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LITTLE CAST ASIDE

How Military Stores on Mexican Border Are Salvaged.

Nothing That It Is Possible to Repair, or in Any Way Make Useful, Is Ever Thrown Away as Worthless.

The most extensive dealer in junk on the Mexican border wears an olive drab uniform, two bars on his shoulders and a serious look, for business is always rushing with Capt. Fred Felix, Uncle Sam's junk man in the cavalry division here, writes the Fort Bliss (Tex.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

As head of the salvage and reclamation department of the general quartermaster depot here, Captain Felix and his force of enlisted men are repairing and salvaging supplies which have been discarded by the United States army in the border district. Three warehouses, a part of the fort machine shops, and big yard downtown, are used for this work.

Tents which have been torn by the winds are repaired by men who have been sailors or who have experience in repairing canvas. Canvas cut covers which have been torn are cut up into small pieces and made into clothing bags. These cut covers were formerly discarded. A tailor shop has been established where worn and torn uniforms are repaired, buttons sewed on, and returned to the owners.

Shoes which have been worn out near the fort are half-soled by machinery, ripped places stitched, new soles inserted and the shoes sent back to the wearers. No scrap of material is wasted by the salvage department.

Worn out boots, which are repaired by the leather used for repairing other boots and shoes. The scraps are then sent to market for use in the manufacture of composition belting.

Recently 15 meat grinders for preparing meat for cooking were condemned and sent to the reclamation department to be sold for junk. Instead, the parts were separated, reassembled and five good grinders obtained, while the remaining parts were stored for repairing other grinders. Broken parts were sold for junk.

Wagons, automobiles, tank wagons, soup kitchens and every other kind of field equipment is received by this department. Wagonmakers replace worn parts of transport and ammunition wagons with new ones. All automobile parts are classified and a crew of garage men repair the cars as they come to the shops. Even trucks for caterpillar trucks are kept for repairing those big trucks which haul supplies over the desert.

Broken spurs, ragged guldons and flags, eyelets from worn-out puttees, harness, saddles, the ropes and even "bull whips" used by the army mule drivers are salvaged in Uncle Sam's big junk shop here, and the government is saved thousands of dollars by repairing army property which otherwise would have to be replaced with new.

Potash From Cement Dust.

Extraction of potash from dust is claimed as a possibility. James D. Rhodes, a Pittsburgh manufacturer, claims to have made the discovery, and at his own expense has arranged to erect a large experimental plant adjoining the plant of a cement company at Castalia, O., for the purpose of experimenting for 120 days.

The Castalia plant is in the hands of a receiver and it was necessary to get permission of the United States district court before Mr. Rhodes could enter into any agreement with the receiver. This was granted.

Mr. Rhodes said he could extract large quantities of potash for fertilizer from the dust and waste of cement mills that will be of great benefit to the country in increasing the supply. It is understood that the United States government is watching the experiment with interest.

Dogs on the Battlefield.

Experiments made in the training of dogs as messengers with the armies in the field have, it is stated, given satisfactory results. The dogs which have proved most receptive under instruction are chiefly half-bred collies and retrievers. A rather poor breed of bob-tailed sheep dogs has also done well. All have been trained to perform their errands during heavy firing, both rifles and guns. They can be fired over as easily as the ordinary sporting dog, and, what is quite another thing, they will face fire at close range. Many have shown amazing skill in getting over, under and through all sorts of obstacles, including wire.

Destination—Berlin.

H. T. Bennett, a Seymour traveling man, was standing on a depot platform in a Kentucky town while a group of colored men were waiting to entrain, and overheard the following conversation between one of the conscripts and a colored girl who was bidding him goodbye:

"Well, Sam, are you goin' with this bunch? I suppose you are goin' to France right soon, ain't you?" the girl asked.

"Not exactly," replied the soldier candidate. "I suppose I'll go through France, but you see, I'm on my way to Berlin."—Indianapolis News.

From the Beginning

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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Miss Zebiah Seagrave, unmarried, unbecomingly and of uncertain age, pulled the cane-bottom rocker closer to the window, and, folding her thin hands in her lap, heaved a great sigh.

"Zebiah," called a weak, complaining voice from the other room. And Zebiah lifted her angular form and listlessly walked to the bed where lay a frail, old woman.

"What is it, mother?" she asked gently, though her voice had a weary note in it, "aren't you comfortable?"

"It just seems as if I can't get comfortable," was the querulous response. "If I face the window, the sun bothers me; and if I face the door, I don't see the sun; and if I set up, my bones ache. And the voice dwindled off in a whining wail.

Zebiah did not answer. She lowered the shade to cut off the bright glare of the sun, straightened the pillows, and, drawing up a chair to the bed, picked up a book preparatory to reading.

"I don't want to be read to and you ought to know it," the old lady muttered, her brow furrowing in a million wrinkles, "you don't pay no attention to me at all, though I don't know as I ought to be expectin' much more from a stepchild."

Zebiah seemed restrained from arguing by the invalid's weakness. "Now, mother," she softly replied, laying the offending book on the table, "don't work yourself up. You know Doctor Merrifield said you should not get excited—your heart won't stand it."

Mrs. Seagrave waved her shrunken hands dramatically. "There you go mentioning that doctor again to me. Ain't I told you how I hate him with his vile tassin' medicines and pills that stick in my throat?" Her voice rose to a shrill accent. "Anyhow," pears to her like to come to see me—every other day would be enough to take keener of an old woman, to say nothing of twice a day like he's been hangin' around. I suppose it's my money what he's after as soon as I'm cold—running up a big bill like that." And the outburst of temper was followed by a protracted racking cough, rendering the body so weak and helpless it scarcely seemed alive.

Zebiah petted the scant, ash-white hair. "I am sure Doctor Merrifield does not want your money, mother," she soothed, "he hasn't taken a penny yet for all the medicines he has given you. We all want to see you get well."

Her ministrations were interrupted by the entrance of a quiet, earnest looking man, whose bald head and bowlegs seemed strangely at variance. He smiled encouragingly at Zebiah. "How did she sleep last night, Miss Seagrave?" he questioned in a low tone.

"I was up all night, doctor, as the cough gave her no rest. She is not much better this morning."

As the doctor turned with professional interest toward the patient who lay so white and still, Zebiah stole quietly from the room. It was the mirror in the gilt frame, sole adornment of the bare walls of this "sitting room" that claimed her attention. The close inspection did not please her and quick tears of self-pity came to her eyes. As she stood off so that the small mirror might reflect her figure, the flat-chested, hipless, colorless reflection brought forth audible suffering.

"Yes, I've given her my best years, even if she isn't my mother. I've stood her abuse and I've given up friends."

The thoughts seemed too great for utterance and Zebiah sank into the cane-bottom rocker which creaked sympathetically, as she buried her head in her arms, her shoulders shaking with her sobbing. Doctor Merrifield entered the room.

"Come, Miss Seagrave," he comforted, patting her head, "you mustn't take such things so to heart. Your mother has been ill a very long time and you know she has been getting steadily worse."

Zebiah rose and wiped her eyes in a handkerchief already sadly wet. "Oh, it's not that."

"I know you have been very patient and good," the doctor continued, and he added in a hesitating manner "I hope you will be rewarded."

The pent-up gates of suppressed emotion gave way. "What has my goodness and patience brought me? I have become a recluse—even the children can point out 'old maid Zebiah,' our minister questions me what disposition I will make of her money, and but yesterday I heard Widow Bliss refer to someone 'as homely as Zebiah.' What reward can atone for all that?"

"You must not let such unkindness weigh upon your mind, Miss Seagrave. We all have our crosses to bear. Even my life has not been a bed of roses."

Zebiah looked up at the kindly face in surprise.

"For a great many years," he continued, not noticing the interruption, "I turned over every cent I earned as a machinist to support my crippled father and invalid mother and to put my brother through school. I longed to study medicine, but—"

The memory seemed too poignant a pain to recall. Zebiah's faded countenance assumed a look of sympathetic understanding. "And for how long did it last?"

"When I was thirty-five," he spoke very softly, "father died, and mother lived but a month longer. My brother married and then I started to learn all I did not know. It is not easy to learn at thirty-five—not medicine, at any rate—and it was ten years later before I got the right to hang out that sign you see in front of my office. And at forty-five, a new doctor does not easily build up a practice in a small town—indeed there were some nights when I sent myself to bed suppers like a naughty boy being punished for having spoiled his life," he added bitterly.

Zebiah forgot herself as she saw the

need for quick sympathy. "But look how splendidly you have done, doctor, in the five years you have been here. Surely that is encouraging."

"It is if it were not counteracted by hearing people speak of 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' and 'bowlegs,' and wondering 'who'll he leave his money to when he dies.'"

A faint call from the sick room interrupted their exchange of confidences and both stood over the figure breathing so laboriously. The doctor felt the pulse and looked very compassionately at the lined features.

"Guess I'm done for, Zebiah," came in a far-away voice, "and—don't let the Doc get my money. I'd rather—I'd rather—"

In a moment she went on. "I'd rather—see you have it. I ain't been so kind to you, Zebiah, these many years. You'll forgive me, child?"

With tears coursing down her faded cheeks, Zebiah leaned over and kissed the shrunken lips. "There is nothing to forgive, mother."

"I wish I'd been your real mother, girl. I might've done better by you. Don't give the Doc any of my money."

Silence ensued.

The doctor noiselessly arose and covered the body with the sheet. "She is dead," he said simply.

Zebiah retreated into the other room and the doctor followed. She was dry-eyed and felt horribly old. Irritating and complaining as her stepmother had been, she now had no one and the void seemed too immense to fill. Her head sank upon her chest.

"Zebiah," the doctor called.

Zebiah was aroused from her apathy by his use of her Christian name.

"Zebiah," he repeated, "will you marry me?"

Zebiah stared in incredulous amazement.

"We are both alone in the world," he continued gently taking her hands. "Your goodness to your stepmother has aroused love I long thought gone. Don't you think you could learn to care for me?"

"But, doctor, doctor," Zebiah's voice seemed another part of her, "I'm only 'old-maid Zebiah,' homely old Zebiah."

"And I'm only 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' 'bowlegs.' Come, it's not too late, Zebiah, let's start from the beginning."

Zebiah seemed to have lost her angles, her hair seemed to curl about her forehead and long-absent color mounted her cheeks.

"Yes, let's start again," she whispered.

PECULIAR SOURCE OF RIVER

Pool Flowing From Cave Gives Rise to the Oklawaha Stream in Heart of Florida.

Down through the heart of Florida winds one of the most beautiful of American rivers, aptly named by the Indians Oklawaha. "Crooked Waters." The steamboat that carries you up the stream scrapes its sides against the river banks as it twists through the palmettos and live oaks which line the river bed. Every few minutes it seems that the boat will run into the banks, which refuse to stay at the sides, but are always shifting so as to get directly in the way. Just as you decide what to do when the apparently inevitable collision shall occur, a long pole, dexterously guided, shoots out, the boat swings around, and you are safe until next time.

Presently the charm of the tropics seizes you, and you forget to worry about the boat. You hear a sudden "kerchunk," and a sleepy alligator flings himself from his sunny log into the water. The swamps beside the river are rank with lilies, water hyacinths, and yellow jessamine. Gray Spanish moss twines over the trees. The foliage is so dense that you readily imagine yourself in the African jungle instead of only a few miles from civilization.

The water of the Oklawaha is black as you look down, but if you dip up a cupful it is clear and sparkling. Down to join the dark river flows the Silver Spring run, a stream as clear as the Oklawaha is turbid. Here the boat leaves the main stream of the Oklawaha and travels up the tributary to its source, the mysterious Silver spring, a pool 75 feet deep, flowing from a great cave. How the water gets into the cave, and why it rushes forth with such force are problems yet waiting for scientific explanation. The great pool is 600 feet from lip to lip, a diamond in an emerald setting.—Chicago Daily News.

She Was No Piker.

The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy; I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for five hundred dollars." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foods Long in Use.

The following fruits, vegetables, etc., have been in cultivation more than 4,000 years: Almond, apple, apricot, banana, bean, cabbage, cucumber, date, eggplant, fig, grape, olive, onion, peach, pear, quince, rice, sorghum, turnip, watermelon and wheat.

United States Debt to Sweden.

It was in June, 1782, when, upon the order of Gustavus III, the Swedish minister in Paris, Gustavus Philip Creutz, got into communication with the American agent in France, Benjamin Franklin. It was nothing less than a treaty with Europe's oldest kingdom which Creutz offered to Franklin and the free states of his land. Franklin himself, as well as his countrymen, grasped with thankfulness the offered hand. The treaty was signed in April, 1783, and remained of practical benefit to the United States for a long time. The most important aspect of the matter was, however, that this treaty signified the introduction of the United States into international relations as a recognized power.

WITHIN A MONTH

By ETHEL V. HALL

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Violet sat on the top rail of the fence, smiling to herself. She was thinking of the words she had had with her mother a month before.

Violet's health was not very good, and the doctor had ordered her to the country for the summer. She laughed out loud as she thought of these words:

"Now, mother, I won't stay in the lonely old country, and no one can make me, either. You know I'm used to a crowd, and dancing and everything! Goodness, I'll die there. I tell you I won't go."

But nevertheless, Violet went to her Uncle Henry's farm, and now she thought that nothing could induce her to go back to the dirty, close city.

She loved Uncle Henry's country ways, and no one could be any nicer than dear Aunt Ellen.

"Come, Sport, old dog. Let's take a run," said Violet, jumping from the fence and starting down the field with Sport, a large collie dog, close at her heels.

"Now, Sport, I'm going to roll down this hill, and don't you laugh at me, either," said Violet, giving his ear a twitch. But Sport enjoyed barking at her as much as she enjoyed the rolling.

She reached the bottom of the hill, sat up straight and found that her only companion had deserted her.

She called his name and was answered by a bark. The sound came from the woods, so she scrambled to her feet and ran in that direction.

When she came to the tall fir trees Sport came running out holding a piece of paper in his mouth.

"What's this?" questioned Violet, reading the note and looking suspiciously into the woods.

The note ran: "It was great fun watching you roll down that hill. I would like to see you do it again tomorrow at the same time. I'm going to talk with you, too."

Violet skipped back to the house to help Aunt Ellen prepare supper. She was unusually silent, and was interested to hear Uncle Henry say:

"Ellen, that young Billy Morris came home yesterday."

"Is that so?" replied Aunt Ellen.

"I suppose the young girls will look their prettiest, but I bet Vi will shine them all," said Uncle Henry, cheerfully.

"Vi, that is, Violet, how would make you a good wife?"

"Now, uncle, you're kidding me that someone would be a good husband. How do you know I'm looking for a husband?" said Violet, bobbing her curls.

"Well, I never saw a girl of nine-

teen that wasn't looking for a husband. I'll bet if you met him you would be engaged to him within a month."

"Now, Henry," protested his wife, but Henry got up and kissed the rest of the sentence away.

The next afternoon, a little before the appointed time Violet went to her "thinking seat."

She had been seated there only a few minutes when Sport came and stood before her with another note in his mouth.

This read: "Sport came too soon, but I am waiting."

"I'll do it just to see what happens," and she ran to the top of the hill, lay down, closed her eyes and let herself go full speed.

When almost to the bottom she stopped with a jerk. She had bumped into something, and whatever it was had fallen with a thud.

She sat up and opened her big blue eyes to look into the face of a young man, sitting on the grass in front of her, smiling and showing two rows of perfect white teeth. She put her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

"Now don't run off, young lady," he said. "I tried to stop you easy, but you came so swift you knocked me over."

"Are you the—?" she asked, but got no further, for he said:

"Yes, I'm the mysterious writer of the note. My name is Billy Morris. What's yours?"

"Mine's Violet Snow."

After talking some time, Violet rose to go.

"Don't forget tomorrow at the same time," said Billy, as he watched her little body run up the hill.

For a month they met every day, but no one knew it besides Sport and Daisy. At last Uncle Henry said:

"It's a funny thing I can't get hold of that young Morris to come here. If I told him there was a pretty girl here I bet he would come. In double-quick time, too!"

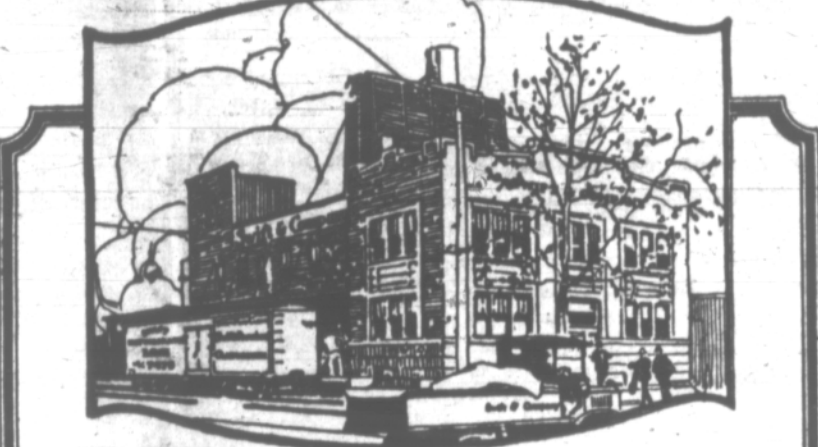
"Now, uncle," cautioned Violet, shaking her curls.

"Well, I'll keep my word; I bet if you met him you would be engaged within a month."

"I bet I would, too," sang Violet as she skipped out of the house, and Uncle Henry looked in wonderment at his wife.

That night, before dark, Violet very slyly kept peering out of the window, and at last her heart seemed to beat harder than ever before, when she saw him coming.

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "here comes that Billy Morris now," but he got no further, for he was some surprised to see Violet run down to the gate to meet Billy. When Violet came in again she said: "Uncle Henry, you've won your bet. I met Billy just a month ago today, and she held up her hand for inspection of a lovely little blonde on her fourth finger."



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