



I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.

Paul Hennig, a recently naturalized citizen of German birth, who tampered with the delicate internal machinery which guides the course of torpedoes, while foreman in a Brooklyn torpedo factory, has been arrested and charged with treason, the penalty of which, in war time, is death—if proven guilty. This incident proves the necessity of placing only tried and true Americans in such responsible places, or any place of trust. Every employe of the government, at this time especially, should, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion. No man, whose Americanism is open to suspicion should hold even the most humble position under any branch of the government—Federal, state, county, municipal or otherwise. No man whose loyalty is not absolute and unquestioned should draw a cent from any public funds. There are too many good citizens both native and naturalized who answer this description to employ any other kind.

J. H. Bryant, an insurance man known to many here, has been made acting secretary of the Insurance Federation of Oregon, in the place of C. D. Babcock resigned. The Federation announces its purpose to fight the non-Partisan League which has won political campaigns in North Dakota and Minnesota and are now entering the Northwestern states. The Federation is frightened at the socialistic tendencies of the League, and says that single tax, state owned grain elevators, packing plants, warehouses, and the state control of various lines of business are cardinal principles of the Non-Partisan League. Many people, however, are no longer frightened by the bogey of government control. No one seems to regret the coming of the government control of railroads. Government warehouses, elevators, packing plants, etc., are all likely to be accomplished facts long before the non-Partisan League gets into action in Oregon.

War time is no time for driveling sentiment, uncontrolled emotion, morbid absorption in the horrors of war, or even for frenzied outbursts of patriotism. War is a stern business that demands self control and even cheerfulness in sacrifice. Women are often called creatures of sentiment, but they are displaying a courage, a self-control and a cheerfulness in this war, that should shame those men who find only time for criticisms, forebodings, and longings for the flesh-pots of peace. America is in the war to win. No other outcome can be considered by the nation, and when victory comes—as it surely will—American women will have borne no small part in the sacrifices, the burdens, and the service that victory demands.

Was your income \$1000 or more? If you are a single man with that salary you had better look up the income tax man, for you will have to make a tax return to Uncle Sam. Married persons with an income of \$2000 are subject to the tax. Both classes must make a return. The government will send no blanks unless you ask for them. You may call on the Income Tax man at the Court house at Salem any day up to January 30, and he will help you make out your report, or you may secure blanks from Milton A Miller, collector of Internal Revenue, Portland, and fill them in yourself.

No one seems to be bragging much over the outcome of the Red Cross membership Drive in Marion county. With a quota of 14,000 members, it came through with but 4000 membership, only 28 per cent of its share! Nearly every Eastern Oregon county came through with 100 per cent of its quota. What's the matter with the Willamette Valley anyhow?

Uncle Sam is actually making arrangements to deliver Thrift Stamps or War Savings Stamps to you at your very door, C.O.D. You will soon find it easier to buy War Stamps than to buy bread. If you do not want to buy the first stamp subscribe for the Observer for a year and receive a Thrift Stamp free!

The second draft will not be made until after February 15. Future drafts will all be made from Class I, until that class is exhausted, when Classes II, III and IV will be called as needed to fill quotas.

THE INDIAN'S VERDICT.

It Was the Opinion of a Man Who Could Keep His Mouth Shut.

A stolid blank looking Indian sat in a federal court room to be arraigned for bootlegging. His case was called. The marshal told him to stand up. He only stared, apparently not comprehending. The marshal motioned him to rise. He stood. "What is your name?" the judge asked.

No reply. "Have you an attorney?" Only a helpless stare from the Indian.

"Can you understand English?" Silence on the part of the prisoner.

"Mr. Attorney, what is this man charged with?" asked the judge. The district attorney stated the case.

"It seems to me," said the judge, "that this is a very trivial case. The poor thing doesn't seem to understand a word of English. He probably has no understanding that he has done wrong. Mr. Attorney, just enter a nolle prosequi in this case."

The Indian was told that he could go. He stood staring and motionless. The marshal with a gesture ordered him to sit down. He obeyed and stayed throughout the long afternoon session of court. In one case, the charge was similar to his own. A noted local lawyer was defending. He entered a plea of guilty for his client and then made an impassioned appeal for mercy. His pathos would have moved a marble statue. He represented long and earnestly the wonderful virtues and manifold kindnesses of his client. When he sat down the judge said:

"Five years in the penitentiary."

Court adjourned and as the crowd passed the Indian followed. He walked down the steps behind the lawyer for the man who had just been sentenced. Suddenly he leaned over and whispered in the attorney's ear:

"White man talk too darn much."—Case and Comment.

The Cleanliness of Animals.

Man seems to be the only animal whose food soils him, making necessary much washing and shieldlike bibs and napkins. Moles living in the earth and eating slimy worms are yet as clean as seals or fishes, whose lives are one perpetual wash. The squirrels in these resinous woods keep themselves clean in some mysterious way; not a hair is sticky, though they handle the gummy cones and glide about apparently without care. The birds, too, are clean, though they seem to make a good deal of fuss washing and cleaning their feathers.—From "My First Summer in the Sierras," by John Muir.

Caesar's Appearance.

Julius Caesar was a thin man, tall and with a very wrinkled, seamy countenance. His forehead was broad and full of wrinkles. His eyes were not large, but described as exceedingly bright and quick. His nose was of more than usual size and his chin full and prominent. He walked with a slight, scholarly stoop in his shoulders. His ears stood out well from his head, and his hair was always cut close. Early in life he became bald.

Home Sights.

Home sights and sounds are best of all. The sublime beauty of the Yosemite touched me with wonder and awe, but when I heard the robin's note it touched my heart. I think I am something like a turtle in the way I like to poke about in narrow fields, but why should I rush hither and yon to see things when I can see constellations from my own doorstep?—John Burroughs in St. Nicholas.

Grammatical Knowledge.

When General Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said: "Leonard, give me a sentence, and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Very good. Now, change the sentence to an imperative."

"Get up," said young Wood.—Christian Register.

Mum's the Word.

Doctor—Something wrong with the baby?

Mother—Yes, doctor. He got hold of an old dictionary some way and chewed up two pages out of it.

"Did you give him an emetic?"

"Yes, doctor, but I can't get a word out of him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Joy.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature, joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—Schiller.

Wants, For Sale, Etc

LOCAL AD RATE.

A uniform and invariable charge of 5 cents per line is made for all advertising notices of every description in the news columns of this newspaper. This rate applies to for sale, for rent, lost, found, card of thanks, "want ads," and to all kinds of similar notices as well as to all notices of entertainments, fairs, socials, shows, etc. No reductions or discounts.

MONEY TO LOAN—I have made arrangements for loaning eastern money, and will make very low rate of interest on highly improved farms.—Homer H. Smith, room 5, McCormick building, Salem, Oregon. Phone 96.

FOR SALE

Holstein Friesian bulls ready for service. Also a few calves from good producing dams. Buy them while they are young and have them grow into money.—Ernest Werner, Rt. 2.

Highest cash price paid for chittam bark. Moore's Drug Store, Woodburn, Oregon.

Marry, if lonely. For speedy marriage, try my club, very successful, best, largest in the country, established 11 years; thousand wealthy wishing to marry at once. Confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club.—Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison St. Oakland, California. 12-7-1917

If you use gummed labels for any purpose, ask for our new catalogue and price list. We can save you money. Aurora Observer.

WANTED—Goats. Call or write W. E. Frazier, Aurora, Oregon. (Aurora Mutual Phone.)

Pigs for Sale.—Louis Racette, Route 3, Aurora. (Aurora Mutual Telephone.) (tf.)

LOST—Small black Satin Bag, containing eye glass and crochet work, between the Binger Giesy place and Butteville.—Mrs. W. H. Eberman, R. 3, Aurora.

FOR SALE

Cow 4 years old, Fresh in April.—W. W. Watkins, Aurora. (Jos. Miller Farm). (tf.)

Hogs for Sale—Big and little, Poland Chinas. Call up the Observer's office.

The Observer and the weekly Oregonian both one year for \$2.00.

FOR SALE—Wheat at \$1.90 per bushel. Charles Eilers, Route 3, Aurora, Oregon. (42-2t.)

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR MARION COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Robl, Deceased } ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Notice is hereby given that Jos. A. Robl was appointed administrator of the estate of Mary Robl, Deceased, on the nineteenth day of November, 1917 by an order of the County Court for Marion County, Oregon, duly entered on record of said date. All persons having claims said against estate are required to send same, properly verified, to Jos. A. Robl, Shaw, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

JOS. A. ROBL, Administrator.

STOCKHOLDER'S MEETING

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Aurora State Bank will be held in the Bank Building at Aurora, Oregon, on Thursday January 10, 1918 at the hour of 1 P. M. At this meeting there will be chosen from the stockholders seven (7) directors, who will serve for the ensuing year.

Such other business will be transacted as may properly come before the annual stockholder's meeting.

Guy N. Hickok, Secretary. Aurora, Oregon, December 18, 1917. First Publication, December 20, 1917. Last Publication, January 10, 1918.

EXECUTOR'S FINAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the Estate of Gottlob Schwader has filed his final account in said estate and that the county court of Marion County, Oregon, has fixed and appointed Monday, the 21st day of January, 1918, as the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day at the county court house in said county and state, as the time and place for hearing any objections to said final account, and the settlement thereof.

WILLIAM SCHWADER, Executor of the Estate of Gottlob Schwader. First publication Dec. 20, 1917. Last publication Jan. 17, 1918.

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Mrs. Diana Snyder, Secretary Local Auxiliary Aurora, Oregon