

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY June 12, 1914

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Governor West issued a proclamation declaring next Friday, "Rose Festival" day, a legal holiday.

Moving pictures of bears in their native haunts were taken in the vicinity of Roseburg. Traps were set in some instances.

The senate has passed the Chamberlain bill appropriating \$60,000 for erecting aids to navigation along the Alaska coast.

The case of Frank Stetler of Portland, to determine the validity of the new minimum wage law, has been put on the docket of the supreme court of the United States.

Timber men and mill owners of La Grande are planning to wage an extensive fight on forest fires this summer, and it is expected 30,000 acres of timber will be protected.

Three Portland boys entered a plea of guilty in the circuit court at Oregon City to a charge of burglary, and each was sentenced to a term of from two to five years in the state penitentiary. All were paroled.

For violations of sections of the Interstate commerce law relating to the working of employees overtime, the O. W. R. & N. company was fined a total of \$3350 by Judge Bean in United States district court at Portland.

The department of commerce has notified Senator Chamberlain that it has requested the treasury department to detail a revenue cutter to patrol the coast of the regatta at Astoria, July 2 and 3.

State Forester Elliott announces that he will appoint at once about 350 road supervisors and about 700 other persons fire wardens to work in districts which are not patrolled by regular wardens.

The Grants Pass commercial club has asked for advice on how to proceed in case the lands in the Oregon & California grant suits revert to the government. The persons interested are appealed to.

Despite threatening weather conditions the crowds at the Lebanon strawberry festival were greater on the closing day than on the first day. Auto parades were better than ever before.

Two Oregon items included in the sundry civil bill which will be reported to the senate are \$100,000 for Crater Lake and \$15,000 for the improvement of the Clackamas salmon hatchery.

Professor V. I. Saffro, assistant in the entomological department of the Oregon agricultural college has tentatively accepted a position as entomologist at the college extension station in Montevideo, South America.

The secretary of the Interior has awarded to W. E. Mason, of Klamath Falls, the contract for the construction of the Lost River diversion channel of the Klamath irrigation project, at a cost of \$19,922.

Revival of the old wars between cattlemen and sheepmen is indicated by information received of depredations, supposedly by owners of cattle, among sheep on the government range on Dixie creek, west of Durkee.

During the first year's operation of the corporation department, since the enactment of the blue sky law, the receipts of the department amounted to \$225,252.47, according to figures given out by Corporation Commissioner R. A. Watson.

A Chinook salmon weighing 87 pounds was caught in the lower Columbia by H. P. Nelson, a gillnetter. The fish may capture the \$30 prize offered by Schmidt Co., of Brookfield, for the largest salmon which will be sent to the fair at San Francisco next year.

Efforts will be made through the Oregon delegation in congress by the Portland chamber of commerce to secure an amendment to the homestead act which will reduce the amount of clearing necessary on the part of the settler on a homestead in the coast counties of Oregon.

Determined to win for Portland the 1915 national convention of the American Osteopathic association, members of the Oregon association will convene Friday and Saturday. Osteopaths from all over the state will be in attendance and the Portland contingent has arranged its affairs to be present at all the sessions.

On representations of Senator Chamberlain, Major Boggs of the isthmian canal commission has ordered new bids called for for canal supplies. Objection was made that the term supreme limited tenders to a proprietary cattle food. Portland millers said such was the name of a proprietary cattle food, which only one firm could furnish.

Secretary of State Olcott announces that the bounty appropriation of \$40,000 made at the last session of the legislature for the capture of wild animals had been exhausted. A law passed in 1909 provides that the bounties on predatory animals shall be paid by the state and counties, each paying half. Mr. Olcott has notified the county clerks that the appropriation has been exhausted and has asked them to discontinue forwarding claims until another appropriation is made.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Little One Has Miraculous Escape.

Portland.—When a seven-passenger automobile driven by Mrs. William E. Frazier became stalled while crossing the railroad before an approaching train at Clackamas, near here, Mrs. Frazier, who was driving, and four passengers leaped out, leaving three-year-old Lois Frazier alone in the tonneau.

The locomotive struck the automobile and smashed it to kindling wood, parts being hurled 50 feet. When the train was halted a quarter of a mile farther on, little Lois was found on the engine pilot clinging to the rods. Her right leg was broken, but this was her only injury.

Official's Removal Asked.

Salem.—Charging that O. C. Gibbs, district attorney, is not enforcing the laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquor, D. W. Thomas, a saloon owner of New Pine Creek has asked Governor West to remove the official and appoint another man. Governor West has asked the officials of the county and the state pharmacy board to make an investigation of the charge made by Thomas that a druggist of New Pine Creek has been selling liquor without a license.

Red Ochre Bed Found.

Sherwood.—Discovery of a red ochre bed is reported on the farm of P. C. Knecht, three and a half miles south and west of Sherwood. Mr. Knecht has 220 acres, and about 20 acres are believed to be heavily underlaid with the valuable paint component.

Preliminary investigation shows that the bed starts about 16 inches from the surface and gets better as it goes down, eight feet already having been explored. Tests have been made, with the result that chemists say it is of extra fine quality.

Hood River Cherries Sold.

Hood River.—A. W. Stone, manager of the Apple Growers' association, announces that the entire crop of Royal Anne cherries of the valley had been sold for 5 cents a pound f. o. b. Hood River. The fruit will be preserved and canned at The Dalles. The cherries will be hauled by the growers to the association warehouses in apple boxes.

Hopmen Join War on Drys.

Aurora.—At a meeting at Aurora the growers of that district joined hands with the Hopgrowers' and Dealers' association of Oregon in its fight against prohibition. About 250 persons attended the meeting, and it was the consensus of opinion that statewide prohibition would put an end to the hop industry of Oregon.

WOULD ABOLISH OFFICES

W. P. George of Salem Submits Copy of Initiative Bill.

Salem.—A copy of an initiative bill for the abolishment of the desert land board and of the office of one of the state water commissioners, for the reduction of the salary of the state engineer, his office to be filled by appointment by the state land board, besides a number of other changes, was submitted to the secretary of state by W. P. George of Salem for approval as to form. The measure, which covers the recommendations made by Governor West, is being initiated by Mr. George.

Governor West declares that the measure, if enacted into law, will cut the expenses of the desert land board, state water board, and the state engineer's office in half. Appropriations for these departments by the last legislature amounted to \$10,000 for the desert land board, \$40,000 for the state water board and \$143,800 for the state engineer's office. The appropriations for the state engineer include the \$50,000 for the water power surveys, \$15,000 for Cello investigation and \$45,000 for topographic and hydrographic work.

Laborer Shoots Two.

Carlton.—Joe Quinn, 35 years old, shot Phil Bilka through both arms and inflicted a slight wound in the neck at the Anderson homestead, seven miles northwest of this place. He also shot and slightly wounded another laborer named Joe.

McNary Wins by 13 Votes.

Salem.—Secretary of State Olcott states that the official count shows that Charles L. McNary had won the republican nomination for justice of the supreme court over Henry L. Benson by 13 votes.

June Coldest Since 1870.

Pendleton.—With the temperature falling to 39 degrees here and snow falling in the mountains 30 miles distant, Pendleton has experienced the most wintry June weather since 1870.

Medicine and Mortgages.

Certainly no patient could receive a dose of medicine like that prescribed to Brown and have the patience to take it. Yet Brown's doctor was a laid slinger. When not making out prescriptions he was making out mortgages. It was when in a dual state of mind that he gave Brown the following instructions along with the prescription:

"One half down and the balance every six months for four years."

New York Tribune.

Continued from page 1.

"What for?"

"For a change."

"U-m-m-m-m" said Obadiah. "You look healthy, all right."

Obadiah retired into the house, where he held a whispered conversation with his wife.

"Something's wrong with him, mother," he said. "He ain't no farm hand. Like's not he don't mean any good."

"He looks honest enough," said Mrs. Hoskins. "Anyway, there ain't a thing he can steal! Give him a chance."

Obadiah came out and moved down the steps.

"Show me your hands," he said.

The young man spread a pair of broad brown palms upward for inspection.

"U-m-m-m" said Obadiah, touching the palms with his forefinger. "I was mistook. You have worked some lately, ain't you? What's your name?"

"Brown," said the stranger—"Henry W. Brown."

Obadiah thought a moment.

"All right," said he at last. "When do you want to begin?"

"Now," said the stranger.

"In them clothes?" asked Obadiah suspiciously.

"They're all I've got with me," said Henry W. Brown. "I left my suit case at Centerville, but I haven't any working clothes in that—nothing but shirts and things."

"U-m-m-m" said Obadiah. "I'll git mother to fix you up some of my old overalls and a shirt. There's a right good room in the barn. You won't mind sleepin' there?"

"Not at all," said Brown.

"Hold on," said Obadiah sharply. "You ain't asked me how much I'll pay."

"I don't care," said Brown shortly. "I can't make him out."

"I can't make him out," said Obadiah to his wife. "Did you hear what he said about wages?"

"Kind of loony maybe," said Mrs. Hoskins. "I'll hurry up and git him them things. It would be a shame to spoil that nice suit."

The new hired man put in a busy afternoon. There was a great deal of work to be done, and Obadiah wondered at the graceful ease with which the "city feller" swung through his tasks.

"He's as strong as an ox," said he admiringly to his wife. "Took right a bait too. Supper must be ready, mother?"

The hired man had been sitting on the back steps looking at the sunset. Obadiah had to call him twice before he raised his head.

Henry W. Brown ate his way into the good graces of Mrs. Hoskins at once. He could have found no surer road to that kind and motherly heart.

The hired man sat on the edge of his bed and stared at the lithographs on the wall.

"It's a fishin' fight," said he between his teeth. "I'm going to beat it this time or I'll lick me."

He had expected a restless night, but twenty minutes after he blew out his candle the hired man was snoring. The afternoon's work had not been without its effort. In an inconceivably short time Obadiah was pounding at the door.

"Breakfast," he said.

The hired man sat up, rubbed his eyes and stared about him.

"I ain't got a log," he said to him self. There was a tone of surprise in his voice.

That was the first round of the fight to a finish.

Obadiah was still wondering at the end of two weeks.

"Sometimes," said he, "he acts as if he was possessed. I never see a man work so hard in any life."

One finding business for him to do. I told him today he'd better let up and take it easy. What do you think he said?"

He turned on me like a flash and kind of spit it out like he was mad. "I want to work hard," he says. "That's my only chance." What do you think of that? You souse he got into trouble before he come here."

He said something on his mind."

Obadiah said, "I don't know what he's got on his mind, but he's been nervous the last few nights. He jumps when you speak to him, and then he kind of goes around as if he didn't want to be talked to. Father, it couldn't surprise me a bit if he'd been crossed in love."

Out at the barn the hired man was fixing in the doorway fighting an enemy which he could not see.

Day after day he drove his body to the point where a second he could go no farther, and after night he lay awake, his teeth set, his eyes staring into the darkness, fighting against the craving which seemed to run through his veins like liquid fire.

At any rate, he had not surrendered. That was something gained. For a full month the agony continued, and then gradually began to die away.

"Not yet," said the hired man. "I've got to know this time."

At the end of six weeks "mother" wondered if the hired man was forgetting his love affair.

"He's a lot friskier," she remarked. "Don't you think so, father?"

"U-m-m-m" said Obadiah. "He tells a lot of funny stories now. Funniest stories you ever heard."

At the end of three months the hired man went to Centerville and returned with a square package from the express office. It contained several red pasteboard boxes.

Brown opened one of them the next day and took out a round object covered with glittering tin foil. Later he chalked a circle on the side of the barn about three feet from the ground and carefully stepping off a certain number of paces, began to throw a ball at the mark.

"Land of love!" said Mrs. Hoskins. "What all the mair that she's kickin' so?"

Obadiah went out to see and returned chuckling to himself.

"What do you think Brown's doing?" he asked. "Standing out there throwing a baseball against the side of the barn. Go look at him through the window. It's as good as a circus!"

This strange performance happened several times a day. Obadiah asked a thousand questions.

"Oh, it's good for the arm," said the hired man.

"U-m-m-m" said Obadiah thoughtfully. "You don't git enough exercise! I'll have to see to that."

"It's a fool thing," said Obadiah to

his wife. "I don't know what ails the fellow, but the way he throws that ball around is a caution. I watched him ten minutes, and he didn't miss that circle once. Maybe it's the way he kicks his right leg that does it. And the way he can make that ball twist around! It don't seem possible!"

Later Obadiah slapped his thigh.

"I've got it!" he said. "You know the way he reads them city papers and all the sporting pieces? I'll bet he wants to be a ball player. That's what ails him. He better stay where he's well off."

The middle of August came, and still the hired man persisted in his strange target practice. He was lean and brown and hard, and his eyes were clear. Not a trace of his old nervousness remained.

Toward the end of August he looked up from the table one evening.

"Mrs. Hoskins," said he, "I'm afraid you're going to lose your star boarder."

"I knew it," said "mother" calmly. "You been lettin' to get away for days."

Obadiah argued and preached a sermon from the text of the falling stone. The two men talked long and earnestly on the front porch. In the end it was settled that Brown was to leave on Saturday. He had refused an offer of \$40 a month and his board.

"I feel like I've lost one of the family," said Mrs. Hoskins, wiping her eyes on the edge of her apron.

The hired man had come into the kitchen to say goodby. He was dressed in the brown suit in which he had made his appearance; he had shined his shoes and tied his new cravat with a smart twist which gave him a very civilized air.

"Goodby, mother," said Henry W. Brown. "You've been very good to me, and I'm never going to forget you, Goodby, Mr. Hoskins. If I ever want another job I'll come to you."

Then he shook hands quickly and walked out of the house.

After he had gone Mrs. Hoskins found a package upon the table in the kitchen with her name written upon the wrapping paper. It contained half a dozen silver knives and forks of a pattern to match her best spoons. Her eyes overflowed again as she looked at them.

"Bless his heart!" she said. "Spend in all that money on foolishness for an old woman! And didn't give me a chance to thank him."

Meanwhile the late Henry W. Brown, tramped down the road, swinging his suitcase at his side. His head was in the air, his shoulders were thrown back, and the light of freedom was in his eyes. It had been a fight to a finish and he had won.

September is the month when the close pennant races tighten up to a certainty and the baseball writers begin to talk about the home stretch. It is also the month when the writers who have been desperately supporting third and fourth place teams begin to write about "next season" and the strengthening of the pitching staff.

The Nonpareils finished August in third place, with a bare fighting chance depending upon the remaining games to be played with teams which were leading them. Undoubtedly Keene's loss had cost them a better position in the race.

The Nonpareils, playing at home, were to open September with a series against the leaders, that tough aggregation of fighters known as the Gamecocks.

Everything depended upon the showing of the Nonpareils in the four games with their rivals. If the winning the entire series they would be within two games of the top, with an excellent chance to win out in the remaining month of play.

Three games would be amazingly, but it was gloomily pointed out that during the season which was closing the Gamecocks had beaten the Nonpareils as they had never beaten them before.

Here again cropped up the specter of the missing pitcher, for the baseball fans, with pencil and paper, were able to demonstrate to a mathematical certainty that this strange reversal was due entirely to Keene's absence from the pitching staff. The Gamecocks had always been easy picking for Keene.

The opening of the important series rolled around and the Nonpareils went to their dressing rooms in the clubhouse with the weight of responsibility heavy upon them.

Keene's arm was sore, for he had been at the head of the season's work, and it was beginning to tell on him. Dolanay had been having a "bad in-liner" in his recent games. Powers was steady, but at best no better than an average pitcher, requiring hitting behind him in order to win a fair percentage of his games.

The new pitchers had not turned out as well as had been expected if new pitchers ever do as well as they are expected to do. Neither was the only one who was really available.

McCluskey, an optimist on the surface, felt in his heart that he was "against it good," but that did not keep him from trying to insult some game into his charges before he sent them out on the field.

"It's all right to talk, Mike," said Fargo sourly, "but it's a shame to ask me to get out there and open this series with my arm as sore as a boll."

There was an immediate chorus from the other pitchers. Evidently they were not anxious for the fling at the Gamecocks. Their turn would come, they knew that well enough.

Finch buzzed in, as alert as a wasp. "Heaven knows," said he, "I ain't very heavy in the vest just now, but I'd give all the money you can shoot or owe me if we had Rick Keene to slip into this series. What he'd do to these Roosters would be a shame!"

"Ah-h, shut up!" came the chorus.

"Not that we won't lick 'em anyway," said Finch. "These fellows ain't no devils, you know. And the toughest bird in the world can be picked. Gee, but they're cocky! Listen to 'em slinger!"

The Gamecocks, dressing in the other wing of the clubhouse, were making merry.

"Cheerful, ain't they?" said McCluskey. "Well, boys, we'll teach 'em to sing another tune."

There came no enthusiastic response. The Nonpareils were sullen but not sanguine. They knew how, once started,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.

"Rick!"

"Why, you old devil, where have you been?"

The yelling swelled until the Gamecocks came running from their side of the house. They found their hated rivals, this to be considered purely in a professional sense—dancing and yelling around the tall young man who was doing his best to ward off the friendly assaults of Mike McCluskey and Fitzpatrick, and the Gamecocks paused in the doorway, their eyes bulging. Over in one corner little Finch was standing on his head and wiggling his feet, all other means of expression having left him.

For two minutes the tremendous uproar lasted, and at last there was a reasonable amount of silence. Keene,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.

"Rick!"

"Why, you old devil, where have you been?"

The yelling swelled until the Gamecocks came running from their side of the house. They found their hated rivals, this to be considered purely in a professional sense—dancing and yelling around the tall young man who was doing his best to ward off the friendly assaults of Mike McCluskey and Fitzpatrick, and the Gamecocks paused in the doorway, their eyes bulging. Over in one corner little Finch was standing on his head and wiggling his feet, all other means of expression having left him.

For two minutes the tremendous uproar lasted, and at last there was a reasonable amount of silence. Keene,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.

"Rick!"

"Why, you old devil, where have you been?"

The yelling swelled until the Gamecocks came running from their side of the house. They found their hated rivals, this to be considered purely in a professional sense—dancing and yelling around the tall young man who was doing his best to ward off the friendly assaults of Mike McCluskey and Fitzpatrick, and the Gamecocks paused in the doorway, their eyes bulging. Over in one corner little Finch was standing on his head and wiggling his feet, all other means of expression having left him.

For two minutes the tremendous uproar lasted, and at last there was a reasonable amount of silence. Keene,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.

"Rick!"

"Why, you old devil, where have you been?"

The yelling swelled until the Gamecocks came running from their side of the house. They found their hated rivals, this to be considered purely in a professional sense—dancing and yelling around the tall young man who was doing his best to ward off the friendly assaults of Mike McCluskey and Fitzpatrick, and the Gamecocks paused in the doorway, their eyes bulging. Over in one corner little Finch was standing on his head and wiggling his feet, all other means of expression having left him.

For two minutes the tremendous uproar lasted, and at last there was a reasonable amount of silence. Keene,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.

"Rick!"

"Why, you old devil, where have you been?"

The yelling swelled until the Gamecocks came running from their side of the house. They found their hated rivals, this to be considered purely in a professional sense—dancing and yelling around the tall young man who was doing his best to ward off the friendly assaults of Mike McCluskey and Fitzpatrick, and the Gamecocks paused in the doorway, their eyes bulging. Over in one corner little Finch was standing on his head and wiggling his feet, all other means of expression having left him.

For two minutes the tremendous uproar lasted, and at last there was a reasonable amount of silence. Keene,

ed, the Gamecocks marched down the building order and a team with a crippled pitching staff, was—

A step sounded on the runway outside, the door flung open, a shadow fell across the floor and there came a voice which brought every man to his feet.

"Hello, Mike!" it said. "Got a uniform here that'll fit me?"

For the fraction of a second an amazement held them dumb; then there came a yell that made the windows rattle, and the Nonpareils, as one man, threw themselves upon the tall stranger who stood just inside the door.

"Rick Keene!" they yelled.