The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....June 5, 1914

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

good oil have been struck at Lorane.

More than $4000 worth of volunteer road work was done on the roads of Linn County on Good Roads day.

Plans have been completed for the establishment of a military academy in Jacksonville to be opened in September.

Snow, sufficiently heavy to cause suspension of work for several hours is reported as having fallen at the Simpson Logging company's camp, about 20 miles from Dallas, last week.

Masons from all Oregon will meet in Portland June 10-12, inclusive, at the sixty-fourth annual communication of the Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Oregon.

On the grounds of fraudulent misrepresentation at the time of entry the United States supreme court invalidated title to four tracts of coal lands held by the Washington Securities Co. of Oregon.

The Aurora postoffice was burglarized last week. The safe was carried down the railroad track, and nitroglycerine was used to blow it open. Stamps amounting to more than $1000 and money order blanks were taken, as well as private papers belonging to the postmaster.

Vergil Chenoweth, a 19-year-old farmer living 10 miles east of Oakland, is the largest turkey grower in Douglas county. This year he has a herd of 500. Mr. Chenoweth has also started a skunk farm, and now has 24. To these he plans to feed the turkeys that might die.

Arrangements are being made to again commence operations in what is known as the Dallas oil field. Two wells drilled near Dallas more than a year ago showed unmistakable signs of oil and one of these is to be reopened and drilled deeper and then shot, with a hope of developing a producer.

The Canby postoffice was robbed last week, the robbers leaving no clew except the tools with which they had forced the doors. The office has no safe, as the postmaster keeps his supplies in the bank vault, and as near as can be ascertained the loot taken consists of $10 in money and part of a book of money orders containing 14 black orders.

Through the successful and vigorous work of Claude C. Cate, county agriculturalist, blight ravages to apple and pear trees in the Grande Ronde valley have been greatly arrested if not wholly overcome. Some orchards were so badly infected with the disease that they had to be destroyed entirely and other orchards have undergone a scientific process of pruning under his direction.

Members of the Japanese colony in The Dalles will help celebrate Independence Day in that city, July 3 and 4. The Japanese have raised $150 and through M. Shimomura, have secured a like amount from the executive committee, which is arranging for the celebration. The entire amount has been turned back to the Japanese, and they will have full charge of the fireworks, for which the money is to be used.

Preparations are under way by the farmers and livestock breeders of south Polk county to make a big exhibit of products at the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915. The breeders of goats, sheep, horses, cattle and hogs expect to have their stock will represented. Growers of hops, prunes and grain say they will collect samples and send them to San Francisco in a gigantic lot from Polk county.

Three quarters of a million dollars is saved annually to the shippers of the state through the work being done by the state railroad commission, according to a statement made by the commission in response to an inquiry from the commercial club traffic bureau of Salt Lake City. This saving is made by reductions on intrastate shipments of freight and is declared to be easily proved by court records and the files of the commission.

Instead of entering a Rogue River Valley general display at the Panama exposition, Jackson county will have a specific exhibit embracing agriculture and horticulture, lumbering and mining. Work has begun in a horticultural way, especially in the line of processed fruits. This specialty is under the supervision of H. O. Frohbach, of Ashland, the county court having appropriated a sum for the purpose. Strawberries and cherries are being handled in this manner, and other fruits will be handled in season.

The Southern Pacific company must tear up its tracks and abandon its Natron extension towards Klamath Falls for a distance of 15 mile or it must build Lane County a wagon road as good as the one it appropriated in the narrow Middle Fork of the Willamette valley between Natron and Oakridge. The railroad has built a substitute wagon road over the hills above the river, but this is not as good a road as it agreed to build, according to Judge L. T. Harris, who has filed a decree in the $100,000 damage case and injunction suit against the Oregon & Eastern and the Southern Pacific railroads.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Bossen is Indicted for Wife Murder.

Eugene.—Andrew Bossen, charged with deliberately murdering his wife, the mother of a 9-months-old baby, must stand trial in the curcuit court in Eugene. The motive is said to have been for the insurance money or because of love of his pretty sister-in-law.

He was indicted after the grand jury had heard the testimony of the chemist who examined the stomach of the dead wife, whom the coroner's jury stated had died from poison, and the testimony of Dollie Levins, the murdered woman's sister.

The grand jury, before being dismissed, held Thomas Russell, of Glendale, for trial, charged with attacking M. W. England, a neighbor, with a knife with intent to kill. At the time of the arrest England was not expected to live.

Klamath Interests Will Work for Bill.

Klamath Falls.—Fearful lest the reclamation bill extending the time for payment of the costs of a project from 10 to 20 years will not be acted upon at this session of congress unless pressure is brought to bear upon the members, the water users of the country are making preparations to send representatives to Washington to make personal appeals. Projects in other states are wiring the Klamath Water Users' association to send President Abel Ady to Washington as a representative, on account of his successful experiences in the past.

Vault to Be Opened 2914.

Eugene.—If a little building of solid concrete lasts through ten centuries, future generations will have permission 1000 years hence to open a vault in the new Hope Abbey mausoleum, which stands virtually completed in the Masonic Cemetery in Eugene, and obtain documents of the present-day hermetically sealed within.

"To be opened in 2914," is to be deeply engraved upon the marble face of one of the columbarium niches which honeycomb the structure, completed at a cost of $40,000. The urn containing the records was sealed Thursday.

WILL AID IMMIGRANTS

Schools Will Be Started to Teach American Language, Government.

Eugene.—To make the German a better American citizen when he applies for his naturalization papers is the aim of a movement launched at the eighth annual convention of the Staatsverbund von Oregon, the confederation of 45 German-speaking societies in Oregon, with 170 members and delegates in session here. The Germans committed themselves to raise funds to establish schools for this purpose throughout Oregon. The first will be located in Portland, with others following rapidly in the German-speaking centers.

The sole aim is to educate the new arrival from Germany into the ways of American citizenship, and to make him a better American than he would be otherwise. This includes the teaching of the American language, government and ideals.

At this time important resolutions will be voted upon. One of these is a protest against state-wide prohibition in Oregon and another is the nation-wide anti-liquor movement.

Alleged Slayer is Ill.

Roseburg.—Acting upon affidavits furnished by four local physicians, the trial of Morrison Campbell, charged with the murder of John Becker at Cleveland, Or., on April 16, has been continued indefinitely. The physicians testified under oath that Campbell's present physical condition was serious and that a trial at this time might result fatally.

Consider Oregon's Problems.

Eugene.—Oregon development, municipal reform, the Oregon system, and the relation of women to politics, were the four general problems which were considered, respectively, in the four sessions of the commonwealth conference here.

Postal Election Uurged.

Pendleton. — An election in which none but democrats would be candidates has been proposed here and is being considered by leading citizens as a means of breaking the deadlock over the appointment of a postmaster.

Sheepmen Plan to Quit.

Pendleton.—Unwilling further to cope with the settling of the range under the 320-acre homestead act and short pasturage, many of the largest sheepmen of eastern Oregon are selling off their flocks with the view of giving up the wool raising industry.

A Genuine Grouch.

A certain farmer noted for constant complaining was met by a friend one morning.

"Fine weather, James," said the latter.

"For them as ain't got to work," was the response.

"Your farm looks in fine condition."

"To them's as ain't got to dig in it."

"Well, James, I'm glad your wife's better."

"Them as don't have to live with her may be."—London Family Herald.

Continued from page 1.

through. He failed. Another had not the requisite amount of firmness necessary to handle eighteen high strung athletes. Ball players are like colts—they know by instinct whether the driver knows his business or not. The third man was only passable and six towns were howling about incompetent umpiring.

Along in June, when the race was stiffening up, Joe Kerrigan, a veteran of long service, went all to smash, and interested parties had no trouble in proving that Joe's eyesight was very, very bad. Joe took his broken heart into the saloon business and it seemed as if the very devil himself was after the big league umpiring staff.

It was at this time that Cornelius O'Higgins in his old derby hat and double breasted gray traveling suit put in an appearance at the office of the president of the league.

"Mr. Daly," said O'Higgins, "I've never asked any favors of you"—

"Go to it!" said the young president. "What's on your mind?"

"I want to ask you if you can let me take ten days off."

The president leaned back in his swivel chair and roared until he was red in the face. Boiled down to a thick broth, the extract of his wail was to the effect that the league was in the worst shape it had ever been from the standpoint of competent umpiring and that duty—d-u-t-y—demanded that Mr. O'Higgins should stay at his post.

"I know that," said O'Higgins earnestly. "But this is important."

"Maybe this league isn't important!" interjected the president. Then he talked facts and backed them up with figures. The race was close. O'Higgins as the best umpire in the business—the salve passed without a nod—was scheduled to care for the important games. It was impossible to spare him.

"But if you knew"—

"I know that Kerrigan is out," said the president. "I know that Harding ain't worth his salt. I know that Fanning hasn't made good! I know that all the towns in the league are howling: 'Umpire! Umpire!' Why, man, we can't spare you! You've got to stick!"

O'Higgins did not press the point. He accepted the situation, made an explanation and went away at last, looking gray and old.

As President Daly watched his veteran umpire slip through the door it struck him that O'Higgins had aged since the beginning of the season.

O'Higgins had come to New York to officiate in the series between the New York club and the Reds, both fighting for first place. His assistant would be young Harding, a youngster from a western league—good on balls and strikes, but lacking the firm hand in a pinch. A great deal depended upon the series between the two clubs, and Daly hoped that Harding would be benefited by his association with so steady an umpire as O'Higgins.

The day after the opening series every morning paper in New York called attention to the fact that the home club might have won the game but for some very rotten decisions by the veteran O'Higgins. He had allowed three of the Reds to walk when it seemed that the New York pitcher had fanned them with balls across the corners of the plate.

One writer contributed a long article pointing out that Joe Kerrigan had just been dropped because of the infirmities of age, and Joe, so the writer stated, was a babe in arms compared with O'Higgins, the Methuselah of the staff.

Others were inclined to believe that the old man had had an off day, but none attempted to disguise the fact that his umpiring had been very, very bad.

Business took Daly out of town the next day, but he read the accounts of the game in the New York papers. O'Higgins, working on the bases, had made three decisions which the critics agreed were the worst ever seen on the grounds, and the last one had led to a riot. All the papers commented on the fact that, though surrounded by angry ball players, some of whom had laid hands upon him, O'Higgins had ordered nobody from the field. It was openly charged that O'Higgins was going to pieces on a critical series.

"O'Higgins Loses His Nerve!" said the headlines.

Daly fired a long telegram at his secretary and finished his business as soon as possible, returning to New York in time for the fourth game. The baseball population of New York was in an uproar. O'Higgins, the reliable, the most prominent umpire in the league, had marred three games by execrable decisions, and the New Yorkers felt that but for his decisions they might have won all three games instead of dropping two to their rivals.

"Well," said Daly to his secretary, "how was it? As bad as they say?"

"Worse," was the answer. "If I didn't know O'Higgins for a sober man, I'd say he'd been drunk on the field. You never saw such ball and strike decisions in your life. The teams are all up in the air and he doesn't use any authority whatever. Just lets 'em rave. I think the old man's head is going, Pete."

"Have you seen him?" demanded Daly. "What does he say?"

"I've been at his hotel every day at least twice," said the secretary, "but I haven't caught him, and when I saw him after the game last night he wouldn't talk to me at all. Just climbed on a car and went downtown. They tell me at the hotel that he has been getting two and three telegrams a day. He's in trouble of some sort."

"I wonder if that old rascal has been speculating?" said the president. "I'm going out to the game this afternoon."

The president was not in his box when time was called. He had no wish to answer the thousand and one questions of the reporters, some of whom were firing them at him in the columns of the papers. Was it true that he intended to take action on O'Higgins' evident collapse? Had he been fully informed of his work in the past three days? Did he know that it was worse than Kerrigan's?

The president would see for himself before he made up his mind.

The game began with Harding behind the bat and O'Higgins on the base line. The bleacherites hooted and yelled as the old fellow walked to his place. They advised him to see an oculist, they offered to buy him a yellow dog to lead him back and forth from the ball park and they laid at his feet the loss of the two games and asked him what he was going to do about it.

For three innings a child might have umpired the bases, the decisions made themselves wide open as a barn door. Then, in the fourth, came the trouble.

New York put two men on the bases, with two down, and McCue, the short-

The Runner on Second Flashed Toward Third.

[Posed by Otto Williams of the St. Louis Browns.]

stop, rolled a slow, twisting grounder between first and second. The runner on third dashed for the plate; the runner on second dashed toward third. It was up to McCue to beat the throw to first, and New York could not have had a speedier man on the path.

It was plain that the decision would be a close one, for the second baseman had to travel some distance to reach the ball, and nothing but a perfect throw would beat McCue.

The infielder scooped the ball, juggled it from his glove to his bare hand, and then whipped it to first.

It seemed to every New Yorker in the stand that McCue's spikes patted the bag before the ball thudded into the first baseman's hands—it seemed to the Reds, fighting desperately on the defensive, that the ball and foot arrived at the same time, in which case it is safe enough for us to assume that McCue should have had the decision.

O'Higgins, racing with the play, spread both hands downward as he ran, seemed to hesitate for an instant, and then jerked his right hand high into the air. He had done the worst thing an umpire can do—reversed a close decision and called McCue out after making the "safe" sign. The roar of joy which greeted the first motion of O'Higgins' hands changed to a howl of rage.

"Robber! Robber!"

"Oh, you're rotten! Rotten!"

"Back to the Old Man's home for yours!"

"Hey, you called him safe at first! Think again!"

The infuriated spectators were rocking the grand stand with their boots and catcalls, and the New York players swarmed on to the diamond, yelling their protest against the changing of the decision.

There are times when an umpire changes a base decision, usually when the baseman drops the ball after making a catch. In this case the catch had been clean, and it was plain to every fan inside the fence that O'Higgins' judgment had wavered. He had taken a second thought, and that second thought had cost the New York club a run.

Hewitt, who had been coaching off first base, seized O'Higgins by the arm and shook him. The other players jammed about him on all sides, plucking at his clothes and yelling into his ears. If he had been the old O'Higgins he would have sent three or four men off the field and backed up his decision with penalties. He did nothing of the kind, but remained in the storm center, shaking his head.

"Lost his nerve," thought the president bitterly. "And that was a rotten decision!"

The Reds, saved by a miracle, trooped to the visitors' bench, sneering over their shoulders. No decision is a bad decision to the team which it favors.

At last the game went on again, but O'Higgins seemed miles at sea. He blundered hopelessly, made two frightful guesses on simple decisions at second base, kept the crowd in an uproar and at the bitter end was escorted to his dressing room by the police, for the home team had lost the game by one run, the run which O'Higgins took away from the team.

Daly dodged the reporters, escaped the commotion at the end of the game and decided to wait until the umpire appeared.

Young Harding was out in ten minutes, neat and natty in a new summer suit. He nodded at the president.

"Awful, wasn't it?" he asked cheerfully.

Daly refused to commit himself.

"What's the matter with the old man?" he asked.

"Don't know," said Harding, taking out a cigarette case. "He won't talk to me. He's in there with his clothes half off sitting on the bench."

Daly refused a cigarette and Harding strolled away, twirling his cane. Daly looked after him sourly. Ten minutes passed and then the president of the league tapped on the door of the dressing room.

O'Higgins was sitting on the bench in his underclothes. He did not seem surprised to see Daly. He had the air of a man who would not have been surprised at anything. He looked up, rose to his feet and reached for his trousers. After a time he spoke.

"Well?" said he. It was a question, asked without hope of a favorable answer.

"What's the matter, Con?" asked the president of the league. "What's the trouble?"

O'Higgins shuffled on his trousers without answering.

"I told you I wanted to get away," he mumbled at length. "You wouldn't let me. You understand, I ain't blaming you at all. I—I guess I just went to pieces, that's all. I haven't had any sleep since I saw you last."

The man was not seeking to excuse himself; neither was he asking pity. The dull hopelessness of his tone proved that he appreciated the situation and expected nothing of sympathy. He was simply stating facts.

Daly sat down on the bench.

"Come on and tell me all about it," he said. "If there's anything I can do—money, or"—

"Money!" The umpire laughed, a hard, fierce note that was more like a cry. "Money! I wish it was!"

There was a silence, an uncomfortable one for both men. Daly tried to postpone an unpleasant duty.

"You'd better come down to the office in the morning," said he. "We'll talk it over then."

O'Higgins paused with his collar in his hand.

"No," he said. "No. You can tell me here. I'm all through—is that it?"

As he waited for the verdict of the league there came a sharp rap at the door. Daly opened it.

"Telegram for you, Con," he said. "I'll sign for it."

O'Higgins leaped forward, snatched the envelope and began fumbling it in his fingers. Daly signed the boy's slip, gave him a quarter and turned in time to see O'Higgins' expression as he opened the message.

The umpire's hands did not shake but his face went white as he unfolded the yellow sheet—dead white, and hard as marble, every stern line accentuated by the twilight in the room. Daly felt, rather than understood, that here was the answer to the whole mystery. He read it in the white face, set to receive a blow. As O'Higgins peered at the paper, Daly saw the hard lines waver and melt—and the next thing he knew O'Higgins was shaking him by the shoulder and thrusting the telegram into his hands.

"Look at that!" the umpire cried. "What do I care for the job? Read that!"

This is what Daly read:

Cornelius O'Higgins, Umpire,
Polo Grounds, New York:

Operation wonderful success. Chicago specialist says no danger, and Connie will be walking by the end of the year. Thank God!

MARY.

Daly looked from the paper to O'Higgins' face.

"Connie?" said the president curiously. "Why, who's Connie?"

"My little girl," said the umpire. "Twelve years old. Lame. She's been sick a long time. I didn't expect to raise her. There was just the one chance. This operation. That was why I asked for the time off. She might not have come out all right—and I thought I ought to be there."

"But you didn't tell me!" said Daly.

"I tried to," said the umpire stiffly. "You didn't let me."

Then he went on buttoning his collar.

"But I'm going home now," he said.

The president of the league carefully folded the telegram, stood for a few seconds, wondering what he should say, took out his watch, then ripped out a sudden order:

"Sure you're going home. You've just got time to get that fast night train on the Pennsylvania. You stay until you know that everything is all right, then report by wire, and I'll assign you to duty."

O'Higgins dropped his madeup necktie to the floor.

"Then it isn't all off?" he said. "I stay?"

"You—bet—your—life!" said the president of the league.

The story never got into the papers, though a number of good reporters tried to sweat it out of the president. There were many wild surmises about the O'Higgins case, and some of the young umpires preened themselves for Con's job. They were very much discouraged when the old man came back at the end of two weeks as fresh as green paint and apparently as good as ever, and the first ball player to presume upon the late leniency of Umpire O'Higgins took three days' suspension and howled for three months. Yes, he was the old O'Higgins, all right, and remained so as long as he stayed in the game.

O'Higgins never explained matters—which was like him—and neither did the president, though he realized that he was wasting a very fine newspaper story and told the secretary so.

Mrs. O'Higgins was a woman, so she understood why the president of the league sent her an elaborate silver tea set at Christmas time. O'Higgins did not understand it. He was not a sentimental man.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured.

E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with colic. At the first store he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

In the Rough.

"I tried to recover my ring, but the thief had swallowed it!" "A diamond in the rough, eh?"

Catering to All.

A Boston merchant tells of an old grocer in Massachusetts who was about as "slick" an article as one would care to meet.

"One day," says the Bostonian, "I stopped before his shop and looked curiously at a long line of barrels of apples, some marked with an 'A,' some marked with a 'Z.'

"'What is the meaning of these markings?' I asked. 'The barrels seem to contain the same kind of apples.'

"'They are the same kind, son,' the old gentleman replied, 'but some customers want a barrel opened at the top and some at the bottom.'"—New York Times.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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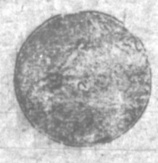

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