

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, July 30, 1915.

Five Cents

CAPT. W. H. G. BULLARD



Capt. W. H. G. Bullard, U. S. Navy officer, placed in charge of the German wireless station at Sayville, L. I.

DEFINITE PLAN TO PACIFY MEXICO

Washington—A definite step toward settling the Mexican problem will be taken by the United States government in the near future. Authoritative announcement to this effect was made at the state department, although the nature of the contemplated action was not disclosed.

The president's most probable course, it was reported, would be to urge General Carranza for the last time to confer with other faction leaders in an effort to bring about peace. Should Carranza again refuse this plan, it is said efforts will be made to assemble other Mexican leaders who will represent a majority of the Mexican people.

Such a conference, it was suggested, might be held in northern Mexico, if it is possible to free it from military interference. If not, it might be held across the border in the United States.

The conference would arrange for a constitutional convention which would plan for an election and establishment of a government which the United States would recognize and help maintain.

INQUIRY ON ORCUNA IS MADE

Germany to Be Asked for Official Version of Attack.

Washington—Formal inquiry will be made at the Berlin foreign office by American Ambassador Gerard for the German official version of the recent attack by a submarine on the Orconara, as she was bound for New York with a score of Americans among her passengers.

A report on an investigation conducted by Collector of Customs Malone at New York was presented to the state department. It submits affidavits of officers, seamen and passengers, including Americans, declaring that the ship was attacked without warning.

Mailman's Bicycle to Go.

Washington—Use of bicycles or motorcycles in the rural delivery service is prohibited by an order issued by Postmaster-General Burleson effective January 1, 1916.

In announcing his order, Mr. Burleson holds that vehicles of these types do not have the carrying capacity needed for the parcel post service and do not afford necessary protection for the mails in bad weather.

Big Strike Cloud Passes.

Bridgeport, Conn.—With the ratification by the machinists of the agreement reached between the labor leaders and the Remington Arms & Ammunition company and the Stewart Construction company, the strike at the arms company's plants virtually came to an end.

THE MARKETS

Portland.

Wheat—Club, 85c; bluestem, 92c; red Russian, 80c; forty-fold, 85c; red fls, 85c.
Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$17; alfalfa, \$13.50.
Butter—Creamery, 28c.
Eggs—Ranch, 24c.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 28c; valley, 30c.
Mohair—31c.

Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, 95c; club 90c; red Russian, 89c; forty-fold, 90c; fls, 89c.
Barley—\$22 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$17 per ton; alfalfa, \$14 per ton.
Butter—Creamery, 27c.
Eggs—24c.

A Farewell to the Mountains

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Jerry Whitcomb, a young American, had a hobby—mountain climbing. On several successive summers he went to some one of the principal mountain regions of the world and scaled a peak. But his favorite location was Switzerland. Indeed, that is the favorite mountain country of most persons. Whether or not it is finer than the others is a question, but there is one thing about it that gives it superior attraction. It is in the heart of Europe and in the line of tourists.

Whitcomb had a favorite guide who lived at Scheidegg, a point from which climbers have been long used to start to ascend the Jungfrau. This was before a railroad was projected to carry tourists to the top of the mountain, and Schmitt, the guide referred to, had a chalet not far above Scheidegg.

One day when Whitcomb had passed the crest of middle age he appeared at Scheidegg and found his old guide smoking his pipe in front of his chalet. "My old friend," said the American, "I have come for a last climb. I will soon be old and not able to make these ascents. I wish you to pilot me once more."

"Ah, herr," replied the guide, "don't talk that way. I am several years older than you, and yet I must go on climbing, else I and my family will starve."

There was a sadness in this reply that made Whitcomb sorry for what he had said. "Ah, well, Schmitt, you have been used to climbing all your life. You will always be at home in the mountains."

Schmitt's little daughter was playing near and at the moment she called out:

"Papa, who is that woman over there?"

"What woman, my child?"

"The woman on the glacier," Schmitt turned to Whitcomb and asked him if he could see a woman on the glacier, his own eyes being not so good as they had been. Whitcomb peered in the direction of the glacier, but said he could see no woman.

Schmitt turned pale.

"Something troubles you," said Whitcomb.

"It is the spirit of the mountains. She appears only to children and never even to a child except she is going to claim a victim."

The fact that the two men were to climb the Jungfrau made this statement a matter of concern to them. Whitcomb could not bring himself to believe that the child saw what she claimed to have seen. Some one of the cracks in the ice or a rock must have appeared like a woman's figure. He said as much to Schmitt, but the latter shook his head.

"Many children," said the guide, "have seen the Jungfrau and never except that one or more persons have been killed on the mountain within a short time after the appearance of the specter."

They set out about 8 o'clock in the morning intending to make the climb during a single day. Whitcomb had forgotten the vision of Schmitt's little daughter and was very cheery. His guide was quite the reverse, seemingly being much cast down. On the way they picked up another guide, making a party of three, and when they came to the dangerous part of their climb they joined their bodies by a rope. Schmitt in the lead, Whitcomb in the center, the other guide, whom Schmitt addressed as Hans, in the rear.

They climbed till noon before reaching the summit; then, looking out on the expansive field of snow peaks, Whitcomb gave way to rhapsody.

"Goodbye, old friends," he said. "It's many a day's companionship we've had, but now we must part. You who have existed for ages in your present form doubtless will exist for ages to come. Your snow covered rocks will endure for millions of years after my puny body has mingled with the dust. My friends, farewell."

"Ach! Herr, do not talk that way. There is something prophetic in what you say."

"I don't mean," replied Whitcomb, "that I am going to leave this world immediately. I expect to live to be an old man. But I'll do no more climbing."

"No, herr, you'll do no more climbing," replied Schmitt, with a solemnity that passed through the other like a mountain breeze.

They spent an hour on the summit, then turned to descend. They had not gone far before one of those sudden snow storms that come on so frequently out of a fine day enveloped them. Schmitt was in the advance and halted, as though he had lost his bearings. Then he went down, dragging Whitcomb with him. Hans threw himself in the opposite direction. The ropes snapped. Schmitt and Whitcomb slid out of sight with the snow. Hans fell into a snowbank not a dozen feet below.

The storm soon passed, and Hans, making his way back to Scheidegg, reported the accident and the disappearance of his companions. A searching party went out to look for the bodies and found that the two men had gone over a precipice a thousand feet deep. Descending, the searchers saw that they had doubtless fallen into a crevasse. The American sleeps among the mountains he loved and to which he had bidden farewell.

LATEST AMERICAN GERMAN NOTE FIRM

Berlin Told Any Repetition Will Be Held to Be Deliberately Unfriendly

Washington.—The text of the American note on submarine warfare, presented at Berlin, reveals that the imperial government has been informed that it is the intention of the United States to regard as "deliberately unfriendly" any repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of American rights.

The United States announces that it will continue to contend for the freedom of the seas, "from whatever quarter violated, without compromise and at any cost."

"Illegal and inhuman acts," says the note, "however justifiable they may be thought against an enemy who is believed to have acted in contravention of law and humanity, are manifestly indefensible when they deprive neutrals of their rights, particularly when they violate the right of life itself."

Pointing out that a belligerent should give up its measures of retaliation if unable to conduct them without injuring the lives of neutrals, the note declares that persistence in such measures, under the circumstances, would constitute an unpardonable offense against the sovereignty of the neutral nations affected.

In official and diplomatic quarters the communication was received as the strongest and most emphatic pronouncement that has come from the Washington government since the beginning of its correspondence with the belligerents of Europe.

GERMANS NEARING POLISH CAPITAL

London.—German official report of the fighting in Russia says that the army under General von Bulow has defeated the Russian fifth army near Sharvit. The Russians are declared to have been "dispersed," and a great quantity of war material is said to have been taken. The report also describes operations north of Warsaw, saying:

"On the Narow river the army of General von Gallwitz stormed irresistibly the fortresses of Rozan and Pulask and forced a crossing of the Narow between these places. Strong forces are on the south bank of the river. Further north and to the south our troops are advancing toward the river."

In addition to having moved heavy forces over the Narow the Teutonic allies have made an advance in the direction of the Bug, with a Warsaw-Petrograd railway as their objective. Some progress is also reported to the south, with the capture of two villages which were taken by storm, lying about 10 miles south of Warsaw.

WILL PREPARE FOR DEFENSE

President Asks for Report on Program for National Defense.

Washington.—Announcement from the White House that President Wilson had directed Secretaries Garrison and Daniels to report to him a program of national defense caused widespread comment. It became known that several weeks ago the president discussed the question at length with his cabinet, with the immediate result that both the war and navy departments began secret preparation of plans to meet any emergency and also to establish a permanent policy to be presented to congress for adequate national defense.

It was indicated clearly, however, in official quarters, that the determination to expedite such plans was being made resulted from a consideration of the many possibilities of the present international situation.

Lumbermen Will Meet.

Portland.—The Oregon branch of the West Coast Lumber Manufacturers' association has accepted the invitation of the Washington branch to hold its July meeting jointly with the latter at Everett, Wash., July 30.

Germana Sink Another American Ship.

Washington.—Destruction of the American ship Leelanaw by a German submarine drew sharply to the attention of officials of the United States government the fact that Germany was insisting on her own interpretation of the Prussian-American treaty of 1825 in disregard of two American notes on the subject.

The Leelanaw, from Archangel, July 3, for Belfast, with a cargo of flax, was sunk July 25 by a German submarine off the northwest coast of Scotland.

All the members of the crew were saved. They were taken into Kirkwall in their own boats.

A WISE JUDGE

By OSCAR COX

When the war between the states ended and the colored man was endowed with citizenship grave responsibility was placed upon him for which he wasn't prepared. In one of those regions where the negroes were very numerous and white men were very few one of the former found himself in possession of a justice's court.

The makeup of this dispensary of justice was somewhat crude. A judge was found who had done the cleaning of the courthouse, a prosecuting attorney in one who had belonged to a lawyer, but for counsel no one could be obtained except a few darkies who had been tried for various offenses and had by observing lawyers' methods picked up here and there bits of court routine.

Moses Doggett, late the property of Colonel Redfield Doggett, was the judge before whom a negro with no other name, so far as was known, than Pete was brought on a charge of having ill treated his wife, Susan. She as the principal witness was called to the stand.

"Tell the cou' wha' Pete gone done to you," said the judge.

"Pete he de mos' good fo' nuttin nigger in de state of Alabama. Now he got free he tink he hain't got nuttin to do but sit out in de sun an' sleep. I says to Pete, 'Git up an' go to work. How yo' spee' dese chile'n gwine to git anyting to eat if yo' hain't got no wo'k.' Yo' go on wid de washin', an' he say: 'I jist pick up a bring back de pay.' I split it on he skull."

"Yo' bonah," said the defendant's counsel, "I thought it was Pete mistreated Susan, not Susan mistreated Pete."

"Yo', Pete," said the judge, "yo' take de stan' an' tell de cou' yo' side ob de question." Pete obeyed the order and stood rolling his eyes about till admonished to speak in his defense of the charge made by his wife.

"Hain't got no wife," he said.

"Has wife, Chioe, wha' I married fus' down in Louisiana, air de only wife I got. When I was sold an' separated from her an' de chile'n ma heart was broke. De nex' year I married one ob de nigger women b'longin' to ma new marster."

"Yo' didn't get no divorce from yo' fus' wife?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"I didn't get no divorce. I jist married ag'in. Two years arter dat ma marster lose a cotton crop an' we was all sold out, de sh' ma wife bein' sold to different marsters. Den I married another wife."

"An' yo' didn't get no divorce from de second wife?" asked Pete's counsel.

"No, sah. I didn't get no divorce from de second wife. I didn't keer fo' no divorce from none ob 'em. Ma heart was true to ma fus' wife, Chioe."

"How many wives have you got?" asked the prosecuting attorney, with a view to condensing this diffuse statement.

"I don't know. I had de bad luck to change marsters mighty often, an' every time I was sold I married a new wife."

"Is Susan de las'?"

"Sue, she de las'."

"Yo' bonah," said defendant's counsel, "I ask fo' de discharge ob de prisioner on de ground dat he couldn't married to de wife he mistreated."

"How many husbands have you had, Susan?" asked the judge.

"I got one in Mobile, another in New Orleans an' another somewha' in Souf Carolina."

"How do you know they are in those places?"

"I don't. I married 'em dar."

The judge looked up at the boards which constituted the ceiling in mute deliberation. He was a grave looking old darky and in his heart aimed to be just. But the problem was how to be just legally. The two in this case seemed incongruous.

Attorney will sum up an' de counsel fo' de prisoner will sum up, den de cou' will gib he decision."

"I hain't got nuttin to say," said the prosecutor, "cept dat Pete won't wo'k, an' his wife an' chile'n am starvin'. De cou' oughter make him wo'k or go to jail."

"An' I ain't got nuttin to say," said the prisoner's lawyer, "cept dat in de fus' place Sue an' Pete hain't married, Pete bein' true to Chioe, somewha' in de souf. In de second place, it wa'n't Pete dat mistreated Sue, but Sue mistreated Pete when she split de rollin' pin on his head."

The judge again looked at the boards above, rolled his eyes and finally gave his decision.

"De new law of marriage among us niggers since he 'mancipation proclamation am different from de ole law. Under de new law Sue am Pete's wife, an' he bou'n to tink keer ob her an' de chile'n. De cou' derefo' decides dat Pete got to go to wo'k or go to jail."

"I 'peel de case," cried Pete's counsel.

"Yo' kin jist go on 'pealin' de case till kingdom come," said the judge. "Pete, yo' go to wo'k. Sue, ef de don go to wo'k yo' split another rollin' pin on his head."

"I hain't got no mo' rollin' pins, but I got some flatirons."

"De cou' decides dat flatirons am as legitimate as rollin' pins. Cell de nex' case."

HUNDREDS PERISH WHEN BOAT UPSETS

Excursionists Drowned Within a Few Feet of Shore in Chicago River

Chicago.—A thousand persons lost their lives in the Chicago river by the capsizing of the excursion steamer Eastland, while warping from its wharf with more than 2400 employees of the Western Electric company and their relatives and friends on board, bound for a pleasure trip across Lake Michigan.

Under misty skies 7000 women, men and children had wended their way to the wharf to fill five large steamers with holiday mirth in a trip to Michigan City.

Rain began to fall as the wharf superintendents lifted the gang plank from the Eastland, declaring that the government limit of 2500 passengers had been reached. White dresses peeped from raincoats along the shore rails as those aboard waved good-bye to friends on shore waiting to board the other vessels.

Then the passengers swarmed to the left side of the ship as the other steamers drew up the river toward the wharf. A tug was hitched to the Eastland, ropes were ordered cast off and the engine began to pump. The Eastland had not budged, however.

Ropes Snap as Vessel Lurches.

Instead the heavily-laden vessel wavered sideways, leaning first toward the river bank. The lurch was so startling that many passengers joined the large concourse already on the other side of the decks.

The ship then heeled back. It turned slowly but steadily toward its left side. Children clutched the skirts of mothers and sisters to keep from falling. The whole cargo was impelled toward the falling side of the ship. Water began to enter lower port holes and the ropes snapped off the piles to which the vessel was tied.

For nearly five minutes the steamer turned before it finally dived under the swift current of the river, which, owing to the drainage canal system, flows from the lake. During the mighty turning of the ship with its cargo of humanity, lifeboats, chairs and other loose appurtenances on the decks slipped down the sloping floors, crushing the passengers toward the rising waters.

Many Go Down Never To Rise.

Then there was a plunge, with a sigh of air escaping from the hold, mingled with the crying of children and shrieks of women, and the vessel was on the bottom of the river, casting hundreds of its passengers into the water. Many sank, entangled with clothing and bundles, and did not rise, but scores came to the surface, giving the river the appearance of a crowded bathing beach. Many seized floating chairs and other objects. Those on shore threw out ropes and dragged in those who could hold their lifelines.

Boats were put out, tugs rushed to the scene with shrieking whistles, and many men snatched off their coats and sprang into the river to aid the drowning. With thousands of spectators ready to aid and the wharf within grasp, hundreds went to death, despite every effort at rescue.

Cause of Accident Sought at Once.

Moves toward sweeping investigations of the disaster were under way long before the bodies had been taken from the hull of the overturned vessel. Federal Judge Landis ordered a jury impaneled to investigate the catastrophe. State's Attorney Hoyne prepared for a county grand jury. Coroner Hoffman selected a jury to look into the cause of the deaths, and the police arrested all the officers of the Eastland.

The probability of swelling the list above 1000 was suggested by the announcement of detectives from the state attorney's office that they had seized the tickets taken from passengers boarding the Eastland. They asserted that these tickets numbered 2250 and that this did not account for children, musicians and the 72 men of the crew. They estimated that the total number of persons aboard the steamer might have been 2800 or more instead of the 2480 previously announced by officers of the Indiana Transportation company.

Britain Sends Apology to Norway.

Christiania, via London.—The British government, through Sir Edward Grey, secretary of foreign affairs, has expressed regret to the Norwegian government at the violation by British warships of Norwegian territorial waters, especially by the seizure by an auxiliary cruiser of a German steamer inside the three-mile limit.

American Perfects Flying Torpedo.

Washington.—Plans for an aerial torpedo-boat, capable of launching a monster "Whitehead" torpedo, were shown to be on the way to completion by Admiral Fiske, U. S. N., now at the naval war college, when a patent on the principle involved was issued by the patent office.

PENNE IN

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

There is an infinite number of islands in the Pacific ocean, and there is a diversity of condition among the inhabitants of the different islands. Fifty years ago I knew more about them than I do now. When I was a boy of eighteen I shipped on a small steam vessel running from San Francisco among these islands, trading by the way. The captain, Simpson, was then quite an old man and had sailed among them for a number of years. He knew the character of the people of the different islands and told us that, while most of them were approachable, there were a few at which he would not care to touch unless with a numerous crew and with plenty of arms and ammunition.

During one of our voyages we had had luck from the start. Our crew was a small one when we left San Francisco. Two men were taken ill within a week after we left, and both died. Another fell down an open hatchway, and still another was washed overboard and lost.

We had passed the Hawaiians and crossed the equator not far from the international date line when we struck a northeast trade that drove us on to a point directly north of the Fiji's. During the storm we shipped a sea that drove one man headforemost against the bulwarks and washed another one overboard. This left us the captain, the mate and three seamen. Hardly something about the firebox gave out and we were obliged to let the fire go down in order to find out what it was. We had sail enough to keep steerage way, but no more.

Just before the captain gave the order to put out the fires I noticed him looking intently at an island lying off our port bow and heard him tell the mate that he believed it to be one from which on a previous voyage he had narrowly escaped with his life. Having found the natives bent on plunder and ready to strike any weak crew that came within their reach, he did not relish the idea of putting out the fires in that locality.

However, there was no choice in the matter, and when the firebox had cooled down one of our number went into it for an examination. Unfortunately the wind was blowing straight toward the island. Presently we saw a number of canoes coming out from the shore. The captain looked grave. Under sail we couldn't make four knots, and we were too few to defend ourselves against the swarm of dusky men who were coming for us. The mate suggested that they were only coming out for trade or to beg and wouldn't harm us. The captain said he knew better; they would murder us, take what they wanted and either get the ship to the shore or sink her.

The only chance there seemed to be for us was to hide. We all went down and got into the firebox, where a man was working, and closed the door. The hatch fell and could be opened only from the outside. But this didn't trouble us, for the man who had been at work had his tools, and when we wanted to get out it would be possible for him to bore a hole near the hatch so that it could be lifted.

The furnace room was pretty dark, and since we all packed ourselves in the far end of the firebox we were not likely to be seen except by a pair of first rate eyes. We waited in suspense till we heard men tramping about above. They must have been surprised to find the vessel deserted, but delighted as well, considering that there was much plunder forthcoming. We heard them everywhere, evidently collecting what they wanted. The door of the firebox was opened twice, but whoever opened it shut it again without taking the trouble to make an examination.

The visitors remained on board till we began to feel the vessel rolling considerably; then the sounds suddenly ceased. It was evident that the sea was getting rough, and they did not dare stay longer. Then Captain Simpson directed the man who had been repairing the firebox to drill a hole so that the hatch could be lifted.

Boring a hole in wood and iron are two different things. The one can be done in seconds; the other may take hours. The man had been drilling some time when we began to feel water on the firebox floor. Bringing the light the workman had with him, and by which he was drilling, to bear on the floor, we saw water trickling in at several points.

Every man of us paled. The ship had been scuttled, and we were penned in to be carried to the bottom. The man who was drilling had splended nerve. He did not lose his head, but kept steadily on, conscious of the fact that he must make an opening before the ship sank and not knowing how soon she would sink. When he was nearly through, removing his drill and putting in a steel implement, he hammered it through. In a few minutes he inserted his fingers and lifted the hatch.

The water had made considerable headway, but not so much but that it could be seen pouring through an auger hole in the side. We plugged it and, rushing on the side, saw that we had been blown past the island and were drifting away from it. Then we manned the pumps for awhile, completed the work in the firebox and in due time were once more steaming safely on.

JAMES M. SULLIVAN



James M. Sullivan, United States Minister to Santo Domingo, who resigned as a result of an investigation.

BRIEF WAR NEWS

The western front was comparatively quiet during the past week. There has been little fighting except with the heavy guns.

A short official account of the recent fighting on the Gallipoli peninsula indicates that the engagements have been of a rather minor nature, but have favored the allies.

A dispatch from the Austrian headquarters says the offensive of the Austro-German armies in south Poland is proceeding with machine-like regularity and that, although the Russians are clinging desperately to their positions they are being driven back and are now upon their last main line of defense south of the Cholm-Lublin-Ivangorod railroad.

In the drive toward the Polish capital the Russians have been pressed back on the Blonie-Nadarsyn front, which they strongly occupy, together with the outlying defenses of Ivangorod. Berlin declares that the army of General von Woyrsach has driven the Russians into the fortress of Ivangorod, to the southeast of the capital, and is now closely investing the stronghold with 12 forts, nine on the right bank of the Vistula and three on the left bank of that river.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

President Wilson is at Cornish, N. H., to spend another week or two of the vacation interrupted by his return to Washington to direct the preparation of the note to Germany.

Suits are about to be brought by the government against American citizens who, though apparently able to do so, refuse to repay money expended for their relief when they were stranded in Europe at the outbreak of the war. James M. Sullivan has resigned as United States minister to Santo Domingo. The resignation followed the recent investigation of allegations that he had been guilty of misconduct and was unfit for the office.

The interstate commerce commission decided that the revenues of the principal express companies of the United States are inadequate and modified its former orders to provide additional income.

William I. Ivins, a well-known lawyer and for many years prominent in politics, died at his home in New York. He was 64 years old. Mr. Ivins was recently taken ill after his labors in behalf of William Barnes in his libel suit against Theodore Roosevelt.

CAPTAIN WAS ON BRIDGE

Declares Cause of Eastland Tragedy Is Mystery to Him.

Chicago.—Captain Harry Pedersen, 57 years old, of Benton Harbor, Mich., who was in command of the steamer Eastland, said:

"I was on the bridge and was about ready to pull out when I noticed the boat began to list. I shouted orders to open the inside doors nearest the dock and give the people a chance to get out. The boat continued to roll, and shortly afterward the hawvers broke and the steamer turned over on its side and was drifting toward the middle of the river."