

The Observer
MORO. OREGON.
FRIDAY, May 26, 1916
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 on year 12 1/2 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

Oh, Joy!
A plumber I would like to be,
I would fill me with delight,
For I could go to bed and have
A pipe dream every night.

Oh!
"My father used to have a rod that could locate water," remarked the old fogey.

"Oh, you mean a divining rod," interrupted the grooch.
"Yes," replied the old fogey. "Have you ever seen one?"
"No," replied the grooch. "But my father used to have a rod that could make the tears flow."

Cheer Up!
Don't grouch because fame only lasts
One man in all the surging crowds;
We cannot all be stars, but that's
No reason why we should be clouds.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is meant by the embarrassment of riches?
Paw—Poor relations, my son.

Mercy!
"Assistance!" cried sweet Percy Hena.
"I have been badly jarred!
A rude idea struck me when
I was quite off my guard!"

No Chance!
It has come to our attention that
Will Shirk lives near Jamestown, and
he is wondering if Luke McLuke
couldn't get him a job as janitor of
the Names Is Names club—Wilmington (O.) Journal-Republican.

Moony!
All hats are doffed
To Felix Pruhs,
Who has invented
Snakeless boots. —W. B. C.

Mean Brute!
"Do you know that a scientist claims
that a single woman loves most strongly
when she is thirty years old?"
re-marked Miss Oldgirl.
"Well," responded Mr. Oldbatch, "I
guess he is right. Desperation always
increases one's strength."

Shortest Short Stories.
Chapter I.—III.
Chapter II.—P.H.
Chapter III.—B.U.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Chapter I.—Wed.
Chapter II.—Broad.
Chapter III.—Dead.
—Marion (O.) Star.

On the Waiting List.
Dear Luke—Here are a batch of
applicants for honors in the club: E. Z.
Mark, Harrisburg, Pa.; R. A. Sharp,
Scottsville, Va.; and Willie Hater of
Altoona, Pa.—Duke.

He Can Bring It Right In!
Dear Luke—Can D. Hott, the Gilbert
avenue furnace man, furnish the stove
for the club? If so I will nominate
Will B. Chille of Silvertown, O., for
membership.—Sweetie.

Names Is Names.
Sell Tubbs lives at Shades, O.

Things to Worry About.
Knitting in bed is an excellent anti-
dote for tired nerves.

Our Daily Special.
An ounce of charity is better than a
ton of sympathy.

Luke McLuke Says—
You may have noticed that most of
the gluttons have a mighty poor ap-
petite for work.

No small boy has ever been arrested
for exceeding the speed limit when his
mother sent him on an errand.
Some wives are very dear to their
husbands, and others are merely very
expensive.

The trouble with the man who has
nothing to say is that he isn't happy
until he says it.

When they were naming things
somebody played a great joke on the
women when he called those old head
shaws "fasciators." A "fasciator" was
a thing that could make a good
looking girl resemble something the
cat dragged in.

Women are so contrary that if the
street cars were to run backward the
women would turn around and get off
the other way.

Any old man can tell you that he
has had a lot of trouble in his time,
most of which never happened.

Any man who had to fight all the
tough kids in the neighborhood be-
cause his mother made him wear curls
when he went to school can sym-
pathize with the poor pebble whose own-
er makes it wear a sweater so the
other dogs will regard it as easy pick-
ing.

One good thing about walking in the
straight and narrow path is that a fel-
low is never in any danger of being
caught in a crush.

The difference between a man and a
gun is that you can't say that you
didn't know the man was loaded.

You can be right 100 times, but if
you are wrong the next time the world
will always remember that you were
wrong.

People who live in glass houses
shouldn't flick their fingers when they
get through eating.

When most people pray they expect
the Lord to be more liberal than they
would be under the same circum-
stances.

Dead Easy

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

We lived in a house situated on a park. I used to walk in the park a good deal and when the weather admitted often sat reading on a bench located near the park wall. A row of houses backed up against the other side of the wall, and one morning I saw a pretty girl sitting at a second story window doing some fancy work. The situation suggested flirtation; but, though I kept my eye on the girl without cessation, I could not detect from her actions that she was conscious of my presence. When I had remained on the bench so long that I felt I remained longer would seem as if I were watching her I withdrew.

I was telling my sister Kate about my observation and regretting that I could not win a single glance from my beauty.

"How do you know you didn't?" asked Kate.

"How do I know? Why, she kept her eyes on her work all the while."

"Humph! I once sat in a window and kept my eyes fixed on a young man in a window opposite without his knowing it."

"How did you do it?"

"By a mirror."

"You don't mean it! Is that the way girls do?"

"When they want to."

"I don't believe this girl wants to."

"I'll get with you some time, and if I can get a look at her I'll let you know whether her indifference is assumed or not."

Kate went with me, and luckily the girl was sitting at the window. The latter did not scruple to look down upon us quite frequently.

"She seems to be more interested in you," I said, "than she is in me."

"No, she's interested in you. When you're alone she would not appear to notice you. Now that I am here she is making up for lost time."

"The dickens you say! You must come here with me every day."

"Indeed, I will not. If you haven't the courage to manage the affair yourself you'll have to let it drop."

"What shall I do next?"

Kate thought a moment, then told me to send a box of cut flowers anonymously.

I had sufficient courage for that, for the girl would have no reason, so I supposed, to think that I had sent the gift, so I acted on Kate's advice.

The next morning, armed with magazines and newspapers, I took my seat on the bench. In a vase on a mantel in the room occupied by my charmer were the flowers. I waited for her to appear at the window, but she did not, and I went home.

"Nothing gained by the flowers," I said to Kate. "They're on her mantel, but she did not come to the window, and I fancy she has a lover whom she suspected of having sent them."

Kate laughed and said she would go out to the bench and have a look at them. When she returned she said:

"Dick, you're a fool."

"Why do you say that?" I asked hopefully.

"She has put the flowers in the only place in the room where they could be seen from the bench."

I was delighted. Why had I not noticed that?

"What shall I do next?" I asked.

"Well, you might write a message and hold it so that she can read it without appearing to mean it for her."

"She couldn't read letters less than two or three inches high at that distance."

"Make them as large as you like. But she can use a glass."

"You don't mean that this girl would descend to that with a man she has never met?"

"She's not so nice but that she will do any spying that will not be found out. Of course you must sit with your back to her, else she can't see the message."

"I see. What message shall I write?"

"The words 'May I call?'"

"Good gracious! Without an introduction?"

"Leave that to her. However, you had better write your name and address."

I wrote the message in charcoal and held it up with my back to the window. By this time I had learned some points myself and held a pocket mirror so that I could see the window. Before long I saw the girl leveling a pair of opera glasses at me.

With my tiny mirror, not more than an inch in diameter, I could see her strain to decipher my message. To my delight it took her some time to do so.

"It's all right," I said to Kate when I got home, and I told her what had occurred, adding that I should take my field glasses with me the next day to read the answer.

"You'll not get an answer in that way," said Kate.

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be ladylike."

"How will I get it?"

"I don't know."

A few days later a girl told Kate that a friend of hers wished to know her. Kate assented to an introduction. The girl who wished to make the acquaintance was the girl at the window.

"Eureka," I cried, dancing around the room. "And she asked you to bring me to call on her?"

"She did no such thing. She was not so bold. I asked her to come and see me. When she does the rest will be easy."

The rest was as easy as falling off a greased log.

The Prettiest Feet.

A Swiss professor states that not one woman in a score has a perfect foot, owing to the wearing of high heeled boots and pointed toe shoes. Russian, German, American, Austrian and Dutch women, he says, have broad feet, while those of Englishwomen are too narrow to fulfill classical and healthy conditions. The women of the Latin races, excluding Frenchwomen, have the best formed and therefore the prettiest feet, the professor says.—London Mail.

JIM GAY

A Story of a Reformed Card Sharp

By ELEANOR MARSH

A man rode up to a settler's cabin in the far west, threw himself from his horse and asked for something to eat. The settler was not at home, but his wife received the stranger, and her daughter, a child of twelve, looked up at the man with a pair of big black eyes wonderingly.

The mother was evidently troubled at his coming, but children are not aware of the differences in persons, and the daughter, who seldom saw any one except her parents, did not seem ill disposed toward him. On the contrary, his arrival was something out of the common in her life. The man was young, not over twenty-one, and not bald looking, but there was something in his appearance to make the elder woman shudder. She set out some bread and meat for him. It was not very tempting, and he asked if it was the best she could do.

"Mother," said the girl, "you have forgotten that you made pies yesterday."

The mother cast a quick reproving glance at her daughter and, going to a cupboard, took a pie and placed it on the table before the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" asked the child.

"Reckon I would," replied the man.

The woman frowned, but her back was turned toward the man, and he did not see her face. Besides, his attention was fixed on the child, who was instrumental in bringing forth what there was in the larder. He was fighting his way through the world. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He was touched by the only kindness he had received in a long while.

The woman made the stranger a cup of coffee, and, having eaten and drunk, he said:

"I've had a square meal, thanks to you, sissy. Now I'm going to have a sleep. In case you hear of any one coming, little girl, wake me at once."

"If you're sleepy," said the child, "why do you want to be awakened?"

"See here, youngster: if some men come along they're probably hunting for me, and the sooner you awaken me the better it will be for me."

"Why are they hunting you?"

"To hang me."

The girl paled, but asked no further questions. The man stretched himself on a bunk fixed to the wall in the living, dining and bedroom in one, while the woman went to the other room, the kitchen, and washed the dishes. The stranger must have been long without sleep, for no sooner had he stretched himself on the bunk than he fell into a deep slumber.

There is something so inoffensive, so powerless, about a sleeper as always to attract sympathy. In this case sleep seemed to relax the man's features so that the animosity against mankind so marked upon him when he was awake disappeared. Twenty-one is the very beginning of manhood, and the young man, his face being in repose, was singularly handsome. Perhaps the girl was old enough to feel drawn to one of the opposite sex. At any rate, she looked upon him sympathetically and of her great black eyes and presently got a blanket and threw it over him. Then, remembering what he had said to her, she went outside and scanned the country roundabout. Far in the distance she saw several men on horseback galloping toward the cabin.

The sleeper was conscious of hearing voices.

"Mother, some men are coming. I'm going to wake him up."

"Do no such thing. He's a desperado; quite likely a horse thief. Let him alone, and they'll get him."

"I won't," they'll hang him."

Then the man felt himself shaken. He started up.

"They're coming," said the girl.

The man sprang to the door, shaded his eyes with his hand against the sun, caught the child in his arms, kissed her, vaulted on to his horse and dashed away.

Not long after his departure a posse rode up to the house.

"Anybody been here?" asked one of them.

"Who are you looking for?" asked the woman.

"Jim Gay, the card sharp. He took \$500 last night from a greenhorn in Silver City."

"Well," replied the woman, "a young fellow has just been here and lit out. Reckon if you go that a-way (pointing) you'll be on his track."

The men rode on, leaving the mother and daughter together, the latter receiving a scolding for protecting the stranger. The father came in later, and when told that Jim Gay, the card sharp, had been there and had been saved from capture by his daughter he gave her another scolding.

"Who is the fellow anyway?" asked his wife.

"I never saw him, but they say he's the slickest man at cards in the territory. He doesn't take much interest in doing a sucker. He rather runs to men who pride themselves on being up to all the dodges in the profession. But he's skinned so many of them that they won't tackle him any more."

"Papa," said the girl, "is it wicked to play cards? You play cards sometimes, don't you?"

No response was made to the question. The father's besetting sin was the gambling table.

During five years following this episode the country round about the settler's cabin was filling up, but with that rough element which seeks new countries. Silver was what attracted the crowd, and many were growing rich from the mines. Scarborough, the settler, was in a position to avail himself of opportunities; but, being subject to a passion for gambling, when-

ever he got a good thing he gambled it away. In vain his wife pleaded with him to keep away from the gambling tables. It is singular how credulous are those who are afflicted with this passion. And yet is not the passion so strong that they are swept away by it, knowing that the chances are all against them?

Meanwhile the little girl who had saved the card sharp was growing to be a woman. She was a serious character, for she lived in a country where she saw a great deal to indicate to her that the world is not a bed of roses. Then, too, she experienced trouble at home. Her father was a bright man, but they say "death loves a shining mark," and it is hard to find a person with a superior intellect who is not handicapped by some glaring defect. Just as soon as Scarborough made a deal by which he pocketed a handsome profit he would go to a gambling den and lose it, and that, too, to men who were his inferiors.

One evening Scarborough, who had just sold a piece of property for \$3,000, was being relieved of it by a gang of sharpers. While he was playing a young man of clerical cut and wearing a white cravat entered the den and, taking position in the center of the room, began to speak against the gambling passion. The proprietor looked at him as though uncertain whether to stop him or let him proceed. Seeing that no one in the room paid any attention to the speaker, he chose the latter course.

While the young clergyman was inveighing against the sin of gambling a girl of seventeen entered and, moving straight to Scarborough, put her arms about his neck and begged him to come away.

"Mother says that you will lose all the money received for the sale of the property," she pleaded.

"I've lost it already, but I'll get it back again, and more too."

"Oh, father!"

"Just you go home and tell your mother not to worry. I'll come out all right."

When the girl entered the gambling house the clergyman ceased his remarks on the sin of gambling and fixed his eyes upon her intently. He heard what she said to her father, and when he refused to go away with her the clergyman went over to the table where her father was playing and looked over the game.

"Gents," he said presently, "would you mind a map of the church taking a hand in this game?"

There was a burst of laughter and much chaffing of the clergyman at having preached against gambling and then going back on all he had said. But the men at the table, except Scarborough, were not card all stars and about what a fine thing it would be to fleece a parson. He was admitted to the game with a welcome and, taking \$100 from his wallet, invested the amount in chips.

Never at that board had such hands been held as by the parson. If the best hand against him was a full of aces he held a full of tens. When he dealt the cards it seemed that he was enabled to give the others such hands as would draw them out, and he always topped them. The chips all came his way, and before long he had a pile before him that flattered the others with envy. Then he said:

"Gents, no more playin' for chips. Cash these and let the game go on for hard money."

Since he was winner, there could be no objection to this, and the game proceeded on a money basis. When the parson had won more than \$2,500 he suggested a jack pot. The betting was opened with a pair of queens. The parson bet so high that he drove all the rest out except one man. When he was called and showed his hand he was found to hold four kings and an ace. He won \$500 on that hand alone. Turning to Scarborough, he said:

"How much money did you bring in here?"

"Thirty-two hundred dollars."

The parson counted out the amount, pushed it toward him, deducted the hundred dollars he had begun the game with and left the balance on the table.

"You're a fine parson, you are," said the man who had lost the jackpot.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Jim Gay, who used to be known in these parts for the slickest card sharper of all professions."

"One day, when a posse was after me, I got into the cabin where this man and this girl were livin'." The girl was a child then, but against her mother's wishes she warned me of the coming of the committee and enabled me to show a clean pair of heels. Somehow I couldn't get her kindness out of my head, and I worked on me till it reformed me. I concluded to get an education to preach, so that I could spend the rest of my life exposing men who fleece and are fleeced. Do you remember me, little girl?"

Yes, I do."

The three of them took the regained funds to Scarborough's cabin. It was invested in a silver mine and made the family comfortable. The father never gambled again, and Mabel Scarborough, as Gay's wife, is now assisting him in his crusade against gambling.

Frozen Steam.

If hydrogen gas be turned in liquid air it will produce steam in the form of snow.

Not After the Best.

"She says she wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Plenty of girls say that. Idle talk, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some girls actually mean it. Some of them are looking for wealth."—Kansas City Journal.

The Simpson Pass.

The Simpson pass was a famous highway of travel long before Napoleon constructed the highroad. Milton came home that way from his grand tour, and so did John Evelyn. The latter traveler went in fear of his life, not only expecting assassins to fall upon him, but being apprehensive lest bears and wolves should issue from the caves in the precipices and assault him. The only actual harm which happened, however, was that his companion's dog bit a guest, belonging to one of the peasants, and that heavy compensation had to be paid—"a pistole," says the diary. "For the post and ten more for attempting to ride away."

THE RECAPTURE

How a Child Nearly Spoiled a Career in Art

By CHARLOTTE TELLER

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

The placidity of Little Sage was not reassuring.

His toes clutched the soles of his sandals, his small hands held on to the sides of his diminutive stool.

He was seriously resplendent, as though just emerged from one of the moral baths which always followed his experiences of sin; his whole bearing was exceedingly dignified for one who had sojourned but two years in an incomprehensible world.

Lucia, to distinguish him from his father, called him Little Sage, but his father made the distinction greater by calling him Small Wisdom.

"What has he been up to now?" asked Sage, pausing on the threshold.

Lucia was hanging a towel behind an art screen.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "He found your palette. But you hadn't put it out of his reach, Sage. And he smeared his face and his clothes with the colors. The palette was quite clean when I found him."

Little Sage said not a word.

He sat untroubled in the middle of his universe, which was lighted by a north window, and for that reason was considered a desirable studio.

Today Sage stood upon the threshold in high spirits, not at all disturbed by the disaster to his palette nor by the calm self-possession of his son, who regarded him without apology from the middle of the room.

He began to approach solution of their problem with diplomacy, with the indirectness of a woman.

"Lucia," he said, "do you love me?"

"What do you want me to do?" she answered, on guard.

He went to her and put his arm about her.

Lucia did not yield to the caress. She felt combat too close.

Sage dropped his arm from her shoulders.

"Lacroix has asked us to be his assistants while he is in this city. His class begins today at the art institute."

Surprise and ambition stirred Lucia until her cheeks reddened.

Lacroix was her old teacher in Paris. He had prophesied a great future for her, had urged her to stay and work with him until the future arrived. But it had been impossible. She had had to come back to Chicago to take care of her sister, who was an invalid.

Then, when she might have gone back Sage had come from Paris full of energy and confidence and had expected to create an art center in the city of industry. And Lucia had married him.

There had been in his mind, however, the question whether she ought to marry at all, whether she could do her work as well.

The day they found the studio and were talking of what they were going

to accomplish in it he had suddenly realized that few women kept their individuality and their interests after marriage.

He had put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes with the question:

"You will never let anything come between you and your work?"

"Never—if I can work with you," she answered.

"Not even a baby?" There was but a hint of hesitation in his voice.

"Why, Sage, if it comes into our studio it will have to respect our art."

But when Little Sage had arrived he had failed to be impressed by the ideals of art or by those of his father. As a young baby he was plucky and indomitable, which was remarkable, since his logical heritage was the artistic temperament with its supersensitive nerves.

He was still serene and impersonal, yet Sage Senior was beginning to feel that his own world was crumbling into ruins while this young person created his with a disregard for art and comfort worthy of a reformer.

The dust which lay upon Lucia's palette was, to be sure, not the dust of Genesis from which man was created, but it had a human significance, the thicker the dust the greater became the distance between the old life of the studio and the new, between the old Lucia and the new—and between Lucia and Sage himself. And what was worst of all, Lucia was becoming indifferent to the claims of her work and her talent.

She insisted that she did not expect

her husband to feel as she did, that the joys of fatherhood were not so intense as those of motherhood.

Then Sage would go out and walk by himself in rebellious loneliness, trying to get the right proportions for Lucia in spite of herself.

Today he had reached his solution after his interview with Lacroix. It would need to be put very carefully to her, he knew that, but when he saw the delight in her face at the thought of working with her old teacher he forgot caution.

"I have made all the arrangements for the baby," he said. The new note of determination in his voice caught her attention. "I have been to the day nursery at the settlement," he went on, "and the women in charge took me through the rooms and explained everything. It is scientific and sunny. Just the place for him. I wish I had known of it before."

"My baby in a public nursery? Never!"

She caught sight of Little Sage trying to climb an easel, and ran to him before he could discover whether or not it was an impossible feat.

Sage was resolute in the face of her sudden anger. His recent visit to the large, homelike place full of contented babies, gave him courage.

"In the first place," he said, "a day nursery is a sensible and scientific solution of our problem. The French have learned that art or work of any kind is in danger from children."

Lucia's indignation increased.

"And in the second place," he went on, "the French have too much respect for children to leave them altogether to the care of inexperienced mothers."

Lucia deposited Little Sage on the rug and went to her husband with a look of primal rage in her face.

"Do you think