

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

Official Paper for Sherman County.

FRIDAY, May 28, 1915

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C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

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Wasco Honors Noted Road Enthusiast

One of the best appointed, best arranged, most carefully planned entertainments of a public nature that it has been the good fortune of the editor of the Observer to attend was the banquet given at Wasco Wednesday evening by the business men and surrounding farmers of that section in honor of Hon. Sam Hill and the work he has done and is doing for a better understanding of the term meant by a "good road."

All of Sherman county has concurred for some time that it was because of Sam Hill that this county has such a substantial road leading to the Columbia river at Biggs and the best ferry facilities with which to cross the Columbia within a distance of 200 miles.

It is to the influence exerted primarily, first and last, by Sam Hill that Sherman county owes the recognition of the fact that only through this county can be maintained an "all year round" means of road travel from Alaska to the north to Mexico on the south. The people of Sherman county had to be convinced of this fact by Mr. Hill, as well as the outlying sections of other states and it is only in very recent months that these facts are being given their full value.

Coupled with the above mentioned local reasons for honoring Mr. Hill is other public spirited factors that have engrossed the attention of the principal guest of the banquet of Wednesday evening. It is to Mr. Hill that the state of Oregon owes the completion of the Columbia River Highway; than which there is none like it in all the world for comparison of scenic attractions; he, with other public spirited men of the state and Portland, made this highway, which crosses northern Sherman county, an asset of the state of Oregon for years to come; and not alone Oregon, but other states

and sections are as much indebted for the public work undertaken by Mr. Hill.

The banquet tables were placed in the opera house at Wasco; completely filling the large auditorium; the decorations were of roses and sheafs of green wheat, embellished by streamers of crepe paper and crepe paper lattice work covering the side walls of the building and in each lattice square was a rose; while immense bowls of roses partially hid the stage and on the tables were vases containing rare and choice roses for which the state of Oregon is noted.

The banquet service was under the direction and charge of the Ladies Aid of Wasco and they acquitted themselves nobly of a most difficult task. The banquet itself was most varied and tempted the epicurean to feast as only a Sherman county bountiful table can tempt the appetite to satiety.

The program following the banquet was thoroughly enjoyed by all and each number had the close attention of the assemblage at all times. It would be too long to mention each speaker and the nature of his address; L. Barnum produced facts and figures demonstrating the financial stability of Sherman county; Hon. J. N. Teal spoke of the open river and its benefits to the community and a way for each to secure the most results; Congressman Sinnott emphasized the fact that the Celilo canal was built to be used; C. S. Jackson, owner of the Portland Journal, made a witty, humorous, or serious talk, as each phase of what he had to say unfolded.

The entertainment closed with a series of moving pictures and stereopticon views of what was a revelation to those present of the beauties of their own country; familiar and yet not so; seen every day, but yet hidden from a proper conception of their beauty; the views shown were from the private collection of Mr. Hill and were shown by a new method of display that added largely to their charm and reality and at each recurring beauty of picture Mr. Hill's soft modulated voice could be heard saying "isn't that beautiful? you know that view, it is your own country." It was, but never seen to better appreciation than at Wednesday evening.

The purpose of the banquet was to honor Mr. Hill for the public spirited and disinterested man that he is and in so doing the people of Wasco also honored themselves and the county of Sherman in which they live and have a part.

Oldest Welsh Melody.
The Welsh guards have a fine marching song in "Land of My Fathers." This, according to Sir Ernest Clarke, is the oldest Welsh melody extant, having been composed in 793. After many hundred years Evan James, an obscure schoolmaster, wrote some words to it, which have come to be adopted as the Welsh national anthem. At a mass meeting in Wales to celebrate the end of the South African war very few knew "God Save the King," but "Land of My Fathers" was rendered with immense enthusiasm.—London Mail.

Protracted.
"Hello, Barker?" said Smitkin, meeting his friend on the street. "How goes it?"
"All right, I guess," said Barker.
"Seen Bobbie Sponger lately?"
"Yes. Bobbie is down at my place at Westhampton now. I invited him down for the week end."
"Why, I thought that was three weeks ago!"
"It was," said Barker, "but you know, Bobbie is an expert at making both ends meet."—Harper's.

A List of Drugs

Being a Story For Memorial Day

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

I had done some secret service work in Tennessee in '02 when General Buell was in command of the department of the Ohio, and after Sherman marched to the sea, leaving Pap Thomas in command of what troops remained in the west, I was recommended to the latter by my colonel, who knew something of what I had done in this line. I was ordered due evening shortly before the battle of Nashville to report to the general in person, and when I arrived he said to me:

"I have heard that you are very ardent in working your way among the Confederate camps; I want some one to bring me information of the enemy in my front."

"I will cheerfully undertake your mission, general," I replied, "but whether I will be able to bring you the information is a matter principally of luck. But if I can't bring it to you I may be able to send it."

"You should be prepared to send it if you can't bring it," said the general. "And such being the case we must arrange a cipher. My cipher officer will give you a code."

A regular cipher code won't serve my purpose, general, I replied. "Such codes may do for regular messengers or telegraph dispatches, but what I want is something that won't be recognized as a cipher if it falls into the enemy's hands."

"That would be difficult to invent," said the general.
I then proposed a plan of operations that I had used before in '02. I spent an hour with the general perfecting it and arranging the cipher, at the end of which time he dismissed me with the hope that I would be able to bring back the information in person and would not be obliged to use the cipher.

The Confederates by this time had run out of most everything they needed. Medicines were in especial demand and, being small in bulk, were easily carried. The morning after my interview with General Thomas I was passed through our lines carrying a satchel, which by a special order of the chief of staff was not examined. I was dressed as a clergyman, cleanly shaven, and flattered myself that I looked especially sanctimonious. Having been born and raised in east Tennessee, my dialect was naturally that of a southerner. I was admitted to the camp of a Confederate brigade holding an advance position and asked to be conducted to the general in command.

"General," I said, "desiring to serve my country (the Confederacy) in some way, yet being a man of peace, I have cast about me for some method of doing so. The southerners are sadly in need of drugs, and I decided to devote myself to the work of bringing them through the lines. I have made my first incursion into the no-man's-land and have brought back a supply. If my work is appreciated and encouraged by the military commander I propose to continue in this service."

I opened my satchel and took out a five pound package marked "Quinine." When the general saw the label his eyes lighted with joy. He seized upon it greedily and, assuming a knowing look, said:
"This is more quinine than I have seen since the war began, but large as my medical needs could use it up in a month. I wish to keep it for my command."
Taking a roll of Confederate bills from his pocket, he handed them to me. I drew back, stating that I was doing the work upon a sense of duty and not for gain. He was welcome to the quinine for his share of the proceeds of my labor. All I asked of him was to facilitate my labors. I would like to be passed by him to another commander who would aid me in my next trip and be passed on to the different forces. He said that he could not do that, but he would send me to the general in chief, to whom I might state my case, and I would doubtless receive every encouragement. I told him that my ignorance of military etiquette had led me to make my request as I had made it and that it did not matter to whom he sent me provided I was permitted to bring medicines to those in need. I gave him a few other drugs, keeping the rest for the general in chief. I was sent to his headquarters attended by an aide-de-camp, who vouched for me, and I found the army commander as eager for my medicines as the brigade commander had been. To him I developed my plan, telling him just how I proposed to work. It must be furnished with a list of the drugs the army needed. He asked me how I proposed to pay for them, and I told him they would be furnished by Confederate sympathizers in Kentucky.

He turned me over to the medical director of the army, who gave me not a list of what was required, but of a few that were indispensable. I took it, put it in my wallet and promised him that he should have every article mentioned—that is, if I were not prevented from bringing them through the lines.

"I presume you know," he said, "that if you are caught in the work you will receive the punishment of a spy."

I told him I was aware of that, and felt a chill at my heart under his gaze as he spoke the words, for it was the fate of a spy that I dreaded from him and not from the Federal government. I had kept my eyes open, but had not visited many camps. I longed for an excuse to go about under cover of a pass from the general and thought of asking him to give me one to visit some relative farther south. But should I do this? Had he the slightest suspicion of me, he could have me followed. I preferred to ask him to pass me through his lines northward, trusting to my ingenuity to get back again in another part of his command.

I left the general soon after dark with a safe conduct from him and walked up a turnpike for a short distance, when, coming to a crossroad, I turned eastward. Reaching a farm-

house, I entered and asked for information concerning roads and distances. I showed the safe conduct from Confederate headquarters, supposing the family to be Confederates. Something in the looks of the planter and his wife indicated that they were not over-pleased, and I wondered if they were not Union people. I told them that I was an east Tennesseean, whereupon an east Tennesseean surprised that Confederate sympathizer, the people in that section being mostly bitter anti-Confederates. Upon this I hazarded declaring myself a Union man, and the moment I did so the bearing of the family toward me changed. They were strong Union sympathizers.

The old folks were, however, for a time noncommittal, but the oldest daughter, a girl of twenty, was less guarded; "Rex" since the family had suffered for their Union sentiments she was not only bitter, but showed her antagonism. It occurred to me that I might use her, and I sympathized with her accordingly. I received a good deal of information from these people concerning the different forces in the region, but not enough to warrant my return without getting more.

I was invited to spend the night in the house, but declined. Before leaving I gave the girl my confidence, telling her that if she received a paper signed "Rex" like the one to General Thomas. From what they told me I knew where to go to strike a part of the army detached from those parts I had visited. Just before daylight I took position near the Confederate picket and waited till three on duty were relieved. This enabled me to locate two pickets, and under cover of the darkness I crawled in the long grass between them.

Having once passed the line, I was at liberty to go where I pleased. I wandered through a wood and brought up against a negro's cabin. It was by this time daylight, and the head of the family, a man with grizzly gray hair, came out with a tin basin in his hand. I knew well that the negroes were mostly on the Union side, and I soon proved to my satisfaction that I could trust this one. I borrowed a suit of his clothes, and he brought me some berries, with the juice of which I darkened the skin of my face and hands. The disguise was helped by my hair, which was black and inclined to be curly.

In this disguise I went about through the camps in the neighborhood and by using with various persons generally a pretty good knowledge of the army confronting our own.

After several unsuccessful attempts to steal out of the lines I determined to try for a pass. While being questioned by an officer who was charged with the granting of passes he noticed a small spot on the back of my neck that I had failed to cover. He at once pulled down the collar of my woolen shirt and exposed the white skin.

I saw nothing for a few moments but a rope with a noose on one end dangling before me. This a fatal hope came that it could not be proved that I was a Union soldier. Next the idea occurred to me of confessing myself to be a smuggler of drugs into the Confederacy and that, having been suspected while in the Federal lines, I had disguised myself and was waiting an opportunity to resume my mission. By the time I was taken to the general commanding the troops in that locality I had laid my plan. I asked to see him alone, and when he ordered his tent cleared I drew my safe conduct from the general in chief and handed it to him. Then I told him my story. He at once telegraphed to general headquarters for its confirmation and received an order to send me to the general in chief.

I told the general who held me that I had orders to bring south certain drugs that were greatly needed and the delay would be fatal. I asked him to permit me to send the list to a confederate. After much hesitation he assented and gave me paper and pencil, with which I wrote, "Ten pounds quinine, three pounds calomel, one quart iodine."

There were several other items that after an interval of fifty years I don't remember. Signing "Rex" to the list, I showed it to the general. He offered to sign it for me, and I thought I was gone, but I told him it must go through a secret channel or it would never reach its destination. This convinced him, and he permitted me to send it by a country boy that he provided for the purpose. I told the boy to take it to the girl at the farm where I had stopped, and he set out with it. I was taken to general headquarters where I was put through a rigid examination. I told the same story I had told before. I was held for further evidence and would doubtless in the end have been strung up as a spy had not General Thomas fought and won the battle of Nashville. In the demoralization which followed his victory I was forgotten and seized an opportunity to walk away.

My list of drugs was a cipher message. Quinine represented infantry, calomel artillery and iodine cavalry; the quantity represented the number of each arm.

The Musical Gamut.
Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1000 A. D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut," or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol," "la." These syllables were taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a little time become a perfect master of plain song. Guido says in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years." The gamut is the first note, but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acute-ness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

ANGER.
Life is short. Let us not throw any of it away in useless resentment. It is best not to be angry. It is next best to be quickly reconciled.

Helping Him On.
The Man—No! I don't suppose that I shall ever marry. I'm too shy, don't you know, and "faint heart never won fair lady." The Girl (helping him on)—But I'm not fair; I'm dark.—Illustrated Bita.

The Heat of Lava.
The lava streams from the eruption of Vesuvius in 1868 were so hot twelve years later that steam issued from their cracks and crevices. Those that flowed from Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the crust as late as 1840. The volcano Jorullo, in Mexico, poured forth in 1799 lava that eighty-seven years later gave off columns of steaming vapor. In 1780 it was found that a stick thrust into the cracks instantly ignited, although no discomfort was experienced in walking on the hardened crust.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.
In the matter of Mrs. Emma Dougherty, bankrupt, No. 5330 in bankruptcy.
Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1915, Mrs. Emma Dougherty of DeWitt, Oregon, (a bankrupt above named, was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of her creditors will be held at my office, rooms 503 and 505 Northwest Bank Building, Portland, Oregon, on the 8th day of June, 1915, at 11 A. M. at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and a caveat shall have been made as may properly come before said meeting. Claims must be presented in form required by the Bankruptcy Act, and sworn to. The schedule filed discloses estimated assets of Mrs. Dougherty as follows:
Dated May 25, 1915.
A. M. Cannon, Referee in Bankruptcy

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
(Publisher)
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 14, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Basamus Bellah of Moro, Oregon, who, on January 10th, 1914, under homestead entry No. 012378, for lots 1 and 2 and e 1/4 sec. 19, township 2 south, range 18 east, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the County Clerk at Moro, Oregon, on the 10th day of July, 1915.
Claimant names as witnesses: Wilford Bellah, Gray Bellah, M. P. Ellis in Moro, Oregon, all of Moro, Oregon.
Dated May 14, 1915.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.
In the County Court of the state of Oregon for Sherman county.
In the matter of the estate of—
William Curt, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, has been duly appointed Administrator of the said estate and has qualified and that all persons having claims against the said decedent or against his estate are hereby required to present the same, duly verified, with the proper vouchers, to the said Administrator, at the law office of Bright, Bryant & Ellis in Moro, Oregon, and State, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: within six months from the 7th day of May, A. D. 1915.
Dated and first published at Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1915.
BRIGHT, BRYANT AND ELLIS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Box 734
Moro, Oregon.

J. R. Morgan
Dentist
MORO, - OREGON
1st to 15th of each month.

WASCO, - OREGON
16th to 30th of each month.

Dr. C. L. Poley
Physician and Surgeon.
Moro, Oregon.
Office in residence.

Grover J. Duffey
Lawyer.
Office with W. H. Ragsdale
MORO, - OREGON.

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RABID RUDOLPH
SAYS—
BEING IN THE WORDS IS NO VACCINATION FOR A NUT IN!
SEEMS STRANGE THE ALA. HAS NEVER ACCUSED THE CINCINNATI INFIELD OF BEING PROFESSIONALS
WHY DO YOU BRING THESE HORRORS UP?