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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon. Friday, February 8, 1924

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FATE DIRECTING

By JANE GORDON

UNCLE HORACE walked up and down the room, a flush of excitement upon his still handsome face. "You will like Miss Belinda," he told his nephew. "I may as well confess that I was long ago engaged to her; she threw me over; but she has remained unmarried through the years, as have I. My old friend has written me that she is coming to visit in town this afternoon and will take dinner with us this evening. She will wait to be called for at the museum, which she best wishes to visit. Unfortunately a business appointment will prevent me from meeting her there, and the duty falls upon you, Bob."

Bob Meredith arose from his comfortable position on the couch to obey his uncle's request. He had every reason to please Uncle Horace and was mighty fond of this kind relative with whom he made his home.

"I will recognize the lady of your youthful dreams, no doubt," he replied. "To think my matter-of-fact uncle had his romance! Who would have believed it?"

Uncle Horace smiled and hurried to attend to the decorative details of the dinner.

So it happened that Mr. Bob Meredith, after a wearisome hour of futile waiting in the museum, sat down dispiritedly upon one of the benches of the tapestry room. He closed his eyes against the glaring vision of the shining marble bust that confronted him—then opened them abruptly as a tinkling object rolled to rest at his feet. Bob stooped to pick up the object; his eyes opened wider at the surprising sight of a diamond ring. A lady's ring was this wandering jewel, which he held in his hand. He jumped to his feet, walked the length of the corridor, and was considering turning the property over to the attendant when, turning a second time, he saw a young woman upon her knees on the marble floor, in evident search of a missing article.

"You have lost—," began Horace.

"My diamond ring," answered the seeker, excitedly.

Bob Meredith was about to announce his finding of the jewel when a thought occurred to him—and far from honest Bob was duplicitous, as a rule.

"If you have been in other parts of the gallery," he suggested, "it might be well to search there. May I help you? I have nothing else to do—waiting for a tardy arrival."

The young woman arose, gratefully accepting the offered assistance. "You see," she explained as they ascended together the steps to the art gallery, "it is very important that I find the ring at once. The ring was a gift before I went away to school—in fact, my aunt gave it to me, and tonight she has written that she must have it back. I was waiting for her here. I can't imagine why she should be so anxious for present possession of the ring—but if I cannot find it—"

The girl again looked up at Bob and again Bob experienced that strange, yet far from unpleasant thrilling sensation.

"You will find it," he confidently assured her.

But it was not until they had made the round of the galleries together and had returned to the tapestry room that Bob, handing over the jewel, confessed.

"Did you ever," he asked, "hear of love at first sight? Fate sent that ring rolling to my feet. Before you go—please, I beg of you—let me know at least where I may be able to see you again and be properly presented."

The girl smiled a whimsical smile. "Fate," she answered pertly, "must direct you."

She was gone.

An attendant approached the discouraged Bob. "Mr. Meredith?" he questioned. "Someone trying to get you over the telephone."

Uncle Horace's smooth tone reached him across the wire.

"Bob? You must have missed Miss Belinda. She came out in a taxi, after failing to find you. Come home, lad, and meet the most charming woman in this side of Paradise."

Bob went home gloomily. The most charming woman this side of Paradise had recently left him, with a bewitching though mocking smile. When he met Miss Belinda, however, his apathy vanished; he had caught sight of a diamond flashing from Miss Belinda's slim finger—"the diamond" in its faint setting. He was stammering out a courteous greeting when a second unbelievable miracle happened.

A younger replica of Miss Belinda's sweet face smiled at him—still mockingly across her aunt's shoulder. "My niece, Mr. Meredith," Miss Belinda was saying; "she, too, missed me at the museum, but we met, fortunately, as I was stepping into the taxi at the door."

"I understand now," remarked Miss Blue Eyes, as she and Bob sat at the perfectly appointed dinner table, "why Aunt was so eager to have her ring tonight. I believe she intends to renew her old engagement."

"And it?" returned the happy Bob, "still believe in fate—and in love at first sight."

When Uncle Horace and Bob had returned from escorting their guests home Uncle Horace said awfully: "To think of that dear woman cherishing that ring through all the years!"

WOODROW WILSON



Former President Woodrow Wilson, who died in Washington, D. C., Sunday morning.

M'ADOO PROTESTS DRAGGING IN NAME

Los Angeles.—William G. McAdoo received \$150,000; not \$250,000, as stated by E. L. Doherty to the senate oil lease investigation committee, for legal services to the Doherty companies, according to a declaration made at McAdoo's office here.

When shown a report of the Doherty testimony Mr. McAdoo issued a statement characterizing as "wholly without justification of any sort" the dragging in of his name at the oil issue lease probe.

In his formal statement the ex-secretary of the treasury and director-general of the railroads declared that "never at any time" had he been employed or consulted regarding any oil leases anywhere in the United States. He simplified this assertion with the explanation that his advice to the Doherty companies had been entirely in connection with their business in Mexico.

BRIEF GENERAL NEWS

The Poincare government obtained a majority of 168 in a test vote in the French chamber of deputies on its programme for new taxes and economic reforms.

Organized labor has opened a fight on the nomination of George B. Christian, secretary to the late President Harding, to be a member of the federal trade commission.

Diplomatic relations between Germany and France and Belgium, strained by the Ruhr invasion, have been restored with the appointment of German ambassadors to the two allied capitals.

The senate ratified the general claims convention with the United States, settling claims for loss of American lives and damage to property of American nationals during the various revolutionary and bandit movements in Mexico.

PROHIBITION OFFICER SUED

Damages Asked for Raid on Woman's Home Christmas Eve.

Portland, Or.—George L. Cleaver, state prohibition commissioner, who recently filed a petition in bankruptcy, was made defendant in a damage action for \$10,000, instituted by Mrs. George Peterson, whose home was raided by state dry agents on Christmas eve.

Mrs. Peterson says that the acts of Cleaver in having his deputies swear to an affidavit for a search warrant and then search the premises "were performed with reckless disregard of the rights of this plaintiff and with malicious intent to harass and annoy the plaintiff and to invade the privacy of her home and home life."

She sets forth that Cleaver caused his deputies to enter her home forcibly and to pry into her living quarters, her clothing, supplies and private belongings, but that no intoxicating liquor was found.

Ex-Professor Wins \$100,000 Bok Prize. Philadelphia.—Charles Herbert Levermore of New York, student of international relations, writer and ex-college professor, was announced as the winner of the \$100,000 prize offered by Edward W. Bok, Philadelphia publisher, for the best plan to preserve peace among the nations of the world.

Sale of Treasury Certificates Stopped. Washington, D.C.—The government, by stopping the sale of its treasury savings certificates in 17 western and middle western states, stepped aside so that available local funds hereafter may be applied to the relief of agriculture and banks in the stringent credit area.

Rail Wage Increase Granted. New York.—The New York Central Railroad company announced that it had agreed with leaders of the "big four" unions to grant conductors and trainmen wage increases upon the same terms as were granted engineers and firemen last January 22.

WOODROW WILSON CALLED BY DEATH

Digestive Derangement Is Immediate Cause of Ex-President's Demise.

Washington, D. C.—Former President Wilson died at 11:15 a. m. Sunday. The end came when vitality could no longer retard the steady dissolution which set in with the stroke of paralysis that laid him low in 1919. The end was peaceful; life ebbed away while he slept.

With a tenacity born of the old indomitable spirit that carried him through so many desperate battles in the momentous days of his service in the White House, he clung to life after those about him had all but abandoned hope of his recovery.

Dr. Grayson, his friend and physician, announced the end of the great war president in this bulletin:

"Mr. Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock. His heart's action became feeble and feeble, and the heart muscle was so fatigued that it refused to act any longer. The end came peacefully."

Indigestion Immediate Cause. "The remote causes of death lie in his ill health, which began more than four years ago, namely, general arterio-sclerosis with haemiplegia. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion following a digestive disturbance which began in the early part of last week but did not reach an acute stage until the early morning hours of February 1."

Last Friday the grim reaper had forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase and

stood counting off the ticks of the great clock. Saturday night he knocked on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At 9 o'clock he rattled the knob and called to the peaceful but prostrate figure on the bed—a great bed, long and wide, replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk American flag just over the head board.

Watchers Knew Battle Lost. The watchers knew the battle was lost. At the portal of the door, now open, the faithful negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained with all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the wan, withered right hand that had proved the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was his eldest daughter, Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. Close by, tears welling from his eyes and coursing down his cheeks, was Dr. Grayson, taking the measure of the fluttering pulse, weaker and fainter with each effort.

Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils. Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around the world.

No State Funeral. Funeral services for Woodrow Wilson were conducted privately at the residence at 8 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

After the service, attended only by the family and immediate friends, the body was taken to Bethlehem chapel, Washington cathedral, at Mount St. Albans in northwest Washington, until its final resting place is decided upon.

The family decided against a state funeral, and plans that had been in the making for the body to lie in state in the rotunda of the capitol were abandoned.

The small company which gathered in the S street home for the private services included President and Mrs. Coolidge, Chief Justice William H. Taft of the supreme court, a few senators and other officials who were particularly close to the late president and the members of the family.

EX-SECRETARY FALL DECLINES TO ANSWER

Authority of Senate Committee Investigating Oil Leases Is Challenged.

Washington, D. C.—Albert B. Fall declined to testify further before the senate oil committee which seeks more light on the unpaid loans aggregating \$125,000 made to him by E. L. Doherty and Harry F. Sinclair, whose oil companies obtained leases of naval oil reserves from him while he was secretary of the interior.

Fall gave two major reasons why he declined to reply. The first was that the authority given by the last congress had expired; and the second, that in the light of the action of congress in directing institution of court action, civil and criminal, in the oil lease cases, any answers he would make might tend to incriminate him.

Voting to obtain a new grant of authority from the senate, the committee directed Mr. Fall to appear again. Should he persist in his refusal to testify, senators said the issue of contempt would be clearly drawn.

Pomerene Named Prosecutor. President Coolidge selected Atlee Pomerene, democratic ex-senator from Ohio, in place of Thomas W. Gregory to serve as general counsel with Silas H. Strawn in prosecuting the oil lease cases.

The executive definitely made up his mind not to retain Mr. Gregory, who was his first selection as democratic counsel, because of the testimony given by Mr. Doherty that Mr. Gregory had acted as counsel for oil companies.

William G. McAdoo, candidate for the democratic nomination for president, and Thomas W. Gregory, selected by President Coolidge to assist in the prosecution of the oil lease cases, have had employment as counsel for oil interests, Edward L. Doherty, California oil magnate, testified before the senate investigating committee.

Mr. Doherty said he personally had retained McAdoo after his retirement as secretary of the treasury; that he thought his company had paid him, "all told," about \$250,000 in fees, and that he now pays him a retainer of \$50,000 a year.

His company and a half-dozen other oil companies employed Mr. Gregory after he quit as attorney-general. Mr. Doherty stated, in connection with Mexican oil matters.

Daugherty's Acts Queried. An investigation into the conduct of war fraud cases by Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty was ordered by the senate, in passing a resolution calling upon the department of justice to bare its records in prosecutions.

The resolution, sponsored by Senator George W. Norris, was passed without a record vote.

The Norris resolution requested Daugherty to tell whether he had ever entered any agreements with those accused of war frauds to grant immunity in return for cash settlements, alleged to have been obtained from the government by fraud.

Cut in 1923 Taxes Favored. Income tax payers would receive a reduction in their 1923 taxes payable this year under a provision voted by republican members of the house ways and means committee.

The amount of reduction has not been determined, but Chairman Green, author of the proposal, said it might be as high as 25 per cent. It would apply to the taxes after they have been computed and to all personal income taxpayers.

Mr. Green explained that the reduction was aimed at immediate relief, whereas application of the rates in both the Mellon and Garner plans would begin on this year's taxes.

A navy-building bill, calling for an appropriation of \$97,000,000, was introduced in the house by Chairman Butler of the house naval affairs committee.

It provides for eight new scout cruisers costing \$11,000,000 each, and six new gunboats costing \$700,000 each, exclusive of armament and armor.

Increase of equipment and personnel of the coastguard to fight the rum runners and smugglers along the coast lines were recommended by President Coolidge in a message to congress.

The president asks a total appropriation of \$13,853,989. The coastguard would be increased temporarily by 75 commissioned officers, 261 warrant officers and 2205 enlisted men.

The settlement plan of the \$9,000,000 debt of Finland to the United States as prepared by the world war debt commission, was approved by the house. The debt payments are spread over a period of 60 years.

Ground Squirrels to Be Killed. Spokane, Wash.—Storage of 80,000 pounds of calcium cyanide, to be used in a concerted attack this season on the Columbia ground squirrel in eastern Washington, has been made here, according to an announcement by Virgil Patton, county agricultural agent.

LEIGH C. PALMER



Leigh C. Palmer, formerly an admiral in the United States navy and in charge of the bureau of navigation during the world war, has been made president of the emergency fleet corporation.

POISON FOOD IS FATAL TO SEVEN

Albany, Or.—Seven persons were dead and three others were dying here as the result of eating home-canned beans, which were believed to have spoiled and thus produced the deadly poison known as botulism.

The dead are: Marie Gerbig, 7; Hilda Gerbig, 10; Mrs. Paul Gerbig, 34, their mother; Mrs. Gottfried Ruchling, sister of Paul Gerbig; Gottfried Ruchling; Reinhold Gerbig, father of Mrs. Gerbig; Werner Yunker, 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Yunker of Seio.

The family dined together Saturday at the home of the grandmother, Mrs. Reinhold Gerbig, in Albany. She admitted that the condition of the beans when she opened them aroused her suspicions but she considered them wholesome. Other members of the dinner party remarked as to their peculiar twang. It was not until Sunday afternoon that symptoms of the fatal malady appeared. Little Marie Gerbig was the first to die.

A few hours later her sister Hilda succumbed. Since then the seven other afflicted members of the family have battled against the growing symptoms of affliction.

BRITAIN RECOGNIZES RUSSIA

Soviet Representatives Invited to London for Conference.

London.—The government of soviet Russia has been accorded recognition by Great Britain, and according to the text of a note given out at the foreign office embodying the government's communication to the soviet, diplomatic relations after a six-year suspension are to be resumed.

The recognition is unconditional and leaves all questions of treaties, debts, claims and other obligations to be settled later by agreement between the two governments. Russia is invited to send representatives to England to negotiate a treaty settling all outstanding questions.

Indiana Interurban Crash Kills 18. Fortville, Ind.—Eighteen persons are believed to have been killed and from 20 to 50 were injured when two trains on the Anderson division of the Indiana Union Traction company met in a head-on collision on a curve two miles east of here.

U. S. Roquefort Cheese. America is to have its own roquefort cheese, which will look, taste, and smell just like that which has been made near the village of Roquefort in southern France for 2,000 years. The French roquefort is made from sheep milk and ripened in cool, windy caves. Lacking the strain of milking sheep and the windy caves, United States government experts have successfully substituted cow's milk and built insulated curing rooms where conditions found in the original Roquefort caverns are simulated.

Efficient. Willis—How is the efficiency expert coming on at your office?
Gillis—Fine. He was such a success for the boss that we employed him for a week.

"Did he make good?"
"I'll say he did! He showed us a new way to beat the time clock, taught us a lot of brand new excuses for being late, and how to hook the boss's cigars without being caught."

Ostrich-Feather Industry. The United States formerly took about half of the South African production of ostrich feathers, but changes in fashion have reduced the American demand, and the industry today is in a very depressed condition. South African exports of ostrich feathers amounted to about \$2,000,000 in 1922, compared with \$15,000,000 in 1917.

THE SONG

By MOLLIE MATHER

ALAN drove slowly, his thoughtful gaze bent as though in admiration upon the passing scene. But it was an absent gaze, for Alan was troubled about Barry—Barry now successful beyond belief in his chosen profession, as an actor. Yet far from happy in his heralded fame, Alan was sure. There was trouble, undoubtedly, in the handsome harrassed features Barry had not given his confidence; Alan would have to think out the problem. Across his thought came memories of unfailing kindly deeds during those college days.

The vine-covered pillars of a broken gateway attracted Alan's attention. It was a picturesque path that led—all crimson and golden bordered trees—down a long lane. No house was visible, but at the end of that glorified path must be an abode, perhaps in keeping with the neglected pillars of the gates. As Alan drove, a singing voice came to him, faint, then clearer and sweeter, as the singer made her way toward the gates. It was a marvelous voice; Alan drew up, astonished, to listen. An old-fashioned song the singer chose—"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true." He faced a sob in the quivering notes, born, no doubt, of mere sympathetic skill—

Wad ye come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true?

Alan leaped from the car in eager curiosity to see a wonder singer in this isolated country. What could have brought one of great gift to the lonely house of the deserted lane? He intended to make pretense of seeking aid; his car, he would say, was stalled on the wayside—not necessary to say that he himself had stalled that car, with a purpose.

He found her just inside the gate—a small creature, with wistful eyes and a lovely face—a saddened face which made Alan long instinctively to tempt into the brightness of a smile. He had intended to make his request for assistance; instead Alan heard himself saying truly, "I stopped because I heard you sing."

"I love to sing," she answered simply, and waited.

"To hear such a voice in such an unaccustomed spot is surprising," Alan returned. Then suddenly he leaned forward staring. "It does not seem at all possible that I should find the incomparable Natalie here," he said, "yet one who has heard Natalie sing in public—who has seen her—could be mistaken in no other."

"I came," she said presently, "to stop for a time in the old home that I knew in childhood, where lives now my childhood nurse. It was necessary that I should have rest complete, seclusion absolute. Natalie relies upon the honor of a gentleman to keep her secret. My impulsive song betrayed my hiding place."

Alan gave promise of secrecy in his clasp of the small hand outstretched to him and throughout the homeward drive, throughout his solitary dinner afterward, the silvery tones of the famed Natalie's voice echoed:

Wad ye come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true?

The tremulous break at the end of the song still caught at his heart strings. When he called that evening for a farewell word with Barry, the actor met him excitedly. "Read this," he cried, and thrust a paper into Alan's hand.

Alan read, at first perplexed, then in understanding:

"Recent public discussion of possible engagement between prominent actor and 'movie' star reveals secret marriage of same actor and well-known singer. This marriage, it is said, took place last spring and was to have been made public when Barry Blain had completed the summer engagement with his company. Marriage now threatened to end in separation, while the actor's bride remains hidden in her unknown retreat."

"Beastly papers," Douglas was saying heatedly. "They write up a lot of stuff without foundation; Natalie saw it, ran away and hid some place where neither I nor my agents can find her. It was her wish that the marriage be kept secret until fall, when we might both retire from public life to live in domestic happiness. I've been about crazy over the affair. If I could see her for but a moment I'm sure I could make her understand. She loves me—and she is the one woman in my life—now or ever."

Barry's voice broke; the break recalled to Alan the tremulous ending of a song.

"Barry," Alan said, "I want you to get into my car. I am going to drive you to an old house in the country. I am breaking a promise of honor in this, but a young woman walks about the grounds of her old nurse's home, and she sings, 'Oh, would you come back to me, Douglas,' as if he meant it down to the ground."

And when later Alan had waited at the broken pillars until the moon was high in the sky, a young woman came to him there. The young woman laughed softly.

"Dear friend of my Douglas," Natalie said, "come in to see us joy."

Pretty Bad.
Mrs. Benham—Have you any bad debts?
Benham—Well, I forgot to pay the minister when we were married.