

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... May 23, 1919

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for three 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.

RETURNING YANKS A HOMESICK LOT

Never Want to Look Statue of Liberty in the Face Again.

ARE WILD TO GET ASHORE

"When I Get the United States Under My Feet I'm Going to Stay There," Said One Homesick Soldier.

New York.—To understand the feelings of the Americans boys released from the war and pouring back into the United States as fast as steamers can bring them from Europe, one must have known the pangs of acute homesickness.

They are downright homesick.

You read it in the hungry eyes that peer from the troopships when the government revenue cutter with its little handful of Americans in civilian clothes runs alongside. From every inch of space along the gunwale, from the topmost pile of life rafts to the bottom-most porthole, are yearning faces. They know the coming of the cutter is a sign of deliverance after the transport at the threshold of home has been detained at overnight quarantine off Fort Hamilton. Now they will be able to go on up the bay.

Faint "Ee-yow" grows to wild yell. At first a faint "ee-yow!" comes from one or two throats, and then ripples along the deck, increasing in volume and shrillness till it becomes a wild whoop, reverberating across the bay. A month ago it would have served for a battle cry. Today it is a shout of boyish delight, of greeting for the little cutter load of civilians—the first group of Americans the soldiers have seen in months.

Somewhere in that shout there is a plaintive note, and you get its meaning if you are one of those first civilians who board the transports as the group on the United States cutter immigrant dog, scrambling up a ladder while the boats are under way, for the troopships lose no time in starting their wheels at the signal from the customs officers.

"Does it feel good to get back?" you ask the first boy who grabs your hand on deck.

"Good?" he repeats fervently. "Gosh! Nothing ever felt so good in the world." You can tell 'em all when I get the United States under my feet it's going to stay there. Some boys said when he got back from the war he never wanted to look the statue of liberty in the face again. That's me. In a little bit she's going to see me coming home for the last time."

It was Tom O'Donnell of Chicago who made that long speech. He was one of the third constructional company aerial service, who came home on the British boat Orca, and he and more than 10,000 other "Yanks" returned from Europe this week and are now at Camp Mills, L. I., waiting to be mustered out.

As these troopships come through the Narrows into the upper bay the sun is rising like a huge red ball above the roofs of Brooklyn, silhouetting its spires and towering buildings and glinting across the rippling bay. Through an avenue of bristling masts the transport bears its soldier cargo on toward the North river till Fort Hamilton has been blurred into the morning mist and the masonry giants of lower Broadway stand out against the northern sky.

"Glad I'm an American."

And the homecoming soldiers, officers and men alike, lean against the rail and drink in the beauty of it all as if they never could get enough. An old-time bark swings at anchor close by, her four masts and square rigging in picturesque contrast to the crazy-quilt camouflage of half a dozen ocean barges moored near her. Ferries loaded with New Yorkers going to work scurry by, while their passengers wave handkerchiefs and cheer the home-ward-bound soldiers.

An officer of the aviation corps—these first troops to come back—are nearly all of the air service—takes a long, deep breath.

"The most wonderful roadstead in the world. It's glorious. I'm glad I'm an American," he said.

"You said something, brother," said a private who was leaning over the rail at his elbow. And the officer was too intent in his survey to note that a subordinate had addressed him without saluting.

WHOLE WHEAT TO ENGLAND

Decision of United States Food Administration is Pleasing to British Millers.

Liverpool.—British millers are deeply grateful for the decision of the United States food administration to send whole wheat to England instead of flour.

"Our flour mills were about to shut down, throwing thousands of skilled workmen out of employment at a time when demobilization threatens to disrupt many industries," a prominent miller told the International News Service. "America's action in sending us wheat represents the highest type of world service. And it shows that the American miller is not selfish."

MUNICH IS DANCING

Bavarian Capital Changed Little by Long War.

People Paler Than Their Wont, but Appear to Be Warmly Dressed.

Munich.—Munich looks much less changed after four years of war than those who knew it would have thought possible. The city appears far livelier and gay than three years ago. Part of this impression is unquestionably due to the profusion of Bavarian-German flags everywhere, emphasized by the red banners of the socialists.

Although fairly dark in the evening, because coal must be saved, the streets are crowded during the early hours. Restaurants are open and a fairly palatable imitation of beer is served. Many of the larger restaurants and prominent hotels have paper napkins and paper tablecloths.

Every postage stamp one licks has a strange disagreeable taste because of the use of some substitute. Bicycle tires have been replaced by coils of steel.

The streets are as clean as ever and with stores as beautiful, although filled with articles the prices of which would have been unbelievable four years ago.

The suffering seems to fall heavily on the poor people. Food now is more plentiful because the signing of the armistice brought out stocks which have been held in reserve. The people are perhaps paler than their wont, but the street crowds appear to be warmly dressed.

The city has resumed dancing, which has occasioned a terrific editorial outburst from a portion of the press. Former Imperial Chancellor von Hertling's organ, the Bavarian Courier, says:

"Our enemies will be robbed of the last vestige of pity if they hear of this. Are they not right?"

WOUNDED IN ACTION



Brig. Gen. Evan M. Johnson of the Seventy-seventh division who was severely wounded in action. General Johnson led a battalion of the Seventy-seventh in search of the famous "Lost Battalion" which was surrounded during the fighting in the Argonne forest.

General Johnson is a regular army man, having enlisted as a private. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and the Philippine campaign.

WIFE SLAIN IN CZAR'S ARMS

Former Valet Tells of the Murder of the Entire Romanoff Family by the Bolsheviks.

London.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Amsterdam says the Kiev newspapers publish a story given by the valet of the former empress of Russia of the murder of the entire Romanoff family by the Bolsheviks.

The valet said on July 17 all of the members of the family were taken to the cellar of the convent at Ekaterinburg and placed against the wall and shot one after the other. According to the story, the murderers granted the last request of the former Emperor Nicholas that his wife, who was ill, should die in his arms.

According to the valet, the Grand Duchess Tatiana was only wounded by the shots of the riflemen and was killed by blows from their rifle butts. All the bodies were burned in the outskirts of Ekaterinburg.

THINKS HE WILL SEE AGAIN

Hero Blinded by High Explosive Shell Believes His Sight Will Return.

Philadelphia.—Just one doctor out of twenty—and himself—believes that the sight of Lieut. Frank Schobbe, Jr., can be restored.

"A thousand doctors may tell me I'll not get my sight again, but I know that in a few months I'm going to see again," cried the young fighting man when told his case was hopeless.

The lieutenant was leading his men in a picturesque ravine in the Argonne forest in France when a high explosive shell blinded him.

Beware of Stocking Bank.

Tarentum, Pa.—Grocers who feared thieves and had little faith in their strong boxes were sometimes known to hide their receipts overnight in the beans, but it took a local man to disclose that dry goods merchants sometimes use stockings for the purpose. As usual, the stocking as a bank proved a failure. The store owners were thoughtlessly opened too early one day recently and a customer made away with a real Christmas stocking with \$117 concealed in the foot.

"CAMOUFLAGE"

By MISS SUE MORRIS.

Harley Cox had achieved what the other boys thought a most enviable fame—he was the biggest social success in the Wilton summer colony. Many fellow rivals wondered just how he did it and didn't hesitate to inquire. But Harley was unable to offer any practical assistance along this line. It wasn't in the poor boy's power to tell how the trick was turned.

The girl favored with his invitation was considered especially lucky. Was it any wonder, then, that all of Wilton's folks stood agape at the thought of Harley showing such a marked preference for the society of Arline Serl? True, that girl was a sweetly refined little thing and reasonably popular; but when one considered the wide range of selection available to a man of Harley's standing it was startling to know that he preferred the little governess in the Parkman family. Harley and Arline were slowly rounding the curve, which would bring them in direct vision of the Parkman veranda.

"You may leave me here, Harley," said Arline.

"But why should that be necessary, Arline? I want to prolong my happiness by seeing you to the very steps. Perhaps Mother Parkman will invite me to tea."

"Well said, little boy, but very much out of order after I have told you of my decision."

"Great guns, Arline, do you—can you think that I would consider any difference in social position a barrier? You're a governess with a college education which is the equivalent of mine. We have common interests and should be very happy. Why dig up stuff concerning social and financial differences which don't count at all?"

Upon reaching the piazza Harley shook hands with Mrs. Parkman, saying at the same time, "Congratulations, Mother Parkman. I've found 'the lady'!"

Harley, armed with flowers and candy made a morning call at the Parkman home. Upon learning that Arline had made a hurried departure on an early morning train, leaving no city address after her, Harley attempted to gain possession of himself sufficiently to leave the flowers and sweets for an invalid aunt in the household and depart.

The spacious rooms of the Granville home were ideal for the social purposes to which they were frequently subjected. Mrs. Granville was famous because of her very successful social gatherings. Tonight's dance was no exception.

Harley Cox respectfully excused himself from the very lively gathering of younger debutantes to answer the summons of his hostess, Mrs. Granville.

"Now Harley, my boy," said Mrs. Granville, "look your finest. I want you to meet my best beloved niece. So saying, Mrs. Granville led the way to the farther end of the room. Arriving there she secured the attention of one of the most attractive of a group of girls and said, "Arline, I want to present—"

But she wasn't able to get any further for both Arline and Harley insisted upon taking up all of the talking space available.

Briefly explaining that he had made Arline's acquaintance, Harley quickly took her out of the crowd.

Gaining a quiet corner, Harley demanded an explanation of Arline's sudden departure from Wilton.

In her quiet way Arline said, "Yes, Harley, I do owe you an explanation, I know. As to my residence, since Aunt Martha's breakdown I have been living here with her. She is such a dear—and so indulgent that I am able to find plenty of time to write here."

"Perhaps I don't understand, Arline. What work do you mean? Do you still teach?"

"Oh, no, I am finishing up my book. When you met me I was working after hours on the most vital part of my story. There being no kiddies at home I wanted to go somewhere where I might make their acquaintance in order to secure atmosphere for my story."

"Why then did you let me believe that you were really a governess? Furthermore, why did you run away when I needed you most, Arline?"

"I allowed you to continue in error about my position as governess since I felt happy to know that you cared regardless of my social position."

"Indeed," said Harley, "then I played 'second fiddle'! Although a man isn't ordinarily interested in the welfare of his rival, I'd like to ask how the book panned out."

"Well, the publishers were satisfied with earlier installments of it and are anxious to have me send the later part. But I've lost my ambition," she added a little wistfully.

"And the cause of this loss of ambition, Arline? Why has the once so particularly important book come into disfavor?"

"Because it's nearly been to blame for my losing something more essential than the book," answered Arline with a telltale blush.

"Blessed book," answered Harley while he boldly took the girl in his arms. "Were it not for it, I might never have met my dream girl."

This they both seemed to think would have been a most alarming tragedy.

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New Source of Leather.

Durable leather from the bladders of animals is claimed by Rudolph Obrist-Doss, a Swiss. The bladders are stretched and dried, giving them a smooth surface, and are then made pliant and waterproof by a special process of felling and tanning. The pieces so obtained may be pressed together, with a suitable adhesive, and with or without felt, to give a leather or leather substitute of any desired thickness.

YANK GUNNERY AMAZES BOCHE

Captured Hun Says He Never Saw Such a Perfect Barrage.

IRISHMEN SAVED THE DAY

Famous New York Infantry Regiment Did Great Work at Champagne—Took Terrible Toll of Death From Enemy.

New York.—Over the rail of the hospital transport Sierra as it came in one day recently leaned Roy Davis of Chicago. He was a soldier of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth artillery, formerly the First Illinois, in command of H. J. Reilly. He yelled down to those on the police boat:

"Tell the people of New York the old Sixty-ninth (the famous Irish Infantry regiment in the New York National Guard, now the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth, a part of the Rainbow division) saved the day at the Champagne. The people of France are wildly enthusiastic over the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth, and believe me, they have reason to be."

"We followed the Sixty-ninth up at the battle of Champagne, laying down their barrage for them. It got hot as hell behind those boys and then hotter and it was just as bad in front. The Polus started to go back and yelled to the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth to turn and follow them."

"To hell with that!" yelled back the Sixty-ninth. "We're going right on." And, believe me, they went right on and saved the day.

"Exacted Terrible Cost." "The gray-green uniforms strewn the ground in front of the Irish positions. One walked on a carpet of dead bodies after the attack was hurried back. The Sixty-ninth was cut up, but they exacted terrible cost from the Boche."

It was of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth field artillery that a captured German said:

"Let me see those men who are behind those guns. I never saw such a perfect barrage in all my life."

One of the most popular officers on the transport was the Rev. Ray E. Jenney, the fighting chaplain of Decatur, Ill., who had four wound stripes on his sleeve. When all the officers of a company in his regiment had been shot down in the big drive at St. Mihiel he led the men on and brought back a trophy in the shape of a silver-mounted Luger pistol that he took from a German commander when his company smashed up a machine gun.

Bear Distinguishes Himself.

Among those wearing the Croix de Guerre was Lieut. J. Sanford Bear of Illinois of the Thirty-ninth infantry. He is twenty-two years old. On July 27 he distinguished himself in a novel manner. It was before Chateau-Thierry and a group of officers in French uniforms on the opposite bank of the Vesle were believed to be Germans in disguise. It was to find out if the officers who pretended to be French were really so that Bear volunteered to swim the Vesle and make close observation on the other shore.

Whether they were friends or foes Bear was exposed to the machine-gun fire of the enemy while swimming, but he carried through his mission successfully, found that the French uniforms were but disguises, and so permitted the fire from the American side to be centered upon the enemy positions. For this he won the cross.

Hard to Manage.

A man who has lately undertaken the management of a certain temperamental star was asked, during the past week, about the young woman's well-being. "How is Miss So-and-So?" ran the query. "I don't talk to her any more," was the answer. "She's under my management now."

Almost Entire Family Wiped Out by War

Leavenworth, Kan.—Almost the entire family of Sergt. William C. Baldwin, Company C, of the Soldiers' home near here, has been offered up on the altar of America. Recently a letter was received by him stating that his third son had died from pneumonia at Camp Funston. Two other sons died in action in France.

Two daughters are now overseas, serving as Red Cross nurses. One of them has been wounded by a bomb.

WAR IS GOOD HAIR TONIC

Yankee Goes to France With Billiard Ball Head and Now Has Fine Crop.

Sharon, Pa.—The crash of cannon, shriek of high explosive shells and the bursting of shrapnel in the best hair tonic ever concocted, according to Private Harry Vance, a Farrell boy now in France. Vance tells of an American soldier who landed in France with a head as free of hair as a billiard ball. After a short time in the front lines, where he engaged in a number of sharp battles, his hair started to grow and today he has a fine crop.

Gives Three Sons to Service.

Newman, Ga.—A. D. Harris of Newman has given three sons to his country's fight for freedom, all of whom volunteered early in the war. Alvin H. Harris, Marine corps, was killed in action at Bouschraes, and his courage was warmly praised by his superior officers. Marvin D. Harris was accidentally killed during a storm. William D. Harris, Marine corps, was severely wounded at Chateau-Thierry.

FALL OF STATUE ENDS HUN LUCK

Quaint Legend of Albert Madonna, Distorted by Germans, Has Sequel.

TRICK OF PARISH PRIEST

When Virgin of Albert Was Dethroned the Huns From Being Truculent Conquerors Were Forced to Kneel in Submission.

London.—All the world knows the story of the Madonna which was dislodged by German shell fire from its perch on the tower of the parish church at Albert during the first mad rush of the Huns through France in 1914. The statue did not fall, nor was it greatly damaged, but the base was so shattered that it hung precariously over the main road from Amiens to Bapaume, which passes under the very walls of the beautiful old church. For some reason, when the red tide of war swept westward through Albert, the Hun did not complete the destruction of the tower, and the statue still maintained its strange pose after the invaders had been rolled back at the battle of the Marne.

Days of Great Hope. Those were the days of great hope. France was fighting with skill and determination. Britain was steadily increasing her small but wonderful army, and the Russians were advancing almost at a gallop through East Prussia. In fact, there were optimists who thought Germany would sue for peace before Christmas—Christmas, 1914! Some hint of the trend of popular thought was given by the quaint conceit which grew up in the hearts of the people, namely, that when the Virgin of Albert fell (as fall she must, in the opinion of all who saw the statue) the war would end in a victory for France and her allies. But the war did not end, nor did the statue fall, and the opposing armies settled down to nearly four years of trench warfare, with the odds greatly in favor of the Hun, and success constantly attending his efforts and those of his ill-omened helpers, the Turks.

The Germans, who certainly never miss a point in their efforts to undermine their opponents' morale, seized on the legend. Varying it to suit their purpose they spread the story far and wide that when the statue fell France would lose the war. Now, the town of Albert possesses a most patriotic and efficient parish priest. No sooner did the Hun version of the story reach his ears than he sought out a skilled blacksmith. The two ascended the half-ruined tower, surveyed the broken base, and so braced and riveted the statue to its recumbent position that fall it could not until the tower itself gave way.

Hun Again in Albert. So for many a day every British Tommy who marched to the front

along the road to Bapaume raised his wondering eyes to the Madonna high above his head and few there were of any denomination who failed to find in its strange attitude a species of benign benediction. At last, during those black days of last March and April, the seemingly impossible happened. The British line bent before the fury of a German assault, aided as it was by long-continued fog, and the Hun was once again in Albert.

When the British retired the statue was still intact, but, whether by accident or design is not yet known, the Germans brought down the tower, and with it fell the virgin and child. And here comes the strange part of the story, to which latest development public attention is now directed for the first time. Hardly a yard farther did the German advance progress. From that day onward the green-gray hordes were pressed back, slowly at first, but with an ever-increasing celerity which finally developed to a rout.

In a word the luck of the Huns deserted them when the Virgin of Albert was dethroned. From being the truculent conquerors of nearly all Europe they were forced to their knees whining for mercy. The foregoing facts cannot be gainsaid. Viewed in retrospect, they form one of the most curious and interesting episodes of the greatest of all wars.

Only Things That Prevail.

What a fallacy to define riches as anything sensual! For all that is of the flesh, fleshy and of the earth earthy must one day perish like weeds that are slain by the reaper in the hot sun. Only love and truth and beauty and their divine fellowships are immortal, and only these are worth the husbandry of the undying soul.—Exchange.

Is Last Person to Hear of End of War

Manchester, Conn.—While many local citizens were claiming the honor of being the first to hear locally of the news of the signing of the armistice in France, Dr. W. E. Greene returned from a trip to Maine, where he had been hunting in the woods, and announced that he was probably among the last persons in the country to learn of the end of the war.

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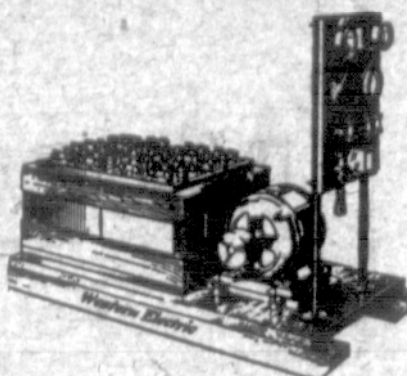
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