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### The Horror in the Car

By J. E. HUNGERFORD

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Bananas! Bananas everywhere! Boxes of 'em! Hundreds of 'em! I leaned against the wall of the car and sighed contentedly. I pinched myself to see if it was me—me in a car of bananas. It was me, and there were the bananas, sack upon sack of them, piled three-fourths of the way to the ceiling.

It was kind of close quarters for solid comfort, but as long as I could eat—eat bountifully, luxuriously, un stintedly, I sure didn't have any kick coming. Then I thought of the seal clerk with the spectacles, and I laughed as I reflected how I'd crawled under the car from the off side, with lifts not ten feet away. Well, I had beat him to it. I was sealed in, and hobnobbing had its soft spots after all.

Everything was so comfortable that I began to cast around for objections. I found one. It was cold in that car, darned cold, and I proceeded to turn up my coat collar and snuggle cozily between two sacks. I must have laid there at least three minutes before it occurred to me that I was hungry.

Think of it, three whole minutes in a car of bananas, and not realize you're hungry! Well, anyhow, I got my knife to work and ripped open a sack in a jiffy. I was a pirate all right. Who wouldn't have been a pirate?

It was hours later, and I'd transferred my attention to another bunch. No, I hadn't finished the first sack. It was mostly green, but I'd made a pretty good-sized aperture in the second when my knife slipped from my fingers.

I fished around in my pockets and dug up a match. It was the last match I had. I lit it with some reluctance and held it far down, but the knife had clean vanished.

As I was transferring the burnt end to my left hand to prolong its life, I happened to glance at the rent I had made in the gunny sack, and, as I did so, I sat bolt upright, nearly butting a hole through the roof. There—not two feet from my face—was a big, hideous, hairy creature, about the size of a silver dollar.

For a second I sat staring at it, transfixed. The match seared my fingers, flickered, and went out, and then suddenly I came to my senses and began to crawl. I fled, terror-stricken, to the doors and threw my weight against them. I bumped and pounded them frantically. I heaved and tore around over those sacks like a man bereft of reason, and then, as the full realization of my position forced itself upon me, I screamed at the top of my voice.

I thought of all the stories I had heard and read of tarantulas, and as they stood out vividly, every miserable, soul-cracking detail of them, I was wild with horror. I didn't have a chance against that thing there in the dark. It might even now be making its way stealthily toward me.

I pulled myself together and rolled over into a corner, weak and shivering. Then the thought that there might be others—others right where I was lying, brought me to my knees again with a groan of despair. There must be others! There were others! A cold sweat stood out on my body, and I knelt there bereft of every atom of manhood, quaking and covering in the dark.

Through the vortex of my emotions there came suddenly a new impression—the sensation as of something crawling. It was intensely real. Something was crawling! Crawling slowly and methodically up my left leg! No, it was my right leg! Again it was my left leg! I started to reach for it, then suddenly stopped, my arm poised rigidly. If I did reach—it touched it, it would sting—sting quicker!

I sat there in an agony of suspense, waiting for it to strike. Waiting—waiting—waiting, for an eternity, but it didn't strike! It had even ceased crawling.

I chuckled softly, then I laughed. I was going insane. I reached down suddenly and clapped my hand over the spot where the crawling had ceased, but there was nothing. I ran my hand over my entire body, still there was nothing.

I felt sick and faint, and leaned wearily against the car wall. As I did so, my face touched something cold—cold and clammy and soft. I started back screaming, then I laughed again—I was insane—I had leaned against my own hand.

To assure myself of this, for I was sure of nothing, I ran my palm slowly along the splintered surface of the wall, and then with a howl of terror I rolled over on the sacks.

I had touched something hairy—something soft—something—I sat up with an impelling desire to reach out again. I could stand the torture no longer. I wanted to know where I stood. I wanted a fighting chance.

I had suddenly lost all sense of fear. My nerves were strung to the snapping point. I groped my hand along the wall, up and down, and sideways. There was nothing—nothing!

It was another prank of the imagination—it was—My fingers tightened! My blood seemed to congeal! I felt it! I had hold of it! It gave easily under my fingers! Why didn't it sting? Why didn't it even hiss? I couldn't let go—I was riveted to the spot—

I must have fainted and rolled over against the doors. I remember vaguely my head striking something, then I knew no more.

How long I laid there I don't know. When I regained consciousness I was stretched out on a pile of sawdust in the shadow of an icehouse, and a man was bending over me with a bucket. There was a circle of curious faces leaning close about me.

The seal clerk had found me when he opened the car for inspection and even climbed back in the car and pointed out the sack where had lurked the venomous horror.

While they were prodding about with sticks and clubs, my eyes swept the walls. Then I started for the door.

"There it is!" I yelled hoarsely. "Over there! See?" Somebody swung a lantern around so that the light fell directly on the spot.

"Huh!" shouted a voice. "The boy's dippy."

I looked closer, then swore. For there in the exact spot where I had run my hand—where I had suffered momentarily the tortures of hades, was a good-sized bunch of sack ravelings, held securely by the splintered surface of the wood.

I didn't wait for any more. I climbed out of that refrigerator and made a quick getaway, for there had come to me the sudden realization of what might happen if they failed to locate the tarantula and found the slashed banana sack instead.

But it was in there—heaven knows it was there, and here's hoping they found it.

### INGENIOUS TRAP FOR WOLVES

Device Employed by Eskimos Results Frequently in Practical Wiping Out of Entire Pack.

Wolves are a plague in Alaska, where the natives are commonly obliged to store their food supplies on platforms erected seven or eight feet above the ground, thus putting them beyond the animals' reach.

Most ingenious of all wolf traps is one of extreme simplicity used by the Eskimo. It consists merely of an iron spearhead—or a suitably shaped blade of chipped flint will serve—which is set point upward in the ice, so as to be frozen securely in position. A chunk of seal blubber is wrapped about the spearhead or flint blade and tied fast.

Alaskan wolves are marvelously keea of scent. It does not take them long to find the attractive bait, about which a snarling pack of them will gather, licking and chewing at the blubber. Presently one and another of them cut their tongues on the sharp edges of the flint or iron. Blood runs. They do not know that it is their own blood, and the taste of it drives them crazy.

Presently they begin to attack each other, the weaker being overcome by the stronger. Blood flows in streams over the ice, and soon all are killed or badly wounded. The pack is nearly destroyed, only a few perhaps being able to limp away and nurse their hurts.

### Christening Customs.

The rural English people have some curious superstitions regarding the christening of infants. The manner in which a child is carried into the church is supposed to affect the character and disposition in after-life. The nurse, or whoever carries the baby, should enter the church with the right foot, stepping briskly and dancing the baby in her arms, so that the little one shall grow up cheerful and light-hearted.

Another old-fashioned theory is that if a boy is baptised in the water previously used for a girl he will grow up feeble and effeminate; while if the case is reversed the baby girl will grow up lacking in womanly attributes. In every country white is employed for all baby garments, but where a little color is introduced the superstitious mother takes care that it is a lucky shade. Red is said to be a lucky color, pink and blue are also favorable, but green, the color of jealousy, and yellow symbolize strife.

### Things You Simply Cannot Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving, if you are blindfolded. You can't stand at the side of a room with both your feet lengthwise touching the wainscoting.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward, or putting your feet under it; that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair, and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand, and passed under the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

You can't stand with your heels against the wall and pick up something from the floor.

You can't, unless you are quite a clever person, return to an upright position when placed two feet from a wall with your hands behind your back and your head against the wall.

### Use for Distilleries.

Recently a distillery at Rome, Pa., was sold and is to be turned into an ice-making plant. Now announcement is made that a distillery on the outskirts of Lancaster has been purchased by a chemical company of Delaware, county dye manufacturers, who will remove their entire plant to the Lancaster location. This dye manufacturing company is a war development. It has been proved that America can manufacture just as good dyestuffs as the Germans made.

### Another War.

"What's the charge against this man?" asked the judge.

"Fighting in the public streets," replied the officer.

"You're fined nine dollars and ninety cents."

"What's the ninety cents for, judge?" asked the man at the bar.

"War tax."

"But the war's all over, your honor."

"Over, nothing! You were fighting, weren't you?"

### LEONARD WOOD, ADMINISTRATOR



### WOOD HAS VARIED CIVIL EXPERIENCE

ADMINISTRATIVE QUALITIES ARE TESTED AND PROVED IN HANDLING GREAT BUSINESS PROBLEMS.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

From time to time people ask, "What has been the administrative and business experience of Leonard Wood? What has been his experience with men outside of the army? What does he know about conditions in the different parts of the United States and in our overseas possessions? Has he any thorough knowledge of foreign affairs and of our foreign relations?"

The administrative qualities of Leonard Wood have been tested and proved. No American living has been tried more thoroughly than he in complex fields of constructive civil work, administrative work of the highest order which carried with it the necessity for the exercise of keen business acumen.

The republic of Cuba, built upon firm democratic foundations, is a monument to the administrative ability of Leonard Wood. In the Philippines is to be found another monument to his statesmanship.

Leonard Wood graduated in medicine from Harvard University in 1884 and served for more than a year in one of the great hospitals, later to take charge of the charity departments in a section of the city of Boston where the poor lived.

Not long after the completion of Wood's work in Boston he became an assistant surgeon in the army, coming into contact with the western plainsman, the miner, the people generally, and giving much of his time to the work of assisting the Indians and to a study of the problems of irrigation and reclamation.

Then for Leonard Wood there came four years in California. He covered the state many times in pursuance of his duties and extended his field of action required into the states of the Northwest. Then for two years he was in service in the South, having headquarters in Georgia.

From the South Leonard Wood went to the city of Washington, where his work brought him into daily contact with Grover Cleveland. Then he had the most intimate relations with William McKinley and the men of his time.

Then came the Spanish war and the active campaign in Cuba as the colonel of the regiment of rough riders of which Theodore Roosevelt was the lieutenant colonel.

At the close of the Spanish war Leonard Wood's supreme administrative duties began. He was made the governor of the city of Santiago and a few weeks later of the entire eastern half of Cuba.

Under Wood profiteering was abolished, industry was built up, agriculture rehabilitated, hospitals organized, equipped and maintained, tens of thousands of people clothed and fed—and all this done in a thorough businesslike manner. It was done under tribulations which arose from the fact that the people were impoverished to the point of starvation and had been dying by thousands for the lack of the things which Wood quickly provided.

Then there came the rehabilitation of the municipalities, the establishment of schools, the opening of roads, the organizing of government in the provinces, the readjustment of taxation and of the courts, and the work of providing for the thousands of children made orphans by war or famine.

There was more business and more varieties of it than has been the lot of many men ever to have placed upon their shoulders.

Not long after this there came the greater opportunities in Havana. It was necessary to re-write the election laws to make them fit the habits of the people. Production had to be stimulated, for agriculture was the main source of the island's wealth. Here again the same measures were followed and as a result there were established law and order, protection of life and property, and liberty with-

in the law.

These were the foundation stones. Wood knew that the government must be run by the Cubans, and so 90 per cent of the officials engaged in the great work of reconstruction were selected from the people of the island. The Cubans were taught government while the government was being built and thus they were able to run it when the rule of the island was turned over to its inhabitants.

When it became necessary to reorganize the Cuban railroads Wood secured the services of Sir William Vah Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific, and of Granville M. Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific.

The same general policy was followed in dealing with the problem of caring for the tens of thousands of orphans that had been left by the war. Homer Folks, commissioner of charities of the state of New York, was called to Cuba by Wood to aid in the establishment of a system for placing and permanently caring for these little desolates. Chief Justice White of the Supreme court of the United States, at that time an associate justice, was consulted as to the method to be pursued in reorganizing the courts.

Leonard Wood was in Cuba about four years. He left there a reorganized and sound banking system, a good railroad system, no debts, nearly \$2,000,000 unincumbered money in the treasury, a sugar crop of nearly 1,000,000 tons, sound municipal laws, fine public works, a firm agricultural foundation and an absolute respect among the people for life and property. The school system which Wood established was founded on the laws of Massachusetts and Ohio. Roads were built which made communication speedy. The hospitals erected under his supervision were of the highest type.

Lord Cromer said he wished this American officer was available to follow him in his reconstruction work in Egypt. Elihu Root said this position was paralleled in colonial possessions anywhere. Theodore Roosevelt said that Leonard Wood "has rendered services to Cuba of a kind which, if performed three thousand years ago, would have made him a hero mixed up with the sun god in various ways."

After the Cuban experience Wood was for five years in the Philippines confronted with the difficult labor of establishing a civil government, this time among a Mohammedan people. There he did the same successful work he did in Cuba.

This period of residence in the Philippines gave Wood an opportunity to study conditions in the British colonies, Borneo, Singapore, and to keep in close touch with conditions in Japan and along the China coast. Wood traveled through India, spent some time with the Dutch in Java, and with Lord Cromer in Egypt. He gained and retained knowledge of all which at that time came under his studious observation.

Then Leonard Wood became chief of the general staff of the United States army, in whose hands rests very largely the direction and administration of the military establishment which after all is 90 per cent a business matter.

The administrative career of Leonard Wood is spread upon the records of his country. The work which he has done is lasting. It is a statesman's work.

Perfectly Safe.

"Now," said the physician to the poet who had summoned him, "you are not in good health, and I must forbid all brain work." "But, doctor," protested the poet, "may I not write some verse?" "Certainly," the doctor said, "write all the verses you want to."

Rough on New Jersey.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' idea of New Jersey, New York's next-door neighbor, was that it was "a double-headed suburb, rather than a state."

Atrocious, Indeed.

One of the most famous—as well as one of the worst—puns of history was perpetrated by King James I of England, when Sir Walter Raleigh, whom for political reasons he disliked, was presented to him. Said the king, fixing Raleigh with his cold-shoulder eye, "Rawly! Rawly! True enough, for I think of thee very Rawly, moon!"

### HER PUPIL

By JACK LAWTON.

Miss Blair, looking up from her desk, saw the man standing in the doorway, and her brows wrinkled in annoyance.

This was one of her busiest mornings; she was always busy, feeding copy to a machine, which never seemed to be sufficiently fed. For little Miss Blair was an exceedingly clever person, and an efficient one as well.

The magazine for which she labored would have lacked much of its charm without her effort. She wondered why the office boy had left open the door to her sanctum—and she wondered also, as she raised inquiring eyes to her visitor—how he had proceeded so far. The visitor explained himself.

"Can I come in?" he asked frankly. "You don't seem to remember me. I'm Bret Wells, an employee."

"I really don't recall—" Miss Blair began.

The big man laughed. "That's because you're so almighty busy," he said. "Sometimes, when I've had an errand in your office, you didn't see me at all. Not that I've been here long. That's what I want to see you about, when you can spare time. How to make myself worth a better position than the one I've got. You seem to know everything. And if you're as kind as you are wise—"

"That's factory," said Miss Blair. "It isn't," he denied. "I mean every word I say. I'm asking in a favor—your personal advice, if you please, when convenient."

The little woman studied her caller; his sincerity was no more to be doubted than the eager appeal of his eyes. An earnest fellow, for all his contradictory air of helplessness. She glanced at her littered desk and back to the man with a sudden smile.

"Tomorrow, then, if you have confidence in my ability to help you—at three o'clock."

She was not surprised when he told her, next day, that he had come from the West.

"Spent my life there, in the lonely places," he added, "and can't lose my half-civilized ways up here, where things are different. That's why I'm begging you to help me. I'd do anything it returns. I'd type off your work evenings, or—"

Miss Blair waived his eager offer aside.

"If I can help you, it will be for help's sake," she replied. "Now tell me what it is that you wish me to do."

Bret Wells seated himself; his embarrassment was evident.

"It's like this," he said. "I'm in love. Oh! none of your fancied affairs, but real, honest-to-goodness, once-in-a-lifetime love. I've got to have this girl for my wife. She's as far above me as a star. I—want you to teach me the little things that'll help me some day to win her. What they call the con-tergies, you understand, and all that. Ways that'll help me, too, to get on in business. It isn't money that I care so much about. I've made mine, out West. It's—well, refinement, I suppose you'd call it, that I need."

Miss Blair drew a deep breath. "That's a big order for me," she said. Her caller arose.

"Too big, I reckon," he said, detaching himself. But she put forth a startlingly frank smile.

"I could coach you on etiquette at least," she suggested impulsively, and his clasp of gratitude left her fingers aching.

Miss Blair had been too busy in her hurried youth to think about love. There had been, at first, the absorbing college career.

She looked down at her unadorned businesslike dress as she thought of the man, and she smiled—an odd, twisted smile—down at her flat little shoes.

She questioned the Westerner concerning the lady of his heart when, on the following morning, she gave him a marked book of etiquette.

The big man's face softened into tenderness as he answered her question. "She is small and fine, my girl," he said, "with eyes crystal clear, like water sparkling. Her voice is as a woman's voice should be, and—would you like to see her to know," he added helplessly.

The hints on deportment which Miss Blair gave to her pupil bore immediate fruit. His daily visits became a source of amusement to both.

One evening alone again in her apartment, Miss Blair came upon the astounding realization that she herself was in love. In love so surely that thought of her misfortune took her breath away. For the object of her affection was no other than the man whom she had been teaching to win the heart of another.

At the next meeting she told him that their lessons must discontinue. "It's all been of no use then?" the man said daily.

Miss Blair smiled. "Does she not care for you?" she asked.

"She!" Bret Wells exclaimed. "Why, you are the one I have dared to love. You're the star above me. It began when I used to sit and watch you from across the hall. Since then the love's been growing until now—" the Westerner's voice broke.

"I can't live without you," he sighed.

Miss Blair, the efficient, slipped swiftly from her office chair. "You don't have to, Bret," she said happily.

HR It Right That Time.

"How the Blanks could afford to give such a grand dinner I don't understand," said Mrs. Blunderby to her guest. "It was really a most presumptuous repast."—Boston Transcript.

Uncle Eben.

"Dar ain' no 'use tryin' to bury de hatchet wif some folks," said Uncle Eben, "no as long as dey kin keep dodgin' into de hardware store an' settin' de' outlery."

### OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

More than \$250,000 of the \$550,000 road bond issue of Douglas county is unexpended.

The annual convention of the Christian and Missionary alliance will open at Hood River February 1.

There has been little improvement in the car shortage situation in Oregon during the past few weeks.

School teachers of Hood River have organized an association for the purpose of securing better salaries.

The validity of the state dog license law has been sustained by Circuit Judge McCourt of Multnomah county.

The Marshfield Chamber of Commerce is uncovering a lot of names that were not found by the census enumerators.

The state lime board has confirmed the order closing operations at the state lime quarry at Gold Hill until spring.

County officials estimate that there are 1600 dogs in Jackson county. So far only 800 owners have taken out a state license.

Trappers are doing unusually well in Klamath county this season. It is probable that the season's catch will run to \$15,000.

The sixth annual Marion County Corn show was held at Salem, with exhibits on hand from many sections of the Willamette valley.

The Oregon State Association of National Farm Loan organizations held its second annual meeting at Salem, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The California-Oregon Power company is removing its poles and lines at Ashland. Its business has been absorbed by the municipal system.

The schools of Mapleton, Swisshome and Westlake, all in the extreme western end of Lane county, are closed on account of smallpox in the districts.

The constitutionality of the fish and game legislation, creating a fish and game commission of five members will be tested by the Multnomah Anglers' club.

Mrs. B. A. Lemen, a pioneer of Benton county, is dead. She crossed the plains from Missouri in 1852, settling near Monroe, where she has since resided.

A hog show and sile will be held at Salem February 4, when 43 head of brood sows and gilts, from the champion producing breeders of the West, will be sold.

It is estimated that damage done to Umatilla county roads by recent floods and washouts will amount to \$25,000. Permanent repairs will not be made until spring.

Newton A. Blogett, resident of Oregon for the past 60 years, died at his home in Albany, aged 86 years. He had resided in the Willamette valley for the past 40 years.

Fred J. Holmes, aged 62 years, president of the La Grande National bank and one of Union county's foremost citizens, died at his home in La Grande, from heart trouble.

Because of complaints that census enumerators had failed to list a good many individuals, the city council of Roseburg is taking steps to have a more complete count.

Dr. Francis A. Bailey, pioneer physician of Washington county and widely known throughout the state, died at Hillsboro at the age of 81, following an attack of pneumonia.

As a result of numerous complaints of people misled in the census, the Eugene Chamber of Commerce has asked for blanks so that those who have been misled may be counted.

Reports from Drew in Douglas county, a few miles above Tillam, indicate that a rich gold strike has been made. The ledge uncovered is said to assay more than \$500 to the ton.

That the damage to Marion county fruit growers will be light is indicated in a report made by Professor Brown of the O. A. C., who has just completed an inspection of the orchards.

Admissions by a man charged with murder in the presence of a sheriff, if made voluntarily, are admissible at the trial of the defendant, according to an opinion of Attorney General Brown.

After several weeks of preparation the Willamette University Glee club will make its first long tour through Eastern Oregon and Washington during the two weeks beginning January 29.

J. D. Mickle, state dairy and food commissioner, announced at the annual convention of the state dairymen at Eugene that he will retire from office at the expiration of his present term.

The work of the woman forest fire lookouts in the Cascade forest last summer was so successful that N. F. Macduff, supervisor of the forest, has declared that he wants a large number for next summer's work. He says they will be employed this year in greater numbers than ever.

More than 14,000 weights were inspected by the deputy state sealer of weights and measures during the year 1919, according to the annual report of W. A. Danstiel, in charge of the department.

The combined convention of the Pacific Milk Dealers' association and the Pacific Northwest Association of Milk and Dairy Inspectors will be held February 3, 4 and 5 in Portland.

Construction work at the steam power plant of the Bend Water & Light company is progressing rapidly and

the plant may be ready for power production by March 31. The cost of the plant will be in excess of \$100,000.

An application has been filed with the state engineer by H. B. Hendricks and W. H. Woodbury of Waldo for an appropriation of water from the west branch of the Illinois river for the irrigation of a small tract in Josephine county.

The Hood River Anti-Asiatic association has telegraphed Senator Chamberlain and McNary to support the Phelan resolution calling for a constitutional amendment denying citizenship to all Japanese born in the United States or its dependencies.

State and federal funds spent on the highways of Oregon during the years 1914 to 1918, inclusive, and to be expended in completing contracts for the years 1919 and 1920, total \$21,379,584.85, according to a report prepared by the state highway commission.

Demurrage regulations put into effect by the Oregon public service commission some time ago have been temporarily suspended because of their conflict with the demurrage restrictions made operative by an order of the federal railroad administration officials.

Charles Burden and Frank Davis of Salem, state agents empowered by Governor Olcott to enforce the prohibition law, were arrested at Lakeway on a warrant sworn to by City Marshal Dan Gosli, charged with having in their possession a quantity of intoxicating liquor.

Shrimers attending the national convention of their order at Portland next June are warned not to expect any lower rate than the regular summer excursion fares to the Pacific coast, Edward Chambers, traffic director of the railroad administration, advised Senator McNary.

Winter damage to fruit trees ranged all the way from slight damages to winter kill. This is shown by an extended survey by the Oregon Agricultural college experiment station division of horticulture. The injury was much heavier in some sections of the state than in others.

The Dallas Commercial club has at last secured the location of a cannery at Dallas. Many acres of berries of all kinds will be set out in the vicinity and a campaign will be carried on by the club to interest farmers and fruit growers in cultivating crops that can be handled by the cannery.

Deputy state fire marshals have made a survey at The Dalles. They will also survey Hood River. During the past few months fire surveys have been made of 50 towns and cities in the state and in most instances new fire equipment has been purchased and many hazards removed.

There were three fatalities in Oregon due to accidents