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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon. Friday, July 22, 1921

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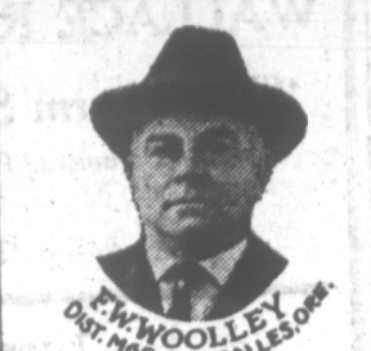
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"Banks loan money on the character of the man more than on the proposition submitted. Insurance guarantees that the man's plans will not be sacrificed if he dies," said another prominent banker.

"A man can create a larger estate with a small amount of money by taking life insurance than any other way and he also creates a compulsory saving," said another prominent banker.

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MORO - OREGON

As a Business Proposition,

The Westminster magistrate, the

other day, described a prisoner as "a

very clever thief." It is said that the

fellow intends printing this testi-

JURORS AND TRIAL LAWYERS

Men Who Render the Verdict Said to

Have a Distinct Influence

Over the Counsel.

Juries differ widely. Charles Russell used to say, for instance, that there was all the difference in the world between English and Irish juries, remarks the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. Irish juries enjoyed the fun and the drama of a trial; they entered into it all and appreciated the cut and thrust; whereas English juries were concerned more with wondering how soon they would be released.

But there is a characteristic common to all juries. They have quite as much influence, though in a different way, over counsel as counsel have over them. One of the greatest of advocates, Scarlett, Lord Abinger, declared that his success was due chiefly to the rule he made of selecting one particular jurymen, not necessarily the foreman, and addressing the argument as if to him personally. He would then work away till he felt that he had convinced this man and could rely on him when the verdict was being considered.

There was her piano in a stranger's room and refusing to go into her own. Either it must stay where it was or go back to storage.

Ethel did the only thing a woman can do when she is driven quite beyond her strength of endurance.

She sat down on her piano stool and wept.

It was at that psychological moment that the stranger and owner of the room appeared upon the scene.

He viewed the picture with apprehensive eyes, then asked what it was all about.

The information was volunteered by the owner of the room.

"The young lady's piano isn't going into her room through those doors. It wouldn't go up the stairs, and we had to hoist it through this here room."

She feels kinda sore about it."

"I would say she did," sympathized Tom Cheney, and the fellow-feeling softening in his voice brought on a heavier set of sighs. But Ethel looked through the web of tears and Tom's words came back to her.

Tom motioned the sign that he would take charge of this beauty in distress and they filed out.

"Now," said Tom cheerily, "when the showers are over let's have a chat about it and see what can be done."

Ethel vouchsafed him the rarest of smiles.

"There's nothing to be done," she affirmed, trying to bring the shower to a stop.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Tom, "you might drape your furniture around the piano here and shift my junk into the other room, or you can just leave the piano here and use it as your own room. I travel a lot and my room is vacant sometimes six days out of the week."

"Oh, that wouldn't be decent," Ethel replied, wide but hopeful eyes full on Tom so that he nearly lost his breath.

"And I can't possibly pay the rent for the front room, good as it is of you to offer to change."

"Decent nothing!" scolded Tom. "I will telephone you every time I expect to burden this room with my presence and you can skip so that we need never come in the slightest contact with one another."

"My entire future is at stake," she told him. "I have worked to get my piano out of storage and have secured a small part in a musical comedy, but I absolutely must keep my voice up. The manager has promised me a splendid part with exquisite songs if I will just bring out certain tones in my voice. You see—there was a reason for the showers."

"I should just say there was," Tom agreed heartily.

"Well—since I cannot possibly pay the highest rent for the front room, and if you were perfectly sure my piano wouldn't be in your way—"

Ethel laughed happily straight into Tom's eyes. "And you will always telephone me to go to my own room—when you are coming home?"

"Unless I want you to go somewhere else," said Tom.

Ethel dropped the heavy fringe of lashes that were soon to know the weight of cosmetics.

"When we can consider everything settled," she questioned, rising.

"Pretty near everything," Tom said, then boldly, "I would like it settled that I am to see you safely away from the stage door every night—that is, unless there is some one else."

A flush stole into Ethel's cheeks. "I would appreciate that fully as much as your letting my piano remain here," she told him.

"That, too, was settled then and in his mind Tom could also see the faintest glimmer of a most delightful little honeymoon flat."

Early Egyptian Customs.

The earliest race of Egyptians lived in the Nile valley about 4000-3700 B. C. They have found their cemeteries in numbers, although most of the graves have disappeared. In that era mummies had not yet come into fashion, although some idea of a hereafter was theirs, as it is every primitive people's.

Their earliest burials are reminiscent of Indian finds in our own country. The dead were laid in a contracted position in the grave with pottery and stone vessels containing (obviously) food and drink, and flint and stone implements of the class; they are found upon the left side, with head toward the south and knees drawn up—"In an embryonic position ready to be born into a new world."

FRONT AND REAR

By JANE DARLINGTON.

(Copyright 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Ethel watched her piano being hoisted to the fourth floor with eyes that sparkled with joy. For two years the precious instrument had been in the storage house while its owner worked for sufficient money to get it out and insure a year's study.

Now with a clear year ahead and a small part in a musical comedy as well as a lease on the quiet if small room on the fourth floor rear, Ethel felt a security she had not known for many a long day.

Her piano, because it had been hoisted into the front room and thence to her back one through a more or less complex arrangement of doors. After futile struggle these doors balked firmly at further progress of the piano. It was then Ethel felt the tragedy of her position.

There was her piano in a stranger's room and refusing to go into her own. Either it must stay where it was or go back to storage.

Ethel did the only thing a woman can do when she is driven quite beyond her strength of endurance.

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In the Last Edition

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

(Copyright 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

After-dinner coffee was served in the library. Aunt Matilda clung to this relic of former days with grim persistency.

It was not so impressive as the previous announcement. "Coffee will be served in the drawing-room." But in a small apartment, the library was the best substitute Aunt Matilda had.

"I'm sorry, Katherine," Aunt Matilda's tone was mildly apologetic. "That, as you read the paper only once a fortnight, you are not able to read the latest news."

Katherine's attention had been divided between the cup of coffee she was sipping from one hand and a newspaper she was trying to read from the other.

All at once her hand shook so she could scarcely put her coffee down without spilling it. The paper in her other hand rattled as though a sudden storm had attacked it. Her eyes grew big with surprise and terror.

She glanced quickly at her aunt. Had she noticed her sudden agitation? It seemed as though the cup had crashed onto the saucer, the paper had rattled, and that her heart was beating loud enough to be heard for miles.

But her aunt was peacefully unconscious of any unusual excitement.

Katherine started up, exclaiming: "Let's go to the theater, Aunt Matilda. You need cheering up. Don't say you don't, for you know you haven't been out for days. I'll telephone Mariana."

"But, my dear," Aunt Matilda of fered, as a feeble protest, "Mariana won't go without Dale Brinton."

"One has so few chances with an engaged girl," Katherine's grip tightened on the newspaper she was holding. "This is my turn for an evening with Mariana. Dale is out of town."

Which was part of the truth, but by no means all.

Before Aunt Matilda had time to argue further, Katherine gasped.

The subway was surprisingly crowded for a rainy night. Katherine looked anxiously about for her friend.

When at last she found her, she gave her a quick glance of keen scrutiny.

With her customary Southern courtesy, Aunt Matilda stepped aside as she felt the crowd jostling against her. So, the last ones in the car, it was with difficulty they found seats.

The train had stopped and was about to start again when Katherine remembered Aunt Matilda. Leaning over to see if she was all right, she gave a sudden gasp of horror.

Getting to her feet, she cleared the space in a single bound. As she reached the platform the door clanged shut behind her.

She glanced back. Mariana's face peered grimly out from behind the closed door as the train pulled slowly from the station.

"There's a pickle," Katherine felt nervously of her empty pockets. "Mariana gone. Aunt Matilda somewhere unknown with the family petbook."

"Thank goodness, there she is!" she exclaimed fervently as she caught sight of her aunt through the crowd.

She hurried toward the little lady, who was looking wildly about.

"I saw your empty seat in the car just in time," Aunt Matilda put her hand over her heart to stop its excited beating. "Why didn't you tell me it was time to get off?"

"There was a vacant place next to Mariana," Katherine explained. "So I had just crossed over to sit next to her."

"I thought we had to get off at Seventy-second street and take a local to Times Square," said Aunt Matilda.

"Is this Seventy-second street?" asked Katherine in amazement. "Of all things! I hardly know what's been going on. I—I've—there's something about it, can we do about it now?"

asked Aunt Matilda.

"We'll go right ahead," explained Katherine confidently.

Thanks to the rain, Katherine was able to get three fairly good seats.

Handing one of the tickets back through the window, she asked the man to reserve it for Miss MacLeod.

She watched the man write the name carefully on the back, making sure there would be no mistake.

While waiting for the curtain to go up, they watched eagerly. But no Mariana. As soon as the play began Aunt Matilda forgot all about her, but Katherine became seriously worried.

"Oh, dear!" A sudden sickening fear came over her. "What if Mariana knows? What if she has met some one who has told her? What if she got hold of a paper?"

But as the curtain went down, before Katherine had time to move, a familiar voice greeted her, and then her aunt.

"Ah, Miss Katherine, and Miss MacLeod," the stranger shook hands and then sat down in the empty seat beside Katherine.

"Jolly play isn't it?" he asked.

"Why, really, Mr. Trent," replied Katherine. "I hardly know what's been going on. I—I've—there's something about it, can we do about it now?"

asked Aunt Matilda.

"We'll go right ahead," explained Katherine confidently.

Now, there's your friend, Miss MacLeod—

Katherine drew a quick breath. "I suppose, between the afternoon edition, announcing the terrible accident to young Dale Brinton, and the evening, contradicting it—she felt as if she had butted up against it hard."

"Contradicting it? Did you say contradicting it?" gasped Katherine. "Haven't you heard?" asked Trent. "You read the afternoon account of how Brinton attempted a record flight? While five thousand three hundred feet up the motor went wrong. There was no time to learn how serious the accident really was, but the worst was feared."

"Yes, yes," broke in Katherine impatiently. "I read all of that."

"Well, the sequel in the later edition was that Brinton, in some marvelous manner, escaped, entirely uninjured. You don't suppose by any chance Miss MacLeod didn't see that later edition?"

"I don't know anything about that. I didn't see any use of Mariana worrying before all the facts of the case were known."

Trent hastened to offer to go in pursuit of the lost Mariana, and promised to restore her to her vacant place in short order.

"Remember," warned Katherine. "Mariana doesn't know anything about Dale's accident."

Katherine waited impatiently for Mariana's arrival.

Just as the curtain went up for the second act Mariana slid into the vacant seat.

"Well, Mariana," whispered Katherine, "for pity's sake tell me what happened?"

"Just what I want to know," said Mariana.

"As agreed upon, for similar emergencies," replied Katherine. "I came directly here—bought the tickets—returned one to the box office to be called for by you."

"I handed two back, to be called for by Aunt Matilda and you," broke in Mariana.

"But, Mariana, why didn't you ask for the one I left for you?" gasped Katherine.

"But, Katherine, why didn't you ask for the two I left for you?" repeated Mariana.

"Because we got here first," answered Katherine with a tear over that second set of seats going to waste, "groaned Mariana. 'I've had enough excitement to last me for some few days.'"

"Meaning?" whispered Katherine.

"Why, first Dale's accident, of course, then this."

"You know?" gasped Katherine. "My dear Katherine," replied Mariana, "you don't suppose for one second that that news was allowed to escape my attention. Fourteen people let their soup get cold while they waited for me to return. With one accord they asked if I had heard the news—first and second edition."

"If I had only taken time for another guess," said Katherine wearily. "I've about decided," she whispered Mariana, "to tell Dale that he'll have to get either a new fad or a new fiancée."

Katherine didn't reply, but she thought it would also be much easier on her friends.

HAD FEAR OF PRINTED WORD

In England in the Seventeenth Century There Were Severe Restrictions on the Press.

In the beginning of the Seventeenth century there were but 19 print shops in all London, and every one of these was under strict observation of both the archbishop of Canterbury and representatives of the company of stationers. Every page that was set up had to be examined by representatives of both, and the presses were locked and chained every night so that no one could secretly print anything. In case the printers did not obey the commands of these censors he went to jail, and for a man to secretly own a printing press was just one way of attempting suicide.

As a result of this, a