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The Lace Kerchief

King's Fool Plays an Important Role in a Court Romance

By S. LEVITT YEATS
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Affairs were going badly at court. I was seized with a fit of the blues, and for once, leaving Pompon, my ape, behind, made my way from the Louvre, across the river, to a little inn called the Chapeau Rouge, where the wine was old and the cookery excellent. I slipped in the summer house in the garden, and when I had finished I leaned back in my seat.

A slight noise, a restrained cough, arrested my attention, and through the space between the leaves of my shelter I caught a glimpse of a face at a table window of the inn directly overlooking me, a face that peered out for a second and was gone.

But, although the face was immediately withdrawn, I had recognized it at once. The man in the room above me was Chantonnay, the Spanish ambassador at France.

About an hour passed, and it became dusk. Then, to my surprise, three figures appeared at the door of the inn. One was the innkeeper, the other was Chantonnay, and the third was a lady, closely veiled.

Monsieur put something in mine host's hand, who bowed to the ground, and giving his arm to his fair companion, they both left the inn together. I followed discreetly.

At the quay the pair stopped and exchanged some earnest words together, the Spaniard once laying his hand on the lady's shoulder as if to emphasize what he was saying. Finally Chantonnay sounded a low whistle, and after a moment's delay two other figures, emerging from the darkness, joined my pair. Chantonnay appeared to give them some orders, and then, bowing to the lady, he turned sharply around and began to walk back in my direction.

As I passed where the couple parted something white lying on the roadway caught my eye. I picked it up and found it was a delicate lace kerchief.

During this I had a little time to reflect, and, considering all things, I was almost forced to the conclusion that it was not quite a love affair my don was engaged in, and then somehow I began to think of my old friend, Blaise de Lorgnac. His power of rapid action would have been much to me now. It was he and I together who had checked the Spaniard once before. But Lorgnac was away at Marienbourg with Conde.

My apartments were in the wing of the palace overlooking the rue St. Thomas du Louvre. As I approached them I saw that the door was half open and that the room within was in



"IT SHOULD TELL US WHO SHE IS."

light. Some one within, too, struck a chord on my lute. It was Lorgnac—Lorgnac come back!

"You are well?" I asked, looking into his eyes.

"As ever," he smiled back at me.

In the excitement of the moment and our meeting I had no opportunity to speak about my adventure of the evening, but at last some allusion was made to Chantonnay, and I told him the story. As I finished I pulled the kerchief from my rest pocket and threw it on the table. "Here," I said, "is the toy I picked up. And now to look at the crest and the monogram. It should tell us who she is."

I stretched out my hand, but Lorgnac was before me. "No, no! This is not your way or mine, de Besme. Why should we pry into a woman's secrets?"

"You forget I am La Fontaine, the fere, and the secret is Chantonnay's as well as hers."

He hesitated for a moment and then, tugging at his point: "Even so! Let it be, old friend."

"As you will, Sir Amadis of Gaul!" I replied, a little petulantly, putting the

kerchief aside, adding: "But I will make my Spaniard dance tonight at the masque. You are, of course, coming?"

"No. I leave Paris at dawn for Marienbourg."

"Where Conde, they say, lies ill?"

"Ill, yes, but not with the fever you think. It is a kind of fever. I was taken that way once, but that is over, thank God! And, de Besme, here he rose from his seat and began to pace the room as he continued:

"Nothing would satisfy the prince but that I should ride to Paris, see his queen, and ride back and tell him I had done so. I was not to exchange a word. On my faith as a gentleman I bore no message."

"And you have seen her, the queen of Scotland?"

"Yes! But she saw me, too. It was on the ladies' terrace that we met."

"Alone?"

"No! One of her attendants was with her, and the short of it is that I—ass and fool—have promised to bear a letter to the prince."

"You? I burst out. 'You?' And then I rose, too, and in bitter jest handed him my cap and bells."

"Be still!" he said hoarsely. "I could not say no. She is a woman and a queen."

"And Blaise de Lorgnac, seigneur of Lorgnac, of Tully, and Malezieux, knight of the King's Order, is a man of honor. And this letter—you have it?"

"Not yet. I receive it in an hour, and (impressed). An revolt!" He wrung my hand and was gone.

And so it was with a bitter heart that I thought of my jest on the Spaniard was gone. I stood a little apart, under the lee of a pillar of veined marble, watching hungrily for a face I longed to see. The king was there, tall and grim; the queen was there, too, and Mme. Diane in conversation with the sickly young dauphin, but Mary of Scotland was not there, nor was Chantonnay. Then I suddenly caught sight of Chantonnay at the far end of the room, making his way slowly toward the king.

As Chantonnay approached I made Pompon walk gravely up to the king and salute him. "The high and mighty seigneur Pompon, ambassador of Barbary, desires audience of your majesty."

"An honor that I, too, claim in the name of the most Catholic king, my master," said a haughty voice beside me as Chantonnay stepped up to the king. And then there was a suppress of titter, for Pompon turned sharply around on the Spaniard and began to jabber angrily at him.

"My ambassador is explaining to monsieur here that he claims precedence," I went on, not heeding the don's black looks. But the king turned to me angrily.

"Peace, and a truce of your ill timed jests!" And then to Chantonnay: "Monsieur, it is always a pleasure to hear from my cousin from Spain. You will have your audience with me tomorrow. Will you accompany us?"

Chantonnay expressed his thanks and then begged permission to retire, as he had to complete a memorial he said he would present to his majesty in the morning—a memorial, as he said, of vital import to the peace and good will of two nations.

Presently I gained my pillar once again, and as I did so some one pulled me quietly by the sleeve.

I turned and saw young De Lorgnac, Montgomery's son, who was then a page to the dauphiness, Mary of Scotland.

"What has happened?" I said, interrupting him before he could speak.

"I do not know," he said, "but you are wanted at once. Come!" He tugged at my sleeve once more, and with another word I followed him. We left the Pavillon du Roy without notice and then went down the long corridors that led to the apartments of the dauphin. Beyond there lay those of his wife, Mary of Scotland, the "little queen," as she was called.

During all this time we exchanged no word together until at last we stopped before a door, and the boy turned to me.

"The queen's apartment," he said: "you are free to pass. I remain on guard here."

There were three people in the room. One was Mary of Scotland, standing near a table; the other was De Lorgnac, booted and spurred as if for a long journey, and the third was a young woman—a tall young woman—who was leaning against the open window, her face buried in her hands and sobbing bitterly. All this I took in at a glance as I entered, and, kneeling before my queen, said:

"Madame, I have come."

"She bade me rise," "Monsieur," she said, "I have come to you for help. Once before you saved me from a great danger. I am in a greater danger now. I want your help."

"Madame! All that?"

But she interrupted me, "Lorgnac here tells me that you know of the object of his coming to Paris, and in spite of my self, my voice hardened.

She saw the change and looked at me in pitiful entreaty. "Monsieur, I do not speak to you as a queen, but as a woman."

"Ah, madame, say not a word more!" I burst out. "My life is yours!" And as I spoke the girl at the window burst into fresh weeping.

"Tell me," I said, turning to De Lorgnac, "what has happened. We waste time in talking if there is serious business afoot."

"The letter I spoke of is lost."

"Who lost it, you?"

He laughed harshly. "No; it was given by her highness to Mlle. Odou there to deliver to me in the garden below the ladies' terrace, and the short of it is that the letter is gone."

In a flash it all came to me, and I thanked God in my heart that I had looked at the kerchief. The O embroiled on it stood for Odou. I looked at the girl. She had ceased weeping as De Lorgnac spoke and was looking at him with a flushed face and dry eyes. There was not a tear in those bold black orbs. All this went through my brain like lightning as, turning to her, I said:

"Will mademoiselle tell me how it was she lost this letter?"

"Sit down, Odou!" said Mary kindly. "Sit down and tell us all you know."

"I—I lost it in the garden," she began, and then, hesitating, went on with an effort, "it was near the oak toward the riding school."

"Bien! No, mademoiselle! You will please accompany M. de Lorgnac and myself and show us the spot where you missed the letter. Come!"

"Is this all you can do?" said Mary, with a ring of despair in her voice.

"Rest assured, madame," I said, "that we will trace your letter. Come, mademoiselle!"

"What good would it be?" she began pettishly, but I interrupted her, seeing into her plan to delay matters.

"It is gone, madame, and time we were away." And, leaning forward, I



"WILL MADAMELOISE TELL ME HOW IT WAS SHE LOST THE LETTER?"

whispered, "For your own sake—come!"

We had a little distance to go, but at last came close to the dark, solid outline of the old oak, and Lorgnac turned to mademoiselle.

"It was here we met, mademoiselle, and you said you lost the letter."

She stood at bay, a splendid creature, her dark eyes flashing through the night. The time had come for me to play my trump card.

"Eh, bien! Mademoiselle! We do not seek to detain you. We will do the search, but let me tell you as a friend that the moment you go back you will be arrested!"

"Arrested!" said she and de Lorgnac in the same breath.

"Yes," I went on coolly. "Arrested—that is the word. Mademoiselle, you are very unfortunate in losing things. You recognize this? You lost it today, or this afternoon, rather, across the river."

With this I pulled out the kerchief and showed it to her. Lorgnac was looking at me in blank amazement, but for the girl she made no answer, but stood there, white as a sheet, and I could hear her breathing thick and fast.

"Mademoiselle, you have forgotten how long the arm of God is. You were seen this afternoon at an inn called the Chapeau Rouge with Chantonnay. You there made your bargain with him. How he persuaded you to be a traitress, what your price was for your shame, I know not, nor care to know. But you made your bargain, and on your way back you dropped this kerchief."

She began to sob now and cry. The tears were real enough this time, and I believe she would have fainted had not Lorgnac supported her.

"Oh, have pity, have pity!" she gasped, and now I changed my note.

"Mademoiselle, you see that little cloud passing across the moon? Before it crosses I must have that letter in my hands. If not, you know what awaits you."

With a low cry she thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress and, pulling out the letter, handed it to me with a whispered "Take it!" and as my fingers closed over it I heard Lorgnac's deep "Thank God!"

We returned as we had come and regained the queen's apartment. As we entered she came running to meet us.

"The letter?" she cried.

"Madame!" And I placed it in her hands.

She looked at it two for a moment—mademoiselle had stayed in the ante-room—and she was about to hand the letter to De Lorgnac when he pointed to the tall wax candles that burned on the table.

"Madame," he said, "there is a fire there, and it leaves no trace."

She made no answer, but held the letter over the candle, and as it leaped into flame cast it into the fireplace, where it burned to a cinder.

"Shark Steaks."

"The fact that many species of sharks are not valued as food seems to be entirely a matter of prejudice," said a food specialist. "I have eaten steaks from four species taken in the Florida Keys—the dusky shark, carcharinus obscurus; edged shark, carcharinus limbatus; green shark, carcharinus acronotus; and the yellow shark, hyperion brevirostris. The flesh of each was similar and not at all tough. The green shark has a slight oily flavor, but any hungry man who did not know it was shark would have enjoyed it. The dusky shark, a young male, was equal to many high class food fishes—New York Times.

Governor Withycombe, P. L. Campbell, president of the University of Oregon; Dr. W. T. Foster, president of Reed College; Dr. W. J. Kerr, president of the Oregon Agricultural College; J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction, and J. H. Ackerman, president of the Oregon state normal school, are among those who will address the Oregon convention of Parent Teacher associations, to be held in Eugene, October 17 to 20.

An Elopement

It Was Accomplished by Modern Military Methods

By F. A. MITCHEL

There are certain persons who have the power of attracting the opposite sex indiscriminately.

Sadie Ludlow at eighteen attracted men as a candle attracts moth millers. Some said (including herself) that she did nothing whatever to draw them to her, others that there was a certain witchery in her she could exercise at will. Whichever of these propositions was true, certain it is that they all fell before her. And certain it is that she was an incorrigible flirt.

Naturally enough, this proclivity gave her mother great concern. She no sooner noticed spooning going on between her daughter and some desirable party than the avain was replaced by one who would be especially undesirable. This was succeeded by other similar transactions. In consequence the poor lady was kept in a constant state of worry.

Finally, when Sadie became the object of attention on the part of a young lieutenant in the army with nothing but his pay, Mrs. Ludlow decided to give up her residence in town and take a place in the country. A house in the center of large grounds was secured in a decidedly rural region, and mother and daughter, with the necessary servants, removed there.

One thing about the place that rendered it especially desirable for Mrs. Ludlow's purpose was a high wall surrounding it. The gateway was imposing and was protected by a lodge. Mrs. Ludlow took with her a man who had long been a servant in the family and placed him in the lodge with instructions to admit no young man without first calling for his card.

He was given a list of names of Sadie's admirers, so far as known, and directed to inform any one of them who might call that the family were "not at home," this being a convenient form adopted by well bred and truthful persons of avoiding a deliberate lie.

Idelwild, the name of the country seat—was a good road and at a convenient distance from the city for autos. Many a car rolled up to the pillared gateway to be stopped by the sentinel guarding the fair damsel imprisoned within. Among the callers was Lieutenant Whitehead, who was the immediate cause of the imprisonment.

Now, the lieutenant had but recently been graduated from West Point and had during the latter part of his course there spent much of his time studying the new military status demonstrated by the pan-European war. He was much impressed with the German method of holding the offensive, which is based on a military maxim, old as the hills, that there is an irresistible power in the initial force. He assumed Idelwild to be a fortification to be taken. By constant pressure by various methods to be tried successively till a way was found to effect an entrance the fortress must at last fall.

Nevertheless the reduction of Idelwild was more difficult than in the usual elimination of objective points. To surround and starve the garrison was not a part of the problem. To let the wall would not result in securing the prize. On the contrary, it would render ultimate defeat certain. The conditions were more like those attending the capture of ancient cities. As the Greeks obtained admission to Troy within an immense wooden horse, so must Whitehead obtain access to Idelwild by stratagem.

On the lodgekeeper's list of persons to be refused admission to Idelwild was the name of Lieutenant Beverly Whitehead, and it was marked by a double star. James, the lodgekeeper, when callers came always referred to his list. When Whitehead drove up in an automobile the keeper held the list in his right hand while he fumbled in his vest pocket with his left for his glasses. Since he was standing by the car, the upper part of his body on a level with the visitor, the latter caught a glimpse of his name with the two stars attached.

"It seems," said the young officer to himself, "that in this army of snobs I am a major general." This facetious idea being based on the fact that the insignia of a major general's rank in the United States army is two silver stars. "However," Whitehead added, "I shall be an army unto myself, both general and private."

It was when turned away on this visit that the lieutenant resolved upon effecting an entrance to Idelwild by carrying off the fair Sadie. Turning from the gate, he saw a woman around the place looking some weak spot. None appeared. The wall was continuous and rose to the same height on every side. It might be climbed or it might be burrowed. In either case if he succeeded in persuading the lady to fly with him she must be carried either over or under it. As a soldier neither of these methods seemed sufficiently heroic, and he did not believe that he was a case where a girl has been won and is kept locked up from the lover she would mate with; it was a case where she must be both won and carried away by some brilliant maneuver.

One thing Whitehead had learned from his observations of the European war—that the methods of obtaining information of an objective point of an enemy's movements had been greatly developed by the aeroplane. It seemed a long process for him to apply for admission into the United States army aeroplane corps and practice flying, but the only plan of operations that appealed to him rendered this course essential, and he straightway became a military aerial cavalryman. The ancients ascended into the upper air on a winged horse for fun. Why should not Whitehead ascend in a modern aeroplane for love?

It was autumn before the young officer became an aviator and made his first flight over Idelwild. It was a

sunny afternoon, and Sadie was walking in the grounds without head covering save her hair, on which the sun shone with a warm glow. She was plucking daisies from a chrysanthemum plant. A girl plucking a daisy is at any time a thing of beauty, but a girl on a soft October afternoon, robed in corresponding colors, viewed by a man from an aerial height above her, especially if that man is a lover, is especially entrancing. Whitehead, not thinking of the distance between them and that sound rises rather than falls, coughed. Miss Ludlow, not hearing the sound, paid no attention to it and, after dawdling about among some late plants that were in bloom, went into the house.

Whitehead saw another sight, an automobile standing at the gate, the porter holding a card in one hand and a list of Mrs. Ludlow's forbidden visitors in the other. The officer saluted about him he saw the occupant of the car drive away, then turned and swooped down like a bird toward the point from which he had started.

The wooer regretted that he had not provided himself with means of communicating with the object of his love. He might fly over Idelwild a dozen times without again meeting with so favorable an opportunity. The season when a young girl would likely be strolling about in the open air was passing, and winter was not far away. Before he made his next trip over Idelwild he wrote a note to Sadie announcing his entrance into the army aviation corps and inviting her to an aerial ride with him. This note he attached to a contrivance designed to carry it to earth not too swiftly and in the direction he wished it to fall. He also provided himself with a small bomb with a time fuse that would explode before reaching the earth. This was intended to attract the young lady's attention.

He chose for his next flight over Idelwild a day after a cold storm, when the sun came out bright and warm, thinking it likely that the prisoner might go out for an airing. Nevertheless he spent a whole morning fitting over the place high in the air before seeing her. Then she came out on the porch and, reclining in a couch hammock, began to read a book. This was unfortunate, for Whitehead had hoped to find her at a distance from the house, where he might more safely communicate with her. He dared not drop her note to her where she was; but, making a virtue of necessity, he dropped it at a distance from her, but where he expected it would fall within the grounds.

Suddenly Sadie heard an explosion in the air and, looking up, saw a tiny parachute descending from the sky; but, not dreaming that it supported a letter for her, on seeing it drop at some distance from her she turned again to her book.

Whitehead's failure only spurred him on to new devices. Fearing that winter would come on before he could attract Sadie's attention from the air, he considered how he could communicate with her by mail. He was by this time familiar with the rocket camera used in war to photograph an enemy's position, and, taking one of these ingenious devices to a point near Idelwild, he sent it up. He had the satisfaction to see the camera it contained detached from it by an explosion and sail down, under a parachute to a point near his feet. After developing the plate he obtained a photograph of Idelwild taken from a point several hundred yards above it. On the print he wrote in minute characters a day and hour and mailed it to Miss Sarah Ludlow, with an advertisement of a camera manufacturing firm in the same envelope.

Mrs. Ludlow received the letter and, supposing it to be merely an advertisement for her daughter to have it. Sadie recognized in the address on the envelope the handwriting of Lieutenant Whitehead. Naturally she suspected the contents to contain a hidden meaning. Bringing a hand glass to bear on the date written on the photographic print, she knew that something would happen at that time. The print she recognized as a photograph of Idelwild from above, and this eventually gave her the key to the puzzle.

The young lady proved propitious, and Sadie kept a watch above and below. Seeing an aeroplane soaring, she went out in the grounds to a point where she was screened by a clump of trees. An object dropped from the machine and unfolded into a parachute which fell at the lady's feet. She took a note from it, containing an invitation to an aerial ride and a request that she would take position in an open space suitable for landing and rising.

By this time the aeronaut was within call, and she accepted the invitation. Miss Ludlow stationed herself in a field containing half a dozen acres, and Lieutenant Whitehead descended to her. He pleaded his cause so ably that the lady took a seat beside him, and the pair were soon sailing among the clouds.

Mrs. Ludlow the next morning received a telegram announcing the marriage of the fugitives.

Definition of an Ohm.

An ohm, as defined by the international congress on electrical units and standards, is the resistance offered to the passage of an electric current by a column of mercury of uniform cross section having a mass of 222.0248 grains and a height of 41.8508 inches at the temperature of melting ice.

In the bureau of standards at Washington are four standard ohms so perfectly made and kept that when tested recently their average deviation from their mean value was less than .00001 ohm.

Excitement.

People who easily get excited don't usually live nearly so long as people who keep calm. Excitement, in fact, wastes the vitality and affects one's health to a very great extent. This is true, too, of all who seek excitement, whether physical or mental. Excitement makes the pulse beat above the ordinary rate, and one's reserve of energy is used up so much the quicker. Occasional excitement, however, is very good for one's health, especially where the pulse is slow, but the natural condition of the body should be one of calmness and regularity.

NO EXCUSE FOR "AIN'T."

It is About the Worst Contraction in the English Language.

"Ain't" is an improper abbreviation of "are not." British writers spell it "a'n't," which properly indicates its derivation. Americans make it an inclusive offense, using it for "am not" and "is not," as well as for "are not." It is unquestionably the worst instance of slovenliness in the common speech of today.

Yet it is by no means of universal or even common use. It will slip occasionally from refined lips, always with a jar to the enunciator, as well as to the hearer. But the habitual user of "ain't" is careless of refinement. He may be an excellent citizen who never beats his wife nor kicks the cat. But there is likely to be something slipshod about him somewhere. For "ain't" is needless, as well as cacophonous. It fills no void and supplies no need.

English observers complain superciliously of the laxness of American speech. American observers who have listened to the marvels of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devonshire and other shire dialects are inclined to resent any assumption of British superiority. But it is none the less desirable to eliminate our own linguistic sins, and of these "ain't" is the most deplorable.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Awkward.

A visitor to a hospital for soldiers was surprised to hear one of the patients being addressed by the nurses by his Christian name, it being customary to address patients by their surnames only. Upon inquiry as to why this distinction was accorded to the particular soldier referred to the reply received was:

"Well, we can't very well call him by his surname."

"But why not?" queried the somewhat astonished visitor.

"You see," was the overwhelming answer, "his surname is Love, and it's rather awkward."—London Tit-Bits.

Why Mosquitoes Like Blood.

The fact that mosquitoes so continually harass rich blooded creatures is due to the fact that they cannot lay eggs without the albuminous food which is thus obtained. In tropical countries the greatest enemy of the malaria bearing mosquito is a species of bat which is protected from the insect's bite by its strangely shaped hairs.

The bat is very swift of flight, and the mosquitoes, especially those which have already made a supper of blood, are their ideal food.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Japanese Needlewomen.

The daughters of the land of flowers sometimes curiously reverse European methods. They needle their thread instead of threading their needles, and instead of running their needle through the cloth they hold it still and run the cloth upon it. An English lady long resident in Tokyo once wrote to a friend that the impulse of her Japanese maids is always to sew on cuff rills and inside out.

Two Important Matters.

"Now, Katie, do you know enough to keep your mouth shut?" asked the fashionable woman of the girl she was about to engage.

"Well, ma'am, I know enough to all right, but the question is, Do I get enough wages to encourage me to?"—Vancouver Statesman.

Selfishness.

The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit.—Emerson.



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