

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, April 11, 1913

Brief News of the Week

Examinations will be held at all army posts July 14 next for civilian candidates for appointments as second lieutenants in the mobile army. There are only a few vacancies.

The 137th legislature of New Jersey adjourned without passing a bill providing for jury reform. Failure to pass this measure is in opposition to the expressed wishes of President Wilson.

Shawneetown, which is 50 miles above Cairo, on the Ohio, was practically destroyed by the flood, but no lives have been lost. The water came up slowly and all had plenty of time to flee to the hills.

Parkersburg, W. Va., suffered the worst flood in its history during the recent inundations. A flood stage of 58.8 feet, six feet higher than ever before, has been reached. Only one death is reported.

The newspapers of Germany are enjoying themselves hugely over the antics of the suffragettes in England and are filled with suggestions how best to deal with these "vote hussies," "devil women," "fire witches," and "bashi bazookesses."

Nine pouches of registered mail, containing \$100,000 worth of postage stamps and new currency of approximately \$100,000, all water-soaked by the floods, reached the postoffice at St. Louis. The stamps are a total loss, but the money may be saved.

A federal grand jury at San Francisco will begin an investigation shortly of charges that prominent brokers of that city were guilty of criminal conspiracy to loot a federal bank depositary in trading with Charles F. Baker, the assistant cashier of the Crocker National bank, who has confessed to embezzling approximately \$200,000.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are necessary to relieve suffering among flood refugees in Indianapolis, according to the report of the general relief committee there. Three thousand families are reported to be totally or partially homeless, and it is said that \$100 will be required for each of these. State aid is being asked in Indiana by Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Peru and Logansport.

The Writer's Prayer.

Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. * * * Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.—Van Dyke.

Stage "Fire Dogs."

Here is an instance which, for simon pure stupidity, has rarely been equaled, writes Mary Shaw in the London Strand. A stage manager sent a list of properties to a small place ahead, naming, among other things, "dogs for the fireplace." When the company arrived, late in the afternoon, they found six or eight curs lashed up in the theater, barking and yelping and tugging at their chains. The stage manager, not knowing what these canines were there for, took no notice of them, but began going over his "props." With the property man at his elbow he ran down the list, asking what he could get and what he could not get. Presently he came to the item and asked, "What about the dogs?"

"Well," answered the man, pointing to the yelpers, "these were all I could get."

The stage manager for the first time realized what he was for, but he didn't want to give the local property man away before the others, so he very seriously and critically inspected the dogs and then said, shaking his head almost sadly:

"I'm afraid they aren't just the right kind. You had better send them back."

East Indian Acrobats.

The wandering acrobats of India, says a writer in the Wide World, are recruited from a low caste of people called "Dombarsenos," who live by this profession alone. The children are trained from their earliest childhood and do not receive any education in schools. They travel from village to town and give their performances, which are really wonderful, in the open air before crowds of onlookers. Their tricks are quaint and sometimes astonishingly clever. Supported by one another, these men will balance themselves in a crazy kind of pyramid rising fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and one of their number will then climb this living pyramid with a heavy weight in his teeth. Balancing not yet able to walk the often seen being made use of in the most dangerous manner during these performances. Rajahs and rich Indians are very fond of the acrobatic displays and engage the best of the men to perform before their guests at entertainments.

How Names Are Changed.

There was a curious transformation of names among the refugees who flocked to England after the revolution of the edict of Nantes. Many of the Huguenots translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of the sense. Boileau became Drinkwater; Delamere, Bithames; Joffemine, Prettymann; Loiseau, Bird; Lefevre, Smith; Dubois, Wood, and Savage, Savage or Wild.

Some names became so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Chapuis became Shoppe; Besufoy, Boffin, and Conde, Cundy. Similar havoc, though on a less extensive scale, has been played with English names in France. Marzarin's successor, Colbert, descended from an Englishman named Colbert, and the real names of the famous artist who decorated Versailles were not Lowbrun, but Brown. And we may compare that with the Tolfers, who are the Tolfores of France.

INSTEAD OF MADELINE

An Exchange Agreeable to Both Parties

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Griffin was sitting at the telephone ordering a long list of groceries and other things for dinner when she heard the rattle of an auto outside, and Jeffrey Vincent appeared. Walking in and straight to her, he asked if Madeline was in. He wished to take her to ride in his auto.

"I'm so sorry, Jeffrey, but Madeline has disappeared! I believe she has gone to her dress-maker's, and if that is so she will not come until after luncheon because she was to meet Cleo Delphin there and they were going—oh, never mind, you say? But, Jeffrey, don't you want to take little Sylvia with you? She would dearly love the trip down to Silversands and—very well, that's a dear boy. I'll tell her to be ready in fifteen minutes."

"Sylvia," she called to the young girl reading in the window, "can't you put on your things and drive down to Silversands with Jeffrey? It's a fifty mile run down there, and I know he is disappointed that Madeline has forgotten all about the engagement and I've told him you would go." She looked expectantly at Sylvia's slowly flushing face.

"Why, of course, Aunt Bee, if it will help out any," she said, rather reluctantly, "only, of course, I feel as though I had been thrust upon him. I know he'd rather have Madeline."

"Of course he would rather have Madeline!" replied Madeline's mother emphatically. "He is deeply in love with her, and I am positive that he would have proposed on this motor drive if she had not run away. What does the child mean by throwing away such a splendid chance?" Mrs. Griffin



AGAIN JEFFREY LOOKED DOWN AT HER.

asked this question of nobody in particular, for she was staring out of the window.

Sylvia felt very uncomfortable. "Well, if Mr. Vincent is willing to take me along instead of Madeline I better get ready," she said and left the room.

"If Sylvia was a little older and better poised I would be afraid to send her off with Jeffrey," mused Mrs. Griffin as she looked after the slim, young figure of her niece. "She certainly will become a beauty—that pale gold hair and those wide gray eyes. Well, after Madeline is married I will do the best I can for Sylvia."

Sylvia was a charming figure in one of Madeline's motor coats and with a most becoming little bonnet framing her face. In spite of the embarrassment she felt in accompanying Jeffrey Vincent in place of Madeline, whom he undoubtedly admired, she could not help a delightful sense of anticipation at the unexpected pleasure before her. As the powerful car sped up the avenue toward the post road she shot a brief upward glance at Jeffrey Vincent's stately set face.

At the same moment he looked down at her, and their glances met and involuntarily the gravity of his face relaxed before the perfect joy in hers.

"Great, isn't it?" he asked, referring to the fresh spring air and sunshine and intoxication of swift motion.

"Perfectly lovely," sighed Sylvia.

"You can't beat these roads out in Wisconsin," he teased her.

"You can't beat our prairies for riding," she retorted. "I'd rather spend one day out there on horseback than one day here in a motor—oh, dear, what have I said?" she breathed in a panic of dismay.

Jeffrey laughed. "You're merely giving me your version of the lines."

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

"I've done some riding in Wyoming myself," he added tactfully, "and there's nothing like it under the sun."

"Not even motoring?" asked Sylvia eagerly. She was jealous for that western home of hers. In the east they looked upon her as a barbarian. Their criticisms hurt because she had left all that she had to love out there—the graves of her parents.

"Not excepting motoring!" declared Vincent.

"That's nice of you," murmured Sylvia. "I should not have said that, because I am having a lovely time, and it is good of you to take me instead of Madeline."

"The pleasure is mine," protested Vincent, but Sylvia thought to a later reference to Madeline had been the subject of his thoughts at that time. He was very quiet for a boy after that.

It was a lovely ride along the shore of the sound, with now and then a detour through some shaded road. They reached Silversands at 2 o'clock and had luncheon at an inn that overhung the water. It was a novel and delightful experience for the girl who had never seen anything save the rolling plains of her loved western home.

As they sped homeward she shyly thanked Jeffrey for the pleasure he had given her. "I really believe I shall turn traitor to my horses," she smiled.

Again Jeffrey looked down at her, and their eyes met in a strange glance. Gray eyes and brown were withdrawn, but there was a new, sweet sensation flooding Sylvia's being, while Jeffrey looked dizzily ahead between the twin pillars of dust that went before his tires.

He had admired Madeline Griffin and believed that he wanted her for his wife, but he had never felt like this when they were together. Usually they wrangled over unimportant matters. But Madeline was a beauty, an imperious one, and he had had no difficulty in persuading himself that he was in love with her. As for Madeline—if there was room in her heart for any one save herself it was occupied by Teddy Blanton. If one judged by appearances. From sheer jealousy and doggedness Jeffrey had sworn that he would win Madeline for his wife, but now—somehow he didn't care.

He realized that to marry meant something more than carrying off the season's beauty, but he had been dazzled by her. Here was little Sylvia. He looked down at her charming face and promptly forgot all about Madeline.

The way homeward was taken more leisurely, for Jeffrey wanted to talk to Sylvia. They became quite good friends during the afternoon, and when Jeffrey left her at the door of the Griffin home it was his determination to see her often.

Ere his car left the curb a trim maid ran down the steps and begged him to come within, as Mrs. Griffin wanted to speak to him.

Jeffrey found her in the library pale and anxious looking.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Griffin?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"

"I don't know what to do, Jeffrey," she said, with agitation. "Madeline has not been home."

"Well, that is not very unusual, is it?" he asked, with a reassuring smile.

"Perhaps she is with Cleo Delphin or Mrs. Griffin shook her head. "I cannot find any trace of her. Jeffrey, I have telephoned to Cleo as well as to several other girls—in fact, to every place where she might have been—but she has not been seen today. It is very strange." Her voice quavered.

"That is strange," agreed Jeffrey, worried in his turn. "Shall I go out and try to get some trace of her whereabouts? You know I'm something of a sleuth, and anyway I'm sure she'll be back by dinner time."

"Oh, do go and look for her, Jeffrey; there's a dear! Norah says Madeline wore her motor wraps; but she saw her walking down the avenue. That's all I know about it."

"Have patience, dear Mrs. Griffin. I'll telephone you the instant I learn she's safe." He hurried out, meeting Sylvia in the doorway. "Your suit needs you," he whispered and departed.

Sylvia and Mrs. Griffin spent an anxious evening. Hour after hour passed without word from Jeffrey Vincent, when all at once the desk telephone bell rang sharply.

Mrs. Griffin had been sitting before it all the time. She drew it toward her and spoke huskily.

"Yes," she called.

"Mrs. Griffin, this is Jeffrey Vincent. She is all right. I'm coming up to tell you at once. Goodbye!" before she could frame a question he had left his end of the wire.

The two watchers in the library waited his coming eagerly.

When his first step sounded in the hall Sylvia's heart flew up into her throat and then sank heavily, for she suddenly recollected that Jeffrey was Madeline's lover and she must stifle her own growing interest in him.

He looked grave when he came in and took Mrs. Griffin's hands. "A surprise," he said quietly. "Madeline is safe and well, but she was married to Teddy Blanton this afternoon, and they are on their honeymoon trip now in Blanton's motor."

"Married!" shrieked Mrs. Griffin in horror. Then, suddenly recollecting that Teddy Blanton was as good a match as Jeffrey Vincent, although the poor boy was dreadfully homesick of her and not at all "Madeline's style," she found room in her heart to pity Jeffrey.

"My poor, poor boy, what shall you do?" she cried.

Jeffrey did not appear to hear her, although his lips were smiling. He was looking down over her shoulder at Sylvia's lovely, flushed face. Brown eyes met gray once more, and in this glance each read the blisful fate in store for them.

Of course Jeffrey would have to marry Sylvia now instead of Madeline.

Heat That Makes Iron Boil.

Most remarkable of all the phases of the utilization of extreme heat is the discovery of the welding material known as thermite. The inventor discovered that aluminum is very much attracted to oxygen and holds it closer than a brother. Therefore he mixed granulated aluminum with oxide of iron, for the lighter metal wants oxygen, and the oxide of iron has it to give. A small quantity of magnesium filings was placed on top of the mixture and a storm match applied, and immediately a mass of molten iron was seen boiling at a temperature of 3,000 degrees centigrade—much higher than any temperature in ordinary use.—New York American.

Apprentice.

"I wonder they don't raise chickens on ships."

"On ships! Now, where in thunder would they raise chickens in ships?"

"Of course, in the hatchway."—Baltimore Sun.

Ether.

Ether was administered for the first time at the Massachusetts General hospital in 1846. The surgeon who operated at that time was Dr. J. C. Warren, and the etherizer was Dr. William T. G. Morton.

"Hands Up!"

A Detective Outwitted

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The theft had occurred in one of the Pullman coaches that was speeding across the Texas plains toward southern California, and there was a feeling of dread and uncertainty among the victims. There were eight passengers in that particular coach, and each one had lost a gold watch—nothing else.

The conductor had taken the names of the passengers and assured them that a search would be made at the next station, and it was hoped that the watches would be recovered, as a strict watch had been maintained and no passengers had been permitted to leave the train since the robbery.

All would have been well, only the engine had come wrong, and they were stalled out there on the prairie fifty miles from anywhere, and as the man in the brown suit explained, "Nobody knows but what the ruffianly thief is in one of the forward coaches this very instant."

"I hope he is not here!" exclaimed the thin dyspeptic looking woman who was known as Mrs. Biggs from Connecticut. She surveyed her traveling companions with a speculative eye that met cold responses.

There was the man in the brown suit—small and shriveled and thin he was, with a wispy of gray hair on the top of his head and a wispy of mustache on his upper lip. There was the stout man with the white hair, whom everybody knew to be above suspicion, for he was an Episcopal clergyman, and he had lost the gold watch which had been his grandfather's and he felt proportionately vexed about the matter.

His wife was a quiet drab sort of woman with a plaintive droop to her mouth and never a word to say on any subject. Her watch went as did the timepieces of all the others. There were four others in the coach—two bankers and their wives.

All of the eight had declared they had placed their watches under their pillows that night, and in the morning the watches had disappeared. That was all. The little brown man made the most fuss over the loss. He talked about it continually and only consented to speak of other matters when the conductor told him that there was a detective on board the train and that the stolen property before they reached the next station. If he didn't, well, the whole train would be searched—that was all.

Dinner was served in the coach instead of the dining car and proved to be a gloomy meal, for no one talked much except the bankers and their wives, and as they had plenty of money or appeared to have and as they seemed to consider that there were plenty more watches where theirs had come from they got up a comfortable indifference.

The clergyman and his wife and Mrs. Biggs and the brown man sat in moody silence in their respective chairs.

In the baggage car the conductor was talking to the detective.

"You're the doctor," said the trainman impatiently. "Use any method you choose, only try and clear the matter up. We'll be getting off in thirty minutes now."

"Then I'll just ask you to go along with me and—"

"No, indeed," ejaculated the conductor. "I'd show up five running along behind you with my hands held high in the air. What?"

"Oh, very well. I dare say I can get along all right alone," soothed the detective, rubbing a lean, brown hand along his shaven chin. He was a sharp-eyed chap, well dressed, with a certain springiness when he walked that showed he might be feet of foot if he had to pursue quarry in that manner.

"Then I'll go it alone," he asked, tossing away his cigar and tensing his muscles as if for business.

"You'll have to. I've put the matter in your hands, and it's up to you to recover the watches for these people or at least collar the thief."

"Provided he didn't make a getaway in the night after he hooked 'em," remarked the detective dryly.

"Not with us going the salt we was that night," protested the conductor.

"All right—here goes. I'll have to drop down to the ground and get on from the outside to make it more realistic, you know. Just go down and unlock the gate to that coach, will you, old man?"

The conductor lumbered through the train, stopped here and there in his course by the anxious inquiry of impatient passengers, but he was able

to provide them a start in ten minutes and there was a renewed cheerfulness on board.

As the conductor quietly unlocked the gate to the last car he heard the faint clank of metal and his ear was instantly alert.

"What's that?" he muttered into the darkness.

"Nothing but the clank of your gate, old man," reassured the detective's voice from the step.

"I thought it sounded different," remarked the conductor as he went back through the train and left the rear coach in the hands of the detective.

It had been planned that the detective should array himself like a bandit and hold up the passengers of the last coach, thus forcing them to give up what jewels they had, hoping thus to discover the thief if he was among the eight passengers in the last coach.

Ten minutes afterward, just as the engine shrieked a warning blast that they were once more in running order and the air was filled with the sound of rushing steam, the door of the rear coach suddenly opened and the eight passengers faced a genuine holdup.

"Hands up!" ordered the masked man in the doorway as he held a big revolver in either hand. There was instant obedience on the part of the eight passengers.

The masked man drove the four moody passengers down to the other end of the car, where the card players sat like statues, their hands high above their heads. Quickly, the man stripped them of their jewels, ordered them to open their bags and deliver their money and valuables. Like a flash his weapons were here, there and everywhere. Once he caught the little brown man edging away toward the door, and only the cold of the steel barrel brought the writhing passenger to a realization that he must give up more than he had lost before.

The highwayman left the brown man for the last. One by one he had stripped the others of everything that was of value, but still the missing watches had not come to light. Three revolvers sagged the pockets of the bandit, for the bankers had been armed. Now they huddled, a frightened, nervous looking group, against the rear door, while the brown man's torn came at last.

"Hands up!" ordered the masked man. "They are up," protested the brown man.

"Way up!" commanded the other.

The brown man stretched himself on tiptoe, and the masked man held a revolver to his ear while with the other hand he deftly went over the clothing of the train passenger. When he concluded he had collected in his pockets eight gold watches.

Immediately wrath broke upon the brown man's face. The seven traveling companions told him in language more or less carefully chosen what they thought of him. The bankers told what would become of him when he reached the next station, and the bankers' wives said they had known from the beginning that he was a desperate character.

Meantime the masked man was making a slow backward retreat for the door. He still held the two revolvers leveled at the heads of the twice injured passengers and was quite deaf to their appeals for the return of their property.

The brown man was explaining volubly that he was a detective and that instead of the masked man removing the stolen watches from his pockets they had come from the pockets of the masked man, who had skillfully used ledgerman to plant the rolls on the innocent passenger. None of the other passengers believed him, and so they fell to talking and protesting until the slam of the door brought them to a realization that the masked man was going, and so was their property.

With belated valor, the bankers sprang to the platform to witness the form of the bandit vanish in the shadows of the plain. They even heard his mocking laugh as he vanished, but they did not care. They were too engrossed in another amazing fact.

Their coach stood solitary in the midst of the plain. The remainder of the train had gone on and left it behind. Afterward they knew that the masked man had uncoupled the car just before he entered.

When the conductor discovered the loss of his Pullman coach the train was backed down fifteen miles and took it on, but there was pandemonium let loose for the conductor to quiet several astonishing facts came to light then and there.

First, the brown man really was a detective, and a great detective too. Then, the masked man really was a highwayman who had been on the train and had posed as a detective in order to complete his interrupted job of looting the parlor car. The conductor required several days of hard work and masterly figuring in order to make up a report that would not place him entirely in the wrong, and every individual in the rear coach vowed his and her intention to bring suit against the company for the outrage.

All this goes to show that sometimes things really are what they seem to be.

Distance of Planets.

The distance of the sun and planets from the earth may best be perceived by the following fact: A train of cars going at a mile a minute would reach the moon in 150 days, Venus in fifty years, Mars in seventy-six years, Mercury in 110 years, the sun in 170 years, Jupiter in 140 years, Saturn in 1,470 years, Uranus in 8,100 years, Neptune in 5,055 years. To reach the nearest fixed star our train, steadily maintaining its mile a minute speed, would require about 40,000,000 years. You may rely upon the general accuracy of the above schedule.—New York American.

He Was the Boss.

A very pompous and self assertive man owned an umbrella store in New York. One day a new clerk came to him and said:

"I think we're going to have some rain."

"We're going to have some rain!" cried the boss. "What d'ye mean, we're going to have some rain? Look here, young fellow, I'm the boss of this shop, and when it rains I have it, you don't. Who took you into the firm?" Exchange.

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