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WREATH FOR ENEMY AVIATOR

Scotch Flyer Who Brought Down German Dehydrated by Royal Flying Corps to Deliver Flowers.

A true incident that reveals the respect shown by allied aviators for the memory of a daring enemy flyer is told in "Tam o' the Scots," by Edgar Wallace, writing in Everybody's. Tam, an intrepid Scotchman, was told that the man he had brought down a day before was a well-known German aviator named Von Zelditz, and on behalf of the Royal Flying Corps Tam was selected to take a wreath to the funeral.

The wreath, in a tin box, firmly corked and attached to a little parachute, was placed in the fuselage of a small Morane—his own machine being in the hands of the mechanics—and Tam climbed into the seat. In five minutes he was pushing up at the extreme angle at which a man can fly. Tam never employed a lesser one.

"Evidently the enemy scout realized the business of this lone British flyer and must have signaled his views to the earth, for the anti-aircraft batteries suddenly ceased to fire, and when, approaching Ludesdorf, Tam sighted an enemy squadron engaged in a practice flight, they opened out and made way for him, offering no molestation."

"Tam began to plane down. He spotted the big white-specked cemetery, and saw a little procession making its way to the grounds. He came down to a thousand feet and dropped his parachute. He saw it open and sail earthward and then someone on the ground waved a white handkerchief."

"Guid," said Tam, and began to climb homeward."

JONES HAD A POOR MEMORY

Husband Blamed Wife for Not Turning Off Gas in Stove—Forgot He Shut Off Meter.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska referred to the beauty of having a good memory, and fittingly related this story:

At eight o'clock in the morning one day last summer the Joneses took trunk, grips, and suitcases, and hustled for the railroad station. Twenty minutes later a taxicab dashed up to the Jones house and out jumped Jones.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked a kindly disposed neighbor. "Forgot your railroad ticket?"

"No," answered Jones, showing symptoms of peevishness. "My wife left a kettle of water boiling on the gas stove. Didn't think of it until we reached the station. You can always depend on a woman to have a memory like that."

So saying, Jones unlocked the door and hastened into the house. In about two minutes he came out again with his features puckered into a peculiar twist.

"How did you find it?" cheerfully asked the neighbor. "Sizzling to beat a locomotive, I suppose."

"No," glibly answered Jones, "I had forgotten that I had turned the gas off at the meter."

Seattle Becomes Island

They have been making Seattle look something like New York, only in the process Seattle gets a water front of more than 130 miles as against New York's 48 (that is, Manhattan's), says Boys' Life. This winter you will be "bound" Seattle like this: "Seattle is bounded on the east by Lake Washington, deep fresh water about 25 miles long and three to five wide; on the south and west by Puget Sound (salt); and on the north by the new deep water lock canal, completed at a total cost of nearly \$5,000,000, to say nothing of the cost of regrading the streets, building new bridges, and doing other things to adjust the city to the change." The change includes the dredging of the new waterway to Lake Union in the very heart of Seattle. The two lakes named are nine feet above the waters of the sound at high tide. The new canal will take the largest merchant ships afloat, which is doing enough, for it's only the ships afloat that count.

Sanitary Fountains

An investigation of drinking fountains at the University of Minnesota, carried out by the state board of health, led to the rather startling result that the 77 fountains in use at the university, most of which belonged to various supposedly "sanitary" types were found to be improperly constructed to prevent contamination by the consumer, according to the Scientific American. The principal defect was the vertical discharge of the water, making it necessary for the consumer to place his mouth over the spout, the point of discharge. It was found that the majority of persons drank with the lips touching the nozzle. The investigators devised a new type of fountain in which the discharge is at such an angle that there is no possibility of water falling back from the mouth up on or near the orifice.

A Unique Suggestion

A constable in a Vermont town recently rounded up a number of hobos. "Come along," he said to them, "you have all got to have a bath." This announcement was, of course, received with considerable perturbation, especially by the eldest of the men. "What?" he exclaimed. "A bath! A bath with water?" "Sure thing," said the constable. "Look here, Mr. Constable," said the apprehensive one. "Couldn't you manage it with one of them vacuum cleaners?"—Case and Comment.

Five a Week Off

An Honest Man Relieved of Suspicion of Guilt

By ELI MOFFATT MILLEN

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"The credit man" laughed and drew his heavy chair closer into the circle. He glanced at his watch.

"I will just have time to give you one story. Then I must go," he said.

"Most of you will remember the character killing publicity given several years ago to a man of the name of John Goode. He was a defaulter, you will recall, and he has never explained what became of his rich uncle, who disappeared as off the face of the earth."

"John Goode had not been with our concern long when the din broke loose. He had been there long enough, however, to become a friend of the treasurer."

"The treasurer of our entire system is a woman. They say it takes a woman to read the small type on a man's soul."

"John Goode came along—I have forgotten how in what capacity at first, but he got along. He was a soft spoken individual, when he did speak, there was an open faced directness about him. The heads of the firm liked him, but he did not throw himself much in their way. He did not draw down a very heavy envelope and had a wife and three children to keep out of that. I used to wonder how he managed it, for he did not have the look of a man in want. He was always neatly dressed. I saw his family with him one evening, and they were neatly dressed."

"Soft spoken, did I say? Yes, allowing for certain provocations. There was one subject, whenever it was mentioned, that brought him to emphatic words. He never hesitated to state that he believed a man's word should be his bond, whether there were other ironed agreements or not."

"Somehow I could not help wondering a bit how far he would go with his theories. I found out."

"One day I overheard him ask one of the boys for \$5 till the next pay day. He was refused for the sufficient reason that the other fellow did not have it, but he was told that the treasurer at times advanced a little if she was satisfied with her character reading."

"Goode went to the treasurer. He got the five, which of course, was to be deducted from his next envelope. That was the small part of it."

"He stood by the treasurer's desk for half an hour after he had asked for the five. The two got acquainted, and the treasurer, so I was told, smiled when he left her as if she had been honored by the visit."

"One day, when Goode had been with us about a year, I went into the treasurer's office to get her opinion about one of our former boys who had gone into business for himself. She gave her opinion quickly and began to talk about our boys."

"And don't you think we have got a model in Mr. Goode?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know!" I answered.

"Why?"

"I let him have a good deal of money this morning—that is, for the sal-



"SIP-SIP," MISS SUSIE STAMMERED.

"I LET HIM HAVE MORE THAN THAT."

"But he is getting," she said—and I am wondering if I ought to have done it."

"Just here let me state for your enlightenment that Miss Susie was not a debutante. Her face was smooth and unwrinkled as a baby's, but her eyes were not so comely. The silver was beginning to run in the glistering streaks through her hair."

"A temptingly large amount?" I asked to avoid putting a more direct question.

"One hundred and sixty-five dollars. He offered to tell me what for, but I told him I only cared to know that he would deal honorably with me. I am to take five a week off."

"And he gets fifteen a week, eh?"

"I turned and walked out. Even with my back to her I could feel that she was watching me anxiously."

"At the door I met Mr. Merrick."

"Miss Susie," I heard him say, "give Mr. Goode a week's salary in advance if he calls. He asked for a week's vacation this morning, and as he has been doing such good work I told him to call and get his next week's salary in advance."

"I passed."

"But—bark!" Miss Susie stammered.

"I let him have more than that. I advanced him \$105. I—"

"What—good!" shrieked Mr. Merrick. "Isn't that taking a good deal in your own hands, Miss Susie? We have given you authority to help the boys with limited amounts, if you think they are worthy, but I am afraid you have done it to a brown this time."

"He ran his hand through his hair meditatively."

"Oh, well, never mind!" he added kindly. "I don't know that you have bungled so badly. I believe he will not

take advantage of it."

"Goode did not call for his week's advance the president had so kindly offered. He left the office at noon."

"Goode had been gone three days when the papers told a story about detectives from another city up the state looking for a defaulting bank cashier in our city."

"His name was John Goode."

"He had been gone a year. His shortage and absconding had been covered up by the bank officials all that time, mainly that they might hunt him down on the quiet. A bungling detective had let it out."

"Miss Susie would not bear to giving a hint of our knowledge of Goode to the detectives. Mr. Merrick was called in. Miss Susie convinced him that not a word should go out from us."

"We can do our own investigating when his week's vacation is up," she said. "I am satisfied to wait till then. He will come back."

"He will be back," declared Miss Susie confidently. "If he does not I will take my medicine. Not until."

"That afternoon detectives found a Mrs. John Goode, who had just taken rooms in a cheap hotel far downtown. She confessed that Goode had left her several days before. She did not know where he had gone. He had married her only the month previous."

"Two days later, the day before John Goode's vacation was up, the papers found an entirely new story that interested the city."

"A rich old bachelor who had lived alone was missing. His house was locked up. It was recalled by the neighbors that he had not been seen for more than a week. They had heard him say that he had only one relative and that relative was a man without a home. The old man had never before gone away."

"Had some mishap befallen him?"

"In the search for the old fellow his house and its contents were gone over. A copy of his will was found in his old drop lid walnut desk."

"A clause in the will contained the name of John Goode. According to the clause, a nephew, who was out of town participating in the estate. The old man evidently distrusted him."

"A little old safe had been pried open, and an empty canvas money bag lay in front of it. It was easy to surmise what had happened to the old man. You recall the case."

"The detectives took a trail a week old, but declared that it was still a hot one."

"Miss Susie still refused to let me offer our information, which, strange to relate, had not leaked out."

"You are hindering justice! You are in contempt of law! You are an accessory after the fact!" I told her.

"Tomorrow night, if John Goode has not returned, you may go ahead," she answered. "If you wait you may be glad."

"One of the first things I had to do the next morning was to go into Miss Susie's office on another matter. As I finished my business with Miss Susie she looked me squarely in the eye and smiled sympathetically."

"Don't you worry so much over that Goode affair," she said. "I am not worrying. I somehow have a joyous feeling this morning that the fellow will be back at work before noon."

"As she finished speaking the door behind me opened. Miss Susie's face expanded and contracted and flushed with the most amazed expressions I ever beheld on a woman's countenance. Her eyes almost bulged. Before I could turn she clapped her hands once and with a cry, half of joy, half of unbelief, arose and then set down again like one exhausted."

"The next instant John Goode stood at the desk, almost by my side. His face was bronzed and had a healthier glow than when he left. I sidled around the desk a step or two that I might look into his eyes."

"He leaned over Miss Susie's desk. He held a little scrap of paper in his hand."

"Miss Susie, you must have been absentminded when you gave me this, or was it a compliment to what you believe to be my honor? I found it wrapped up in this bill you gave me."

"Miss Susie looked at it, and her face flushed. She glanced quickly through a little file on her desk."

"I must have," she said. "I must have put it in by mistake. It is best to keep a little tangible memorandum, you know. Mr. Goode, even though it is not needed, I hadn't missed it. I thought it was here. Why?"

"She broke off in confusion. In the confusion she brushed the little scrap off of her desk with her hand. I picked it up for her, stealing a glance as I laid it back on its desk."

"It was a receipt given by Goode for the \$105. Under his signature he had scribbled hastily:

"Not more than five a week off."

"At that, Miss Susie looked up at him with a strange light in her eyes."

"Out of your own mouth, Mr. Goode, tell me—do you deserve to be trusted that far?" she asked.

"Yes, and further if necessary," he answered steadily.

"I stood gaping like a Kentucky mountain boy before the statue of Henry Clay."

"Miss Susie took up the scrap of paper and, with the tip of a pen, a mother when she gives her boy his father's cross of honor because she thinks he is ready for it, tucked it into John Goode's hand."

"Thank you," said Goode, as though he meant it. "I hope you will always trust me in this manner."

"I started to follow the fellow out. He did not go. Instead, he tucked the receipt in his vest pocket and pulled a roll of bills from his trousers pocket. He counted out \$150 and laid it on the desk before Miss Susie."

"I suppose Mr. Merrick told you that he expected me to have the salary for the week I was away?"

"Miss Susie could not answer for a moment."

"Didn't you need the money?" she managed finally to ask. "I thought you were going to need quite while to pay it back?"

"I needed it very badly when I asked for it," said Goode. "I believed then that it would take me several months to pay it back. A little money has come my way during the week I have been absent, thanks to being able to

garner it in, I do not need it now. I find that it is not a good thing, mentally, to let debts hang over."

"You had a restful time?" Miss Susie questioned in a faraway, conventional tone.

"Goode smiled wearily."

"Not very," said he. The worried look came into his eyes with renewed emphasis. "An uncle of mine, who died recently, left me a big farm up



"MISS SUSIE, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ABSENTMINDED WHEN YOU GAVE ME THIS."

the state. I had to go up there; but, with the exception of the money I got from the trip, I have had a rather un-busy time, of it."

"Miss Susie's face was blanched and drawn. I could tell that she was suffering as she pictured the cause of Goode's anguish."

"I sold a few hogs and a drove of sheep," Goode went on. "That helped quite a bit. I used to hope that my uncle would leave me the money he left to charity instead of the farm, but I am glad now that it was the farm."

"It will always be a sequestered retreat for me," he added cautiously, yet with certain boldness, it seemed to me, for a man in his box."

"I will not get to be with my family for some time, though," he went on wearily."

"What makes you think so? Miss Susie asked."

"I cannot keep them here because—"

he paused and swallowed rather hard—because my little girl has a bad head."

"I do not know if it will be a few days, but I feel better today. The doctor told me yesterday, before I left them, that she would come through with big lungs by keeping her up there. So you see they have got to stay there, and I have got to stay here—if the powers that be will let me."

"He turned to go."

"I thank you for the trust, Miss Susie," he said earnestly as he wheeled at the door and again faced her. "Have I fully established a claim to your confidence?"

"Was it your child that took you, Mr. Goode?" Miss Susie begged, with a choke in her voice. Instead of answering him.

"What do you mean, Miss Susie? Goode managed to ask, his lips quivering. "Do you believe?"

"Do you desire to keep her—your child?" Miss Susie interrupted.

"Goode's eyes never wavered from hers. He was slow to answer."

"I do," he answered quietly.

"His eyes just then as they appeared to me held a braver challenge."

"Miss Susie must have pined deeper than I."

"You are an honorable man," she smiled radiantly back at him. Then a tear came into her eyes, and she turned her head."

"She was correct."

"The credit man" rose from his chair and took out his watch.

"But Goode is doing time," chorused the clubmen."

"Oh, that is another Goode! They caught him a few hours after our John Goode came back."

"Our Goode is our foreign representative now. He is called for a long equal to half the value of the business he would come very near getting it."

"With his word his hand too."

A visitor to a hospital for soldiers was surprised to hear one of the patients being addressed by the nurses by the Christian name, it being customary to address patients by their surnames only. Upon inquiry as to why this distinction was accorded to the particular soldier referred to the reply received was:

"Well, we can't very well call him by his surname."

"But why not?" queried the somewhat astonished visitor."

"Oh, yes," said the overwhelming answer, "his surname is Love, and it's rather awkward—London is better."

Why Mosquitoes Live Blood. The fact that mosquitoes are continually harassing rich blooded creatures is due to the fact that they cannot lay eggs without the albuminous food which is thus obtained. In tropical countries the greatest enemy of the malaria bearing mosquito is a species of bat which is protected from the insect's bite by its strangely shaped hairs.

The bat is very swift of flight, and the mosquitoes, especially those which have already made a supper of blood, are unable to follow it.

Japanese Needlewomen. The daughters of the land of flowers sometimes curiously reverse European methods. They needle their thread instead of their needles, and instead of running their needles through the cloth they hold it still and run the cloth upon it. An English lady long resident in Tokyo once wrote to a friend that the impulse of her Japanese maid to sew on cuff frills and other similar things today carry and make out.

Food Values.

Food values of edibles in common use are given by the department of agriculture as follows: Rice, 36.00; wheat, 22.54; rye, 22.79; oats, 14.02; maize, 22.97; potatoes, 23.34; fat beef, 46.03; lean beef, 23.83.

Rivalry.

"Have you given up your singing lessons?" asked Maud.

"Yes," replied Maymie. "Father's fond of music, and he says he's tired of having me break in and interrupt the photograph."—Washington Star.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county, upon a decree foreclosing a certain mortgage in a suit against Franklin G. King was plaintiff and Lilly O. Hussey, G. O. King, and Mrs. S. C. King, husband and wife, were defendants, which execution and order of sale directed me to sell the real estate described below to satisfy the sum of \$483.40, with interest at 8 per cent from the 14th day of November 1917, and \$100 attorneys' fees and \$10 costs and disbursements.

Now, therefore, pursuant to the command of said execution I will on the 15th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m. at the court house door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand the following described real property: Lots three (3) and four (4), section seven (7), township four (4) south of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian, Sherman county, Oregon.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1917. J. C. McLean, Sheriff. 4th30421. of Sherman County, Oregon.

Cramps!

Says Mrs. Frank Hagler, of Carbondale, Ill.: "I was suffering terrible cramps and pains each month. I had used... but it didn't give any permanent relief. The pains came back on me just the same as before."

"After taking Cardui, I was entirely relieved from the pains, and have never been bothered with them since."

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Free Assay. If you have deposits of limestone, magnesite, marble, iron, chrome, manganese, silica, salts, or alkali, send in particulars and samples for free test. We can handle commercially workable deposits.

Gold, silver, copper and other complete assays made at conventional rates. Send for rate card and literature on industrial chemistry.

CHARLES A. NEWHALL CO., Inc. Industrial Chemistry Department. 1216 Westlake Ave., SEATTLE, WASH.



ECONOMY

HERE is an economy wave over the land. American people are beginning to realize that they are living too fast, beyond their means. It has been the rule that the man with \$20,000 a year as well as the man with \$2,000 a year lives up to every penny of his income. Slowly but surely this order of things is changing. The era of extravagance and waste in business and personal expenses is nearing an end. Efficiency and economy is the order of the day. Bank deposits are growing.

It is up to every one to economize. The best and surest way to do so is to place your surplus in the bank. If you already have a bank account make it a point from today on to increase it. Add to it weekly, daily if possible.

IF YOU HAVEN'T A BANK ACCOUNT DECIDE TO OPEN ONE TODAY.

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Transfer at 5th and Gilliam streets from North Bank Depot.