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WHY WE ARE AT WAR WITH GERMANY

By
EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS
Executive Head, History Department
Leland Stanford Junior University

"The object of this war is to deliver the free people of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to show out the plan without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established principles of international action and honor. This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people. It is our business to see to it that the history of the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling."
—President Wilson, August 27, 1917.

GERMAN RUTHLESSNESS AN INCULCATED BARBARISM

A government asserting its right to conquer the world, denying any duty except that of increasing its own power, and a people drilled in this theory, produce a nation whose acts horrify humanity. Yet those acts are but the logical result of a ruthlessness in war deliberately planned. It was at first said by Americans: "Yes, there are occasional German atrocities, no doubt, but so there are in every war." We now know that cruelty and barbarism are a definite part of the German method of making war.

First the teachers and professors: "Where German soldiers had to seize the incendiary torch, or even to proceed to the slaughter of citizens, it was only in pursuance of the rights of war." "One single highly cultured German warrior represents a higher intellectual and moral life-value than hundreds of the raw children of nature whom England and France, Russia and Italy, oppose to them." "Even if there were no question of vengeance, . . . the crime of opposing the development of Germany is so great that the most trenchant measures are scarcely a sufficient punishment for it." "The more pitiless is the every effort, the greater is the security of the ensuing peace. In the days of old, conquering peoples were completely annihilated. Today that is physically impracticable, but one can imagine conditions which should approach very closely to total destruction."

Next the army officers: "By steeping himself in military history an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions; it will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war, nay, more, that the only true humanity very often lies in a ruthless application of them." "The warrior has need of passion. It must not . . . be regarded as a necessary evil; nor condemned as a regrettable consequence of physical contact; nor must we seek to restrain it and curb it as a savage and brutal force."

Last the clergy: one incident, and one quotation from an address on the *Sermon on the Mount* is enough for Americans. "Whoever can not prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the *Lusitania*, . . . and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power—him we judge to be no true German." German teaching has borne fruit and the world is aghast. Yet we have become so accustomed to "German atrocities" that some of our horror at them has waned. It is easier to remember. Volumes are needed to list merely the proved cases of barbarity for Germany by refusing investigation through a neutral jury proposed by Cardinal Mercier, has confessed guilt. No, rather, she acknowledges the acts charged against her and glorifies them.

But let us not forget that German soldiers, in 1914 with no restraint, raped the women of Belgium and France in the first advance; that they placed screens of children before them; that they executed, as a warning against a feared Belgian rising, fifty innocent Catholic priests and thousands of innocent citizens; that they gave themselves up "in a hundred different places, to plundering, incendiarism, imprisonment, massacres, and sacrifices" (Cardinal Mercier); that in France they have deliberately made a desert of territory in retreat, with an object, not of this war, but of destroying productivity for at least a generation to come; that Germany openly applauded Turkey upon the massacre of nearly one-half the population of Armenia; that Germany, by the cruel starvation and deportation of conquered populations is attempting to "Germanize" the lands of Poland and Russia; that she torpedoes hospital ships with "defenseless beings, wounded or mutilated in war, and women who are devoting themselves to the work of relief and charity" (project of the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva); that no other government, in the world's history, ever ordered or approved a *Lusitania*.

This war is lost, and a greater will follow it, unless it is fought to the point where Germany knows for all time that such acts are, in the end, fatal to the government that commits them.

This is the fourth of a series of ten articles by Professor Adams.

Testing a Bee's Speed.
An experiment was once made to see how fast a bee could fly. The hive was attached to the roof of a train which attained a speed of 30 miles an hour before the bee was left behind.

Snowfoot

By Alger Ray Perrine

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Give us an exhibition, Mr. Dacre, won't you?"
"Oh, I'm past all that, lads."
"No, no," pressed an eager, excited coterie of schoolboys. "There's some new fellows here and we've been brugging about your acts."

"All right, I'll see if Snowfoot has forgotten his lessons. Don't let any of you fellows get the circus fever out of this, though. The glare and glitter don't last long, and I wasted the best years of my life in the sawdust ring and you see what I've turned out to be."

"The jolly friend of everybody!" shouted an enthusiastic chorus of voices.

"Yes, but a shiftless rover, never settling down. Jack-of-all-trades, a meal today, none tomorrow—Hoopla! Snowfoot!"

Everybody in town knew Snowfoot. He was a big built, gentle but strong and steady and belonged to Widow Brayton. Everybody, too, knew Widow Brayton and pitied her, for she was desperately poor and an invalid. There were two children, Ned a lad of eleven and Alma just turning sixteen. When the father died these two had stepped into the breach so far as their limited capacity of earning could count. Alma was receiving a mere pittance in a sort of apprenticeship to the village milliner. Ned, young as he was, earned ten dollars a week with old Snowfoot.

This was how he did it: A Mr. Dully, sickly and a cripple, with his wife and a hired helper, ran a small farm a short distance from the Brayton place. There were fifteen cows, and he made a proposition to Mrs. Brayton to have Ned help milk these and supply the milk to regular customers. Mrs. Brayton had Snowfoot and a wagon, Ned was a loyal, enterprising lad, worked early and late and it looked as though the family was on the road to better times.

"As soon as I am able to trim hats instead of sewing braid only, we shall have all kinds of money, mother," Alma used to say.

Paul Dacre had dropped into Ferndale one morning early when Ned stood leaning in dismay over Snowfoot on the public street. Snowfoot had collapsed, when some equine ailment came suddenly upon him and was lying prone upon the ground between the shafts, writhing and gasping.

"He's a goner," an old timer had pronounced.

"Let me see, I know considerable about horses," said Paul, coming up. He examined the eyes and mouth of the animal, took a pencil, wrote the names of two ingredients on a chip of wood and said: "Go to the drug store mix these powders in a quart of hot water and hurry back as fast as you can."

Ned sped away with the prescription. He returned with a steaming jar. Dully and his wife, the stranger administered the medicine. In five minutes old Snowfoot was regarding his milk with a look as though he fully comprehended his attention, and when he at length gained his feet he lovingly laid his cheek against Paul's shoulder.

They became great friends, those three. Then a new token of interest came into Paul Dacre's life. He naturally met Alma and they became quite friendly. Head-strong, erratic, ne'er-do-well as he was, there was something beautiful in his love for Ned and old Snowfoot. Paul did odd jobs in the town, but every morning he was on hand to help Ned get over his route.

As to Alma, he idolized her, and told her so. "Some day I'll make a fortune," he declared. "I'll make you all rich and you'll have so many suitors you can pick some prince or major general for the husband you deserve."

And now Paul, homeward bound, was surrounded by a crowd of juvenile admirers. He pretended to whisper in Snowfoot's ear. Immediately the clever animal he had trained in old-time circus tricks started running around in a ring. Paul described a running jump, to land squarely upon the back of the horse. A dozen times they sped around the ring. Then Paul made Snowfoot steal a handkerchief from his pocket, locate a hidden ear of corn and nod his head seven times when asked how many days there were in the week.

Paul stood spellbound with dread and doubt, when, late the next afternoon, he went up to the house to accompany Ned on his evening delivery rounds. Ned was seated on the step of the wagon, a picture of disconsolate dismay. From inside the house came the wailing of Mrs. Brayton. Alma came out wiping the tears from her eyes.

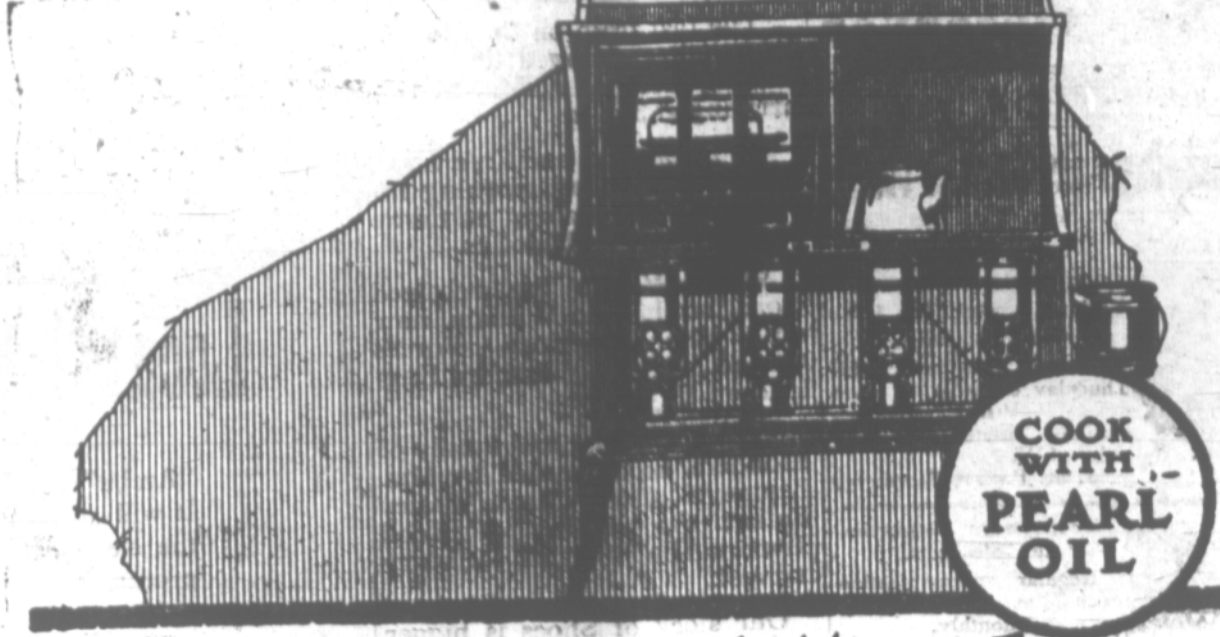
"Oh, Mr. Dacre," she cried, "Snowfoot is gone!"

"Gone!" repeated Paul, aghast.

"Yes, there was an old debt of poor dead father. It was beyond our power to pay it. Our creditor promised to wait, but two hours ago he appeared with the sheriff and a writ. They seized the horse, auctioned him off, and a man taking a string of horses to sell at the stock yards in the city bid in Snowfoot and drove him off."

Paul was speedy activity personified. He hurried to a neighbor and arranged for a horse until his return. "I'll get back Snowfoot if I have to go to jail for it!" he declared, and was off on the trail of the man with the market-bound string of horses.

It was the next morning when Paul reached the city and located the horse market at the stock yards, close on the heels of Snowfoot. He found where his favorite and some twenty other horses were housed in a pen, to be sold



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at auction, the next morning.

Paul had but one idea, to make away with Snowfoot. He would wait till dark. Then his old friend should find freedom. Paul put in the time wandering about the great yards to finally come to a great building arched over with glass and just being completed. It was a vast auditorium, built to house farmers' conventions and stock shows.

At one end was a stage. Nothing was yet set in place, and pulleyed ropes and platforms were suspended from the roof rafters, from which workmen were suspended putting in chandeliers and otherwise perfecting the lighting system.

About the middle of the building stood a well-dressed, important-looking man, holding his little four-year-old daughter by the hand. He was giving orders as to certain construction details to the contractors, and Paul learned casually, was head officer of the cattle exchange, a man of enormous wealth who made a hobby of improved live stock.

His restive little daughter, a bright, lovely little midget, had taken advantage of her father's preoccupation and had run about fifty feet to the other end of the building. She had clambered up the steps leading to the stage and was running up and down the platform, pleased at the hollow echo of her pattering feet on the smooth boards.

"Hi, there!" suddenly rang out a frightful yell aloft. Within a flashing second of time the scene was one of indescribable confusion. The fading lamp man, holding his little four-year-old daughter by the hand, had exploded. The dripping contents had scattered everywhere; up aloft the whole inside framework was ablaze. The burning liquid, dripping to the floor, had set a great heap of shavings, block and bench frames on fire.

Paul chanced to be near the stage. As he saw an impassable barrier of fire shut off the entire front end of the building he heard the vain shouts of the agonized father, beaten back by the curtain of fire, pleading for the rescue of his darling child. The brick wall behind the stage was solid. The fire was advancing to lick up the new framework. Paul ran to the child.

"Little one," he said hurriedly, "for papa's sake will you do just as I say? If I set you on my back with your arms around my neck, will you hold fast—fast?"

"But won't I burn?"
"You won't burn, darling. You shall be safe with your father in a jiffy, if you just hold on and never let go." It was well that the old skill of his one-time trapeze experience held Paul Dacre in good stead now. The little one kept her word like a Trojan. She did not even whisper as, half way up one of the long ropes, a sweep of cinders came against them like a blast. Then they were at the rafters. Seizing a board, Paul smashed out a broad sash. Now they were on the roof. He drew up the eighty-foot feet of rope, let it trail down over the roof, and inch by inch descended down the slant, over the edge, and the gathered crowd cheered and grouped about the hero rescuer and the little child.

Paul Dacre did not have to steal Snowfoot to get him back home. He could have redeemed the animal had it taken thousands, for the father of the little Evaline could not sufficiently show his gratitude. He offered Paul the charge of a stock farm at a high salary. He even came down to the Brayton home to visit him. And Alma began to see the nobleness of character in the ex-circus rider. And little Evaline was showing Alma how she had clung to Paul the day of the fire, and putting out her hands drew the face of Alma close to her own.

And as it nestled there, the chubby hand drew that of Paul in loving contact, and Alma's eyes met those of Paul and the revelation of perfect love was complete.

Daily Thought.
Courage begun with deliberate constancy, and continued without change, doth seldom fail.—Avoilas

Lumber Raft to Cross Sea.

One of the marvels of the age, according to the marine authorities, an invention which will make possible the towing of 210,000 cubic feet of lumber safely across the Atlantic ocean, has been completed at a provincial port.

No matter how severe the storms or how dangerous the undertaking, the big raft is so constructed that it will be able to make the long trip without any possibility of loss or damage. Most of the machinery used in this initial craft can be used over again, and so the cost of construction, estimated at close to \$30,000, will not affect the business end of the undertaking.

The lumber, said to be sorely needed on the other side, is valued at \$150,000. The big raft has been under construction for several months, 70 men being employed all the time on the work of building it.

The Poultry Flock.

Reports recently gathered concerning 5,208 flocks of poultry show that the average number of hens per flock is 107, as compared with 146 in 1914. This information, which was obtained from an incubator manufacturer in the middle West, indicates that shortage of supply has been an important factor in producing present high prices of poultry and eggs.

The Patriot.

Whether right or wrong in its domestic or its foreign policy, judged by whatever standard, whether of expediency or of principle, the American citizen can recognize no social duty interlocking between himself and his country. He must urge reform; but he has no right to destroy. Intrusted with the precious inheritance of liberty, endowed with the gift of participation in a popular government, the constitution makes him at once the beneficiary and the defender of interests and institutions he cannot innocently surrender, and when he becomes a traitor to his country he commits equal treason against mankind.—John Alden Andrew.

Daily Thought.

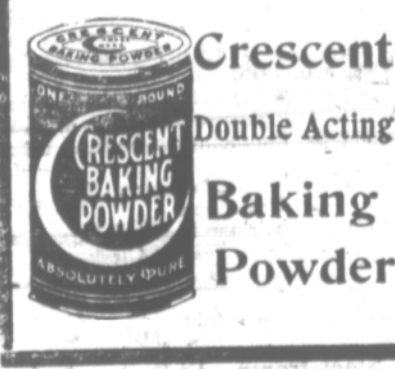
Honor is the recompense of those who do right without seeking recompense.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the NATIONAL UNION FIRE INSURANCE CO. of Pittsburgh, Pa. for the year ending December 31st, 1917.

CAPITAL.	
Amount of capital paid up	\$1,000,000.00
INCOME.	
Net premiums received during the year	\$8,819,209.64
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	189,742.80
Income from other sources received during the year	12,188.51
Total income	\$9,021,139.95
EXPENDITURES.	
Net losses paid during the year	\$1,898,897.31
Dividends paid on capital stock	100,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	649,711.76
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	120,747.97
Amount of all other expenditures	277,884.94
Total expenditures	\$2,998,441.98
ASSETS.	
Value of real estate owned (market value)	2,172.14
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	2,194,476.83
Loans on mortgages and other securities	\$48,900.00
Other assets	\$8,875,586.98
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1917	732,100.89
Due from other companies	128,886.12
Interest and rents due and accrued	\$2,870.24
Total assets	\$9,822,591.21
Total assets less liabilities	\$9,822,591.21
LIABILITIES.	
Gross claims for losses unpaid on December 31st, 1917	\$95,158.19
Amount of claims paid during the year	2,691,228.45
All outstanding notes	5,000.00
Other liabilities	170,000.00
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$2,961,486.64
Total claims in force December 31st, 1917	\$95,158.19
BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR.	
Total business written during the year	\$5,871,091.00
Net premiums received during the year	\$4,817.87
Premiums returned during the year	\$9,275.08
Losses paid during the year	\$2,525.62
Total amount of business outstanding in Oregon December 31st, 1917	\$,888,222.07
NATIONAL UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.	
By W. O. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.	
Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service: FRANK E. HOOLEY, Portland, Or.	

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