

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

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Subscription Orders Taken

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OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

Six Portland high schools graduated 364 students in mid-year exercises held Friday.

The state convention of the Fraternal Order of Eagles will be held in Eugene, June 6 and 7.

The Salem lodge of Elks has decided to postpone erection of its new temple until next year.

Joseph M. Hawkins, 58, one of the most active business men of the Willamette valley, died suddenly at his home in Albany.

Effective February 1, the price of milk delivered to residences in Astoria was reduced one-third or from 12 to 8 cents a quart.

Efforts are being made by the American Legion to secure Fort Stevens as a location for a vocational and rehabilitation school for ex-service men.

The question of the purchase of the Lane county fair grounds at Eugene by the county will be put up to voters at the May primary election this year.

Samuel S. Train, editor and publisher of the Albany Herald for many years, ex-postmaster and prominent in the affairs of that city, died Tuesday, aged 81 years.

The district boundary board of Linn county has been asked by petitioners from several school districts for an election looking toward the consolidation of districts.

Approximately 18,000 ex-service men entitled to benefits under the so-called cash bonus and loan act have filed applications with the world war veterans' state aid commission.

Nearly all lumber mills in the coast section are beginning to show signs of activity, according to I. T. Sparks, district freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific company.

With engineers present from all sections of the state, the first annual convention of the Oregon chapter of the American Association of Engineers held a two-day session in Portland.

Demonstrations in various phases of poultry raising under the direction of the Linn county farm bureau will be held February 10 and 11 at three poultry demonstration farms in that county.

The Talent irrigation district has filed application with the state engineer for the certification of \$474,500 bonds. The district contains approximately 11,000 acres and is in Jackson county.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company has announced that plans have been completed for the immediate expenditure of \$17,000 for improvements in service at Klamath Falls.

Out of 216 accidents reported by the state industrial accident commission for the week ending January 26 only one was fatal. The victim was Robert Newton, lumber operator at Grand Ronde.

The Hood River Commercial club has adopted a resolution, presented by its permanent committee on scenic preservation, which condemns the practice of highway or street-side sign-board advertising.

Three additional deputies are needed in the office of collector of internal revenue for the Oregon district, Senator McNary and Stanford were advised. The salaries of the deputies will be \$1500 each.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Oregon State Motor association in Portland, A. H. Lea, secretary of the Oregon state fair, was elected president of the organization for the coming year.

Valentine Enderby, 29, son of a well-known rancher of Wasco county, was found dead on his farm 12 miles from Tygh valley. He had been killed by the discharge of a shotgun, which was found near the body.

Sportsmen of Klamath county have sent a request to the state game commission that the trout fishing season in that county remain closed until May 15. The regular trout season opens all over the state on April 15.

In order to reclaim a large acreage of land now under water the farmers owning property bordering on Triangles lake, in the coast mountains 25 miles northwest of Eugene, have made application to form a drainage district.

Word has been received at Klamath Falls of the death in New York city January 14 of Colonel Edward Cranston Brooks, son of pioneer Klamath settler. He came to Klamath Falls, now Klamath Falls, with his parents in 1874.

A mass meeting was held at Troutdale to consider the erection of a cold storage plant to handle the fruits and vegetables awaiting shipment by rail. About 150 interested citizens were out and the meeting was marked by enthusiasm. The proposed building would cost, according to rough estimates, between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

Beavers are causing much inconvenience in Hood River county. A few nights ago the upper valley was in darkness caused by the beavers felling a tree 18 inches in diameter across the power line of the Pacific Power & Light company.

With both eyes blown out and his face terribly mangled as a result of a premature explosion of a dynamite blast, Al Sargent, a well-known rancher living five miles southeast of The Dalles was brought to The Dalles hospital in a serious condition.

At an assemblage of Indian citizens at Chiloquin a resolution was adopted empowering Clayton Kirk, Jeff C. Riddle and Joe Ball to engage attorneys to prosecute the claims of the Indians to a division of surplus timber estimated at ten billion feet and valued at \$25,000,000. Representatives were present from the Klamath, Modoc, Yaquina and Snake tribes.

The annual state inter-collegiate oratorical contest will be held this year at Newberg, March 10, according to decision of the Oregon Intercollegiate Oratorical association at Salem. The University of Oregon, Oregon Agricultural college, Linfield college, Pacific college, Pacific university, Monmouth normal school, Albany college and the Eugene Bible school were represented.

The first call to their summer pasture will be sent out shortly to all Elks of the northwest by the Walla Walla County Branch Line club, of Enterprise. Representatives of the club will make a systematic campaign through all Elk lodges of Oregon, Washington and Idaho in the interest of the park and clubhouse at the head of Wallowa lake, which is owned by and will be conducted in the interest of the order.

The total obligation of the state of Oregon, with relation to the payment of interest on bonds issued by irrigation and drainage districts, exclusive of tentative agreements entered into with the Summer Lake and Silver Lake projects, aggregates \$813,525, according to a financial report prepared by Percy A. Cupper, state engineer. Of the total obligations or guarantee of interest the amount of \$545,125 actually has been paid by the state.

After being lost for more than 60 years, a bounty land grant of 80 acres, was filed for record in the county clerk's office at Salem. The land grant, which resembles a United States patent, was issued in 1852 to Peter White, sergeant, of Captain Ragel's company, Missouri infantry, for his services in the Florida war. Under the bounty land grant, the owner now is entitled to enter upon any 80 acres of government land open to entry.

The Hood River Commercial club is seeking through co-operation of state, county and federal government, means of getting a new road to Coopers Spur and Cloud Camp Inn on the north base of Mount Hood. The club is especially seeking to obtain federal aid for early application, in order that a mountain road may be opened to a camp in the Oregon national forest to be utilized by the American Legion post of the valley as a base for its annual ascents of Mount Hood.

Julius L. Meier, chairman of the state-wide 1925 exposition board of directors, has announced the members of the managing committee, authorized at a meeting of the board. They are Emory Olmstead, Franklin T. Griffith, W. W. Harrah, Nathan Strauss, John F. Daly, Guy W. Talbot, Ira F. Powers, C. C. Colt and Frank Deckerbach. All but Messrs. Harrah and Deckerbach are residents of Portland. Mr. Harrah lives at Pendleton and Mr. Deckerbach at Salem.

Joseph W. Dixon, governor of Montana, has written Governor Olcott that he will join in a conference of executives of the western states to consider means for combatting the illicit sale and distribution of narcotic drugs. It has not yet been decided when the conference will be held. Governors who thus far have expressed a willingness to attend include Louis F. Hart of Washington, Ben W. Olcott of Oregon, D. W. Davis of Idaho, and Joseph Dixon of Montana.

Approximately 600, or 35 per cent, of the Oregon agents dealing in securities to whom questionnaires were sent November 1 by the state corporation department, have failed to return them to the corporation commissioner. Under a new law adopted at the 1921 session of the legislature every agent employed by dealers in securities in Oregon is required to register with the corporation department. In addition, the agent must show that he has not been convicted of a criminal offense and provide other information.

There was an element of encouragement for the lumber industry of the northwest in the report of West Coast Lumbermen's association mills for the week ending January 21. It showed that nearly 5,000,000 feet more lumber had been shipped during the week than had been produced. The 123 mills which reported had manufactured 70,643,849 feet of lumber; sold 65,544,821 feet, and shipped 75,200,838 feet. Production was 19 per cent below normal; new business was 7 per cent below production, and shipments 6 per cent above production.

The Suffragist.

She was registered for citizenship class for the first time and she was full of enthusiasm for her party. Unfortunately, she was very deaf and the usual questions were somewhat hard to understand. "Age? Born in this country? Color? What state?" Fumblingly she got them all, but "occupation?" she could not grasp. "Are you a housewife?" roared the impatient girl behind the desk. "No," replied the deaf but earnest suffragist. "Second wife."

WHERE FOX SHOWS CUNNING

Reynard Always Refuses to Run Faster Than the Dog Will Drive Him, for a Purpose.

An Englishman who had once seen an American fox running before a hound wrote that the American fox is much slower than its English cousin. As a matter of fact, the Englishman's assertion, which by the way appeared in an encyclopedia, is really a tribute to the superior cunning of the American fox. Reynard, says Mr. Charles D. Stewart in the Atlantic Monthly, could have run a good deal faster had he thought it wise to do it.

A fox surprised by a hound in a small patch of wood will run across the open at astonishing speed. Then he not only will stop but may even sit down on some convenient elevation and look back. He keeps his wits about him; he wants to see what is going on. When the hound has struck his stride the fox will soon gauge it and lead him a chase. Anyone who sees the chase and knows that the hound is slow becomes an admirer of the witty Reynard and will be likely to say that the fox is running slowly just to tease the dog. Indeed, many entertaining writers have said so; but a veteran hunter would not so interpret the action of the fox. He well knows that when a fox gets half a mile or so ahead of him and skulks along at a set distance out of sight, it is not doing it to tease him. The fox is not so human as that. The plain fact is that the fox will not retreat before a dog any faster than the dog drives him. That is because it is naturally cunning.

HOW RUSKIN PAINTED PINE

English Writer Quick to Perceive the Rugged Beauty of the Northern Forest Monarch.

The impressions on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge; so rugged they think the pine; whereas the chief character is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery; for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing at last in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the droplets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green, cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and cheques the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald bright. —Modern Painters, John Ruskin.

A Shrub a Year.

A man who unites nature study with bobby plants a new kind of shrub every fall in his back yard. He says its leafing and flowering in the coming spring are something to look forward to through the winter, and so he keeps himself in a condition of curiosity and expectation and life never goes quite stale. He says nothing of the beauty of that back yard, but his friends and neighbors can testify to that. Some people buy some object of art or a piece of beautiful furniture every year. This is all right as a means of accumulating property, and of developing a sense of beauty in regard to the inorganic world. But the nature-lover's little shrub has one quality which any inanimate object lacks—the possibility of growth and development in ever-surprising ways. It keeps the imagination alive. It keeps the possessor on tip-toe with expectation, and that is what makes life worth living.—Concord Monitor.

The Shepherd's Monstrous Tale.

The Australian shepherd stands up when he tells his tale, and he stands well to the wind to avoid the dust kicked up by a rushing, jumping, tumbling stream of sheep, driven at full speed through a two-foot aperture in a paddock gate. Behind him stands a tall man to make a notch in a stick for every hundred as he shouts them out. There is no hawthorn to be seen and no dale but the bush stretching from horizon to horizon. Telling a tale of eight thousand or more is no theme for an idyl; Theocritus himself would have spurned it. Yet there is romance in the inorganic world. But the nature-lover's little shrub has one quality which any inanimate object lacks—the possibility of growth and development in ever-surprising ways. It keeps the imagination alive. It keeps the possessor on tip-toe with expectation, and that is what makes life worth living.—Concord Monitor.

Sugar an Emotional Food.

Nations which eat the most sugar are the most emotional, in the opinion of a medical correspondent. He says that the emotionalism of the Latin and other peoples of the temperate zone, and of the tropical peoples, is due to the large intake of sugar, which has always been available in abundance. Not only is sugar always at hand, but the natives consume large quantities of the raw cane in sugar-growing countries. This large consumption of sugar, a quickly acting food, stimulates and overdevelops the pituitary gland and its functions. The constant stimulation of sugary products over centuries of time has overrought this important organ.

Seven Sleepers' Long Sleep.

"The Seven Sleepers" were youths of Ephesus who fled in the Decian persecution to a cave and were walled in. They lay there for two centuries, when their bodies were found and taken to Marseilles in a large stone coffin to be shown in Victor's church.

Did It in Tibet Long Ago.

The physicians of Tibet 1500 years ago employed the same means of inducing the condition of a sick person as the physicians of the present day. They felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue.

COUNT SZECHENYI



Count Szechenyi, recently appointed Hungarian minister to the United States, is husband of the former Mrs. Gladys Vanderbilt of New York.

97 LIVES LOST IN THEATER COLLAPSE

Washington, D. C.—Ninety-seven persons, according to a final and official list issued by the District of Columbia authorities, lost their lives in the collapse Saturday night, under a burden of snow, of the Knickerbocker theater roof. Any additions to the list, it was said, would result from the fatal termination of injuries sustained by other victims.

While the city was burying its dead, local authorities pushed their investigations into the cause of the disaster. Officials declared they would go into every phase of the tragedy, not only to fix the blame but to guard against another possible similar recurrence.

Of the total of 133 injured, 62 remain in hospitals, with a dozen reported in critical condition.

E. H. Shaughnessy, second assistant postmaster general, although included among these, was said to be showing improvement.

BRIEF GENERAL NEWS

The 261st pope will be elected by Saturday, according to the consensus of opinion as expressed by the prelates arriving in Rome with the cardinals attached to the conclave.

The request of the Bolivian government for representation in the forthcoming treaty of Ancon conferences in Washington between Peru and Chile has been refused with regret by President Harding.

The contract covering the proposed lease and purchase of the government's nitrate and water power projects at Muscle Shoals, Ala., has been signed by Henry Ford and returned to the war department.

By special order of President Harding the village of Iberia, Ohio, has a postoffice. The office was discontinued in 1919, but has been re-established on orders from the president. "In recognition of the place where he attended college."

The states comprising the middle Atlantic section of the country Saturday were buried under the heaviest snowfall since the long remembered blizzard of February, 1899. The storm, which began with almost unprecedented falls of snow in the Carolinas and Virginia, swept up the coast, leaving buried cities, stalled trains, disrupted trolley service and a general suspension of business in its wake.

Drafting of Bonus Measure is Ordered.

Washington, D. C.—Early action in the house on a soldiers' bonus bill was forecast when republican members at a caucus adopted a resolution instructing the ways and means committee to frame a bonus bill and declaring that once reported the measure should be the continuing order of business until passed.

Ernest Shackleton Dies in Antarctic.

Montevideo.—Sir Ernest Shackleton, British explorer, died January 5 on the steamship Quest, on which he was making another expedition into the Antarctic. Death was due to angina pectoris and occurred when the Quest was off the Gritvicken station.

Oregon and Idaho Stockmen Get Aid.

Washington, D. C.—Formation of a livestock loan company for handling the financing of sheep and cattle in Oregon and Idaho will be undertaken shortly as a result of conferences of western bankers with the war finance corporation. It was announced by Managing Director Eugene Meyer.

For Living Game.

Hunting and its attendant outdoor life appeals to all sportsmen and is the motive for a great use of the forest lands for that type of recreation. But there is another feature perhaps little thought of, but none the less present and important in the simple presence of living game in the landscape, and there is little question but that the value of a live animal viewed by forest visitors several times during its life, has a greater aggregate worth in the recreation scheme than the same animal dead.—American Forestry

GHOSTS THAT REALLY LIVE

In the Modern World Some of Them Actually Make Their Living, Though Unknown.

There are ghosts in the material as well as in the spirit world. In fact some people earn their living by acting as "ghosts." Some "ghosts" often become prominent in their "profession" despite the fact that their work is little known.

Busy painters sometimes hand their canvases over to lesser known artists to "touch up" or finish off. The stranger is glad of the work, the artist is able to do more and the result seems to please the public.

Minor authors often practice the same thing. A man may be writing a book on the history of Mexico—let us say. He needs certain information which he knows can be obtained from reference books. Gathering that information does not require the brain of a genius, his secretary can do that quite well, while he works up the "local color" from the bare facts, obtained. It is an open secret that many writers work in this way and that ghosts are often employed to "write up" books of reminiscences of celebrities. Sometimes, the work these "authors" behind the scenes do is important. They revise novels, draw "ends" together, work up "climaxes" and give dramatic effect to "situations."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INDIANS WELCOME AT MIAMI

Seminole Add Picturesqueness to Well-Known Florida Resort by Their Gaudy Costumes.

Visitors to Miami are always interested in the Seminole Indians, whether seen in their camps in the Everglades paddling down the Miami river or the canals in their quaint canoes, or mingling with the crowds upon the streets in their characteristic and picturesque dress, made of gaudy colored horizontal stripes of cloth.

During the summer the Indians go far out into the Everglades, but in winter months they come nearer the city, and a camp of them is usually situated on the Miami river just outside the city limits. Here in a tropical jungle, on the banks of the river, they erect their huts with thatched roofs and sides, arranged in a circle with the communal campfire in the center. The number in this camp varies from 30 to 50. They go back and forth into the glades to their truck farms for provisions and for fish and game.

The Seminoles are a peaceful tribe, and cause no trouble.

Selects Strange Home.

No bird selects stranger places for a home than the house wren, the flighty, fidgety, fussy little midget of a bird that carols all day and would fight a turkey buzzard or any other thing that flies. The biological survey of the Department of Agriculture says: "Probably no bird displays greater eccentricity in the selection of a nesting place than the house wren." A hollow branch or a knothole in a post or stump are his more prosaic choices. When more ethetically inclined he affects old boots and hats hung up to scare robins from the cherries, or takes an old copper pot or tomato can lying on the roof of a back shed; or if the gardener hangs his coat on the fence when warm weather begins, and forgets it for a few days, he may find when he returns that an enterprising wren has preempted one of his pockets and has his domestic affairs under full headway.

Demon Was Cattlefish.

For many centuries Norway has had its legends telling frightful deeds of the kraken, a great and mysterious marine creature that was a danger to sailors on the high seas. Now scientists have found that the locality in which these folk-tales flourish are the habitat of giant squids or "cuttlefish," of the genus Architeuthis, that have frequently been cast up upon sea beaches. According to Dr. James Ritchie of the Royal Scottish museum, the largest of these on record had tentacles with a span close to 30 feet. It was nine feet nine inches long from the tip of its tail to the tip of its short arms, but its tentacular arms were each 14 feet long.—New York Evening Post

The Guts.

A very little girl sat on the plush cushion in the hotel lobby violently swinging her feet. Back and forth they swung with vigor. A nice-faced lady sat down next to the child and watched her for a moment. Then she asked very gently why the little girl didn't put her feet on the floor.

With painstaking care and patience the little girl explained by gestures that if she held her feet on the floor she couldn't sit on the couch, and if she sat back comfortably her feet didn't reach the floor.

"Dear me," said the lady, very kindly, "what are you going to do?"

"Grow," answered the child nonchalantly, and continued swinging her feet.—Chicago Journal.

Saved by Mankind.

The gingko tree, which is a native of China, long ago ceased to exist as a "wild" tree. But it has been cultivated in many countries, and is hardy and persistent wherever it is planted in the temperate zone. The gingko is one of the few species that have been saved from extinction by man as an offset to the many species, vegetable and animal, that have been exterminated by him. The gingko flourishes in the northern part of the United States, and is favored for park planting. Because of its unique two-lobed leaves it is sometimes called the "maidenhair tree."

Slam, Bang!

He (walking by a graveyard)— Wouldn't it be terrible if all the dead should come to life again?

She (yawning)—Ho, hum. I certainly wish one of them would.—American Legion Weekly.

A Man and a Dog

By ROSE MEREDITH

Under the big maple tree in Mrs. Addy's front yard sat Mrs. Addy's border—Evalyn Byron, who was a clerk down at the lumber mill near the bridge. Evalyn was an orphan and had lived for a long time with Mrs. Addy, who had been an old friend of the girl's parents. Every Sunday afternoon after dinner, when the dishes were all washed and put away, Evalyn came out and sat on the rustic bench under the maple, with a book or letters to write. Sometimes Mrs. Addy sat there too, but today some one had taken her for a ride in a crowded motorcar and there was not even room for one more.

"Sorry, Evalyn," called out Mr. Peters, as the widow squeezed into the tonneau. "Your turn next time!" "Don't bother about me, Mr. Peters," protested Evalyn, as she waved a gay farewell and returned to her bench. But when the car had vanished around a turn of the country road she did feel rather lonely. Sunday had a way of shaking her out of her daily routine and making her restless, though she needed the repose. "It is lonely—just us two, isn't it, Bob?" she asked the alreidae beside her.

The dog cocked his head on one side and barked sharply. Then he jumped down and ran frantically up and down the yard, close to the fence. "Funny how he does that every time I mention his name!" murmured Evalyn, thoughtfully, "but he is the dearest thing, and he's all my own—unless someone comes along and claims him; but no one could name him more than I do, could they, Bob?" The terrier came bounding to put his head in her lap and caress her pretty hands.

Some one came whistling down the path—a tall young man, bare-headed, sun-burned, athletic looking, with clear gray eyes and well-brushed brown hair. Evalyn had seen him before—somewhere—it was an effort to recall. He was a stranger in the village.

He looked at Evalyn, a fleeting glance that took in all her girlish sweetness, even the blue of her eyes, and then he saw the dog, stopped short, and stared.

The alreidae saw him at the same moment, his ears lifted, and then one cocked forward expectantly.

"Bob!" warned Evalyn, putting out a hand to stay his quivering body. But she was too late; in that fraction of a second he had gained the fence in two bounds and then sailed over the barrier to fall in a scrambling heap at the man's feet. Then he found his balance and circled, leaped and barked frantically, scattering dust all over the nice clothes of the well-dressed stranger.

"Down!" commanded the man kindly.

The alreidae leaped and thrust a pink tongue at his cheek.

"Down, you rascal!" laughed the stranger, stooping down to caress the dusty little gray hurricane. Then he lifted his eyes to Evalyn's and smiled at her. She was leaning over the fence, panic-stricken for fear Bob had found his owner.

"Your dog?" asked the hatless one.

Evalyn hesitated. Bob was her dog, by all the laws of finding—and needing!—This prosperous-looking youth probably had hundreds of friends—money to buy dozens of dogs—but Bob belonged to her! Her mouth set in a severe line.

"Belong to you?" asked the man, rising and looking her straight in the eyes.

She nodded.

"Oh!" he exclaimed sharply and looked away.

"Why did you ask—and why are you surprised?"

"I beg your pardon—but I thought you were going to say 'No.' He bent down, whispered something in the dog's ear, patted the rough coat affectionately. Then he lifted Bob and dropped him over the fence into the grass where he whined pitifully. "Nice dog you had here," said the stranger, squaring his shoulders as he turned away, but Evalyn was sure that his eyes were wet.

He went on his way, while the girl stared resentfully after him and the little dog crept close to the ground, following the fence, whining softly. The man was opposite the house now, he was passing the snowball bush, soon he would be beyond recall.

Suddenly Evalyn gave a little sobbing cry and ran across the yard. She caught up with him as he passed the snowball bush.

"Stop!" she cried.

As if he had been listening for that call, he turned swiftly and leaped the fence.

"You called me?" he asked eagerly.

The girl's charming face dropped into her hands. "It is not my dog—I wanted him so—I found him in the bushes beside the bridge a month ago—one of his paws was hurt; I think an automobile must have struck him. I brought him home—here—and because I have no one who really belongs to him, though Mrs. Addy is so kind, I adopted him. I tried to find out his name—he wore no collar—and I tried ever so many, but when I said 'Bob' he went wild. I believed it was his name. That's all!"

The man's eyes fell to the dog, who was curled contentedly beside him. "His name's 'Sandy'—he recognized my name when you called 'Bob'." apologized Sandy's owner. "About a month ago I chained him up. I was going to the city and couldn't take him that day. When I got home I learned he had slipped his collar and followed the car. I must have left him far behind, poor little beggar. If I had only known!"

Sandy was leaping now between the man and the girl, torn between two loves. "Do you mind keeping him a while longer?" asked Bob Mason. "I will come after him later—it's so

bad to tear him away so suddenly." "That is very kind of you," said Evalyn, primly, but her eyes shone with joy. When she was alone with the amazed Sandy she kissed the startled canine on his black snout. "I don't wonder you like him, Sandy," she whispered.

Bob Mason, who turned out to be a stockholder in the lumber mill, living in the adjoining town, came many times to visit Sandy, though Mrs. Addy declared the poor beastie played second fiddle to Evalyn. But late in the fall, when it was too cold to sit under the maple, Bob told Evalyn that they must reach a decision about the ownership of Sandy.

She looked wistfully into the glowing fire, while Bob adoringly regarded her dainty profile. "Let Sandy choose," she decided, and when she asked Sandy, that most intelligent of alreidae, stood erect and placed one paw on Evalyn's hand and the other on Bob's knee.

"Just what I was going to suggest," whispered Bob softly, and as Evalyn said nothing for a while, it is to be inferred that Sandy had his own way about it!

BELIEF IN SIGNS STRONG

Most People Have More or Less Superstition, Though They May Not Admit It.

Fear of the supernatural, which is commonly known as superstition, finds a resting place in almost every heart. Everybody knows of the "lucky superstition" and the thousand and one "signs" by which impending disaster or evil luck is foretold. Many are aware that even the strongest minds have been and are being daily stirred by these signs, and that all men have more or less faith in them. Actor folk, gamblers, business men, financiers, women in all stations of life, freely admit that they believe in signs to a greater or lesser degree, and that they are some the worse because they do not unhesitatingly run counter to their belief that "divinity shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may."

Jay Gould, as a young man, had a profound conviction that he would die in a year of his life which was divisible by seven. When he was thirty-five he was successful, and when he was forty-two the fear of death was strong upon him until he entered his forty-third year. When he was forty-nine the old fear returned, but before the expiration of the year he had passed away. This may have been a coincidence merely; but life is made up of these coincidences, and that they are significant few will deny.

Commuter's Cigar His Time Table.

The methodical man, whose home was about a half-mile from the suburban railroad station, had never been known to hurry for his morning train. While other commuters rushed along with hurried glances at their watches and at the clock in the tower of the station he managed to get to his destination just as the whistle sounded from the crossing above. His fellow travelers generally arrived too soon.

"My method is really very simple," he explained. "All I do is watch the length of the cigar that I'm smoking. It's an unflattering habit of mine to get up at exactly the same time each morning, eat breakfast and then light a cigar of a standard brand and always of the same size. Then I look through the news of the day and start for the station. If I'm late I can tell by the degree to which the cigar has burned. If it's still early there will be an inch or so left. I throw the butt away just as I reach the station."

He Knew the Game.

A Greek sailor went to a bank on the New York water front to cash a check. As he came out he saw two men standing on the corner. They separated, and as he walked down the street one went before him, one behind. The man before pulled a handkerchief. Out flew a thousand-dollar and a five hundred-dollar bill. The man behind ran forward, picked up the bills and stopped the sailor.

"Hey," he whispered, "if you keep your mouth shut I'll divvy with you. You put in what you took from the bank and we'll split."

The sailor raised his hand and hit the fellow a crack across the eyes. That game had been tried on him before.

Branded Ears of Stork.

In the office of the justice of the peace of Lyme township, Huron county, Ohio, are preserved records extending over the entire period of the township's history. One of these is entitled "Record of Ear Marks in the Township of Lyme."

In the days of early settlement little of the land was fenced, and cattle, hogs and sheep wandered at will. These ear markings, served the same purpose as branding on the western ranches today. The first entry was made under date of April 14, 1818.

These marks admitted to transfer from one owner to another. This was frequently done. The record contained in all the entry of 60 different ear marks.

The Original Feminine.

Adam, one striking up the path with his pet dinosaur, "Tyranny," said Eve, wistfully, "Why do you tree and get me the gold and purple leaf on the top bough?" "Eve, for heaven's sake, away up there! Why, I'd fall and break my—Never mind that, Adam, you shilly! I'm going over to Ned to a card party this afternoon and I've got to show some class to that bunch of stuck-up buns!" And so, setting the example for all time, Adam took a chance and climbed up.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Opportunity.

In a southern town two young colored dandies each with a lady of color, were going along the street, with a third dark rose walking unaccompanied between the two couples, when another young colored man bore in sight around the corner. "Howdy, Mistah Johnsting," called the nearest pair; "this a mighty fine day. Can't you come evah and jine us? Here's a vacant lady."