

This is an Invitation to THE DALLES

You don't have to make a long trip to see a big Wild West show

The DALLES RODEO and WASCO COUNTY FAIR

September 29, 30, October 1, 2, 1914

Will provide the best of entertainment. The Agricultural Fair will be excellent, and the Wild West feature the best obtainable. Oregon Agricultural College men will judge livestock. Spain Brothers, the famous wild west prize winners, will participate.

Baldwin, the World's Champion Roper

Cuba Crutchfield, Roach Brothers, Darrol Cannon, Max Gaunt, Buffalo Vernon, Babe Lee, Hazel Hoxie, and many other stars with three car loads of stock including such well known horses as Introduction, Snow Storm molly and many others, will provide thrilling entertainment. There will be daily evening races, squaw races, Indian races, Relay races, Pony express races, Bull riding.

Those having horses that could not be ridden are invited to bring them to the show and give the most expert riders in the Northwest a chance to ride them.

Entertainment by Country Children at the Vogt Theater Monday and Tuesday nights

Free Street Dance every night. Street Parade by Cowboys and Cowgirls Daily at 10 o'clock Fine Music by Pound's Concert Band. Ample hotel accommodations, no increase in price. Reduced fares on all lines

COME AND SEE US AT FAIRTIME, WE WILL ALL HAVE A GOOD TIME

J. L. KELLY, President

E. R. HILL, Secretary

The Maupin Times

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1914

LOCALS All Around Town

G. W. Vanderpool had his truck in the Dufur Garage for repairs last week.

Martin Wing, a prominent resident and pioneer of Wamic, died at his home September 20. The funeral was attended by a large party of Masons from The Dalles.

The Tum--A--Lum Way To our Customers:

Our engineering department at Walla Walla is equipped with architect and engineers who supply us with free plans and specifications containing complete working drawings and details.

If you contemplate erecting a new home, our big \$15.000 plan book of over one hundred contains your "IDEAL HOME" This plan book is the best ever published. All designs therein have been built many times. Our material lists and cost data therein are accurate. We can give you an estimate of actual cost on your ground "in no time."

Plans for Barns, Silos, milk houses, Hog sheds, model Schools and Churches, Banks and Office buildings with the latest ideas are furnished. By building right, "THE TUM-A LUM WAY" you get the most for the least cost.

See Peter Kilburg About it at The Home of "TUM-A-LUMBER"

Maupin State Bank

General Banking Business, Loans, Wheat Buying, Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent, Notary Public, Collections, Money Transmitted Cheaply by Drafts

Your Patronage Solicited and Your Interests Cared for

AUTOMOBILE

Quick, Dependable Service available at All Times

To All Points

Careful driver attentive to Comfort of Passengers

E. A. MAYHEW, Prop.

Hadn't Killed Him.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day.

The next time she met him on the street she put out a congratulatory hand.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried, "I am so glad you are better. I heard last week that you had a swelled head."—Lippincott's.

Casual Sympathy.

"Your daughter told me to come and ask your consent to our marriage," said the nervous young man.

"She did?" responded Mr. Cumrox. "And you came hustling right along, although you knew you'd probably find me in a bad humor. And you knew also that so long as Gladys and her ma had made up their minds my consent or refusal wouldn't make a particle of difference. Young man, you're being put through your family discipline too early."—Washington Star.

Reminders of Nelson.

British sailors have on their uniforms perpetual reminders of the navy's glorious past, though not every one who wears them knows that the three rows of wide tape around the edging of the blue collar and the black silk scarf knotted in front are links with Nelson. The white tapes commemorate Nelson's famous victories—Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar—and the scarf is a token of perpetual mourning for the great admiral, adopted by the seamen themselves and retained ever since.—New York Sun.

Aim of the Holy Alliance.

The Holy Alliance was a league created by Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, for the preservation of peace in Europe. Russia and Germany were enthusiastic about this compact, but Great Britain condemned it, so the death of Alexander and the French revolt of 1848 broke up the Holy Alliance. One of the ambitions of this alliance was to extend the monarchial system to America, but the Monroe doctrine silenced this.

Monster Insects.

The largest insects in the world are described by O. W. Barrett in the Philippine Agricultural Review. The largest known winged orthoptera is a species of phasmid, or walking stick, discovered in Nyassaland. Its body is ten and one-third inches long. Borneo boasts a wingless phasmid thirteen inches long. This is the largest living insect, but was surpassed by a dragon flylike insect with wing expanse of twenty-five inches and a body fourteen inches long, which flourished in France in the carboniferous period.

Nearly a Precedent.

While there has never been an instance in which the president and the vice president chosen with him have both died in the course of the term for which they were chosen, this came very near happening in the term for which Harrison and Tyler were elected. When Tyler was serving as president after the death of Harrison he had an extremely narrow escape from death by the explosion of the big gun Peacemaker on the steamer Princeton, Feb. 28, 1844, which killed two members of Tyler's cabinet—Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur and Secretary of the Navy Thomas W. Gilmer—and David Gardner, the father of Tyler's second wife.

Old Women, 1754.

There is not such a thing as a decent old woman left. Everybody curls her hair, shows her neck and wears pink but your humble servant. People who have covered their heads for forty years now leave off their caps and think it becomes them. In short, we try to outdo our patterns, the French, in every ridiculous vanity. Lady Northumberland gave an entertainment last week in which was an artificial goose in her feathers and a hen with seven little chickens. The dessert was a landscape, with gates, stiles and cornfields, but I have, I am afraid, tired you with the account of such follies.—Letters From Lady Coke to Mrs. Eyre.

ENVY.

We often make a parade of passions, but envy is a most timid and shameful passion which we never dare to acknowledge. Jealousy is in some measure just and reasonable, since it tends only to retain a good which belongs to us, whereas envy is a fury which cannot endure the good of others.—La Rochefoucauld.

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Mem. Coll. Phys. & Surg., Ontario

Licentiate Minnesota and Oregon

Prompt Service on Either Day or Night Calls

Eyes tested, Glasses Fitted

Works Both Ways.

Kind Lady—Oh, my poor man, I suppose you are often plucked by hunger, are you not?

Tramp—Yes, marm, and by the copper, too, sometimes.—New York Journal.

Definition of Tact.

Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses a lot of tact. Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of "tact"? Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's.

That Wheezy Sound.

"Say," inquired the boy next door of the little girl whose father suffered from asthma, "what makes your father wheeze so?" "I guess it's one of his inside organs playing."—Puck.

Exclusive.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the haughty lady. "Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox, with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big excursions."—Washington Star.

What the Band Did.

"Here's a heading in this paper which says, 'Badly Mutilated by a Mounted Band.'" "What was the name of the piece the band was mutilating?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Awful Fate.

"What became of that Russian count who insulted you?" "He choked to death." "How did that happen?" "I made him swallow his words!"—Exchange.

CHARACTER.

He that has character need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw condition after it.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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All Work Done Satisfactorily and Guaranteed.

A. F. Martin

Viable Proof.
"She has just graduated from a beauty college."
"And what has she to show that she is beautiful?"
"Well, she has a diploma."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Gastronomic Feat.
"Ah, I've seen some rough times, sir!" said an old salt. "Once we were wrecked and we'd eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the ship turned turtle, and we ate her too!"

Going Down.
The art of bathos is tolerably well illustrated by the exclamation of a French critic before an English artist's canvas: "C'est superbe! C'est magnifique. C'est pretty well!"—Household Words.

Not The Kind.
Charlie came to the doctor's office in a state of great excitement and said: "Please, doctor, come right straight down to see Freddy. Mother says that he's wreathed in agony."—Delineator.

His Little Joke.
Percy—I—aw—wrestled for an hour with me scarf this morning. Algy—Which won the victory, dear boy, you or the scarf? Percy—Neither. Cawn't you see the match resulted in a tie? Haw, haw!—Exchange.

A Human Failing.
"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.
"Inconsistency, my son," explained pa, "means a man who grows all day and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

Got a Run For His Money.
"Our water pipe got choked up and the confounded plumber charged me \$20 for fixing it. It's an imposition!" "Well, you can't say you didn't get a run for your money."—Boston Transcript.

Tests of Skill.
Son (a golf enthusiast)—You must admit, father, that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball a hundred yards. Old Farmer—Rubbish! It don't require half as much as it does to drive a pig fifty feet.—London Telegraph.

A Compromise.
He (bitterly)—Talking about extravagance, just give a woman rope enough — She (blithely)—Well, if you're going to give me one let it be a rope of pearls and call it quits. — Baltimore American.

Her Big Heart.
"I love Edwin from the bottom of my heart."
"Then there is no place for me."
"Don't be too hasty. There's always room at the top."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Resented.
"What are your political convictions?" asked the inquisitive person.
"There's no good getting personal," replied the boss. "I have never even been tried, much less convicted."—Washington Star.

The Modern Woman.
"She is an extraordinary woman, you know. She paints, plays, rides horseback, boxes, plays football, golf and is an aviator. It is too bad. If I knew how to darn my own socks I should marry her."—Paris Pele Mele.

Sad.
"I heard Mrs. Talky broke her neck yesterday."
"Yes. She fell out of a second story window while trying to see what kind of furniture the new tenants have."—Judge.

Revenge.
"She makes me feel so small when she begins to talk about her ancestors. And we have no ancestors."
"Never mind, my dear. Come back at her with the pedigree of your dog."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Asks Too Much.
When a woman goes away to spend Sunday, if she would give her husband directions concerning the fourteen or fifteen most important things that ought to be done around the house in her absence, instead of concerning the whole fifty-seven, he would stand more chance of remembering at least some of 'em.—Houston Post.

Round the Circle.
The object of the average normal nation is to have more prosperity to raise more taxes to build more battleships to seek more markets to sell more goods to have more prosperity to raise more taxes to build more battleships to seek more markets to sell more goods to have more prosperity and so on until something unforeseen happens.—LIFE.

IDLENESS.
The idler, the lounge, the loafer—who respects him? He isn't decent company even for himself. The world has no use for him. He is marketable only to the devil, and the evil one makes him work long hours and overtime.—J. M. Studebaker.

Passion.

B. D. Fraley

Horse Shoeing, Wagon Making, General Repair Work and all Work is done Neat Strong and Guaranteed.

No Kick Coming if Once Tried

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Good, Clean Rooms and Clean, Fresh Beds

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MRS. D.M. GOETCHJEN Prop.

The Only Perfect One.
Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively.

"I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy anyway."
"Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point a moral.
"Papa," came the silencing reply, "when he was little."—Exchange.

Roman Ruins in Switzerland.
Near Basel, in Switzerland, is the site of the old Roman colony of Augusta Raurica, with remains of a theater, and at the nearby town of Rheinfelden are walls and towers partly preserved. It was one of the outposts of the Holy Roman Empire. It has belonged to Switzerland only since 1802 and is picturesque, like the majority of the towns on the Rhine.

Switzerland's Capital.
The quaint city of Berne has been the capital of the Swiss republic since 1848. It is one of the most interesting towns of Europe for its numerous medieval features. It was founded in 1191 by a duke of Zähringen, and by 1288 it was strong enough to ward off two sieges by Rudolph of Hapsburg, the ancestor of the present emperor of Austria.

Elephants of India.
Commercially, elephants in India come under two classes—the one of pageantry, the other of utility. Every native prince or nobleman of distinction in India keeps elephants to swell his retinue, while, on the other hand, government officials and private persons, such as timber contractors, etc., require them for work.

Not So Very Wrong.
"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the schoolteacher.
"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.
"In summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small pupil with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.—Chicago News

Supported the Proposition.
Mrs. Blickens—The president of our club is going to lecture next Tuesday evening on "Conversation as a Lost Art." Mr. Blickens (yawnings)—That so? Mrs. Blickens—Well, why don't you go on and make some sarcastic comment about the impossibility of conversation being a lost art while women remain on earth? Of course that is what you think. Mr. Blickens—No! I agree with your president. Conversation is a lost art. When only one side can be heard it is merely talk.—Chicago News

PASSION.
Passion warps and interrupts the judgment. He that can reply calmly to an angry man is too hard for him. Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says they are like men who stand on their heads—they see all things the wrong way.