

The Observer

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HORSES IN ANCIENT BATTLE

Seem to Have Been Little Used Except to Carry the Infantry into the Fight.

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles, the charioteers drove their cars in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers then withdrew, little by little, from the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope, or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later iron age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the west German tribes, as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and aloof to use any kind of saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

GIVES CAT PALM OF WISDOM

Writer in California Newspaper Comes Forward With Loud Praise of Household Pet.

It is often a subject for discussion as to which is the wisest animal. Some say it is the dog and some are in favor of the horse, while scientists appear to think it is the elephant.

We beg to differ with all these views. We do not even agree to the movement in certain quarters to give the palm for wisdom to the fox. To our mind the wisest animal that lives is the cat. And, if it goes to that, we are willing to have it further known that of all animals we like the cat the best.

A cat is so wise that it succeeds in not letting us know how wise it really is. If you will be friendly with cats—and that's an easy thing to do—you will be astounded at their wisdom. And you could not imagine how affectionate a cat can also be.

There is an old yellow cat we call the Verdugo hills that we wouldn't trade for all the dogs and horses and elephants outside of Barnum's circus. When the last of his nine lives departs from the earth those mountains will be a very lonely place for us.—Los Angeles Times.

For Success in Business.

Wealth is, after all, only what is produced by us, either by mental or physical labor. It stands to reason, therefore, that if a man would become rich in this world's goods, or in knowledge of things or men, he must work hard and long to acquire such knowledge and skill. And he will be rewarded in proportion to his work. Despite a lucky stroke occasionally here and there in a man's life, I am a firm believer in the motto that nothing really comes by chance to a man which is of much value beyond the ordinary.

Success has usually been prepared for, striven for, helped onward by his own innate ability, work, or tact in ways the exterior world often failed to recognize. Hard work is the best friend any man ever embraced.

I would say to all youthful beginners in business that business is like the land—the more you put into it the more you will get out. If you put nothing in, you will get precious little out; if you tend it in desultory fashion, you can only expect an indifferent harvest, if any at all.—Exchange.

Where Is Teschen?

This is the latest breakfast-table problem. Although the town has figured prominently in European history at various times for over a century, Lloyd George had to confess, when it was mentioned at the peace conference, that he did not know exactly where it was situated.

Nor was he alone in his lack of knowledge. It is doubtful if one person in fifty would be able to give you any information about the town.

And yet it was once the scene of a great peace conference—that of 1779, when Vergennes, the foreign minister of France, arranged the peace of Teschen, thereby avoiding a great European war, and also, in all probability, securing the independence of the United States.

Right Pivot.

A ducky was unloading horses and when he had the halter bands of six horses he started up the road toward camp and the stables. Just before entering camp the road turned sharply to the right; in fact, it made a right angle with its previous course.

At this point the ducky with his six halter bands experienced some difficulty in getting all the horses to make the turn and he was heard to shout: "Here, what's the matter with you all? Don't you all know how to make a turn to the right? Number one pivot! Pivot dar on de right."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Wedding Knives

By S. B. HACKETT

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They were very beautiful—those delicate trifles of the ancient wedding toilet of the seventeenth century bride—the wedding knives of Mistress Anne Hogarth.

Margery Byers took them reverently from their faded green brocade sheaths and running her fingers over the elaborately chased blades, and the quaint pearl set handles, handed them to Stephen Palmer. The young physician turned them over curiously.

"So these pretty trinkets were necessary to the bridal toilet away back in the days of your grandmother's time, Margery?" he remarked. "I don't remember of ever reading of them."

Margery's brown eyes sparkled with interest and admiration.

"Why, don't you remember, Steve?" she cried. "Follet wore them at her wedding when she was in the Friar's cell, and she had them on when she was about to take the sleeping potion."

"What did they symbolize?" asked Palmer.

"They had something to do with severing the knot of love, I believe," answered Margery vaguely, "anyway, whatever they meant, they were beautiful things to wear."

"And you, Margery, I suppose you'll wear these when you're married," Palmer hesitated a little over his work.

When a girl has a well-defined, relative implanted idea of engaging herself when she gets to the seashore summer resort to a rich man she doesn't care for, but who is going to ask her to marry him—to see unexpected love in the eyes of the man she'd like to marry, even though disapproved of by the relatives, is disconcerting. Margery turned away and replaced the trinkets in their places before she answered a bit tremulously:

"My—my wedding day is a long time off, most likely, Stephen. I'm not quite twenty, you know."

"I—listen, Margery," Stephen tried to keep his voice steady. "I want to tell you something."

"Hurry, Margery," an impatient voice called from the next room. "Are you forgetting we have an engagement this evening?"

"I'm coming, mother," the girl answered. "Come down to the station tomorrow, Steve," she said in hasty good-bye. "I'll go down a half hour before mother does, and we—we can talk before the train leaves."

But a man in a factory got himself cut up badly the next day an hour before Margery's train was to leave, and Palmer was called to hold life in him. There was not even time for telephoning Margery, and the letter of explanation he sent her was returned to him unopened.

When three weeks later Margery's engagement to Elmer Troxell was announced Stephen worked so many extra hours at the hospital that the head surgeon protested.

In September the Byers family returned, and Palmer could not escape the accounts of the wedding that was to be one of the city's social events. A few days before the wedding, unable to deny himself the uncertain unhappiness of trying to catch a glimpse of the bride-to-be, he found himself passing the Byers house. As he went by, driving at a snail's pace, he heard frightened screams from within. He leaped from his car. As he ran up the walk a terrified maid thrust open the door.

"Oh, Doctor Palmer!" she cried, recognizing him, "come in, quick!"

Another one of the maids had fallen, carrying a tray of glasses, and had cut her wrist. She was shrieking in fear and clinging to Margery, who with a pencil and a handkerchief was twisting a tourniquet about the wounded arm, while the blood spattered her lovely white dress.

"Come away, Margery," frowned a heavy browed man in a white serge costume, standing at a safe distance from the maid, as Palmer came forward, "and let the man attend to her. It's his business—besides you're getting your frock spoiled, and we were ready for our drive."

Margery shook off his hand. "Go away, Elmer!"—Palmer detected a note of dislike in her tone—"you are in Doctor Palmer's way. Never mind the drive. I shall stay with Sophie."

As Troxell sulkily left the room his foot touched something lying on the floor, something that tinkled, as with a murmur of disgust he shoved it aside.

The next morning when Palmer returned to the house to attend the injured maid he found her crying.

"I'm not scared for myself, it's Miss Margie I'm worried about," she told him. "He—that man ain't fit for her nor anybody else. Miss Margie told him yesterday she was going to wear her great grandmother's wedding knives (maybe she's showed them to you) at her wedding, and he got awfully mad—asked her how she would look, standing up there in her bridal robes, before all his friends with those absurd things dangling at her belt, like a housekeeper's keys! And he threw them on the floor, and when I came in with the tray I stumbled over them and fell and cut my arm."

Palmer paled as he listened, and though he made no comment he had to set his teeth to keep the words that came in his mind.

Two days later Palmer read the following paragraph in the evening paper:

"Troxell Neglects to Get License," ran the headline. "After being supposedly joined in matrimony at the most elaborate society wedding of the year at noon today, with both Rev. Robert Clinton and Bishop Phelps officiating, Miss Margery Byers and Elmer Troxell were informed by County Clerk Vixen in the most matter-of-fact way that they were not married at all. They had been married without a license."

The paper further stated that the guests had left Miss Byers' residence

after the reception, when the vital omission was discovered. A messenger was hastened to find Bishop Phelps, and the good prelate was begged to come to the house in an emergency situation. He did so, and when he reached the residence he was told the nerves of the bride were so shaken that the second ceremony would have to be deferred until the next morning.

For eight hours Stephen had thought her Troxell's wife, and she was not married—not married! An errand boy touched his elbow.

"You're wanted at the telephone, doctor."

"Is that Dr. Stephen Palmer?" the voice was trembling. "This is Margie Byers. Oh, Steve, come to the house right away. Come quick! I—I want you!"

Palmer stumbled out to the street and hailed a cab. The maid, Sophie, her arm in a sling, let him in.

"Miss Margie wants to see you alone," she told him, and led him to a little upstairs room at the back of the house. As the door closed behind him something in a white dress flew to him.

"Oh, Steve, I want you to save me!" Margery gasped. "They put it in the paper that I was so shaken the second ceremony would have to be deferred, but I've told father and mother I'm not going to marry him at all."

"Not marry him!" he echoed.

"No! Father, mother, everybody, thought it would be so fine for me, I agreed to marry him. I never loved him, but that day he quarreled with me over wearing great-grandmother's wedding knives at my wedding (the day Sophie cut her arm) I knew I hated him. But I thought it was so late then. They talked to me until I was nearly crazy this afternoon when I told them my eyes were opened and I was thankful the license was forgotten. They said it would be a scandal to the family if I didn't marry him now, and they've set the hour for eight in the morning."

"Margie," the young man's lips were white, "did you send back my letter that I wrote to explain why I didn't come to the train the day you went to Bar Harbor?"

"I never received any letter," she faltered. "I looked and looked for it; then I thought you didn't care. Mother—"

"But I did care—I do care—so much I don't dare advise you. I wanted to tell you that day—I wanted to tell you—"

She looked up at him and her wet eyes began to shine. "Tell me now, Steve," she cried softly. "Oh, Steve, it wouldn't be any scandal for you to let me run away with you and marry you tonight, would it?"

At seven o'clock the next morning the justice of the peace, just over the state line, stood before a tall young professional man holding the hand of a pretty girl clad in a gray traveling suit of French design, and wearing at her belt her great-grandmother's knives, and pronounced a ceremony that was binding and fast.

Evans for Santa Claus.

In Jacksonville there are still a few cavaliers too old to be taken by the draft. The other evening one called on a woman who, it might be added in an undertone, also was beyond draft age.

During the evening her small niece dragged in a dilapidated doll. "I'm going to have Santa Claus bring her a new dress for Christmas so she'll look better," she informed auntie and the cavalier.

The cavalier tried to be facetious. "You'd better have him bring her a new face," he suggested.

The woman laughed and tried a fling at wit herself. "I wish he'd bring me a new face, too," she giggled.

Before the visitor could make a rejoinder the wee niece took up the conversation. "Then you wouldn't have to paint your old one over any more, auntie," she calmly finished.—Indianapolis News.

Experience.

"It's a good thing to depose a general if he makes a bad mistake," said Representative Britton, apropos of the new French law for trying the high command.

"You might say that a general learns by experience, that he profits by his errors. But the French people evidently hold that the man who only learns by experience never learns at all."

"Experience," they doubtless say, "is a brush which is given to us after we have lost our hair."

"Or again they say: 'Oh, yes, experience is all right, but it doesn't seem to help us much. What's the good of knowing what the weather was like last night before last?'"

United States Exports.

The United States exported 14.6 per cent of its wheat crop in the five years preceding the war, 1.7 per cent of the corn, 38.3 per cent of the tobacco, and 69.1 per cent of the cotton. In the three years before the war this country exported 1.1 per cent of its oats crop, 4.4 per cent of the barley, 2.9 per cent of the rye, and 0.5 per cent of the potatoes.

Safety Nets.

The safety department of the industrial accident commission of the state of California, believing that a man doing useful work at a height of several hundred feet needs as much protection as a trapeze performer in a circus, has been responsible for the introduction of safety nets in building construction in San Francisco. The safety nets are similar in character to those used by circus performers, as well as by fire departments in the larger cities in rescuing persons jumping from high windows.—Scientific American.

Author of the "Doxology."

The author of the "Doxology" was the English bishop, Thomas Ken (1637-1711), who, in 1691, was deprived of his see (Bath and Wells) as a non-juror. His most widely known hymns include the morning and evening hymns, "Awake, My Soul!" and "Glory to Thee, My God, This Night," both of which end with the famous "Doxology." "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

HELEN'S PROMISE

By MISS DOMINICA TRACY.

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Helen Crawford, brown eyes sparkling, yellow curls bobbing, tripped along the little winding path which led from the old farmhouse to the open fields where she had been gathering blueberries to bring home for breakfast.

Helen made a pretty picture as she walked along the sun-flecked lane this early summer morning in her crispingham frock with the basketful of luscious berries swinging carelessly on her arm. Her mind dwelt pleasantly on the festivities to take place that afternoon at the largest house of the village.

The Rawdons, but recent inhabitants of the little town of Handfield, were to give a lawn party in honor of their nephew, Philip, who was shortly to leave for the front, and who, being a stranger to the young people of the town, was therefore awaited with keen interest by them.

Absorbed by her own thoughts Helen did not hear the clatter of an approaching horse, until, rounding a curve in the road, she found herself directly in its path and had but scarce time to step quickly to one side, but alas and alack in her excitement Helen dropped the precious basket and the ripe berries rolled out directly beneath the horse's hoofs. Helen gave a little cry of dismay, the rider drew rein, and Helen glancing up was surprised to meet the merry eyes of a handsome young officer, saluting her politely, he said: "I cannot tell you how sorry I am for having caused you to upset your basket. I did not expect to meet anyone so early and so I was idling carelessly in the middle of the road, instead of keeping to one side." Helen smiled brightly and pointed out that fortunately some of the berries were still in the basket, and picking it up she nodded smiling and walked on.

A sudden thought struck the young officer and turning around he called after her: "I hope we shall meet at the lawn fetes my aunt is giving this afternoon, as I understand all the young people of Handfield and their elders are to be present." "Yes, indeed, I shall be there," she answered, "and I shall doubtless see you, as I have been chosen to help serve the refreshments."

At three o'clock, Helen looking prettier than ever in her pink dress and drooping leghorn hat, was busy serving ice cream to some unusually spick-and-span little boys, when her soldier acquaintance of the morning joined the group, and persuaded Helen to help him eat some strawberry ice cream and cake, which a senious young waitress had pressed him to accept, and which he declared was altogether too much to be eaten by a single human being.

Seated at a little table Philip told her that he was to return to his home in New York the next day, to spend the last few days with his parents before sailing. He asked her permission to write, and when Helen consented he said: "As soon as I am able I will send you my address from 'Over There,' but will you promise to write?" Helen, suddenly grown shy, blushed, as she answered: "I promise," and in the bashful brown eyes Philip thought he read more than the promise of a letter.

Pulses of the Weather.

There appear to exist in the earth's atmosphere "centers of action," which have wide control over climatic conditions and make it possible to foretell the character of the weather long in advance. One of the most important of all these centers is that about Iceland. According to the atmospheric pressure there is high or low, mild or severe winters result in central Europe, and there are those who contend that this influence is also felt on the North American continent. The North cape is another similar center, and between these foci a kind of compensation of action exists, sometimes at intervals of six months. A warm winter at the North cape corresponds to a cold winter in Iceland, and is followed by cold winds in central Europe and over the plains of Hungary. The cause of the phenomena, it is thought, is to be found in the variations of the North Polar ice cap, which constitutes the great reservoir of cold for the northern hemisphere.

Ingenious "Fake" Pistol.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Inventions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a number of electric bells within a-ringing. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he would be caught in a vise by one of the many steel contraptions cunningly placed about.—London Tit-Bits.

Second Thoughts.

Mrs. Justwed—When I married I resolved to yield to my husband in everything.

Mrs. Langwed—So did I. And then resolved never to act on that resolution.

People's Verdict Reversed.

William Henry Harrison ran for president twice. In 1835 he was nominated by an anti-Masonic convention held in Philadelphia and was defeated by Martin Van Buren. In 1840 he was nominated by the Whig party, running a second time against Van Buren and defeating him by a large majority. In the first election, Van Buren received 170 electoral votes to Harrison's 73; in the second election Harrison received 354 electoral votes to Van Buren's 69.

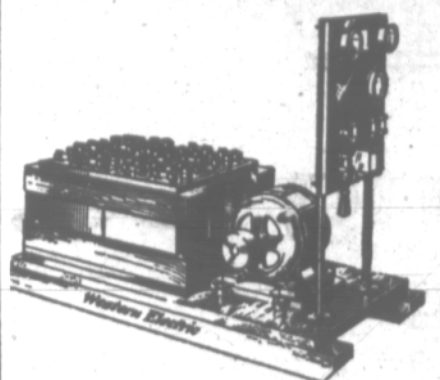
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