The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... May 23, 1913

A SOCIAL EPISODE

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

A young Englishman visiting America appeared at that club which is the exponent of New York's Four Hundred and presented an introduction card from Legrand Pulsifer, one whose position had been at the apex of the social Manhattan pyramid for several generations. The name on the card was Ralph Maltravers, and he who bore it was a good looking young man with the Anglo-Saxon light hair, blue eyes and rosy complexion. Having got through with the formalities, he lit a pipe and sat down to a newspaper.

Half a dozen men, smelling the odor of pipe tobacco, lifted up their heads, made wry faces and scowled. A few minutes later one of the club's lackeys informed the gentleman that only cigars or cigarettes were permitted in the club. The stranger immediately put out his pipe and apologized on the ground that he was unaware of the rule.

Had it not been for this infringement the stranger might have been suffered to remain unnoticed; but, having thus attracted attention, the members present began to ask who had introduced a man who didn't know any more than to smoke a pipe in the club. Pulsifer came in and, seeing the Englishman sitting alone, sat down with him, and they had a long chat. When Pulsifer left his friend several men gathered round him and asked who had introduced that cad to the club. Pulsifer admitted that he had done so himself and explained that he had met Maltravers in England and found him rather a good fellow in his way. He had therefore chosen to show him some attention. This being a faint backing, the protesters thereafter took pains to sit with their backs to the newcomer whenever they happened to be in the same room with him.

A New York club is no place to make acquaintances, and Mr. Maltravers would not have been welcome even had he not followed the universal London custom of pipe smoking. But it so happened that several of the gentlemen present when the Englishman had appeared at the club afterward met him at a social gathering given by a Mrs. Ten Eyck, a sister of Legrand Pulsifer, and there found it easier to show their disapproval of him.

Not that they were by any means impolite. Far from it. They were excessively polite, while to each other they were extremely unceremonious. In other words, they indicated as only a swell can indicate that the stranger was not and could not be one of them.

"Who is the fellow, Legrand, anyway?" asked one of them.

Pulsifer shrugged his shoulders and said: "My dear boy, he did me a favor when I was in London. What would you have me do when he comes to America? However, I wish to say frankly in justice to Mr. Maltravers that he has no desire to be socially received. What I have done for him in that way has not been at his request."

All agreed that because a man had done another a favor it was no reason why the recipient should inflict the donor on his friends. There were other ways of paying obligations than socially, and some surprise was expressed that Pulsifer, who was himself a barrier to applicants for admission into the charmed circle should have introduced this man socially. His putting the Englishman up at his club was quite enough. But Pulsifer said that all he had done in the matter was to admit the stranger to his club and be responsible for him at his sister's.

The women, though they showed an icy front to Mr. Maltravers, admired him. One of them to whom he was introduced said that he was one of the most interesting men, considering that he seldom opened his mouth, she had ever met. But she was very proud of her conversational powers, and nothing pleased her better than to find a good listener. Even the men who considered Maltravers inadmissable declared that he never said anything stupid, for he never said anything at all.

One evening when Pulsifer went into the Four Hundred club half a dozen men ran toward him from as many different directions and opened fire on him.

"What did you mean by introducing Lord Pennington incog?"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. You introduced him as Ralph Maltravers."

"That's his name."

"That's pretty thin. You had no business to introduce him as a nobody when you knew very well that any of us would have been glad to show him the attention his position calls for. It's putting New York society in a bad light."

"What I did was at his own especial request. He came here to look over America. If it had been known that he was a marquis and heir to a dukedom and one of the biggest landed estates in England he would have seen New York society instead of what he did see, our institutions. Besides, he's got the idea that we fellows over here are an aristocracy of wealth, anyway, and wasn't enthusiastic over us. But before he left he expressed great admiration for the American people. As to his being present at my sister's function, he couldn't very well decline an invitation there, though I couldn't induce him to drop the incog."

"That man Pulsifer," said one of the disappointed parties, "thinks that because his family has always been in society he can do anything."

Nothing Athletic.

"Our college won."

"They did? Rah, rah, rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."

"Oh, pshaw!" — Louisville Courier-Journal.

RURAL EGYPT.

One of Its Quaintest Spectacles Is a Native Wedding.

However modernized Cairo is or will become, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, rural Egypt remains the same today as it has been for countless generations. One of the quaintest sights out in the country is a native wedding. I was fortunate in seeing two of them, one from a train and the other while walking near the village of Heliopolis, which is the site of the ancient city of On, mentioned in the Bible.

The bride and bridegroom were completely screened from the public gaze by a canopied arrangement on the back of a camel. It looked like an immense ottoman adorned with a cover illuminated by gorgeous patterns. This camel was followed by the bridal party, all women, seated on a long train of camels, each camel supporting two women.

The great, clumsy creatures (the camels, not the women) were almost enveloped in immense rugs, on the top of which apparently a feather bed had been deposited, and on this the women squatted, giving vent every few moments to a prolonged shrill trill, which I gathered was intended for a festive song. Altogether the incongruity of the spectacle was exceedingly comical.

INGENIOUS PRISONERS,

They Won a Pardon For Their Daring Attempt to Escape.

Among the prisoners in the French convict settlement of New Caledonia were two marine engineers who not long ago received a pardon—strange as it may seem—for making a daring and ingenious attempt to escape.

Living together in the same hut these men were engaged for years in digging a secret tunnel from their hut to the beach. At the end of the tunnel they hollowed out a chamber in which, with pieces of driftwood and little bits of steel and iron smuggled into the hut, they fashioned a boat, the metal being at first used to make tools and afterward to form bolts and rivets.

Then with infinite pains they built an engine to propel the boat, and after laboring mightily for seven years they completed their task.

Everything was ready except the provisioning of the vessel, when they were betrayed by a fellow convict to whom they had confided their plan. But so impressed was the French commandant by their marvelous energy, skill and patience that he managed after a year to obtain a pardon for them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Tanning Rabbit Skins.

To tan rabbit skins with the fur on lay the skin on a smooth board, the fur side undermost, and fasten it down with tacks. Wash it over first with a solution of salt and water, then dissolve two and a half ounces of alum in one pint of warm water and with a sponge dipped in the solution moisten the surface all over. Repeat this operation every four or five hours for three days. When the skin is quite dry take out the tacks and, rolling it loosely the long way, the hair inside, draw it quickly through a large smooth ring until it is quite soft, then roll it the contrary way of the skin and repeat the operation. Skins thus prepared are useful for many domestic purposes.—London Mail.

In a Perfume Factory.

Musk is perhaps the most valuable and delightful of all perfumes, yet the refiner, as he opens the musk pods, must wear thick cloths over mouth and nostrils, so repulsive is the odor that the pods emit. Indeed this odor inhaled for any length of time causes nosebleed.

Civet, karagulinc and ambergris have in small quantities a delicious perfume, but in large quantities they smell so abominally as to give the worker nausea.

The hawthorn blossom is delicately sweet, and perfumers prize it highly; yet a roomful of hawthorn blossoms smells like a charnel house. This, too, is true of the tuberose.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Explaining What a Snob Really Is.

"Uncle Roy, what is a snob?"

"A snob, Eddie, is a person who inherits a great deal of money, goes abroad and buys himself a veneer of culture, returns home and poses as a connoisseur of something, and goes around calling his poor relations 'parvenus.' Why do you ask such a question, Eddie?"

"Because I heard Donald's big brother talking about you this afternoon and he said you were a snob."—Kansas City Star.

Unfeeling.

"My husband is a brute," said the excitable woman.

"Have you been scolding him?"

"Of course I have."

"Ah, I supposed he talked back and used harsh language."

"Worse than that! He yawned!"

Misled.

Mrs. Gadsby—I'll get even with Mrs. Gabble. Mrs. Gibby—What has she done to you? Mrs. Gadsby—She told me that Mrs. Guffy wasn't at home, so I hurried over to make a call on her, and she was at home, after all.—Exchange.

Smash Up.

Jack—What sent poor Algy to an insane asylum? Tom—A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it.—Boston Transcript.

"Life is short," says Josh Billings, "but it is long enuff to ruin enny man who wants tew be ruined."

A Test of Courage.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in meeting it with the eyes open.—Richter.

Not an Impostor.

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his new responsibility to his brother in this fashion: "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome." The brother, however, failed to see the point and replied: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor."

--- A --- TRANSITION

By ARTHUR W. PATTERSON

"Good morning, sir!"

"Mr. Margrave, I presume?"

"I am. How can I be of service to you?"

An elderly man received a much younger one in his office. Instead of at once replying to the last question the latter produced a card bearing the name "Alonzo Ericson," then, after being offered a chair, said:

"My visit will doubtless seem strange to you at first, but I trust that I shall be able in time to secure your concurrence with its object. You have a daughter whose life has recently been blighted by the loss of her fiance?"

"I have," replied Mr. Margrave somewhat coldly.

"There are remedies for such blights, and I come to propose one for this case."

Mr. Margrave looked at the stranger, wondering at his impudence.

"Marriage is the remedy I refer to, but you are well aware that marriage is simply the final act, it being necessary to withdraw the concentration of the feelings from the one who is lost and unite them on a living object."

"That in my daughter's case would be impossible."

"But desirable?"

"Certainly! I do not wish her to pass a lifetime in mourning."

"I am an artist by profession, though, being cursed with a fortune in my own right of $200,000, I do not expect to make any great success."

"Well, sir, will you kindly inform me what your profession or your fortune is to me?"

"I will as I proceed. One evening several years ago I saw your daughter at a ball. The moment I looked at her I knew that I saw the woman I wanted for a life partner. I made inquiries about her and was told that she was engaged to a gentleman also present at the ball. The troubles that invariably accompany love were upon me. My first act was to seek the man who had been so fortunate, and I was surprised to see a slight resemblance to myself."

"You are something like him, now you speak of it."

"It is this slight resemblance which is the key—provided I win your concurrence—to the situation."

Mr. Margrave had by this time become interested.

"I will give you references as to my social position and as a man among men. As to my fortune, I refer you to my lawyers, Peters & Waters. If after examination you are satisfied to give me an opportunity to win your daughter that is all I ask."

"By what process do you propose to make the attack upon her heart? But, no; I will make the inquiries. Then it will be time to explain your plan, or, rather, to gratify my curiosity, which I admit has been excited."

Mr. Ericson bowed himself out and in a fortnight received a note from Mr. Margrave stating that the reports he had received had been eminently satisfactory and if he could resurrect a buried heart he was at liberty—indeed, welcome—to do so. In reply the applicant merely asked for a photograph of the man whose place he hoped to take.

One afternoon when Mr. Margrave went home from business he carried with him a present for his daughter. It was a portrait in oils of her lost lover. She was delighted with it and pronounced it a speaking likeness. A month from that day while looking at it she discovered something about it that was slightly unlike the original, or, rather, it was like another picture of the original. Another month went by, and still another difference was noticeable. These changes kept occurring from time to time. She began to wonder if her memory of her lover was slipping away from her, if the picture was really defective, though she had not at first recognized its defects. She mentioned the matter to her father, who looked at her curiously, thoughtfully, and suggested that if the portrait was destroying her remembrance of the dead and substituting a painted image perhaps she would better banish it. But to this she returned a decided negative, declaring that she was growing to love the portrait more and more every day.

A year after young Ericson had called on Mr. Margrave he dropped into the latter's office one morning with an oil painting.

"The successive portraits forming a slow transition between another and myself is ended in this picture, which I painted from my reflection in a mirror. You have been very fortunate in removing the pictures and substituting others without your daughter's discovering what you have done. Hang this portrait in the place of the last; then introduce me."

When one evening Mr. Margrave brought home with him a friend to dinner Ethel Margrave, on being introduced to him, caught at the back of a chair for support. It seemed to her that her lover had arisen from the dead and stood before her. Later, when she mentioned the resemblance of Mr. Ericson to the man she had lost, some admitted that there was a similarity, others could see none at all. Nevertheless, her mourning was soon thrown off. Ericson was a frequent caller at the house and within a few months after his introduction she married him.

Ericson has long intended to tell his wife of the plan by which he drew her from the dead lover, but as yet has not done so.

Paradoxical Position.

"What's the matter with Jaggsby?"

"He's in deep water about landing that job."—Baltimore American.

Smokeless Gunpowder.

Smokeless gunpowder as now made is not a powder, but a hard, hornlike material made into grains of considerable size. Our American smokeless powder, which is made in the form of multiperforated cylinders, burns in a cannon at the rate of about the sixteenth of an inch in the sixtieth of a second, or at the rate of about four inches a second.

DO YOUR VERY BEST.

And Then Be Sure That You Are Satisfied With Yourself.

It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself. Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?

Look yourself straight in the face this morning in your mind's looking glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters.

Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions through his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently.

Remember this, too—other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Every one will trust you.

But weigh yourself frequently. Weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

CRABBE, THE NEGLECTED.

A Poet Whom Byron Called Nature's Best and Sternest Painter.

Dante was a great traveler and the greatest pen impressionist who ever wrote. He describes a landscape in a line so that it stays with you forever. He uses the fewest possible number of words, hardly any adjectives, and the picture leaps up before you, immortal and unforgetable. Who can do this among the moderns? Keats could. Tennyson gives you English landscape. If you read "In Memoriam" you have lived a year in the English country and seen the march of the English seasons. Crabbe can do it. Who reads Crabbe? Nobody. And yet he is a wonderful poet, as realistic as Tolstoy and Arnold Bennett. Byron called him the best painter of nature—"Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

He writes about the poor as they are, without sentimentality and without exaggeration, and as a painter of English landscape he still remains the best. He may not be read by the modern generation, but he is not forgotten. A Frenchman wrote a long and excellent book about him not long ago. He is safe in the temple of fame, which place you have entered and can't leave. And this temple is like a wheel. It goes round and round, and some of its inmates are in the glare of the sun, and sometimes they are in the shade, but they are there, and they never fall out.—Maurice Baring in Metropolitan.

Writing For Posterity.

A prominent French critic, the story runs, once said to George Bernard Shaw:

"You are putting on a new comedy Monday night. Let me attend one of the dress rehearsals, won't you?"

"Impossible," said Mr. Shaw. "My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to refuse even the most distinguished critics access to them."

"But," said the other, "I want to write a critical criticism. If I have to write and telegraph it in a few minutes on Monday night it will be very hurriedly done, and I fear it will give a wrong impression of your comedy to Paris the next day."

"Have no anxiety on that score," Mr Shaw replied. "My comedies are not written for the next day."—Exchange

Restoring Rubber.

People using articles made of rubber that frequently lose their elasticity through oxidation may restore the material to its original condition by a simple process. Soak the part in a mixture of one part of ammonia to two parts water. This is said to be particularly well adapted to the restoring of rubber bands, rings and small tubing which are ready to become dry and brittle.

Just Like an Immigrant.

"Charley is so poetical! When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a new world."

"Well, he was an immigrant."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't he just landed?"—Atlanta Constitution.

What's In a Name.

"But now that these sisters are married, a social gulf separates them hopelessly."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. One of them married a mechanic and the other a mechanician."—Puck.

Cattish.

"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have had some reason."—Fliegende Blatter.

There is nothing so powerful as truth and often nothing so strange.—Webster.

Prudence.

He (passionately)—I would give my life for you, dearest! She (calculatingly)—Are you insured?—Judge.

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "besting around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES.

BAKING potatoes is one of the most wholesome ways of preparing them. There are many methods of serving them thus besides the simple, old fashioned one of bringing them to the table baked au natural.

Among these methods may be mentioned the following:

Potatoes With Onions.

Stuffed Potatoes With Onion.—Take large, even sized potatoes and for each potato allow a tablespoonful of stale grated cheese, a teaspoonful of minced cold bacon and a teaspoonful each of chopped onion, parsley and drippings.

Scrub the potatoes and bake them until they are soft inside. Cut one end off each and scoop out the interior with a small spoon. Mash this smoothly and mix it with the cheese, meat, parsley, onion, warmed drippings and seasoning. Refill the skins with this. Reheat until hot through and serve at once.

Spanish Potatoes.—Scrub and bake six medium sized potatoes, cut open lengthwise and take out the inside. Mash the potatoes with grated onion, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of butter and a cupful of cream or milk. Replace the mashed potato, dividing equally among the twelve shells. Place a slice of bacon on the top of each and brown in the oven.

Potatoes and Ham.

Stuffed Potatoes With Ham and Peppers.—Peel good sized potatoes and hollow out a space in each, leaving a canoe or boat shaped piece. Fill the hollows with a mixture of chopped ham, chopped hard boiled egg and chopped green peppers, seasoning to taste with salt, pepper and melted butter. Bake until the potatoes are done.

Stuffed Potatoes With Eggs.—Take six potatoes; put them in the oven without peeling. When done take out the insides, but preserve the shape of the potatoes. Put the insides of the potatoes in a basin and add one and a half ounces of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Mix together until light and add two well beaten whites of eggs and stir all together. Fill the potato skins with the paste, first rolling each piece in beaten yolk of egg; then bake in the oven. Serve as soon as the tops are well browned or in from ten to fifteen minutes.

Anna Thompson.

A Surprise All Right.

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, then there will be no surprises this year."

"Yes, there will. He will be surprised enough when he gets the bill."

He Was Willing.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams!" Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—Take 'em! —McCall's Magazine.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

O. J. Goffin, Plaintiff,
vs
J. W. Case and Amos A. Case, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of a writ of execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, dated the 23d day of April, 1913, in a suit therein pending wherein O. J. Goffin is plaintiff and J. W. Case and Amos A. Case are defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 6th day of March, 1913, in favor of the plaintiff and against defendants above named, for the sum of $259.70 with interest thereon from the 23d day of November, 1911, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the further sum of $75 attorneys fee, and $10 costs and disbursements and the accruing costs, I will on

Saturday, May 31st, 1913

At the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the above named defendant's right, title and interest or that either of them had on the 23d day of November, 1911, or which said defendants, or either of them, have since acquired, or now have, in or to the following described real property, lying and being in Sherman county, Oregon, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 264 feet west and 654 feet north of the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, section eighteen (18) in township one (1) south range seventeen (17) east w m, running thence due north 654 feet, thence due east 70 feet, thence due south to the north line of Dewey street in the city of Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, thence along said north line of Dewey street to the place of beginning.

Subject only to confirmation and the right of redemption as by law provided.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 30th day of April, 1913. J. C. McKEAN, sheriff
5tu2-30-172 of Sherman county, Oregon.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Grace Ruller Dickson, plaintiff,
vs.
William J. Dickson, defendant.

To William J. Dickson, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 27th day of June, 1913, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of willful desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon D. R. Parker, Circuit Judge for Sherman Co., duly made on the 3rd day of May, 1913, and the date of the first publication there of is the 16th day of May, 1913.

HARRY YANCKWICH.
7t m16 127-173 Attorney for Plaintiff

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT

HOTEL OREGON

Corner of 7th and Stark Street.

CHAS. WRIGHT, President
M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.

It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates $1 per day and up.

WRIGHT-DICKINSON HOTEL COMPANY

NEW HOTEL PERKINS

Portland, Oregon.

Eastern Oregon Headquarters.

Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few minutes

Popular Priced Restaurant

European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up

L. Q. SWETLAND, Mgr.

HOTEL ALBERT

DARNIELLE BROS., Proprietors

The Dalles, Oregon.

Headquarters for our Sherman County friends; prices reasonable; first class restaurant with the hotel.

Two Blocks From New Depot.

FREE AUTO BUS TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS

HOTEL MORO

W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.

Opposite Postoffice

Moro Oregon.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.

Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:

"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man.

"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons. Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject.

We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right.

And our work—if it's not right, send it back. Try us. We Print anything.

Observer Printing Office

Moro, - - - Oregon.