

**The Observer**  
MORO, OREGON.  
FRIDAY, August 8, 1919  
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 on 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.

**Autumn Leaves**  
A Halloween Story  
By FRANCIS B. LINSKY  
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The little gray motor stood hummily at the gate, as if the glorious fall weather had made it impatient to be off and try its speed along the smooth country roads, while down the pathway from the cottage came its owner, her usually merry face marred by a frown, which only deepened as she read and reread the letter in her hand. Then, crushing it angrily into her pocket, she climbed into the little gray roadster and slammed the door after her with a bang. She threw out the clutch with unnecessary force, and the little car, as if in protest at such unusual treatment, bounded forward with a jerk that nearly bounced Eve out of her seat.

However, no one could long withstand the beauty of the perfect October day, and as they sped along the frown was gradually chased away and just the least suggestion of a pout was left in its place.

Eve stopped the machine for a moment under the friendly shade of an old maple and once more fished the letter out of her pocket.

"If Tom Murdock isn't the most exasperating of brothers," she stormed to herself as she read; "the idea of his keeping me waiting until the very last minute, and then letting me know that he can't get home in time to take me to the Halloween party tonight."

"Business, of course; that's always a man's excuse, and," reading on, "he may possibly get home very late tonight, and if he does he will call for me at the Campbell's—and he's awfully sorry that I shall have to go alone. Much good that does me," muttered Eve to herself.

She turned the page, and unconsciously a tender light came into the girl's eyes as she read:

"I know you will be glad, Eve, when I tell you that while I was in the neighborhood I went over to the sulphur baths to see Adam Campbell. Well, sis, the baths and the treatments and the doctors have all done their best for him, but the folks at home must not hope for too much. You remember he said he would try the cure for six months, whether for real or for fake, but a terrible fall such as Adam had can do a lot of harm, and when a fellow hasn't walked for two years—why, he needs a lot of curing."

Eve's face was very thoughtful as she started the little gray car again.

"Poor Adam," she said to herself, "I'm afraid his case is hopeless. Well, we'll all have to be twice as nice to him when he comes home, to make up to him for his great disappointment."

"But there!" giving herself a little shake, "I mustn't let thinking of Adam spoil the fun of getting ready for tonight. It's a good thing that the party is at his house, and that I knew the Campbell's so well that I shouldn't mind having to arrive without an escort."

The "toot, toot," of her horn brought Grace Campbell and her Aunt Jane hurrying out to greet her, and many a smothered laugh and squeal of delight issued forth as the two girls delved into the tonneau of the little gray roadster and came forth loaded with jack-o'-lanterns, big pumpkins hollowed out for other mysterious purposes, several brooms and a large black witch.

"Oh, Eve, you did a wonderful job," cried Grace, excitedly. "That 'witch lady' certainly looks like a real 'spook'!" The two girls vanished into the house to put the finishing touches to the decorations for the evening.

The afternoon sped away, and once more Eve climbed into the little car.

"I shall have to come back alone," she announced nonchalantly, as she prepared to start. "Tom sent me a 'special' this morning, saying that he wouldn't be able to get home tonight, that is, not until very late. It's too bad," she added, as she noted the look of keen disappointment that flashed into Grace's face at her words.

"Yes, it is too bad," agreed Grace, trying to seem unconcerned, "and not to have Adam here, either. Poor fellow, I had hoped he'd be home all well long before this."

Eve sped away and in a few hours was back again at the Campbell home, all ready for the fun.

"I've got another game to play," whispered Grace in great excitement, as Eve took off her things. "It's one Adam and I used to play when we were youngsters, and I had forgotten all about it until Aunt Jane reminded me. It's to be a secret, even from you." And she rushed away to welcome her guests, who were all clamoring for attention at once.

They were a merry group, noisy and lighthearted, and shriek after shriek of laughter followed each attempt to walk upstairs backward without dropping the apple off one's head, to sail one's trail bark around the wash-tub without coming to grief.

For two hours the fun waxed fast and furious, and then the gay spirits of even the ringleaders seemed to flag. Here was where Aunt Jane stepped into the breach.

"Outdoors, all of you," she commanded laughingly, "and sit down on the back steps and draw lots. She handed some strips of paper to Grace.

"Well, who drew the longest strip?" demanded Aunt Jane, coming out after a few moments and breaking the silence.

Eve was first to hold up her hand. "Then you must pay the forfeit," said Aunt Jane as she held out a mirror and a little card to the girl. "Hold this mirror in your hand, and go down into the orchard until you are out of sight of the house. Then, standing under a tree so that the light of the moon falls over your right shoulder, repeat the rhyme that is on this card three times. Keep your eyes covered until you have said the last word for the third time; then look into the mirror and the image of the man you are going to marry will look out at you."

"Well, I'll go," said Eve, "but it's any of the boys here, I shall call it 'no fair,' and if it's old Molly, the cow, who wanders from the other pasture I shall give her the 'mitten' then and there."

She tripped off and selected her spot with due care. Then, as rapidly as she could speak the lines, she recited the old familiar verse that she had known since childhood.

"Under the autumn leaves here I stand, The Halloween mirror in my hand, Moon, shining full in the sky so clear Pray let me see in the mirror here The face of the man who some day will be The dearest in all this world to me."

So intent was she on getting through with this Peter Piper performance that she did not hear the click of the orchard gate, nor the fall of footsteps coming nearer and nearer, and with a little scream she dropped the mirror out of her trembling hands and covered her eyes, as a deep and very familiar voice behind her repeated softly:

"Under the autumn leaves, lo! I stand, Brought hither, fair lady, at thy command, And the moon that is shining away up there, Never shone on a face more wondrous fair. And my life will never quite happily be Till it's dearest in all this world to me."

And as if to convince her that he was more than moonshine, two hands were laid gently on her shoulders, and Eve was turned around to confront the impromptu poet.

"Oh, Adam!" she gasped, "it is well—I am so glad," and then, struggling between a hysterical inclination to laugh and a hysterical inclination to cry—Eve stood mute.

"Yes," said the man, "it is well that I should tell you long ago what I wanted to tell you long ago, but I dared not until I knew I should be well again. My dear," he said tenderly, "you know how long Adam waited for his Eve—won't you make this place a Paradise?" And with a half sob the girl went into his outstretched arms.

Back to the cottage a group of young folk still sat on the steps, singing all the old songs to pass the time till Eve should return.

"Hello, everybody!" called out Tom Murdock, as he went around to the door of the house searching for the voice. "Hello, everybody!" he said again, but his eyes sought out Grace, who was most demurely looking straight ahead.

"Where's Eve?" he asked a minute later as he missed her.

"Why, she went down to the orchard," said one of the boys, "and, by Jove, she didn't go for nothing," he exclaimed excitedly, as he caught sight of Eve and a man coming slowly up the path.

"Well, you see I found him," called out Eve gayly, as they came nearer. "He was out there waiting for me—"

"Under the autumn leaves."

**Lest We Forget!**  
"During some canteen work I recently came in touch with an escaped prisoner of war, who had spent one year in German captivity, who related some of his experiences. He had made some of the first five unsuccessful efforts were punished in a most barbaric fashion. He had had to undergo a reduction in rations to two ounces of bread and two ounces of meat per day, then solitary confinement in a dark cell for a fortnight, with only two ounces of bread per day. The third attempt to escape called forth the horrible reprisal of being nailed to a plank of wood by the fleshy web between the thumb and forefinger, where large scars still remain. On the fourth occasion the poor fellow received three bayonet wounds in the stomach, and the punishment for the fifth effort to escape was, he said, too terrible to be related."—Montreal Herald.

**French Nerve.**  
A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he went up in his bulky sausage and remained there unperturbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to his parachute.

The Boche airman, not content with destroying the sausage, pursued the Frenchman as he floated down, pumping bullets at the escaping umbrella. And the Frenchman coolly drew his revolver and answered the Boche's fire.

**A Guess.**  
An exchange says that the three-ball sign in front of certain shops is of Indian origin. From the Pawnees, we suppose.

**Wedding Rings.**  
The wedding ring was not always plain, as we see it today. It was frequently highly ornamented and wrought with various designs. But as other rings began to be worn the wedding ring was made conspicuously plain. The practice, however, was long in vogue of inscribing appropriate mottoes on rings. The ring may be said to be symbolic. It is of gold and typifies purity and refinement, whereas its rotundity signifies "the round flowing of mutual love and hearty affection."

**The Name of Roberts**  
By LINCOLN ROTHELM

"Well, I declare," ejaculated daintily Madeleine Sommers as a pretty young man smiled at her, "I shall call it 'no fair,' and if it's old Molly, the cow, who wanders from the other pasture I shall give her the 'mitten' then and there."

She tripped off and selected her spot with due care. Then, as rapidly as she could speak the lines, she recited the old familiar verse that she had known since childhood.

"Dear Sis—I know you will be as disappointed as I am to learn that Lieutenant Roberts will not approve my furlough. He is commanding officer while the captain is in the hospital, and says that if I were to go home now it would leave the company without a mechanic, as the company qualified to do such work. So we will have to pocket our disappointment and wait for a more favorable opportunity. Love from your brother, RALPH."

"Ralph is right," Mrs. Sommers answered soothingly as she industriously continued to knit the wool which was gradually and surprisingly assuming the form of a sweater, "and if he is needed there it would be unparliamentary to have him with us."

"But, mother, can't you understand that I wanted him home for the military hall? It won't seem like a real dance unless Ralph is with us. Oh, I just hate Lieutenant Roberts. It's an ugly old name, anyway."

"Hush, child, you don't realize what you are saying. But how will it be if I speak to father and see if he won't let you visit Ralph in camp? You could make the trip alone."

The happy suggestion brought a quick smile to the charming face which seldom failed to reflect cheerfulness.

"You're a dear, dear mother, and if you can convince daddy to let me go, I'll give you exactly thirty-nine kisses. And as if making an advance deposit on the proposed payment, Mrs. Sommers received a generous portion of the amount due.

And because "daddy" was never known to refuse his daughter any reasonable request which would contribute to her happiness, it was but a short week before the Overland Limited swiftly bore the excited girl to the great cantonment, very proud of the responsibility of traveling unchaperoned; and her cup of happiness was quite filled to overflowing as Mechanic Sommers, with chest inflated, placed on exhibition "my sister's" before the "fellows" standing with gaping mouths at the unusual vision of loveliness among their monotonous uniforms of khaki.

And Madeleine loved to make the daily trip from town to camp, despite the tiresome, hard ride upon the rickety, rambling, one-line car—the only means of access to the camp. At the "Y" there was always a crowd of eager, manly boys waiting about the piano for the magic music she could make with fingers and voice and other "fellers" standing with gaping mouths at the unusual vision of loveliness among their monotonous uniforms of khaki.

Her purse! It was gone! No, she remembered leaving it on top of the piano at the Y. M. C. A. How would she pay her fare? It was far to town and the night was dark.

"Fardon me, madam, but may I assist you in your difficulty?" And as Madeleine looked up she found the owner of the dulcet tones handing the conductor the necessary coin and saluting her with military precision.

"A first lieutenant and decidedly good-looking," she thought as her eyes took in collar insignia and the features above. Aloud: "Thank you, sir; I am very grateful."

The officer bowed and moved up toward the front of the car. When he seated himself he found the young lady beside him.

A blush of faint pink suffused her cheeks. "I would like to repay you, if—"

"Don't," he interrupted, holding up his hand; "I am glad to have been of assistance. Would you care to sit next to the window?"

Madeleine accepted the courtesy, and because she did not know whether or not she should speak, and if she should, what to say, she ran her fingers up and down the iron bars of the open window, humming the lulling tones of a popular air. She felt she really ought to make some arrangement to return the fare advanced.

"I should like to repay you, if—"

"Do you really want to repay me?" he again interrupted, very excitedly, as if without giving her an opportunity to answer: "I've an invitation to a dance tonight, and don't know a female soul to ask. Will you come with me?"

Madeleine looked around the car. There were no other passengers, and she laughed out loud. "Sure," she gamely answered.

The ride had never seemed so short, and both commented on the fact. It was just a moment before that the incident had happened, and here they were already entering the spacious foyer from which, in the adjoining hall, they could see the dancing feet, keeping excellent rhythm with the saxophone, who was not always certain if he were playing in two-four or three-four time.

Madeleine pronounced around up tipples, her eyes shining with excitement.

The officer watched the pretty girl admiringly. The opening notes of the next number startled him from his gaze and with a guilty look of having been caught he led her into the hall. And as they glided smoothly over the polished floor Madeleine uttered a silent

prayer of gratitude that the lieutenant could dance so well, while it was admitted the lieutenant was trying the twin task of determining if the girl could dance better than she was pretty.

"The closing strain of 'Good Night, Ladies,' regrettably ordered them to the checking room, and when he had escorted her to her hotel he asked permission to see her again. "Certainly," Madeleine agreed, and as the chimes from the church near by sounded twice she flew into the waiting section of the revolving door.

The next morning she awoke with the premonition that something surprisingly pleasant would happen. And by way of preparedness, her wardrobe for the day was selected. As she entered the dining room many an eye stopped to linger at the clear color of her cheeks and the happy twist of her lips. The light breakfast finished she passed out onto the stone terrace, and it seemed a sort of accepted fact to find the lieutenant there.

"I thought you might like to go home this morning," he explained, "and perhaps after dinner you may care to visit the camp."

Madeleine decided that daylight did not detract from the man's personality. "Delightful," she answered; and a delightful ride it was. Out on the country roads did not lessen his carefree driving. Twelve o'clock brought them to a hostelry in the valley, and to his other attributes Madeleine added the knowledge how to order an excellent dinner. On arrival at camp the lieutenant, now in his own element, became even more engaging, but experienced disappointment that this most attractive girl should fall to find any interest in the life and surroundings which meant so much to him. But how was he to know that instead of being a novel experience it had been her daily program for two weeks past? He racked his brain for an idea to arouse her lagging interest.

"I'll have my company drill with rifles," he suggested, "you'll like that."

As they proceeded down the company street Madeleine recognized a familiar figure coming toward them.

"Hello, sis," Ralph called out, aiding his arm through hers as he saluted the officer. "Where did you meet Lieutenant Roberts?" Madeleine explained in a dazed manner. "Certainly not your Lieutenant Roberts?"

"And don't you like his Lieutenant Roberts?" the lieutenant smilingly and wonderingly asked.

"When sis learned I couldn't come home on a furlough," Ralph explained, "she wrote she hated even the name of Roberts."

"Hush, Ralph," Madeleine whispered, holding up a warning finger against her pretty mouth.

And then Ralph did a very un-military thing. He saluted his superior officer and deliberately winked. And although it is not on record, it is very possible that as he made an about-face, he marched off with a big grin spread from ear to ear.

"Do you think," the lieutenant asked, as his eyes eloquently pleaded his cause, "that Mrs. Roberts sounds like a very bad mine?"

Madeleine's laugh gurgled from her throat for joy. "On the contrary," she answered looking up archly at the straight figure, "I believe I shall find it very much to my liking."

The lieutenant glanced down the company street and saw his men standing rigidly at attention, their spotless rifles glinting in the noontday sun.

"Sergeant," he called out, trying hard to conceal the happiness in his voice, "there'll be no drill today. Dismiss the company."

**The Quick Comeback.**  
"France's success in this war," said the close observer, "is her wonderful comeback. No matter how hard Germany has hit her, France has always returned the blow with speed and vigor."

"France, in fact, has been as ready as the young fellow who proposed to the schoolteacher. The schoolteacher said to him scornfully: 'Do you suppose, Mr. Doolittle, that I'd ever marry a man so bent-legged as to carry a great big horsehoe in his pocket for luck?'"

"Doolittle paled. He gave a loud laugh, took out his horsehoe, laid it on his knee, patted it and said gayly: 'Well, old fellow, I guess nobody'll ever doubt your efficacy after this!'"

**"Dead" Brother Very Much Alive.**  
Benjamin Bennick of Hempstead went to Cornell's morgue and was positive that the body of a man who had died at Camp Mills of Spanish influenza was that of his brother, Louis Bennick.

The dead man had been registered as William Bennick, so Benjamin was told to go to the base hospital at Mineola to make sure if it was his brother who had died. He went and was conducted to a ward. His brother, about to be discharged, jumped up from a cot and kissed him.

Then Benjamin kissed all the patients, the doctors, all the nurses who had not flown, and finished up by fainting.

**Mules Worth More Than Horses.**  
The government pays more for mules than for horses for war service. The average prices paid up to June 1 were as follows: Mules, wheel, \$228; lead, \$180; pack and riding, \$184. Horses, cavalry mounts, \$161; light artillery, \$188; heavy artillery, \$221; young horses, \$142.

**No Place for Him to Die.**  
Daniel Webster, taken ill one day in a town, of decided Democratic leanings, begged his friends to take him home at once. "I was born a Federalist," he pleaded. "I have lived a Federalist, and I can't die in a Democratic town."

**The Largest Flower.**  
Mindanao produces the largest flower in the world. Its habitat is the Farag mountain, 2,500 feet above sea level. The natives give it the name of Bolo. Its full-blossom, five-petaled, is over three feet in diameter and weighs 22 pounds. The flower was first found in Sumatra.

**WOMEN POLICE "MAKE GOOD"**

Abundant Testimony as to Splendid Work They Have Done in England Since War Started.

How England's women police have developed into a real force for the maintenance of order and public morality has appeared in the report of Miss Goldingham, deputy commandant of the women police service, at a meeting in Richmond, where the establishment of such a force was under discussion.

She said that these forces had been formed from voluntary workers early in the war, as a means of helping refugees and young English girls and boys who were in need of aid or advice. In three and a half years, 1,000 women have been trained for the work and have found appointments.

At present women are policing 20 munition factories, where they perform all the duties, practically, that could be expected of masculine police. The women's police service has also supplied police for 18 towns, in four of which women have been sworn in as constables.

**Mark Twain on Conscience.**  
There is no record a conversation that Mark Twain had with Kipling, in which the former discoursed on the conscience. The story is told by Kipling. He reports Twain as saying: "A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything that it wants it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it rebels spank it—be severe with it, prevent its pleasures, and you will secure a properly trained one. A spoiled conscience is a nuisance of life. I think that I have reduced mine to order. At least I have not heard from it for some time. Perhaps I have killed it from severity. It's wrong to kill a child, but in spite of all I have said a conscience differs from a child in many ways. Perhaps it's best when it is dead."

**Notice of Final Settlement.**  
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county: In the matter of the estate of Carl Peets, deceased.

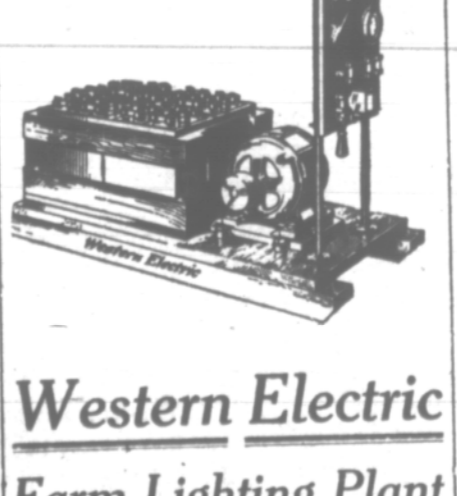
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the above entitled court and cause his final report and account of his administration of said estate, and that Monday, the 4th day of August, A. D. 1919, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day has been, by order of the court, appointed as the time, and the county court room in the county court house at Moro, Oregon, as the place for the hearing of the said report and account, the objections hereto if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 30th day of June, A. D. 1919.

Otto Peets, Administrator. jul45

**PROVOOST & SON**  
Successors to John Dunn  
MORO - OREGON

**General Blacksmithing and Iron Working**  
All work promptly and satisfactorily done.



**Western Electric Farm Lighting Plant**  
Brighten Up The Farm

This is what a Western Electric Lighting Plant on your place will mean to you:

- No dark nights.
- No gas to explode.
- No pressure tank to blow up.
- No water to carry.
- No lamps to fill.
- No matches to burn.
- No smoky chimneys to clean.

Turn a Switch anywhere day or night and get a good strong flood of light.

For Sale By

**Walther-Williams Hdw. Co.**  
The Dalles, Oregon,  
Agent for Wasco and Sherman Counties

**BE A LEADER**  
"A wise and great leader lifts his whole community and may lift an entire nation"—Evan  
An immense problem in reconstruction confronts the present generation. Are you doing your utmost to prepare to lead in its solution?

**Oregon Agricultural College**  
Trains for leadership in the industries and professions as follows:  
HOME ECONOMICS, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, FORESTRY, PHARMACY, MUSIC, VOCATIONAL EDUCATION, CIVIL ENGINEERING, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, CHEMICAL ENGINEERING, INDUSTRIAL ARTS, MINING ENGINEERING, LOGGING ENGINEERING, MILITARY SCIENCE.  
The College training includes courses in English, Economics, Art, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Physical Education, Industrial Journalism, Natural Sciences, and all essentials of an education.

Three regular terms—Fall term begins September 22, 1919

For College Catalog, Illustrated Booklet and other information address THE REGISTRAR, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis

**Delicate Mechanism**

Despite its scope Swift & Company is a business of infinite details, requiring infinite attention.

Experienced men must know livestock buying with a knowledge of weight, price, the amount and quality of meat the live animals will yield.

Each manufacturing operation must be done with expert skill and scientific precision. A highly perishable product must be handled with speed and care to avoid loss.

Chemists, engineers, accountants, and other specialists are required to take care of our intricate problems.

Alert wisdom and judgment must be used in getting stocks of goods into the open channels of demand through our four hundred branch houses. Branch house organizations must show activity and energy to sell at the market in the face of acute competition from other large packers, and hundreds of small ones.

All these requirements of intelligence, loyalty, devotion to the task, are met in the personnel of Swift & Company. Yet the profit is only a fraction of a cent per pound with costs at minimum.

How can the workings of this delicate human mechanism be improved upon?

Do you believe that Government direction would add to our efficiency or improve the service rendered the producer and consumer?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

**Swift & Company, U.S.A.**

THIS SHOWS WHAT BECOMES OF THE AVERAGE DOLLAR RECEIVED BY SWIFT & COMPANY FROM THE SALE OF MEAT AND BY PRODUCTS: 85 CENTS IS PAID FOR THE LIVE ANIMAL. 12.86 CENTS FOR LABOR EXPENSES AND FREIGHT. 2.04 CENTS REMAINING WITH SWIFT & COMPANY AS PROFIT.

WHEN IT GOES TO STOCK MARKET

12.96% Expense  
85% To Stock Market

**"Maybe nobody has told you," says the Good Judge—**

Why this good tobacco costs less to chew. You get real tobacco satisfaction with a small chew. It gives you the good tobacco taste. It lasts and lasts. You don't need a fresh chew so often. It saves you money.

**THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW**  
put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco  
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

Try a Want Ad, in The Observer. It Pays. IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY