

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY . . . January 16, 1913

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Moro, Oregon, July 25, 1891.

C. L. IRELAND Manager.

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"Eat garlic with all your meals and live a hundred years," says a wise man in Chicago. And at the same time a culinary counsellor tells that the faint, elusive touch of garlic imparts the very poetry of flavor. Why should man cling to his few days and full of trouble when poetry and preservation are linked thus together by a wise and artistic nature?

New York is spending far more money than any city on earth and yet it has 100,000 more children than it can accommodate in its schools.

All the diggers who are upturning cities thousands of years old report finding records of complaints of the higher cost of living. It began with the beginning and will continue to the end.

A French financier is said to be trying to revive the time, "when every workman sang at his bench." But was there ever such a time? There is a great deal of romancing about the "good old times."

Professor Shepard of the University of Chicago knocks "America" as a representative national song, because there are no "rocks and rills" to love around Chicago. Why not make it "rocks and rills," then?

Now it is announced that Eve was made not from a rib but from the backbone of Adam. Now that rights and privileges are gone even traditions of former glory are being wrested from the downtrodden sex.

Each year at auto license paying time some section of Oregon claim they will not pay the tax and will resist, claiming double taxation. This year it is Jackson county, but they will pay because one is a tax on their machine and the other is a license to operate the vehicle they are fortunate to be able to possess.

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By working industriously a chain of good roads can be completed to the Pacific coast in time for the Panama canal exposition, and the incidental feat would be quite as worthy to be celebrated as the main event.

Five-sixths of a jury may hereafter bring a verdict in a civil case in Minnesota. The one reasonable juror and the eleven obstinate ones can no longer hang up decisions there. It is worth trying in other states.

The national suffrage association took part in the Maryland elections, and this is no longer the joke which politicians used to hold it. Women have made themselves a force to be reckoned with everywhere.

An American woman in Paris saw a thief take her purse. She ran after him, caught him and turned him over to the police. American women anywhere in Europe do not permit themselves to be robbed outside of shops.

A woman in Vancouver, Wash., has ascertained, by the use of a pedometer, that she walks 400 miles a month while doing house work and that she pattered away 17½ miles in getting their Christmas dinner. We print this as a "reel" fact.

The different committees having in charge the final arrangements for the banquet to be given at Moro opera hall this Saturday evening are rapidly finishing their work and it now promises to be one of the best social successes ever inaugurated in the county.

Tax agitation is the latest stunt; a lot don't know that they pay good interest for extension of payments, but then, the average citizen will never give attention to proposed laws until they pinch and very few know that under the new law it costs to put off digging of coin.

The first steam vessel passed through the Panama canal January 7th. It was the Alexander Lavalley, a dredger, and carried no passengers. It has been operating on the Atlantic side and gradually made its way through during the course of its dredging operations.

A man in New York has found out that a strictly fresh grocery egg can be five years old. He wrote to a girl whose name had been written on an egg shell, and received word that the writing had been done several months before her marriage some four years ago.

Lincoln Beachey, the aviator, had his machine fall with him at Oakland, California, January 10th from a height of 25 feet. The machine was badly damaged and Beachey received minor injuries. Beachey first operated as an air man during the Lewis & Clark exposition at Portland.

A new combined heating and ventilating plant has been installed by district 20 in Upper Hay Canon. This school is rapidly taking front rank among the schools of the county under the efficient management of Miss Young as teacher, who has a happy faculty of gaining the good will of the pupils.

Among the kings there is no conditional royalty. Manual of Portugal remains a king in the king row, and a little drawback like the loss of a kingdom doesn't affect his legal standing. There is something amusing about the serious fashion in which these title bearers assume inalienable rights.

Upon a request for a ruling and for the better legal protection of local merchants the state railroad commission has announced that the practice of traveling salesmen of delivering goods from trunks checked as baggage is not lawful. Peddlers have been evading the law by claiming to be salesmen trying to sell their samples rather than send them back to their employer. The ruling is in line with one recently made by the interstate commission.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

An Intruder Came and Lured the Occupant

By ELEANOR TISDALE

On the front porch sat Edward Meredith at an easel, sketching the landscape before him. He was so interested in his work that he did not notice some boys who had climbed the apple trees and were poking and beating with sticks the apples on the branches they could not reach with their hands. Presently he heard a woman's voice: "Come down, little boys. You have quite enough apples on the ground, to which you are welcome. You are breaking the limbs."

The artist laid down his palette, rested his maulstick against his easel and walked down to where stood a young woman and where boys who had descended from the trees were gathering apples from the ground. Raising his hat politely to the lady, he said: "I beg pardon! By what authority do you give away my apples?"

"Do you own the place, sir?" "I own it, and that makes me the owner, naturally."

"The fruit, under the terms of the lease, belongs to the owner of the property, but it is under my guardianship. Do you consider that you are fulfilling your duty as guardian by permitting boys to come in and break the branches of the trees?"

"The young man knit his brows. 'Will you kindly explain how you came to be appointed arbiter in this matter?' asked Meredith. 'Will you kindly give me a reason for your delinquency in not protecting the property committed to your care?'"

Meredith was getting the worst of the argument, but, feeling that he had the right on his side, persisted. "I am accountable for this place to the owner and to no one else," he said. "The owner is—"

"I cannot understand what that has to do with it, but civility compels me to reply to a civil question. The owner's name is Elizabeth Gawtry."

"Married or single?" "That I do not know," was the somewhat impatient reply. "Not know whether your landlady is a wife or a maid?"

"I have never seen her, nor can I understand what her status has to do with your entering my grounds and administering the property."

"If you see a swindle going on before your eyes, don't you think it your duty to protect the person swindled? I do not accuse you of swindling the woman, whoever she may be, but you are very negligent of her interests, and my interference is justified."

This was spoken with perfect coolness without rancor and rather as an explanation than as a reproach. The woman, so the artist judged, could not be more than twenty-two years old and was singularly attractive. He saw, singularly, for she seemed to have an individuality of her own. From being irritated Meredith began to be interested, curious as to what meant this intrusion and why the lady had taken it into her head to protect the fruit trees, into her head to protect the fruit trees, into her head to protect the fruit trees, into her head to protect the fruit trees, into her head to protect the fruit trees.

not taking better care of the property, and now she was finding fault with him for not choosing the best subject for his picture! He stood gazing at her with renewed astonishment, then fixed his eyes on the vista she had referred to and was the more chagrined at perceiving that she was right. He wondered why he had not chosen this scene rather than the one he was sketching.

"Your drawing of the little house on the side of the mountain," said the girl, "is defective. You can do better than that. Try again."

"Perhaps you will do me the favor to put it in for me," said Meredith in an icy tone. "Do you really wish it?"

Seating herself before the easel, she took up palette, brush and maulstick and with a few dashes of the brush converted a clumsy piece of work into a distant house blending with the mountain mist.

"Where did you learn to paint?" asked the astounded Meredith. "I have been recently studying in Munich and other European cities."

"Is there anything else you can teach me how to do?" The girl looked at him, and a smile struggled to obtain the mastery on her lips, but it failed, seeing by her questioning expression that he was not in the best of humor with her.

"I am not aware," she said, "that I can do anything better than you." "You can certainly guard the fruit trees of this place better than I."

"You mean that were I in your place I might be more attentive to them. I see now why you have seemed neglectful. The demands of art do not admit of the artist chasing boys out of apple trees."

"Be that as it may, you can paint better than I." "I may have had more instruction, more practice."

"Are you as proficient in music as you are in art?" "Why do you ask?" "Because I flatter myself that I am a fairly good pianist, and I'll warrant you can prove yourself a far better one."

"Then you are doubtless my superior. I pretend to play only accompaniments. Let us go inside and determine this question."

"How did you know that I have a piano?" "If you play the instrument it is to be presumed that you have one." He followed her in as she went straight to the piano. Looking over some music, she selected a sonata, spread the sheets on the rack and asked him to play. He asked her to precede him, but she declined, so he played for her with remarkable expression and touch.



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