



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

LOYALTY!

The Head Consul of the Woodmen of the World, in the December number of the Pacific Woodmen issues a clarion call to all members of that order to "be loyal in every particular", asserting that "our country needs loyalty at home, loyalty in every household as much as in the ranks of enlisted men."

Some other admonitions of his call are:—"Stand by your government. Our country is facing a crisis. The Struggle may yet be long and bitter. Every disloyal act or utterance mean to prolong the struggle and the shedding of American blood. Don't resort to carping criticisms. We must win this war. Let us be able to say that not one Woodman of the World helped the enemy's cause by thoughtless utterances."

The president of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin is authority for the assertion that the 70,000,000 people of the German Empire are now saving \$3,000,000,000 yearly which they formerly spent for beer, etc. Our government asks us, 100,000,000 of us, to save \$2,000,000,000 during 1918 to invest in war saving stamps which pay 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly. Can we do it? Easily, by "cutting out" many useless little extravagances, which add nothing to our health and happiness, or to our strength of character, and by practicing many economies which we ought to practice even in times of peace!

Conjuring With Cupid

A Plan That Produced the Desired Result.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"It is purely a business arrangement," said Mr. Ashbee, the lawyer, pecking at his desk blotter with a penholder. "Your Cousin Nahum merely desired to reunite two branches of his family which had long been separated by a senseless feud. It is only a matter of circumstance that you, Miss Cedelia, and your cousin many times removed, Oliver Craig, are the last members of your respective families, and you cannot overcome the fact that Nahum Meade left a perfectly valid will, and you cannot evade the responsibility he has placed upon you in making you half owner of the Meade Boiler works."

Cedelia Meade listened impatiently to the lawyer's prosy discourse. When he had concluded her red lips parted in protest.

"Suppose both are dissatisfied?" demanded Cedelia.

"Then the entire estate goes to the Railroad hospital," said the lawyer bluntly.

"What a bother to be poor," sighed Cedelia, "and have to accept such unreasonable terms! With all due respect to my Cousin Nahum, whom I never set eyes upon, it seems to me that he was more deeply concerned in reuniting estranged branches of his family than he was in the actual good his money might do. I'm tired of teaching school, and the idea of a long vacation appeals to me, but I much prefer the sound of surf breaking on the ocean's shore than to listen to the noises in a boiler factory."

"Mr. Meade had his peculiarities, and this letter of personal instructions, of which a copy has gone to Oliver Craig, outlines his most flagrant one." Mr. Ashbee gave Cedelia a folded paper, and while she read it he retired behind a newspaper, as if for protection from the storm that might follow.

There was an ominous calm on Cedelia's side of the room, and when the little lawyer dared peep around his paper fortification he saw Miss Meade sitting pale and wide eyed and exceedingly wrathful, and so he dodged back again out of sight.

"The very idea," breathed Cedelia at last—"the very idea of Cousin Nahum embodying such a restriction in this matter! You know the contents of this letter, I suppose, Mr. Ashbee?"

Mr. Ashbee lowered the newspaper and bowed his head. "I read it after Mr. Meade had written it," he acknowledged.

"He could not have been in his right mind to thus insult somebody whom he had never even seen." And then, referring to the letter, Cedelia quoted scornfully: "In case a marriage should be arranged between my estimable cousins, and there is no reason to believe that this might not happen even if they meet each other for the first time amid the din of their boiler factory, then, and only then, may they dispose of the factory property. Otherwise the property must be worked to the best advantage, and in the event of the death of either or both of the legatees the property will pass into the possession of the railroad hospital. But because I feel positive that Cupid is hidden in that boiler factory I am making a special bequest to the Railroad hospital."

After Cedelia had taken her stately self away from the lawyer's office Mr. Ashbee humped himself over some neglected papers and smiled grimly. "I told Nahum Meade that a crusty old bachelor like himself had better not conjure with love or Cupid or anything of that sort. Let well enough alone, I say, and I ought to know!" Mr. Ashbee was a bachelor, too, and knew whereof he spoke.

There came a glorious October morning when Cedelia Meade was obliged to take her place as treasurer of the Meade Boiler works. A handsome private office was assigned to her by the obsequious superintendent, Mr. James, who assured her that it was Nahum Meade's own sanctum and had been reserved for her use by Oliver Craig, who had been elected president of the company at a meeting where Cedelia was represented by Mr. Ashbee.

Cedelia removed her hat and gloves and sat down in a giddily revolving chair before the great mahogany desk. A row of electric push buttons were ranged beside her desk. Over each one was a tiny card bearing the name of some slave of the button who would appear if she touched it. "Miss Smith"—that would be the typewriter girl; "Mr. James," the superintendent; "Willie"—that must be the office

boy who was diligently reading the morning paper outside her door.

Cedelia's head ached, and the din and clamor of the riveters resounded across the big yard that divided the office building from the foundry. She was surveying the framed photographs of Meade locomotive boilers that hung on the buff tinted walls when there came a tap at her door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened and admitted a man tall as Cedelia was herself. He was the handsomest man Cedelia had ever seen, with a strong, intellectual face lighted by deep gray eyes. In turn he gazed at Cedelia, who happened to be the most beautiful young woman he had looked upon, and as he parted his lips to address her there fell upon the air the most horrible din imaginable.

It sounded as though hundreds of riveters were banging away at a score of boilers, and probably that was the case. Speech was impossible, and Cedelia put pretty white hands up to her shocked ears, and the stranger's handsome brows knitted in a frown.

Suddenly it stopped. "I am"—began the stranger, but the noise began again and drowned his words. Three times his voice was lost in the chaos of sound, and then, when the two of them stood helplessly laughing at each other, the din ceased.

"We must put a stop to this sort of thing," said the man decidedly.

"Then you must be Mr. Craig," said Cedelia, holding out her hand and quite forgetting all about the Meade-Craig feud.

"I am, Miss Meade, and I dropped in to see how the treasurer is getting along. If there is anything I can do to help you along—but I'm afraid I don't know much about it myself—so there!"

"I don't know anything and I confess I haven't the slightest desire to," remarked Cedelia. "What does a schoolma'am know about making boilers?"

"What does a poet know?" complained Oliver Craig.

"A poet? Are you a poet?" asked Cedelia, interested at once.

He smiled ruefully. "My friends say so, but my enemies declare it is not true."

"Oliver Craig—Oliver Craig—ah, Oliver Craigland! That is the name you use?" Cedelia sat up suddenly, her cheeks very pink, her brown eyes shining with delight. As he nodded assent she continued: "Oh, what are you doing here when you can write such beautiful verse? The world needs all of such poetry that you can write!"

"Thank you. That is the sincerest praise I have ever received," he said earnestly. "Funny idea, isn't it—that of a poet working in a boiler factory?"

When they had stopped laughing Cedelia and Oliver Craig had a serious conversation, the result of which was that both the president and the treasurer of the Meade Boiler works decided to employ competent private secretaries who, under the tutelage of the very efficient Mr. James, might take the cares of office from their unofficial hands.

Thus the business went on in its methodical, conservative manner, losing nothing, gaining nothing. Cedelia was at her desk each day, conferring with her secretary, learning a little more about boilermaking and hating it intensely.

One June morning, when, even into the boiler foundry there crept a smell of summer weather, Oliver Craig strode into Cedelia's office, dismissed the astonished secretary and closed the door.

"Cedelia," he said, taking her hands in his, "I love you. Will you marry me and sell the boiler shop and come with me to Arcady? It is June," he pleaded. "Will you come?"

Before Cedelia could answer there arose that frightful din from the foundry. She said something in reply, but Oliver could not hear. Then she looked at him with her loving eyes and in spite of the clamor of boilers, Oliver had his answer.

Scanty Ammunition.

Colonel Stark's regiment just prior to the battle of Bunker Hill was quartered at Milford, some four miles distant, and was destitute of ammunition. About 10 o'clock on the morning he received orders to march, however, each man received a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. As the muskets were of varying caliber it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them.—Magazine of American History.

Some Guide.

"You have been here a long time, I suppose," said a pompous English traveler to an old hunter in Oregon who had been acting as his guide.

"You bet I have," said the hunter and then, pointing to Mount Hood, he continued: "You see that mountain there? Well, sir, when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

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.

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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.

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

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

Baled clover hay and baled oat straw for sale—W. C. Grim, Hubbard. (tf.)

Horse for Sale—Cheap if taken soon. Inquire at T. McRae's place, west of Schwader's Bridge on the Aurora-Donald road. 44-2t

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

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

Notice is hereby given that Jos. A. Rohl was appointed administrator of the estate of Mary Rohl, 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 against estate are required to send same, properly verified, to Jos. A. Rohl, Shaw, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

JOS. A. ROHL, Administrator.



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PHONE MAIN 606

Teach the Children to Save

The inculcation of Thrift in the minds of the young is one of the important duties of those responsible for the education and training of children and youth. Youth is the critical period of life for the child. Today is a critical period in our national life. Youth needs training in habits of thrift and economy. The nation needs (as a loan) all that thrift and saving of the people can provide to carry it through its time of peril.

As a beginning, the Observer will provide a Thrift Card and 25-cent Thrift Stamp for the boy or girl of the family, as outlined below:

THRIFT STAMPS FREE

With each yearly subscription to the Observer is given a 25-cent United States Thrift Stamp free! Send us your check for \$1.25 for a year's subscription to the Observer and by return mail you will receive a receipt for a full year's subscription, together with a 25-cent Thrift Stamp and Card. Pay for 2 years and get your receipt for two full years, and a Thrift card with two 25-cent stamps. A stamp will be given with each year's subscription—one, two, three, no matter how many—whether it be payment for arrearages, renewals, or new subscriptions.

Now is the time to "square up," renew, or pay in advance as long as you like, getting the full worth of your money in one of the best local papers published in the Valley and at the same time get a 25-cent Thrift Stamp to start a Thrift Card for the boy or girl. We are willing to do our bit, What about you?

This offer is good only until 5 p. m. Saturday, January 26, 1918. Why not send us your remittance today?

No greater benefit can come from a small beginning than to make your boy or girl a creditor of the United States Government and at the same time impress upon their minds by repeated admonitions the importance of thrift and saving—both to the child and the country it should be taught to love and assist.

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