

The Observer

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TWO MILES OF AIRPLANES

Impressive Welcome That Was Given to General Nivelle on Kelly Field in Texas.

When the first entry at Kelly field saluted Gen. Robert Georges Nivelle the word was passed to the waiting alms and General Nivelle's car rounded hangar No. 1 he saw a line of ships that stood wing to wing from hangar No. 1 to No. 24. A line of SE-5a, De Havilland, Fokkers, Spada, Curtiss, JN-6 Hg., Caproni and Handley Pages, every plane in working order, with its crew and pilot lined up in front.

The general rode down the entire line. When he returned to the reviewing stand the word of command was given and the big line of pilots and mechanics simultaneously broke, and from hangar No. 1 the bark of the single SE-5 was the signal for the entire line of ships to "come to life," and they did. Three minutes later there was not a single dead motor on the line and the first pursuit formation was already out on the field ready to take off. They were followed by three other S-E formations; then the De Havilland rounded off. The formation circled the field and passed over the reviewing stand. The highest formation was 2,000 feet, the lowest 500.

There was a typical Texas northern in action, with a thirty-five-mile wind on the ground and naturally it was a little bumpy. You who have flown in Texas know what that means, but the formations were all close and some excellent stunting was carried on despite conditions.

The A. S. M. S. contributed pilots to a pursuit and bombing formation. Both formations were low and close and the mechanics' school men showed that, though they were supposed to be more familiar with the monkey wrench than the joy stick, when occasion demanded they could handle both in a more than passing manner. — American Service Bulletin.

MIGHT HAVE "WON" THE ROLL

Colored Man Did His Best, and the Matter Ended Without Harsh Feelings.

Somewhere in Chicago today a good-natured negro is suffering passive disappointment, for he very nearly "won" some money yesterday.

A reporter was passing along Sheridan road near Irving Park boulevard when he noticed a small roll of money. As he reached for it a slim and smiling negro jumped out of a doorway and said:

"Just a minute, boss. I just missed it in time. It's mine, mister."

The finder turned to one side, saw how much there was in the small roll, and asked:

"How much did you lose?"

"Let me see," said the negro, still smiling and looking thoughtfully up in the air. "Hout, let's see, now, Oh-h-h-h, say 'bout seven dollars."

"Wrong," said the reporter. "This amount is nothing like that."

"Well," said the negro, shrugging his shoulders, "the best I could do, boss, was try. You win!"—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Greek Rulers Unfortunate.

The modern kingdom of the Hellenes—as Greece is officially known—has had five rulers. Not one has served until his natural death or voluntary abdication. The first ruler, president of the abortive Greek republic, organized before independence was entirely assured, was assassinated. Otto, prince of Bavaria, who was given the throne in 1832 was deposed in 1902. Prince George of Schleswig-Holstein, who was then called to the throne, ruled for fifty-one years, but was assassinated in 1913. His son, Constantine, was deposed in 1915 because of his sympathy for the German cause. The death of Alexander, who succeeded Constantine, was due to an unusual accident.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Desired Money's Worth.

Five-year-old Noel had been taken to the dentist to have three teeth extracted. He was duly exhorted by the dentist on "sitting up like a little man and not having to be held, etc."

And Noel grinned. Still smiling, he slipped into his coat as father paid the dentist. When he saw the exchange of money Noel asked, "Dad, what did he charge?"

"Three dollars—a dollar a tooth," father replied.

"Oh, shoot!" Noel was plainly disgusted. "If I'd known he was going to charge like that I'd had to be held and yelled like everything."

New Sterilization Process.

The new process of sterilizing milk developed by Prof. J. Martin Beattie of the University of Liverpool is claimed to kill all bacteria without the alteration of taste produced by pasteurization. An electric current is passed quickly by a special apparatus, raising the temperature of the milk not higher than 145 degrees Fahrenheit, and producing no cooking or alteration of the essential properties of the material.

Fish-Skin Leather.

Fish-skin leather has been so successful in imitating that made from animal hides that it is now almost impossible to distinguish between the two kinds. The bureau of fisheries and the bureau of standards at Washington are now trying to discover a simple and easy way of detecting the difference.

An Enchantress of the Slums

By R. J. PEARSON

Ford's Landing had once been a village. Boats trafficking in Michigan lumber had stopped there, wagons laden with lumber had come from far inland, and boisterous lumbermen had spent their money easily at the two prosperous taverns. Times were good then! The clink of money vied with the rattle of logging chains. But now—

The lumber was all gone, years before. So was the dock. Weakened by neglect, it had been seized by ice-floes and crushed into splinters. The storekeepers and hotel men had drifted away one by one with the cessation of trade, taking their goods with them and leaving the empty shells of buildings to rot away unused.

All the people were gone—that is, all but a few. The Simpsons, the Manns, the Frasers, Joe Bailey. Bailey had turned one of the three rooms of his house into a sort of general store.

Thus, Ford's Landing had ceased to be either a landing or a village. It was merely a name; worse, it was a term of reproach. To live there implied disgrace.

Now, of all the shiftless families of Ford's Landing, the laziest and poorest was that headed by Jack Simpson. Simpson himself was tall, angular and raw-boned, with straight black hair, high cheek bones, and a noiseless, gliding walk. He was supposed to be part Indian. His wife was a nonentity, a little, thin, apathetic woman, so used to privation, even to real cold and hunger, that she never thought of complaining. There there was the daughter, Lizzie, a girl of sixteen.

She was a true daughter of her parents and of her environment, and consequently, was not beautiful. But that did not prevent her from being pretty.

Lizzie had been sent to "borry" some butter from Mrs. Maxfield. The Maxfields owned a section of land lying just to the west of Ford's Landing, and, compared with the Simpsons, were wealthy.

She had to pass the two-room shack in which the Manns lived.

Jack Mann happened to be sitting in front of the house. When he saw her he scrambled up and came awkwardly out to meet her. He was about twenty; tall, ungainly, with a freckled but not unpleasant face.

"Mornin', Lizzie."

"Mornin'," she said, not unkindly.

"Where y' goin'?"

"Up to Maxfield's."

He sauntered along beside her, wordless.

"Where you goin'?" There was untaught coquetry in her eye.

He blushed, and stammered guiltily: "Oh, just up the road." He tried to answer lightly, but signally failed.

Then followed silence.

"Why don't y' say somethin'?" he blurted desperately.

"Say somethin'?" Why, yer th' funniest feller. Why don't y' say th' funniest, lately. What's the matter? Cat got yer tongue?"

"Y' know what's th' matter. I told y' before. I—I like y' so, Lizzie."

"So do other people, I guess. An' they c'n talk."

"Oh, it's different! I—I love y'."

"Why, Jack Mann! But y' don't mean it."

"Mean it! Why, I love y' so I dream about y'. I'd do anything fer yer."

Lizzie looked at him curiously, as if measuring her power. "I don't believe it."

"I would. I can't help it. I'd—I'd go an' jump in th' lake this minute if y' told me t'."

"I wonder if y' would?"

"I would."

She broke into merry laughter.

She turned to go. "Now, go back," she said. "Y'c'e come far enough."

He obeyed, and she went on, smiling at his obedience.

Mrs. Maxfield had a visitor, her brother, Joe Stanley, from the city. He was a young man, possibly twenty-one. He was sauntering about the yard when Lizzie entered the gate.

She looked at him, and of a sudden became conscious of her bare feet. Her shabby dress, her uncared-for hair, her eyes swept over her figure, and she sank, abashed, to the ground. There was nothing of the bashful timidity of young Mann in his direct gaze.

Several times during the week Lizzie and he met.

After the first few times he, being a free-mannered youth, accosted her with a nod and smile. But never anything more.

Lizzie cast about for reasons for his indifference. All of which was not good for her disposition.

"Lizzie," said her father sharply one evening, "I don't see what has got into y' lately."

"Pa," said Lizzie, as if making a desperate resolve, "I want a new dress."

"Well, is that all? Are y' sure that's all? Don't y' want a kerchief. Or an automobile? Now, I tell y' what. Y' gettin' too high-falootin' notions."

Lizzie did not pursue the subject. It was no use.

But she had decided upon the one thing that would give her the happiness she needed. The means did not matter.

Meanwhile, things were not pleasing Jack Mann. He wondered daily how he could have displeased Lizzie. Her capricious attitude toward him had been changed into one of actual dislike. It was hard to get to know her. One day, however, he got an opportunity of remonstrance.

"What makes y' use me so?" was his plea.

AUTOMAT ROMANCE

By MARY MORISON.

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It was June—the month of roses and brides and busy girdles. "The Trovatore" mingled with the cries of the street vendors—strawberries, sweet strawberries!—June even found its way through the revolving doors of that ornately entranced lunch room, the "automat."

Masie Gallagher, romantically munching a sandwich, looked up suddenly and caught the eye of a young man seated across the table, separated from her by two feet of mission furniture, a vinegar cruet, sugar bowl, a bottle of tomato catsup and a salt cellar.

Something told Masie that this man was not a habitue of the automat. His well-cut clothes, his deliberately turned mustache and his nicely manicured hands, proclaimed him "different."

All of a sudden she was glad her new straw hat was so becoming and that the floor-walker at Tuppen's had given her an extra half hour for lunch. And because it was June she smiled faintly at the young man.

"I say," he removed the bottle of catsup from between them and leaned eagerly forward. "You don't look as if you belonged in this 5-cent place. I'll wager that the head waiter at the Plaza is reserving a table by the window for you at this minute. What's the answer? Out for experience—to see how the other half lives?"

Temptation nudged Masie Gallagher's elbow and came and abetted itself in her bosom, aided and abetted by her vivid imagination and an audacious reading of the novels of one Robert Chambers. She succumbed.

"I'm sorry I show it so plainly," she said to the young man with a deprecating air. "We are spending a few days at the Plaza before our usual summer at Newport." And, with her elbows on the table, rather confidently, "I've always wanted to see the inside of this place, you have in the cakes and omelettes."

The young man looked at her with a gleam in his eye. "If I hadn't been afraid of shocking the chauffeur I'd have stopped long ago. But we've picked him off to the country, so I seized today's opportunity."

They smiled delightedly into each other's eyes, and Masie said: "But what about you? What are you doing here?"

"The same thing," he replied, giving his mustache a deliberate caress with his beautiful hand. "I'm stopping at the club over on Fifty-First street, seeing the same fellows, eating the same rich food day after day, until I am sick to death of it. Borefully boring—living at the club—but the matter is out of town, off on a motor trip, and the house is shut up tight as a drum—so there was nothing else to be done. I'm mighty glad I decided to give myself a contrast at the automat today—mighty glad!"

"Isn't it funny we've never met before," he continued, making a mental note of the blush.

"Well—not really," replied Masie shamelessly. "You see, we don't go out socially at all. My father is the most terrific old autocrat in New York and he says that Paris and Rome are the only places he will allow me to go out in. So, of course, I have missed all the nice things here."

And then, because life always mixes the bitter with the sweet, the big white clock on the wall of the automat forced itself into Masie's line of vision. One thirty! Gracious, in 15 minutes she would be due behind the ribbon counter at Tuppen's. She rose.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "I have a sitting at Tuppen's which I must not miss."

"So glad to have met you," she purred.

"But you haven't told me your name," exclaimed the young man, holding on to the little hand, determination in his admiring eyes. "I must see you again, you know."

"I'm sorry," said Masie Gallagher, daughter of Tim Gallagher, of the New York police force. "But it's better not. Father would insist on knowing where I had met you and there would be an awful row. Goodbye—adieu, with a heartfelt resentment at the station in life to which it had pleased God to call her. Masie made her way back to the ribbon counter. That delicate, aristocratic mustache burned her memory.

She sold five yards of blue ribbon to a plump old lady who wanted it "charged and taken."

"Just a minute, please," requested Masie listlessly, her mind far away, "the floor walker must sign for it."

And she cried shrill and loud:

"Mr. Foster! Mr. Foster!"

"For Pete's sake, Masie," said Clara Oppenheim, who also sold ribbons at Tuppen's department store. "Don't you know Foster's gone. There's a new man—Mr. Pidgeon."

"Mr. Pidgeon! Mr. Pidgeon!" she shrieked.

"Right here," said a familiar, carefully modulated voice in her ear. Masie was looking into the aristocratic face of the man at the automat.

"Good Lord! The Plaza and Newport!" he muttered, as he signed for the ribbon.

"My God! The club!" gasped Masie, as she handed it over to the plump purchaser.

But as they stood there in amazement, Masie saw the same deep admiration in the man's eyes and Mr. Pidgeon saw the same becoming blush on Masie's pretty face, and, well, it was June—the month of brides.

A Chicago doctor says the drinkers of moonshine liquor spin like a top. When a man is with his wife, it might be just as well from now on, in greeting him, to dispense with the heretofore harmless salutation, "Old Top."

The larger cities are complaining of the increase in crime. Crime is that disregard of law and righteousness that is seldom committed by people who do an honest day's work. Work is the prevention of crime.

A London minister declares that there will be no jazz in heaven. Oh, let us all lead better lives and strive to be worthy of that happy land!

No matter what the experiments may do, a prune, however succulent, will still remain only a prune.

When a nation converts luxuries into necessities, it likewise converts necessities into luxuries.

Some Noted Bells.

The Church Bell foundry has turned out about a dozen bells for America, most of them for New England churches, including the Church of the Advent, Boston; Groton school chapel, that Roosevelt attended, and the chapel of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn. Canada has only two bells, one in Vancouver cast by a French foundry and one in Montreal cast by the Mott establishment.

Australia and South Africa have several bells, and Indian and African plantations have many far-carrying bells, for summoning workers. They were cast by Robert Mott's successors, who also have produced fine-toned dinner bells for aristocratic homes in Great Britain. These costly, special bells are silver plated.

Woman, as a consumer, has a further duty than that of being a wise buyer. She must also be a conscientious buyer. She must realize her responsibility toward the labor and capital which has produced the goods which she buys, and in her capacity as a consumer and as a voter she must lend intelligent aid to the improvement of labor and economic conditions.

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THE WONDERS OF AMERICA

By T. Y. MAXEY

THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA

THE late George Fitch said "Arizona was made by nature in a frivolous and contradictory mood, a few million years ago, just to show man, when he arrived, what she could do when she felt like it."

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River—the most wonderful geological and spectacular phenomenon known to man—is in Arizona. Discovered by Spanish explorers in 1540, it has been an object of wonder and admiration ever since. In approaching it your first surprise is that you are not prepared for it. Its beginning is so very abrupt. In one jump from the edge you could go down 2,000 feet.

Viewed from the rim, looking down, it is a stupendous panorama—an unbelievable abyss, 3,000 to 5,000 feet deep, 10 to 15 miles wide and 200 miles long. Its sides are lined with countless and varied ornamental architectural features, the whole beautifully tinted and colored and marvelously harmonious. Seen from the bottom, looking up, it is so big that it amazes and bewilders one. On every side are endless processions of caves, terraces, pinnacles, towers, buttes, cliffs and peaks—scarcely carved and weather-stained—many of them higher than any mountain east of the Rockies, yet none of them level with the top. Globe trotters say that nothing else in all the world even remotely approaches this spectacle.

The color combination seems to shift with every movement of the sun, clouds or your position. There is a trail to the bottom and a road around the rim.

BANNER "BLUE LAW" CENTURY.

Seventeenth-Saw Draconic Rules Made for the Government of Manners and Morals.

The Seventeenth century, according to historians, was the banner for blue laws. Legislators vied with one another to win either the plaudits of the people or to provoke the wrath of the mobs by thinking up new measures for the statute books. One blue law in particular which coincides somewhat with some of the legislation rumored to be contemplated in this country is interesting. This was in the form of an ordinance in a Swiss city, and it virtually put such stage folk as jugglers, maskers, jumpers and "such like" out of business. They were prohibited from plying their profession, for the reason that "they do things which God did not intend the human race to perform."

Gambling was frowned upon throughout Europe during this period, but the blue laws did not seem to make much of an impression. It is to be also noted that a prohibition movement was alive in that period. Reformers were engaged at various times in efforts to stop drinking at taverns. In a little city in France the day wave did not gain much headway, as the leaders turned to the alternative of reducing, or trying to reduce, drinking to a minimum on Saturday afternoons so that worshippers might attend evening services "with full possession of their faculties."

Pensacola announces that coffee has returned to five cents the cup. It looks as if the time is at hand when even the beggars will stop toasting the nickels into the gutter.



Buy a pipe— and some P.A. Get the joy that's due you!

We print it right here that if you don't know the "feel" and the friendship of a joy's jimmy pipe—GO GET ONE! And—get some Prince Albert and hang a howdy-do on the big smoke-gong!

For, Prince Albert's quality—flavor—coolness—fragrance—is in a class of its own! You never tasted such tobacco! Why—figure out what it alone means to your tongue and temper when we tell you that Prince Albert can't bite, can't parch! Our exclusive patented process fixes that!

Prince Albert is a revelation in a makin's cigarette! My, but how that delightful flavor makes a dent! And, how it does answer that hankerin'! Prince Albert rolls easy and stays put because it is crimped cut. And, say—oh, go on and get the papers or a pipel. Do it right now!



PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke