

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, November 7, 1919

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year 12 1/2 cents per month. A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

DOING THEIR BIT

By LILLIAN B. COLDRICK.

"Who dares call our Phil a slacker?" The black eyes of little Mrs. Norton snapped angrily, as she turned to her daughter, who was reading extracts from a letter just received.

"Oh, all the home folks," nonchalantly replied Edith, the spoiled daughter of the family.

Edith Norton, not at all remarkable for her beauty, had always been jealous of her brother's pretty wife. The present family arrangements did not please her particularly. She would have preferred remaining in town rather than spending the autumn months in the mountains.

"Anybody," continued Edith, "if we had remained in civilization instead of coming to this wilderness."

"Wilderness!" interrupted Mrs. Norton. "Where could you find a more charming place than our beautiful Pine Villa? Why, I was glad when Dorothy's physician, ordered her and the baby here for the next few months."

"Next few months?" repeated Edith crossly. "Oh, horrors! I thought a few weeks would have enough. Of all the girls in the world, why did Phil choose such a delicate one for his wife?"

"Because a man usually chooses the girl he loves, delicate or otherwise!" declared Phil, entering the pretty breakfast room from the veranda, a spray of wonderful autumn foliage in his hand.

"If it were not for mother, I'd be a slacker and stay home rather than leave my wife to your tender mercies. At the same time, allow me to inform you that every man who remains at home is not necessarily a slacker! However, don't be afraid, Eda. You shall not have cause to be ashamed of your only brother. I will soon be doing my bit for Uncle Sam!"

"Doing your bit! Doing your bit!" Was there ever such a nonsensical expression! If I were to present you with a dictionary of the English language, do you suppose you might select words equivalent to that ridiculous phrase?"

Mr. Norton, Sr., was not only suffering from a severe attack of gout, he had inadvertently and most unfortunately, for the rest of the family, forgotten his favorite brand of cigars; hence, his outburst.

The sudden, unceremonious opening of a door, which banged against an inoffensive chair, not only disturbed father's already ruffled temper, but what was of infinitely more importance just then, it more than slightly augmented his gout.

Turning to glare at the intruder, he encountered the saucy stare of a young under-maid, whose bristling red hair was dressed in an ear-draped effect. The supposedly invisible hair pins protruded an inch or two in every conceivable direction.

As Agnes placed a dish of steaming muffins upon the table, she patted her hair-covered ears most lovingly, and gently pressed back the offending hair-pins.

"Look here, young woman!" Mr. Norton fairly spluttered with mingled pain and rage. "Are you in the habit of placing food upon the table before the family is seated? And do we usually begin breakfast with muffins? One thing more," he fumed, as the girl, with one hand still at her hair, reached for the muffins with the disengaged hand. "If you serve food in this family, learn to dress your hair in the proper place. A breakfast room is not a tontorial parlor!"

When the indignant maid had left the room, Mrs. Norton turned to her irate husband.

"I do wish, father, you would not interfere with my affairs—it is so most difficult to get help in the mountains and you must be prepared to overlook little deficiencies."

"Little deficiencies, indeed!" scoffed father. "Is it a little deficiency to chew red hair with my food?"

"Have you ever done so yet?"

"No, but I may, if she serves macaroni with tomatoes!"

Evidently, the entire Norton family had gotten out of the wrong side of their respective beds that morning.

It was a decided relief, when, from an opposite doorway, a slight, girlish figure appeared with a pale but smiling face as she wished them all "good-morning!"

The smile changed to a merry laugh as Phil, slipping one arm around her, covered her from head to hips with the beautiful spray of autumn leaves.

"Oh, thank you, Phil, dear; what marvelous coloring. Look, daddy," turning with her prize to the old gentleman.

"Don't talk to me, Dorrie. I'm a cross old man, I guess. The tiny wrinkles at the corner of father's eyes showed that his face would soon regain its usual benign expression.

"Cross, daddy? Who could be cross on such a glorious day?"

"Not you, surely, Dorothy," snapped Edith; "not when things are going your way. You wanted to come here and so we are here, whether we care to be or not."

A pained flush overspread the face of the little wife, as she glanced around the room at the other members of the family.

"Didn't any of you want to come? Baby and I can—"

"Yes, darling, mother wanted to come!" exclaimed good-natured Mrs. Norton, as she lovingly kissed both flushed cheeks. "Edith is cross today. She wanted to stay in town."

Burn Home When Trying to Exterminate Squirrel.

Chico, Cal.—Fully prepared to write a testimonial to the destroying qualities of a squirrel exterminator, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hurspath here mourn the loss of their home today.

Here's how it happened: A squirrel had tunneled under their home and the exterminator was purchased. It was poured into the hole, but it was an inflammable liquid. An oil tank and smudge pots caught fire and the house burned to the ground.

It is not known what happened to the squirrel.

RAT MENACES HEALTH

Costs the United States \$180,000,000 a Year for Support.

Public Health Service Urges That Measures Be Taken to Destroy Them.

Washington.—You pay one-half of one cent every day for the support and sustenance of a brown rat, according to figures compiled by the United States public health service.

There is one rat; at least, for every person in the United States. This estimate is considered conservative, but coincides with that for Great Britain and Ireland, and also with authoritative figures for Denmark, France and Germany.

The annual upkeep per rodent was computed by the same authorities as \$1.50 in Great Britain, \$1.20 in Denmark, and \$1 in France. The depredations in this country will very probably exceed the estimate for Great Britain. One-half a cent a day is considered conservative, but even on this computation, it costs the United States \$180,000,000 a year to support its rat population.

It is because of this terrific economic loss and the additional fact that rats are a constant menace to the public health that the public health service has issued a warning to the country to take the necessary measures to destroy them.

There are three kinds of rats included in the survey in this country—the Norway or brown rat, the black rat, and Alexandrian rat. The Norway rat, larger and more ferocious than the others, has pretty generally killed them, and today the black rat and the Alexandrian rat are seldom found except in seaports.

The brown or Norway rat, since he discovered America, has literally blazed a trail across the continent. Today it is conservatively estimated that there are at least one rat for every dweller in the cities, and on the farm there are at least three rats for every person. None of these rats is native to the United States.

Of many measures suggested for destroying the rat, the public health service advocates one as most effective. It is rat-proofing the buildings so that rats cannot get in for food, thereby starving them to death.

LEAVES HIS WIFE AS BAIL

Husband's Appearance Relieves Embarrassment of Police Judge in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Police Judge Chesebro was most embarrassed. A woman had been left with him in lieu of \$25 bail, and he did not know what to do with her.

Walter Lincercum appeared before the court on a misdemeanor charge. Judge Chesebro fixed the bail at \$25. Lincercum did not have the \$25.

Mrs. Lincercum, who was in court, had a bright idea and whispered to the judge. He nodded assent and Lincercum rushed from the courtroom. His wife remained behind. She was the bail.

Everybody was happy until 5 p. m. arrived, and brought no Lincercum. It was time to close the court. The judge looked at his clock and at the bail.

Then Lincercum rushed in. Just as the court was ordered closed. He had \$25 in real money and walked away with his wife.

UMBRELLA AS BERRY PICKER

By Its Aid Long Island Woman Gathers Ninety Quarts in Day.

Sayville, L. I.—Mrs. Margaret Cross of Sayville, L. I., went huckleberrying. She carried an umbrella. Neighbors asked her if she feared rain, but she only smiled.

Reaching a spot where the berries grew thick, she opened it. Inverted it under a bush and shook the bush vigorously. The berries fell into the umbrella and were easily transferred from it to Mrs. Cross' berry pail.

By this means she gathered 90 quarts during the day, thereby establishing a record for one day's picking. It is said.

Snake Kills Cow.

Waynesborough, Pa.—George Woodring, tenant on the Stone farm south of Waynesborough, lost a young cow as the result of the creature being bitten by a large copperhead snake. Notwithstanding that a veterinary surgeon from Waynesborough was summoned, he could not remove the effects of the poison. Copperheads and rattlesnakes are very plentiful.

Flashlights.

Some men seem to be living in hope that a way will be discovered before they die whereby they can take their money with them when it's their time to go.

Opinion.

Opinion is divided into four parts—what we want our friends to think of us, what we think they think of us, what they think we think of us, and what we think they think we think they think of us.

WHERE GREAT MONARCH LIES

Mosque of Bajazet II is One of the Sights of City of Constantinople.

Constantinople has no mosque more attractive to natives and strangers alike than that of Bajazet II. Bajazet, one time sultan of an empire, known as the dreamer, raised this graceful monument and sleeps peacefully in its shelter.

It is not, however, in reverence to the memory of Bajazet that so many Turks sit languidly in the corners of the mosque court. They are here to profit by the visits of strangers in the city, to tempt them with real Turkish tobacco, oriental perfumes, amber and jewelry. In short, they have set up shop in the very shadow of the mosque, and that shadow being insufficient, strips of awnings have been rigged up as further protection from the glaring sun. Whether Bajazet would approve of this seeming disrespect can only be surmised.

Pigeons, too, in distracting numbers, whirling, cooing, always fluttering from one spot to another, save the mosque courtyard from the solemn silence of the thousand and one other temples of Constantinople. Bajazet's approval of the pigeons' presence is recorded from the time when only two frequented his court. By his order they and their successors have been always fed and regarded as sacred.

The feathered inhabitants have become so numerous and so much at home that the mosque has come to be popularly called the "Mosque of Pigeons." Their cooing softens the sound of bargaining from the corners of the court and blends with the splash of the fountain. Could the dreamy Bajazet behold them now, poised on his minarets, walking sedately about his court, and circling like whirling clouds about the columns, he would realize that they are the final touch to the perfection of his temple.

TRUE TO IDEALS OF HOME

Woman Conductor Would Have No Mud Tracked Into Elevator That She Was Running.

She was a fat, comfortable looking Irish woman. You could see her putting out a good washing or rocking a baby, but it was hard to believe your eyes when you saw her running an elevator at night in an office building. There she was, just the same. And the little Italian who was scrubbing the main hall had left water, quite a puddle of it, in front of the elevator.

All proceedings were stopped. The elevator did not run. With arms akimbo she dressed down the hapless little man and ordered him back with his mop. "Come here and clean this up!" she ordered. "I'll not have folks tracking water into my elevator." He came. Memories of muddy feet on home-scrubbed porches and immaculate halls. It was her elevator, not her employer's, when she was running it, and tracked it should not be.

Here's a toast to home ideals in public housekeeping. May they blot out worse flaws than the mere tracking of physical dirt!—New York Times.

ANCIENT KNIGHTLY ORDER

The order of Knights of Dannebrog was established in 1219 by Valdemar II, according to Danish tradition, as a memorial of a victory over the Estonians, won by the appearance in the sky of a red banner bearing a white cross. Historically the order dates back to 1671 when it was founded by Christian V. It was originally restricted to 50 knights and was family or court decoration. In 1806 it was made an order of merit by Frederick VI and is awarded only for distinguished and meritorious services.

The insignia of the knightship is a white enameled Danish cross with red and gold borders, bearing in the center the letter W and on the four arms the inscription "God og Kongen" (for God and King). The ribbon is white with red edging. The rank is an honorary one and entitles the recipient to use the title "Sir." The rank and title are not hereditary.

Snaring Birds of Paradise.

To obtain the much prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees. If they can find no haunt of the desired birds they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate, to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are easily taken by the wily natives.—Savannah Morning News.

King of Poor Penmen.

The palm for illegibility is generally awarded to the late Horace Greeley, but in our own land probably Lecky was king of impossible penmen.

There are veteran compositors alive who remember setting up his "History of Morals." Those who could decipher the manuscript were more prized than their rivals who took Arabic and Hindustani in their stride.

To master Lecky the men were allowed to take home dubious folios and ponder them in privacy. They say that the author was, in printing circles, the best cursed man of the century.—London Chronicle.

Can Never Forgive That.

"It's four years since he left me," said the deserted wife. "I remember it just as well as yesterday—how he stood at the door, holding it open till six flies got into the house."—Boston Transcript.

Happiness and Interests.

Personal happiness is almost synonymous with personal interests; the wider the range of the latter the higher is the degree of happiness.—Lillian Whiting.

BETSY ANN SMITH

By MAY N. PALMER.

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There was a gathering of excited young people at the station at Brantwood waiting for the arrival of the 8:10 train. They were all old school-mates of Betsy Ann Smith, who had left the town four years before to attend an exclusive boarding school and finish her education.

During that time she had been home only once, and made a very brief visit.

When the train drew in they watched each arrival eagerly and saw a young lady, who seemed to resemble Betsy Ann. But could this be Betsy? There was a trace of the sweet unaffected girl they had known in this radiant creature, whose clothes made all the others seem shabby. She had grown very pretty, and as she descended the steps many admiring glances followed her.

"Some peach," said one young fellow to another.

"I'll be her meal ticket," said another.

The little group was speechless for a moment, but John Russell broke the ice by stepping forward and putting out his hand saying, "Hello, Betsy! You sure do look fine."

"Call me Bettina, please," she said as she coolly shook hands.

"Oh gee!" groaned Rob White, "she's dashed all right." Rob had been her special attendant in days gone by and had expected to continue in that capacity, but her manner effectually squelched any hopes he had entertained.

Her coolness put a damper on their spirits, and they walked along rather silently, the thousand and one questions they intended to ask her ripped in the bud. She left them with an invitation to come to a party the following week and every one accepted. The party was a great success, and soon Betsy was the most popular girl in town because of the many new ideas she had gathered while at boarding school.

Rob White's drooping spirits had revived somewhat and he timidly offered to escort her home one evening. She accepted because as the son of the wealthiest man in town he was the most sought after by the other girls.

One day in August, when the heat seemed almost unbearable, Mrs. Smith had a large troupe to do, mostly for Betsy.

"Betsy dear," she said (she had refused to call her Bettina), "I'd like your help today. I shall never get through without some assistance."

"Oh mother," sighed Betsy, "you know today is the day of the picnic at Pine Grove. I have charge of it and I simply must be there."

"Very well," said her mother. After she had gone Mrs. Smith sat down and wept. Oh why did she have such a selfish daughter? And yet she knew that she had been weak and indulgent. Then a thought came to her and soon a plan had formed which she hoped would cure her willful daughter.

When Betsy returned she found the ironing untouched and her mother in bed.

"Mother, are you sick?"

"I seem to feel so tired that I thought a few days' rest in bed might help me."

"I'll call Mrs. Courtney, mother. She's so kind I know she will help us out."

"No, Betsy, I've decided not to bother our neighbors. You are quite old enough to take a little care on your shoulders."

Betsy went slowly into the kitchen. There was no way out. She would have to get along until her mother was better. "Well," she thought, "I may as well get something to eat, for I'm starved."

"Oh! here are some chops mother intended for supper. I'll have the chops and potatoes and some of this cake with strawberries and cream, and that will do nicely."

Not having the slightest idea about the time required to cook them she put on the potatoes, started the chops and went into the garden to pick some roses. Becoming absorbed in her task she forgot all else until her mother's voice aroused her. Then she rushed into the kitchen only to find that the chops were black, and that the water had boiled away from the potatoes and they too were burned.

The tears rolled down her cheeks and she felt utterly discouraged. But after that things went better and in a few days she found that she was really beginning to like it.

And then one never-to-be-forgotten day Betsy was in the midst of her baking when there came a knock at the door. Thinking it was the grocer's boy she called "come in."

The door opened and in came Rob White. He stopped and looked at her in amazement, and there was something in his glance which sent the color into Betsy's cheeks until they were red as roses.

Then he laughed and said, "Do look at yourself in the glass, Betsy." She looked and saw a rosy face with a smudge of flour on nose and cheeks and chin.

"Well, when you have got through laughing perhaps you'd like to try one of my doughnuts."

"M—m Good!" said Rob. Then drawing her to him he said, "Betsy I've loved you for a long time but never dared to tell you so. Couldn't you cook for three days? And Betsy left the print of a floury hand upon his shoulder as she softly whispered, yes."

Affinity.

"We read that a hen has adopted a litter of pigs. A possible explanation of this is the natural intimacy between ham and eggs."—Charlotte News.

Deliberating.

"You say the jury is deliberating?" "Yes, they are," replied the sarcastic lawyer. "The only juror who has a thumbnail of brains is probably telling 11 hunsnukle that my client is guilty."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

At Saloniki.



The veritable mountains of relief supplies turned out by the millions of chapter workers during the war made the American Red Cross one of the biggest "manufacturing concerns" in the world, with great warehouse space at scores of strategic points all around the globe.

One of the biggest distribution centers was at Saloniki, Greece, and in this picture Bulgarian prisoners of war are seen there unloading a Red Cross cargo of 2,800 boxes from a French transport. At the right is seen one of the American Red Cross camions, fleets of which were used in rushing relief to points where the suffering was greatest.

Happy Hunting Ground.

Sign on farm in Kansas—"Hunters Take Notice: Hunt all you darn please, and when you hear the horn blow come to the house for dinner. If the quail are scarce kill a chicken or two, and if you can't get any squirrels kill a hog."—Boston Transcript.

Grateful Enjoyment.

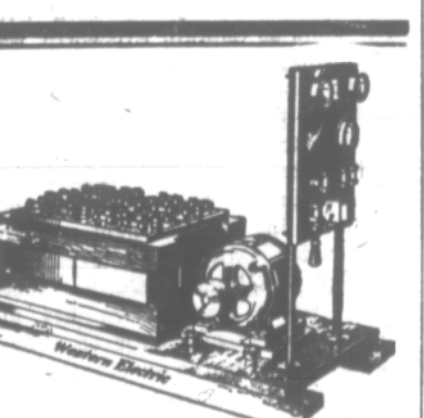
Suffering is not necessarily a blessing in disguise. Sometimes it is simply an undisguised evil, an evil that we have no right to be crying about with us. Self-denial for its own sake is only a foolish refusal of pleasures that we might thankfully enjoy. Courage and faith when trouble comes are no more our duty than is grateful enjoyment of our blessings when the days are bright.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

On German Soil.



In the City Square of Treves, Germany, headquarters of the allied military forces, an ancient cross surmounted monument marks the city's center of traffic. For this reason American Red Cross officials converted it as shown by this picture into a directory of all Red Cross activities in the city.



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