

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year 12½ cents per month.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1916, the Cincinnati Enquirer

The Wise Fool.
"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again," quoted the sage.
"Yes," responded the fool, "but it seldom rises in time to get the number of the joy rider's machine."

Ouch!
The man looks harried.
And quite cross.
For he is married.
To his boss.

Huhl!
"It says here that Huerta announces that he will return to Mexico when that country is pacified," remarked the old fog.
"Cool!" exclaimed the grouch. "He must expect to live to be about 800 years old."

Tolled.
She poses for your rapt applause,
I speak of Mildred Snow;
She knows she is a belle because
A fellow tolled her so.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, who are the deserving poor?
Paw—Those who do not deserve to be my son.

Giddap!
He said he loved her marble brow.
He popped, and they were wedded;
She's lost her marble brow, and now
He finds she is not headed.

Little Tragedies.
The man struck a match to see if
The gasoline tank on his automobile
Was empty.
It wasn't—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The man speeded up to see if he
Couldn't beat the train to the crossing.
He couldn't—Columbia State.

Here's That Hughes Again.
Please give a few more of your yukes.
We know that if you can yuke
Why sit in a hough.
When we haven't enough
Of the yukes that you yukes about
Hughes?
—J. G.

Here She Is!
Mrs. Long Tong and children of
Fairfield were guests of Mr. and Mrs.
Harry Gracely, Sunday.—Exchange.

Lukewarm.
Would make Luke McLuke awful hot
Who dies around him swarms.
But that's about the only thing
We think would make Lukewarm.
—Zanesville (O.) Signal.

Is That So?
Dear Luke—This morning I saw a
c. n. fed girl with a full face, yet she
was perfectly sober.—Ida Drink.

We'll Park Her Name in the Bowling Alley.
D. F. M. forwards a letter to "Senor
Luke McLuke, Los Estados Unidos de
America," from Asuncion, Paraguay,
and wants the club to admit Senor
Inocencia Urdapilletta Zubizarreta
de Villanavacilla of Gualeguayehu,
Argentina Republic.

Think It Over, Fellow!
The teams had met twice previously
and won each time, but on this occa-
sion the result was reversed.—Hford
Recorder.

Things to Worry About.
The Kongo sheep does not grow any
wool.

Names Is Names.
B. Fair lives at Londonderry, O.

Our Daily Special.
One good litter beats a hundred good
quitters.

Luke McLuke Says:
A man never has a very hard time
thinking up some good excuse for stay-
ing away from church.
The president may imagine that he
is somebody. But if he wants to see
the government all he need do is watch
a constable in a small town.
One night two plain towns met at a
bar. One of them was getting stowed
because he couldn't get the girl he
wanted, and the other was getting
stowed because he got the girl he
wanted.

Another reason why a man has to
think up a bunch of lies to explain
why he was out so late is because he
knows that his wife wouldn't believe
the truth if he told it.

A man is always wanting money.
But it is different with a woman. She
is merely always wanting a lot of
things that money will buy.

The ceremony by means of which
their hearts are locked together is a
very solemn and impressive affair. But
it doesn't take a little 2 by 4 lawyer
long to find the combination that will
unlock them.

Lots of men who are vegetarians and
great savers at home are t-boners and
mushroomers and great spenders down-
town.

A girl who has a shapely neck hides
the rear of it with her hair. But when
the back of a man's neck looks like a
red scrub board he has his hair clipped
so you can see it.

A man never realizes why getting
married is called "hooking up" until
after he gets a wife.

It makes a small boy mad to realize
that the war in Europe has increased
the price of almost everything but soap
and candor oil.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Important Occurrences of Past
Week Briefly Compiled for
Our Readers.

La Grande's new \$40,000 Catholic
church has been dedicated.
The assessment rolls for Polk county
for 1915 show a total valuation of
\$14,284,139.

J. Dunn was named by Governor
Withycombe as stock inspector for
Lincoln county.

Residents of Corvallis are consider-
ing the erection of a new high school
to cost \$50,000.

Edwin Marshall Moore, one of Rose-
burg's earliest residents and its oldest
citizen, is dead.

Veins of coal have been discovered
at the base of Mount Grizzly, six miles
east of Medford.

Fire completely destroyed the Lane
school building occupied by the Rose-
burg high school.

The Monmouth public and high
schools were closed on account of a
case of diphtheria.

Mrs. Sarah E. Bushnell, a resident
of the Willamette valley for 63 years,
is dead at Junction City.

The convention of the Oregon Cattle
and Horse Breeders at Baker has been
postponed to May 1 and 2.

Stockraisers in Curry county suffer-
ed severe losses on account of the
unprecedented fall of snow.

The Union County Good Roads as-
sociation was organized at La Grande
with a substantial membership.

Feed is scarce and hundreds of head
of sheep and cattle are reported dead
in Gilliam and Wheeler counties.

The survey of the permanent Pacific
highway through Douglas county will
be completed within the next two
weeks.

During January 446 accidents were
reported to the state industrial accident
insurance commission, of which
four were fatal.

Baker faces a water shortage. There
is barely enough for domestic pur-
poses and the supply at the reservoirs
has become low.

The Southern Pacific company in-
tends to spend in the neighborhood of
\$50,000 in improvements to the rail-
road yards in Eugene.

Frank Sullivan and Philip Brooks
are planning the construction of a
three-story hotel building at Bend dur-
ing the coming summer.

As the winter season advances and
the need for hay becomes greater the
scarcity has become more apparent
throughout eastern Oregon.

Fir logs have advanced to a basis of
\$7, 410 and \$13 per 1000 feet, the high-
est price commanded in the Columbia
river district for a long time.

Linn county with but \$12,058.37 of
tax delinquency representing 297
pieces of property, claims the smallest
delinquent tax list in the state.

Oregon's forest fire loss last year
was \$29,109, as compared with \$15,935
in 1914, according to the fifth annual
report of State Forester Elliott.

The Lincoln day celebration at the
Hotel Medford on February 12 prom-
ises to be the largest republican ban-
quet ever held in southern Oregon.

William I. Vawter, attorney, bank-
er, legislator and fraternalist, died at
Medford following an illness of sev-
eral months, of Bright's disease, aged
52 years.

The Hood River county court has
appointed Mrs. Jessie M. Bishop to fill
out the unexpired term of her hus-
band, the late F. A. Bishop, as county
treasurer.

The first week of the second semes-
ter of the Oregon normal school closed
with an increased enrollment of 51,
making a total enrollment since Sep-
tember of 403.

Albany has been selected as the
place for holding the annual state
shoot of the Oregon State Trap Shoot-
ers' association. May 15 and 16 have
been fixed as the dates.

Mrs. J. R. Hinkle, 66 years old, a
native of Marion county, was brutally
murdered in her home at Salem. The
house was robbed and \$50 in money
taken by an unidentified assailant.

Mrs. William F. Wallace has asked
the city of Eugene to pay \$7500 dam-
ages for the death of her husband,
who was killed while feeding a vi-
cious deer at the Eugene city park.

Rev. James T. Moore, pastor of the
Methodist church at Springfield, has
announced that a new edifice to cost
between \$20,000 and \$25,000 will be
erected for his congregation next sum-
mer.

The steady snowing of the past week
has piled up over 10 feet of snow in
the Green Point mountains near Hood
River, and settlers state that the deer
in the mountains are in a helpless con-
dition.

Multnomah county now has in its
possession all of its assessment rolls
from 1855 to date, with the single ex-
ception of the roll of 1863. Search at
Portland and in the office of the sec-
retary of state at Salem has failed
thus far to reveal any trace of the
1863 volume.

Governor Withycombe has executed
an agreement with Secretary of the
Navy Daniels whereby the U. S. S.
Marblehead will be loaned to the O-
regon naval militia to replace the U. S.
S. Boston.

An explosion at the Albany Iron
works of an acetylene gas tank, used
in connection with a welding equip-
ment, wrecked the building in which
it was housed and broke many win-
dows in the neighborhood.

To prepare eastern Washington
wheat for shipment to the east, the
La Grande Milling Co. will work day

and night shifts for the next 40 days,
cleaning 200,000 bushels of grain, the
equivalent of some 200 carloads.

Not profits of the 176 state banks in
Oregon for last year totaled \$439-
119.33, or 5.1 per cent on a capitaliza-
tion of \$8,584,250, according to the re-
port of S. G. Sargent, state superin-
tendent of banks.

The Indian appropriation bill passed
by the house, carries the full sum re-
commended by the house committee
for Oregon Indians, including \$118,000
for the Chemawa school and \$28,000
for bridges on the Umatilla reserva-
tion.

The Albany lumber company has
been announced by Supervisor Brund-
age, of the Santiam national forest,
as the successful bidder for the cut-
ting from the Santiam forest of 1,645-
000 feet of Douglas fir, cedar and hem-
lock.

An exemption of payments for the
month of February for all employers
and workmen of those employers who
have paid their contributions for the
last six months has been declared by
the state industrial accident commis-
sion.

Deputy State Highway Engineer
Cantine is making a trip over the Pa-
cific Highway to acquire knowledge
of work which must be undertaken to
place the north and south road in
proper condition for traffic all the
year.

Seventy-four hours of continuous
snow nearly isolated eastern Oregon
from the outside world last week.
Transportation was held up for 48
hours and wire and telephone com-
munication, when available, was un-
certain.

The elm leaf beetle, which has be-
come a serious pest in Multnomah
county and threatens to spread to other
parts of the state, may be effective-
ly controlled by lead arsenate spray,
says A. L. Lovett, entomologist at the
agricultural college.

Charges that authorities at the O-
regon state hospital had mistreated Wil-
liam Curry, an aged patient, commit-
ted from Jackson county, so that he
died on December 30, were disproved
after a hearing before the state board
of control at Salem.

The state tax commission has notifi-
ed all assessors and tax collectors
in the state that a law passed by the
last legislature providing that the first
half of the taxes shall become due on
or before April 5, and the second half
on or before October 5, is now in ef-
fect.

Officials of the Oregon-Utah Sugar
Beet company have just let the con-
tract for a \$600,000 sugar beet factory
at Grants Pass. Immediate construc-
tion work is promised. Plenty of
seed has been obtained by the Oregon-
Utah company for the planting of 7000
acres of land to beets for the coming
season.

A meeting of representatives of the
valley commercial clubs was held at
Albany. Temporary organization of
a valley development league for co-
operation among clubs was formed,
and it was decided to hold a meeting
at Albany on the second Saturday in
March to effect a permanent organi-
zation.

The Swift interests of Chicago have
purchased from the Corbett estate, of
Portland, a half interest in 140,000
acres of land located about 30 miles
south of Burns in Harney county. The
tract includes the famous "P" ranch,
and several other large holdings,
which with stock, machinery and
equipment, are said to be valued at
approximately \$3,000,000.

Reports on manufactures in Astoria
and Medford have been issued by the
census bureau of the federal depart-
ment of commerce. Astoria is cred-
ited with 10,100 population and 57
manufacturing establishments, with
an investment of \$5,293,000. The popu-
lation of Medford is reported as 12-
500, with 18 manufacturing establish-
ments, and \$230,000 investment.

Land office officials at Roseburg in
answer to numerous inquiries regard-
ing the location and status of railroad
lands have issued a circular letter giv-
ing the acreage in each county, show-
ing a total of 1,690,326, and announc-
ing that the office cannot give any ad-
vice as to character of land in any
locality nor can it give information as
to ultimate disposition of land.

Officers of the Oregon state federa-
tion of labor and the central labor
council of Portland have filed with
the secretary of state a copy of an
initiative petition for the "People's
Land and Loan Fund." The proposed
measure provides for creating a
"home-makers' loan fund" by taking
one-third of the revenue received by
the state from land taxes to be loaned
in amounts not to exceed \$1500.

Terrible Fate.
Funny answers by school children
are an old story, but the fact vouch-
ed for by one of these same children that
"Louis XVI. was galledinated during the
French revolution" is new enough to
suit the most fastidious.

The Parson Bird.
Among the feathered inhabitants of
New Zealand there is a bird called the
parson bird, or tui. It is about the
size and shape of a blackbird, but has
a pair of delicate white tufts at its
throat and is a glossy dark green other-
wise. It can be taught to crow, to
speak, to whistle tunes, and, besides
these tricks, it has a repertory which
is not often equaled by any other
feathered songster. At vesper it has
a note like the toll of a bell or the
clear, high note of an organ. It can
mimic every bird in the bush to per-
fection. It will break off in the mid-
dle of an exquisite melody and in-
dulge in a strange melody of sounds
which are impossible to describe, but
if you can imagine "the combination of
a cough, a laugh, a sneeze, with the
smashing of a pane of glass," it will
be some approach to the idea.

The Pink Greek's Jest

How a Man Got Richly Paid
For Telling the Truth.

By WILLET STOCKARD
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

To his friends Newsome was known
as the disheartened kid. He had been
discouraged by his father five different
times, and upon the last occasion his
father had sworn that he was through
with him for all time.

But when the boy was arrested for
the murder of one Mick Wamley and
it began to look as if the case against
him was a matter of life and death
Mr. Newsome relented and did all in
his power to save his son.

An acquaintance of Wamley's had
gone to his room early one morning and
had found Newsome there in a drunken
sleep.

When the latter was awakened he
arose, still a little unsteady on his feet,
and went over, informing the other
that he did not know of Wamley's
whereabouts. A short time afterward
Wamley's body was found under the
bed with half a dozen wounds in the
heart. A dick was lying by his side.

A few hours later Newsome was ar-
rested in his own room.

He denied at first that he had been at
Wamley's for several days, but when
told that three or four people had seen
him when he left that morning he was
forced to admit that he had spent the
night there. He still insisted, however,
that Wamley had not been there and
that he had not seen him the night be-
fore at all.

Newsome persisted in denying the
truth of the testimony of the others
until he saw that his stand was utterly
useless. Then he admitted having killed
Wamley, but stated that it was in self
defense.

He told numerous stories of the af-
fair, in all of which he was trapped in
some contradictory statements. Finally
he confessed that he was drunk and
all of the day before and had no recol-
lection of being with Wamley or of see-
ing him.

The defense had deplorably little evi-
dence they could offer at the trial. The
state, on the other hand, had more than
it was considered necessary to use,
more than enough for the jury to bring
in a verdict of guilty after the first bal-
lot. The prisoner was sentenced to death.

His lawyers continued to do their ut-
most. There was another trial.

And then when every recourse was
exhausted, when even a father's fran-
tic mind could think of nothing else to
be done, when the last hope had
succumbed, Mr. Newsome received a
strange caller, a ferret faced man who

gave the impression that he was a resi-
dent of the underworld of the city.

"Will you give me \$5,000 if I can save
your son?"

"What I want to say is this—you know
Mick Wamley, the gink they're plan-
ning to send that Newsome kid to the
chair for croaking—you know him and
Newsome both, didn't you?"

The other nodded.

"I knew you did, and that's the rea-
son why I came to you—that, and the
fact that you'll soon be out of reach of
the law, as you might put it. If you'll
agree to what I'm asking of you, I'll
promise that your statements will be
turned over to the authorities till after
you're gone. What I want you to do
is to say that you were the one that
killed Wamley."

"Now, just listen to me," interrupted
the lawyer. "It won't hurt Joe's con-
science to say what I'm asking him to,
and it won't hurt his reputation. Every-
body knows he bumped off that
guy in Oliver street, and even the cops
and the judge that turned him loose
knew that he got the Italian on Centre
street just after the gink splashed on
him, although they didn't have evi-
dence enough to hold him for it."

"Spring it, spring it," the dying man
ordered. "You think I got all the time
in the world to listen to you? Go on
with the rest of it."

"I've got all the particulars of this
Newsome case—everything that came
up at the trial and a lot that didn't—
so I can plot Wamley's movements
every hour of the day and night before
he was killed. I can do up some
story of a quarrel between you and
him, and if you'll follow out what I
tell you there won't be any chance for
anybody to pick any flaws in the tale.
He was killed the night of March the
10th. See if there isn't some way that
you can remember where you were
that night."

"He was at home that night," the
woman said. "He was sick. He had
been in bed for two weeks."

"That was when this con was just
beginning to get me down for the last
time," the Greek explained. "She's
right, because I remember when Wam-
ley was killed. I hadn't been out of
the flat for two weeks before then."

The lawyer pondered for awhile.

"People with your kind of sickness
get a lot better every once in awhile for

a little time, don't they?" he asked.

"I've been able to be up several times
since then," the other answered. "I've
been able to walk around a little."

"Good!" the lawyer interposed.
"Well, say that you got to feeling bet-
ter that evening and got up and went
out about town for awhile. Is there
anybody that would know whether it
was so or not?"

"Nobody but the wife, and she'll say
anything I tell her," the Greek told
him. "And you can get out," he went
on to her, "and I'll tell you what I
want you to do afterward."

"All right, we'll go over the story,"
replied the lawyer.

They rehearsed it together at some
length, the lawyer referring to his
notes frequently, while the Greek in
his own words gave an account of the
affair that tallied with the known
facts of the case.

"Good!" said the former in conclu-
sion. "I'll see old man Newsome right
away, and you'll get the nine hun-
dred tomorrow."

"Generous, ain't you?" the sick man
interrupted. "I got to hand it to you
for working out a stunt I never thought
of myself, but Newsome's father is
rich, and I know you're digging him
for every dollar he'll stand for. You're
welcome to every cent you can get out
of him above what I want, but if I
don't get five thousand you don't get
a thing out of me."

The lawyer uttered a profane pro-
test.

"Five thousand," returned the Greek.
"Take it or I'll send somebody around
to see the old man for myself."

The other started to continue the
argument with him, but the sick man's
temperature had risen alarmingly. He
was deliriously set upon the amount
named, and refused to listen to any
attempt at a compromise. His caller
was compelled to accede to his de-
mands.

"Bring in the little bills," the sick
man asked, "and you'd better come
around early in the morning before the
fever starts to coming up."

The lawyer returned to Mr. New-
some's residence and succeeded in get-
ting the promise of an additional one
thousand dollars from him.

The full amount was turned over to
him early upon the following morning,
and Mr. Newsome's representative and
witnesses of the latter's selection were
taken to the Greek's home.

They remained without for a few
moments, while their escort spoke with

the dying man, went over briefly some
of the important points of the story,
counted out the \$5,000 in small bills,

and turned them over to the man's
wife. Then the others were admitted,
and the Greek's confession was taken
by a notary.

"I am the one who killed Mick Wam-
ley on the night of March the 10th. I
had been sick in bed for two weeks,
but that evening I felt a little better
and left the house about 9 o'clock. I
walked by Dunn's cafe and saw Wam-
ley and Newsome in there, and then
I went on around toward Wamley's
place and waited in an alley across the
street until I saw him come home.
Newsome was with him, and they were
quarreling."

"I waited about twenty minutes
after they'd gone in, and went into the
building myself and sneaked up to
Wamley's room. He was asleep when
I got in, and I stabbed him six or eight
times in all, I suppose it was. I rolled
him under the bed then, and pitched
the knife under there after him. No-
body saw me when I entered the build-
ing, and nobody saw me when I was
leaving or when I came back home. I
told the woman there to say that I'd
been worse that day and hadn't been
outside of the house at all, in case any-
body came around asking about me,
and she can tell you so herself."

The woman nodded dutifully.

"The courts couldn't find anything
about Wamley's record, who he was or
where he'd come from," went on the
sick man. "I could have told them.
His name was Rod. He was from the
same place I'm from back in the old
country. We had trouble about a girl
there ten years ago, and he and I. He
rue away to this country. I follow him
here a few years later. I'd sworn to
kill him. I find him here, and that's
all."

"If you came over here under oath to
kill him how do you account for the
fact that you knew him here and was
with him frequently for several years
without ever trying to get him?"

"I never got the right kind of chance
I wanted. When I find him here he is
a big man and has many friends. I
make friends with him, too, and wait.
And then when I find out I'm to die I
know it's my last chance, so I get up
the first time I'm strong enough and—"

The Greek spread his hands in an ex-
pressive gesture.

The sick man answered the few other
questions asked him, supplied the nec-
essary dates and names and completed
the confession to the satisfaction of
the others.

All of them left within a few min-
utes, with the exception of the lawyer,
who remained for another word or two
with the dying man.

"I got to hand it to you, Joe," said
the lawyer, with the same look of ad-
miration. "You are one swell witness.
If I'd known you were that good I
could have used you a dozen times in
the last two years."

The speaker stopped suddenly and
stared in astonishment for the Pink
Greek was laughing!

It was a weird spectacle, the dying
man who was laughing even while
gasping for breath. It was only with
an effort that he succeeded in control-
ling his mirth.

"Some graft!" he said in his low,
gasping whisper. "Five thousand—for
telling the truth!"

From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorian Sardou's
career was beset with many trials and
difficulties. His parents wished him to
take up a medical career, and he began
his studies with some zeal. The love
of the drama, however, was far greater
than the love of the pill box, and in the
interval of the other work Sardou