Or. Hist. Soc., - Auditorium

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Established 1887. Moro, Sherman County, Oregon. Friday, May 21, 1920. Five Cents

C. J. BRIGHT. W. C. BRYANT.

Bright & Bryant

Attorneys-at-Law

offices at

The Dalles and Moro, Ore.

J. R. Morgan Jas. Wilkie

Drs Morgan & Wilkie

DENTISTS

Office on First street,
Phone Main 83

MORO, - OREGON

Dr. C. E. Gard

DENTIST

Office in the Bank of Moro building, upstairs.

MORO, : : OREGON

DR. WALTER W. HART

DENTIST

Vogt Bldg.

THE DALLES, - OREGON

Dr. C. L. Poley

Physician and Surgeon.

Moro, Oregon.

Office in residence.

Residence phone M 72
Office phone 463

J. Carlos Ghormley, M.D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Office opp. Hotel Sherman

WASCO, : : OREGON

Phone Hours by Appointment

DR. C. H. JOHNS

Chiropractor

Office at Residence. MORO, ORE.

MORO LAUNDRY

GEO. ELLSWORTH, Proprietor

Washing done each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Third day delivery schedule maintained.
Leave bundles at Ellsworth Hotel Annex

Patronize Home Industry

We aim to please our customers

Theo. Beletski, D.V.S.

BLUE CROSS

VETERINARIAN

Interstate Stock Inspector
Examiner of Stallions for License

WASCO, Office Postoffice Bldg. OREGON
Telephone Main 502

DR. SANDERS

Phone Main 361 Moro, Oregon

VETERINARIAN

To My Patrons: If you cannot get me direct by phone at Moro, please call Foss & Co.'s garage, who will promptly notify me when I return to town.

Undertaking

Caskets and Robes always on hand; special supplies and caskets ordered at any time

Sam Brisbine, Moro, Oregon.

SWEET PEAS

By LOUISE HOFFMAN.

Gertrude Fraser was sealing the last jar of pineapple when she heard a timid ring at the front door. Through the glass panel she caught a glimpse of a dainty little woman in a cool white voile gown. She opened the door and found herself gazing into a pair of the softest velvety brown eyes she had ever seen.

Scarcely had a word of introduction been spoken before these comparative strangers, instinctively, felt a mutual attraction.

The little woman, Miss Eunice Sprague, was carrying an exquisite bouquet of sweet peas, which she silently placed in her hostess' hands.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Gertrude, ecstatically, "They are my favorite flowers, inseparably linked with my dearest and sweetest associations. Why, here is my old friend, Marks Tey," drawing forth a dusky bicolor of huge size, "and here is Dobbie's Cream and Wedgwood Blue and beautiful Blanche Ferry with blush-white wings," she rambled on, naming each in turn.

The little woman's velvet brown eyes glistened. "I'm sure you love them," she murmured, sinking into a comfortable winged chair which Gertrude drew forward. "Do you grow them?"

"We planted some, but unfortunately they are a little late."

Gertrude buried her flushed face in the delicate fragrance and drew great drafts of inspiration from their depths. She was so tired. Housework discouraged and fretted her so. There was such an infinite amount of detail. One was never done. She could direct a staff of servants in hotel management with comparative ease. But she found it quite another matter when her two hands must do the work of cook, waitress, chambermaid and seamstress, even if the establishment was small. Her idea of rest and relaxation in a small house, to which she had fled in this quiet little hamlet, had proved a delusion. Yet here was this little woman from the narrow confines of farm life, who had probably been accustomed to this drudgery all her life, fairly radiating peace and quiet.

They chatted away like old friends on various subjects for a few minutes, but Gertrude went back to the flowers.

"Come and see my sweet pea trellis," invited Gertrude.

"Why," exclaimed Gertrude in raptures, as they entered the garden. "Here is a King of the Whites in blossom. They were my bridal flowers, you know," she explained happily reminiscent as she picked the glistening immaculate white blossom.

The little woman's velvet brown eyes glowed with a strange sympathy. "How strange," she murmured. Then in a scarcely audible tone she confided "They were to have been mine, too. But your love story ended happily," with a yearning wistfulness.

Gertrude Fraser glanced up quickly. In a flash she saw the little woman was yearning for the prize every woman longs for. And here she was making herself miserable because she couldn't attain an impossible ideal in housekeeping. Suddenly, she came to a realization of her priceless blessing.

"No, no, don't say it's ended happily yet," she begged, leading the way to a secluded garden seat.

The little woman looked troubled and the sadness in her eyes deepened. It was such a shock to have this newfound friend ruthlessly dash her cherished dream on the rocks.

"I meant," continued Gertrude softly radiant as she caught the fleeting expression, "my love story is going on happily. I'm happier now than I was on my wedding day."

The little woman leaned forward eagerly. "I'm so happy to hear you say that," she breathed. "I knew you must be happy. How could you be otherwise in a dear little home like this? You know," she explained, "this was my old home, and I've always loved it. I was born here."

"Robert and I were to have been married the year before we moved. We had planned to have oceans of sweet peas for our wedding, and Robert had helped me plant them. A month before our wedding Robert was obliged to make a trip to Paris, and while there war was declared." She paused a moment. "It is five years this summer since I saw him last gaily waving his cap as the steamer disappeared from view. Then one awful day early in the war I received official notice that he was lost in action."

A motor whirled into the driveway. A young man, with the assured air of a welcome visitor, painfully alighted and walked over to the sweet pea trellis. As he turned to go to the door, the little woman caught a glimpse of his scarred features. She started forward.

"B-ob," she gasped. "Is—it—really you?"

Mrs. Fraser and Bob sprang forward to catch the little woman.

After a few moments, Mrs. Fraser discreetly slipped away, leaving the lovers in their first rapturous moments of reunion.

A great wave of happiness engulfed her. The little woman's yearning look had magically disappeared. She would have her heart's desire—husband and home.

A few weeks later, Gertrude significantly whispered into the bride's ear, over a huge shower of King of the Whites, "May your love story continue happily."

Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MANY FAIRIES IN GREEN ISLE

Idea That the Gnomes Have Disappeared Is Declared to Be Altogether Erroneous.

There still are fairies in Ireland, declares the Ulster Folklore, which explains by saying: To many, perhaps, this statement will be really news. Of course, anyone who has never taken any interest in the matter at all knows that in the days gone by there were plenty of them from one end of the green isle to the other—are not their old haunts, the thorn bushes, their raths, forts, coves and souterraines still to be found in every corner of Ireland just as they have existed since time out of mind?

But it has been the general belief that the fairies themselves long ago, in one fashion or another, had forsaken or been driven from their secret places, the last hegira being placed at as modern a period as the middle of the nineteenth century—the night of the big wind, in fact when they were all supposed to have been blown into the sea with the exception of a few that landed in Scotland.

The error of that belief, however, has been scientifically ascertained in a series of investigations pursued by Miss Elizabeth Andrews, F. R. A. I., for a decade or so.

"The belief is general," Miss Andrews says, "that these little people were at one time very numerous throughout the country, but have now disappeared from many of their former haunts. At Ballynahinch I was told they had been blown away 50 years ago by a great storm, and the caretaker at Killevy said they had gone to Scotland. They are, however, supposed still to inhabit the more remote parts of the country, and the old people have many stories of fairy visitors and of what happened in their own youth and in the time of their fathers and grandfathers."

WAS PIONEER IN WIRELESS

James Bowman Lindsay, Scottish Engineer, Has Not Been Given the Credit He Deserves.

Little is heard about James Bowman Lindsay, and much about wireless telegraphy, yet the career of the one and the history of the other are inseparable, says the Christian Science Monitor. Upwards of sixty years ago Bowman Lindsay operated a system across the River Tay, a distance of one and a half miles, just above the bridge the construction of which ranks as one of the most notable feats in engineering. His efforts failed to attract attention at the time, however, because of his retiring disposition, but the history of electrical research records few names more deserving of respect than his. He was a pioneer in the application of electricity for heating and lighting purposes and bespoke a great future for it.

Apropos of Bowman Lindsay, as he was familiarly known, it is interesting to note that his energies were not wholly directed to the advancement of the mechanical arts. He was a linguist and as such started out to translate the Bible into many different languages. Seven years' labor was expended on the task, and the work was far from being finished when it had to be abandoned. The Bible, in incomplete form, may still be seen in the Albert institute, Dundee, Scotland. It lies open in a glass case and shows that the method employed was to divide the book into the requisite number of columns and in each column place the words in English and their equivalent in each language into which they were translated.

Dangerous Counterfeit.

The most expert means of counterfeiting American greenbacks has been discovered by the state police in the Adirondacks lumber camps, where $20, $50 and $100 notes were being duplicated. Banking experts have pronounced them the most clever counterfeits in existence.

The information now in the hands of the state police is to be turned over to the United States department of justice. The secret of the device is a machine which is capable of splitting the thin note paper on which American notes are engraved and permitting the face and back of the note to be stripped from each other. Waxed paper is then laid over each half of the note and a solution applied to transfer enough of the original ink to the waxed paper to make an exact duplicate of the note. The waxed sections to which the ink has been transferred are then pasted to the opposite half of the good note and in this way two bank notes exactly alike are produced.

Malines Carillons Busy.

The carillons of Malines have never been heard so much and to such splendid effect as of late. The truth is that Malines has undertaken to get together a sufficient sum of money with which to present to St. Quentin a new carillon, the Germans having seized the bells of the French town. So every carillon of Malines has been ringing and pealing. There have been carillon concerts, one of the performers on the bells of the cathedral of St. Rombaut being the bell ringer of St. Quentin himself. The hymn which he played embodied the motifs of the "Marseillaise" and the "Brabanconne."

All Busy.

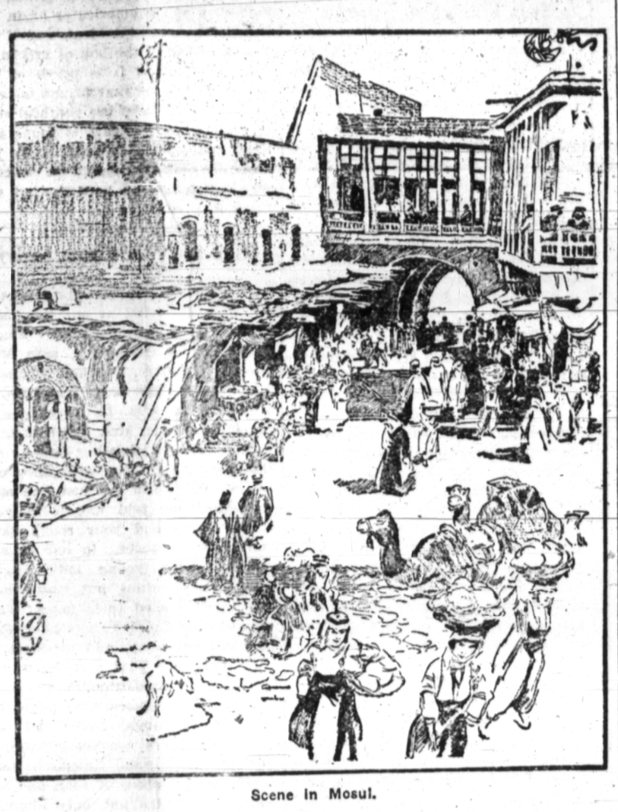
"What's your wife doing?"

"Preserving watermelon rind."

"So?"

"And the kids are enthusiastically supplying her with the material."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MOSUL *and* NINEVEH



Scene in Mosul.

THE most important feature about Mosul, which is beginning to show the beneficial effects of British control, is its geographical situation. Mosul is the meeting point of roads and caravan routes from everywhere. They wind in through the mountain passes and over the rocky highland from Diarbekr and Bitlis, across the great desert from Aleppo and over the sands from Persia and Bagdad. Its very name, indeed, from the Arabic Al-Mousil, "the place of connection," tells its story. And as with roads and caravan routes, so it will be, some time again in the future in the matter of railways, when the famous Bagdad line is completed, says the Christian Science Monitor. At present Germany's great effort falls short of Mosul by many miles in the west and in the south, and the "ramshackle city," as it has been irreverently called, still depends for its communications on the road and the caravan route as it has done through the ages.

Of all the cities in the Turkish empire, as one writer has well said of it, perhaps Mosul is the one that has been least touched by western civilization. Built on ground that once was a suburb of Nineveh, it stands on the western bank of the Tigris, looking across at the mounds which are all that remain of the glories of the capital of ancient Assyria. Nineveh has a history that stretches throughout a period nearly two thousand years long, ending with the fall of the empire of Sennacherib about the year 600 B. C. From that time until Layard unveiled the palaces of Ashurbanipal and Sennacherib, and unearthed the literary chamber containing the famous deluge tablet the ruins of Nineveh for 2,500 long years have slept undisturbed. As for Mosul itself, it is particularly mentioned in all history since the Arab conquest, and it is a checkered history indeed, for it suffered pillage at the hands of Tamerlane, was besieged by Nadir Shah, and endured a host of other vicissitudes.

Mosul's Many Storks.

The old town, with its strangely narrow streets, even for the east, is surrounded by a half-ruined wall, built in modern times as a protection against the Shammar Arabs. Everyone remarks on the narrow streets of Mosul, on its white, crumbling houses, on the gypsum dust which falls constantly from the walls over everything, and upon the storks. Indeed the storks of Mosul are apparently its most remarkable feature.

Discussing the matter one authority tells how, in the cool of the evening, the citizens of Mosul share their housetops with innumerable storks, who build their ragged nests on the highest places "in utter disregard of the laws of gravity." Four great, preposterous specimens of the species stood, in the early morning, on a wall beside the room where he was, he continues, and he dimly realized that they were performing their morning toilet. They took no notice of him. But a loud noise like someone rattling a stick in a wooden bucket attracted his attention. Then somebody else with another bucket made a similar noise in a different key, and he wondered what in the world could they be doing to the buckets. Then it dawned upon him that half the population of Mosul must be rattling buckets, for the sound came from far and near, faint or loud according to distance, and in a hundred different keys. Then came a loud rattle close beside him. "Within nine feet of him," he says, "stood a solemn stork, the toilet over, his attitude of graceful balance on one leg. The noise which I had heard from all over the city came straight from his beak, the hollow upper and lower halves of which he was striking together with incredible rapidity."

In the Bazaars and Square.

The bazaars of Mosul are not the attractive places they might be expected to be in a city of so much traffic. As William Warfield says in his book, "The Gate of Asia," they are rarely roofed, and are furnished only with the commonest wares. The shopkeepers are generally Christians, but there are many Arabs. Garden produce is often sold in the squares in open markets, and at any time venders may be seen talking in the streets, with eggs or cucumbers in a basket, while the mosque courtyards are favored places for sweetment sellers, who display "Turkish delight" on scalloped copper trays. The bazaars radiate from a picturesque a square quite near the bridge, which is the center of the town. To the south and southwest are the drapers, shoemakers and harness makers; to the northwest the greengrocers, while the potters and dealers in hardware are to be found in narrow stores opening on a street that runs to the north.

As to the square itself, it is, of course, one of the famous meeting places of Mosul. Here the caravans are gathered together, and their owners sit on the famous second-story gallery of a coffee shop, while the muleteers stroll about the crowded place, or lounge among bales covered with brown and white striped sackcloth. These men are almost always Kurds, those from the southern and eastern tribes dressed in tunics, zouave jackets and turbans. They wear baggy trousers reaching to their feet, which are covered with brogues of heavy hemp or rawhide.

Site of Ancient Nineveh.

For many people the great attraction of a visit to Mosul, the most inaccessible place in the sultan's dominion, lies across the famous "bridge of boats" at the other side of the Tigris, where the huge, formless mounds, rising up out of the sand, mark the site of the ancient city of Nineveh. Any attempt to tell the story of Nineveh would involve a journey back to the very beginning of things. Later Assyrian writers declare with confidence that its story ran back as a matter of course to the "creation of the world," but, as a matter of fact, the first firm ground in the midst of tradition is reached about the year 2200 B. C. That wonderfully vivid period in Nineveh's history with which the world, especially recently, has become familiar, lies between the ninth and sixth centuries B. C. In this period the reign of Sennacherib is of course by far the most important.

Nineveh, however, depended entirely for its greatness and power upon the conquering spirit of its rulers and the military glory and powers of its armies, and when these were ultimately defeated the city fell, never to rise again, and its very site was quickly forgotten among the nations.

When Hubby Displayed Tact.

Wife—"Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home." Husband—"At the counter where that pretty little blonde serves? The one with the soulful eyes and—" Wife—"No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought I won't bother you."

Why Joe Left Home.

"Dear Joe—Come home. Forgive and forget. I have destroyed the book of war recipes.—Violet."—Tit-Bits.

MANY KINDS, AND ALL GOOD

That Would Seem to Be the Verdict of Humanity on the Great Question of Pies.

They were talking about pies and discussing which was the best, and, what we gathered from the cheerful controversy, all were the best.

The person who stood up for the good old apple pie was just as eloquent in his references to the peach or pumpkin pie. In fact, each person would hurry through the praise of one kind of pie in order to champion another, which convinced us that of all the varieties of food in this world the pie is the blessedest.

Sometimes you will find a man who doesn't eat pie, but watch him. Pie is a remedy for many distempers. We one time cured a ferocious sick headache with a quarter of mince pie, and that, too, on the advice of a physician.

One of the party never heard of a mulberry pie, and what a barren life she must have led. We are through with the cherry pie era and with what joy it has filled the world! We come to the berry era, and first of all there is the huckleberry pie, which berry has rescued from sunshine and soil all the grace of the earth. If a man does not like a huckleberry pie, it is because the pie or himself has not been well made. The black raspberry pie stands away up on the snowy peaks of perfection and for picnic purposes it is unparalleled. When we eat raspberry pie in the woods we feel that the Dryads are feeding us from their lily white hands.

There are other glorious pies, of course, but we must have room to say that the glory of a pie is in the grace and charm of the cook. The pastry depends upon her temper, and the pastry is three-fourths of a pie. If we were going to get married again, we would arrange a pastry-making contest, and the damsel that made the best pastry we would marry—if we could.—Ohio State Journal.

UNABLE TO ANALYZE DRUG

Intoxicating Principles of Powerful Narcotic, "Cohoba," Remain a Mystery to Chemists.

When Columbus arrived at the island of Haiti he and his followers were interested to observe a curious practice of the natives, who were accustomed on ceremonial occasions to make use of a narcotic snuff productive of a sort of hypnotic state, with vision supposed to be supernatural.

The tribal wizards, or priests, while under the influence of the drug, were accustomed to hold communication with unseen powers, and their mutterings were construed as prophecies and revelations of hidden things.

The snuff was called "cohoba," and, in the form of a fine powder, was inhaled through a forked wooden tube, the forks being inserted in the nostrils and the lower end of the tube buried in a little heap of the snuff, which was held on a tray of carved wood. Sometimes large snail shells were used for snuff boxes.

The mimosa-like tree from which the snuff is obtained is plentiful along the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon. It grows in Haiti, Porto Rico and other islands of the Antilles. The seeds yielded by its pods are dried, roasted and ground to powder, which is sometimes mixed with lime from calcined snail shell.

Only recently has this tree been identified by Dr. W. E. Safford of the government plant bureau as the source of the snuff, the origin of which has hitherto been a puzzle. The chemical properties of the drug are still unknown and so its intoxicating principle remains a mystery.

Frightful Experience.

"What was my most thrilling experience?" mused the ex-pilot. "Ah! I could never forget it. It was a bright starlight night, but the lurid flashes around us obscured all else as we sped through the air. The advancing enemy was hard upon us, while all around we heard the weird, savage music so terribly familiar, and the thud as of a thousand falling meteors. We dived, looped, corkscrewed till our senses were numbed. I felt a sharp pain in my right foot, a dull weight in my side—I was falling, falling—and knew no more till I found myself lying on the ground badly smashed some hours later."

"And that was really your record aerial engagement?"

"No," he replied; "it was my first experiment with the jazz."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Paying the War Cost.

Referring to the cost of the war, Secretary of War Baker told the finance committee of the senate and house that the total outgo in round numbers would be $30,000,000,000; but $9,000,000,000 of this was loans to our allies. Nearly a third of the net cost has already been paid out of money raised by taxation. The other two-thirds was obtained from the five Liberty loans. If we pay a billion a year, besides interest, we can clear off the war cost in about twenty-one years.

Big Contribution to War.

One of the most striking contributions of the United States to the war was the enormous quantity of smokeless powder high explosives produced, says the Scientific American. From April 1, 1917, to November 11, 1918, we produced 632 million pounds of smokeless powder, which was almost exactly equal to the combined output of France and Great Britain.

A SPRAINED ANKLE

By BLANCHE D. STICKNEY.

Eleanor Hanson was joyfully looking forward to putting aside school duties for two months of "do-as-you-like" at one of New England's beaches.

Before going, she was to chaperon during the last week of June a group of girls from her "math" class at a camp at Pride's Brook. At nine o'clock on the Saturday morning after school closed, the merry group was at the station, each laden with a suitcase and a box of home-made goodies. She received the exhortations of anxious mothers to be watchful that Mary didn't catch cold and that Francena rubbed her arm three times a day with that green liniment which was in her suitcase.

As Miss Hanson got on the train, she began to wonder whether she had taken more on her shoulders than she had calculated. But this thought stayed only a moment, for the admiration of the girls for her was omnipresent.

"Oh, Miss Hanson," ejaculated Marjorie Thorpe, "you will sit here with Ethel and Mabel and me, won't you? Oh, we've got to tell you all about the junior prom last night."

"Well, Miss Hanson, if you do that, we're going to engage you right now to be with us coming back," called the spokesman for the other three.

After the suitcases were adjusted and everybody settled, Miss Hanson heard a most detailed account of the previous night's prom, together with schoolgirls' impressions of the faculty. It seemed such a short trip when the conductor called out, "Next station Pride's Brook. Pr-r-r-ride's Brook." As they alighted from the train, a gentle breeze came their way, bringing the odors of wild flowers and country air. They found an old democratic wagon at the station waiting to take them to Camp Breeze. For one of the girls it was her first visit to the country, and she looked with great wonderment at everything about her. When old Dobbin began to slow up the girls noticed the little groups of cottages. They were greeted by a most cordial host and hostess, who had run the place for many summers.

One afternoon Miss Hanson decided to rest on the veranda and read while the girls went to the village. They didn't return at the time they said they would, but she knew girls and so did not worry. Soon, however, she was attracted by calls of: "Oh, Miss Hanson, come quick!" She rushed to the girls and found Ethel Stanton being caried by two young men.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried. Before giving Ethel herself a chance to explain, Marjorie Thorpe said: "Oh, we were all running home, one trying to beat the other, and Ethel turned her ankle and fell. We didn't know what we were going to do, no autos or nothing came until finally Mr. Cross, who has a camp of young men up the road a little ways, came by and offered to help."

"I really don't think, Miss Hanson," he volunteered, "that you need have cause for worry. There are no bones broken, but as it was somewhat painful, it seemed advisable for her not to walk on it. If you do not object, I will be over after supper with something I have in my first-aid kit which I know will benefit her."

"May we not invite the young men, too, Miss Hanson, they have been so good to us?" asked the girls.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "we should be glad to have you all come. I am more than grateful for your valuable help this afternoon. We will look for you all tonight."

There was such great excitement in preparation for the evening that supper and the lame ankle were but trivial matters. In an hour or so a group of five splendid young men came tramping up the piazza.

The ankle had first attention, and Mr. Cross, who was decidedly opposite to the idea his name conveyed, assured Ethel that her ankle would probably be all right to walk on the next day.

When Mr. Cross asked Miss Hanson if they were enjoying their stay, she replied: "We like it so much that already we had planned to come next year."

The little house was lively that night with everything from a Virginia reel to the latest one-step. Even Ethel, who thought that her time was spoiled; was the center of attraction at the close of each dance when she daintily served fruit punch to the merry party. For the few remaining days, needless to say, there were many visits to the cottage and canoeing parties.

The night before they were to leave the girls gave a farewell party. During the last dance Mr. Cross gradually directed Miss Hanson's steps to a remote corner of the piazza and said: "Miss Hanson, our friendship has meant so much to me these few days. Must I wait until a year from now before I hear from you or see you again?"

What she said was not heard, but a few days before the camping party started off the next year, her fellow teachers discovered a beautiful solitaire on Miss Hanson's hand.

Almost simultaneously Mabel Winsted came rushing down the corridor to a group of girls and said excitedly: "Say, whom do you suppose I saw out autoing yesterday? Mr. Cross and Miss Hanson."

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)