The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

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

Mystery Lovers Have Fine Time on Coast

San Francisco, Cal.—Mystery lovers are having a fine time in San Francisco these days. The Saturday Blade published a story the other day about a workman exhuming a human skeleton while excavating for a garage at Post and Gough streets.

Workmen are still digging for the foundation and it is a dull day when something isn't "dug up" by them. The whole neighborhood is gossiping about the find a workman named Perry ran away with.

Perry was digging the same foundation when suddenly he was seen to grab a wooden, iron-bound box, tuck it under his arm and run away. He did not stop for his coat and hat or his week's pay, which he still has coming to him.

So excited have the other diggers become that H. H. Hilp, Jr., contractor, has a hard time keeping the men from digging clear to China.

Y. M. C. A. TO KEEP ON

Secretaries Asked to Continue Welfare Work.

War Department Officially Takes Over Activities in Various Army Camps.

Chicago.—In compliance with official orders from the United States government, the war work council of the Y. M. C. A. on November 1 transferred its welfare work activities as conducted in the temporary buildings erected during war times, inside the camps within the continental limits of the United States, according to a statement issued by L. Wilbur Messer, a member of the national war work council of the Y. M. C. A. on his return from New York.

The war work council has requested its 1,300 secretaries conducting activities in 593 temporary Y. M. C. A. huts in camps throughout the United States to consider favorably the desire of the government that they continue as welfare workers under the direction of the war department which has officially established its own organization under the war plans division of the general staff, Maj. Gen. W. G. Haan, commanding. The Y. M. C. A. also at the request of the government, will transfer without reimbursement its 593 temporary huts within the army camps together with their complete equipment valued approximately at $4,500,000 for continued use by officers and men. This represents, according to Mr. Messer, a small part of the volume of war work that was being carried on by the Y. M. C. A. at the time of the signing of the armistice. There were at that date 1,171 huts with 5,715 secretaries and other employees. In all, he said, the Y. M. C. A. constructed 5,953 buildings in the home camps during the period of the world war at a cost of $7,768,984.

JESSE JAMES IS FORGOTTEN

Bandit's Old Home in St. Joseph, Mo., No Longer Attracts Visitors.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Surrounded by weeds and underbrush, a squat and weather-beaten cottage of four rooms stands almost forgotten near the heart of St. Joseph and within two blocks of two trolley lines. The house was once occupied by Jesse James, the famous Missouri bandit, and there he was shot to death by "Bob" Ford the morning of April 3, 1882, as he was hanging a picture. The bullet hole in the wall of the room and the place where the blood stains are said to have been are pointed out to the curious.

A score or more years ago a visit to St. Joseph was not considered complete without a jaunt to the home of Jesse James. But times have changed—"the war and everything," the old couple who are completing nearly twenty years' residence in the former bandit's dwelling explained—and visitors are rare. In the last six months only one person came to see the house where Jesse James lived and died.

GIRL'S HEROISM SAVES LIVES

Rides 150 Miles Atop Box Car in Roumania With Red Cross Medicines.

Craiova, Roumania.—Riding on the roof of a box car through 150 miles of Roumanian mountains, Miss Georgia Watts of Lexington, Ky., carried a consignment of much-needed medicines and surgical supplies from Bucharest to the American Red Cross hospital here.

The outbreak of a sudden epidemic of typhus demanded the immediate receipt of certain supplies which could only be obtained from the American warehouses in Bucharest. Miss Watts offered to make the trip. The crates of medicines were tied to the roof of a box car and Miss Watts mounted to a place beside them, where she clung as the train climbed tortuously up a crooked mountain trail, across many bridges and through numerous tunnels.

MOSAIC DISEASE OF SUGAR CANE

Federal Agricultural Department Taking Measures to Stamp It Out.

PLENTY OF HEALTHY STOCK

If Unchecked Disease May Do Incalculable Damage to Great Cane Growing Sections of the South —Must Use Pure Seed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

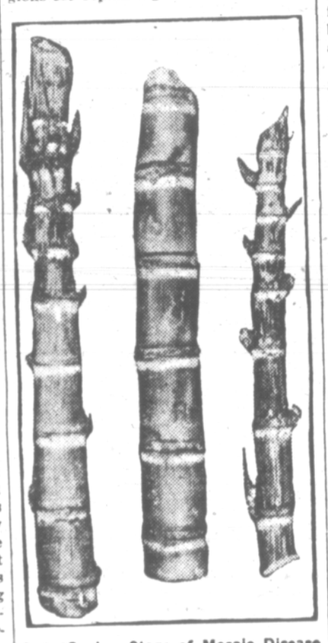
Washington.—The United States department of agriculture is issuing a bulletin containing several colored plates illustrating the mosaic disease of sugar cane, which should enable those interested in this disease of cane to identify it. The mosaic disease of sugar cane which has been known for several years in a number of other cane countries has recently been found in the southern United States. While this disease is quite widespread in the states, there are many disease-free areas from which clean seed cane may be obtained.

The mosaic disease, which has done considerable damage to the cane crop in Porto Rico and some other cane countries, is one of the most serious maladies that has confronted cane growers in recent years, and if unchecked may do incalculable damage to the great cane-growing sections of the South.

To Eradicate Disease.

The measures of control now being taken by the federal authorities in cooperation with various local agencies were preceded by a complete survey of the Southern states undertaken to ascertain the extent of the infected areas.

In badly diseased fields the only remedy is to grind up all the stalks, say the representatives of the department of agriculture. This means, of course, that carefully selected seed cane must be brought in from other regions for replanting. There is still an



Late Canker Stage of Mosaic Disease on Canes of New Caledonia Variety. Cane in Center Is Healthy.

abundance of healthy stock in Louisiana and the other cane states, so that the industry should not seriously suffer from these attempts at eradication. Where the disease has not obtained a strong foothold, roguing is recommended. This consists of pulling up infected plants, root, stem and branch, and throwing them down between the rows. As soon as the plants wilt they are no longer dangerous as a source of infection. In damp regions, however, care must be taken to gather up these plants and burn them or otherwise destroy them, lest while lying on the ground they sprout and so spread the disease.

Appearance of Mosaic Disease.

It is difficult to describe the appearance of sugar-cane mosaic verbally, and this is one of the reasons why the federal authorities are using a bulletin with colored illustrations. By means of this bulletin anyone can readily ascertain the exact appearance of infected plants. This disease is an infectious chlorosis, similar in many respects to the mosaic disease of tobacco, cucumber, bean, tomato and potato. Scientists have come to the conclusion that some virus is responsible for the appearance of all new cases, and that the only source of infection is some other infected plant. Experiments in Porto Rico and elsewhere have repeatedly demonstrated that cuttings from infected stalks will invariably give rise to infected plants. The shoots seem to be mottled as soon as they appear. Therefore, the use of diseased stalks for planting results in a wider distribution of the disease and insures the survival of the virus even in the absence of secondary infections.

Beats Indigestion.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Battling the high cost of living and an aggravated case of stomach trouble, Miss Grace M. Miller fasted 32 days, beat H. C. L. to a standstill and cured herself.

Optimistic Trought.

Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers; the less men think the more they talk.

Worth Seeing.

We don't know much about this circus that's coming, but we hope it's the one Pat attended not long ago. "There was wan fellow," he said, "that beat all the rest. Sure, he balances a ladder on his nose, climbs up to the top and pulls the ladder up after him."—Boston Transcript.

"OVER HERE"

By MARIE BUCKLEY.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Lucy Knowlton stamped into the library of her home. Her pretty brown eyes flashed and a deep and burning flush spread over her pretty cheeks. There were signs in her face and manner of ungovernable temper and irritability, somewhat overcast by a shadow of offended pride.

Evidently something had gone wrong with the spirit of K——. But for Lucy vain society would have sat until doomsday trying to invent a new fad, a new sport or an original style of formality. For Lucy was the clever originator in K—— of everything clever, of everything the "vogue," and, if people had looked to the sensibleness of things instead of to the belle Lucy, everything preposterous. But yet Lucy was Lucy, born Lucy and no other, the impulsive, impetuous, self-willed daughter of her mother.

The latter sat unseen by the girl in a silk plush easy chair, nose glasses held slightly aloof and book in hand, her lips slightly parted, as she watched the proceedings, not altogether strange to her. The hat came off with a sharp jerk, and its delicate little frame, given a terrific jab with a hatpin, was slammed forcibly onto the library table. Mrs. Knowlton rustled the leaves of her book slightly, enough to show her presence. Lucy started at the unexpected break of silence, and seeing it was her mother, gave a little frown as if vexed. "Mother," she exploded, "I am tired of doing this little bit of Red Cross work! What are a few bandages? I am going to France as soon as Hannah can pack—tomorrow, probably."

Mrs. Knowlton's mouth opened wide. Then it shut into a firm and angry line.

The next morning was an unpleasant one for the beginning of a long trip. The wind blew in great gusts along the dreary streets.

Lucy, after bidding a solemn goodby to her mother, hastened down the steps with a bold, determined air and raised her umbrella. "Ugh! Such horrid weather! But I will soon be away from it—yes, away from everything in this old city. She says I cannot be a Red Cross nurse; well, I will be an ambulance driver, then."

As she murmured to herself she recklessly splashed into puddles, and unaware of it, her stockings and skirt were much spotted with mud. "I'll show them my license if they say anything, and—"

There was a high, wild scream. Lucy, in her attempt to keep up her umbrella against the gale, had been rushing along, umbrella forward, and had bumped into somebody's stomach.

"I beg pardon!" the girl exclaimed as she stepped hurriedly aside. "I really did not mean to; I—"

Her words ended in a little gasp. Then her head went up and she started confusedly to turn and hurry. Her arm, however, was held as in a vise.

"Well, I say, girlie, that was a pretty little jab you just gave me. I thought for a minute some German had me stuck for sure," a low, deep voice said pleasantly, and a pair of laughing eyes looked down into hers.

"I cannot stop one minute. I have to catch that train, and I—I am going away from here." Lucy breathlessly faltered as she tried to wriggle from his grasp. But he pulled her gently toward a near-by shelter. This was an old but small structure, built years ago, to protect people waiting for cars from the rain and snow. One half was for this purpose and the other half was inhabited by the timekeeper.

"I say, you're a bit obstinate today, little one," laughed Chester Price, as he gently pushed her inside the shelter.

"I did not say you could take hold of my arm and take me in here!" flashed Lucy, while she gave the floor a slight tap with her boot.

"You did not need to tell me I could," he said seriously. "You are such a silly child, Lucy; such a child. You are going to France, eh, and all to avoid me. Now, sh—your mother has told me all about it. She must have guessed the trouble."

"Oh, why did she tell?" whimpered the girl.

"You hate me, don't you, Lucy? Tell me you hate me," he whispered playfully.

There was no answer. Lucy's head had fallen on her breast and her fingers played nervously with the end of her coat.

"I did not mean to be cross with you yesterday, sweetheart. I am sorry if I offended you. Will you forgive me? Forgive me?"

Lucy raised her head quickly. "Forgive you? Oh, Chester! I thought you did not love me; I—" she burst into tears and wept on his breast.

"I do love you, girl," he said, "with all my heart I love you," and their lips met in a kiss. "There never was such a girl!"

"I was going to become a Red Cross nurse," she said, as she glanced archly up at him, with a twinkle in her moist eyes.

"Yes, I know. Lucy, do you think you would ever make a capable Red Cross nurse? Now, own up!"

"N—n—no," and her eyelashes fell under his gaze. "I guess I would only be in the way of the Red Cross," she added shyly, and Chester Price held her close.

And a little rain-shelter was the place where this young couple "made up." Nobody had heard; nobody had seen, and all was peaceful once more.

In the Morning.

A happy hour in the morning sweetens the whole day.—Louisa Olcott

The Eagle of Napoleon.

Napoleon revived the ancient symbol of the Caesars. The Napoleonic eagle itself was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a brass block three inches square, and weighed three and one-half pounds. Modern colors are as nothing compared to the old ones, as difficult to hide as the big drum.

OBJECT TO SHAVING

Waiters of Paris Up in Arms Over Order.

Cafe Proprietors Insist That Servitors Must Leave Off Lip Fringe.

Paris.—Waiters in seven or eight of the largest cafes on the Paris boulevards have been stirred to angry protest by orders to shave their mustaches or quit.

One of the bitterest grievances the waiters had when they went on strike last April was the edict of the employers to the effect that waiters must sacrifice their mustaches. The waiters triumphed and the employers agreed they should be permitted to adorn their visages as they pleased.

Now an attempt to revive the ban on mustaches has roused their indignation.

"The waiters are sufficiently humiliated to have to earn their living by extending their hands to receive what often proves to be a ridiculous tip, without being forced to forego one of the privileges of manhood," said the secretary of the union. "Really the ferocious employers know little about psychology. Should they maintain this iniquitous measure, destined solely to give their staff a servile appearance toward the customer, they are picking out a poor time for it.

"Whether through snobbishness or in the hope of appearing original, customers choose to make their faces as glabrous and depilated as that of the Americans, or aim to copy the two commas on the upper lip of a well-known moving picture actor; that is their business. We must insist that the conventions entered into at the time of the strike be respected; that the mustache has always been in vogue in France, and to suppress it is an indignity and diminishes the morale, value and patriotism of the personnel of the cafes."

CONFERENCE IN BATH ROOM

Underwood & Underwood

Sir Maurice Hankey is said to have taken the last German note during the peace conference to President Wilson at five o'clock in the morning on the Monday preceding the signing of the peace treaty. President Wilson is said to have left his bed and invited Hankey into his room, and then, as that was too cold, went into the bath room, where the anglo-American relations are said to have been discussed, according to the story told by Sir George Riddell in a speech in England.

SHIPBUILDING RECORD SET

Lloyd's Shipping Report Shows 4,800,000 Tons for World in Last June.

London, England.—Lloyd's shipping report says that at the end of June, 1919, a record amount of shipbuilding was going on throughout the world, namely, 4,800,000 tons, of which 2,000,000 tons were building in the United Kingdom. During the year to June 30 there were 3,800,000 gross tons registered at Lloyd's, of which the United States built 1,900,000 tons, the United Kingdom 1,300,000, Japan 360,000 and Canada 200,000. Next to the United States, Japan showed the greatest increase in shipbuilding in wartime.

Life and Death Ride Race in Ambulance

Dayton, O.—Life and death rode a race in a police ambulance here, and both won. John T. Weber, taken suddenly ill, was being rushed to a hospital when the ambulance was stopped by an emergency call to take Mrs. J. Rogan to the same institution.

Weber died before the hospital was reached and Mrs. Rogan gave birth to a child.

Must Be Earned.

Happiness and the sense of victory are only for those who live for conscience and duty and the soul's higher ideals.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Plant to Be Dreaded.

One of the most terrible plants in existence is the Asclepias gigantea, which is common in Abyssinia, and grows also in Ceylon. When cut, a milky sap exudes from the stem and leaves, and the least drop of this will cause total blindness if it comes in contact with the eyes.

RETURNS STOLEN ITALIAN ART

American Bought Greek Sculpture Taken From Roman Forum Years Ago.

Rome.—An American named Harold Woodbury Parsons has returned to the Italian government a marble horse's head of ancient Greek sculpture, stolen from the Roman forum in 1912, which Mr. Parsons had bought, not knowing that it had been taken from the forum by thieves. All attempts to trace the sculpture had failed.

The newspapers comment on the generous act of Mr. Parsons as similar to that of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who returned to Italy the famous Ascoli Cope, also stolen.

Blind Beggar Calls This World's Meanest Man

Los Angeles, Cal.—There are mean men and mean men, but Los Angeles must bow its head and admit it has the meanest.

Old Bill Mason, blind miner, with a cheery word for everyone, says there is only one man in Los Angeles that gets on his nerves. That man will come along noisily and there is always a cheering jingle in Old Bill's cup. Old Bill reaches in the cup and finds nothing. The secret leaked out when a small boy explained indignantly:

"Say, mister, that fresh guy's only joshing you. He had a nickel with a hole in it and it's tied to a string. He gets his fun watching you trying to find it after he yanks it out."

Water for House Plants.

Water is essential to the life of plants, whether they be in the open ground or in pots, for only in the form of solutions in water can the roots suck up the juices of the earth, and it is the water circulating through the channels of the trunk and branches that permits the exchanges between the leaves and the rest of the vegetable.

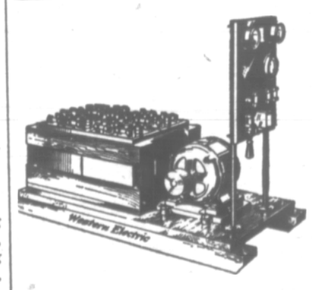
Plants in a house should not be watered at regular stated intervals; do the plants out-of-doors receive rain on Tuesdays and Saturdays? They should be watered whenever they need it. This is the only safe rule. And we can tell when they need it by feeling the earth in which they are growing; so long as this feels moist the plants do not need water.

"Blarney" Not Out of Place.

Life at best pays back rather limited dividends, and knowing this, we should as we journey along time's thoroughfares, try, whenever the opportunity offers, to bring a smile to tired lips. Even though we must resort to a "bit of blarney" if we would accomplish this happy result, we certainly should do so. Such a course may displease the person who prides herself on calling a spade a spade every time, but folks who approve of toning down, as it were, the sharp edges of life, will feel no twinges of conscience for playing such a role, for there is all the difference in the world between base flattery and true and merited approval.—Exchange.

Made Good Use of Statue.

The equestrian statue of George III, that cantankerous old king who precipitated the American Revolutionary war, was well camouflaged when President Wilson passed by, following his arrival in London. An American sailor sat on the charger's neck, a Canadian on the tail and an American doughboy on its back, one arm around the neck of the king's image.



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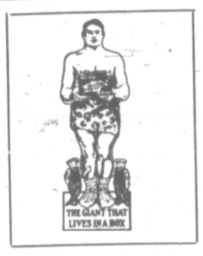

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