

The Observer
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A BlueMark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Bits of Byplay
By Luke McLuke
Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Fact.
The bill collector is a Greek.
Who never has been scared.
You'll find him round most every week
Unless you keep him squared.

Huhl!
"You never hear of a pedestrian being killed by an aeroplane," mused the boob.
"Well, what about it?" said the wise guy.

"Nothing," answered the boob. "Only you have to admit that the aeroplane runs over more people than the automobile."

Correct.
"Dime fortune in strange ways proceeds
To favor him," said Mr. Tax.
"One has more money than he needs,
One needs more money than he has."

The Family.
"I see that the Smiths have been divorced," remarked Brown.
"That so?" asked Jones. "Did they have any family?"
"Yes," replied Brown. "She gets the custody of the poodle, and he gets the custody of the motorcar."

Sad.
He ate a raw onion,
And now he's alone,
His friends and companions
Have hastened and gone.

The Doc Must Be Peeved.
\$50 REWARD.
Between Sept. 30 and Oct. 2 a party entered my buggy shed and stole a set of harness that had been used very little. The above reward I will pay for the capture of the said party, delivered to me at some lonely place near Salt River railroad bridge.

DR. W. H. HENDRIX.
P. S.—Please bring a rope.—New London Record.

Hughes.
If now you will kindly excuse me
For telling you all this sad news,
We'll just say goodbye,
And let others try
To write something more about Hughes.
—Fryzen Hughes

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, is echo masculine or feminine?
Paw—Feminine, my son. Echo always has the last word.
Maw—Willie, you go upstairs and do your lessons.

Happy Eden.
Eden's garden was a place
Where man could rest contented;
No photographs squealed all night long—
They hadn't been invented.
—Bettie H. McDonald

Roll Him In.
Dear Luke—if we guarantee that he is not a flivver, can Fleet Carr of Bellefontaine, O., get into the club garage?—P. W. Carter.

Wuff!
A woman was kicked on the chin by a mule, causing her to bite off the end of her tongue, and her husband several times since refused an offer of \$1,000 for the mule.—Rushville (Ky.) News-Democrat.

Another Short One.
Chapter I.—Ride.
Chapter II.—Sillde.
Chapter III.—Died.—A. R. Mohr.

Names Is Names.
C. A. Coldcott lives at Portsmouth, O.

Our Daily Special.
An egglet is an I special.

Luke McLuke Says:
The high cost of living didn't worry people much in the old days when the mumble was regarded as part of a woman's jewelry.

It just worry a reformer to have to see other people out of his sight overnight.

Give an old fashioned housekeeper her choice between an earthquake and a rainy washday, and she will take the earthquake any old time.

If there is one man that the devil hates more than another it is the fellow who minds his own business and tries to earn an honest living for his family.

Give a woman all the feathers she wants in this world, and she will take a chance on getting wings in the next world.

There was a time when a wife put in all of her time trying to retain her husband's affection. But nowadays she puts in most of her time keeping him from trying to retain her affection.

Keep your mouth shut when the other fellow is telling all he knows and you can get up and go away with the consolation that he can't tell you any more.

If marriage doesn't make a man wise there is no hope for him.

Ever notice that when you get up and give your street car seat to a girl who is escorted by her fellow she always manages to squeeze around and make room enough for her fellow to sit down beside her while you do a strap hanging act?

What has become of the old fashioned mannerly boy who took off his cap when he spoke to a man?

Ferguson's Stratagem

It Was Intended to Capture a Post of Women Soldiers.

By OSCAR COX

The yachting season was drawing to a close, and Jim Hathaway concluded to have one more cruise before putting the Eveline out of commission for the winter. He collected such of his men friends as were able to get away—some of them took their vacations late—and the party set sail well equipped for a breezy time.

They had been out several days when they came in sight of an island on the summit of which floated a United States flag. Passing a man in a boat fishing, they asked him if the flag marked a government military post. They were informed that it did not. A number of young women who believed in preparedness had leased the island for a women's barracks and drill ground. They had formed a company and were drilling regularly.

This information interested the young men greatly. After leaving the informant Hathaway said:

"Boys, I can't think of any better way to train these girls in the art of self defense than to attack the island. To do it, if they are able to defend themselves against us they will know how to take care of themselves when called upon to confront a real enemy."

"What are you going to fight 'em with?" asked Bob Elliot.

"Well, we have the little salute gun. We might fire stones over their heads with it," replied Hathaway.

"That wouldn't scare them," said Elliot. "One of the principal parts in war is strategy. Suppose we try it on."

"It is my opinion," said Luke McLuke, the homeliest man of the party, "that any fellow who tries strategy with a woman will get beaten."

By this time they were within a few hundred yards of the island and were met by a rowboat containing four girls in uniform, with a coxswain, who told them that only men in company with women were allowed on the island except officers of the United States army who were sent there to give instruction. Hathaway replied that their party had no intention whatever of intruding upon the post and commended the ladies highly for their patriotism.

Elliot, who had had marked success with girls and always carried such munitions of war as he considered especially effective in his conquests, hurried below and returned with a two pound box of candy. The eyes of the coxswain glistened at sight of it, but the coxswain, who was in command of the crew, cast a contemptuous glance at Bob and ordered them to give way.

This produced a laugh on Bob, who had proposed strategy, but he bore the ridicule with equanimity.

"There were five girls in the boat," he said, "and four of them were ready to sell out for the sweets. The coxswain had a temporary advantage, but there were four to one to be tempted. We'll see who shall laugh last."

"How would it do," suggested Billy Charney, "for one of us to personate a United States officer sent to drill the company?"

"That would involve one man effecting an entrance," said Hathaway, "and he would have to be unknown as belonging to our party. If he got into the barracks he might connive at the rest of us following him. Is there a mah among us who knows anything about military matters?"

A poll was taken, with the result that not a man had ever handled a musket. Ferguson had been a member of a crack cavalry troop, but had always shirked drill. Besides, it was not likely there were any horses on the island. From all appearances the school was devoted to infantry training.

However, it was decided to sail for the mainland, where Ferguson, who was to personate an army officer, procured in a secondhand store a cap ornamented with brass buttons. Hiring a single sticker without a job, he was joined by two of the crew of the Eveline, who had not left their berths when the patrol boat was met, and consequently they had not been seen by the girls. These fellows purchased canvas suits, the shirts having blue collars, and when rigged out in them would very well pass for navy tars. Then the Nautilus—that was the single sticker's name—sailed for the island, followed by the Eveline.

On nearing the island the Eveline dropped farther astern, while the Nautilus sailed on straight for the dock, flying the stars and stripes from the masthead, indicating—so it was hoped—that a government officer was aboard. A sentry was walking past on the dock, a girl with light hair and blue eyes, little of the hair being visible, since it was tucked away under a military felt hat with a large brim. Ferguson sprang out of the boat, and, walking as if stiffened in his spine by command, he triangulated to the sentry and asked where he would find the commander of the post. The sentry called the corporal of the guard, which was posted a short distance away, and when she came Ferguson asked to see the commanding officer, stating briefly that he was on government business. The corporal looked at his civilian apparel, especially the brass buttons on his cap, then called the sergeant of the guard, who, after a brief interview, conducted him to the house constituting the barracks. The commandant was sitting in a 6 by 9 room before a table, on which were papers. Ferguson said:

"I received a telegram this morning from the department headquarters ordering me to inspect this post and render any information or assistance you might need. I am Lieutenant Charles Ferguson of the—th cavalry."

"I am very glad to see you, lieutenant," replied the officer. "Had you announced your coming or even appeared in uniform you would have been received with military honors."

"Unfortunately, I was visiting a friend when I received the order," replied Ferguson, "and I never wear a uniform, except when on duty. My baggage being a hundred miles away, I was obliged to portage it on a mule, with the exception of this cap, which I use for auto driving."

The captain asked to see Ferguson's order to inspect the post. He had sent himself a telegram to that effect while on the mainland, and now pulled it out and handed it to the officer. Whether or not she was satisfied, she appeared to be so, and, leading Ferguson out on to the parade, gave an order to turn out the company for inspection. The command was drawn up in line, the rear rank marched three paces to the rear, and the inspector, in company with the captain, walked along both ranks, each soldier handing him her gun for inspection. Ferguson had seen an inspection, so he cocked every piece and now and then wiped the metal with his white cambric handkerchief. When the inspection was over he returned to the captain's office, and the latter began to ply him with questions.

"We are weaker," she said, "in the matter of guard duty than anything else. I should like to have you mount a guard and instruct us upon the duties of the sentry."

"The guard," replied Ferguson, "is mounted at any hour of the morning that the commandant directs. Tomorrow morning I will be happy to perform the ceremony for you."

Ferguson did not propose to be on the island the next morning unless in his true character. He couldn't mount a guard for a potato patch.

"Who mounts the guard?" asked the captain.

"The officer of the guard," replied Ferguson. "Which guard—the old or the new?"

"The new guard," hazarded Ferguson. Now, Captain Mabel Hetherington knew that the guard is under the order of the officer of the day. Furthermore she knew that there is no officer of the guard, which is in command of a sergeant. But she said nothing. Ferguson would have preferred that she would say something rather than wear the look which appeared upon her face.

However, this look soon passed from her face, and, rising, she said:

"Now that we have had some of your instruction, lieutenant, I propose that we should relax from military formality, and I shall be happy to introduce you to my officers, and if your ideas of the distance between officer and private are not too rigid I will introduce you to some of the latter. Please wait while I announce the introduction."

You must remember that though soldiers are still women, and a woman always desires to make herself agreeable when about to be presented.

Leaving the room, she soon returned with her lieutenants and several privates. After a little conversation one by one the soldiers, reined, except a lovely girl with eyes like a summer sky, who, when the others were gone, brought them to Ferguson in a way that made him doubt whether he was on earth or in heaven.

But presently this happiness was brought to an abrupt and humiliating end. The captain returned with a sergeant and a dozen privates, whom she halted in the hall, six beyond the door and six in rear of it. The captain advanced to Ferguson with the dignity of a soldier and said:

"Lieutenant, I'll trouble you to take position there," pointing to the interval.

Ferguson's face fell. He knew that he had given away his ignorance of military matters and was about to be ejected from the post as an impostor. A sergeant placed a feather over each ear, and a drum and fife corps struck up the rogues' march. The order "Forward!" was given, and the captain marching beside him, Ferguson was escorted to the dock. There the captain asked him if he could swim. He admitted that he could.

The Eveline had sailed boldly up to a position near the dock, cast anchor, and her crew were waiting the result of Ferguson's maneuver. When they saw him coming with a feather behind each ear to the well known tune of the rogues' march the sight was too much for their gravity. If the captain had any doubt as to Ferguson being an impostor it was removed by the shout of glee which greeted him from the dock of the Eveline.

He was marched to the edge of the dock, his escort took position behind him with fixed bayonets, and he was prodded to jump. He was glad enough to take to the water and as soon as he came up from his dive wrenched the feathers from his ears and threw them away. Amid the jeers of the soldiers and his companions he swam to the yacht and was taken aboard.

Before the Eveline's anchor could be raised the captain's orderly brought an invitation to the yacht's crew, including Ferguson, to visit the post the same evening and take part in a dance. The invitation was accepted, and Ferguson received much attention from the officers and privates of the garrison. All admitted that he had played his part well, and if he had known anything about soldiering his ruse would have been successful.

The Chippewyan Woman.
Ideally very, very, but it seems that the Chippewyan Indians also had a well rounded conception of "woman's sphere." "Women were made to labor," one of them told the traveler Hearne. "One of them can carry or haul as much as two men can do. They also patch our tents and make and mend our clothing—in fact, there is no such thing as traveling any considerable distance without their assistance."

A Change.
"We must economize," he said emphatically.

"I'm so glad," his wife exclaimed. "You take the announcement more good naturedly than usual!"

"Yes; it's pleasant to hear you use the plural pronoun. Ordinarily when there is any economizing needed you expect me to do it all."

Wishing Them a Safe Voyage.
"Mabel said George after much quarreling over the arrangements for their honeymoon had decided to take the trip in an airship."

"Well, I trust that when they get above the clouds they won't have a falling out."

ITALIAN TROOPS ARE CLOSE TO TRIESTE

General Cadorna Within Few Miles of Austria's Queen City on the Adriatic.

Rome. — Italy's mountain-climbing fighters are within a few miles of Trieste, Austria's queen city of the Adriatic. The Italians have fought their way forward to within two miles of Duino, the most formidable natural barrier between them and Trieste. Vienna refuses to concede the Italian victories, but the map tells the story of General Cadorna's steady advance.

Duino, at the gates of which the Italian guns are now hammering, marks a point at which the Carso plateau almost touches the sea. Protected by the ocean on the one side, it is powerfully defended to the north by Mount Quereto, a height of considerable magnitude, which dominates the country for many miles around.

At the foot of Mount Quereto, facing west, lies the little town of Medezza and the Italians have smashed their way to within a few hundred yards of this village. It is possible that a lull will occur before they attempt the formidable task of storming Mount Quereto.

Italy has proved her supremacy in the air also during extensive raiding operations of the past few days.

Trieste is most directly menaced. In the Adriatic there is a formidable fleet of British and Italian ships, whose bombardment has done havoc to various Austrian coast defenses. With the Italian army itself are ten units of British field artillery.

76 KILLED IN AIR RAID ON ENGLAND

London. — German airships, to the number of about 16, raided southeast England and according to an official statement 76 persons were killed and 174 persons wounded. Of the killed 27 were women and 23 were children, while 43 women and 19 children were injured.

Nearly all the damage occurred in one town, where some bombs fell in the streets, causing considerable casualties among the civilian population.

The worst damage done was from a group of bombs which struck the business thoroughfare thronged with people. At one spot here 16 women, eight men and nine children were killed and 43 persons were injured.

As soon as the raiders had dropped their bombs they turned homeward. British and French airplanes met the Germans on the way, and spirited air fighting occurred with the result that three of the raiders were shot down.

EUROPEAN WAR NEWS

The British transport Transylvania was torpedoed in the Mediterranean with the loss of 413 persons.

General Cadorna's brilliant offensive continues unchecked, each day finding the Italian line projecting a little farther down the Carso plateau toward Trieste.

A total of 22,419 Germans and Austrians were taken prisoners by Italian troops during their advance along the Julian front between May 14 and May 25, according to official figures.

French forces have occupied most of the Chevroux wood, east of Craonne, after inflicting heavy losses on the Germans and taking 30 prisoners. Two German battalions were almost annihilated by the French.

Germany's submarine campaign apparently is still falling far short of German expectations. The report of the British admiralty on tonnage sunk last week shows that 13 merchantmen of more than 1600 tons and nine of less tonnage were sent to the bottom. This is far below the million tons a month expected by Germany.

Filipinos to Raise One Army Division.
San Francisco. — Filipinos are to raise an entire army division for service with the armies of the United States in the European war, according to Brigadier-General Herman Hall, chief of the Philippine constabulary, who has come home on leave.

Carlyle Declined the Honor.
Among the many distinguished men who have refused honors was Thomas Carlyle. Disraeli offered him in the queen's name the Grand Cross of the Bath, "a distinction," writes Froude, "never before conferred upon any English author, with a life income corresponding to such rank." Carlyle declined the honor, but he was deeply touched by the compliment, the more so as he had frequently attacked Disraeli in his writings. Most readers will probably agree with the verdict of the Chelsea bus conductor who said to Froude: "Very proper of the queen to offer it and more proper of him to say that he would have nothing to do with it. 'Tisn't they who can do honor to the likes of he?"—London Standard.

Milton and Aerial Warfare.
Milton had a prophetic vision of war aeroplanes and Zeppelins when he wrote:

The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch that renders all access
Impassable; oft on the bordering deep
Beneath their legions, or with obscure
wing
Scour far and wide into the realm of
night.
Sounding surprise.

What if . . . this ornament
Of hell should spot her catarsacts of fire
One day upon our heads?

Modern war is a very apt example
of sitting after events to a prophecy.

EGGS IN HEATED RICE.

A Way the Chinese Have For Hatching Ducks and Chickens.

The Chinese method of hatching as many as 500 duck and chicken eggs in one sitting has not yet been adopted in this country.

Unhatched rice is used for the purpose, and when this has been roasted it is either cooled by a fanning process or the wind is allowed to blow through it until it is lukewarm.

The breeder then sprinkles a three inch layer of rice in the bottom of a wooden tub, and on this surface places about 100 eggs; another layer of rice about two inches thick is spread over them, and on this layer eggs are also placed, and the tub is filled in this way until there are six layers of rice, and five of eggs, making 500 eggs in all in the tub.

Every twenty-four hours the rice has to be heated, and for this purpose the eggs have to be removed, the bottom layer this time being placed on top and the other layers one row lower down, the eggs that occupied the central position in the tub now being placed at the edges.

There is some difficulty in gauging the exact time at which the eggs will hatch, and unless care be taken some of the young ones are likely to be smothered. This is, of course, the point at which the ability of the expert is shown.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Economical.
A good story is related of an English theatrical manager who by thrift and hard work had amassed a fortune. Previous to the production of one play the stage carpenters had to repair a trap, and the head carpenter went to the manager and informed him that it could not be done in the dark.

"Well, lad, they won't have 't' gas," answered the manager. "Here, tak' this and buy a candle."

And he handed him a halfpenny. The carpenter pleaded that they wanted two in order to get sufficient light.

"How long will 't' job take thee?" asked the manager.

"About ten minutes," was the reply. "Then cut 't' candle-in two," was the answer. "Thee won't have any more money."

Imagination in Art.
Imagination is an element by which artists are able to inflect their wares upon the public. When Millet painted two peasants in a potato patch with bowed heads in an attitude suggesting daily prayer he wisely named the picture "The Angels." That gave the critic a hunch that a church bell in a distant spire was pealing the hour of prayer. Had he called that truly magnificent painting "Digging Potatoes" the public's imagination would not have carried beyond the potato field, and it might also have made a difference of a few thousands of dollars in the market value of the work. A well chosen title for a picture or book is what mayonnaise dressing is to a salad!—Cartoons Magazine.

Jewels of India.
For variety of precious stones no country in the world can rival India. Though she exports annually over \$1,500,000 worth of jewels, she still remains today, the century ago, the storehouse for the nations. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, tourmaline, garnet and many kinds of rare chalcidony are mined throughout her many provinces. The diamond industry is carried on to a great extent in the central provinces. Rubies are mined in upper Burma and next to petroleum form the most profitable of the mineral resources of that state.

Woodbury the Composer.
Among obscure composers of hymn tunes that have lasted long is Isaac Baker Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., who began his career as a blacksmith's apprentice. He finally studied in Europe and was an associate of the better known musicians of the day. His tune called "Siloam," sung to Heber's "By Cool Sileam's Shady Hill," is known to most churchgoers.

Notice of Final Settlement.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the matter of the Estate of James M. DeMoss, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 23 day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, be and the same is hereby appointed as the time, and the County Court room in the County Courthouse, in Moro, in said county and state, has been appointed as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated and first published on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1917.

Julia DeMoss Manning,
Administrator of the said Estate.
Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Admrx.

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You may think you can get along without that new set of harness this winter, and possibly you can—BUT WILL IT PAY YOU? The time lost in repairing and tinkering and cussing on old and broken and unreliable harness will just about pay for a new one. And time is money these days. Then broken harness often cause runaways, and they often result fatally to the driver or the animals. No, unreliable harness does NOT pay. Buy a new set NOW, and buy it from US, where it is BEST and CHEAPEST.

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