

Subscription Orders Taken At the Observer office, Moro.

MOVIE STARS

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

There was a brilliant smile playing about Myra's lips as she turned away from the telephone. It was a smile of triumph, for she had just won the first prize in the contest for the most beautiful girl in Moro.

At the other end of the wire, young Lord Gerald Rollins turned away with a heavy sigh. He had spoken the words that would permit an entire movie company to encamp in his wonderful ancestral home during the entire summer months. But Lord Gerald had been badly done during the war and money was scarce in his pocket.

England had never looked more beautiful nor the gardens of Hill Hall more enchanting when the large company, bag and baggage, drew up under the vast gates and brought huge touring cars to a stop.

Lord Gerald was out on the porch to watch the arrival. It was all so new to him that he felt himself taking a huge interest in the proceedings.

Then, out of a great black touring car stepped Myra. Lord Gerald caught a swift breath. The little American movie star was exquisite to a degree quite disconcerting. She came up to him with frankly curious eyes.

"You are Lord Rollins, aren't you?" she questioned, while her wide, intelligent eyes appraised and passed splendid judgment on him.

"Yes, I am," he answered, smiling. "We are glad to get here and are all weary—every one of us," including her entire company in a glance; "but your estate is wonderful—quite beyond my meager power of expression."

"You will appreciate a cup of tea?" Lord Gerald suggested, and led the way into the great hall, with its fine collection of rare old paintings; "then Perkins will show you your rooms."

"Lord Rollins," she said, with characteristic frankness, "if I could find a leading man like you for my movie I would pay him a thousand dollars a week. You are the living image of the lover in my story—at least the very type I want."

He scarcely recognized his own voice as his own sudden leap into a world hitherto unknown.

"Topping salary! I say, Miss Dawson, would I be an awful dub at acting?"

"Lord Rollins," cried Myra swiftly, "if you would consent to act with me in a series of five pictures, and perhaps more, I will make the salary three thousand a week. I shall want to advertise," she added. "Your name will be worth as much as your manner," she finished with her first touch of shyness.

"The die is cast," laughed Lord Rollins boyishly, and put out a too white hand—the war had left him a bit delicate.

The tea cart arrived, well laden with this bread and butter, Devonshire cream and strawberries. The situation straightway became normal, for every one drifted in from various doorways, famished for tea.

Lord Rollins never forgot that first tea party when, under his ancestral roof, the entire Myra Dawson film company partook of his hospitality.

Myra was constantly on the alert for scenes, and the conversation jumped at random from English springtime to American skyscrapers, but ever and anon Lord Rollins found that his eyes were meeting the pair of brilliant ones belonging to Myra.

"Topping summer this will be," he found himself thinking, and for the first time since a bursting shell had flung him face downward on the battlefield Lord Rollins felt the warm blood dancing through his body with the sheer joy of being alive.

YANKEES LIKE WESTERN TALES

Doughboys on the Rhine Show Preference for Stories of Adventure in the West.

JULIUS CAESAR A FAVORITE

Activity of Caesar in Rhine Valley Liked by American Soldiers—War of Interest to Soldiers—Legends Also Popular.

Coblenz—Tales of adventure in the American West are the favorite reading matter of the American forces in Germany, and Zane Grey is the most popular author.

Strangely enough, Julius Caesar runs a close second with the doughboys, who are very keen about translations of Caesar's activities in the Rhine valley and the ruins of a bridge he built across the Rhine, which lifts Caesar's work out of the schoolbook class and makes it a guidebook that carries the Americans back nearly 2,000 years.

Books which describe the legends centering about the Rhine are also popular, especially with the soldiers who are musically inclined and who attend the Wagnerian performances given by the various German grand opera companies which play in Cologne, Coblenz, Wiesbaden and the other cities near the Rhine frequented by soldiers on leave.

Like Story Magazines. All-story magazines which specialize in adventures are more popular with the American soldiers than any other periodicals, and the American Library association has been unable to supply the demand for publications of this sort.

With the assistance of the Young Men's Christian association, which aids in the distribution of reading material in the American area, Miss A. F. Wertz, who is in charge of the American Library association's reading rooms, has been able to make a general poll of the reading taste of the army and finds that foreign residence has not won the young Americans away from fiction laid in America, particularly in the West.

The American Library association has about 30,000 books available for Americans, French, Belgians and English residents of the occupied area, and also has circulated many books by mail to Americans living in other parts of Germany. Three hundred copies each of 80 American weekly and monthly publications, in addition to a large number of newspapers, have been taken by the organization and circulated through the branch libraries at Andernach and Mayen, as well as through the American base hospital and the main library in Coblenz.

Turned Over to Y. M. C. A. With the beginning of 1921, the American Library association turned its books over to the Y. M. C. A. and is no longer supporting the work.

The main library in Coblenz was formerly a German officers' club and is ideally suited to library purposes. It has a great ballroom, which makes an excellent reading room, and also has sun parlors and large drawing rooms, with many windows.

Many Germans have asked for the privilege of using the library, but this has been denied, as the army did not think it advisable. One German told the librarian he had lived many years in America and should really be allowed to have books, because he was an American "in principle."

Proud of City of Their Birth. The residents of the little town of Amalfi, Italy, consider themselves far superior to the residents of the adjacent city of Naples, even though Naples has a population of 600,000 and the population of Amalfi is less than 4,000. This is because Amalfi was once nearly as powerful on sea as England is today.

History shows that Amalfi in the ninth century was one of the chief cities of the world, and was carrying on trade with the East, and that in the year 948 its fleet went to the assistance of the pope against the Saracens.

The Amalfi recall the glorious past and proud of their city and its traditions, classify themselves as much better than other Italians, writes Kenneth L. Roberts. The residents of Bologna also boast of the mighty events in which the city figured in the dark ages, and the same is true of Florence, Venice, Genoa and Pisa.

It hurts an Italian to be lumped in with other Italians. He wants his city or city from which he comes, and is dissatisfied because the United States immigration bureau divides all Italians as coming either from northern or southern Italy.

Oil Field in the Arctic. In view of the present widespread interest in the development of the known oil-bearing areas of the world, it should not be forgotten that a totally new and until the last few years, quite unsuspected source of this fuel may be proved during the present summer in the arctic. The existence of oil-bearing shales in Spitzbergen has been known for some years. It is not generally known, however, that a discovery of much greater portance than the existence of shale was made there last year. Samples of gas which bubbled to the surface of muds which have, on analysis, proved to contain an exceedingly high percentage of petroleum elements. Arrangements have been made by the owners of the territory thoroughly to prospect this region at once.

Playing Safe. Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter if she thought it would kill her to give him a word of encouragement, she said she didn't, but there was no use taking a foolish risk.—Dallas News.

By Fair Means or Foul

By FRANK E. TUCKER

It was a perfect summer's evening. A soft breeze wafted ashore the melodious thrills of innumerable ships' bells as they struck the hour. From the piazza of the Lodge Cove Yacht club issued the sound of laughter and the merry clink of glasses.

In the midst of a group, one hand fiddling an empty stein, the other similarly engaged with a pedigreed Boston bull, his constant companion, sat a careless, nonchalant young fellow in yachting attire. The bronze of his complexion was unmistakably that of a lover of aquatic sports.

"Well, Hadley," said a youth who boasted of two terms at Yale, "you're certainly enjoying good luck today; a blue ribbon at the dog show this morning, and another hundred on your yacht this afternoon. But then," he laughed, "I suppose it's that cur's blue ribbon that counts with you."

"Yes," returned Hadley. "I admit that it pleases me immensely. And," he added, gazing blandly at the friends grouped about him, "let me tell you I consider that brindle, spotted Boston pup as worthy of affection and esteem as any of this company."

"It's strange," he went on, smiling, "that Hadley persists in thinking, at a hundred dollars per flunk, that he has the faster boat."

A good-natured chuckle behind his chair caused him to turn. Gill had joined the group unnoticed.

"Yes, gentlemen, Jack is right; that tub of mine has caused me the loss of just three hundred plunks. But I still think I can win—if not by fair means, by foul."

"And thereby hangs a tale," suggested Hadley.

"No, merely a proposition." He perched himself on the piazza balustrade.

"What is it, a race for another hundred?"

"Exactly." A burst of uncontrollable laughter followed.

"Gad, Gill, have another!" roared Hadley, rapping on the table for the steward.

The challenger quietly waited for silence.

"I admit, Jack, that you have the better boat," he finally went on. Hadley raised his eyebrows. "Nevertheless, I'll wager three hundred the sun that I've lost, that I can make my boat win, provided you accept my proposition."

The usually immobile countenance of old Commodore Noying, who was seated at a short distance from the group, showed a slight degree of interest as he followed the conversation.

"Your conditions are fair enough," announced the son of Eli, grinning, "but isn't it customary to take in a reef when there's too much wind?"

Gill glanced at his tormentor, who, with a didn't-know-it-was-loaded expression, retired into his shell.

"My conditions," he said, lighting a cigarette, "are, that the boats be allowed to win by fair means or foul."

The starting line and were off. "A splendid start!" observed old Commodore Noying with enthusiasm from the yacht club piazza.

"Yes, but Jack has the windward position as usual," excitedly cried the young collegian, raising his monocle. At the commencement of the second leg, Hadley's yacht was leading by four lengths and was gaining perceptibly.

From the deck of the leading boat, Hadley gazed astern and smiled with satisfaction.

"It does seem a shame," said he, addressing a guest, "that Gill can't seem to win by any old means, be they fair or foul. There's Lodge Rock off the starboard bow, the third leg practically commenced. Why, we'll simply walk away from him; he can't hold a candle to us in running free."

"What's that floating off to port, Cap'n?" asked a member of the party. "Fear to be a small boat. Fear, 'tis a small ship," he replied, quizzing.

"That's strange; she's anchored," announced Hadley, looking through his glasses. "Familiar place to anchor a small boat?"

"Probably somebody fishing."

Hadley again raised his monocle. "No, there's no one on board."

"Hullo, what the deuce do you call that?" cried Hadley, pointing toward the boat. "The small boat incident was forgotten."

"Now, here's where we walk away from them," laughed Hadley as a sailer let out the main-sheet. "How's the tide, Cap, with us?"

"Fears to be pretty high flood," replied the captain, gazing at Lodge Rock, which was all but submerged. "Hullo, what the deuce do you call that?" cried Hadley, pointing toward the boat. A horrid suspicion flashed across his mind. "By Jove, it can't be—"

He gazed through his glasses with wide, staring eyes.

Upon the topmost rock of the cluster, with the water all but lapping its body, sat a small, brownish-colored animal, manifesting evident signs of the liveliest distress.

Hadley's heart sank within him—his worst suspicion had become a certainty.

There was not a moment to lose. Even now it seemed as though the waves must engulf him.

"Cracker!" Hadley wildly announced and sprang at the wheel, wrenching it from the captain's grasp.

Hadley, in a moment, grasped each step of Gill's Mackayellian plot. Gill had manœvered the dog. Gill had placed the skiff there for a purpose; it was the one means by which Cracker's rescue could be accomplished. The yacht could not approach the dangerous reef, to save the dog they must needs return for the small boat.

"You can just about do it, if," announced the captain.

"No thanks to that confounded fool, Gill!" Hadley wrathfully exclaimed, although much relieved by the skipper's words. "I call that a damned mean low-down trick!"

"Oh, I don't know, Jack," one of his friends quietly remonstrated; "remember—by fair means or foul."

The Wonders of America

By T. T. MAXEY

OUR MIGHTIEST HOT SPRING

ALMOST in the center of Wyoming, a near a bend in the Big Horn river, and 4,500 feet above sea level, nature brought to the surface, for the benefit of all humanity, her most notable work in the hot-spring line. Here, from a rough-edged opening approximately 25 feet in diameter, and which may come through from China for all anybody knows—since it has been sounded to a depth of 1,000 feet and so bottom found, there bubbles forth about 18,000,000 gallons of 150-degree hot water, possessing untold medicinal value, every 24 hours.

This health font was discovered by a wandering band of Indians. When the white man came he named it "Big Horn Hot Spring," because the water was finally tumbled over a 40-foot cliff in a beautiful waterfall to the river below. A city was built by the river, they called it Thermopolis (Hot City), because of its medicinal in the spring.

The government purchased the tract on which the spring is located in 1887. Washburn, chief of the Shoshone, agreed only on condition that a portion of the water be reserved forever free for public use. Later, when the government ceded the land to the state, the same clause was inserted in the patent. Thus this great nature-made anti-dote for many ills which best humanity has been preserved for the use of everybody for all time. A natural mixture of sulphur, iron, magnesium, iron and silica, this water possesses exceptional restorative properties in the treatment of blood and skin diseases and rheumatism.

When Presidents Rested. President Buchanan used to go home to Washburn for a bit of rest and was a familiar figure in summer time at Bedford Springs, where he walked about unattended, just like a private citizen, and talked with anybody who had the hardihood to approach him. Grant's stay at Lodge Branch gave the resort popularity as "the summer capital." Cleveland, one of the hardest worked in give personal attention to details that he president of today can scarcely examine at first hand, liked to bury himself at Bedford's bay and sleep with old cowboys. Mr. Roosevelt, who seemed to carry his load jauntily, managed to get some respite from public cares by open air exercise. An old guide in the Adirondacks still boasts of having rowed McKinley for seventeen hours in a single day through lakes and rivers in the blessed quiet of the north woods.

English Judges' Robes. There is as much difference in the gowns worn by British legal lights as there is in their wigs. The robes of a high court judge are gorgeous and imposing. They are made of rich silk and trimmed with ermine. Then, too, high court judges carry, but never wear, large three-cornered hats. Judges who preside over lower courts wear much less gorgeous robes, and do not carry three-cornered hats. A barrister's gown is made of black alpaca or some similar material known as "stout"; in the legal profession, it is only when a barrister has become a K. C. that he may don a gown of silk. For this reason a king's counsel is often referred to as a "silk."

TOO MUCH FOR PROFESSORS. Boyish Heroes Give Way When Cut Just in Following Table Game—Voids in Game.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was a busy boy. His fertile brain was making experiments long before short trousers were abandoned, and one of the earliest was the formation of a club among his boy friends which he called the "Fine Arts" and the "Promotion of member gravely called himself, and all the others, "professor."

Bell decided to elect himself to the chair of anatomy, and cared not at all that surgery was not generally included in the fine arts. On the night the club met at his house he started the members by appearing in an apron, and with a long, hairy knife in his hand. He explained he had secured the body of a small pig and intended to "dissect" it.

The boys, somewhat pale, gathered around the rigid corpse as Bell, drawing a long breath, placed the point against the pig's upturned stomach and pushed. The knife remained rigid for a moment, and then disappeared into the pig with a rush, while from the mouth came a long, low moan. They were a mass for the floor, and was led by the anatomist. The secretary died that night. Investigation by older heads showed the geyser was merely a re-lease of the gas up in the animal's intestines.

Keen-Vised Lighthouse. Along the coast of Alaska, where it would be difficult to maintain reliable lighthouse keepers, they have been established many automatically flashing beacons, each of which can operate for nearly five months on a charge of gas. A lighthouse with its keeper, alone among the wonders of scenery, is always in readiness. A light-house without a keeper, however, is perhaps a still greater sign of progress, in that it frees man of the temporary necessity of staying where he might not want to be. At first some navigators were a bit slow in getting used to the quickly flashing lights. Because of the rapidity of approach, one might hardly know when he was coming to, or going from, such a light. In the end, though, these small beacons, which cost only about \$7,500 each to install, have greatly aided navigation in Alaskan waters.

Modern Kite in Hand Look. "Everything's too high," exclaimed the corner tobaccoist. "A few years ago we could afford to put out chromo of Ethel Barrymore and Jimmie Dolan with a pack of cigarettes. Well, they've cut out the pictures now, and here's a kid going to get an education."

SECOND-HAND AUTOS FOR SALE

Table listing car models and prices: Olds 8, Touring Car \$500; Reo 4, Truck Body \$350; Reo 6, Touring Car \$750; Reo 6, Truck Body (SOLD) \$850; Studebaker 6, 3 passenger Roadster \$500.

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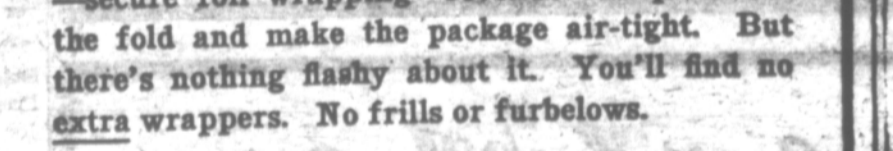
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