The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....May 29, 1914

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

George C. Jones of Portland been appointed deck officer in the coast geodetic survey.

The proposed new city charter of Monroe is to be adopted or rejected at a special election to be held on Monday, June 15.

The abolition of the state senate, recommended in a report of the legislation committee at the state grange at Monmouth, was adopted in resolution form later.

Five fatal industrial accidents were reported to State Labor Commissioner O. P. Hoff last week, along with 67 other accidents of more or less serious nature.

La Grande commercial club offers prizes for the best mile of road built within a radius of eight miles of that city. The club undertakes to keep up a mile of the road known as Gekler Lane.

The Wrangell chamber of commerce has asked Senator Chamberlain's aid in securing a survey of Dry strait, with a view to getting more adequate accommodation for steamers running to southeastern and western Alaska.

About 100 apple growers met to nominate candidates to serve on the board of directors of the Apple Growers' association to be organized by the amalgamation of all fruit shipping interests in Hood River.

Dean I. Piper of Corvallis, principal, and Roy M. Poole of Hillsboro and John G. Manning of McMinnville, alternates, have been nominated for the West Point examination at Vancouver barracks by Representative Hawley.

There were 24 tie votes in the primary nominating election in Linn county last week. One of the ties is between Berry Cummings, of Halsey, and his son, Arlie Cummings, of the same city, for the republican nomination for constable of district No. 3.

Representative Hawley has been informed that his principal for Annapolis, Stanley M. Haight of Medford, and his first alternate, R. W. Metcalf, of Salem, have passed the examinations with credit and now will take the physical tests.

In a race with death half way round the globe, Ensign Herbert Roesch, U. S. N., is rushing across the Pacific in hope of arriving in Pendleton before his father, William Roesch, pioneer brewer of that city, expires. He is expected there by June 5.

With evidence that points to foul play, the body of R. L. Townsend, 28 years old, who disappeared from his home in Hillsboro May 15, was found in the river at Portland with the pockets of his trousers turned inside out and his head bearing bruises that may have been the result of an attack by highwaymen.

P. E. Lewis of Bida, Lane county, who had difficulty in proving up on a claim because there was some timber on it, has had his claim for patent approved. Lewis served three years in the Spanish-American war, which reduced the time of residence on his homestead.

Only twice in 25 years has Umatilla county wool sold for prices equal to those secured by Pilot Rock growers at the public sale held there. This was the first public sealed bid sale held in Oregon this year. More than 500,000 pounds changed hands, every clip offered being sold. The prices received ranged as much as 5¼ cents in advance of those paid for the same clips last year.

All Oregon was interested to learn of the restoration to entry of over 400,000 acres of land in the Deschutes and Paulina forest reserves, but on analyzing the figures the satisfaction felt over the announcement was greatly tempered by the discovery that most of the land was still held up by reclamation service and other withdrawals.

Extensive preparations are being made for the entertainment of delegates who will attend the eighth annual convention of the Staatsverbund von Oregon, the confederation of German-speaking societies of the state, which will be held in Eugene Saturday and Sunday.

One of the largest gatherings ever held by any representative body was that at Independence, when practically every hop grower and buyer in the Willamette valley was present. The meeting was called to order by C. A. McLaughlin, vice president of the Hop Growers' association, who announced that the object of the meeting was to promote protection to themselves against the sentiment in the cause of prohibition.

L. J. Biron, secretary of the sandstone cutters' union of Portland, has issued an appeal that Oregon stone rather than concrete and terra cotta brought from outside the state be used in the construction of the new administration building at the university of Oregon. His plea is based not only upon the desirability of developing an Oregon resource and of giving Oregon workmen employment, but also on the increased dignity and beauty of structure that would result. The statement is in connection with a general campaign to secure the use of Oregon stone.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Free Books Asked For Schools.

Klamath Falls.—A petition is being circulated to place a measure on the ballot at the school election in June, proposing to furnish text books free in the graded public schools. It is thought that the books can be purchased by the district more cheaply than by the individuals, that there will be no discrimination in those furnished and that the district will always have an ample supply.

For Orchard Protection.

Hood River.—An insectary has been established in Hood River county by Professor V. I. Safro, of the Oregon agricultural college, for the purpose of studying the insects that infest Hood River valley orchards. Specimens of each breed of insects will be gathered and their entire life course will be studied under powerful microscopes. Hood River orchards are badly infested with insects this season.

Mines in River Removed.

Astoria.—Three of the four submarine mines that were planted along the channel edge of Peacock spit and have been a great menace to fishing operations have been removed.

Two of the mines, one the marker and the other floating near the surface, were picked up by the steamer Fornance.

Has His Ear Sewed On.

Marshfield.—Floyd Boyles, an employe on the logging train on the local railroad, caught between cars, had his ear pinched off between two logs. He was brought to this city, where the ear was sewed on. The surgeons say the operation will be successful.

La Grande to Stage Motorcycle Meet.

La Grande.—La Grande motorcycle men are to stage the second annual motorcycle race meet centering about a road event from La Grande to Baker and return. The date has been set for June 21, and is sanctioned by the national federation.

SMITH'S LEAD OVER 1600

Official Count of Votes Cast for Governor Not Finished Yet.

Portland.—Although the official count of votes cast for governor at the recent primary election has not been compiled yet in all the counties of the state, approximately correct totals show the relative positions for the republican nomination with Dr. James Withycombe leading by over 4700 votes, Gus C. Moser second and Attorney General A. M. Crawford third.

With a complete vote from all but one of the 1467 precincts of the state, the vote received by these three candidates was:

Withycombe	19,313
Moser	14,561
Crawford	13,665

Dr. Withycombe carried 20 of Oregon's 34 counties showing his greatest strength in the west coast counties.

Due to the fact that county officials have almost invariably canvassed the republican vote first, the democratic totals are not as complete as those of the rival party. With Lane and Clackamas counties incomplete, one precinct missing from Marion county and eight from Yamhill Dr. C. J. Smith leads the democratic field by over 1500 votes.

Dr. Smith carried 16 counties to Judge Bennett's 18, none of the other three candidates coming anywhere near carrying a county. Smith carried Benton, Coos, Crook, Curry, Douglas, Grant, Harney, Jackson, Josephine, Lane, Multnomah, Tillamook, Umatilla, Wallowa and Yamhill counties.

Judge McBride received the highest vote at the primaries for re-election to the supreme bench of Orgon.

Governor Foe of Senate.

Salem.—Governor West has indorsed resolutions, adopted by the state grange, which favor the initiation of a bill at the next general election to abolish the state senate.

"You can say for me," said the governor, "that I favor them. Such a law would abolish 30 offices at one time and would be a good thing."

Boy Kills His Brother.

Grants Pass.—Richard Sauer, 10 years old, son of George Sauer, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, Cremo Sauer, 12 years old, while the latter was loading a revolver. The bullet struck Richard in the eye.

Fair Exhibits to Be Planned.

Salem.—The Willamette Valley exhibit at the Panama-Pacific exposition will be planned at a meeting of the executive committee of the Willamette Valley association here.

Against Advertising.

"Why don't you advertise?" asked the editor of the home paper. "Don't you believe in advertising?"

"I'm agin advertising," replied the proprietor of the Hayville Racket store.

"But why are you against it?" asked the editor.

"It keeps a feller too durn busy," replied the proprietor. "I advertised in a newspaper one time about ten years ago and I never even got time to go fishing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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sudden change. The entire inside section of the paper—two full sheets—was devoted to sporting news, and the thing which caught Pop Frisbee's eye and caused it to bulge slightly was the column of box scores and the "Official Standing of the Independent Northern New Mexico League."

"Suffering snakes!" grunted the scout. "I never knew they had a league in northern New Mexico! Outlaws, of course!"

There it was under his very eyes—the percentage column of the league, with four clubs in the order named:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Apaches	29	22	.620
Boston Terriers	24	24	.566
San Miguel Sidewinders	29	27	.518
Johnson's Coyotes	14	43	.246

"They've been playing all season. Saturdays and Sundays!" thought Frisbee. "Well, well, well! I wonder if I know any of those players!"

He cast his eye down the line of the box scores. There was not a professional name that he had ever heard before. The San Miguel Sidewinders had a Mexican lineup judging by the names—Ortiz, Gonzales, Martinez, Valdez, Morales, Garcia, Gomez, Vigil and Meegan. The last name jarred slightly. Evidently the Sidewinders had an Irish pitcher.

The Apache team contained such warlike souls as Running Wolf, Singing Mule, Raw Dog, Howling Henry, Hungry Coyote, Bald Hornet, Footloose Pete, Sweet Evening Breeze and Aztec Antonio, the pitcher.

"Well, what d'ye think of that?" mused the scout. "A regular Indian team, and holy Moses, how those boys can hit!"

Indeed, the box score of the game between the Apaches and the Boston Terriers proved it. The hit column was thickly sprinkled with twos and threes, and in the summary the list of extra base hits was a long one. Aztec Antonio was credited with two home runs and a double; Singing Mule had two doubles and a triple; Footloose Pete with four hits out of four times up had a home run, a triple and two singles, and Bald Hornet had two triples.

Then came the crowning surprise—the name which appeared at the beginning of the story of the games. There it was, just as Pop Frisbee had seen it a thousand times in days gone by, in ten point gothic—"John Meegan, Jr."

"Johnny Meegan!" said Pop. "So that's where he went! And he's working on a rotten little paper like this! Too bad! Well, there's one boy who knows a ball player when he sees one. What does he have to say?"

John Meegan, Jr., had a great deal to say. His account of the game between the Apaches and the Boston Terriers left no vague shadow of doubt in Pop Frisbee's mind. From the instant his eyes alighted on the "standing of the league" he had felt the inclination to make a trip over into Rio Arriba county, wherever that should prove to be, and take a look at this unknown collection of ball players. When he ran his eye down the figures which represented the terrific hitting ability of the Apaches the inclination grew stronger, but when he read what Johnny Meegan had to say about Aztec Antonio, Singing Mule, Footloose Pete and Bald Hornet the fate of the Independent Northern New Mexico league was settled. Thus wrote Johnny Meegan:

Never has such a hitting team been gathered together in any league of the country. Kilbourne, who twirled for the Boston Terriers, had all his usual control, curves and change of pace. He mixed up his repertoire with all the skill at his command, but man after man the Apaches walked to the plate and smashed the ball to the fence. If the Terriers fumbled at times it was because the balls which were hit through the infield traveled at such terrific speed that it was physically impossible to handle them cleanly. On the other hand, Antonio, using his lightning speed at all times, held the Terriers helpless and all but hitless. Kilbourne's men were game and fought hard in the face of an overwhelming defeat, but no pitcher seems able to stop the Indians when they begin to hit.

Frisbee stopped off in Denver to greet a few old friends and ask some questions about western leaguers. On the second afternoon, as he was loafing in the lobby of the Brown Palace, he saw Davy Martin limp in with his suit case and write his name on the register. Davy was the scout for the Benedicts—the very miscreant who had robbed Pop of the timber league pitcher aforementioned. Pop held a newspaper in front of his eyes until Martin was safe in the elevator, and then going to his room he hurriedly packed his suit cases.

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit if Davy was after the same bunch," he thought to himself. "Well, if he beats me he'll know he's been traveling!"

A night spent on a Denver and Rio Grande Pullman landed Pop in Alamosa in time for breakfast, after which he embarked on a narrow guage train for the long, jolting ride over the Cumbres pass, with Chama as the objective point. The train was delayed so that a night at the Chama House was necessary, and the following day Pop climbed into the buckboard for San Miguel.

"A mistake," thought Frisbee. "Baseball in a dump like this? Not in a thousand years! Hey, boy, what's the name of this place?"

A fat, pock marked young Mexican emerged from Parks' general merchandise emporium in time to answer the question. It was indeed San Miguel.

Pop stood in the whitish dust between his suit cases and felt in an inner pocket. His brain staggered between doubt and certainty, and he clung desperately to a printed word as men have done since newspapers were invented.

"Amigo," said Pop, pointing to the heading of the paper which he held in his hands, "where will I find the sporting editor of this great religious daily?"

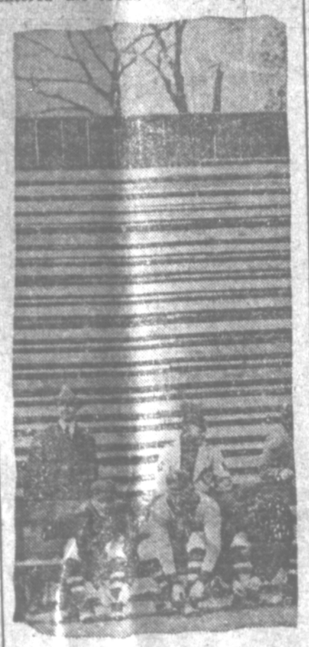
The Mexican appeared troubled and began to roll a cigarette.

"Quien sabe?" he said.

"Meegan is his name," said Pop—"Johnny Meegan."

"Ah!" said the youth, with a smile. He pointed toward a large adobe house which stood on a slight rise of ground on the outskirts of the village.

The front door of the adobe house was open, and, as no attention was paid to his knock, Pop Frisbee stepped inside. In the middle of a large room two men were seated on opposite sides of a table—a negro and an Indian. A white man, little more than a skeleton, sat at a small table with a pencil in his fingers and a pad of paper before him. It was Fred Parks. Not one of the queer trio looked up as Pop entered the room, and the two men



Pop Frisbee Scouting For New Baseball Talent.

[Used by the Brooklyn Dodgers.]

at the large table were deeply engrossed in some game which they were playing.

There was a click, a whirring sound which ceased suddenly, and the white man said:

"That was a strike, Jeff. You offered at it."

Pop Frisbee was about to speak, but this remark jolted the conversation out of him. "A strike!" He "offered at it!" What nonsense was this?

Once more the Indian bent over his end of the board. His blue black hair tumbled down over his crimson blanket, and he squinted hard at a trigger which should release a round white pellet the size of a small marble. At the opposite angle of the board the negro crouched in an expectant attitude.

"Come on, Antonio!" he coaxed "Get 'em oveh! Get 'em oveh!"

The Indian jerked smartly at a string, the trigger fell, and the round pellet shot forward. The negro made an abrupt motion with his wrist, there was a click, and the pellet went flying back until it was stopped by the railing about the board. The thin man arose and examined the spot where the ball struck.

"A two base hit!" he exclaimed. "That scores the man on second. Who is that—Hayes or Tilden?"

The Indian picked up a small counter which had been lying on the board, turned it over and spoke in excellent English.

"Neither one. This is Cleveland. You'll have to be more careful with that score, Parks. You'll get it all balled up again."

The negro crowed.

"I been a-layin' for that curve ball of yours for three innings," he said. "Stick it over here again, and watch what I'll do to it!"

Pop Frisbee started to edge toward the door.

"I've got into a private asylum," he thought.

Just then there came a quick step on the hard baked earth outside, and two young men burst into the room. A voice cried:

"How's the game going, Tony? The Apaches eatin' 'em alive, as usual? Come on, you Singing Mule! That's the— Well, for heaven's sake! Pop Frisbee!"

And before Frisbee knew how it happened there was Johnny Meegan, thin and brown and evidently as hard as a wire nail, pumping away at his right hand and trying to thump him on the back with his left.

"Johnny," said the scout, "it's good to see you again—good to see you looking so well. Your Chicago friends would never believe it was the same fellow. Why, you look fit to go ten rounds with a champion!"

"Sure!" said Meegan. "It's the country does it. A fine place to spend the summer if you say it quick. Oh, excuse me! Billy, I want you to meet Pop Frisbee, one of my old friends. Pop, Mr. Kilbourne of Boston, and a grand fellow. That's right, get together. Now, then, what on earth are you doing in this God forsaken country?"

Pop produced his copy of the San Miguel Messenger. "What am I doing here?" he repeated. "That's what I expect you to tell me. Johnny, what does this thing mean?"

Meegan glanced at the sheet, looked at Pop for a full two seconds in order to make sure that he was in earnest, and then, suddenly seizing Kilbourne by the shoulders, he began to laugh as he had not laughed in six months. He cackled until his breath was all gone, and Pop Frisbee, watching him, began to perspire about the temples. The light was breaking in on him at last.

"Oh, Billy!" panted the sporting editor of the San Miguel Messenger. "This is immense! This is the best ever! I forgot to tell you that Pop here is the scout for Tim Cahill and the Wanderers, and he's come down here—Lord, I'll die in a minute!—he's come down here, Billy, to look over our league! Our league!"

Then Kilbourne began to cackle, and the two boys clung to each other and laughed until poor Billy went into a spasm of coughing. When he could recover sufficient breath he reproached Frisbee weakly.

"You oughtn't to make me laugh that way," he panted. "It's bad for me."

Pop Frisbee, whose sense of humor was never his strong point, clamored for further information.

"And this stuff," said he, tapping the paper accusingly, "is all bunk, I suppose? There ain't any league here at all?"

"Pop," said Meegan tearfully, for he had laughed until he cried, "you do us an injustice. You are now in the presence of the Independent Northern New Mexico league! Allow me! Mr. Kilbourne here is the Boston club—Paul Revere, first base; John Adams, center field; John Harvard, catcher! Our friend, Chief Antonio here, is the Apache club—Raw Dog, Bald Hornet, Singing Mule and others too numerous to mention. Jefferson Davis Johnson is the Coyote club—nothing less than a statesman in the lineup, and I—I represent the Mexican population with the San Miguel Sidewinders. This gentleman is our official umpire and score keeper, Mr. Parks. The games are played upon the board which you see on the table—the invention of a Chicago fan and the cleverest thing of the sort I ever saw. You have interrupted a great double header between the Apaches and Coyotes, and the score is—Parks, what is the official score?"

"Eight to three, favor of the Apaches," said Parks gravely. "Singing Mule got two more home runs."

Pop looked about him, discovered a chair and found his way to it upon his shaking legs.

"Well, Johnny," he remarked grimly, "all I've got to say is that you and your bunk newspaper have made an awful sucker out of me."

"Oh, I say!" cried Kilbourne.

"You're mistaken, Pop," said Meegan earnestly. "It was the fellow who handed you the copy of the Messenger who made a sucker of you."

Here Frisbee turned very red and sank still deeper into his chair.

"You see, it's this way," continued Johnny. "We get out that paper for our own amusement, and it's not for general circulation. We print just enough to send to our friends. We fake everything in it, and there's never been any intention to fool any one. You don't know how slowly the time passes in a place of this sort, and if a man hasn't something to keep him busy he's likely to go nutty.

"A pal of mine in Chicago shipped me this mechanical ball game device because he had found it interesting. We discovered that we could not only play a regular game on it, but could score it if we gave names to the counters. It struck me that we could get up a four team league and have a pennant race and at the same time get some live news for our sporting page. It has been a good laugh to us and to our friends. If anybody told you this league was on the square he lied, and you'll have to fight it out with him."

There was a long, awkward silence. Then Pop Frisbee swallowed hard and acknowledged the corn.

"It's up to me," he said bravely. "I swiped that paper off Charlie Hough's desk—and I guess it's coming to me. Johnny!"

The Coyote team of the Northern New Mexico league stood humbly at Frisbee's elbow as befits a tailender. He carried a tray upon which were placed several long glasses in which fifty cent a pound ice tinkled expensively.

"Let us all have a little drink," said Billy Kilbourne. "Johnny, a toast!"

Meegan smiled over the top of his glass at Frisbee.

"I give you the Phantom league, gentlemen!" said Johnny. "There'll never be another one like it!"

"Amen to that!" said Pop Frisbee.

It would be a pleasant thing to end this story without mention of its sequel. The joke carried too far sometimes becomes a tragedy.

To do Johnny Meegan justice, he never intended that the facts concerning Frisbee's visit should become public property, but the friend whom Johnny asked to regard the letter as confidential had a sense of humor developed at the expense of his good taste. Inside of two weeks the story appeared in 400 newspapers, copied from the original, which was printed in Chicago. Pop Frisbee and the Phantom league became the standing joke of the "winter leagues" and hot stove fanning bees.

They laughed Pop Frisbee out of baseball, and they came near laughing him into an asylum, so in the end the Phantom league became very real to him. The joke broke his heart and spoiled the best scout in the country to make a second class street car inspector.

Johnny Meegan is back on the job again. Sometimes he comes across Pop Frisbee in his blue uniform, but Pop always happens to be looking the other way, and Meegan would give a great deal if the Phantom league had never existed.

A Rabbit and a Whistle.

Did you know that a short, sharp whistle from the mouth would stop a rabbit? It surely does. Next time you see little Molly Cottontail leap from her burrow and make off don't shoot; just whistle. Whether from fear or curiosity I cannot tell, but she will stop still in her tracks. An antelope has been known to do likewise. An African hunter once said that the elephant is the most timid of all animals and can be frightened into a cold sweat by a mysterious noise.—New York Press.

Telepathy.

"Telepathy" is an instance of a new-fangled word for an old thing. Bacon called it "sympathy" between two distant minds. Izaak Walton similarly explained Dr. Dunne's vision in Paris of his wife and dead child, observing that "if two lutes are strung to an exact harmony and one is struck the other sounds." Scottish highlanders, who would have been puzzled by the word "telepathy," have long been familiar with the idea for which it stands. Andrew Lang quoted the case of a poor highland woman who wrote to her son in Glasgow, "Don't be thinking too much of us, or I shall be seeing you some evening in the byre."

My father once had a curious telepathic experience. He was dressing in his bedroom one morning when he suddenly saw the face of a Scotch servant girl, contorted with agony, in the looking glass before him. He went downstairs to the kitchen and found the girl writhing in a fit upon the floor, her face exactly as he had seen it in the mirror.—London Spectator.

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