

# The Observer

MORO. OREGON.  
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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 to be sent at the rate of the year.

## 2ND MISSION COMES FROM PHILIPPINES

Body Headed by Senate President Quezon Reiterates Demand for Independence.

That the Filipino people are in earnest in their demand for immediate independence is indicated by the coming to the United States of a second Philippine mission to work for independence. Coincidence with this announcement the War Department received a cable from Manila stating that the all-Filipino legislature had adopted resolutions recommending its plea for immediate independence.

The second mission, like the first, is composed of the leading men of the islands and will work in the United States not only for immediate independence, but also to bring about "better understanding, greater confidence and closer economic relations between the United States and the Philippines." The mission is again headed by Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, who is well known in America, having been for six years resident commissioner to the United States.



Senate President Manuel L. Quezon.

Mr. Quezon and the Hon. Sergio Osmena, Speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives and Vice President of the Council of State, are the leaders of the Nationalist party, which has been in power since 1907. While Speaker Osmena is not so well known in the United States as Quezon, he is considered one of the ablest men in the islands. Senate President Quezon recently referred to Osmena as "the greatest Filipino since Rizal."

The personal relations between Osmena and Quezon are probably without a parallel in modern politics. They have been the leading political figures in the islands for 12 years, yet there has never been the slightest indication of rivalry between them. Throughout their college life as well as their long political service each has refused to be a candidate for any position that the other aspired to.

During the years Quezon was the Philippine delegate in the American Congress he won the esteem and confidence of both the Republican and Democratic sides of the chamber. Whenever he spoke he was assured of a good attendance. One of the official short hand reporters once declared Quezon used the purest English of any member of the House.

Osmena, as president of the Nationalist party, is the leader of the national movement for independence. "Osmena is the premier 'de facto' of the Philippines," said a leading Filipino



Speaker Sergio Osmena.

no journalist, now in America. "A very conscientious and tireless worker, thorough and persistent, a genius for grasping the big features as well as the smallest details of public affairs, cool headed, quiet by temperament and education, a deep thinker, an eloquent speaker, a polished writer, a keen observer of men—such is Osmena." Both Osmena and Quezon have been consistent advocates of Philippine independence, yet when the occasion demanded they have never hesitated to champion the cause of America's good intentions toward the Filipino people.

## You Never Can Tell

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

Little Miss Angell looked another behind her pile of exercise books. The front of her hair was quite white where she had brushed against the chalky board, and her middle finger had a deep scar of ink.

When you looked very hard at Miss Angell you saw she might have been pretty, if the shyness of her eyes had not concealed their sweetness and the fullness of her hair had not hidden its softness and the wistful look about her mouth had not forbidden you to look at its pretty curves.

When you had seen all this—you saw suddenly just how little Miss Angell would look in ten years when the softness had changed to sharpness and Miss Angell would have become a "good teacher."

But Miss Angell wasn't thinking just now of becoming a good teacher; she was staring right through the school room with its prim little desks, right through the wall with its gay maps, into the manse at Brookline where Uncle Pete was sitting all alone.

Just because she, Mary Angell, wanted to go out into the world and see what happened there. And this was the world. This school with its gay, carefree girls, and its older women who had taught too long to care very much what happened to the Mary Angells—all except Roberta.

Right into the middle of Mary's thought came Roberta Hardy, the real Roberta. In a minute the room had ceased to be a schoolroom and had become the background for her glowing person. She perched herself on the desk, which was unthought of; she tossed off her hat and put a warm hand on a cold, red cheek, while her black eyes gleamed.

"Been in here all the afternoon working?" she growled in sympathy. "Oh, Angell, if you wouldn't be so good! But whatever should I do without you in this nunnery? Angell, I've got to tell you," she lowered her voice so that none of the curious maps could hear. "I'm going to marry!"

"Marry!" repeated Miss Angell. "Oh, Roberta!" Her eyes glowed as though it were she to be married. "So it is Joe, and you are going to—"

"You poor innocent! No! Whoever heard of marrying a man you could have? I just saw him this afternoon. I was taking the children walking up by the old highway and I was so bored. At the top of the hill we passed that pathetic looking mission; the girls begged to go in. Anything was better than their everlasting chatter. So in we went. I felt like an orphan asylum, of course, with six of them tagging on behind, and then I knew why they had wanted to go. Up the aisle came the assistant—a man. The first I've seen in months, with the face of a St. Anthony or some early martyr, and the devil lurking in the back of his eyes. And a voice, the kind that once you've heard it winds itself about your heart and squeezes it. After the service I put on my satiny expression and went up to him. "I wonder if I couldn't help you. Isn't there some Sunday school work or—"

"He looked at me very gravely before he said, 'Thank you, I have about all the teachers and assistants I can manage at present. But—'

"Yes? I asked sweetly. "I'm going to have a sewing class Saturday mornings; perhaps you might—"

"I jumped at the chance, not that I can sew a stitch."

Mary Angell sat looking at the narrator breathlessly. She loved her warm cheeks and her wry black hair and her eyes that were dark and daring and gay.

"That's all," Roberta ended, "so I'm going to marry him. It's very simple. I shall make a 'delightful minister's wife, something new in that line. Hark, there's the dressing bell! See you later," she caught up her hat and flew down the hall, her heels click-

clicking over the polished floors. And that was the beginning of it. The last bell had rung, the lights were out in the dormitory, except for the tiny gleam that peered through Miss Angell's keyhole. Miss Angell was still working over a problem in arithmetic. She never even heard Roberta's light knock.

"Working? Oh, Angell, you'll lose your beauty sleep!" Roberta laughed at a funny little thought of her own. "You've got to help me, Angell. I'm in an awful mess. You know the man—I'm-going-to-marry?"

Mary Angell nodded and for some reason she flushed all over her fair skin. "Yes, I've seen him when I've been walking with the children in the afternoons."

"Somehow that man is very hard to woo," Roberta went on, "in spite of Bernard Shaw. You know, I've taught sewing every Saturday and twice a week I've gone to the mission in the afternoon; but he's very backward. Now I come to the awful part. He asked me today if I could play, and I told him I could! I promised to play for him tomorrow—the only way out is for you to do it! Mr. Page will never find it out, for you are to wear my squirrel coat and my little squirrel hat and hide your face; when you are through, sneak out the rectory door. Don't forget, the rectory door."

"But—but—"

"You've got to; besides that three some Joe is coming up from home to-morrow just to see me."

So that was how little Miss Angell came to be caught in the organ loft by the young assistant of the mission.

"I wanted to thank you, Miss Hardy, for playing. It was—"

He stopped, for instead of Roberta's self-assurance and daring black eyes, he found a girl with wide, dreaming eyes of gray set in a white little face, who looked as though she had been caught in the wickedest of crimes by the blush that went creeping to her temples.

"Why, you're the girl I've wanted—that I've seen walking every afternoon up by the old highway."

"I'm not a girl, I'm a teacher," said Miss Angell gravely.

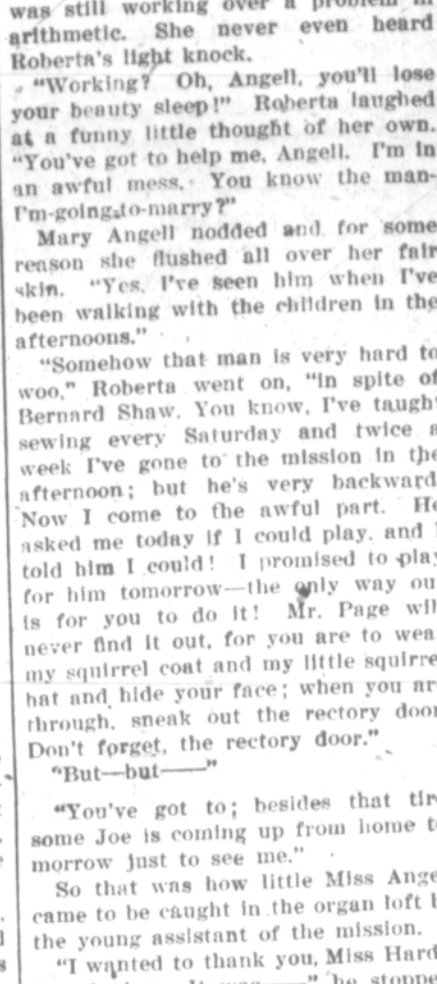
Then she knew why it was that Roberta had said that the very devil lurked behind those eyes of the young St. Anthony.

"Would the teacher play for me?" he asked very gently.

Because she was very shy, Mary Angell turned back to the organ and began to play; it was so much easier than talking to this disconcerting young man. After she had played a

## Prominent Entertainer Coming

"Man of a Thousand Laughs" Scheduled for Chautauqua on the Fifth Day in Two Programs



A good laugh is a tonic that everyone needs. It drives away the work-day cares and worries. Attend Chautauqua on the fifth day and you get liberal doses of this "easy-to-take medicine." J. Walter Wilson is coming, an entertainer with a thousand laughs wrapped up in his two programs. He is a splendid impersonator and a musician of unusual ability. He sings well, plays the flute, saxophone and most every kind of musical device you can imagine.

few minutes, she forgot all about him, about everything in the world except her music and the things her music was saying.

It had grown very dark in the organ loft; the young assistant said, "Thank you," and helped her down from the high bench, and they stumbled together down the steps into the dimness of the mission room.

"I'm going to walk home with you," he said very firmly, "it's too dark for you to be out alone."

It sent a strange thrill through Mary Angell to be walking beside this tall

and her face was suddenly white, so white that it looked as though she would faint.

"To Joe, of course, you silly! You never can tell whom you will marry."

Little Miss Angell found herself sitting on Roberta's bed, crying as bitterly as though her heart would break. Roberta was still puzzled when Mary Angell lifted a face radiant in spite of tears, threw her arms about her neck and cried, "I never was so happy!" and ran out of the room.

Miss Angell's eyes were all sweetness, her hair blew about her face like thistledown and her mouth showed its prettiest curves, as she breathlessly climbed the stairs to her own room, saying to herself, "And it's just one more week!"

"Hit" Not on the Program. Mary was on the church program for a recitation. She was to hold an envelope containing a penny in her hand and tell what the money was going to do. She got started all right: "I got an envelope in my hand. It then she held up the penny in it. Oh! there's no penny in there. I forgot to put the penny in." Then the little miss stopped and fished around in her pocket until she could find the penny and no amount of urging on the part of her teacher could induce Mary to proceed until that penny was in the envelope. The audience roared and the incident was the hit of the evening.

Mathematical Mendacity. "Figures won't lie," remarked the statistician.

"No?" sneered the chronic skeptic. "How about these two-dollar bills with a cipher pasted after the 'two' so as to make them look like twenties?"

Gone Forever. "Gone are the happy days of the employer."

"What do you mean?" "I mean those good old days when a boss could afford to get mad and fire the help once in a while."

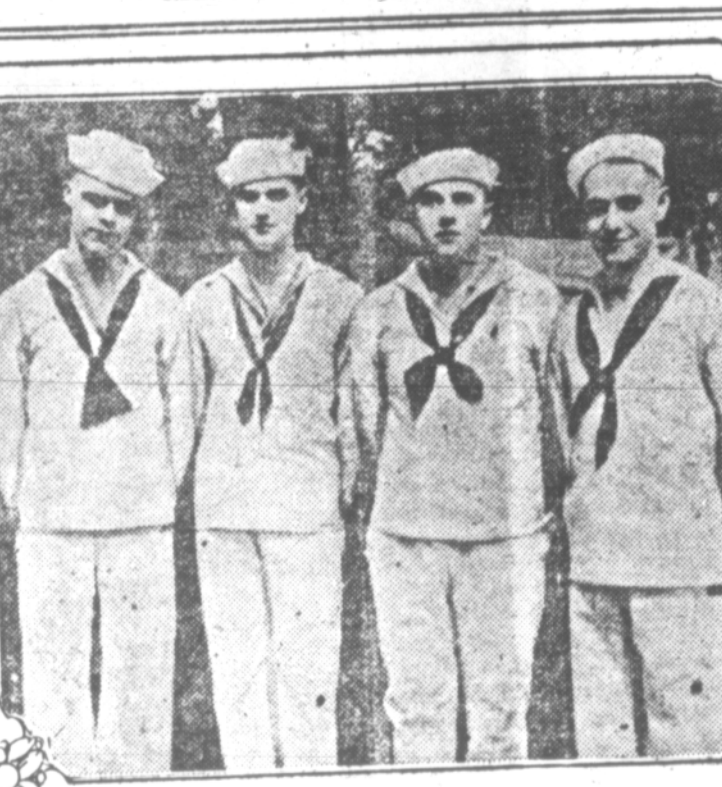
Puzzle of the "Seven Seas." The "Seven Seas" exist in Hindu mythology, to which Kipling may have gone for his well known title. According to the Puranas, the earth is circular and flat, like the flower of a water lily. Its circumference is 4,000,000,000 miles. In the center is Mount Soomeero. On this mountain are three peaks formed of gold, pearls and precious stones, where the deities reside. At its base are three mountains, on each side of which grows a tree 8,000 miles high. The furthest-most country from these mountains is bounded by the sea sea. Beyond this sea there are six others—of sugarcane juice, of spirituous liquors, of clarified butter, of curds, of milk and of nectar. Each curd is surrounded by a separate continent.—Exchange.

Early Visiting Cards. Though there is evidence that the Chinese anciently wrote their names on bits of paper which they left to apprise absent friends of their call, it is from the revival of the customs by students in Italy that the use of personal cards was established in Europe. It was during the next century and in France, that the idea found its greatest development, in accordance with the extravagance and elaborate ostentation characteristic of the times the crude slip of paper was soon abandoned for the finely finished and decorated little square.

New Idea in Packing Cloth. A paste of eucalyptus wood is stated to be the basis of the packing cloth of a manufacturer of Grenada, Spain. The paste is first made into paper, which is cut into long and narrow ribbons, and is then rolled into small reels, each reel placed on a spinning wheel, is held in position by a needle rotating 5,000 or 6,000 times a minute. The strip is twisted into a roll neither firm nor strong, and this is given greater resistance by soaking in a special glue that becomes insoluble on treating with hot vapors. The material is stretched for weaving into finer and stronger threads.

## Male Quartet Opens Chautauqua

Two Programs on the First Day of Genuine Music and Real Entertainment



Four young men who not only sing well, but who know the art of stage presentation and "put over" their programs with snap and vim, make up the Williams Male Quartet, the musical attraction on the opening day of Chautauqua. Headed by the versatile musical entertainer, Eddie Williams, these talented young singers present a program of male quartet music, humor and good. They enter upon their work with enthusiasm and good humor, and the audiences soon find themselves in accord with the mood of the singers. The program of quartet numbers is interspersed with individual solos, musical readings, instrumental solos, pianoforte and costumed selections.

fair man that she felt somehow as though she knew; for she had never known any men in her secluded life, from her school days to her teaching days.

"It isn't as if I don't know you," the young man was saying, "I've seen you every afternoon for a month, and I made up my mind—" he stopped.

Mary Angell wanted to know very much what he had made up his mind to do.

Then he went on: "So you live in Brookline? How strange! Do you know, my brother-in-law's cousin lives there, a very nice old lady. I must run down to visit her. When are you going?"

"I'm going the next holidays—in a week," Mary Angell said and her heart was beating very loud and she was afraid he could hear it.

"May I come to see you then?" the young assistant asked.

It was on the white stone steps of the school and Mary Angell said, "Yes," and felt she was saying a great deal more when she looked into his eyes.

He took her hand for a moment and said, "Good-by until then."

"Until then," Mary Angell repeated and her voice was just above a whisper.

Not until she reached the dormitory did she remember Roberta, Roberta who was her friend. Mary's face was pitiful; for friendship in Mary Angell's code was a sacred thing not to be marred. She would not go to Brookline next week.

"Angell, what's the matter?" Roberta flung open the door and pulled her across the threshold. But Mary was too writhed to see how excited Roberta was.

"Look, do you like it?" Roberta held out a pin, frosted with pearls. "Of course I wouldn't accept it unless we were engaged!"

"Engaged!" breathed Mary Angell,

## NEW YORK CONCERT TRIO

Three Brilliant Artist Musicians Coming to Chautauqua on the Second Day



The New York Concert Trio, which comes to Chautauqua on the second day, occupies a conspicuous place in the splendid list of musical attractions for the week. Every one of the three members of the company is an artist who has won recognition in their particular fields of musical endeavor. May Elizabeth Rees, violinist, has achieved concert successes both in this country and abroad. She returned to Europe last year again to play for our country and abroad. She is unquestionably one of the best artist boys ever presented to western Chautauqua audiences. Ruth Beverly Cumming soprano, possesses a voice of pure gold. She is considered by eastern critics as having one of the most promising voices among the sopranos of the younger generation. Lowell Patton, pianist, is a brilliant soloist and accompanist.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FIRE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the thirty-first day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$ 1,000,000.00
INCOME	
Net premiums received during the year	\$ 8,822,824.78
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	552,609.28
Income from other sources received during the year	42,462.41
Total income	\$ 9,417,896.47
DISBURSEMENTS	
Net losses paid during the year includ. adjust. exp.	\$ 3,821,854.78
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	400,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	2,455,254.54
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	420,931.86
Amount of all other expenditures	740,036.69
Total expenditures	\$ 7,841,077.35
ASSETS	
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$ 625,812.70
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	5,154,865.00
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	2,186,145.68
Cash in banks and on hand	1,297,963.41
Premiums in course of col. written since Sept. 30, 1919.	1,459,523.97
All other assets	21,458.82
Interest and rents due and accrued	168,944.91
Total assets admitted in Oregon	\$14,938,834.93
Less special deposits in any state (if any there be)	0.00
Total assets admitted in Oregon	\$14,938,834.93
LIABILITIES	
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$ 907,151.48
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	8,197,197.29
Due for commission and brokerage	0.00
All other liabilities	248,925.81
Total liabilities, exclu. of cap. stock of \$1,000,000.00	\$ 9,353,275.58
BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR	
Net premiums received during the year	\$ 8,752.82
Losses paid during the year	21,555.84
Losses incurred during the year	31,831.74

FIRE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA  
E. C. Irvin, President  
M. G. Garrigue, Secretary  
Statutory resident attorney for service: Frank & Glover, Portland, Or.

## Pull Together for an American Merchant Marine

The war resulted in the creation of a great merchant marine—10,000,000 tons of American ships which cost us \$3,000,000,000.

Everybody agrees that we must keep this fleet on the seas.

If we fall back to pre-war conditions—when only 9 per cent of our foreign trade was carried in American ships—We shall be in the position of a department store whose goods are delivered in its competitor's wagons.

Congress is considering legislation which will perpetuate our war-built merchant marine.

Until this is done the ships we have should not be sold to face conditions which, prior to the war, resulted in the decline of our merchant marine to insignificance.

This Committee calls attention to these facts because a right solution of our shipping problem is vital to the future prosperity of shipbuilding, but equally vital to the safety and prosperity of the nation.

Send for free 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

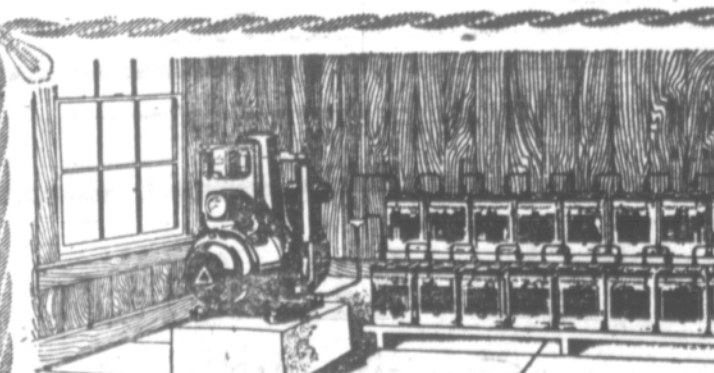
ANY TIME

## 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.

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Moro Oregon

The Domestic Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio  
Over 50,000 DELCO-LIGHT Plants in Actual Use