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WHY WE ARE AT WAR WITH GERMANY

By EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS
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"The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples 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 carry out the plan without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or to 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.

TRAITORS TO OUR DEMOCRACY.

The general definition of a traitor is one "who gives aid and comfort to the enemy." This is usually applied to direct action, as in the Oklahoma movement in opposition to the draft, or the encouragement of draft evasions, or when an American citizen reveals our war plans to Germany.

Such acts constitute direct treason; but there is a kind of indirect treason, much harder to define and combat, yet often far more dangerous to our country and the success of the war than direct treason. Before the war there were in this country many social, political, or humanitarian movements on foot, all of which were radical (that is to say, advocates of change) in their programs. Such, for example, were the Socialists, the Land Tax reformers, the Pacifists. But all of these asserted faith in the existence of principle in government and wished to gain their ends by converting our democracy. Most of the adherents of these various movements have recognized that this democracy of ours having entered upon war, must be supported—that special programs must, for the moment, be subordinated to the one great object of winning the war. But there are some persons so feeble-minded or so incapable of grasping the world importance of this war, that they talk and write things calculated to weaken our efficiency in war. These people are traitors to our democracy.

The whole matter is summed up by the Single Tax Journal of California (Everyman, November, 1917): "Will son's business now is to win the war, and win it soon. . . . The radical press should stop knocking him and attend to its own business—which is to create the democracy that the Allies are to make the world safe for. To fight war, after it is on, is bootless. To hinder its quick, effective prosecution is, of course, traitorous."

But there are other methods than radical speech which can "hinder the quick, effective prosecution of the war." Labor organizations, long engaged in a struggle for better labor conditions, may see in the existence of war an opportunity to secure their demands. If such demands are unusual and if they would have been unjustified had there been no war—if labor seeks to take special advantage of the existence of war, then such labor is traitorous. It hinders the successful prosecution of the war. For the most part, labor organizations have not sought such special advantage, but a few have done so, and in public estimation they stand as traitors to our democracy.

Business men—men, with capital—are not free from the imputation of traitorous conduct. That man who places his own business interests above the interests of the nation in this war is traitorously minded. If he deliberately seeks profit at the expense of national efficiency (as in the sale of undergrade materials to the government) he should be punished, not simply as a cheat, but as a traitor. This is the rare exception. It is the almost unconscious exaltation of his own business interests, however, that makes the average business man dangerously liable to traitorous conduct. There is no such thing as "business as usual" during a war.

Finally, the question of honest tax returns and of subscribing to war loans is directly and positively a question of loyalty or treason. There is no need to argue the point that the man who conceals his resources, or makes dishonest tax returns, is a traitor in intent and deed. What about lending to the government? Such lending means usually a slight sacrifice. But the war can not be won without sacrifices—and great sacrifices. If a man has money which he can lend, and if he does not lend, he is traitorous, for he hinders the quick and effective prosecution of the war.

Such traitors may indeed never be brought to punishment, even though they deserve it as much as the radical Pacifist who argues against this war, or covertly betrays the honesty of the purposes of our Allies. But the radical who sneers, and the man with money who can lend and does not, are alike traitorous to our country, to our faith in democracy, and to our objects in this war. And we, who do make sacrifices, know them for the traitors that they are.

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

Cotton.

Cotton grows best in low coastal land in tropical latitudes. It is a native of Asia. It likes light soil in warm, frostless climates, and requires plenty of moisture and salt.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

The price of milk in Eugene has been advanced from 10 to 12 cents a quart.

Vick Bros., of Salem, have just purchased 1000 of the new "Fordson" Ford tractors for use in Oregon.

The 12th annual reunion of the Henkle family, held near Corvallis, was attended by 108 members.

Oregon's tenth annual Commonwealth conference will convene this year in Portland, July 12 and 13.

Thomas H. Tongue of Hillsboro was unanimously elected chairman of the republican state central committee.

The twenty-ninth annual state convention of Christian churches of Oregon is being held this week at Turner.

Edward F. Ghoshlan, Salem's first ferryman, died at the home of his daughter at Zena, Polk county. Mr. Ghoshlan was 84 years old.

Cooler weather of the last few days and absence of high winds has resulted in considerable improvement of the forest fire situation in Oregon.

The demand for residence property in Marshfield is acute, owing to the rapid industrial expansion of the city, and an extensive building program is under way.

A 15 per cent increase in freight rates on logs shipped over the Sumpster Valley railroad was approved in an order issued by the public service commission.

Construction of a sawmill with a capacity of 150,000 feet in eight hours has been started at Garibaldi, by the Cummings-Moberly Lumber company, of Louisiana.

Mrs. Charles L. McNary, of Salem, wife of United States Senator McNary, of Oregon, was killed almost instantly near Dundee, when an automobile in which she was riding overturned.

Members of the executive committee in charge of the entertainment for the G. A. R. annual encampment at Portland August 19-23, are making tentative plans for the reception of 40,000 visitors.

Dr. Carl Gregg Doney, president of the Willamette university, of Salem, has just arrived from Europe, where he has been lecturing under the auspices of the army Y. M. C. A. for several months.

Starting in the Palace Hotel block at Heppner, fire destroyed that building and swept four blocks of business and residence property. About 50 families are homeless and the property loss is estimated at \$150,000.

Although forest fires are numerous elsewhere in the state, Baker county and eastern Oregon generally, except Union county, have been fortunate this season, having had but three fires to date, and these of small extent.

Repairs have been completed on the tunnel near Clatskanie, on the Columbia & Nehalem River railroad, and the road is again in operation. A cave-in of the tunnel roof put the road out of commission about 90 days.

That the poultry situation in Oregon is more or less critical is the belief of many producers in the state. The prevailing high prices of feed in the winter and spring months caused persons to sell hens in large numbers, it is said.

From 1 to 15 years in the penitentiary and costs of the action was the sentence imposed at Klamath Falls on William Holbrook and J. E. Padlock, convicted of killing O. T. McKendree, a prominent sheepman, on April 20.

The emergency board, in a meeting at Salem, granted a deficiency appropriation of \$35,000 for the state penitentiary, and another of \$5000 for the state lime board. Both these appropriations are subject to increase when the board meets again, probably early in October.

The Oregon Forestry association at a called meeting Saturday afternoon in the office of District Forester George H. Cecil, held for the purpose of considering the forest fire situation, adopted resolutions calling upon the government and the people of the state to assist in combating the fire menace.

Five convictions for food hoarding have been made in the United States courts of Oregon within the last two weeks and more are under investigation. Any person having more sugar or flour in his possession than he is entitled to becomes liable to prosecution, according to the food administration, unless he returns the excess amount to his grocer.

Miss Helen McCormick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCormick, of Eugene, has been engaged by the forestry department as fire patrol in the upper McKenzie country and will begin her duties within a few days. She will have a horse and her duties will be to traverse the roads in the upper country, principally between Blue River village and the mines, to look for fires and, when she discovers one, report to headquarters.

Under a tentative plan worked out between Captain Cullison, chief of the war census bureau of Oregon, and George Peryngier, the latter of Pendleton and one of the largest wheat growers in Umatilla county, men subject to the draft or already in camp under the selective draft act, may be sent to the wheat fields in eastern Oregon to save the crop.

An official list of additional railroads taken over by the government includes the Oregon Electric, correct-

ing a previous announcement to the contrary. The list also includes the Northern Pacific Terminal company, the Oregon Trunk and the Camas Prairie, whose employees are thus assured of the wage increase ordered on lines under government control.

Interest in pig club work in Oregon has increased 150 per cent this year, according to L. J. Allen, pig club agent at the Oregon Agricultural college. The total enrollment is 1200. Seventy-five banks have co-operated by lending money at 6 per cent to boys and girls wishing to enter the contest. The largest club in the state is that at Salem, consisting of approximately 300 members.

Statistics compiled by Lloyd J. Wentworth, director of wooden ship construction in the 11th district, Portland and the Columbia river, show that the Grant Smith-Porter Ship company at Portland is the winner again of the pennants "best progress" for the 15 days from June 15 to June 30, inclusive. The same company also was at the top of the list in the district for the 15 days ending June 15.

Until further notice all insane patients committed from Multnomah county will be sent to the eastern Oregon hospital at Pendleton, rather than to the main institution at Salem. This was ordered by the state board of control. Superintendent Steiner declared that there had been an amazing influx of population into his institution during the past month or so, the largest in history, and that the hospital is literally swamped.

Fish at the state salmon egg stations are found in larger numbers than in any year since operations were started according to a report which has just been filed with Governor Withycombe by Master Fish Warden R. E. Clanton. "If no bad luck is experienced," reports Mr. Clanton, "our egg take of the royal chinook salmon should be much larger than ever before. While it is hard to estimate, I think we will be safe in saying we will take in the neighborhood of 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 eggs."

People from Harney county and other interior points report that the hay crop of that section will be very small and in many sections a total loss as the result of a combination of dry weather and grasshoppers. In many sections there has been no rain for months and in the Harney valley the grasshopper plague is reported the worst in years. The business men of Burns have closed their stores for days at a time, the merchants and employees going to the assistance of the ranchers in putting out poison to kill the insects, which have made a clean sweep of crops in many places.

Out of 508 accidents reported to the state industrial accident commission during the past week, nine were fatal, as follows: E. N. Pettit, near Hugo, tunnel foreman; F. L. Dodge, Portland, shipbuilding; Ray Noel, Marshfield, logging; Gus Stinson, Klamath Falls, electrician; Mrs. E. L. Hurd, near Medford, traveler on public highway, auto struck by train; Peter Stream, near Medford, auto struck by train; Samuel L. McMahon, Portland, trespasser, struck by train; S. Grant Smith, near McMinnville, traveler on public highway, auto struck by train; Mrs. S. Grant Smith, near McMinnville, auto struck by train.

Twenty-two finished hulls were contributed to the government's "bridge of ships" in the Portland-Columbia river district on the Fourth of July. Of these 20 were for the government and two were for private owners. Their aggregate tonnage was 92,000 tons. While every one of the 22 vessels were completely ready for launching, and two more could have been turned loose on the ways, making a total of 24 by stretching a point, freshest conditions at and near Portland made the launching of the majority of them impracticable. Actually about 25,000 tons were floated, seven government hulls being released from the ways, the record for the district going to Astoria, where four vessels left their berths.

A measure passed by the last legislature which gives the state tax commission the authority to initiate a bill to increase the tax levy will undoubtedly obviate the necessity of the governor calling a special session of the legislature to arrange for more funds to meet war emergencies. While Governor Withycombe was considering the question of calling a special session of the legislature, Attorney General Brown directed his attention to this law. Governor Withycombe said he believed this authority conferred upon the tax commission will make a special session of the legislature unnecessary, and he said he would call a meeting of the tax commission next week for a preliminary discussion of the situation.

FOOD ADMINISTRATION FACTS

One ounce less of meat each day for everyone means a saving of 4,400,000 meat animals a year. Save your ounces. The sacrifice is small, but the result for your country is large.

1,185,000 tons of sugar will be saved the first year if each of us uses one ounce less each day. This will keep sugar plentiful and cheap.

Relieving Our Minds.

What passes for reasoning on most occasions is a series of vocal sounds which serve to use a phrase at once popular and scientific—to relieve our minds. Arguments employed in political addresses, sermons, and newspaper editorials are commonly little more than mere ejaculations, called forth by feelings of approval or disapproval, comfort or alarm.

James H. Robinson, in Atlantic.

A Benevolent Burglar

By Ruth Alden Hayes

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Noisily the man with a bent wife opened the gate of a rear court, cautiously he crossed the stone-paved yard. He glanced up at the handsome mansion looming before him. It was dark and deserted looking. The intruder fumbled for a tool in his pocket, pushed back a door and was within the house.

Burglar Bill Dorsey, if you please—reformed. It did not look that way, but while the old crafty tricks were brought into force and professional skill exerted to the utmost, he was innocent as a child as to the notion and purpose in view in thus breaking into the house of rich Seth Payne.

Bill groped his way without a misstep, down a corridor and up a flight of stairs, for he had pursued that course only a week ago—and had got away with the swag! In his pocket at the present moment lay that same plunder, a diamond-jeweled wrist watch, a pearl necklace, two valuable rings. He could see a light coming through a keyhole.

"Thunder!" Bill expressed voicelessly. Then he took another peep. He could have sworn, for the man with a bent wife, kneeling in front of a safe, had on the floor beside him a hammer, a chisel and a screw driver. Bill could not refrain a chuckle at the sight of this kit.

"A rival," he muttered—"but an amateur. Being sincerely reformed, it is my duty to lead this novice out of the downward path. Hello, pal!"

With the hearty salutation, Bill pressed open the door and stepped into the room. The other, a young, handsome man of perhaps twenty-five, made a dive for a coat pocket. Bill put up the hand of vigorous remonstrance.

"Don't draw a gun, pardner," he submitted, "I'm a yeggs, too."

"But I am not," declared the other. "What are you doing here, then?"

"I am trying to get into that safe."

"I see—but you won't, with those carpenter's tools."

"Can you?" pressed the other.

"Rather," asserted Bill promptly. "That's nothing but a cheap old box. I can open it on the combination alone."

"Do it and I will pay you any price you ask," urged the young man.

"Do you belong here?" asked Bill.

"Not at all."

"Broke in, like myself?"

"Yes—there was an open window, so you might say that."

"Sorry," said Bill, shaking his head slowly, "but, as I told you, I've reformed. I've promised Kate, the sweetest girl in the world, to never turn a trick again and I mean to keep my promise."

"Then what are you doing here now?" anxiously inquired the other, who was Arthur Ridgely, and a respectable member of society, and an honest man, and free from guile as a child, but he did not tell Bill this—yet.

"Well," exclaimed Bill bluntly, "I came here to return what I took away a week ago," and he exhibited the packet. "It was my last raid. Kate said she'd never marry me unless I put it back where I found it, we'll say as evidence of my good faith in reforming."

"I see, I see," murmured young Ridgely slowly, as if struck by the oddity of the situation. "You are a good man and I see the hand of destiny in my thus meeting you. I came here like a thief in the night, I made myself amenable to the penalty for housebreaking, but influenced by a pure and holy motive."

"I hope so," said Bill dubiously. "Can you prove it?"

"Yes, I can. If you will open that safe, in the left-hand pigeonhole of the upper row you will find a green envelope. It is of no value, but immensely harmful to innocent, suffering victims. To get that paper means the freedom, perhaps the life of an innocent, beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. Man, glorify the reformation you boast of, by doing a deed that will bring you blessings your whole life through!"

"Why, you talk like a story book," said Bill. "Say, I'm interested. A regular romance."

"And a tragedy—unless I get that paper."

"All right," nodded Bill definitely, after a moment of thought. "I'll help you out. Here's the bargain. I open that safe. I take out a green envelope nothing more. You are not to touch a single thing. We leave here and you convince me that you need that envelope for a good purpose before I part with it."

"Agreed—oh, gladly! gladly!" spoke the young man with eagerness.

"Stand aside and keep quiet," and Bill got on his knees before the safe. The other watched him with mingled anxiety and admiration. Bill, expert that he was, focused his acute senses of touch and hearing upon the combination disk. Click—the tumblers grated, the steel door moved, Bill pulled it open. There was a loud, harsh noise, bulky securities lay about, but both passed them by as dream. Bill located the pigeon hole indicated and pulled it open.

"Is that it?" he questioned, drawing out a green envelope.

"Yes, it must be," said Arthur Ridgely.

"Gather up your truck, then, and let us get out of here, while the getting is good," observed Bill tersely. He closed and relocked the safe. He placed the restored fruits of his former visit in the cabinet where he had originally found them, Bill led his companion from the place and left no trace

of the double highly visitation behind them.

"Now, then, for a confab," he observed, as they finally reached the street.

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, some quiet restaurant," said Bill, "anywhere except a drinking joint. Those are the traps that led me to become what I was. Now, then, let's have the dope," he added ten minutes later, as he and the strange new friend he had made were seated in a secluded corner of an eating room.

"I am Arthur Ridgely," spoke Bill's companion promptly, "reasonably well off and engaged to marry a beautiful young lady. The man whose house we visited tonight admired her, demanded her hand in marriage. Her father was an old business associate. The other held a great power over the father—oh, I will speak her name, Angela. The possession of a document in that green envelope enabled its holder to disgrace, perhaps imprison Angela's father. To evade the same, broken heartedly she turned me adrift, sacrificing herself to save her father."

"The father had gone wrong, eh?" submitted Bill bluntly.

"Not in a criminal sense. In order that a large but failing business might be reorganized, he took upon himself the risk of an irregularity. He saved the business and no real wrong was done. That was years ago. I learned the truth from his lawyer, who has visited the wretch who held the document, saw it, noticed where he put it in the safe. Now his fangs are drawn, and oh! the relief, the happiness for those I love."

"Take it," said Bill impulsively, and handed the green envelope to Arthur Ridgely.

"I want your address," said the latter, fairly trembling with emotion.

"My city one changes tomorrow, for I am going to get married and leave for a pretty little place in the country," and Bill gave the details as to name and location.

One month later Bill was whistling a cheery tune in the rear yard of his new home, and his happy-faced wife was singing as she bent over the wash tub under a flowering cherry tree. Abruptly an automobile turned from the road, halted and Arthur Ridgely sprang out.

"Dear friend!" cried the exuberant young man, seizing Bill's hand in a fervor of joy. "We haven't forgotten you."

"My wife," spoke Bill proudly, nodding to the smiling lady at the clothes line.

"Two brides! Angela," called Ridgely, and she alighted from the machine. "Good friend, indeed!" she cried to Bill. "You darling!" she directed at Mrs. Dorsey, as she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"You look very happy here, Mr. Dorsey," observed Ridgely.

"Happy!" cried his buxom wife. "He's whistling at his work all day long and I have to sing to keep from crying for joy."

"It's just paradise," declared Bill. "We've got a lease on the little place for ten dollars a month and a promise of the use of five acres adjoining."

"You needn't pay any more rent," said Ridgely, and he extended a folded document.

"What's that?" questioned Bill.

"It's a deed to the house and lot and the five acres, free and clear—belated wedding present, Angela's and mine," was Arthur Ridgely's reply.

Can't Beat the Kiddies.

Children are the original keepers of the shrine of humor, says a writer in the Washington Star.

I have an intellectual friend, who has analyzed h-u-m-o-r from h to z, and knows more about it than real philosophers. He says humor is based on cruelty, or incongruous happenings and a lack of reason.

The reason children are always saying funny things is because they are often cruel and do not reason, he says. I don't believe all humor is summed up so, but certainly the following scrap of conversation overheard the other day would tend to bear out his statements:

Two small girls were "playing house" in an apartment house hall.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones. I just came over to see you," said Mrs. Smith (seven years old).

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," replied Mrs. Jones (eight years old). "How are you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I'm in such trouble," sighed Mrs. Smith. "Mr. Smith just died."

"That's too bad," commiserated Mrs. Jones. "Poor Mrs. Smith!"

"But the funeral isn't until three o'clock," said poor Mrs. Smith, "so we've plenty of time to go to the movie show."

When He Quit.

A woman having occasion to go to a small cleaning and dyeing establishment, where she had not been for some months, was surprised to find the store occupied by an entirely different line of business. Going inside, she asked the new shopkeeper why Schmidt had moved away and where he could be found. "Schmidt?" he replied. "Oh, he died and went out of business two months ago."

In Money Terms.

"I say, Mike," said Pat, "a revolution must cost some thousands of pounds."

"Ah, not at all. Sometimes it only costs about 25 shillings."

"How ever do you make that out?"

"Well, you see," said Mike, "sometimes the king loses a crown and the people a sovereign."—London Tit-Bits.

A Wise Man.

"I noticed after you left the house this morning you went back again. Don't you know that's unlucky?"

"Well, it would have been a good deal more unlucky for me if I hadn't gone back. My wife called me."

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