

A CONTINUOUS STREAM OF PEOPLE HAVE ATTENDED THE SMOKE AND FIRE SALE

AT HERZOG'S STORE SINCE ITS OPENING LAST SATURDAY

Many Dollars have been saved by shrewd and economical buyers. It is really gratifying to see how quick the people of Dallas and vicinity are to grasp an opportunity to save money.

The Sale Continues, the store is still overflowing with bargains

Reductions in Price Range From 40 to 60 Per Cent

The merchandise is in perfect condition and is being sold at Damaged Goods Prices.

The Insurance Co. Paid For It, You Reap the Benefit.

Drop in to the store within the next day or two and see for yourselves. Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Underwear and hundreds of other articles at a saving of One-Half and More.

WM. HERZOG

LEADING CLOTHIER

DALLAS, OREGON

NEW HOME SEWING
MACHINES
HAVE NO SUPERIOR

30 Days Special
at 25 Per Cent Discount

CRAVEN BROS., Agents
DALLAS, OREGON

Star Transfer Co.

WE MOVE ANYTHING
THAT IS MOVEABLE

PROMPT SERVICE

G. A. and L. C. MUSCOTT, Proprietors

Phone Stands:—Webster's Confectionery 511 Ellis' Confectionery 1062
Barn 1074

Solve This Problem
Fix Your Eyes on this Circle



Then Think Your Very Best

When if you are not an advertiser wish that you were. This paper will carry your message to more than 3000 readers each week. If you are business man you can help yourself and your business by using this medium.

Observer Want Ads Pay

Out of the Frying Pan

And In Due Time Into
the Fire

By SADIE OLCOTT

"What on earth did I get married for?" growled Ainsworth, slamming the front door of his house behind him and crushing his hat down on his head as he left his home for business. "I'm going down to that dingy office, where the sun never creeps in, to slave all day by artificial light to procure food and clothes for another. Before I put this yoke on my neck I was free as air. If I wanted a cocktail or a cigar I bought it; if I wanted to play poker with my friends till 3 in the morning I could do it without being beholden to any one. Now I can't."

"Oh, for the sense of freedom that I had when I was single-free as a bird, light as air! When I woke up in the morning I was not weighed down by a sense of responsibility as now. When I went to bed I didn't have to listen to reproaches for something I had done or something I hadn't done during the day. Instead of having my way in petty things as I have now, giving up in the important ones, I had it in both great and small things. There were no ten dollar ostrich feathers attached; no new spring and fall costumes because the men who invent the fashions get them up so that the unworn and perfectly good garments of the last season can't be made over. What induced me to give up peace, comfort and freedom to take upon myself a multitude of annoyances and cares I don't know. If I were out of it I would never go into it again."

"How in the world shall I get through all I have to do today?" said Ainsworth to herself. "I wish I were back in the happy days when I didn't have to do drudgery. There's the washing just come in, and I've got to go over all Jim's underclothing, mend every hole and replace every button or be'll take my head off when he puts the things on. When I was free mother used to take care of my clothes. Now I have to do it myself and take care of Jim's too. And yet the comic papers are full of silly jokes on mothers-in-law. I wish mother were here this morning to give me a lift with my day's work. If she were I suppose every time she opened her mouth Jim would growl at me. She would be his mother-in-law and he would be his mother-in-law and she would be his mother. Of course it wouldn't be so. Anyways, it wouldn't disturb him. He goes down to his office every morning and gets rid of the household worry till evening. Then when he comes home I'm expected to look cheerful and kiss him with a smile on my lips when I'm dead tired with all I've been doing during the day. I'd just like to change places with him for one day. I can see him now sitting in his office, scanning a newspaper and smoking a cigar or chatting about the market and whether money is easy or tight or what effect the tariff will have on prices. And men call those the annoyances of a business life. I'd like mighty well to have one of them at home and the cook walk off in a passion an hour before dinner. I guess he'd find out what responsibility means."

"Off for home, Mr. Ainsworth?" said Jones, the bookkeeper, at the end of business hours. "I wish I had a home. I never envy married men so much as when the day's work is over, with its annoyances and disappointments, and you go to your own dwellings. A pretty wife opens the door for you and gives you a kiss. You sit down to a dinner of home cooking; then in the evening if you are tired you sit beside a table covered with periodicals and smoke the happy hours away, or if you like to go out to an amusement you've some one to go with you—some one with whom you are congenial, some one you love."

"Just so," was Mr. Ainsworth's laconic assent. "But we miserable bachelors," the garrulous Jones continued, "what must we do—go to a desolate room filled full of nothing? Nothing meets us at the door. Nothing gives us a welcoming kiss. We sit down on a chair and pull nothing down on our lap to sympathize with us in our disagreeable experiences of the day. While we are making a toilet nothing talks to us, and when we are ready for dinner nothing goes with us. Single life is just brim full of nothing. And there you are."

"It beats all," growled Ainsworth as soon as he could get away from Jones. "How persons will be so stupid as not to know when they are well off."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ainsworth," said Miss Elsie Asche. "I just called in hoping you might be able to cheer me up a bit. I do get so tired doing nothing. And after a girl becomes too old to hobnob with young men who haven't become absorbed in the affairs of a career she is left out in the cold. Everybody says to me, 'Why don't you take up some work?' I don't need to take up some work, and I don't wish to take up some work. What I crave is what is natural for every woman to crave—a nice little home of my own, just like yours. Isn't it just perfectly lovely here? How nicely you've got your rooms decorated! Nothing gorgeous; everything in good taste. You're just too comfortable for anything. All day while you are interested in your household duties you have the anticipation of your husband coming home in the evening to tell you about what he has been interested in since he left you in the morning, how much money he has made."

"Or lost," interrupted Mrs. Ainsworth. "Yes, lost sometimes. If it were all rain there would be no pleasure in it. It's the house that gives zest to the gains. There's nothing that makes life worth living except the home. And you've got the nicest home of any one of my acquaintance. Besides, you have the prospect of children. I'm a natural lover of children, and do you know every year I love them more and more. I never go into a house where there are a lot of them romping about that I don't envy the mother. They're such a blessing. I've often thought how nice it must be to dress them up at times and at other times watch them play in the dirt, always merry and imparting their merriment to their parents. Well, goodbye. I just ran in from my lonely room to get buoyed up by a sight of your cozy home. How I do envy you!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Ainsworth to his wife as they walked together into their upstairs chamber, "how has the battle gone today?" "I don't know, Jim," replied his wife, whom he drew down on his lap, "but that we make too much of these ordinary annoyances of life. It seems to me that if we stopped occasionally to think how much better off we are than some other persons we wouldn't feel that our daily life contained so many troubles. Elsie Asche dropped in today just to have a look at the comforts we have in order to cheer herself up from the misery of being alone in the world. I had been grumbling to myself after you went to business at what I am obliged to do for you every day, considering myself to be a slave to you and all that."

"I was thinking the same about you," "When Elsie came in, and she rattled away in that garrulous fashion of hers, showing me how well off I am, making me ashamed of myself."

"Funny! That's exactly what Jones was saying to me when I left the office."

"I tell you what we'll do. Hereafter I'm going to consider myself not your slave, but your willingly obedient wife, ready to obey you in everything, not because it is a duty, but because it is a pleasure."

"And not get through my pocketbook any more?" "That's not a matter of obedience, but a measure of precaution. We mustn't spend all our income or we'll never get ahead, and when the little one comes we must be prepared to—"

"By the bye, Kit, when the little one comes we'll have some one we can both boss, and we won't think so much about bossing each other."

"I suppose so."

"I have an idea. Phil Jones and Elsie Asche are both so miserable alone. Suppose we give them a taste of married life by making a match between them?"

"Elsie would make a good wife." "And Phil is a fine fellow." "Very well. We'll bring them in together for dinner." "And a year after the wedding we'll ask them how they like it. Maybe they'll say they have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

"If they do they won't get back into the frying pan again any more than we, will they?"

"They kissed and went down to dinner."

"I heard, Mrs. Ainsworth," said Mrs. Elsie Asche Jones a year after the last recorded dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, "that the baby is sick. I have come in to ask if there is anything I can do for you."

"Oh, no. There's nothing needed. He's asleep now. Jim and I were up with him all night. The child had the

worst case of colic he's ever had. Jim walked the floor with him from 2 till 4 in the morning. The poor man has gone down to business all tired out."

"Too bad. I suppose that if children are a comfort?"

"They must sometimes be a nuisance," said Ainsworth, entering and interrupting the speaker.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth, "what did you come home for?"

"Headache; played out all over and from walking post for two hours last night, besides getting up ten times heating water, warming milk and other things that I didn't have to do as a bachelor."

"Oh, Mr. Ainsworth," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "you should be so happy to have the dear little thing sent down from heaven to you!"

"From where?" growled Ainsworth. "Dear," said the wife, "you said that when the baby came we would have something to unite us, because we needn't spend our time thinking that we were each bossed by the other; we would both boss the baby."

"Did I say that?" "Yes, you did."

"If I said that it showed the folly of giving one's views without experience. In that little monster we've both got a tyrant that'll be rubbing our noses into the ground for the rest of our natural lives."

"And if we stop rubbing your nose in the ground—I mean if you lose him—you'll be wild with grief."

"I suppose so," grunted the father. "Dear, I'd like a cup of strong tea."

Orders for Engraving.

The Observer will take orders for all kinds of engraving from a visiting card to the most particular wedding invitation or announcement, and will furnish it at less prices than you will be obliged to pay elsewhere. Samples of all kinds of engraving shown and an estimate of the cost given. All you have to do is to call at this office and make your wants known—we will attend to the details.

Legal blanks for sale at this office.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN DALLAS

Taken From the Files of The
Observer, Dated
Thursday, July 27.

The only ray of light the people had had that year, according to The Observer, was the widening of the narrow gauge road to a broad gauge. At Lewisville, on the preceding Sunday, "this side of the creek" played the "other side" and the correspondent was pained to note that the "other side" had been victorious 5 to 33.

Hay was selling at \$4.00 per ton. Whatford and Stone were building a hop house at their yard two miles east of Dallas. J. M. Grant and T. J. Guy were also building a hop house at their yard on the north side of town.

Farmers in North Polk were cutting fall sown grain. Jonathan Britt, a farmer living north of town, was thrown from his horse and severely injured.

The wild blackberry crop was reported short but the county peach crop was said to be plentiful.

A traveling horse and dog show held forth at the city hall to a small audience.

W. E. Williams was building a fine new residence at Airline and John Olin had the contract for the basement.

Mrs. Bernard, who had come to Dallas from the east to teach in the public school but failed to pass the examination had, by reason of lack of funds become a charge on the county. By order of the county court a ticket was purchased for her and she was sent back to Chicago.

The state Normal school at Monmouth during the year, had reached an enrollment of 400, the largest in its history.

Ed Biddle, the foundryman, had just finished a grain crushing machine of his own invention which was said to be very advantageous for the farmer.

The children of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school enjoyed a picnic at the city park.

After 20 months of inactivity during which local citizens had subscribed funds for the purchase of machinery and the erection of a building for a woolen mill, only to have it sold under the hammer by the sheriff, local capital had bid it in and the hope was expressed that more favorable days for the mill were to follow.

There seemed to be something wrong in letting the big Salem bridge go unrepaired. It was stated on good authority that the west side approach was unsafe for travel.

John Belt, Chet Coad, Fred Toner, Wess Craven and W. B. Davis had gone to the headwaters of the Siletz on a fishing expedition. Game was unusually plentiful there, it was said, but the trip was declared to be a long and tiresome one, the trail—if it could be called a trail—crossing some of the highest mountains in the coast range.

The work of widening the narrow gauge railroad line to Portland was going on rapidly. About 60 men were employed on each section.

THE BEST PROOF

Dallas Citizens Cannot Doubt It.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used—They brought benefit. The story was told to Dallas residents.

Time has strengthened the evidence. Has proven the result lasting. The testimony is from this locality. The proof convincing.

A. J. Wood, 733 N. Front St., Salem, Ore., says: "About two months ago I began to suffer from kidney and bladder trouble. The kidney secretions were too frequent and painful in passage and caused me much annoyance. I had often heard Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended and thinking they might prove of benefit, I got a box. I can say that the contents rid me of every symptom of kidney complaint. I strongly advise other kidney sufferers to give this remedy a trial."

"The statement I gave in 1906, publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills was correct. They cured me of kidney trouble and I have had no return attack."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

For Sale or Trade.

240 acre stock ranch in Eastern Oregon. Enquire at Davis & Horn's Furniture Store.

tf

Your Grocery Phone--18 (SIMONTON & SCOTT)

YOUR Grocery Troubles grow less when you deal with a Grocery firm whose Groceries are Standard as well as Fresh and Palatable. Prompt service at the store and quick delivery mean much to particular customers to whom we appeal. A satisfied customer is our friend. When we do up a bundle of Sugar, Coffee, Spices, Davis Hard Wheat Flour, for which we are exclusive agents, the new customer becomes permanent and the old customer is satisfied with his purchase. Become a customer if not now one

Market Price for Fresh Butter and Eggs

SIMONTON & SCOTT 525 Court St.
DALLAS, OREGON