman, but if you could give me tomorrow's I would give you a sovereign for it." "Here you are, sir," delightedly shouted the youngster and handed him the Weekly Scotsman, which bore the date of the following day. Russell paid the sovereign.

Dickens' Cramped Quarters.

Black House at Broadstairs is of interest to the Dickens lover because the greater part of "David Copperfield" was written there. But it is not the Black House of the novel, which is definitely located in Hertfordshire. The novelist and his family appear to have been somewhat tightly packed in their Broadstairs home. When Lord Carlisle contemplated paying a visit to "our watering place" in 1851 Dickens wrote promising him the North Foreland lighthouse for a night light in his bedroom, and he continued, "As we think of putting wickerwork boxes outside the windows for the younger children to sleep in by and by I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardly underook to lodge him." During recent years the house has been transformed out of all recognition.—London Spectator.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

T. M. De Kay, Plaintiff, vs. Minnie E. De Kay, Defendant.

To Minnie E. De Kay, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 30th day of November, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Henriehs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 31st day of September, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of October, 1911.

ALLAN R. JOY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Edwin F. Weaver, Plaintiff, vs. Leah Helene Weaver, Defendant.

To Leah Helene Weaver, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of October, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. William Henriehs, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 25th day of August, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of September, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Sherman.

L. S. Scott, Plaintiff, vs. J. C. O'Leary, Defendant.

To J. C. O'Leary, defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of October, 1911, and if you fail to so answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$200.00, together with interest on \$1250.00 from October 5, 1908, to September 19, 1909, and interest on \$500.00 from June 19, 1909, to the date of a final judgment in this action.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. Wm. Henriehs, Judge of the County Court for the County of Sherman, State of Oregon, and said order was made and dated the 15th day of August, 1911, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 1st day of September, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

A Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. Charlotte S Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotte S Campbell, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of November, 1911; and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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A. E. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

A Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. Charlotte S Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotte S Campbell, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of November, 1911; and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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A. E. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

A Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. Charlotte S Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotte S Campbell, the above named defendant:

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A. E. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

HOTEL MORO

W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.