

**The Observer.**  
MORO, OREGON.  
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C. L. IRELAND, Manager.

**Two in a Toyshop**

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Laeta drove the last nail into the doll's cradle she had just finished. She laid down her hammer with a sigh and looked about her. Above her on a trestle stood a long row of tiny cradles, each one perfect, waiting now for their coats of blue paint.

Across the high wooden bench Laeta caught the eyes of a stranger looking at her wistfully.

"A man in a toy shop," Laeta told herself disgustedly, "brave work for a man." She brushed back a thick lock of red hair that would persist in falling across her white forehead, and slipped off the black smock that covered her little gingham dress.

"A white lily," the man thought as he faced her.

But Laeta did not return the frank question in his eyes. Instead she went forth into the early dusk with her wide gray eyes unseeing on the quiet streets, streets that smiled uphill and curved leisurely down to the blue water.

At her own gate the hollyhocks nodded a rosy greeting, and Laeta stooped to gather the fragrance of the bed of old-fashioned pinka. She turned when she heard an uneven step on the wooden pavement of the village street. It was the stranger, the man who had just come to work in the toy shop. She saw then that he was lame.

"Laeta!" a voice sounded behind the hollyhocks. "What's keeping you, child? Tea's ready."

Over the tea table Laeta told them of the day, how her design had been praised, the size of the farmyard with all the painted wooden animals; how the new air brush was working—but Laeta did not mention the stranger.

When tea was over and Laeta had polished the last fluted glass and laid the shining knives and spoons in the white closet in prim rows she touched her mother's white hair with a butterfly kiss and closed the door softly behind her.

"She's not happy," her mother thought, but she said nothing to her husband, who, with glasses high on his head, was reading the evening paper.

Once outside the garden Laeta hurried down to the water front. She walked on and on until she had passed the last gray fisherman's hut and clambered far out on the colored, jagged rocks that lined the shore.

Here she sat down with her face toward the far horizon, where the water met the blurred line of sky. A white sail shimmered for a moment in her vision before it dipped beyond her sight.

"I want to go, too," Laeta said softly. "I want to live—to be free! Am I going to be like old Miss Henry and little Miss Lella, living alone in a white house in a twisty little street forever?"

Then she heard voices beyond her and involuntarily she listened. "Isn't it the most picturesque place? The natives are so quaint. Why, they've lived always in these funny little houses—"

Laeta turned to see the "summer people," two girls in sheerest white balancing precariously on high white heels over the shelving rocks.

She looked down at her worn, shabby shoes and faded gingham dress and felt a momentary sense of loss. But there was no mark of her battle, no sign of the longing in her face when she returned an hour later.

The next day found her at work as usual in the toy shop, painting three white dollies and one pink hollyhock on the headpiece of the wooden doll's cradle.

On a very high stool with a black smock covering the slim whiteness of her, and a lock of red hair that would fall across her eyes, she did not know what a picture she made and how the stranger looked at her more often than at the tiny sailboat he was rigging.

But Laeta never even thought of him until closing time, and then his crutch started her as it fell. She picked it up and handed it to him, and somehow she found herself replying gravely to his questions. He was not like the other men, she decided, more like a woman—simple and kind.

Other men frightened her, frightened her so much she could never answer them—but this man—why—she could only pity him.

She said good night to the hollyhocks and watched him scuffle off. Somehow, his crutch did not seem to suit him. Yet when Laeta asked herself the inevitable question, "Could I like him?" she knew the answer was "no," for she loved bravery and strength and a man who dared everything—not a lame stranger with a thin, gaunt face.

The days went on, long days in the toy shop while Laeta painted inevitable dollies and glued together small partitions and hammered tiny nails into position. It was the most natural thing in the world to walk down the crooked street, to see the stranger smiling across the hollyhocks when tea was over and a crescent of silver showed over the dark trees.

Now they sat on the white steps and talked. Mr. Jarvis never said very much, but he understood. Laeta knew that. Sometimes she told him her dreams and hopes and more often they watched the white shadows steal

across the garden while the fireflies try to force against the night. There was a long silence, and then Laeta's hand was caught tightly. "Laeta, I love you!" "No," Laeta answered gravely. "This isn't love. It can't be. Of course we are friends, only friends, because—"

"Because?" he repeated. "I could never love anyone like you. Oh, no, I don't mean to hurt you—but he must be brave and daring and—"

"I understand," the man said humbly; "I thought perhaps—I know I have nothing to offer you now—"

She heard his crutch tap down the garden path. She heard the gate creak as it swung behind him. Then there was silence in the garden.

"I couldn't love him," Laeta told herself over and over again. "I like him, but he is not brave—just kind."

But Laeta found the evenings had suddenly grown very long and lonely. Across the high work bench Mr. Jarvis smiled at her in his old gay way, but when dusk had fallen he did not walk with her down the twisted, narrow street, nor did he stand and talk with her across the white gate.

One evening she stole out again to the colored rocks and looked far off across the rosy waters; just as though it was another night she heard voices behind her, "the summer people." Two girls in shimmering white were climbing across the rocks. She listened involuntarily.

"Have you heard that Tom Jarvis is staying down here trying to get over his shock?"

"Not the Jarvis, the aviator who won three decorations and was wounded?"

"Simply crazy to meet him—I hear he's a girl shy," their voices trailed off and Laeta suddenly knew what she had done.

Tom Jarvis, her stranger, the great ace, and she had told him he was not brave enough!

She sat there very quietly sunk in despair, while the waves lapped against the rocks, and sat there until she heard the sharp sound of a tap-tap across the shelving rocks.

Laeta lifted a radiant face to Tom Jarvis. "Can you forgive me?" she asked.

Then she saw his slow, gloriating smile.

**IDIOMS OF RHODE ISLAND**

**Peculiar Words and Phrases That Are Rarely Heard in Any Other Section of the Country.**

The use of the word "why" as a preface to a reply to a request for information is peculiar to Rhode Island. "How do you get to Roger Williams Park?" inquires an autoist. "Why, you go out Broad street," is the response.

If one is accustomed to finding fault with trivial matters, he's a "tuss-budget." If in good financial circumstances he's "well-off"; if not, he's "down at the heel." An unusual occurrence is apt to call forth the expression, "I never saw the best of it." An expressing inferiority, one is asked to "take a back seat," and a limitation of information is indicated by "for all that I know."

The inelegant threat, "I'll whale the life out of you," probably has its origin in the mispronunciation of whale—a mark of the rod. To "hang him up" or to "shut his eye" are slang references to obtaining credit and "not by a long chalk" is derived from the ancient custom of storekeepers of marking with chalk on the door of the establishment the amounts of the indebtedness of customers.

There are many words and expressions used exclusively by people of pretentious days, now seldom, if ever heard. They have departed with the toddy stick, the loggerhead, the spinnet and the village horse block. One hears of the "smelling committee"—a committee of investigation—"long sweetening" and a "sight" of money, but it is only occasionally.

**The Acid Test.** If there was anything O'Shanahan liked better than a man from Tipperary it was two of them. Consequently, when he became foreman on the subway many a man would be hire who didn't come from Tipperary.

A big colored boy from Alabama looking for work was told a good job awaited him if he could convince O'Shanahan he was a Tipperarian. "Where are ye from?" said O'Shanahan, in due course of his quizzing. "Aha from Tipperary, sah," answered the darky, his lips quivering and his knees shaking.

"Wash your face, me good mon, an' go to wurk."—New York Evening Post.

**To Make Study of Coffee.** Coffee, from the green bean to the sugared cup, is to be made the subject of an exhaustive scientific study in a large eastern university laboratory for a whole year. The caffeine, volatile oils, tannic acid, and other components, present at all stages of preparation, will be measured, and the effect observed of various methods of cooking, and of treatment with cream, milk, etc., after cooking. The chief object of the research is to provide trustworthy material to refute the claims made by enemies of the beverage.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Marital Mistake.** The trouble with most marriages is that a man always makes the mistake of marrying the woman who carries him off his feet—instead of trying to find one who will keep him on them.—Los Angeles Express.

Phone Hours by Appointment

**DR. C. H. JOHNS**

**Chiropractor**

Office at Residence. MORO, ORE.

**Notice of Estimated and Proposed Tax Levy for Sherman County, Oregon, for the Year, 1921.**

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 1st day of December, 1920, the County Court of Sherman County, Oregon, will be in regular session at the County Court House in Moro, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., and any taxpayer of Sherman County, Oregon, will be heard in favor of or against the proposed tax levy, as hereinafter itemized.

**ITEMIZED STATEMENT**

Prepared in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 234 of the 1913 Oregon Session Laws, showing an estimate of the amounts of money required to be raised, by taxation by Sherman County, Oregon, for the year 1921, to maintain each department of the county government, county office or county officer, and for each county improvement, the maintenance of each county building, structure, or institution, and for the salary of each county officer or employee, and for the improvement and maintenance of public highways, roads and bridges, and for other contemplated expenditures.

Also showing the probable receipts of Sherman County, Oregon, from sources other than direct taxation upon real and personal property for the year 1921 and also the approximate amount of the balance of the various funds of Sherman County Oregon upon January 1, 1921.

**PROPOSED APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE FOLLOWING EXPENSES AND AMOUNT**

Judge (County)	Salary	\$ 450
	Incidental expenses	200
County Clerk	Salary	1620
	Deputy salary	1260
	Record books and blanks	300
	Incidental expenses	100
Sheriff	Salary	1800
	Deputy salary	1500
	Traveling expenses	480
	Office supplies and incidentals	500
Treasurer	Salary	600
	Record books and incidentals	50
Assessor	Salary	1920
	Deputy salary	630
	Rolls, plats, stamps, detail sheets, and miscellaneous	220
District Attorney	Incidental expenses	25
Superintendent of Schools	Salary	1500
	Traveling expenses	600
	Incidental expenses	265
	8th grade examinations, institutes	75
Coroner's Fees	Fees and expenses	100
	Juror's fees and witnesses	50
County Commissioners	Fees, per diem and mileage	300
Surveyor	Fees and incidental expenses	100
Sealer of Weights and Measures	Per diem and expenses	110
State Account	Per diem and expenses	50
Court House Expenses	Janitor, fuel, light, water, telephone, rental, repairs, furniture and miscellaneous	1500
Jail	Board of prisoners	150

Care of Poor	Expenses	8000
	County Physician	300
	Burial expenses	100
County Health Officer	Salary	100
	Expenses	85
Indigent Soldiers	Relief of old soldiers	50
Boys and Girls' Aid Society	Relief	120
Insane	Examination and expense	25
	Louise Home	75
Elections	Judges and clerks	500
	Ballots	200
	Registration fees	10
	Deputy sheriffs, hall rent and repairing booths	200
Scalp Bounty	Bounty on wild animals	400
Fruit Inspector	Per diem and expenses	80
Stock Inspector	Salary	300
	Stationary and advertising	25
School Library	Books and state library	135
School Children's Industrial Fair	Expenses and premiums	600
County Institute	Expense	150
Widows' Pension	Future allowance	150
Fair	County fair, premiums, etc.	4,000
County Agriculturalist	County agent	2,500
Circuit Court	Witnesses and jurors	1,000
	Reporter's fees	100
	Stationary	25
	Meals for jurors	50
	Bailiffs	80
Justice Courts	Fees for justices and constables	3100
County Schools	Apportionment of \$10 per capita	32,000
	County high school tuition fund	5,000
	School board convention	60
State of Oregon	1921 state tax for Sherman county	35,000
	Market Road Tax	19,300
Auditor	Auditing county books	250
	Total	\$101,225

**INCOME FROM OTHER SOURCES OTHER THAN TAXATION**

Approximate balance in general fund	3,000
Fees from County Clerks office	1,500
One half of bounty from state	200
Total	4,700

**Total amount to be raised by taxation**

96,525	Roads and Highways	Salary of road master, laborers, improvements, repairs, and highways	33,967
15,000	Bridge Fund	Market Road, one mill (to match state fund)	19,300
38,600	State Elementary School Fund	Higher Educational Tax Act	34,161
34,161	Soldiers' and Sailors' Educational Aid, Blind School tax	Grand Total	\$227,553

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 4th day of November, 1920.  
E. D. McKee, County Judge  
R. J. Ginn, County Commissioner  
Attest: Mary L. Hoakinson, Clerk.

**ONE WORSHIPER.**  
William II, leaving the estate of Count von Benthinck, presents to his host of whose hospitality he had been a long and embarrassing recipient a bust of himself. A bust of William II for the heirs of Amerongen to hide or to apologize for! Is it possible that the world was allowed to fall nearly into chaos because this Hohenzollern lacked a sense of humor? It seems too likely. At least it is clear that much of the sympathy expressed for the once royal exile has been wasted. The former Kaiser cannot imagine that he is not still a heroic figure, says Milwaukee Journal. Have not the French built a beautiful temple to guard the tomb of Napoleon, exiled at St. Helena? Permitted to be even thinks of the Apostle John on Patmos. Would not a single real moment of his stay be one of the world's greatest shrines? William II cannot see with the world's eyes the ignominy of a night when the "all-highest" fled from the people his ambition had brought to destruction. He still sees an angle where mankind sees a catastrophe. Yet his token is sincere, the highest mark of gracious condescension. The fallen idol has still one worshiper.

**You Need Strength**  
to overcome the cough, cold and other seasonal diseases of winter. Restore healthy circulation, drive out the winter, loose up the nerves and fight the stagnation of winter. This winter will have no effect on you.

**DR. J. PERUVA** USED BY THOUSANDS  
Aids digestion, regulates the bowels, cleans away all intestinal impurities. It builds up the strength by enabling the organs concerned to properly do their work. Thousands testify to its value after protracted sickness, an attack of Grip or Spanish Influenza.

The ideal medicine in the home for every day life.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE**  
TABLETS OR LIQUID



**"Sowing" Dollars for a Thrift Crop**

SOWING the seed is only one step in the production of a crop. If the harvest is to be abundant, favorable conditions must be maintained. To the business man, this means favorable credit conditions.

The Federal Reserve System is the great stabilizer of commercial credit conditions today. It insures an ample supply of such credit at all times.

**FARMERS' STATE BANK**  
Moro - - - - - Oregon

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.

**Independent Warehouse & Milling Co**  
R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

**DEALERS IN**  
Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

**MANUFACTURERS OF**  
**MILL FEED AND FLOUR.**

**Special Rates**

**NEW HOTEL PERKINS**

Fifth and Washington Sts.  
PORTLAND, ORE.

Room with privilege of bath, single, 75c up; double \$1.00 up.  
Room with private bath, single \$1.50 up; double \$2.00 up.  
Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot pass our doors.  
Transfer at 5th and Gisan streets from North Bank Depot.

**WASCO TIRE AND VULCANIZING WORKS**

Guy Chamness, Proprietor  
Wasco, Oregon

Dry Cure Retreading a Specialty  
Tire and Tube Repairing Brunswick Tires  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

for clean oil in a clean engine.

**MODERN CRANKCASE CLEANING SERVICE**

WASCO FLUSHING ZEROLENE

**New Crank Case Service for Motorists**

**YOU** probably know that after a few weeks of driving your lubricating oil becomes dirty with carbon, road dust and fine particles of metal, which circulate through your engine and cause unnecessary wear on bearing surfaces. And gasoline escapes past the pistons and dilutes the oil. Granted, there's nothing new about that—but—

Here's an absolutely new way to get rid of this dirty, diluted oil and put your engine in line for better performance and longer life. It is called Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service.

Modern, because we use Calol Flushing Oil, the new, scientific, thorough flushing agent that does not contaminate the fresh oil.

Our skilled mechanics know how to clean out a crankcase with it correctly and quickly, at a nominal cost to you.

This service assures proper lubrication for your cleaned engine. We refill the crankcase with fresh Zerolene of the correct grade.

We recommend Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service as the latest word for better engine operation and longer life for your car.

**TODAY: Bring in your car for Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service.**

**FOSS & CO. HULERY BROS. DESCHUTES MOTOR CO.**

**MORO - - - - - OREGON**