

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, can I ask a question?
Paw—Yes, my son. What is it?
Willie—Could you say that a steepie climber is a high churchman?
Paw—That will be enough out of you, young man. You get to bed.

Ouch!

The coal man is a stubborn cuss. I called him down today, But I cannot convince him of the error of his ways.

The Wise Fool.

"No man can serve two masters," quoted the sage.
"Oh, I don't know," replied the fool. "When he has a wife and a baby he is compelled to serve two masters."

Well!

A dog named Bone
Once said to me,
"Let flies alone
And sweat the flea!"

Mean Brute!

"Why do you men always object to a woman having the last word?" demanded Mrs. Gabb.
"The great objection is that she also demands about 99 per cent of the rest of the conversation," growled Mr. Gabb.

Ain't it the Truth?

Life with most men is one long round of spending health in getting wealth. And when the wealth is in getting health.

Going to Extremes.

"Could you say," queries Luke McLuke, "that a woman is going to extremes just because she visits a chiropractor and then calls on the hairdresser?" Maybe so, Luke, maybe so, but what about the brave boy who hot-foots it to keep some guy from knocking his block off?—Arkansas Democrat.

No Joke.

"Cows that roam will always come home," is a proverb true and clever. But I'll say right here that it's different with the steer.
For the bull goes on forever. —Joe.

Well, Well!

Dear Luke—Louis Root, a conductor on the Henderson route, has named his son Henderson Root.—M. R. J.

O. O. O. O.

A fellow who thought he was Y. Y. Y. Y. Used words of tremendous B. I. I. I. Every chance he could C. O. C. C. He'd find some one to T. T. T. T. And he did it with E. E. E. E. —J. G. Heckelman.

Did Your Head Ever Feel Like a Derby Hat?

Mayor Jacob Deits found himself \$5 and costs for contempt Wednesday morning, when he had sat through his session of police court with his hat on.—Sandusky (O.) Cor. Findlay (O.) Republican.

Advice.

Don't keep folks waiting for their dough. Go pay your debts today. Men want but little here below. But wants it right away.

Meal!

Dear Luke—Fix up a stall in the club for Cowan Horn of Minerva, W. Va.—Chappy Mack.

Rebotal!

Dear Luke—Would a jeweler make a good watchman?—P. D. Q.

Things to Worry About.

There are 20,000 kinds of butterflies.

Names Is Names.

Neah Zark lives at Bridgeport, Ill.

Our Daily Special.

You'll never get up in the world if you wait for the elevator.

Luke McLuke Says:

Some men are so busy looking for little faults in their neighbors that they overlook a lot of big faults in themselves.

Skirts shaped like tents are now in style, and it is once more a hard matter to tell how much of a girl is girl, and how much is dry goods.

Things are getting around to a point where a woman is liable to rap you on the jaw if you intimate that she is effeminate.

A lot of men seemed to have trained their consciences to speak only when they are spoken to.

The poet who announced that beauty is only skin deep evidently lived in the old days when a girl didn't wear two inches of enamel on her face.

The wireless is butting into almost everything else. But we will always be satisfied to do our own kissing in the old fashioned way.

The idea that all women are built on a different plan causes most of the trouble in this world.

The law says that there is such a thing as reasonable doubt. But, just the same, it is safer to risk yourself for hairpins and blond hair before you go home to find your wife.

As soon as the country boy learns to chew tobacco and smoke cigarettes and play pool the rest of the community knows that he is going to end his days in the penitentiary.

Mathusalem gets credit for being the oldest human being. But that is because you can't get a chorus girl to see up to her right eye.

The Old Speckled Hen

By M. QUAD

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The Thompsons and the Browns, farmers, had been neighbors for ten years, when in the same year Abel Thompson was left a widower and Aunt Martha Brown a widow. Plenty of people said it would be only natural for the two to marry after a year or so, but what the principals in the case thought of it did not come out for over two years. The farmer and the widow saw each other every day, during this time she continued to run her farm by the help of a hired man, but he was more or less interested. They sat together at evenings and talked of everything but what other people were talking about.

It was one evening in winter after the farmer had imbibed a quart of cider and eaten three or four apples and realized the loneliness of his own home that he hitched around on his chair for awhile and then said: "Widder, there was a windmill man today. He wants to put up a mill for me in the spring."

"Yes, windmill men come along about once in a while," she replied.

"He 'pears to have a purty good mill."

"Yes?"

"And the price is purty reasonable."

"Yes?"

"We wasn't talkin' about windmills all the time," continued Abel, as he motioned for another glass of cider.

"We was talkin' about other things."

"They are great folks to gab. I've known 'em to hang around all day and do nothin' but talk."

"That windmill man said folks was wonderin' why I didn't get married agin."

"Well, why don't you go and get married then?"

"Gosh hang it, I will. That's what I come over here this-evenin' for. Aunt Martha, we have known each other a long time. I know you are a mighty good woman, and you know I'm a purty good man. Our farms fine, and I can run two farms as well as one. You must be lonesome too. If we fine forces then, neither of us need have any more lonesomeness."

"Abel, stop right there," said the widow kindly but emphatically. "I know you to be a good man, but I ain't in love with you. You haven't teched my heart yet. Until you do I don't want to talk about marriage."

"Well," said the suitor as he rose up to go. "I ain't one to drive a woman into marriage as one drives hogs. I'll keep right on and take your word for it, and if you find you can't love me I'll stay single all the rest of my days. I'm kinder sot on you, you see, and I don't want anybody else."

During the next month things went along as usual and there was no further reference to matrimony. Then Abel was sent for, and as he reached the widow's house she said:

"Abel, my sister over at Tompkinsville is sick and has sent for me. I'm goin' over and may be gone three or four days."

"Well, I'll run things the best I can while you're gone," he replied.

"What I want you to look out for in particular is that old speckled hen. You know I've had her for the last ten years, and I've learned to think a good deal of her. She ain't well 'till just now, and I hate to go away and leave her. She's got signs of the ptp, and if I should come back and find her dead it would almost break my heart. Abel, I want you to be kind to her. I want you to sympathize with her. I want you to doctor and nurse her."

"I'll do it, Aunt Martha. I'll jest put in all my time nursin' her up. I'll be just as kind to her as I would be to a baby."

"That's good of you. She's only a critter, but when one gits use to a critter he can even love an old speckled hen. She ain't laid an egg for these five years past, but she's got a hold on my affections for the eggs she used to lay. Why, she's laid over a hundred with double yolks, and one time she fit and licked a chicken hawk."

"You go right on, widder, and leave it all to me," said the farmer. "I'll do jest as much for that old hen as I would for a brother. I ain't set up a night for the last twenty years, but if she's taken bad I shan't close my eyes till you git back."

The widow departed and half an hour later Abel was carrying the old hen home under his arm. The three days went past, and the widow returned. She had only entered her house when the farmer appeared with the hen in a basket. He had her wrapped in red woolen cloths. She smelled of camphor and various liniments. Her toes had been trimmed and greased, and he had applied salve to her comb. With proud deliberation he removed wrap after wrap and finally reached the last end and set the hen down on the floor with: "There she is, Aunt Martha, and jest as good as she was five years ago. I've worked over her for three days, and I'm tellin' you there ain't a hen in the hull county can come up to her."

"How splendid of you Abel—how splendid!" gasped the widow, and as if to corroborate her words the hen raised her head, swelled out her breast and tried to cackle.

"See that—beast that, widder?" asked Abel.

"Yes, I do, and, oh, Abel!"

"Is your heart teched, widder?"

"It is, and—"

"And you'll be mine?"

That was in March, and they were married in May, and the old speckled hen was alive at last accounts and making efforts to return to her duty.

Senate Confirms I. C. C. Nomination.

Washington.—By a vote of 42 to 15, the senate has confirmed the nomination of Winthrop Moore Daniels for reappointment to the interstate commerce commission.

New Zealand's Great Glacier.

The Tasman, the greatest glacier in New Zealand, has an average width of 6,270 feet, though at its widest point it is somewhat more than two miles across. The Tasman is eighteen miles in length.

KAISER SAYS ALLIES HAVE DROPPED MASK

Amsterdam.—"Our enemies have dropped their mask, admitted their lust of conquest and their aim to crush Germany and enslave Europe and the sea," says the kaiser, in a proclamation just issued to the German people.

After declaring that the allies want to put central Europe in the same position Greece is in today, he continues:

"But what they could not accomplish in 30 months of the bloodiest fighting and unscrupulous economic war they will fail to achieve in the future. Our glorious victories and our iron strength of will, with which our fighting people at the front and at home have borne all the hardships and distress, guarantee that also in the future our beloved fatherland has nothing to fear. We are ready for all sacrifices."

The proclamation was published in Berlin and sent to all the fronts.

"BUFFALO BILL" IS BURIED

Two Governors, Many Other Officials, Army and Great Company Join.

Denver.—The west Sunday bade farewell to all that was mortal of Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") and the west, in its own words, "died itself proud" in its parting with the man who helped to make its history.

From the moment the body of the scout and hunter was brought into the state capitol building to lie in state until it rested in the vault of an undertaker to await final burial on the summit of Lookout mountain, all honors were accorded to the departed plainsman.

Two state governors, a lieutenant-governor, officials and legislators from three states, the United States army, fraternal organizations of which he was an honored member, former cowboys, the Grand Army of the Republic and men, women and children; thousands of the latter, paid tribute to the illustrious son of the prairies.

Du Pont Plant Blows Up.

New York.—Two million dollars property damage, but at a cost of only two lives, seemed to be the record of the Haskell, N. J., explosion of the Du Pont Powder company's plant which shook four states. Only two of the thousands in the danger zone were seriously injured as to require hospital treatment, the company declared in a statement from Wilmington.

Hunt For Lost Aviators.

San Diego, Cal.—An energetic attempt will be made to find some trace of Lieutenant Colonel Harry G. Bishop and Lieutenant W. A. Robertson, Jr., army aviators who disappeared last week while on a flight to Calexico, Cal. The attempt will be made by three brother fliers in as many airplanes dispatched from the army school here to assist in the hunt.

Macready's Caustic Reply.

A scapegrace baron pawned the coronet he had worn at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Having a slight acquaintance with Macready, the tragedian, he wrote to the actor offering to sell the pawn ticket and suggesting that the redeemed item of headgear would be an interesting theatrical "property." Macready replied with a characteristic sarcasm that if the thing had been owned by a nobleman of mark who had got into straitened circumstances he would have favorably considered the application. But he did not think his stock of "properties" would be improved by the addition of a gilded coronet that had been worn by a numskull and pawned by a prodigal.

Lion Signs in England.

Lions have always been and are now very favorite signs in England—lions white, black, red, brown, golden, yellow—red being the most common. Probably the Red Lion originated with the badge of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who married the daughter of Don Pedro, king of Leon and Castile, and who adopted the lion rampant gules of Leon to represent his claim to the throne. Under Richard and John lions became the settled arms of England and were generally used by those who could find any claim.—London Mail.

To Make Red Ink.

Red ink is easily made by amateurs who follow this recipe: Get a one ounce bottle and see that it is perfectly clean and dry. Place in it one teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, gun arabic the size of two peas and add six grains of carmine. Fill up the bottle with clear soft water, and after standing a little while it will be fit for use.

Medical.

"The farmer said that one of his little pigs was sick, so I brought it some sugar."

"Sugar! What for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you ever heard of sugar cured hams?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

A Modest Ambition.

"Working hard these days, I see."

"Yep."

"Trying to climb the ladder of success, eh?"

"Just high enough to catch up with the cost of living."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Biggest Mistake.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."

—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Representative.

Mrs. English—Is your husband a representative American?

Mrs. U. R. A.—No, indeed! He's a senator!—Life.

When Dumb Gods Speak

Story of a Curio Hunter Who Coveted an Ivory Buddha.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Channing stunk into the city of Shanghai like a criminal. He had come down the Yangtze river on one of the big rolling passenger steamers, and he had hardly closed his weary eyes during that period.

A great fear and dread pursued him like a grim enemy. Every bland Asiatic face on the steamer from the cabin boy to a wealthy mandarin traveling with his suit bore a hidden menace to the American.

Now that he had disembarked from the landing tug at Shanghai Channing breathed a little easier. If any one was trailing him—if an assassin lurked behind him—the task would be more difficult in the brightly lighted city and in the crowded hotel.

Once in his locked room at the hotel, he drew a deep sigh of relief and hung his bag aside.

"My God!" he muttered. "Will it be like this—always?"

He stared at his haggard face in the mirror and laughed mirthlessly. Who would recognize Henry Channing, the well known collector of old and valuable Chinese carvings? Channing shuddered and sank weakly into a chair.

The weakness for collecting had become a madness—a madness that might end in his death. Yet who would know—who would guess?

"Dumb gods cannot speak," he muttered harshly.

Later he went down to dinner, and he bore himself as of old, erect, smiling, with a hearty greeting for one or two old friends who had met in the far corner of the world.

They dined together and Channing announced his intention of going on the first steamer.

"Then you will sail tomorrow," they told him. "The Korea is due at 9 o'clock."

Channing excused himself and hastened out to telephone for a reservation. He was fortunate in finding the office open, and when he returned to the dining room he felt lighter hearted than he had for days—before he had met that ill omened visit to the rock temple.

"What's the matter, Channing? Are you seeing ghosts?" one of his companions laughed.

He shook himself out of the brief abstraction that had set him to staring vaguely into space.

"Something like that," he muttered apologetically. Then he resumed his old charming manner and the incident was forgotten for the time.

The next morning he sailed for home, and the voyage was a hideous repetition of that trip down the Yangtze river—when every strange face was an enemy face to his distorted vision. He thanked heaven that he could mingle with white men once more and he resolved that this should be his last trip to the Orient. But he was destined to make another one.

He was restless again when they reached San Francisco. The long journey across the continent was a bore, and when he reached New York, amid old surroundings, he felt a childish inclination to cry.

Days passed and he lost the sense of fear. Who knew his secret besides himself?

"Dumb gods cannot speak," he argued stubbornly.

For some time after arrival in New York Channing did not take up his

tommyrot. They had traveled the whole oriental circuit and never encountered a superstition that wasn't a bubble of hot air. Now, Dacre, you know we like to believe that 'somewhere east of Suez' lies all the glamour of the 'Arabian Nights.' Hang it all, a man's got to have some delusions left him!"

"Keep away from the east, then," sneered Channing.

"Why?" asked Dacre.

Channing stared at Dacre. "Too many ruined temples, ferocious stone gods and imaginary dragons snorting fire and fury. A kind of glutted with superstition."

Dr. Wakeman exploded wrathfully. "Most of my traveling has been from one sickroom to another, but I like to believe there's a bit of poetry and charm in the terrestrial anatomy that I needn't cut out!"

They laughed, looking at Dacre, who had just returned from China.

"What is your opinion, Dacre?" asked Stevens.

"I've lived in the east for years," said Dacre slowly. "I've seen strong men quake before the wrath of their gods—aye, I mean gods of wood and stone—and I know of a tiny image of Buddha which would speak to a certain man—if the man could be found."

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Wray.

Dacre smiled reminiscently. "Near the Yangtze river there is a small Buddhist temple dedicated to the 'god of averted calamity.' Its altars are always covered with votive offerings, for many pilgrims come there, Chinese princes, laden with rich booty, bring costly trinkets to placate the god. Honest sailors pause to leave a bit of boral or amber. Mandarins go ashore to pledge jewels for a safe voyage, and occasionally foreign tourists, stumbling upon the temple and try to buy curios."

Channing sat rigidly in his chair. He listened acutely.

"Of course," resumed Dacre, "the priests swear that the treasures are not for sale—this is the story of a man with a mania for collecting jade and ivory carvings, who wouldn't believe in the wrath of the gods. He came to the temple and saw its riches. He tried to buy some carvings, but the aged priest refused to sell."

"Smith—the man's name might have been Smith—laughed and went away. He told himself that every man had his price and that if he could only find the priest's price why he could have his choice of the ivory carvings. So he schemed and schemed and at last the only plan that he could conceive was a very ordinary one."

"He went direct to the priest and offered to buy the most precious carving of all. The priest was obdurate."

"The wrath of the gods will be upon me," he declared.

"The richest man in the world wants to buy," wheedled Smith.

"The priest hesitated and his only eyes glittered covetously."

"The honorable foreigner is the rich man?" he asked tentatively.

"Smith nodded."

"And the price?"

"Smith named it. Enough to buy a little house and garden on the slopes of the Yangtze, where the priest's aged sisters could end their days in peaceful plenty."

"It was a bitter temptation. The priest was very poor and he hesitated. At last he spoke. 'Is not the honorable

foreigner afraid of the wrath of the gods?"

"Smith laughed again. 'I'll take a chance on that,' he said carelessly. 'How about it? Is it a bargain?' And he held out eager hands for the ivory carving he most coveted."

"Still the priest hesitated. 'The wrath of the gods is not to be lightly spoken of,' he replied. 'When dumb gods speak, then shall the heart of the guilty quake.'"

"But Smith was not to be frightened out of his desire for the ivory Buddha. He could see in his mind's eye the very niche in his cabinet where the carving would stand—next to the jade amulet, the flower of his collection. He gritted his teeth and said he would not be disappointed. Then he smiled on the priest, dropped a liberal contribution in the bronze box at the door and went away to brood over the ivory carving."

"He was not afraid of the wrath of a dumb ivory god. He laughed at the very idea. But what did the man mean by saying dumb gods could speak? That was all tommyrot. Smith didn't

believe in the occult. He was a plain matter of fact sort of chap. He collected ivories. He had found one that he wanted, and because he could not have it he wanted it the more. A few days later he went back to the temple. The priest met him gravely."

"About that ivory carving," Smith said, and the priest nodded and brought the sandalwood chest that held his treasures.

"Smith gazed over them once more. Crystal, amber, coral, ivory, sandalwood, ebony—all held his attention and excited his greed, but his fancy still clung to the most precious of them all, the carving of the god of averted calamity. Its tiny perfection of detail, the exquisite delicacy of the work, the lacelike structure of the small ivory god filled him with delight."

"You will sell this to me?" he said confidently, holding out the price he had offered that other day.

"The priest shook his head. The American pleaded, bribed, threatened,

in vain. At last the priest replaced the carving in the sandalwood chest, all but the carving of the god of averted calamity, which Smith still held. He refused to give it up.

"The priest protested, and they struggled. Presently the old priest lay motionless on the stone floor. The American fled.

"Somewhere there lives a man haunted by a fearful memory of that temple."

Dacre surveyed his interested audience, but on Channing's face his gaze lingered. The man leaned forward, giving Dacre glance for glance. His face was grim and his healthy color had drained away, showing him hollow eyed and worn.

"Well?" demanded Channing harshly.

Dacre shrugged and resumed. "As I was saying, the foreigner escaped, and I suppose he has the haunting memory of—"

"Dacre!" Channing's countenance was tense and suffering.

They all stared at Dacre placed a small ivory image on the table.

With a long, shuddering sigh Channing hid his face in his hands. "There is blood on it!" he muttered.

A light broke over Dacre's face.

"This," he explained, "is a replica of the god of averted calamity. He speaks of the priest who risked his life to protect the temple treasures. He tells of the priest's gratitude to another American who happened along to dress his wounds, and he speaks in a voice of thunder to the man who believes himself a murderer, but whose hands are clean!"

Channing lifted hopeful eyes to meet friendly glances.

"Dacre, how did you find out?" he groaned.

"I—why I didn't dream it until a moment ago," was Dacre's dazed reply. Suddenly his glance cleared. He pushed the image across the table. "Perhaps you'd like to wear it, Channing," he said gently.

With shaking fingers Channing fastened the trinket to his watch chain and not one man saw humor in the situation.

The spell of the east was upon them. Had not the ivory Buddha spoken?

Ways Some Plants Have.

A study of botany reveals that there are expert "bomb droppers" as well as trained artists in the plant world.

In the "flying fruits" of the California pine is presented a curious anticipation of bomb dropping from aeroplanes.

The echinops or "squirting cucumber" is one of the best known of plant artists. When its seed pod ripens this bends over, breaks away from the stem and "fires" its juice and seeds to a distance of from three to six feet.

The common garden balsam is another plant having warlike methods. It scatters its seeds by a veritable explosion of its pod, which bursts much like a shrapnel shell, and hurls its contents in all directions.

In the fruits of many thistles a similar plan is to be observed. The fluffy parachutes float about in the air for a considerable time and may travel a considerable distance. The moment one of these strikes against an obstacle or is hung up in any position the fruit at