

The Observer MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, May 21, 1920

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months...

WHERE ESKIMO IS SUPERIOR

Home Life Declared by Stefansson to Be Practically Ideal—Hospitality in the Extrema.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in writing of his 13 months' stay among the Eskimos, tells of their great kindness to a guest who could not pay for his keep...

"In an Eskimo home I have never heard an unpleasant word between a man and his wife, never seen a child punished nor an old person treated inconsiderately..."

"But of some of his superiority the moral value is great. He has developed individual quality further than we, he is less selfish, more helpful to his fellows, kinder to his wife, gentler to his child..."

"When I tried to express thanks for their kindness in my fragmentary Eskimo, they were more surprised than pleased."

"Do, then, in the white man's land, some starve and shiver while others eat much and are warmly clad?"

"To that question I said 'No,' although I knew I was lying. I was afraid the competitive system could not be explained to them satisfactorily..."

OLDEST OF FRENCH JOURNALS

Gazette de France Was First Published 238 Years Ago, and is Still in Existence.

The first number of the Gazette de France, the oldest newspaper in France, was published 238 years ago, May 30, 1631...

"I hope ye won't squeal on me, Tom," he remarked. "That all depends. Have you got a large family, as the sign says?"

"There's six of us altogether, including the dogs."

"Well, you'll have to pay me so much a week, and I won't say a word," replied the other.

"There ain't enough comin' in to do that," said John dolefully.

"Something must be done," remarked Tom. "I haven't got work, and I can't get any."

"Suppose you come up to the house tonight, and we'll talk things over. Go away now, Tom, do; see you tonight."

The stranger moved away slowly, remarking to an old lady about to drop a coin in the little tin mug: "That's a bad case, mum; the poor fellow lost his arms falling off the roof of a church."

"Did he, indeed?" sympathetically said the lady. "I always give him a trifle when I pass, but I thought he lost his arms in battle."

The ex-convicts were holding a midnight session. "I've thought out a scheme, Tom, which will pay us both, and we'll be independent of each other. Suppose you go and stand at the library, and be a blind man. There isn't such a fellow in the place. Every day one of the children can bring your dinner down to you, and also lead you home at night. I'm sure you'll make more than I do."

"Don't suit me," answered Tom. "I ain't a-going to keep my eyes shut all day. I think I'd better be a one-armed fellow, suffering from a shark-bite."

"That'll never do," said John. "I'm in the shark business at times, you know. The blind dog is the only one any good, so far as I can see. I believe there's a fortune in being a 'Poor Blind Man.'"

"I can't see it," answered the doubting Thomas. "You're not supposed to see anything," replied John, with a laugh, which the other did not relish.

In a few days there appeared a totally sightless man in town, carrying a small, simple sign—

TWO OF A KIND

By GEORGE E. STREETER

(Copyright.)

He sat in front of the post office every working day throughout the year. No one seemed to know his real name, but the townspeople called him Armless John, and being otherwise remarkable for a peculiar kind of stammer, he was for some years the object of pity...

"KIND FRIENDS Please help a POOR man WILLING but UNABLE to work with a LARGE FAMILY."

According to his own statements he had lost his arms in a variety of ways; the juvenile population had been informed that sharks—or bears—had eaten his lost arms; to very old and simple-minded ladies it was "just damp," or "on the railway," or "just cannibals." He had also "fallen from the mast-head," "dropped out of a balloon," and "got caught in an elevator..."

His memory being somewhat treacherous, he sometimes had to listen to this kind of a remark:

"Why! you told me last month that you lost your arms in Peru—now you say it was in Australia; you must either be lying, or had a lot of arms to start with."

To all such personal and unkind observations, the stammering beggar would reply somewhat like this:

"Wa-wa-wasn't I in-sen-si-ble at the fit-ti- at the time? How'd d'ye s-s-spose—" (He had a habit of breaking off like that.) "But I lost 'em, you b-b-bet."

A man of perhaps fifty years of age, shabbily dressed, stopped one morning in front of Armless John.

"Nice morning," said the stranger. "Fi-fine, sir," agreed John.

"Yours is a bad case, my friend," rejoined the other.

"T-terrible, sir."

"How did you lose your arms?"

"Gun-p-powder explosion at Mel-mel-bourne."

"Australia?"

"That's my native place," added the stranger.

"I don't mean there. Mel-mel-bourne in Kentucky is the p-place, all right."

"You're a liar, Phillips. Do you know Sing Sing?" asked the man.

"Never there," answered John, now looking for the first time in the other man's face.

"Yes, you were, my friend. You and I spent about five years there. What an old fraud you are! How do you manage to dispose of your arms like that?"

John was speechless, as well as stammerless, though still apparently armless.

"I hope ye won't squeal on me, Tom," he remarked.

"That all depends. Have you got a large family, as the sign says?" inquired Tom.

"There's six of us altogether, including the dogs."

"Well, you'll have to pay me so much a week, and I won't say a word," replied the other.

"There ain't enough comin' in to do that," said John dolefully.

"Something must be done," remarked Tom. "I haven't got work, and I can't get any."

All day long old widowed home to me, and speak of the 'poor blind man' who lost his sight through reading a Bible with too close print. I wish something'd happen to him.

Strange as it may seem, but within a week, while the little girl was hanging something to eat to the blind man, Fowler, the dog, caught Tom by the leg and caused that victim of close biblical study not only to shout and sue sundry passages not found in any volume, but also led him to open his eyes, in the presence of a wondering and sarcastic crowd, including an officer of the law, who at once took charge of the sham Bartimeus, and introduced him next day to the magistrate.

"Charge of vagrancy, your honor. Been pretending to be blind a year or so, but I've been suspecting him for days. Yesterday a dog bit him, and he opened his eyes, and when he saw me he started to run away, your honor."

"Whose dog was it?" asked the judge, detecting the possibility of another case.

"Belonged to a little girl, your honor; daughter of that no-armed man," replied the officer.

The judge lectured Tom and imposed a sentence of three months in jail, and warned him that should the dog die, the owner, that poor cripple, would have remedy against him at civil law.

"That poor cripple, as you call him," said Tom, "has got arms."

"This is strange," said the judge. "Constantly, inquire into this, and if you find the prisoner's story true, bring that other fraud before me tomorrow."

Constable Flynn "inquired" into the matter, and found that Armless John, Mrs. Armless John, and family had left town the previous evening, shortly after the arrest of Thomas.

Now, gentle reader: This tale offers the following for the consideration of a glib and patient people:

- 1. Fakers are fakers—but take 'em easy. 2. Beware of the Dog—and the POOR BLIND MAN. 3. Be sure your FRIENDS will find you out. 4. The "far-seeing" public is—oh, so blind. 5. Help others out—of town.

HELPED BURGLAR TO ESCAPE

Four-Year-Old Miss Is Regretting That She Was So Polite to Her Visitor.

Burglars always have been the pet aversion of Margaret Bursley of Omaha, eight years of age. She admits she is just scared to death of a burglar.

When it was too hot to play Margaret slipped into her nightgown and crept up on the lounge in the guest room to rest.

Looking up from the wallpaper sample book with which she was amusing herself Margaret beheld a strange man standing by the dresser. He wore a workman's black cap and carried some electric-light coils.

"Oh, he said pleasantly, 'I'm the electric-light man. I've come to inspect the lights and I got sort of mixed up in the rooms.'"

"I'll show you the way," volunteered Margaret, and she jumped up, slipped on a tiny kignon and escorted the electric-light man all through the upstairs. Now the police are looking for the man with a black cap and two electric light cords and Margaret's family call her "the burglar's pal."

An Indian Santa. The Jolly Old Saint Nick of white children did not visit the Indian reservation in central New-York this year. In his stead there was a real Indian Santa with a headgear of feathers and other garments worn by Indians when Santa first came to America. He was trimmed with corn tassels and in place of a whip, which to the Indian children means cruelty, he carried a corn stalk to drive his team.

None of the little red babies on the bleak reservation were forgotten. He left them arrows, snow snakes, corn bread stuffed with fruit, cookies shaped like pine trees and pomponks and a kind of sausage made from the skins of wild animals. Honey made up for the lack of sugar. Sausage churches, the Indian Welfare Society and other allied organizations were active in preparing this Christmas.

Believed to Be Oldest Watch. According to well-authenticated records turned up recently in Nuremberg, together with a watch believed to be the oldest in existence, that instrument appears to be the oldest extant sample of the watchmaker's art. It was made in Nuremberg in the early part of the sixteenth century. The works of this watch are altogether of iron. The mainspring has an auxiliary spring in the form of a pig's bristle, designed to perform the regulator function. The second-hand was still far in the future when this timepiece was made, so it has but the hour and minute hands. Perhaps the most emphatic difference from the modern ideal that this watch exhibits, however, is its extreme thickness. The wafers as model for a watch was far beyond the ability of the medieval artisan, for he had not learned yet how to arrange the works of a timepiece practically in a single plane.

Spurious Longevity. Sir G. C. Lewis in his "Notes and Queries" (1902) expressed his disbelief in any case of a human life exceeding 100 years. He was wrong, of course, yet fundamentally his theory is not to be set aside lightly, owing to the fact that in numerous cases of extraordinary longevity errors have crept in. For instance, the evidence said to exist in registers has often been proved to refer to two persons of the same name. In one sensational case, Carr, of Shorelith, England, said to be 207 years of age, it was discovered that a figure 2 had been written over a figure 1. As regards tombstones there is one, at first startling, instance of 300 being first carved, which may have been an ignorant stone cutter's way of making 30.—Exchange.

DREAMS COME TRUE

By MARY M. COGGESHALL.

The summer breeze blew Jane's hair in a riot of golden curls as, perched in the top of the very highest apple tree of the orchard, she sat dreaming lazily. It was a beautiful day, so beautiful that her eyes had wandered constantly from the Latin book in her lap till at last, with a sigh, she resigned herself wholly to the spell of the moment, and let her coming examination take care of itself.

How could one help but dream on such a day, and especially when one had so much to dream about? The day before the hero of all her girlish fancies had come home from college, in a lieutenant's uniform. Ever since he had first donned long trousers and refused to speak to the grade girls and boys, Jane's whole-souled devotion had been his. Now that he was a man and a soldier, her little heart throbbled pitifully as she remembered his indifferent smile of welcome. What chance to win his affection would she have with all her wealthy cousins and their friends, every one almost as fond of her hero as she? So all she had was her helpless dreaming, but it was making her very happy, that afternoon.

Suddenly her dreams were rudely interrupted by the chatter of a bevy of girls. Her cousin and their friends were on their way to prepare afternoon tea on the opposite lawn. They were hardly established, a pretentious group in the distance, when she heard a masculine exclamation of dismay that made her heart race madly, for it was his voice, and he, very angry and impatient, stood just beneath her tree.

"How will I avoid that mess?" John exclaimed aloud to himself.

"Come up here!" Jane called timidly.

He looked up, startled out of his usual composure, to see a lovely young face looking down through the branches at him.

"What are you, Puck or Pan?" he laughed.

"It is awfully easy to climb up if you are really in trouble," she ventured, invitingly. A burst of merriment from the group on the lawn decided him, and he swung himself hastily up beside her.

"They make awfully good tea. Weren't you invited?"

"No, I sent word that I wanted to see your uncle this afternoon if he weren't busy. It's a business call, and I didn't expect to run into that bunch of women—oh, excuse me!" he apologized, remembering they were her family. She giggled, with a pretty little shrug.

"I wasn't asked either, but they probably have that tea just for you, because they expect you." His look of horror put her entirely at ease with him.

"Are you afraid of them?" she asked soberly.

"Yes, I am. You don't know the foolish things these girls say to me!" John had hardly taken his eyes from the dimpled face and golden curls of little Jane when she first sat beside her. The tree, the day, the glorious sky, were a setting in which her radiant youth shone to its best advantage. Her friendly little manner, her simplicity of dress and lack of paint and powder, were such a novel and wonderful thing to the much-sought after youth, that it was hard for him to keep from outright staring at her.

"What is this you are reading?" he asked, with an effort taking his attention from her to the book in her lap.

"Oh! my Latin book. I'm studying for my examination, and I don't know a thing," she said dimly.

"I'll help you," he offered, and soon they were in the midst of the subject they both disliked heartily. Jane really learned quickly, he was so very brief and clear in his review outlines.

"Oh! they have all gone and it's supper time, and we aren't half through," she cried.

"I'll be over this evening to see your uncle, and when we are through, I'll help you," he offered happily.

That evening when he called—the porch was full of expectant young faces, but Jane was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is your father, Alice?" he first asked.

"Father just had to go to a meeting. He waited for you all afternoon," Alice replied in a none too sweet manner, remembering that she too had waited.

"Where is Jane?" he asked, conscious of rising color and a queer tightening in his throat. Alice laughed spitefully.

"Oh, she is inside. Is she going to be your war bride?" An uproar of laughter greeted her attempt at wit, but John faced them with a strangely unsmiling thoughtfulness.

"That is what I've been wondering all evening. Maybe she'll tell you later," he said sarcastically as he disappeared into the house. At her (copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

All Right, So Far. Father was hanging pictures and little Tommy was watching him. Presently the small boy sought his mother in the kitchen.

"Oh, mother," he asked, after the cat had stopped playing with him, "did you hear the steeplechaser when it tumbled over in the parlor just now?"

"No, dear," replied the mother. "I hope father didn't fall, too?"

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1919.

Amount of capital stock paid up \$ 600,000.00

Net premiums received during the year \$ 8,800,432.30

Net income \$ 7,244,549.33

Net losses paid during the year \$ 2,827,299.11

Value of real estate owned (market value) \$ 75,000.00

Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value) \$ 1,842,000.00

Value of mortgages and loans \$ 1,220,275.00

Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks \$ 2,144,351.25

Net assets admitted in Oregon \$ 4,154,153.50

Gross claims for losses unpaid \$ 1,351,591.05

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Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks \$ 2,144,351.25

Net assets admitted in Oregon \$ 4,154,153.50

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE GLASS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1919.

Amount of capital stock paid up \$ 300,000.00

Net premiums received during the year \$ 1,190,998.72

Net income \$ 1,179,013.33

Net losses paid during the year \$ 617,501.97

Value of real estate owned (market value) \$ 41,000.00

Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value) \$ 84,760.00

Value of mortgages and loans \$ 1,220,275.00

Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks \$ 2,144,351.25

Net assets admitted in Oregon \$ 4,154,153.50

Gross claims for losses unpaid \$ 1,351,591.05

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Net assets admitted in Oregon \$ 4,154,153.50

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED, OF LONDON, ENGLAND, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1919.

Net premiums received during the year \$ 251,818,838.05

Net income \$ 228,418,006.10

Net losses paid during the year \$ 9,600,806.29

Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value) \$ 19,362,443.00

Value of mortgages and loans \$ 1,220,275.00

Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks \$ 2,144,351.25

Net assets admitted in Oregon \$ 4,154,153.50

Gross claims for losses unpaid \$ 1,351,591.05

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