

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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The Wise Fool.
"Knowledge is power," quoted the sage.
"Not when you think you know it all," corrected the fool.

Bars.
He stood before too many bars.
And then he went to find some;
In several bars he started jars.
And now he's lodged behind some.

Huh!
"The grouch is certainly a tightwad, isn't he?" said the old fogey.
"He sure is," replied the wise guy.
"He'd charge you interest if he lent you his moral support."

Advice.
This is good dope, and it is true.
Don't pass it with a glance;
Do not bet on sure things when you can go and take a chance.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is the way of the transgressor?
Paw—About fourteen ounces to the pound, my son.

Wuff!
We are ashamed to spring this tale.
And yet we hate to duck it;
A fellow gets a little pale
Before he kicks the bucket.

—Luke McLuke in Cincinnati Enquirer.

This story, too, so gray with age,
Your riddles may vex;
A man gets nothing when at last
He passes in his checks.

—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Luke is Neutral.
There's one thing about Mr. McLuke
In the Cincinnati Enquirer. He is
Impartial. Women get their punishment
As well as the sterner sex.—New York Evening Telegram.

Woman.
A woman's wants make most men grin.
She's always on the jump;
She's either trying to get thin
Or trying to get plump.

Yes, but Whaddy Ya Mean?
No sickness and deaths to report this
Week, as it has been too hot for the
doctors to travel.—Bell (Tenn.) Semi-
nel.

More Trouble.
Luke McLuke in the Cincinnati En-
quirer says mosquitoes like musical
sounds.
Something else to blame on your
neighbor's phonograph.—Zanesville (O.)
Signal.

We Second the Motion.
Here is the way one wide awake
teacher who is ever in quest of more
light puts it: "I like to be on the ever-
lasting chase after something." May
her tribe increase.—Ohio Educational
Monthly.

Names Is Names.
Miss Xemenia Y. Zyx lives at But-
ler, Mo.

Things to Worry About.
There are 170 packs of foxhounds in
England.

Oh, Joy!
Dear Luke—Do you know that Miss
Bee Gay lives at Montgomery, W. Va.?
—Reader.

Our Daily Special.
Never monkey with another man's
business.

Makes Her Restless.
"The confidence Mrs. Gadders reposes
in her husband is wonderful."
"My wife says she has confidence in
me, but I fear it is not the reposeful
kind."

No?
"It's the kind that keeps her awake
at night until she finds out where I've
been."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Luke McLuke Says:
If most of the June brides could cook
as well as they can tan, there would
not be so many divorces next year.

A woman's idea of an ideal husband
is a husband who is afraid of her.

An old battered empty tomato can
isn't worth much. But it is of more
value than the kiss one woman gives
another when they meet on the street.

It often happens that the same girl
who leads all her classes in the gym
is so delicate when she is at home
that washing dishes would give her
nervous prostration.

There are a whole lot of ways to ac-
quire a nice pair of blackened eyes.
But one of the hardest ways to get
them is to mind your own business
and keep your face closed.

Some men seem to have been put on
earth so that other men could obtain a
good living without working.

After all, discretion is merely hav-
ing sense enough to pick out some guy
you know you can lick when you start
anything.

It is all right to knock the living
and praise the dead, but if you boost
the living and knock the dead you are
no gentleman.

Radium is not the scarcest thing in
the world. The scarcest thing in the
world is an employee who does not
believe that he knows more than the
boss.

Why is it that the man who hates
kissing so much that he hasn't kissed
his own wife for six months will take
a chance on getting shot trying to kiss
some other man's wife?

Mother is always afraid that the
children will be kidnapped. But father
knows better.

When a ten-year-old boy likes to be
dressed up and always keeps himself
clean his parents should take him to
an alienist.

Two is matrimony, three is alimony.
After all, there isn't a great deal of
difference between dignity and a
grouch.

Miss Pendleton's Pendant

Tragedy Turns to Comedy
When Lost Jewel Is Found.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Anne Barlow went flying down the
corridor to the door of Elsie Pen-
dleton's room and knocked softly.

"Come in, Anne," murmured Elsie's
sleepy voice.

Anne obeyed, switching on the elec-
tric light as she did so and revealing
to the girl in the bed a very forlorn
little figure still clad in the charming
white chiffon dancing frock that she
had worn to the Huntress' ball a few
hours before.

"What is the matter, Anne dear?
Can't you sleep, or are you ill?" Elsie
sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

"I am in such dreadful trouble, El-
sie," wailed Anne.

"Trouble?" echoed Elsie, now wide
awake.

Tears sprang to Anne's wide brown
eyes.

"It's the pendant!"
"Anne Rebecca's pendant?" gasped
Elsie. "Has anything happened to it?"

"Lost!" moaned Anne.

"You had it on when you came home.
You know we were admiring it as we
came upstairs. Tell me about it, Anne,
quick!"

Anne seated herself on the side of
the bed and brushed the tears from
her eyes.

"You know it was perfectly dear of
your Aunt Rebecca to insist upon my
wearing the diamond pendant, because
I have no jewels of my own, but I have
been frightened all evening about it.

There has been scarcely a moment
since she clasped the chain about my
neck that I have not thought about it.
A hundred times during the evening
my hand flew up there to see if it was
safe. I am glad I'm poor, Elsie, I
should be worried to death if I had
jewels to care for!"

"I wore it home. You remember we
were talking about it as we came up
stairs. As soon as I reached my room
I took off the necklace and placed it
on the dressing table. I was going to
hide it under my pillow until morning,
when I could return it to Miss Pen-
dleton."

"I was dreadfully sleepy and threw
myself down on the sofa for a moment
before undressing for bed. I could not
have slept more than ten minutes, for
I glanced at the clock before I lay
down and the sound of the big hall
clock chiming I awoke me."

"My first glance was toward the
dressing table. The pendant was gone!
Elsie, I have searched every inch of
my room, and I cannot find a trace of
it." Now Anne abandoned herself to
the misery of the moment.

Elsie got up and slipped into a dress-
ing gown and slippers.

"Come, let us go to your room," she
said practically. "Diamond pendants
don't disappear without hands. Let us
see what chance any one would have

of taking it during that ten minutes
when you were napping."

"No one in the house would be guilty
of theft," said Anne positively.

Elsie sighed.

"One never can tell when one is sore-
ly pined for money and temptation is
in the way," she said significantly.

Anne reddened to the roots of her
fair hair.

"Elsie Pendleton, I do believe you
suspect Rod Fairman," she whispered
as she hurried down the corridor after
her friend.

"I am sorry to say that I have heard
strange things about him, Anne dear.
Will Devers says—"

"Will Devers' word against that of
Rod Fairman! Elsie, do you really be-
lieve what that slanderous little man
says?"

"No. Well, never mind, dear. Here
we are at your door."

Anne put out a protesting hand. Her
sweet face was grave.

"Tell me what Will Devers said,
first."

Elsie shrugged an impatient shoul-
der.

"He said that Rod had been specu-
lating and was at rock bottom. He
said not to be surprised at anything he
did to recover his fortune."

Elsie put an arm around the trem-
bling girl.

"I am sorry, dear," she said contri-
tely, "but I don't know what to believe.
I am so afraid of Aunt Rebecca's an-
ger. She is so eccentric, you know, and
the pendant was the apple of her eye—
an heirloom in the family and her most
valuable possession. I was sur-
prised that she offered it to you."

"It was sweet of her—and to think I
have lost it!" quavered Anne. "I ought
not to have worn it, for I can never re-
place it."

They were inside Anne's room now,
and Elsie had closed the door.

"Where did you leave the pendant,
Anne?" asked Elsie.

"Here on the dressing table beside
my handkerchief and fan. It is quite
useless to look further, dear, for I have
searched every inch of the room. I
have even turned up the corners of the
carpet and shaken out the window cur-
tains."

In spite of what Anne said Elsie
made a thorough search of the pretty

chamber, but she found nothing.

"Why, I was worried about it, know-
ing how precious it was, and it's a
good thing I went through the door that
connects my chamber with the one in
Anne's room. Anne was asleep on the
sofa and my pendant was on her dress-
ing table. I simply picked it up and
placed it in the safest place I know
about."

Miss Pendleton smiled grimly at
their astonished faces.

Mr. Pendleton gasped.

"My dear Becky, do you mean to say
that you went to sleep with that pen-
dant in your mouth?" he demanded.

"Of course. I have done it before
when I've been too tired to put it
away. And tell me what burglar
would dare to remove it from his bed-
ding place?"

Miss Pendleton glanced triumphantly
around at their chagrined coun-
tenances.

They looked at Miss Rebecca's grim
countenance, and not one of them could
contradict her.

By one they went back to their
rooms until only Elsie Pendleton, Anne
and Rod Fairman were left in the cor-
ridor. Miss Rebecca had retired up-
per to her chamber with the diamond pen-
dant safe in her possession.

Elsie kissed Anne tenderly, and
Anne felt hot tears on the girl's lashes.

"I am sorry, dear, for you know
what," she whispered, and then she
added bravely: "I was jealous, Anne,
and I am glad you are to be happy. It
is a greater possession than money or
even Aunt Rebecca's pendant."

Origin of Wedding Ring.
The following thought on the mar-
riage ring is well expressed:

And as this round
is nowhere found
To flay or else to sever;
So let our love
Be endless proof,
And end pure as gold forever.

The origin of the wedding ring is in-
teresting and dates back to the pa-
gans. The ring is worn on the fourth
finger of the left hand, because it was
anciently believed that a small artery ran
from this finger to the heart.

There is an old proverb on the sub-
ject of wedding rings, which no doubt
has been quoted many a time for the
purpose of encouraging the timid young
woman:

As your wedding ring wears,
Your career will wear away.

Many a married woman is so super-
stitious in her notions regarding her
wedding ring that under no circum-
stances will she take it from her fin-
ger, extending it would seem, the ex-
pression of "till death us do part,"
even to the golden circlet, the token
and pledge of matrimony.

Using Slang.
The other night at dinner a little girl
surprised her mother by saying: "I'm
not struck on this bread."

"Margie," said her mother, reproving-
ly, "you want to cut that slang out."

"That's a peach of a way of cor-
recting a child," remarked the father.
"I know," replied the mother, "but
I just wanted to put her wise."—Brook-
lyn Eagle.

Long Felt Want.
A Chicago scientist has discovered
that the human race will look like
peppers in a few centuries from their
style of drinking. Great! Then we
can drop two meals into our bill in the
morning and not have to stop work
for either lunch or dinner.—Illinois
State Journal.

SUCCESS.
The man who succeeds above
his fellows is the one who early in
life clearly discerns his object and
toward that object habitually di-
rects his powers. This indeed
even genius itself is but fine obser-
vation strengthened by fixity of
purpose. Every man who ob-
serves vigilantly and resolves stead-
fastly grows unconsciously into gen-
ius.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Indignant.
"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison
any more?"

"No. Several of the prisoners ob-
jected on the ground that it was not
included in their sentences."—Smy
Stories.

Hugs and the Barber.
When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in
the Place Royale he used to be shaved
by a barber named Brasseur. A friend
of the poet asked the barber one day if
he was busy. "I hardly know which
way to turn," was the reply. "We have
to dress the hair of thirty ladies for
weddings and balls. And M. Brasseur
shaved the list to his friend. A few
days after the friend returned and in-
quired about the thirty ladies. "Ah,
monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I
was not able to attend half the num-
ber, and I have lost many good cus-
tomers through M. Victor Hugo."

It appears that the poet when about to be
shaved was suddenly inspired and
seized the first piece of paper he could
find to write a poem. Hugo hastily
left the shop with his unfinished verses,
on the back of which were the names
and addresses of the thirty ladies,
many of whom waited in vain for their
coiffure.

Miss Pendleton in black velvet and
diamonds, with her snowy hair dressed
up.

—Anne's voice was shaking now.

RED MIKE'S HAUL

How a Burglar Was
Trapped by a Girl

By F. A. MITCHEL

I was visiting at the Middleton's
country place. It was in the sweet
summer time, when one's especial de-
sire is to loiter in a hammock or paddle
about in a boat or do anything that re-
quires no exertion. Then, too, the
warrior season is particularly adapted to
snooping. Miss Georgia Middleton was
apparently not averse to that sort
of thing, so I spooned with her. In
fact, she began it. I am always dis-
trusting of a girl who doesn't wait for
a man to enter upon a flirtation. It is
prima facie evidence that she is in for
a bit of fun at his expense.

Mr. Middleton owned a ranch in the
west and had spent much of his time
there. The consequence was that Geo-
rgia, who took a liking to ranch life,
was with her father in the west more
than in the east. She was therefore a
mixture of lady and boyden. Con-
ventional she appeared. She had spent
enough of her life in civilization to
become familiar with good manners
and enough time in the west to cause
her to practice them only when it suited
her own sweet will.

The eastern country home of the Mid-
dletons was in shabby grounds, cov-
ered with virgin timber. Georgia was
as much at home on a horse's back as
on her feet and scoured the country
mounted and alone. When her father
suggested her taking her room with
her she replied: "No, thanks. I have
no mind to spring sorrow on my dear
popa's head by exposing myself to the
blatancies of a good looking stable-
man. I'd rather run the risk of a cow-
boy." Since it was well known that
when any lovelaking was in the wind
Miss Georgia was the aggressor this
statement was taken for what it was
worth.

One day the cook and chambermaid
fell out and left the premises short
of servants. I came down to breakfast
so that Miss Georgia in the kitchen
in spotless white, a paper cap on her
head, handling the cooking utensils
with the handiness of a chef. The
costume was very becoming, and I
complimented her on her appearance in
it.

"That's the reason I put it on," she
said. "I've plenty of old clothes that
serve the purpose better, but I wouldn't
look as well in them."

By such frank speeches Georgia won
the confidence of those about her, but
there was usually a method in them.

Having prepared an excellent break-
fast, it suddenly occurred to this way-
ward young lady to have a ride on
her cob about the grounds in her cook's
costume. She usually rode astride;
but, not having on her bloomers on
this occasion, she used a saddle with
a horn. Galloping along through the
timber, she saw a man skulking in the
distance. Riding toward him, she ob-
served that he was by no means well
looking. Indeed, he had the appear-
ance of belonging to the criminal
classes.

"Good mornin' to you," he said. "Ex-
cuse me, the missis' saddle horse?"

It occurred to Georgia that, being in
cook's costume, she had been mistaken
for a servant.

"Yes," she replied. "The missis isn't
well. If the cob isn't taken out every
day he gets fractious."

"You're a nice lookin' girl, too, nice
lookin' for a cook. You ought to be a
lady's maid."

"I am a lady's maid. The cook went
away yesterday, and I had to go into
the kitchen. But what are you doing
here?"

"Well, this lookin' like a fine place I
thought there might be some chance
for me."

"Like enough you're looking for some-
thing better than a meal," replied
Georgia in a dry tone.

"What's that you're sayin'?"

"I'm on to the likes of you. I've
been a partner in such jobs myself."

"What kind of jobs?"

"Oh, I know you're looking for a crib
to crack, and I know the safest way
to get the swag out handy and with-
out getting caught is to have a helper
among the servants."

The man scrutinized the girl's face,
hesitating to trust her.

"How's a man to know you won't
give him away?" he said presently.

"He doesn't know it. He's got to go in
on faith. If he wants to be treated
right he must do the right thing by his
belier."

"What'd you call the right thing?"

"Well, he's got to put up something
beforehand and agree to divide the
profits after the job's done."

"Suppose he hasn't anything to put
up?"

"Then I can't see how he can get
started on the job."

But finally the supposed lady's maid
threw off her demand for a guarantee
fund and agreed to turn over her mis-
trust jewels provided the party of the
first part would agree to dispose of the
plunder and divide the profits. She
told the man where he would find a
ladder in an outhouse, how he could
climb to a certain window on the sec-
ond floor, which he would find open;
how he could enter a room where there
would be a box of jewels on a dresser.
When this agreement had been made
the man retreated and Georgia rode
back to the house to report the inter-
view.

She was reproved by her mother,
who did not for a moment suppose
that she had the remotest idea of car-
rying her prank any further, nor did
Mrs. Middleton propose that on the
next appointed for the robbery the
girl should be locked and the police be
called to protect the premises.

Miss Middleton was in the city and not ex-
pected at home for several days. I,
being the only man present, ventured
to suggest to Mrs. Middleton that the
man would not be so glib as to trust
himself in the hands of a stranger,
and nothing would come of it, but
the lady declared that she believed
many robberies were committed by

convivance of the servants and this
was a case in point.

After the matter had been duly dis-
cussed by all except its perpetrator,
who had maintained a modest silence,
Georgia as soon as she got me alone
told me that she believed the man was
a jailbird who had escaped or had ended
his term and that she had completely
deceived him. She asked me to assist
her in carrying out her scheme. I told
her that the police would be only too
glad to be interested in it with a view
to capturing the man red handed. I
volunteered to sound them and learn
what they would prefer to do.

I did so and was told, after giving
them Georgia's description of the man,
that he was probably Red Mike, who
had recently been discharged after服
a term in state prison. They begged
me to secure them an opportunity
to trap him. I suggested that they put
a guard around the Middleton grounds
and take him as he entered, but they
said that by this course they would
have no charge to make against him,
whereas if he were permitted to enter
the house and was caught there carry-
ing away property he could be kept
back to prison for another term.

When I reported these facts to
Georgia she was not intended to refuse
him more than once. When he came
back the second time—which she nat-
urally expected he would do—she in-
tended to accept him and at the same
time show him how long she had loved
him by giving him a smoking cap, on
which she had embroidered a wreath.

He had no use for a smoking cap and
no ambition to wear a wreath about
his head, but Luella couldn't think of
anything else to do for him.

Henry was as stupid about some-
things as he was wise about others.
If a dozen persons had witnessed the
refusal he received every one of them
would have known that Luella was
refusing him with her tongue, while
she was accepting him in her heart.

Luella was a bit surprised that
Henry should have taken her reply so
seriously, should have bowed, though
reluctantly, to what he considered the
inevitable. He left her without a mur-
mur, and she was somewhat fearful
that he might not give her an oppor-
tunity to recall her refusal. She had
half a mind to call him back. But half
a mind is not a whole mind, and she
let him go, expecting the next time she
met him to draw him to another pro-
posal for those winning ways she un-
derstood how to apply.

She did not see Henry for several
days, then she was greatly shocked to
hear that he had gone to another city
to engage in business and make it his
home. Why she did not write him to
tell him that her refusal of him was
only temporary does not appear. Per-
haps it was for the same reason that
the myriads of other temporary re-
fusal are not recalled. A woman must
wait for a first proposal, and it is equal-
ly obligatory for him to wait for a
second.

And now Luella on the anniversary
of her refusal—the date was as well
fixed in her mind as her birthday—was
sitting on the porch wondering—as she
had wondered constantly since her hus-
band's departure—what could have made
him so stupid. And yet had been seen
through her game what would have
been the pleasure in her playing it? It
did not occur to her that she had
better have refrained from the fun
and acted on the principle that a bird
in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Who is that tall figure coming up
the road? There is something familiar
in the walk, something in the outline,
something intangible, indescribable
about the whole. Luella's heart stood
still. Yes, it is Henry. He is heavier
than he was, his step is a trifle less
jumpy than it used to be, but it is
Henry, the man she refused five years
ago, to her regret ever since.

Was he coming to renew his propo-
sal?

Luella had had fits of anger against
her lover for being so stupid. Now, in-
stead of a home springing in her heart
that he was coming to tell her that he
could not live without her, with a con-
sequent thinking herself into his arms,
she was seized with a desire to punish
him. For what? For having taken her
refusal seriously.

Henry came on. Luella, pretending
she did not see him, looked up at the
sky. He stopped before the house,
then mounted the steps. Luella forced
a smile. He looked as gloomy as
the day he had left her.

"Why, Mr. MacMillan!" she exclaim-
ed. "What a long time since I have
seen you!"

"I've not been in this town since I
saw you last," he said.

"Come back to see your mother, I
suppose?"

"Yes, to see my mother, but to see
you, too. I've passed an unsatisfied
five years since I left here. I've come
back to try to persuade you to recall
what you said to me just before I left
you."

There was something so miserable in
his appearance and tone that her de-
sire to punish him for his stupidity
broke away. Asking him to "walk a
bit," she went into the house and
brought out the smoking cap she had
kept so long.

"I had intended to recall what I said
the next day, but you didn't give me
an opportunity. I had been making
this gift for you for months and ex-
pected to give it with my consent."

She spoke through tears.

The man—only a genius could por-
tray the mingled emotions expressed
on his face.

Browning.

Browning lent Lord Coleridge one of
his works to read, and afterward, meet-
ing the poet, the lord chief justice said
to him: "What I could understand I
heartily admired, and parts ought to
be immortal. But as to much of it I
really could not tell whether I admired
it or not, because for the life of me I
could not understand it."

Browning replied, "If a reader of
your caliber understands 10 per cent
of what I write I think I ought to be
content."

Alphabetical.

Willis—Won't you dine with me?
Gills—Thank you, I just dined. "I was
home and had my regular meal of ap-
ples, apricots and asparagus. Willis—
Isn't that a rather odd combination?"
Gills—Well, you see, my wife went to
a domestic science school and had to
leave after the first week.—Life.

Its Kind.

"Did Miss Starczewski swoon all right
at rehearsal?" "She made a faint at-
tempt."—Baltimore American.

Her Gift