

SPY ROUNDED UP BY TRAP SHOOTER

Former Top Gun Solves Cause of Mysterious Happenings in Toul Sector.

GERMANS WERE TIPPED OFF

Sergeant Sees Pigeons on Wing, Dreams of Days at Trap, Grabs Shotgun and Bags Five—Have Code Messages Attached.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

Paris.—There is a certain United States signal service sergeant up in the Toul sector at the front who has been able of late to combine a little pleasure with his business. The censor won't let one tell the sergeant's name, but without revealing any military information it may be said that before the war the sergeant was rated as one of the top guns at a well-known trap-shooting club in the States.

There is not much trap-shooting just now in France. They are not cranking away at live birds, either. But the sergeant got his pigeon shooting just the same.

The particular front in which the sergeant operates is infested with German spies.

All sorts of things were happening. A "tramp" battery, one of those particular guns that whisks up, slams a few at the Fritzies, then slides out on the jump, found itself being shelled the instant it lined up for a shot. Again, every time there was a troop movement, the movement was anticipated by the Boche. Beside that, every time a body of our men got together for any purpose whatever, the Germans shelled them with everything they had, big guns included.

Tipping Off the Hun.
Now, the Hun doesn't use his big guns unless he knows what he's shooting at. How he learned, however, was pretty evident. Some one back of our lines was tipping him off.

The signal service sergeant was the first to detect how it was done. His squad was repairing signal wires back of the trenches. The sergeant halted in his work and gazed skyward. A pigeon was going over his head. The sergeant watched it idly, calculating as he stood there how far he'd lead it with a 12-gauge. Then with a sigh he went to laying a wire again.

A few minutes later the sergeant stopped again. Another pigeon had risen from the wood. But a few minutes later, when a third pigeon rose from the wood, the former trap-shooter tarried no longer. A half hour later he bolted into the quartermaster's department, clicked a salute and spoke hurriedly.

"Gimme a shotgun," he demanded. Shotguns are a regular part of certain quartermaster's supplies. Soon the sergeant might have been seen standing behind a hedgerow gazing toward the nearby wood. Presently he was seen to stiffen, at the same time murmuring "pull." The 12-gauge swung briefly in an arc; a crack and a crumpled ball of feathers came tumbling toward earth. To make sure, the sergeant gave it a second barrel just before it hit the earth.

Clever Shooting.
It was pretty clever shooting. The bird was high, going over fast and quartering. "Kill!" murmured the sergeant methodically, as he retrieved the fallen game.

That afternoon the sergeant got four other birds. Attached to a leg of each pigeon was a code message in German handwriting.

A short time later a detachment of military police got the owner of the pigeons. In his blouse and sabots he looked like any of the peasants tilling the fields behind the lines. On being stripped, however, he proved to be a German under officer. Since his capture the nightly bombardment of the "Y" huts and other places where soldiers congregate has been more or less haphazard. The Fritzies still chuck heavy stuff at them, but thanks to the exp-pigeon shot, the sergeant, they are not scoring as frequently as formerly. "It's bum cards they're bringing in," says the sergeant.

PLAN STREET SERVICE FLAGS

Cleveland Has Banners Showing Number of Residents on Street in Service.

Cleveland, O.—Service flags have been flown here from homes, clubs, churches and almost every kind of organization headquarters, but now there has been introduced the street service flag. In a number of the suburbs of the city, as well as in outlying business streets, flags have been raised showing how many residents of the street as a whole have joined the colors. The new flags are being flown by municipalities as well as by business houses.

Marries With Broken Neck.

Easton, Pa.—Miss Alice Foulks of Annandale, N. J., and Henry B. Bowby of Lebanon, N. J., were married at a private hospital. Five weeks ago Mr. Bowby met with an accident in which he dislocated his spinal cord and neck have rested in a mold. The young couple had decided several months ago to be married Tuesday and decided not to postpone the wedding. The bridegroom is not yet out of danger.

PIANO TUNING.

In town for a few days. Does your piano need attention. Leave orders with Mrs. R. J. Green, or at Newlin's Book Store.

JAMES M. DALY.
Sept. 25-41-p.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

BY ALLMAN



PLEASANT WAY ALWAYS BEST

Nothing Ever Lost by Effort to Take Sting Out of Request That Must Be Refused.

Do you know how to take the sting out of anything unpleasant you have to do? It is a good plan to learn how to do this.

"She said she couldn't do it, but you know how Elsie would say such a thing. She tries so hard to make everybody feel pleasant. Now, when I say no, people understand that I mean no."

Marcia looked as well pleased with herself as if she had announced a more amiable characteristic. She was a girl with a peculiarly blunt and uncompromising manner. If she refused a request, her refusal was as downright as a blow. It was never softened by any little phrase suggesting regret. And Marcia was so well satisfied with herself that she felt something like contempt for the way Elsie took the sting out of saying no, and made the people to whom she refused a favor as grateful as if she had granted it.

The girl who starts to go through life with her elbows out is going to find the road hard to travel. If she prides herself on being blunt and outspoken, she may need to use that as consolation for her sore heart many a time. It pays to make even a refusal pleasant. It pays to take out the sting whenever possible, and drop in the honey. One who starts out as Marcia did, priding herself on being blunt, and contemptuous of the little courtesies, is likely to come to old age friendless and embittered. Learn to be pleasant and take out the sting.—Exchange.

ADD COLOR TO THE GARDEN

Goldfinches, Always Attracted by Sunflowers, Make Beauty Spot Especially Attractive.

A very familiar bird in our gardens, especially when there are sunflowers growing there, is the beautiful little American goldfinch.

Their deep black wings and tall and little cap form a striking, though pleasing, contrast to their bright yellow bodies.

Because of their sweet, canary-like notes they are often called wild canaries.

They are very sociable little birds,

being found usually in small flocks; they even build their nests in small communities.

When winter approaches the male changes his bright yellow coat for one of a soberer color closely resembling that of the female.

Numbers of them feed upon the sunflowers in my garden every year, and it is a pleasing sight to go in there and see their bright yellow bodies flashing in the sun.

They are hardly little fellows, spending the entire winter with us—New York Sun.

BOY FROM MAINE IS FULL OF GRIT

By Frank J. Taylor.

AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE, Sept. 2.—(By Mail.)—He is one of three brothers fighting in Uncle Sam's army. Way back near the roots their family tree includes some French royalty. The branch that produced the three brothers emigrated to Canada, and later moved to Maine.

His name is Avard Lefebvre, and he is one of the most cheerful and optimistic sufferers in the hospital, doctors and nurses and orderlies say. He went over the top with the first of them when the Yankee divisions stormed the German positions west of Chateau Thierry.

It cost him a leg—they brought him to the base hospital with a terrible wound, but he insisted on smiling and saying, "Thank you," when anybody did anything for him. He stood the pain like a Spartan, and after the operation lingered between life and death, but with never a complaint.

His patience and spirit attracted attention to him as he gradually gained strength. Soon he was on the road to recovery, in a cot on an open air pavilion they've made into the largest ward in France, where Europe's wealthy class used to spend gay summers.

One night, after the midnight taps, the sergeant in charge of that ward heard a clear voice singing, not loudly. The sergeant tipped over in the direction of the sing-

ing, saying "Say, old man, why the midnight concert?"

It was Lefebvre who sang, and he replied, "That you, Sarge? Still up? Well, my stump is driving me wild tonight—guess it's going to rain—and when it gets so bad I can't stand it any longer, I just sing, that's all."

The "Sarge" understood. "Tape don't count for you, old man," he said, "Go on and sing."

And the "Sarge" tipped away, while Lefebvre went on singing. The "Sarge" says the song was: "A Little Home in the U.S.A."

While in the hospital, Lefebvre received news of his mother's death. His greatest care and comfort then became his sister, back in Maine, alone since all the brothers were fighting.

Avid is on his way back to his home—he may have reached the "Little Home in the U.S.A." Before he left the hospital he wrote to his sister of his wound and the operation.

"It isn't as bad as it might have been. I've got a good right arm left, and they're making dandy artificial legs nowadays."

A WANT AD will do it.

Useless Contention.
Sooner or later one is measured with the rule that is straight and true. There is one thing that we all find hard to learn, but once learned life is very much simpler and easier to live—contention does not help matters of any kind. Constant aggressiveness, frequent complaining, daily defending of one's position wears away patience and places one in an atmosphere of antagonism which invariably reacts.

The Social Fabric.

To uphold the social system women submit to uncounted tests of their constancy. They endure physical discomfort, ennui, the peril of cold drafts and damp places, hours of weariness and moments of acute annoyance for the sake of what, to a man, is an unimportant social matter. And even though at times she feels that it would matter little if the whole social scheme of things should perish—and that instantly with fire and bloodshed if need be—rather than require so much of her, she stands to her colors.

Whetstone in Tree Trunk.

While sawing down a large poplar tree on the Weimar farm two sons of Joseph Weimar found their saw would not penetrate. They began a little higher, and after the tree was down they discovered a whetstone in the heart of the trunk. It is supposed that many years ago, when the tree was a sapling, its owners working in the fields laid the stone there and forgot to take it away, and the tree grew around it.—Marietta (Pa.) Correspondence, Philadelphia Record.

WRIGLEY'S

For Victory Buy War Savings Stamps

We will win this war—
Nothing else really matters until we do!



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"Chamberlain's Cough and Diarrhoea Remedy was used by my father about a year ago when he had diarrhoea. It relieved him immediately and by taking three doses he was absolutely cured." writes Mrs. W. H. Williams, Stanley, N. Y.

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