

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

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A License to Drive

By R. RAY BAKER

Al Winton reclined in a lounging chair, a newspaper dangling from his hand, and through the window of the club admired his new eight-cylinder touring car.

In this world there were two persons and one thing that Al really cared about. The persons were his mother and Leona Lowell. The thing was speed, as personified by the new car.

His mother he loved as any regular son loves his mother. Leona he loved—at least he was under a strong impression that he loved her—as a prospective wife. The speed—well, it was the only thrill that thrilled him.

And yet Al could not drive that automobile, or any other automobile. He was one of those strangely constituted persons who cannot master the art of managing a gasoline-propelled vehicle.

He knew that in order to shift gears it was necessary to throw out the clutch; he understood that in climbing a steep hill a retarded spark is of great assistance; in fact, he was fairly well informed as to the principle of auto mechanism; but once he got behind that wheel and felt the responsibility of guiding the car through the flitting, dashing turmoil of traffic, he began to shake. It was some peculiarity of his nervous system. Most people like to drive, but Al detested it.

Let somebody else take the wheel with Al as a passenger, and he could not travel too fast. He said that speed helped to solve his business problem, and it really was necessary to the successful management of his big furniture factory. Whether it was speed or common sense that was responsible, Al had a neat little fortune that was expanding rapidly. He was not as timid about business ventures as he was about driving a machine.

Al sat at the window and admired the big blue car and dreaded the hour, which was fast approaching, when he must pilot it to the office.

Why did he not have a chauffeur? Well, during the last year he had employed just six chauffeurs, each of them resigning after a brief term of service, complaining of a nervous breakdown or something of the kind. Al kept them going at such terrific speed that they could not stand the strain, veterans though they were.

"Open the throttle a little wider; give her more gas; I've almost solved this problem," was the song he sang. Al started to sigh, but before it was fully materialized it turned to a gasp, for he had seen his new car start up suddenly from its place at the curb and roll gently down the street, there being considerable of a grade in front of the club. He had forgotten to set the emergency brake properly or else had not jammed the front wheels sufficiently tight against the curb.

Al sprang to the door and looked out in time to see the auto vanish round the corner. He knew the grade continued for several blocks on the intersecting street and he feared the consequences. He started in pursuit, but when he arrived at the corner the car was not to be seen.

He stood there undecided and worried, his black locks blowing from his bare head.

"Hey, mister, is this your buggy?" called a shrill little voice, and Al turned to see his machine roll up to the curb from the direction opposite to that in which it was going when he caught his last glimpse of it. The car came to a stop and a young woman, clad in a brown tailored suit, crawled from behind the wheel and stepped to the walk.

Al advanced to the walk.

"Why—yes—yes, to be sure, it's my car. Did—did you rescue it? Well, thanks, ever so much obliged."

"Well, all I got to say," the girl observed with enthusiasm, "is that it's some bus. I've driven about every kind there is, but this has them all beat. I let her out on that side street while going round the block; and she travels well, I'd say."

Rather than jarring on him, the slang, with its mixed pronouns, was rather refreshing. It was not much like Leona Lowell's well-modulated perfect English.

"Well, how—how did you catch the runaway?" he inquired. Somehow he felt abashed before this active young woman.

"Oh, just saw it ambling along by itself. It looked lonesome so I hopped in and took charge. If I hadn't it would have smashed up a couple of timousines that were in its way. Well, I must be going. So long. Better watch your boss more closely."

She started to walk away, but Al called:

"Wait a minute! Can't I do something to show my appreciation?"

"Not unless you give me a job." And there was something rather wistful in her voice and facial expression. "I'm on my way to book this suit. Oh, I don't want charity. Only a job, where I can earn what I get."

"I haven't any job to offer," he said regretfully. "The only person I need is a chauffeur, but of course—" he broke off, laughing.

"Give me the job!" the girl cried. "I'd love it!"

Al started to laugh, but caught himself. The girl was in earnest; but who ever heard of a girl—still, why should she be barred? Somehow the idea struck him favorably. Al liked innovations; he was constantly employing them in his business. Certainly this would be an innovation.

"I'll take you up on that," he said, abruptly. "Drive me to the club."

And so Beatrice Fenton became Al Winton's chauffeur—and many busy tongues started to wag.

The club boys joshed him until he gave them to understand that it was his own business who drove his machine, and if he chose to hire an orang-outang for the job he would do it for all of them.

When the social set got hold of it, however, there was no rest for Al. The men laughed and the women looked knowingly at one another and winked so he could see them do it.

This reached a climax when Leona Lowell, the girl he loved, deliberately snubbed him on the street as he rode past with Beatrice at the wheel.

Beatrice was noticing things herself, and that night, when she had put the car in the garage and was leaving for her room near by, she told him:

"Mr. Winton, I guess I'll have to leave you. People are talking too much. It's bound to get you in bad. I've enjoyed it immensely—the week I've been in your employ, especially the speed. I never before had a chance to get enough speed. It's grand. I'm sorry you're out of the price of a driver's license for me."

Al let her go, and then was sorry and half of a mind to follow. He had grown fond of Beatrice. He entered the house and was greeted by his mother, who had a strange expression in her eyes.

"Al," she said, "what is this about a girl chauffeur? Surely, you have not been so indiscreet—"

"I had one, but she's gone," he broke in. "I hope the town will be satisfied now. I guess I'll sell the car for junk and ride in the trolleys. Even Leona has shown her disapproval."

His mother handed him a little cardboard box. In it was the diamond ring he had given Leona.

"It's all over," she sighed, as he went to his room. "Leona has gone back on me now. I didn't think she was so narrow-minded. Still, she never did seem to be much more than a pretty doll."

He took off his coat and picked up his smoking jacket.

"I wonder what will become of Beatrice? I wonder—say, there's no doll about her. She can do things—especially drive a car. And she has lots of sense, too, and—say—I wonder—do you suppose—I wonder—"

He stopped half way into the smoking jacket and pursed his lips.

"It would be rather unique, rather novel, wouldn't it? And I really care. I've known it ever since I met her."

He threw his jacket on a chair and got into his street coat. A few seconds later he was walking briskly along the sidewalk.

The next afternoon, when he came home after a busy day, his face was flushed and there was a happy look in his eyes.

"Mother," he cried as he entered, "you have faith in my judgment in most things, haven't you? Well, then, you'd have faith in my judgment in matrimony as well as business, wouldn't you?"

She assured him that she would.

"Well, then, listen to what I've done. You know I bought a driver's license for Miss Fenton; but the world didn't think it was enough license for her to pilot my machine, so I've got an additional license for her—and it's from the county clerk."

Other suggestions—such as the garb of a Roman senator, the flowing robes with a mortarboard cap, and so on—were also rejected, and it was eventually decided that the judges should wear short gowns of black silk. These they still wear.

Maggie Pet of Public.

The magpie in Kensington gardens has many friends who attend his daily levee. One of so tender a heart that she conceals chicken bones in her muff for his delight was told that an offering of meal worms would prove irresistible.

She sought this delicacy, but only to learn that it is now unobtainable. For meal worms, as an article of bird fare, came from Germany.

Most of us will bear with equanimity the disappearance of this strangest of Hunnish trades. To the authorities of the zoological gardens, however, the problem of meal-worm production is said to be a weighty one still unsolved.—London Chronicle.

Making Crime a Luxury.

"Many motor speeders arrested in your town, Uncle Silly?"

"No. There used to be, but we settled them fellers all right. Hain't been hardly an arrest in six months."

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, we just fixed the speed limit at seventy-five miles an hour, an darned few of 'em can make it, b'gosh!"—Boston Transcript.

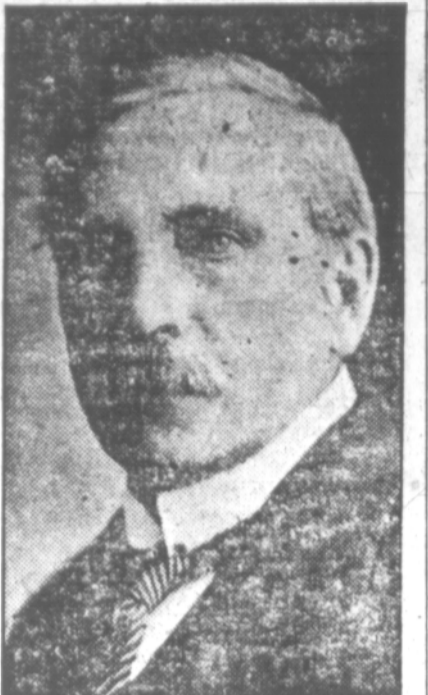
Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says a man is known sometimes by the company he keeps and other times by the company he cuts loose from.

Emerson and Argument.

I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of any thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men.—Emerson.

HENRY GAINES HAWN



Henry Gaines Hawn of San Francisco, an authority on community building, is one of several speakers now touring the state in connection with the expansion movement of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce.

The State Chamber is making a state-wide appeal for a budget of \$450,000, covering a period of three years, to carry on its development work.

The movement has been endorsed by more than two hundred leading men throughout Oregon. Eighty community executive committees have been organized to co-operate with the State Chamber in the canvass throughout the state which will be conducted during June and July.

STATE CHAMBER TO EXPAND ACTIVITIES

State-wide Appeal For Budget Made to Provide For Development Program.

What is the plan of the expansion movement of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce? How is it to be carried out? What is it for?

These are the three questions uppermost in the minds of the majority of those who have been informed of the movement which the State Chamber launched April 19th with a survey of the state to set up preliminary organization and establish a direct connection with practically every community in the thirty-six counties of Oregon.

The expansion movement by way of explanation might be divided into three distinct classes.

First—A survey of the state.

Second—An educational campaign to be carried on through local newspapers and by mailing literature pertaining to the movement direct to industries, firms and individuals interested in the development of the state.

Third—The intensive organization work at which time a state-wide canvass will be made, county by county, to raise a budget to enable the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce to carry on its program of development work for the state on a broader, more comprehensive scale. This canvass will be made throughout the state during June and July.

This budget is to be obtained by popular subscription. The appeal will be state-wide and to everyone interested in the development of Oregon and its particular community. It is believed the response will be met by the manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer and the individual, for each is vitally interested in seeing Oregon forge ahead and develop its advantages and resources.

Industrial developments depend on two factors: Natural resources or raw materials, and proximity to markets for manufactured products. Granted these and sufficient encouragement development inevitably follows.

Oregon has the raw materials and natural resources. It will be the purpose of the State Chamber of Commerce under its expanded program to acquaint the world with these facts, and through direct solicitation, get industrial management to consider Oregon as a site for their industries.

Furniture and wool manufacture in Oregon are in their infancy. So is the canning and preserving of fruits. With its vast resources in water power, its labor market, geographical location, Oregon offers many advantages to the manufacturer who, however, must first be interested in Oregon and know its advantages.

By honest advertising the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce can double the agricultural acreage in three years. This would add another \$205,000,000.00 to the agricultural revenue of the State, using last year's figures as a basis of figuring.

Presidential Powers.

The president of the United States is by Article II, Section II of the Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States. Under his general power as commander-in-chief he can order the army and navy anywhere he will, when necessary, to protect the rights of American citizens and their property, or to see that the laws are executed faithfully.

AROMA FROM THE BUTTERFLY

Perfumes Pleasant and Unpleasant to Human Nostrils Are Secreted by Both Male and Female.

Peculiarly transformed scales on the wings, or tufts of hairs on other parts of the butterfly exude an aromatic secretion, the secondary significance of which is that it appeals to the female insects. Some of the scents produced by the male Lepidoptera are pleasant to the human olfactory sense, resembling musk, mint, vanilla, honey, mace and bals. It is interesting to notice that in some cases, though glandular scales are abundantly present, we cannot smell anything, which probably means that the aromatic substances lie outside our range of olfactory stimulation, just as many rays of light lie beyond our range of vision.

It may be that the volatile poison of toads, known as phrynia, inflames the olfactory membrane if we sniff it, yet there is no smell.

Emily Dickenson.

She was never known to have a lover. She seldom left her father's house in Amherst, Mass., and when she crossed it was to wander alone in the quiet garden. And she has written some of the most impassioned verse in modern literature. Her solitary life set into the frame of her glowing verse is the answer to the question, "Do writers have to go through the varied phases of life to know 'love'?" Emily Dickenson was born in Amherst in 1830. She died there in 1886. Of her extraordinary verses that were witchery of new forms of expression, regardless of poetic rules, a prominent clergyman and distinguished author of New England, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, said, "When a thought takes your breath away, a lesson on grammar seems impertinence."—Chicago Journal.

Fortune Telling by Bones.

It is strange that in the Transvaal the belief in Kaffir doctors and their wizardry has not died out. Nearly every old Kaffir has always with him a bag of bones, knuckles and joints of animals. With these he pretends to be able to foretell the future. He throws the "dood" as they are called, and then reads out the omens. Should a white man wish to confer with the oracle, he must throw the bones himself. Many white men firmly believe in the ability of the Kaffir doctor to cure them from sundry ills, and in Rhodesia there have been many cases where the Kaffir doctors have saved whites from the ravages of the terrible fevers that rage there, in addition to coping with the toothache and other ills.

Beauty Due to Geometry.

Why is a Greek statue, building or vase of the best period more beautiful than a statue, building or vase of any other nationality or period? Jay Hamblidge, an American, thinks he knows.

He says it is because every Greek work of art conforms to a definite geometrical proportion which he has discovered. Hamblidge has profoundly impressed officials of the British museum and art authorities to the extent that the London Times carried two columns about his "dynamic symmetry" on the editorial page of its educational supplement.

Natural Proceeding.

"They had a hard time in that piece with the actors representing the elements of the storm."

"How so?"

"The lightning struck."

HIS CONSCIENCE IN REVOLT

Killer of Condors Refused to Practice Profession for Any Paltry Remuneration.

In his book, "In the Wilds of South America," Mr. Leo E. Miller tells us that when he went into Argentina on a collecting trip he found an Italian who claimed to be the champion condor hunter of all South America. During ten years he had killed more than sixteen thousand of the magnificent birds. His record for one day was 114. Naturally, they had become greatly reduced in number, for a condor lays no more than two eggs, and it takes many months to rear the young.

The man's method was to drive a burro to some lonely gorge among the bleak mountain tops favored by the birds and then kill the animal. He was very particular in stating that the burro had to be fat—a poor one would not do for bait. He then spread nets about the carcass, and when the condors had gathered about to feast he pulled a rope and ensnared them. On one occasion he snared 67 at one throw of the net. The captured birds were dispatched with a club and the long-winged feathers extracted, to be exported to France to decorate women's hats.

With his accumulated wealth he built a powder mill, but it promptly blew up, and he was virtually penniless. Of course there were condors in the mountains—in fact, he knew of a ledge where more than eight hundred birds were accustomed to congregate to spend the night; but the price of feathers had gone down 50 per cent. He ended his speech in a very dramatic manner.

"What," he said, "me go out and slaughter such a wonderful, magnificent and rare a bird as the condor for ten pesos each? No, señor! Not me!"

An Apt Illustration.

The teacher was quoting wise saws to the class and getting their opinion about them. She said: "A discreet silence is better than the truth spoken without charity." Can any boy give a practical interpretation of that maxim? Some what to her consternation, a sack-faced lad made this homely application: "If you see a cockroach on the table, don't say anything about it."—From the Outlook.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FIRE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the thirty-first day of December, 1921, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

CAPITAL		\$ 1,000,000.00
Amount of capital stock paid up		1,000,000.00
INCOME		
Net premiums received during the year	\$ 8,458,892.26	
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	621,609.28	
Income from other sources received during the year	52,882.41	
Total income	\$ 9,083,953.95	
DISBURSEMENTS		
Net losses paid during the year (including adjust. exp.)	\$ 3,621,684.75	
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	450,000.00	
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	2,453,264.96	
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	22,151.36	
Amount of all other expenditures	740,098.68	
Total expenditures	\$ 7,647,679.35	
ASSETS		
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$ 629,543.70	
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	3,154,868.00	
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	2,188,186.66	
Cash in banks and on hand	1,297,863.41	
Premiums in course of col. written since Sept. 30, 1919	1,459,522.87	
All other assets	21,488.69	
Interest and rents due and accrued	168,944.91	
Total assets admitted in Oregon	\$4,928,854.92	
Less special deposits in any state (if any there be)	0.00	
Total assets admitted in Oregon	\$ 4,928,854.92	
LIABILITIES		
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$ 907,151.48	
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	\$ 497,197.88	
Due for commission and brokerage	2,151.36	
All other liabilities	348,992.65	
Total liabilities, exclu. of cap. stock of \$1,000,000.00	\$ 1,755,543.37	
Net premiums received during the year	\$ 8,458,892.26	
Losses paid during the year	3,621,684.75	
Losses incurred during the year	3,154,868.00	
Net assets admitted in Oregon	\$ 3,173,311.55	

W. C. Irvin, President. M. G. Garrigue, Secretary. E. C. Irvin, President. M. G. Garrigue, Secretary. State resident attorney for service: Frank S. Glover, Portland, Or.

To Keep American Ships on the Seas.

For the first time since the Civil War we have a real merchant marine. It cost us \$3,000,000,000 to get it.

The farmer, manufacturer, laborer—every American is interested in holding our position on the seas.

As a first step in this direction it is necessary to modify those articles of existing commercial treaties which have operated to thwart the upbuilding of our merchant marine—

By giving the notice of termination for which the several treaties provide.

This action is directed in the constructive Shipping Bill now before Congress;

Which declares it to be the policy of the United States "to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage" a merchant marine.

This policy deserves the support of every American.

Lacking this support the present effort to maintain our merchant marine may suffer the fate of many ineffective attempts of the past.

Send for a copy of "For an American Merchant Marine."

Committee of American Shipbuilders
30 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WE CAN DELIVER

a "490" or "Baby Grand"

CHEVROLET

ANY TIME

ROADS ARE BETTER EACH DAY

MORROW BROS.

WASCO, OREGON

Sherman County Agents for Chevrolet Automobiles

DELCO-LIGHT

Increases Farm Efficiency

Fifty thousand Delco-Light plants in operation on American farms are saving at the most conservative estimate, an hour a day each—or over 18,000,000 work hours a year. That is equal to an army of 60,000 men working ten hours a day for a full month.

Delco-Light is a complete electric light and power plant for farms and suburban homes.

It furnishes an abundance of clean, safe, economical light, and operates pump, churn, cream separator, washing machine and other appliances.

It is also lighting rural stores, garages, churches, schools, army camps and railway stations.

HULERY BROS.

Moro Oregon

The Domestic Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio

Over 30,000 DELCO-LIGHT Plants in Actual Use

There's a Special Ingersoll for Each of These Folks

Did YOU ever "get fitted" to a watch? We mean, did you ever figure out exactly your watch needs and then see if you were properly equipped?

There are a dozen or more different Ingersolls—varying in price, varying in purpose—small watches, jeweled watches, radium dial watches for night use, and so on. For instance, if you have an expensive watch, you probably would choose a Radiolite for \$3.50. If you haven't a good serviceable watch, you'd be likely to buy a 7-Jewel Reliance. The dealer will help you to select just the one for you.

"Ingersoll" has always meant the lowest-priced good timekeeper. Today, with present day costs and the 1920 purchasing value of a dollar, \$2.50 is the lowest price at which we can make a watch while keeping up the Ingersoll standard of quality. "Ingersoll" means "money's worth" whether it's for the \$2.50 Yankee or one of the Radiolites that tell time in the dark, or for one of the jeweled watches.

Ingersoll

Prices include Government Tax

Yankee, the most famous \$2.50	Radiolite tells time in the dark \$3.50	Midget the smallest Radiolite \$5.75	Waterbury Radiolite \$6.25
Waterbury Jeweled \$5.50	Wrist Radiolite \$6.25	Reliance 7-Jewel Gold filled \$11.50	

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., New York, Chicago, San Francisco

DOUBLE POPULATION OF OREGON FARMERS STATE CHAMBER PLAN

Oregon now has 5,000,000 acres of land under cultivation.

In 1919 the agricultural crop was valued at \$206,000,000.00.

By honest advertising the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce can double the agricultural acreage in three years. This would add another \$205,000,000.00 to the agricultural revenue of the State, using last year's figures as a basis of figuring.

Presidential Powers.

The president of the United States is by Article II, Section II of the Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States. Under his general power as commander-in-chief he can order the army and navy anywhere he will, when necessary, to protect the rights of American citizens and their property, or to see that the laws are executed faithfully.