The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....August 12. 1922

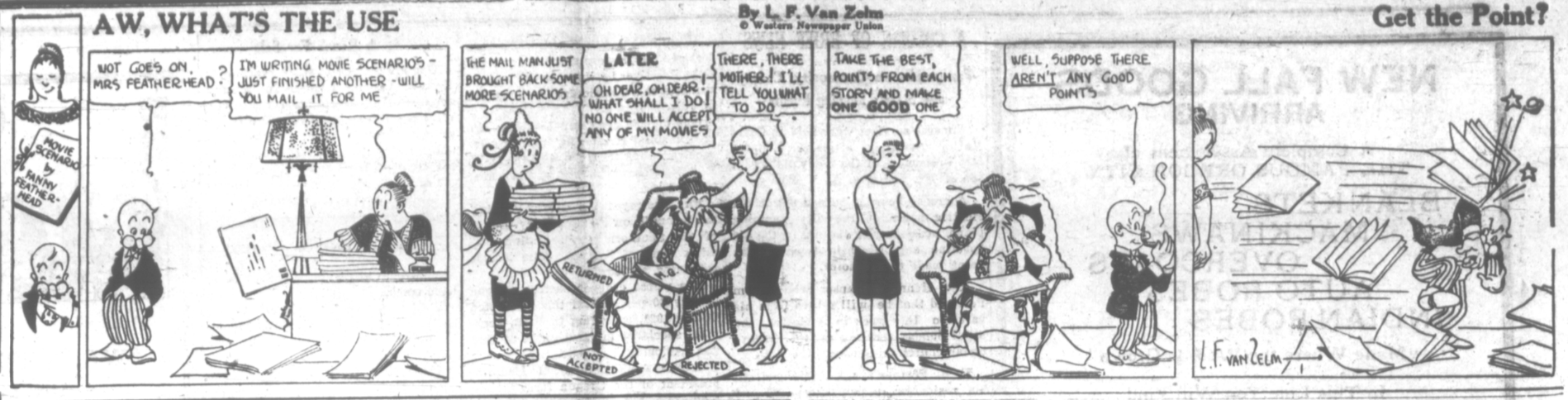
Subscription Orders Taken

At the Observer office, Moro.

AW, WHAT'S THE USE

By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union

Get the Point?



THE BEAST

By ADELAIDE BROWN

©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Dusk softened the outlines of the sordid mill town; vague lights pricked the darkness here and there like dim fireflies. The dreary, dusty little city became, for the moment, austerely beautiful. Dusk deepened also in the "third-floor-back" of Mrs. Gammage's third-rate rooming house. In the room a girl sat crouching in a broken chair and shivering in spite of the heat. The shiver came because for the first time in her eighteen sheltered, coddled years, Betty Martin sensed the approach of a Beast. The name of the Beast was Fear.

It all came about because John Martin had a flash-in-the-pan temper, because Betty had inherited the same—and most of all because a quiet mother rested in a quiet grave on the hillside with only clumps of pale harebells for company. Had she been with them it never would have happened.

Seventeen years and eleven months of having one's own petted, pampered way does not, somehow, prepare one for a father's apoplectic rage and harsh sundering of love's young dream. To Betty, the young man in question seemed passing fair, but not to be taken seriously—oh, no, not yet!—until that same father's foot was put down with thunderous emphasis. Then—well then, daddy had ordered her, mind you—and Betty's quivering lips straightened in the darkness as she lived it over for the two hundredth time—to choose between Billy Devine and getting out to earn her own living, or being a nice and obedient little girl. Betty got out. Betty also left behind the check for $300 which her father had deposited stealthily on her dresser.

With the change she had on hand, Betty started out for the nearest city, head held high and courage in her heart. Two weeks later, as she sat in her stuffy little room, her courage had evaporated her heart (she thought) was broken, but her pride still held. Sixty-seven cents and her landlady had ordered her out of the house with one week's rent unpaid. For Betty had not yet learned a single move in the grand game of bluff. After all, she was only a child.

She did not know how to get work. She did not know of "uncle" who would have cheerfully advanced her $50 on her rings. She did not know why Mrs. Gammage eyed these same rings and her beautiful clothing so queerly; she did not know that this same girlish finery had already "queered" several jobs for her; she did not know where to go to find kind hearts. In fact, the only things she knew how to do well were to make delicious fudge and wheedle checks out of daddy. But go back to him? Not she. She'd spend the night on the park bench first—which she proceeded to do.

Policemen were few and far between in this little town, so no one said her nay when she dragged herself and her suitcase to a bench in a dark corner of the park. She had decided to go without supper. The town clock struck nine. The town clock struck ten, and with each succeeding hour it seemed to boom more solemnly. She crouched closer to the friendly shadow. Fear, the Beast, crouched beside her. Would—would daddy find her starved body hid away in some park corner? How long did one live without eating? Was it very painful to die that way? Eleven o'clock, and how tired and—hun-g-r-y she was! Footsteps sounder on the nearest path and she held her breath. A man, alone, walked past. She could not know that he was the kind-hearted father of four girls. So the Beast, snarling a bit now, drew a step closer. Suppose, in the middle of the night, some man should come—! She stilled a scream with both hands pressed against her lips. She lived a year for every hour of that slow-passing night.

And for exactly thirteen days and ten hours, John Martin had been tearing his hair and rushing frantically from one city to another, from police station to police station. He had come home to lunch, with a peace-offering under his arm, to find Betty gone and the check where he had left it. And from that moment peace knew him no more.

As a last resort, he had come to the little city nearest home (for he had felt sure that Betty would feel the lure of distance) and he had spent two days tracing Betty to Mrs. Gammage's rooming house. That evening he had said things—terrible things—to Mrs. Gammage which that worthy was never to forget. Then he hunted the streets, the lodging houses, the hospital, the morgue, hour by hour, aided by a corps of detectives.

By one o'clock Betty had fallen into an uneasy doze. Her handbag dropped to the pebbled walk with a thud. A furtive shadow slipped nearer, grinned wolfishly as he laid a possessive hand upon Betty's arm. The breath of the Beast fanned the girl's white, terror-stricken face. No escape? The kindly gleams of searchlights dotted through the park and—

"Daddy!" One choked cry.

The Beast, snarling viciously, slunk into the shrubbery. But the shadow of the shadow of Fear never quite left the soul of Betty.

New Parachute for Planes.

A parachute of enormous dimensions has been invented, which, in case of accident, will lower the entire cabin of a passenger-carrying airplane to the ground in safety.

The Younger Set

By JANE OSBORN

©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Gosh!" said Mrs. Gleason, pushing her small feet painfully into smaller dancing slippers. "Excuse me, Tom, for saying 'gosh,' but honestly I'd rather scrub floors than to go to that dance."

Tom Gleason looked sympathetically from his post before the chiffonier, where he was struggling with the studs of his evening shirt. "I suppose we've got to go."

"Oh, I suppose so," said the young wife, now carefully brushing the collar of Tom's evening coat as it lay on the bed. "Housework and the twins are nothing to compare with what I have to undergo for that 'younger set.' I promised to chaperone them, Grace Hayes will meet us at the clubhouse and will be back for the night. Your brother, I suppose, will be there and he'll want another spare room. I thought once we'd pull off a match with him—"

"Them," echoed Tom sneeringly. "They're just like the rest of the younger set. Crazy for excitement—they'll never settle down and have real happiness the way we did. Young people are different nowadays." Tom was all of five years older than his brother James, and Mrs. Gleason was two years older than Grace Hayes, yet these two felt the advantage of many, many years.

So the Gleasons, clad in their best, went to the dance at the Country club, leaving the slumbering twins in the custodianship of the maid of all work, who also slumbered in her room on the third floor.

An hour later Jim Gleason tried the front door of the Gleason suburban home, found it locked and made an unceremonious entrance through a partly open front window. He took off his hat and coat and then his shoes, rummaged for and found a pair of slippers and a smoking jacket of his brother's in a downstairs hall closet. A foraging expedition in the kitchen resulted in some crullers of his sister-in-law's baking and some apples. These he laid on the table beside the easy chair in front of the fireplace. He filled his pipe with his brother's tobacco, poked the embers, threw on a fresh log and sat down to enjoy all the comforts of a home that was not his own.

This comfort he enjoyed alone for an hour. At 10:30 he heard a knock at the front door and opened it to see Grace Hayes, in day clothes with an overnight bag in her hand.

"I thought you'd be at the dance," she said with some hauteur and some apology.

"No," drawled James, assisting Grace off with her wraps and seating her in a second easy chair beside the fire. "I can't stand the pace. I said I might come, but it was only for an excuse to spend the night here. How these married people want to gad about as they do I can't see. With a home like this—have a cruller and an apple," he interrupted, pointing to the outlay on the table. "Gee, if I had a little house like this and a wife, believe me I'd stay at home! But then we're different. Since the war fellows have known how to appreciate a home. But that older married set—all they think of is excitement—toddling and jazz and all that sort of thing."

Grace looked wistfully into the fire. "I know," she said. "Girls are different now. They are more serious."

There was a long and rather painful pause. Then James Gleason bent toward Grace, who was sitting up straight in her chair. "Grace, won't you marry me?"

"No," Grace said, still very wistful, and she nodded her head slowly and looked into the fire. "I think I would marry you if I married any one, Jimmy, but I'm afraid of marriage. It seems to change people so. I'm afraid that once I was married I'd be like your sister-in-law. And you might change about and be as mad about dancing and excitement as Tom. I'd rather go on dreaming about a home than to have a home of my own and not appreciate it."

It was James' turn to look wistfully in the fire and shake his head sadly. He had been pleasantly surprised to hear Grace say that she would marry him if she married any one. That was something of a comfort.

"I get your point of view, Grace," he said. "It would be frightful to find yourself in a home like this, for instance, and not appreciate it, or to be married to the girl you loved and find her unwilling to stay home for a quiet evening. I'd be sorry for Tom, only I think he is as far gone as Mabel." Another pause ensued. "Couldn't we get engaged and see how that affected us?"

"That would be a trial engagement." Grace looked a little shocked. "No, Jimmy, I never intend to be engaged except to the man I marry. When I do get engaged I want to be married very, very soon. You know, I take those things so seriously; I think all the girls in our set do. They are so different from the older girls like Mabel."

The matter seemed settled. For a few minutes they sat and exchanged a few remarks about the weather and plays they had or hadn't seen. Then one or two of the twins wailed out from the floor above, and Grace, with Tom in her wake, fled to the nursery. They were busy executing requests for drinks of water when Tom and Mabel let themselves in the front door below.

The twins again tucked quietly in their adjoining cribs, Jim and Grace groped their way in the dark upstairs hall toward the stairs. Jim held Grace's arm very close to his side so that she would not stumble. They heard the voices of Tom and Mabel below, and they hesitated to listen.

"Well, we're back again to home, sweet home," said Tom. He was sitting in the chair just vacated by James and Mabel was in Grace's chair. James and Grace went noiselessly down to the landing, where they could see them. Then Tom leaned toward Mabel and took her hand in his. "There's nothing like it, is there, little wife?" he said. "More than ever I can't understand the point of view of the younger set. There's my brother, Jim, could marry any day he wanted to. Earns more than I do."

"And there's Grace," continued Mabel. "She's independent herself. She wouldn't have to wait for a man to make enough to support her."

"I guess they are different. They don't know the meaning of home. Here we went over to that dance on purpose to get them together and they didn't even come. I suppose something more exciting kept them both. That dance at the club wasn't so dull, but honestly, Mabel, I was miserable every time I danced with any one but you, and when I was dancing with you I was aching to be here before our own little fireplace with you at my side."

There would have been more of this sort of thing between the Gleasons if, in spite of Jim's protecting arm, Grace had not missed a step on the stairway where Jim and she were standing. She gave a very little scream and clung to Jim as if the Gleasons' front stairs were as the slippery side of an Alpine chasm. The Gleasons, fearful lest harm had come to the twins above, hurried to the hall and snapped on the electric light that showed Grace being upheld with rather unnecessary tenacity by Jim.

"We didn't mean to overhear you," said Grace. "But we did hear every word you said."

Mabel Gleason's face registered hauteur. She didn't know how it happened that these young people should be in her house clinging to each other on the landing of her stairway. At the moment she couldn't recall what she had said, but she remembered it was personal. She chose to cover her embarrassment by appearing offended.

"It is too bad you slipped, Grace," she said, looking as icily at her as she could, "because if it hadn't been for your little scream Tom and I should probably have said a good deal more that would have interested you."

"We heard all we needed," Jim laughed. "We heard enough to know that you and Tom are home folks, after all. Somehow I think that what we heard is going to make a big difference in all our lives." He hadn't altogether released Grace, in spite of her little jerks to be free, and now he held two strong arms on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. "It will make a difference, won't it?" he asked her, as if no one had been by and quite regardless of Mabel's gasps of surprise.

Perhaps they whispered something, or perhaps they said it aloud, or perhaps they understood each other just by an exchange of glances. No one of the quartet just remembered how it happened later. But there on the landing Grace told Mabel and Jim told his brother Tom, and there were general congratulations and a few tears, and Tom and Jim shook hands and Mabel kissed Grace and then kissed her husband and kissed Jim, and it was not until later that they remembered that ten minutes earlier Grace had quite definitely told Jim that she had no intention of marrying any one.

Squirrels Store Nuts.

Not a few mammals are in the habit of hiding surplus food, and it is easy to imagine how this might lead on to a more definite storing instinct such as squirrels show. In a number of different hoards the squirrel hides hazelnuts, beechnuts and acorns, and these may be a standby in the hard times of winter when the beautiful creature, which is not a true winter sleeper, is unable to sleep away its hunger, or when the young ones, which remain for a long time in the company of the parents, plead for food. In some mild climates the squirrel's storing instinct seem to remain undeveloped.

Unduly Proportioned.

Billy had gone with his mother on a visit to his uncle, who owned a farm. When they arrived they were met by Billy's uncle. As they seated themselves in the machine Billy noticed a dachshund sitting beside his uncle in the front seat. Having never before seen such a dog he suddenly exclaimed: "Oo, look, muvver, look at that thing that's two dogs long 'n' half a dog high."

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

Herbert R. Satchwell has been appointed postmaster at Shedd.

Hop picking has started in Marion county a few miles north of Silverton.

Oregon's twelfth irrigation congress will be held at Bend October 5, 6 and 7.

The Pacific Spruce Corporation has begun operation of its gigantic sawmill at Toledo.

The forest fire conditions in Tillamook county are more grave than for some time.

Five persons were killed and 163 were injured in traffic accidents on the streets of Portland during July.

J. E. Phillips of Spring Valley, Polk county, netted $113.50 this year from the sale of cherries from two trees.

John Elder, rancher and hotel man of Mosier, was run over and killed by Southern Pacific train No. 12 at Creswell.

The Lincoln county Jersey Cattle club announces that official Registry of Merit testing will start next spring.

The Lincoln County Jersey Calf club, which is the third largest in the state, has become a member of the American Jersey Cattle club.

One hundred and ninety cows were tested in Jackson county in July, of which 33 produced 40 pounds of butterfat each during the month.

Cupid took his vacation in Linn county during the month of July. Only 11 marriage licenses were issued in that month by the county clerk.

Lincoln county began its fourth year of tuberculosis testing Monday, Doctor Derflinger of the state veterinarian department being in charge of the work.

Ray L. Jenkins has been named manager of the Lincoln county fair at Toledo for 1922. The fair dates have been set for September 6, 7, 8 and 9.

Governor Olcott has appointed A. E. Clawson of Enterprise as district attorney for Wallowa county. He will succeed A. W. Schaupp, who has resigned.

There are in Oregon 142 persons of sufficient prominence to be entered in Who's Who in America. The segregated list in the new edition, 1922-1923, just out, shows that number, the greater portion of which is listed for Portland.

The prune crop in Marion county for 1922 will be the heaviest for several years, while the prices will be more satisfactory to the growers than last season, according to reports by field agents of the various fruit organizations of that vicinity.

There were 558 accidents in the industries of Oregon during the week ending August 3, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission. For the first time in several months no fatalities were reported to the commission.

Since federal airplanes were sent to Oregon July 15 for forest fire service 41 patrols have been flown, 78 fires have been discovered and the planes have covered a distance of more than 6700 miles, according to a report prepared by Frank Elliott, state forester.

CURFEW BELLS STILL HEARD

In Many English Towns the Chimes Peal Their Warning of the Hour of Slumber.

Up and down the country England has still a few towns where the curfew is rung nightly, though probably none of them could show that the practice had an unbroken pedigree from Norman times.

One of the best-known instances is Stratford. All visitors will remember the Guild chapel, whose gray tower faces them along the High street, beside the timbered facade of Shakespeare's school. This tower holds one of the largest bells in England, and on this the curfew rings at 8 each night. Twenty years ago its ringing was among the functions of the monitors at the adjoining school, and was a much-prized privilege as well as duty till an iconoclastic new headmaster substituted a paid ringer for the boys.

Another curfew rings in London on a bell in Lincoln's Inn chapel—a building rich in history, since Ben Jonson is said to have laid some of its bricks and the bell was brought from Calais by Elizabeth's favorite, the earl of Essex. His family name and title are perpetuated in Devereaux court and Essex street near by, but not many know of his connection with the brazen voice which sounds 50 times at 9 o'clock.—Christian Science Monitor.

Her First and Last.

My strangest experience occurred when I was a little girl in the sixth grade. Having acquired new ideas of being "grown up" and desiring to scent my handkerchief, I sifted quite a bit of fragrant talcum powder into it, and folded the handkerchief up carefully. At school, as I rose to recite, I needed my handkerchief, and not thinking of the talcum, shook it out for use. The full shower came on a boy across the aisle, who, as he attempted to brush himself, exclaimed "Whew!" in a loud voice. I never put talcum in my handkerchief again.—Exchange.

Beheading a Palm.

The big Brazilian coconut plam in the New York Botanical garden acquired the glass-breaking habit. Although the central dome of range 1 in the conservatories is 90 feet high, the ambitious palm has several times poked its head through the top. Taking into consideration the high cost of glass and labor, this expensive habit had to be checked, and the verdict was decapitation for the tree. It had previously outgrown its quarters in the Central park greenhouses.—Scientific American.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

The UNIVERSITY of OREGON contains:

The college of Literature, Science and the Arts with 22 departments.

The professional schools of Architecture—Business Administration—Education—Graduate Study—Law—Medicine—Music—Physical Education—Sociology.

The 47th Year Opens October 2, 1922

For a catalogue or any information write The Registrar, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

Successful Graduates

Are the Best Recommendation of

O. A. C.

This institution offers a thorough, practical, and standard education at a cost within reach of the high school graduate.

It offers training for collegiate degrees in:

Agriculture
Commerce
Engineering and Mech. Arts
Forestry
Home Economics
Mines
Pharmacy
Vocational Education
Chemical Engineering
Military Science and Tactics

It offers training also in: The School of Music, Physical Education, Industrial Journalism.

Fall Term Opens September 18.

For circulars of information and illustrated booklet write to

THE REGISTRAR, OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CORVALLIS, OREGON

WASCO TIRE AND VULCANIZING WORKS

Guy Chamness, Proprietor

Wasco, Oregon

Dry Cure Retreading a Specialty

Tire and Tube Repairing — Brunswick Tires

Satisfaction Guaranteed

BENSON & SON

General Contractors and Builders

Cement and Concrete Work a Specialty

Moro, Oregon

Special Rates

NEW HOTEL PERKINS

Fifth and Washington Sts.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Room with privilege of bath, single, $1.00 up; double $1.50 up
Room with private bath, single $1.50 up; double $2.50 up.
Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot pass our doors.
Transfer at 5th and Glisan streets from North Bank Depot.

The Moro Hotel

W. M. Walker, Manager

MORO - OREGON

A Modern Tile and Concrete Constructed Building Built by Moro Community for the General Public

STEAM HEATED — ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Bath and Hot and Cold Water in Every Room

Special Monthly Rates for Room or Board

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.

Studebaker Cars

GOODYEAR TIRES AND TUBES

Complete Line of Accessories

AUTO REPAIRING - STORAGE

Blacksmith and Machine Shop

FOSS & CO., Inc.

Phone 303 — MORO, OREGON