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FIRST CALL WAS FOR SOAP

Nothing Germans at Coblenz Would Not Do for That Article—Pepper Came Next.

German supplies were getting rather short when the American army of occupation moved across the Rhine at Coblenz. The population was eating a tough black bread which was nothing more than a bran mash, wearing paper clothes, and going virtually unwashed, as they had no soap.

There is almost nothing the Germans won't do for a piece of American soap. The washwomen will darn impossible holes in the doughboy's socks, mend his trousers, scrub his leggings, and would stand guard in his place if assured they will be rewarded with a portion of this delicacy. Soap takes the preference over cigarettes, chocolates or chewing gum.

The Germans have an imitation soap they provide for the populace. It looks like soap and makes a rich-appearing lather, but it isn't soap. It doesn't do the work. You might as well try to shave with the foam from their bad-tasting beer as that soap. Having no oils or fats in it, it is plain camouflage.

Another thing the Germans are shy on is pepper. A person who has always had pepper might give it little thought and it probably would be the last thing included in an "iron ration," but go without pepper three years and you'll begin to think that it is the staff of life.

Soap and pepper are to the Germans what pie and ice cream had going home are to the American doughboys. The Spitzer of April, published in France by the United States Army Railway Engineers.

MARY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Movie Actress Tells Why She Long Has Had Grudge Against Robert Hilliard.

Robert Hilliard, actor, and best-dressed man in New York theatrical circles, was introduced to Mary Pickford recently. As they shook hands she smiled and said:

"My dear Miss Pickford, I have wanted to meet you for a long time. This is a pleasure. I assure you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hilliard," replied the movie actress, "but I must say your memory for faces isn't very good."

"Why?" he asked.

"Some twenty years ago, when you were playing in 'The Littlest Girl' in Toronto, you needed a child to be the girl. My mother offered my services. I was little Gladys Smith then. You looked me over and told me to go home and wash my hands."

"No, no!" replied the horrified Hilliard. "I couldn't have said that."

"But you did," persisted Miss Pickford; "but I told you my hands weren't dirty—they were chapped. You finally gave me the job, but I took a dislike to you just the same."

"You did? Why?"

"Because," concluded Miss Pickford, "you made me go home and wash my hands, anyway, and I detested soap and water in those days."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Hilliard, as he arranged his boutonniere.—Rehoboth Herald.

Explained.

She was weeping bitter tears into her afternoon tea. "Oh, my dear!" she said to her only friend, "I don't know what I shall do. Ted and I have only been married six months, yet he spends every evening at his club."

"Well, don't worry, darling," said the other. "Percy just the same. But I shall never scold him again for spending so much time at his club."

"Why not?"

"Well, last night a burglar got into the house and my husband knocked him senseless with a poker. I've heard several men speak of him as a poker expert. He has evidently been practicing at the club for just such an emergency."—Exchange.

Rescue Caps.

Less thrilling than being rescued and carried down on a swaying ladder, but much more practical, is a new rescue cage. When the fire ladder is thrown against a burning building it carries to a steel cage. Like an elevator without a shaft the cage hangs from its pulley at the top of the ladder, within easy reach of the windows. It is lowered by turning the cable drum on the fire truck below, and will carry four passengers safely.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Bright Rupert.

The lesson was on the rabbit. "The rabbit has long ears, fur on its body, and a tail, nothing to speak of, though," the master informed the class.

The next day he wanted to see what they knew about it.

"Now, then, Rupert," he barked to a particularly bright youth, "tell me something about the rabbit."

"The rabbit has a tail," said Rupert, eyeing his silent fellows triumphantly, "but it mustn't talk about it."

Just So.

She was teaching the word "element" to a sixth grade. She had told them its meaning—the substance of which a thing is composed—and then had illustrated her definition by saying that the elements of the earth were water and soil.

Then she asked them to write sentences containing the word. And this is the one Henry wrote:

"Water is one of the elements of milk."

Oh, You Oboe!

By ARCHY CAMERON NEW
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Fuller and Fenton did their last steps and retired to their dressing room, and the close of the Olympia's Monday morning "takeover"—sometimes called rehearsal—was betokened by the awakening of Andy Scobek, the property man, advancing with a broom. O'Brien, in the fiddle pit, laid down his baton.

"Guess that lets us out," he announced to the others in the orchestra. Shaver started to close his piano, when O'Brien, with a twinkle in his eye, stepped once more upon the dais and called to a wrinkled individual on the stage: "Oh, I beg pardon, Charlie. Boys, one verse of the funeral march. Charlie's doing a single, entitled 'The Death of a Dying Brin'."

A roar of laughter from the pit brought Charlie Zepp, the Olympia's press agent, from a huddled position on a packing box in the rear of the stage to his feet. He advanced to the footlights with a savage frown.

"Lad-ies and gen-tle-men," he announced, over O'Brien's head, to the empty house beyond. "The Olympia, as always, leads the rest. To encourage the success of amateur nights, we have placed an amateur band to play for you."

At a signal from O'Brien taps were rolled on the trapdoor, and amid the laughter that followed Zepp retired in defeat.

O'Brien beckoned to Wallace Mackay, who played the oboe, and the young man followed him out under the stage. When they were alone O'Brien turned to him with a frown.

"Wallace, old scout," he began, apologetically, "I hate to tell you, but you're looking awful seedy. Th' boss thinks it looks bad for the house. Better get a new suit."

"But, Bill," objected Mackay, ruefully regarding his worn-out clothes, "I can't do it right now. I haven't the money. Besides, why th' new clothes? Only the first rows see us, an' they're generally travelin' men."

"Not this week they ain't," answered O'Brien in the best queen's English. "Forrest's trying out that Lawdier kid; she's a local bird an' all th' home folk will be down front all week 'till she gets th' up an' down. It'll look bad for th' house if th' orchestra look like bums. Get the new stuff on tick, or somehow, but get it. Get me?"

Mackay nodded dumbly, and wended his way despondently to the stage door. Pausing near Charlie Zepp, he was talking to the latter, meanwhile strenuously brushing his spotted tuxedo coat, when a golden-haired little vision floated by, attired for the street. She smiled merrily at the two men.

"Oh, you oboe!" she greeted Mackay cordially, then her eyes lighted on Zepp.

"Oh, Mr. Zepp!" she cried, eagerly. "Please give me a big write-up will you? I want all my friends to see me here this week. Please do."

"What've you done?" demanded Zepp bluntly. "I can't get big write-ups outa y'know. Small-time acts gets small-time write-ups."

"And small-time press agents generally have small-time brains," she retorted good-naturedly. "But maybe you can stretch yours." And fitting away, she tossed from her pink fingertips a kiss to them.

Mackay glanced at Zepp unhappily. "I guess she's right," he said sorrowfully. "I do look like a hobo. Even O'Brien told me to get a new suit. And just for her, too. So's her friends won't think th' Olympia is a cheap joint."

"Don't let that worry y' none," sympathized Charlie, hovebelt sourly. "There won't be many t' look at her. I'll fix that."

Mackay started, for a vision of her wistful face floated across his mind. "Oh, Charlie, have a heart," he pleaded. "Don't ruin th' kid's fun just 'cause you're in a bad humor."

"She's a cheese!" growled Zepp, and, reflecting on the orchestra's laughter a few minutes before, he added, savagely: "And so are you. So mind your own business."

Shakespearean Research. Man who has been digging into the life of England's bard and trying to find out "who was Mrs. Shakespeare and did she marry again?" arrived at the conclusion (1) that Shakespeare never married at all; (2) if he did he was probably a bigamist; and (3) there was nobody called Shakespeare, but only Shaxper or Shagspere. An important curiosity, which is first cousin to an abiding thirst for knowledge, can cause a heap of trouble.—New York Evening Telegram.

The Chief Object.

Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an end that is superior to any on earth—a desirable end, a perfect end. Labor to accomplish a work that shall survive unchanged and beautiful, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled to ashes; aim to achieve something, which, when these mutable voices are hushed forever, shall live amid the songs and triumphs of immortality.—Edwin H. Chapin.

Optimistic Thought.

Talk to please others; act to please yourself.

Flowers Loved by All.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace.—Ruskin.

Helen, having heard every word, turned with a white face and a sob in her throat and opened the door to the manager's private office.

"Mr. Forrest, please, can I see you a minute?" she pleaded, and Forrest, noting her anxious face, banished his frown and bowed her smiling to a chair.

"No, I can't sit down," she told him hurriedly. "I want to tell you something." And then into attentive ears she poured everything she had seen and heard. "And now, Mr. Forrest, can you—will you do me a favor?"

"I'll try," he promised, smiling. He, too, couldn't resist the appeal of those soft blue eyes.

"Will you call Mackay in and give him a present of \$50?" she asked. "He's done so much for me, and I want to repay him. Here it is." And she held out some bills to the manager, who waved them aside.

"Take 'em away," he replied gruffly, to hide a choking in his throat. "I'll give it to 'im myself." He choked off her protest quickly. "Nonsense, it's nothing. I'll charge it up to house expenses. And now—I'm busy."

"Thank you—so much," she whispered and then turning fled to the office.

In a little restaurant around the corner—patronized largely by the Olympia theater family, from stars to stage hands—after a night show two weeks later, two men sat nibbling at a late supper, and nodding meaningly at a young couple near by.

"Charlie Zepp, isn't a chicken bone on his plate reverently, and whispered to the other.

"Forrest's an awful gossip," he confided to his companion, the O'Brien of the fiddle pit. "He did that."

"Stop choking and say something," urged O'Brien tartly.

"An sayin' somethin'," insisted Zepp, warmly. "Forrest's spilled th' beans." "Look this way," ordered the other. "Y're seein' things, D. T.'s again?"

"Naturally y' wouldn't see nothin'," retorted Zepp. "I'll wise y' up. See th' flasher th' Lawdier kid's got on her left hand?"

O'Brien looked and nodded disinterestedly.

"Forrest gave her that," he said.

O'Brien, being near-sighted, leaned a little forward.

"G'wan," he snorted. "That's Mackay with her. He's th' fall guy."

"Fall guy, h—th' dickens!" Zepp corrected himself hastily, as two ladies eyed him reproachfully, and lowered his voice. "It was Forrest, I tell y'. Young Mackay did 'er a good turn. She asks Forrest 't' slip Mackay fifty fish down on her roll, gets glassy in th' lamps an' slips Mackay a fake raise. Then he spills it to 'th' oboe boy like Lawdier's ready t' retire th' three a day to a nice lil' Harlem flat, providin' she ain't alone."

"Well?"

"Well, she ain't playin', is she?" demanded Zepp. "An' she ain't alone, is she?"

Not in Any Farm Book. Recently a woman who is a college graduate gave up her regular work and success of farming she not only read books on scientific agriculture, but also listened to the earnest advice of experienced farmers. Sometimes this advice was too far removed from science to be useful.

One farmer, who probably has never read a farmer's bulletin, heard a discussion about "How to get rid of cutworms." He said he knew a remedy that was sure. "Take a shotgun," he said, "go to the east corner of the field, fire the gun toward the west, then walk straight across the field to the opposite corner, then fire the gun again. This will cause every cutworm to disappear."

Washed Her Hands of Him. Lillian's mother disliked anyone who was illiterate or "ignorant" as she was wont to call them. Lillian inherited that dislike, which was evident to all her playmates. One evening I overheard the following conversation between her and her little friend, Billy.

"What's your papa doin'?" asked Billy.

"Reading," replied Lillian, making sure of her "g."

"My papa cuttin' the grass."

"You should say, 'My papa is mowing the lawn,'" corrected Lillian.

"No," Billy insisted, "my papa's cuttin' the grass."

"Oh, all right," conceded Lillian, haughtily, "if you want to be ignorant."—Chicago American.

ELMHURST
By RUBY RIDLEY.

"John, I received a letter this morning from Laura. She says that Violet will be here next Thursday. I wonder if she will like the country. She's probably used to city ways and things. Suppose she should be stuck up and carry her nose in the air. No, I can't believe that any child of Laura's could be like that. Yes, I've always believed that city-bred children were always more or less stuck up." Matilda stopped, only because she had to. By the time she got her breath again her husband was speaking.

"Pooch, Maty. You ain't going to think that of little Violet, 'cause I ain't going to let you. Did you say that she was coming Thursday? Well, I'll take a look at the calendar. Why, that's tomorrow! You'd better start right in now making some cookies and pies, while I finish my work in the barn. Violet Barclay, a girl of nineteen, was just the opposite of what Aunt Matilda said about being 'stuck up.' Being in poor health, her mother had decided to send Violet to her aunt's home in the country.

Thursday morning dawned at last and Uncle John harnessed Maggie and drove her to the little station. At last he spotted Violet coming towards him.

Violet greeted her uncle with an enthusiastic kiss on either cheek, which quite took his breath away.

"I feel better all ready, Uncle John," she cried as they were driving home. "I knew I should the minute I got out of that hot, dusty city."

Three days after her arrival Violet had donned her new farmerette suit and started a garden.

One day Aunt Matilda asked her if she wouldn't like to visit Elmhurst.

"Why, where's that, auntie?" Violet asked.

"Oh, it's the most beautiful house I ever saw!" replied Matilda. "There are elms all round it and—well, I verily believe that I should get lost in it."

This aroused Violet's curiosity at once.

"Who owns it?" she asked.

"Mr. Preston used to own it, but he's dead now," was the reply. "The sister died here, so he wanted to live here; he built that house. It's for sale, furniture and all. I heard 't'other day that a certain Mr. B. Roberts intends to buy it. I hope he's nice if he's going to live there."

"Oh, where he is, auntie? It sounds very interesting. Is it very far from here? May I go this afternoon?"

"No, Violet, it is not very far from here. I thought you'd like to see it. You'll find it easy if you keep to this road for about one mile."

That afternoon Violet started. She reached the place and found it more beautiful than Matilda had said it was. Violet wandered around under the elms and then toward the house.

"I wonder if they keep the doors locked," she said to herself as she moved toward the house. "I suppose they do, but I'd love to go inside."

To her surprise, as she tried the door it opened. Going inside, she found herself in a large hall.

"It won't do any harm if I do look around a little," she said to herself, so she cautiously opened a door nearby. Seeing nothing very interesting in this room, she wandered on. All the rooms were luxuriously furnished.

After a while she went upstairs. Looking in one of the rooms she saw a bedroom. She crossed the room to glance at herself in the mirror so as to fix her hair. What she saw, however, was a young man lying on the bed and apparently fast asleep. He was dressed in a dark blue suit. Instantly Violet thought of the Mr. Roberts of whom Matilda had spoken. She supposed he had arrived today and, feeling tired, had lain down.

And then to her horror she found she had to sneeze. She started for the door, making funny little noises. She had just time to get out of the room and cover her face with her handkerchief before she sneezed. She was just beginning to go down the stairs on tiptoe when the door opened and the man came out laughing.

"I suppose I should have told you that I was not asleep," he said, "but I heard somebody coming upstairs, and you can imagine my surprise when you came in. I thought I'd burst when you had to sneeze."

"Are you Mr. Roberts?" asked Violet.

"I am, and you—?"

"Miss Barclay," she said, smiling. Soon they were talking as if they had known each other all their lives.

After this they saw each other often and it was not long before Ralph asked Violet to share his beautiful home with him, and because she had already begun to love Elmhurst and also its owner, she did not refuse.

Another Joan of Arc. Something of the feeling that the French people have toward America since the Yanks arrived in France is shown in one of the many interesting little incidents that the Rev. O. D. Odell, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, tells. Mr. Odell recently returned from France, where he spent seven months in the service of the Y. M. C. A.

During a conversation with a French officer Doctor Odell said: "Don't you wish you had another Joan of Arc?" "Oh, but we have," replied the officer, as he straightened up to his full height and smiles spread over his face. "Indeed, we have." "Why, America is our Joan of Arc."—Indianapolis News.

Nemesis. Nemesis was a goddess of justice and retribution. In Greek mythology Nemesis was a goddess personifying allotment, of the divine distribution to every man of the precise share of fortune, good and bad.

Ripening Cheese in Paris. In Paris the good housewife sees to it that cheeses for winter eating are stored away in earthen jars and put to ripen deep in the earth of the garden.

ARE OF CHRISTIAN ORIGIN

Possibly Less Than Half the People of the Ottoman Empire Have Moslem Ancestry.

"Probably less than half of the men, women and children called Turks owe their ancestry to the Mongol and Moslem tribesmen who migrated from inner Asia to Anatolia," says George E. White, D. D., in the American Review of Reviews. "Probably the larger part are of ancestry once reckoned Christian. This is confirmed by the fact that the physical characteristics of Moslems have largely faded out. They visibly persist in some, notably in Tartars immigrant from the Crimea or the Balkan states, whose lineage is comparatively pure. This but emphasizes the differences in the case of the Anatolian stock.

"In the heart of what we call the Turkish empire approximately one-fourth of the population are avowedly Christian; approximately a fourth of the remainder, the Shias, are nearer in sentiment to Christians than to regular Mohammedans; a majority of the whole are of Christian origin. Force has held them together until now, but 'blood will tell,' and the principle of 'reversion to type' cannot be escaped. After careful observations continued during many years of residence in the country I am convinced that the Mohammedan Turks do not increase in numbers, possibly as the penalty of nature for the permission of polygamy, while the Ottoman Christians do increase rapidly unless checked by periods of massacre. If, then, some two million to five million Mongol immigrants filtered into Asia Minor, their descendants possibly reach those numbers today; the rest of the population is to be credited with Christian ancestry."

TO RESTORE FAMOUS PARK

Bowling Green, With Its Ancient Fence, Will Again Become Show-place of New York.

Modern New York will probably better appreciate its Bowling Green fence, recovered and restored to view by the Broadway association, for the incidental publicity of the restoration. When the fence was new, Bowling Green was an important part of the town, and the New Yorkers of 1770 considered it well worth while to import the fence from England and pay \$200 for it. One is reminded that, shortly before the fence was put up, the loyal citizens, grateful for the repeal of the Stamp act, had adorned Bowling Green with a leaden equestrian statue of George III. For a while fence and statue stood there together; then the Revolution came, and the "Liberty Boys" pulled the statue from its pedestal. The fence remained till 1914, minus the gilt crowns that the "Liberty Boys" had hammered off the tops of the fence posts, but the famous park, lost in the growing city, was gradually neglected. When the fence returns to life, the park will be replanted with shrubbery, and Bowling Green made as much as possible like its historic self.—Christian Science Monitor.

Not Exactly.

"Mother," said a small girl, after contemplating her baby brother for some time, "was I a baby once?"

"Yes, dear; we were all babies once."

"You and daddy, mother?"

"Yes."

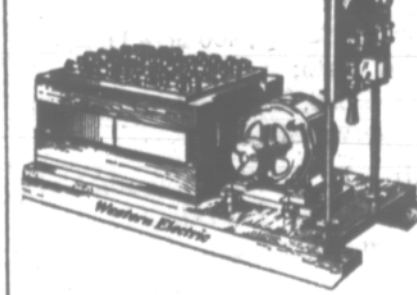
"And grandfather?"

"Yes, of course!"

"What, mother!" exclaimed the child incredulously, "with that beard!"

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