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IN THE TWILIGHT

By ELIZABETH M'NAUGHT

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The early dusk was falling as Doctor Carroll shook his long lank form from the enveloping coat and dropped into a chair beside his desk. It had been a hard day and he was tired. His shoulders sagged a trifle and as he stretched his long legs out in weariness the weak member ached. But yet far more depressing than any mere physical weariness was the dull heaviness that oppressed his spirits. It was of recent date, either, he had felt since the first medical unit was sent to foreign shores on their quest of mercy.

He had been honestly and hopefully he had made application to be accepted, but suddenly, yet firmly, he was made to realize that war was no place for damaged goods. This was bad enough of itself, but when the idol of his heart, a young girl, had been killed and set to do her bit, he knew his cup of bitterness was overflowing. Still, one consolation. No use being a quitter, between the dispensaries, the hospitals and the countless demands of a medical unit, there was little time for brooding.

Now they were coming back! The city was wild with enthusiasm in welcoming back these super-men and heroes who are ever to be found in the brutalities of their fellow men.

He arose and closed the door behind him, and as he sat down he felt a little ashamed of himself for not having recognized the operator's friendly little smile. Still, it was all out on him, he told himself, it was a job in trade just as the anxious look of an ailing baby too poor to pay a fee will carry the child in to him and smile with a plea in every smile that he take an especial interest in her offspring.

Suddenly he realized that it was dark, switched on the light, and began washing up preparatory to going out to work.

The house was very quiet by now, all the others having gone forth to their many interests. Even the smiling operator had given place to a youth whose rasping monotone was all that broke the stillness. These were the lonely hours of Doctor Carroll's busy life, and, paradoxically, for every other man in the house these few hours were the most pleasant of the whole day, their moments of leisure, alone with their own.

At last he strode out, and his limp was more perceptible than usual. Wonder of wonders, the headlights on his car were on. He had forgotten them entirely. It sure was uncanny to receive such service, and he must remember to reward the long, lanky youth with a tip when he returned.

He reached for the door of the car, but simultaneously he was almost blinded by the glare of light that shot suddenly from within. Too startled for even a thought, he saw the small foot spring back from the switch, a soft, white hand touched his instant as it snapped open the door of the car, and before he knew it a dainty figure in white linen, with a blue cape thrown jauntily back from one arm, displaying the insignia of the cross, tumbled unceremoniously into his arms.

"Howard," and her smiling, happy face was very close to his, "I've come back to you, just as I am. I really didn't mean to appear spectacular, but I just couldn't believe I was home until I saw you, and as I lacked the courage to run in on you in your office, I just stepped in here and waited, and I thought to goodness you'd never come."

"But Helen," and in his voice lurked a volume of eagerness, "you surely don't mean you're going to pass up all the opportunities you must have had over there and come back here to a fellow that couldn't even do a uniform?"

"That's just what I do mean," she answered very promptly, "that is, of course, if you still want me." She knew in her heart and read it in his face that he did, so she went on in the voice of a woman who understands all things. "Don't you think I know you would have been right over with me if you could. That one thing stood out so clearly between the lines of every letter you wrote to me, and, believe me, dear boy, there wasn't a fellow in uniform over there who could even take your place in my heart."

"Very well, colonel," said Doctor Carroll, raising his arm in true military salute. "I am yours to command." The twilight deepened into night, and, well, as every one knows a sedan, with a well-behaved lighting system is one of the greatest little places in the world for a welcome home reunion.

The Reading Habit. There are some persons who are so fortunate as to be unable to tell when they formed the habit of reading, who find it a constant and ever-increasing advantage and pleasure. These are men and women in the world whose youth and age are so bound up in the reading habit that, if questioned as to its first inception and probable end, could only reply, like Dimple chin and Grizzle-face, in Mr. Steadman's pretty poem of "Toujours Amour": "Ask some younger lass than I: 'Ask some older sage than I.' Happy are those whose early surroundings thus permit them to form the reading habit unconsciously."—Charles F. Richardson.

A Steam Shovelier

By R. RAY BAKER

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"There is no accounting for the tastes of some women when it comes to men," Glenquist observed, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "Maybe it's their intuition," he added, drawing his lungs full of smoke and exhaling through his nose.

The lawyer appeared more than usually eloquent this evening. He had a reputation for being rather taciturn when he was not in court, but with me he always threw off the cloak of reserve and chatted freely.

During our after-dinner chats, which always took place in his office on the seventh floor of the Holtwood building, we had decided the fate of Col. Shevlin, solved the problem of H. C. L., settled the railroad ownership issue and thoroughly threshed out theosophy, spiritualism and new thought. Yes, we were congenial souls, were Glenquist and I.

As yet we had never discussed the most perplexing problem of the ages—love. Maybe it was because we were both confirmed bachelors and did not feel in a position to talk authoritatively on the question. However, the marriage of a mutual friend had brought the matter before us this evening, and casually I had inquired why Glenquist had never selected a lifelong companion.

"Suppose you tell your story," he suggested when I broached the subject. "Then I'll burden you with mine."

"I'll burden you with no story," I replied. "There's no story to it. I just naturally didn't take to the fair sex, or rather they didn't take to me. I guess it was mutual. Have you a story?"

For a moment he did not reply, and when he broke the silence it was to utter the words that opened this tale.

"Furthermore," he went on, "it is strange that brains do not appear to be considered much of an asset to a man when he asks a woman to become his wife. At least that is the case with some women, and very good, bright and capable women, too, I mean. Perhaps, as I say, it is their intuition, or their ability to see far ahead."

"In my case, perhaps, I deluded myself into thinking I had brains. Maybe I mistook my education for gray matter. Yes, there is a difference. A man may be fairly well educated and still lack an adequate amount of brains. On the other hand, without being conceded, it seems that I may claim to have at least a normal supply of thinking machinery. I am what you would call a successful criminal lawyer."

"I was terribly fond of Cassie Weldon six years ago. This was my home town, and also hers. We were classmates in high school, and when we were graduated I went to the university and she became a typist in a real estate office. During our last year in high school we had become very close friends, associated in social work and before we realized it were keeping steady company."

"When I was at college we corresponded regularly, and it seemed to me that she cared almost as much for me as I for her. I pictured her presiding in a nice little home when I got started on the road to success in my chosen profession, and although I did not brook the subject, I felt convinced she would see it that way. Perhaps I was somewhat egotistical, but really I do not believe it was that. To be sure, I was proud of the showing I was making in my studies and very hopeful of the future."

"Whenever I came home she professed to be happy over being with me, and I really believe she was. Our favorite pastime was walks in the woods with a camera, and I must confess that, deep down in a trunk, I still have a number of those snaps. Just for fun, I think I'll dig down and take a squint at them tomorrow."

"Things went on like this for some time, and I am sure that she did not keep company with any other particular fellow, although she occasionally went to dances and other entertainments with some male acquaintance who happened along and needed a partner for some special social event. This was only to be expected, seeing that we were not engaged and it not being natural for a young girl to stay at home and spend her evenings reading 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Red Riding Hood.'"

was repeated. A lapse came with a break in the chain of wagons which carried the dirt away. Then Cassie turned to me.

"I knew this was coming—some time," she said, "and I dreaded the moment. Jim, I think a lot of you. You're very clever, but—there's one thing, a tremendous big thing, lacking in you. It's physical power, or the ability to control physical power. You may have a great mind, but you are puny physically. I admire strength, I admire power. If you were only like—like that steam shovel there, tearing away at the earth, crushing all resistance, I could be happy with you. Some day there'll be a mammoth building there where the machine is working."

"I can't help it, Jim, and probably it seems foolish to you; but I must tell you, no matter how it hurts, that if you were the engineer on that steam shovel you would stand a much better chance with me than you would as a lawyer. At least, you would be earning money with your strength, for the man that operates the shovel must be strong."

"I confess that little speech floored me. We started to walk away, but a wagon arrived, and the steam shovel started operations again, and Cassie had to watch it some more. I stammered, gulped and finally managed to say, weakly:

"Yes, and some day I'll have an office in that mammoth building."

"That was the last time I was ever with her. With mingled disgust, bitterness and sadness I went back to college and finished my course. I came home with my diploma and it was not long before I began to win success—success such as it is. I'm making good as a criminal lawyer. I'm winning victories right along in court, but when it comes to finances I admit I'm not overabundant. I have a few thousand in the bank and I'm making more every day, but I'll never be rich. Perhaps I would save more if I had an incentive—like that steam-shovel engineer has."

"You mean—" I broke in, my eyes popping with astonishment.

"Yes, I mean that Cassie somehow got acquainted with the engineer of the steam shovel and married him. She took that man, grimy and ignorant, who worked with his hands, instead of me, clean and educated, who worked with my brain."

Glenquist's cigar had gone out, and he rose and went across the room to a shelf where he kept matches. His cigar stand, at his elbow as he sat and talked, was never known to hold a match, although there was a place for a box of them. He took a few puffs and came back to the chair.

"Well, I made good on my boast that some day I would have an office in the skyscraper that was going up where the shovel was excavating," he observed.

"He leaned back and looked dreamily into a nicotine cloud.

"It seems the engineer was rather clever in a way, at that," he continued. "At least he knew how to save coin, and somehow he managed to invest it advantageously."

He rose and went to the window, looking down on the traffic which slowly was being obliterated by gathering darkness.

"Come here," he said, and when I had obeyed, he pointed at a big yellow automobile, just coming to a stop at the curb in front of the building.

JOHN G. MASARYK



John G. Masaryk, son of the president of the Czechoslovak republic, charge d'affaires of his country's legation in Washington.

RAIL CONTROL LOSS IS \$548,000,000

Washington.—The government deficit from railroad operation during November will be approximately \$64,500,000, a low record for the year, according to figures made public by the bureau of railroad economics.

Gross revenues for the month were estimated at close to \$436,000,000. This figure is only slightly below the high mark of a year ago but the heavy expenses, due in part to the coal strike which also reduced the revenues, left as net little of the operating revenues.

The government's net loss, the bureau estimated, on the basis of interstate commerce commission figures, has reached \$548,000,000 in the 23 months of railroad operation. The bureau placed the loss for the 11 months of 1919 at more than \$331,000,000.

LAST TROOPS QUIT PARIS

General Connor and His Party Leave France January 9.

Paris.—The departure of Brigadier General William D. Connor from Paris on the evening of January 9 with 300 officers and men, marked the final withdrawal of the American forces from France.

General Connor and his party will sail from Antwerp January 11. By that date all the buildings occupied in Paris by the American army will have been given up with the exception of several small offices. General Connor leaves behind less than 100 American officers and men, mostly connected with the graves registration service.

Wilson May Issue Call for League

Washington.—Study of the subject has convinced officials here that President Wilson may issue the call for the first meeting of the council of the league of nations, without committing the United States government to participation in the league. In accordance with that view necessary preliminary steps have been taken. It is understood, to permit President Wilson to comply with the requirement of the treaty that he issue the formal call.

Secretary Glass Defers Talking Seat

Washington.—Carter Glass will not take his seat as senator from Virginia, having assented to the request of President Wilson that he remain secretary of the treasury at least until January 15, by which time it is expected his successor will be nominated and confirmed.

THE MARKETS

Portland. Oats—No. 3 white feed, \$65.50 a ton. Barley—Standard feed, \$73 a ton. Corn—Whole, \$72; cracked, \$76. Hay—Willamette valley timothy, \$26@28 per ton; alfalfa, \$31.50. Butter Fat—65@69c. Eggs—Ranch, 60c per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 28@35c. Cattle—Best steers, \$10.75@11.25; good to choice, \$10@10.50; medium to good, \$9@9.75. Hogs—Prims mixed, \$14.50@15; medium mixed, \$14@14.50; pigs, \$11.50@13.50. Sheep—Eastern lambs, \$13@13.50; valley lambs, \$10.50@11; ewes, \$6@7.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

Eugene will have an army store of its own in a short time. Eugene building permits in 1919 made a gain of 400 per cent over the 1918 record.

Revenues from the state insurance department for the year 1919 totaled \$235,085.05. Damage done to Umatilla county roads by the recent floods and washouts is estimated at \$25,000.

In Linn county, during 1919, there were 223 marriage licenses issued and only 30 divorce decrees granted. Mrs. Mary A. Simpson, a resident of Linn county for 61 years, died at her home in Albany, aged 80 years.

Oregon was second among the states of the Union in the sale of treasury savings certificates for November. Members of the Northwestern Society of Highway Engineers held their annual meeting in Salem Friday night.

Rev. Edward Gittins, a well known pioneer Methodist minister, died at the home of his daughter in Salem, aged 70 years. The bond issue providing \$50,000 for water works and \$20,000 for a city hall carried at Rainier by a vote of 135 to 32.

More than 800 applications for real estate licenses have been received at the office of the state insurance commissioner. A total of \$226,000.36 was paid into the state treasury as inheritance tax by the estate of the late Henry J. Pitcock of Portland.

Fall wheat in the Weston vicinity is looking excellent and has not been damaged by the frost, according to reports from that section. Nearly 100 Filipino students from Corvallis, Philomath and other sections of the state gathered at Salem and enjoyed the annual banquet.

Damaged tractors, due to high water, are responsible for the uncertain train service between The Dalles and Frio on the Great Southern railroad. Seventy breeders of purebred stock from all sections of Linn county met in Albany and formed the Linn County Purebred Livestock association. December cargo shipments of lumber from the Columbia were exceptionally light. In that period 27 vessels loaded a total of 21,535,984 feet of lumber.

The total cash receipts of the Oregon supreme court for the year 1919 were \$9160.98. During the year 1918 the court received from all sources \$9322. According to announcement just made, the Methodist church at Roseburg will begin the erection of a \$25,000 church edifice early in the spring. Out of the 1066 homesteads filed in the Siuslaw reservation, only 133 are occupied by the original owners, 634 having been deserted and 299 changing hands.

At a meeting in Medford a number of Republican women formed a General Leonard Wood club and will support him in the presidential primary campaign. Miss Catherine Beckley, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed an instructor in the department of zoology at the University of Oregon.

With a membership of less than 50, the Christian Missionary alliance of Hood River has during the past year given \$245 toward Armenian and Syrian relief. Members of the Oregon supreme court prepared and handed down a total of 301 opinions during the year 1919, as against 336 opinions during the year 1918.

There was one fatality in Oregon due to accidents during the week ending January 1, 1920. The victim was W. H. Shaver, a logger, whose home address is Seattle. The Oregon Jersey Cattle club has gone on record as favoring a special representative of the American Jersey Cattle club with permanent headquarters on the coast.

The unusual situation of a woman presiding over a grange will prevail in Linn county this year. Miss Bertha J. Beck has been elected master of Callamette grange. T. G. Hendricks, pioneer merchant and banker of Eugene and first regent of the University of Oregon, who died a short time ago, left property valued at \$415,000. The Salem Salesmen's league, organized at Salem recently, has received the indorsement of the local commercial club and will become affiliated with that organization.

ECONOMY IN BURNING WOOD

Experts of Agricultural Department Reveal Secrets That Are Well Worth Keeping in Mind.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Where a fireplace is available wood can be used to good advantage, affording both heat and ventilation, but there is a secret about fireplace management. It is not generally known that a wood fire can be kept burning day and night in a fireplace with very little attention and with small consumption of wood. The secret in keeping wood from burning too rapidly is a plentiful supply of ashes, say foresters of the United States department of agriculture. One user who adopted this plan reports continuous use of a fireplace for over a month, with dry chestnut wood, where the amount of ashes formed by a month's use was not enough to require removal.

As fuel should be kept level with the andirons, the foresters say. As the blocks burn, an accumulation of glowing charcoal forms in the ashes. This keeps on burning slowly and assists in lighting the fresh blocks on the andirons. A pocket may be formed in the ashes into which the hot charcoal may fall, forming a heat storage. Two or three blocks on the andirons with the hot charcoal in the ashes will form an excellent fire.

To check the fire, ashes are shoveled over one or more of the blocks, covering lightly all the burning wood. This will not put out the fire; it will only check the rate of burning, so that red charcoal will be found when the ashes are removed for addition of fresh fuel.

Fireplace wood is usually cut in longer lengths than stove wood, but the ordinary 16-inch stove length is convenient. Any kind of wood can be used provided it is dry and seasoned. A broken fire will keep 10 or 12 hours, and will send some heat from the hot bricks all the time. A well-managed fireplace will be found a great addition to the heating system in any residence. Its value is to supplement a furnace, although it may replace the furnace in fall and spring with decided economy.

Contracts thus far awarded for furnishing supplies for the several state institutions for the first six months of the year 1920 indicate that the prices quoted for the various commodities are from 5 to 10 per cent higher than when the previous bids were opened in June, 1919. Percy Cupper of Salem, state engineer; Whitney L. Boise of Portland, and a third man to represent the interests of eastern Oregon, will leave this week for Washington, where they will attend a meeting of the executive committee of the Western States Reclamation association, which will open there on January 14.

Senator McNary has urged the commandant of the United States coast guard service to establish a life-saving station at Port Orford. In a letter to Senator McNary, Willie T. White of Port Orford asserted that the lives of the 31 men who went down with the tank steamer J. C. Chanslor two weeks ago might have been saved. A 2-mill tax on all the taxable property of the state to raise funds with which to conduct the schools of Oregon probably will be proposed at the special session of the legislature this month, according to the members of the Oregon County School Superintendents' association, which held its annual convention in Salem.

Statements purported to have been made by an indicted I. W. W. in Portland to the effect that 75 per cent of the men employed in road construction work in Oregon are members of the I. W. W. are emphatically denied in a letter forwarded by Roy Klein, secretary of the commission, to Governor Olcott in reply to a request for an explanation of the charges. Nels P. Sorenson, wealthy Portland lumberman, was fined \$500 and set free in that city by the six judges of the state circuit court sitting en banc, following the plea of his attorneys that to enforce a sentence of six months' imprisonment imposed by the municipal court, following Sorenson's conviction on a charge of having driven an automobile while intoxicated, would seriously jeopardize his health.

The state highway commission, in the construction of roads and bridges during the year 1919 expended a total of \$6,811,335.32. A total of 381 miles of paving was under contract, of which 163 miles have been completed. Approximately 218 miles, or 43 per cent, remain unfinished. Of the 316 miles of rock and graveling contracted 107 miles have been completed. Grading contracts awarded totaled 825 miles, of which 270 miles have been completed.

Value of Obstacles. We were talking with a gentleman the other day about the rise of boys and young men, and he had many observations to relate, all of which taught the lesson, that success starts with obstacles. A young man who has had no obstacles to surmount will seldom be successful in any department of life he may enter. It is quite impossible to expect anything great of a boy who is fed with a silver spoon and grows up amid a life of ease. It is the resistance that a boy encounters that develops his powers. He must carry rocks, and not feathers. If he expects to gain strength. So a boy should not wish for an easy way through which to reach success. If he is to be a scholar, a great merchant, a captain of industry or an efficient manager of anything good, he must begin down low, where there is work to do. A boy cannot loaf his way into great achievement; he has to struggle for it. The boy who knows this and fears not will make a man of himself. None other need apply. —Ohio State Journal.

BIRDS' EFFORTS TO DECEIT

Pathetic-Deception Practiced by Mother of Brood in Her Attempt to Save Her Young.

It has been pointed out that the military tactics which a commander may employ to deceive the enemy are practiced in a limited way by many birds.

There is nothing more interesting in the study of bird life than the efforts to deceive which many species put forth to save their young or their nests from the despoiler. They flutter just in front of the trespasser to attract his notice, and then they trail off with a "broken" wing dragging on the ground, emitting cries of distress.

The bobwhite (commonly called quail) is a most notable tactician in this kind of deception. This bird is physically helpless in the face of danger, possessing no weapons. Its power of swift flight for a short distance is great, but when there are little bobwhites to protect, the mother will leave them. The nest is always on the ground, and the eggs are thus peculiarly open to the ravages of snakes and other enemies.

There are sometimes a score of eggs, sharply pointed at one end and round at the other, so that space in the nest is economized. The chicks quit their birthplace before they are fairly out of the shell.

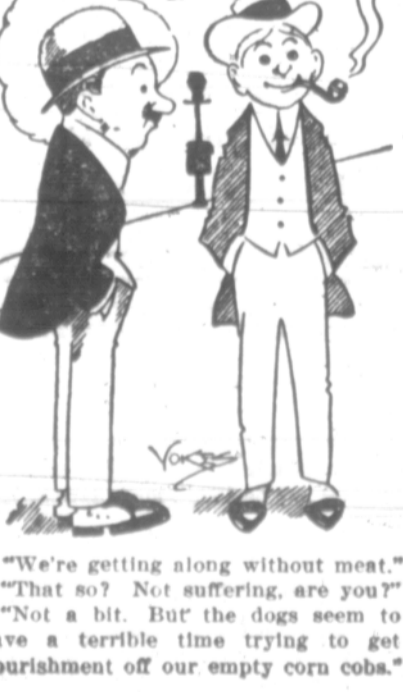
They inherit a knowledge of the family vernacular, and each little head about the size of a pea, holds quick perception and resolute will. If danger threatens the brood, the mother bird calls. The young all "go dead" instantly; they drop down wherever they chance to be at the moment. A man or a boy might step on them; they are almost invisible among the dry leaves and grass. The mother bird renders herself very conspicuous, fluttering with a "broken" wing.

The mourning dove is another timid and helpless creature; she also tries the broken wing ruse to divert danger from her nest. The dove acquires the "broken wing habit" of deception while the tribe yet nested on the ground. The habit persists, although rather ludicrous when exercised on the bough of a tree or on the top of a rail fence.

New Anesthetic. How nitrous oxide gas, an anesthetic made available in large quantities in France through the joint efforts of the army medical corps and the American Red Cross, saved the lives of many American soldiers, was told in a statement by the Red Cross. The value of the gas was underestimated by medical men before the war, the statement said, but because of its tendency to increase blood pressure to strengthen the heart without producing a shock and to cause no depressing after effects, it came into general use in the operating rooms of most hospitals before the end of the war.

In the War News. A young man told us about an old lady who used to come to see the wounded boys. Her one fault was asking too many questions. They decided that the next time she came they would all pretend to be asleep. She came. One who was bandaging from head to foot, was the only one who appeared at all awake, so she went to him and asked: "How did you know you were wounded, my lad?" "Oh, I read about it in the papers," he replied.—Exchange.

INSTEAD OF A BONE



"We're getting along without meat." "That so? Not suffering, are you?" "Not a bit. But the dogs seem to have a terrible time trying to get nourishment off our empty corn cobs."

PATIENT.

I'm going to ask the boss to raise my salary the first of the year. But suppose he refuses. Oh, well, then I'll ask him again next year.

