

The Observer

MORO, OREGON!

FRIDAY, January 26, 1917

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year, 12 1/2 cents per month. A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

One-fourth of the county superintendents of Oregon are women.

Mount Jefferson, one of the highest peaks in Oregon, may be made a fire lookout station.

The new steamer Ernest H. Meyer was launched from the Wilson shipyards at Astoria Saturday.

Dallas is to be made the test station for the investigation of brown rot and other diseases of prune trees.

The population mark at the Oregon state penitentiary has declined to 433, a record for the past two years.

The annual convention of the Oregon Retail Grocers' association was held January 23, 24 and 25 in Salem.

The State Editorial association and the Willamette Valley Editorial association held a joint session at Salem.

The Union opera house, one of the finest buildings of its kind in Eastern Oregon, was completely destroyed by fire.

David G. Bruce and Mrs. Johanna Hanson, pioneers who crossed the plains to Lane county in 1853, died at Eugene.

Attempts are being made by the officials of the Salem commercial club to interest capital for a fine linen factory in Salem.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill providing for an appropriation of \$60,000 for a postoffice building at Hood River.

The Roseburg W. C. T. U. has compiled statistics showing there was shipped into Douglas county \$30,500 worth of liquor in 1916.

The Dallas land office is swamped. The office staff is five days behind in the work of transferring the applications in the record book.

The Oregon State Federation of Labor opened sessions of its annual convention at Salem Monday, to continue throughout the week.

William Doyle, who last February killed Mrs. Mary A. Wilcox and her daughter, Maggie Jones, was convicted of manslaughter at Klamath Falls.

Improvements by the Bend Water, Light & Power company to be completed within the next nine months will cost between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

Plans to erect a mill for handling hardwood lumber in the Willamette valley are being considered by the J. A. Pattison Lumber company, Ltd., of Portland.

Three men lost their lives and one was seriously injured in a fire which swept through the second and third stories of the New Ross rooming house at Portland.

Out of 2000 carloads of apples produced by Hood River valley last season, a yield almost twice the tonnage of any former year, only about 350 carloads remain unshipped.

The Portland chamber of commerce will be represented by four delegates at the annual meeting of the national chamber of commerce in Washington, D. C., January 31 to February 2.

There will be no public building to house the branch postoffice at St. Johns. The item in the omnibus building bill appropriating \$25,000 for a postoffice building at St. Johns was eliminated.

Correll pass, on the Pacific highway about four miles south of Eugene, will be marked with an iron plate by Lewis and Clark chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in the near future.

The Eugene chamber of commerce has voted unanimously to approve the referendum of the United States chamber of commerce favoring single item veto power for the President of the United States.

For the championship of the Central Willamette district of the Oregon high school debating league, the high schools of Albany, Eugene and Philomath will meet in a triangular debate on February 2.

The annual conference of the presidents and faculty members of the non-conference colleges of Oregon was held at Albany college last week with all the sectarian institutions of the state represented.

A gigantic scheme whereby all the prominent high schools of Oregon will form an association for the promotion of interscholastic athletics is being fathered by W. D. Fletcher, coach of the Salem high school basketball squad.

A large number of hardware men from all parts of the state are expected to attend the 11th annual convention of the Oregon Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers' association, which opened its session at Portland Wednesday.

Governor Withycombe issued a proclamation declaring the dissolution of \$15 domestic and 3 foreign corporations and forbidding them from attempting further to do business in the state until they have complied with the law. The corporations were dissolved because of failure to pay their license fees for more than two years.

Her Autumn of Life

A Baby Changes a Woman's View of Things

By ANNA M. THOMSON
Copyright Frank A. Munsey Co.

The photograph was beginning to yellow even under its protecting glass. Katharine noticed this sorrowfully as she sat holding it before her, under the shaded light, regarding with tender, wistful eyes the little pictured face.

If he had only been spared her she could have borne the loss of husband, fortune and position. The protecting love of this her only son would have sustained her, comforted her, through everything.

She had nothing now to look forward to. There was none to care, so why not? Yes, why not?

Laying the photograph in its rich frame carefully upon the table beside her, Katharine Ware once again picked up the letter whose receipt had so shattered the dull tranquillity of her day and, turning to the second page, began to read:

If you decide to go with me I will so arrange that, until we reach England, no one will know that you and I are together. Once on the continent the risk of meeting those whom we know will not be great—I never follow the beaten path of travel.

I have so arranged my affairs that I can safely remain abroad for two years. In proposing that you accompany me it is with the idea that we shall each benefit and not lose by the arrangement.

Knowing you to be deeply unsatisfied and uncontented in the present narrow, monotonous restrictions of your life, in such sharp contrast to that which you enjoyed prior to the death of your husband, and—forgetting me!—realizing that the chances are not many of your meeting any one with whom you could form a congenial and successful marriage, I am sure you are a woman not to be shocked by the name of a thing, but one who can look a situation in the face, weigh its advantages against its disadvantages, and thereby make a decision and abide by it. I do not hesitate to ask you to become my cherished and welcome companion.

You will not lose by it, let me assure you. At the expiration of this time—that is, at the end of my holiday, we can make some decision regarding the future. Am I too blunt, too frank with you, dear Katharine?

Then forgive me on the score that I am trying, desperately, not to deceive you in any particular. You and I have been good friends—we know each other.

Of you, Katharine, I am very, very fond; you know how congenial are our tastes; you know that no wish of yours will be left ungratified while you are under my protection. That, in so far as I am able, I will guard you from every disagreeable or unpleasant thing.

You know me to be a man of my word, and these things I promise you.

Will you come?

If so, telephone me at the Royal not later than 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. As I shall have many things to attend to, I shall leave many things to attend to. The Nomadic sails at noon on Wednesday, remember. Ever devotedly yours, DAVENPORT.

Katharine Ware laid the bulky epistle in her lap.

Crossing her long arms back of her shapely head, she fixed her eyes on the iridescent, beaded fringe of the bronze lamp on the center table before her and fell into a deep study. Ever since the arrival that morning of the letter from Richard Davenport the woman had thought of nothing else, and now at evening she was still thrashing out the question: Should she? Should she not? Occasionally she would recur to different portions of his letter, vainly trying to control very apparent excitement, stood without.

"Mrs. Ware, do excuse me for coming to you, but I've just got word on the telephone of a big fire downtown, close to our settlement house, and I learn that many of our people—children chiefly—were caught in the building and seriously burned or hurt. This means a great deal of work for those who can come. You spoke the other day as though you were, so I've come to see if you will go with me tonight. There will be so much to do and so few to do it. Won't you come, Mrs. Ware? You are so capable, I know, and you could help so much."

For a moment Katharine quite intended to decline. She would be very busy herself this night. Then something in the girl's anxious, quivering face made her hesitate.

"Please," the girl murmured, "I'll get ready at once." Mrs. Ware said, her decision instantly made.

A quarter of an hour later the two had started on their way across town.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning. The dull, gray light was just beginning to creep through the dirty window of the small room on the top floor of a tenement house on the east side.

This was the third place Katharine Ware had been to give assistance to the sufferers during this long, awful night.

Most of those employed in the burning factory had been foreigners, with all the average foreigner's dread of ambulances and hospitals, so it was that if by their own efforts or the assistance of those in the throng there to gaze at the burning structure they could manage to crawl to their homes, however miserable, they did so.

It was to these unfortunate settlement workers were giving succor in whatever way they could.

Katharine, wearied almost beyond endurance, was seated near the open window with a child hugged to her breast. He was asleep, his blue eyes closed and his fair, softly curling hair falling back from his forehead. One little, moist hand lay nestled against Katharine's neck.

The woman's arm was numb and strained from the weight of the sleeping child, but she would not have him down just then for worlds. She was gazing raptly down at the little face—surely there had never been such a resemblance before!

The child seemed a veritable reincarnation of her own dead darling—the eyes, the hair, the very shape of the head! How could it be? And how came this fair, beautiful child to be among those swarthy faced Russian Jews, one of whom, a young girl of about sixteen, had been badly injured by leaping from a fire escape?

She had been picked up by some one and carried to this room, which represented the home of a family of five, exclusive of this child, whom Katharine had observed crying softly by herself in a corner, after she had done what she could to alleviate the sufferings of the young girl.

The patient, moaning softly occasionally, was otherwise resting quietly. So Katharine had taken the little boy in her arms and hushed him to sleep.

"Muvver," he had muttered sleepily once, cuddling closer in the arms in folding him.

"Who can be, the blessed lamb?" Katharine had thought as she gathered him closer to her heart. "He certainly doesn't belong to these people."

At 5 o'clock a step sounded on the stairs outside, the door opened gently, and the young ward physician, Dr. Brun, entered. His face was pale, and black circles showed under his eyes.

He had met Katharine before during that night, so nodded to her pleasantly and, observing the sleeping family, motioned for her to follow him out on to the landing.

After giving him an account of Rosa's condition and the treatment she had administered Mrs. Ware asked abruptly:

"Do you know anything about the child—the little boy—who is in there? He certainly isn't one of them—the Lavinskis."

"No," answered her companion. "It's rather a sad case, that, and one with a lot of mystery about it. He, the youngster, was the child of a young American woman who had a back room on the floor below this. The other tenants are all Yiddish and speak no English of any account."

"Why she should have come here is the mystery. However, she did and managed to keep life in herself and the boy by making willow plumes until she fell ill ten days ago. Yesterday—no, the day before—she died, leaving no word behind as to the child—little Johnny."

"Under her pillow I found a small pocketbook containing 21 cents and a marriage certificate dated five years back giving the names Mary Stevens and John Smith of Chicago. Not very much to go on, eh?"

"Well, Mamma Lavinski, our stout friend in there, heard the child crying, went down and, learning somehow the state of things, gathered up the kid and brought him along with her, quite as a matter of course, although it would appear that the Lavinski domicile was somewhat overcrowded and underfed without adding another to its numbers. But that is the grandest thing of poverty—the solidarity—the brotherhood of man—existing among the very poor."

So when Richard Davenport, a man of high intellectuality, enormous wealth, but great eccentricity, had renewed the acquaintance of other days and had showed a quiet pleasure in her tactfully appreciative society, Katharine had done her utmost to hold his continued interest.

Now, after a year of their perfectly innocent intercourse, this was the result!

Davenport could not offer her marriage. He had been, as was his invariable custom, absolutely frank with her, and as for her own position, she felt that without some break in the deadly monotony of her life she would go mad.

Well, she had decided! She had begun a feverish, sorting out process of her wardrobe—selecting this to be taken, that to be packed away, when a knock sounded on her outer door.

Hastily snapping out the lights, she hurried into the reception room and opened the door.

A young woman of pleasantly attractive appearance, but laboring under



"DR. BRUN, I WANT TO TAKE JOHNNY HOME WITH ME."

der controlled very apparent excitement, stood without.

"Mrs. Ware, do excuse me for coming to you, but I've just got word on the telephone of a big fire downtown, close to our settlement house, and I learn that many of our people—children chiefly—were caught in the building and seriously burned or hurt. This means a great deal of work for those who can come. You spoke the other day as though you were, so I've come to see if you will go with me tonight. There will be so much to do and so few to do it. Won't you come, Mrs. Ware? You are so capable, I know, and you could help so much."

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"But there! I'm riding my hobby again, and you are nearly worn out, Mrs. Ware."

She had heard many times of this young fellow, a mild Socialist and earnest settlement worker, who was giving himself so unparaphrasing to the cause he had espoused.

"Dr. Brun," she continued, "I want to take Johnny—Johnny Smith—home with me for a few days. Do you think it will be all right? They are so upset in there with Rose so ill (she must really go to the hospital, you know)."

Katharine and Johnny were back in the former's apartment again.

She had given her four-year-old guest a bath in the big, white enameled tub, and to his unbounded amusement turned the shower bath on his squirming little back and legs.

Katharine, after her own bath, had slipped into a silk negligee and was preparing to lie down also when her eyes fell on the letter lying in her bureau drawer, which she had received (could it be?) only yesterday morning!

She took it up with a strange feeling of aloofness upon her. Then she glanced at her little French timepiece. Only 10 o'clock!

She still could telegraph Davenport that she would go with him, but—could she?

Some change was working in her; she had a different viewpoint on life than had ever been hers before.

There was work to be done in the world—good work for men and women to do. Even she could have her share and do it well!

Then there was her baby! Just then a voice called out, "I want a ink, please."

With a little hysterical laugh, Katharine hurried to fulfill this request. As she returned to the room she was struck by the change in her apartment. It didn't seem lonely any more with that little bundle of cheap clothes and those tiny, worn shoes on the chair! Already she was planning the pretty clothes she intended to buy for Johnny.

Once again her eyes fell on Davenport's letter. Swiftly she went to her desk, seated herself and wrote rapidly for a moment.

Rising, she went to the telephone and rang for a Western Union messenger boy. As she waited she reread what she had written; it was addressed to Richard Davenport:

Letter received and understood. Am glad you cannot go. Important business here. Best wishes. K. W.

No Faddism.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" "No; our doctor is a good old allopath."—Baltimore American.

KNOW TOO MUCH.

Tennyson's Father Had to Fly For His Life From Russia.

Shortly after the assassination of Emperor Paul of Russia, Tennyson, the father of the poet, died with Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador, in Moscow. Several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know were also guests. During dinner a guarded reference was made to the emperor's death.

"Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so notorious?" cried Tennyson impulsively, leaning across his neighbor, a Russian whose breast was covered with orders. "We know very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoffo knocked him down, and Benning and Count Pahlen strangled him!"

There was a strained silence; then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests filed out into the adjoining room Lord St. Helens drew Tennyson aside. "Don't go into the next room," he whispered. "Go to your life. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, and Zoffo was also at the table."

He gave a few hurried directions, and Tennyson rushed off, threw his clothes into a portmanteau and fled behind fast horses to Odessa, still in evening garb, though the cold was intense. He lay hidden for weeks and at last, in the disguise of a servant, was smuggled on board an English frigate.

REVIEW OF WORK OF OREGON LEGISLATURE

Few of the Important Measures Have as Yet Been Introduced.

Salem.—The legislature began the third week of the session with all the big constructive legislation yet to receive attention. In fact, aside from Representative Anderson's measure to make effective the "bone dry" constitutional amendment adopted at the November election only one or two other bills of any great importance to the state at large had been introduced.

When the legislature adjourned last Friday in order to permit members to visit the agricultural college at Corvallis Saturday, one-third of the 40-day limit which the law sets on the session had expired and leaders appreciated that it will be necessary to get down to business this week if the usual rush is to be avoided during the closing days of the session.

During the second week of the session the volume of bills introduced was larger than during the first week and if the bills dropped into the legislative hopper continue at the present rate the proposed legislation will be almost as great as it was two years ago. The senate adjourned with 119 bills on the calendar, compared with 98 at the same time in 1915 and the house had 176 compared with 206.

Four measures passed both houses, two of which received the signature of the governor. The senate sent sixteen other bills over to the house for action and the house sent twenty-two more bills to the senate.

The first bill to pass both houses and receive the signature of the governor was an appropriation of \$25,000 to defray the expenses of the legislative itself. This is only a starter and several more bills relating to the expenses are likely to follow.

An effort will be made at this session to work out an effective plan to consolidate state offices and departments. Both houses tackled the problem last week. The senate desired to have a joint committee of both houses handle all consolidation bills, but the

house rejected a senate resolution favoring that plan; so each house will have a committee to pass upon consolidation bills.

Creation of a state department of agriculture under which would be consolidated several state boards and officers now operating separately is provided in a measure introduced into the state house of representatives by Representative Vernon A. Forbes of Bend.

The departments consolidated would be the fair directors, live stock sanitary board, stallion registration board, board of horticulture, dairy and food commissioner and deputy sealer of weights and measures.

The new department would be divided into five divisions—live stock, horticulture, agriculture, fairs, grain and hay and dairies and pure food. A commissioner would head the department and a director manage each division.

The "bone dry" bill introduced in the house last week by Representative Anderson started on its way through the legislative mill Monday evening when the joint senate and house committee on alcoholic traffic gave wholesale grocers, food manufacturers and other interested parties an opportunity to be heard on the provisions regulating the use of alcohol.

Without a dissenting vote the senate passed the bill which makes it a crime for a person to drive a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor; prescribes a penitentiary sentence or jail for the person who, while intoxicated, drives an auto in a careless or negligent manner, and causes the death or serious injury of another person; prescribes a fine of \$10 a day for any person who shall knowingly employ as chauffeur a person addicted to drunkenness.

The bill to abolish publication of delinquent tax notices and substitute a system of postal card notices was unanimously disapproved by the senate committee on assessment and taxation following a public hearing at which the dangers of the measure were vividly brought out.

Mrs. Thompson, the only woman member, introduced her first bill, a measure which would compel the commitment of patients to the institution for the feeble minded. Any county judge may, under this measure, cause a feeble-minded child to be brought before him and conduct an examination.

One or more competent physicians are to constitute the examining board.

Service on jurors by registered mail is provided for by a house bill, introduced by Starlin, of Polk.

A bill for the repeal of the mothers' pension act of 1913 was introduced in the house by W. A. Jones of Marion county.

A bill to prevent Japanese from owning or controlling property within the state of Oregon was introduced in the senate by Senator Wilbur of Hood River county.

Well Named.

Salesman—Why not try one of our Rip Van Winkle rugs, madam?

Prospective Purchaser—What kind are they?

Salesman—They have an unusually long nap.—Indianapolis Star.

Handicapped.

Budding Young Orator—I wish there was somewhere in the house I could deliver my speech. Wife—No, dear; you know very well the last three cooks left because they thought I was harboring a fanatic.—Judge.

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Two 3-year-old horses

Two yearling horses

One 1500 lb. roan mare

One 1200 lb. bay mare

One 1000 lb. brown horse

One 1300 lb. bay horse

One 1500 lb. sorrel horse

One 1600 lb. grey gelding

One 1300 lb. bay gelding

Lot of chickens

Three Harrows

Drill

Disc

One Guernsey cow, extra good milker; has won three prizes

One brown Swiss cow, now milking and a good one

One 3 1-2 inch Bain wagon and wheat rack

And other things too numerous to mention.

Free Lunch at Noon.

TERMS—All sums up to \$10 cash; all sums over \$10 five per cent discount for cash; or approved bankable note due October