

The Observer

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TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Caused by Mental Trouble Somewhat Akin to Epilepsy.

Is there such a thing as temporary insanity?

Many people think that the expression merely covers the kindly intentions of a jury to save relatives pain, but numbers of doctors who have made a study of mental disorders emphatically declare it is no idle term.

One doctor has stated that temporary insanity is a condition of double consciousness, not dissimilar to epilepsy. A person normally quite sane may have attacks of temporary aberration lasting little more than a few minutes, especially after long bouts of and continuous mental work, being particularly liable if insomnia supercedes.

Crimes have been committed in the early morning, when the perpetrator has not really been properly awake and has been horrified to find what he has done. This is a true case of temporary insanity, but it is comparatively rare, and a man in normal health would not suffer in this way.

A specialist in mental diseases has stated that he knew a case in which a person was insane during a certain time each day and that others have been known when the patient was normal at ordinary times, but suffered from a temporary fit of mania regularly once a month.—Pearson's Weekly.

REAL WHITE AFRICANS.

One Native Race, the Berbers, Have Fair Skin and Light Hair.

Most people imagine all African races are dark skinned people, but this is a wrong impression. The Berbers are an African race, and, although they have lived on the dark continent for ages, they are white as Europeans. They are very fine looking people, with white skin, fine complexion and many have blue eyes and very light hair, and many of the women and young people have very pretty rosy cheeks.

It is pretty generally believed the Berbers originally came from southern Europe centuries ago, and the race has remained distinct all these years in spite of the odds that would seem to be against them.

Many of the Berbers are very industrious, and some show considerable mechanical skill, having invented a number of devices that are in use among the people of their own tribe.

If they dressed, and lived as Europeans it would be difficult to detect them from our more modern people. But in their own way in the dark continent there is nothing to indicate their origin except their color, which has remained perfect for all these long years as if they came from Europe.—New York American.

GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

Buyers in the "Halles" May Not Carry Parcels of Any Kind.

There are some queer customs and regulations in the "halles," the great Paris central markets. No buyer is allowed to enter or leave the markets carrying a parcel, however small it may be. To carry parcels is the privilege of the porters of these markets. Quaint figures are they in heavy velvet trousers, blue striped jerseys and big brimmed, round leather hats. They alone can be employed to convey from the market to the street outside your merchandise, whether it be half a beef or only a good fat hen.

Madame has to help in her purchases market women known as the keepers. These women sit at the entrance to the main division of the markets and for a small fee watch over all purchases brought to them. Many of these "maistresses" are wealthy. A forty dame, a small seller, wears a fine pair of diamonds in her ears and a sparkling solitaire on her ring finger.

Another character at the markets is the "cutter." When a sheep is brought to him by the buyer for half a dozen, Paris housekeepers he cuts the animal into six portions and divides it among them. The purchasers draw lots for the best pieces and pay according to value received.—Exchange.

On Modern Man.

"The late Emerson Taylor, our consul at Port of Spain," said a Washington official, "hailed from Dry Run, and had a fund of happy Dry Run humor."

Taylor once compared a disgruntled brother consul to a Dry Run housewife.

"This woman," he said, "often took a queer, disgruntled view of things. Thus she said one day:

"I don't think the prodigal son was soled, after all."

"He wasn't so good to his family," said her husband."

"That's a fact," said the Dry Run woman. "But when he got home, all the same, he was known enough to keep his mouth shut. If he'd been like the twentieth century man the first thing he'd done would 'a' been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."—Pittsburgh Press.

Languages in Switzerland.

Both French and German are the "official" languages of Switzerland. Public signs, such as those of railroads, are printed in both languages. Italian is also spoken in those parts of Switzerland which are closest to Italy. As a matter of fact, the country is, however, quite definitely divided as to language. The cantons of Vaud, Neuchâtel, Geneva, Fribourg and most of Valais speak French. The canton of Ticino speaks Italian. The rest of the country speaks preponderantly German. The canton of Valais has different districts, where each of the three languages is spoken.

Legal Matrimony

It Was Found Essential to a Fortune.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

"Either you shall marry Helen Gray or I will leave the property to your Cousin Edgar. Here are two wills, one in your favor, the other in favor of Edgar. If within one month you are not wedded to Helen, I will destroy the will leaving all to you. On your wedding day I will destroy the one leaving the estate to Edgar, making you sole beneficiary."

Thus spoke Martin Travers to his son, Walter. The elder Travers was a man of strong will, and his son had inherited it from him. The fortune had been accumulated by the father and his partner, William Gray, largely by Travers' dogged perseverance. Gray was a milder man, and Travers in time came to regard him as superfluous to the business. Travers had then forced him out. Gray had then lived in poverty, and Travers' conscience smote him. He proposed now to make what restoration he could—in his own way—by uniting the property after his death in his son, Walter Travers, and Gray's daughter and only child, Helen.

"How do you know that the girl will have me?" asked Walter.

"I don't," but I have little doubt the match can be arranged. She will not be likely to throw a half interest in \$600,000 over her shoulder, especially since she is obliged to earn her own living."

"Very well, father. I will think the matter over and let you know my decision."

Mr. Travers had another reason for his action in this matter. He knew that his son was in a dangerous position. Walter had fallen under the influence of a woman ten years older than himself, his inferior socially, intellectually—indeed, in every way. Unknown to the son, the father had tried to buy her off, but was not willing to pay her price, she believing that she could get the boy and the fortune as well, for she held him enthralled.

Walter was of that dangerous age when a man is liable to become infatuated with any woman, good or bad. Nevertheless there were in him the germs of good sense. Instead of going to the woman who had fascinated him to pour their mutual troubles in her ear and ask her advice, he concluded to go to Helen Gray, tell her the whole story and make her a proposition he had in mind.

It was not a very pleasant statement to make, but it was a statement that might have been expected. He indulged longer than necessary on the preliminary statement in order to get up his courage for the main announcement.

"Miss Gray listened to him attentively and without any special expression of word or countenance until he told her of his love for another woman. Then a look of disappointment came over her face."

"And now," he said, having prepared the way for his proposition, "I suggest that we be legally and only legally married. I mean to accede to my father's stipulation. By such a marriage we will obtain a fortune, which we must forego without it."

There was a long silence between the two, which was at last broken by Miss Gray.

"I honor you, Mr. Travers," she said, "for your frankness, and you are acting with common honesty in not laying a plan to obtain a fortune under false pretenses. I will take what you have said under consideration. I have the advantage of you in this—I am fancy free."

In due time Miss Gray wrote Mr. Travers that she had decided to accept his proposition. "A statement of my reasons for doing so," she wrote, "would be very hard to make. Besides, they have not been called for. Under the circumstances what you propose is the only alternative both for you and for me between a fortune and poverty."

Upon receipt of this note Walter informed his father that he had proposed to Miss Gray and had been accepted. Mr. Travers asked if the marriage would be bona fide, and Walter informed him that it would be legal. Travers after some thought said that if the parties would agree not to have the marriage annulled or get a divorce within five years he would be satisfied.

Walter assented, stating that it was not his intention to get either an annulment or a divorce at any time. But he confessed that he reserved the right to love any woman other than his wife. There was a suspicion of a smile on his father's face as he assented to this provision.

Walter Travers and Helen Gray were married without his saying anything to his in-laws about his coming marriage. The wedding took place privately of an afternoon, and the bride and groom went to live in a house provided by Mr. Travers, Sr., with a comfortable income besides. The two lived together in a friendly way in their new home, and after dinner Walter went out. He was going to announce his marriage to the woman he loved, to tell her that it was the best arrangement he could make for himself and for her and it was understood that he was free to love her so long as he lived.

But Walter got no further than a beginning. He began with the words "I have been married," whereupon the lady poured upon him such a torrent of abuse that he stood like one transfixed.

"And so that old heathen has kept you under his thumb, after all," she said in a rasping voice that he had never heard come from her before. "I always considered you a milkop, and now I am sure of it. Tell the woman you're married that she hasn't got

much of a man with the fortune. I'm lucky in escaping that part of it anyway."

This is but a sample of what the woman poured out upon the man who, looking on love purely as a matter of sentiment, had come to tell her that the place she held in his heart would never be occupied by any one else. What she would have said to him had he begun at the other end of his confession—that all of his would be hers—did not appear; he had spoiled it by beginning with an announcement that she had lost a large fortune. Her flaming eyes, her rasping voice, her red face, her contempt for him, drove him out before she had finished.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed when he got out into the cool air. "What a horrible fate I have escaped!"

He walked the streets for an hour, then went to his house. His wife was just going to her room, but, noticing his agitation, delayed her going and asked him if anything serious had happened. He was in a mood to desire an ear into which to pour the shock he had received. She already knew of his infatuation; it only remained for him to tell her he had been disenchanted.

"If there was ever a contemptible, asinine, natural born fool," he began, "I am that person." Then he told her where he had been, of his confession and the effect it had had on the object of his previous adoration. "Why, just think," he went on, "what a horrible mess I would have got into if I had married that woman! Hell would have been heaven to it!"

"You are indeed fortunate in escaping such a fate. I have believed that your father knew of this infatuation and one of his principal reasons in forcing you into the condition of legal matrimony with me was to get you out of the toils of an adventure."

"Legal matrimony," repeated Walter, for the first time quieting down and pronouncing the words as if they hurt him.

"And now," continued Helen, "I will say this: Since your father's object in withdrawing you from this woman has been accomplished, whenever you and he concur in a request, I will consent to the marriage between you and me be annulled I will consent."

The expression on Walter's face is not describable. He had received one blow during the evening; there was another. The realization suddenly came to him that for a bad woman he had exchanged a good one. Had he not been a fool he might possibly have won the girl whom his father had wished him to marry and now, instead of being in misery, he might be happy.

Helen started to leave him to go to her room. He gave her an imploring look.

"Don't go at once," he said. "I'm all broken up."

She hesitated, turned and said: "Anything I can do to comfort you I will do. But I realized before I consented to this match that I was giving up much in depriving myself of one to love me and whom I might love. With you it was different. You expected to find that comfort which is to be derived from a pure affection elsewhere."

Still that wistful look on his face remained.

"Come," she added, changing her tone to a more cheerful one, "let us not begin our life together repining. There are refreshments in the larder. We may play, as the children say, that this is a real wedding for us and be merry."

She summoned a maid and told her of several dishes to bring that would be appreciated for a night supper. When the viands were served the pair sat down at the table. The bride placed duty bits on her husband's plate, and after eating the toothsome food, and looking into a pair of honest, sympathetic eyes Walter began to recover from the shock he had received, and it occurred to him that possibly after all, he might win this girl for his real as well as his legal wife.

An hour passed, and they had become sufficiently chummy for Walter to express this hope. He was met by the assurance that, while the early romantic love period would not be theirs, they might grow with that more mature, stronger affection that comes through long companionship and a union of interest. This made the young husband's heart leap within him. He took her hand, bent toward her and kissed her.

This evening—eventful in the lives of these two persons—took place long enough ago to warrant the growing up almost to manhood and womanhood of several of their children. The father and mother have trained their offspring that in the matter of marriage they shall rely on older heads for approval of a life partner. This is not that they are to marry one repulsive to them or for gain, but that they are to guard against a misalliance at an age when they are not capable of deciding wisely.

RETIRED FARMERS.

Land Values, Not Agriculture, as a Rule, Make Them Rich.

The country is pretty liberally sprinkled with retired farmers, but a correspondent points out that in nearly every case they have probably retired not as farmers, but as landowners—that is, the capital which enabled them to retire accrued not from the profits of farming, but from the enhanced value of farm land. There are about 2,500,000 tenant farmers, but a retired farmer, we believe, is a very rare bird. About as rare as a bird, we imagine, is the farmer who has accumulated from the profits of his farming operations sufficient capital on which to retire.

The profits of farming, of course, constantly capitalize themselves in the market value of farm lands, and the rental value rises proportionately to the farm. A man may have taken a half section of Kansas land thirty years ago and actually spent since then every net dollar it produced, yet now be able to retire in very comfortable circumstances. Indeed, through poor management he may never have made a dollar net on the farm. That particular farm may even be producing no more than it produced thirty years ago, and still the owner may be able to retire.

It is true, therefore, that the number of retired farmers is no indication of the amount of net savings from farming operations.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Chase of An Aeroplane

And What Resulted Therefrom.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When the house that had been building opposite where Madge Carlton lived was finished, the refuse removed and the grounds had been leveled and sodded Madge looked upon the place with envy. The house was as dainty as a Swiss cottage. On the grounds here, and there were little clumps of evergreens, while the whole was surrounded by a hedge.

"I'll bet that house," said Madge to herself, "was built by an artistic architect and the grounds were laid out by a landscape gardener."

Madge had a taste for pretty places, and the burden of her desires was to be mistress of one. The house opposite suited her exactly.

The next passion to covetousness that took possession of Madge Carlton was curiosity. Who would occupy it when finished? Would it be an old woman living alone, with no one to comfort her? Would it be a middle aged couple with many small children? Would there be an unmarried man in the family, and would he be nice?

That was the womanly way of expressing it. It was not: Would he be heroic? Would he be manly? Would he be honorable? No; it was not any of these alone, but all in one, and that one was expressed in the word nice.

She hoped there would be a single man in the new house, that he would be nice, and on these hopes rested a third. We shall see whether or not this third hope was gratified.

One morning large posters decorated the town where Madge lived announcing that an exhibition would be given by an aeronaut. Every member of her family except Madge was on tip-toe of excitement to see the performance. On the morning of its occurrence she was sitting on the porch. She was looking at the new house opposite which was now occupied. From it she turned her gaze upon the throng who passed continuously on their way to the city pleasure grounds, where the famous bird man was due to arrive in his wonderful aeroplane, and to give there his exhibition. Her own family had gone long ago, and Madge had shaken her head in decided refusal at her brother's invitation to join them.

"No, thank you," she answered. "I wouldn't walk as far as the corner on a hot day like this to see all the aeroplanes in the world. This cool veranda suits me much better."

She rocked back and forth now, enjoying the light breeze which softly flapped the awnings, her little bare arms clasped high above her head. The last footfall died away, and the shady avenue was unusually silent, when presently there came from out the sky a loud humming noise as of a giant bee. Nearer it drew—still nearer, echoing and resounding in the stillness, until at length, pell-mell from verandas and doorways, people ran flocking into the street.

"It is coming," they called to each other; "it is coming; it is here."

Madge leaned forward excitedly. High across the cloudless blue, with great outstretched wings like some monstrous bird, there rushed a dark object. Onward it went, straight as an arrow, never swerving from its course, never ceasing in its mad flight until screening trees hid it from view of the watchers.

Wildly the crowd gave chase, hoping to get another glimpse in the next clearing of this wondrous, whirling thing.

Without an instant's hesitation Madge, who had scorned her brother's enthusiasm, now breathlessly followed the crowd. Over the lawn and down the street twinkled the heels of her little white shoes. She fell at the curb and when a kindly hand assisted her to rise hurried on again without a civil "thank you." With fine disregard she tripped lightly across the road before the very lamps of a racing automobile.

"There it is!" said a triumphant voice.

"Where?" she cried.

"Above the tallest tree," the voice answered.

"I cannot see it," Madge said impatiently.

A hand reached over her shoulder, pointing upward.

"If you will look exactly where I tell you," the owner of the hand suggested, "you will see it."

"I do now," she replied. "It is growing smaller. It must be very high up."

"About 1,500 feet," the voice answered exultantly.

Madge gave a little cry of disappointment.

"Oh, it is gone!" she said. "Can't we see it farther on?"

The man looked around quickly.

"That way!" he called, and ran swiftly up a wide, graveled path. She started bravely in pursuit, then stood still.

"I cannot go another step," she answered wearily.

The man turned back.

"Let me help you," he said, and immediately slipped his arm beneath her own.

Madge accepted his aid unquestioningly and was conscious of a comforting sense of protection throughout her confusing flight. They rested at last upon a broad expanse of lovely lawn.

"Stand just here," the man commanded, "and you will have an unobstructed view."

Madge the willful meekly obeyed, gazing in awed silence until the "ship of the sky" had sailed far into the distance, its throbbing engines sending back no sound. Then with its disappearance her strange excitement seemed to vanish. She turned, half dazed, to look into the eyes of her companion.

"Where are we?" she asked slowly.

The young man in turn regarded his surroundings with a puzzled air.

"I don't know," he stammered. Then his dark eyes twinkled. "Looks like it was indeed a flower garden. Blooming geraniums bordered the hedge, and roses clambered riotously over their trellises."

"We are trespassing," the girl said severely. "You should not have brought me here."

"Brought you?" the young man exclaimed reproachfully. "Why, you were so keen on seeing that aeroplane I just told you about."

Madge studied her escort with interest. He had evidently started out upon this chase as unexpectedly as she, for he was both hatless and coatless. She put up her hand to smooth her disheveled locks, flushing with embarrassment that her sudden interest in aeroplanes should have led her into this peculiar position.

"Never mind," the young man said kindly. "Give me permission and I will see you safely home. The streets will be filled with the returning crowd at this time."

As Madge lingered irresolutely a heavy rumbling overhead caused both to look up in apprehension; then without further warning down came a heavy shower. Great sheets of rain swept the garden; it blew in their faces; it soaked their rumpled hair; it lay in little pools across the driveway. The man caught her hand, drawing her compellingly toward the house in the background.

"Place seems to have been vacated for the summer," he said as they found shelter beneath a veranda roof, "otherwise you might ask for protection inside. The best thing under the circumstances for you to do is to wait here while I go for an umbrella."

Madge looked up at him indignantly. "Do you think I would be as selfish as that?" she said. "Why, you would be drenched before you could reach the gate."

The man smiled.

"Then we both had better stay where we are for the present. This shower cannot last long."

She flashed a glance at him as he dropped easily into a seat at her side; then, as the eyes met, her laughter rippled merrily.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that in some unaccountable way I have slipped back to my childhood days. Surely it is an unusual proceeding for a grownup to go racing about chasing a big balloon with—"

"A big boy," the man finished laughingly. He bent over her. "Let us keep up the game for awhile," he said impulsively. "One is not often privileged to return to the happy hours of childhood. Now, when I was a kid we became acquainted by simply asking two questions—'What is your name, and where do you live?'"

"Very well," Madge agreed demurely. "What is your name, little boy, and where do you live?"

"My name," the young man answered gravely, "is Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers, generally known as Tommy, and I live on Beechwood avenue."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why, so do I!" she exclaimed.

"Your number?" Tommy asked eagerly.

"Two hundred forty-four. And yours?"

"We are neighbors—near neighbors," the young man answered delightedly. "Mother and I moved recently into the house directly across from yours."

"Really?" said Madge. "How very strange that we should meet in this—er—informal manner."

"Isn't it?" said Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers. His eager eyes sought hers. "It will not be our last meeting if I can help it," he added fervently.

The sun had removed all trace of the shower when he finally stood at the entrance of Madge's home bidding her a reluctant goodbye. Then as he reached the gateway he slowly retraced his steps.

"I have a confession to make," he began diffidently. "Please pardon a poor, lonely sinner. You see, I knew that you lived in this house all along. Fact is I spend most of my time just looking over here—and it was my overwhelming desire to know you which prompted me to deliberately follow you this afternoon."

Madge looked up at him, gently accusing. Then her lips curved into an inscrutable little smile. "I knew that you followed me," she replied. "I hoped you would when I started."

He looked at her, when she returned, damp and weary after a tiresome wait, because of overcrowded cars, they found that young lady calm and serene rocking to and fro on the veranda.

"You were wise to remain at home, my dear," her mother said, "for gazing at airships is but a foolish pastime."

Madge's eyes shone dreamily. "I think it's a lovely one," she said.

How Madge made the acquaintance of the young man who had moved into the house opposite none of her family could find out. The rest of it was plain enough. He called, he sent her flowers, he took her out to ride in his car, he proposed to her and was accepted, but until Madge, as his wife, entered the place and took possession no one knew how she had angled it and caught it on her hook when the rest of them were gazing skyward.

Origin of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army had its origin in the town of Whitby, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted 2,000 copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a "red-hot, roasting meeting," to quote General Booth, "the penitent fell down in heaps," and the Salvation Army sprang into life full grown.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common time, the spirit of good cheer that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.

Fame's Brief Life.

One thing is certain in regard to fame, for most of us it will be very brief in itself; for all of us it will be transient in our enjoyment of it. When death has dropped the curtain we shall hear no more applause, and, though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated and our name remembered only for a moment, except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us not because of fame, but because we have helped them and done them some good.—Henry van Dyke.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county. In the matter of the estate of Robert M. Starns, deceased. Notice is hereby given that Mary L. Starns, the executrix of said estate has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 6th day of August, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county court house, in Moro in said county, as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto if any, and all matters pertaining to said estate, the settlement thereof and the entering of a decree of settlement and distribution. Dated this 28th day of June, A.D. 1917. Mary L. Starns, Executrix. C. J. Bright, Atty for Executrix. 56-6

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