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The Maupin Times

Published Every Wednesday at Maupin, Oregon, By
W. C. WALKER.

Subscription: One Year, \$1.50, Six Months 75cts, Three Months 50cts

OCTOBER 14, 1914

LOCALS All Around Town

Sam Misner, of Tygh Valley, bought a new Ford auto of E. J. Fischer of Maupin. He was here today with his new car transacting business with our merchants.

John Zumwalt, a pioneer of this country who resides at Tygh Valley was greeting old friends in Maupin today.

Jack Hill and Mack Hallaman were visitors here this week from Wapinitia.

John Muir, of Pendleton, arrived here a few days ago. He has been absent from this section, where he formerly lived, about three years.

Ed. Brown and Naomi Smith arrived the first of the week from a trip to Pendleton.

Miss Minerva Thal arrived Sunday afternoon from The Dalles to assume her duties here as teacher.

J. M. Conklin visited his home in Portland Sunday and Monday.

E. A. Mayhew made several trips to The Dalles Fair week.

Mack Snelson, wife and son arrived here from Chehalis, Wn. and spent some time the first of the week visiting at the D. A. Moad home. They own a ranch in the Criterion neighborhood.

Ray Semes was an arrival at Maupin Saturday.

The District Quarterly Conference for The Dalles district will be held in the church at Maupin this week beginning Thursday evening and lasting over Sunday. There will be services each evening in charge of District Elder W. N. Coffee, of Portland. All are cordially invited to each of these services to hear Rev. Coffee who is said to be a very pleasing speaker.

Shattuck Bros. shipped five crates of chickens to Page & Son, Portland, Monday.

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E. A. MAYHEW, Prop.

Trees and Lightning.

It is not generally known that the electric fluid which is prevalent during thunderstorms has a varying affinity for different trees. M. Camille Flammarion, the famous French scientist, once investigated the proportion of trees struck in France during recent years, and his figures show that the lime is the safest and the oak the most dangerous tree under which to stand in a thunderstorm. During the period covered by M. Flammarion's inquiry only two limes were struck, six pines and the same number of ash and beech trees. After that came seven willows, ten firs, eleven walnuts, fourteen elms, twenty-four poplars and fifty-four oaks.

The Bauer of Austria.

The most interesting of Austrian types and the backbone of the dual monarchy is the bauer. In social rank he occupies somewhat the same position as the old English yeoman, farming his own land and in many cases enjoying a far more substantial fortune than the nobility. The bauer has a strict social code of his own, mixing neither with the laborers on one hand nor the aristocracy on the other, is apparently quite content with his lot and takes pride in his ability to provide almost all the necessities of life from the productions of his own land, even, in many cases, growing the flax from which his women folk weave all the household clothing.—London Mail.

It Told the Truth.

A countryman on a visit to Glasgow while walking along Argyll street reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows said to his companion: "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that, and the same w' the clothes shops tae. They are jist a lot o' leears."

They continued along the street until coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate. But any danged fool kens that cast iron wad sink."

Bats Inside Bamboo.

The cutting down of a clump of bamboos in the royal botanical gardens, Singapore, shows that the hollows in the stems of these plants may afford a dwelling place for bats. On the splitting of a joint three bats flew out, and it was perceived that others were within. Care was taken to prevent further escape, and later examination of the joint revealed the presence of twenty-three bats in the hollow. Four of these were adult females and nineteen young ones. Other bamboo joints were also found to contain a number of bats. This particular species of bamboo is known as Verperigo pachypus.—London Mail.

Hard to Kill.

A crocodile's tenacity of life is most remarkable. "I remember one time," says a traveler in India, "I was with a shooting party on the Ganges when the natives brought in a six foot crocodile. They hoped some one would want to buy it, but no one did, so it was determined to kill the creature. It was hauled out of the tank and tied to a tree. Bullets from a small rifle or an ordinary gun seemed only to irritate the saurian, nor did he seem to care very much when a native thrust a spear down his throat. Finally they were obliged to dispatch him with axes. Even then the tall thrashed about for no little time after."

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.—Liverpool Mercury.

KINDNESS.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

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A Fine Distinction.

"Some of the distinctions of life are very puzzling to me," said Mrs. Gaddy. "Indeed," said Professor Pundit; "what, for example?" "When you write everything bad and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read it's biography, but when you tell the same things to a few people on a front porch it's gossip."—Exchange.

Bulgaria's Capital.

Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, might have been Constantinople if the Roman Emperor Constantine had adhered to the preference he felt at one time for it. Several places were thought of as the site for the new Rome before the unrivaled natural advantages of Byzantium obtained the honor—among them Troy and Serdica in Moesia, now known as Sofia.

Longing Yet.

Young Husband sentimentally, as he stops with his bride in front of a show window—Do you remember, my dear, that it was here in front of this very jeweler's shop that we first met each other? You were looking longingly at that very necklace. Bride (with a sigh)—I remember—and still I haven't got it.—New York Post.

Sport Up to Date.

Spectator (on sports ground to official)—Look here! I've paid 10 shillings for admission and there's nothing to be seen. Official—The reason, sir, is that the aviator is flying above the clouds, the champion swimmer is under the water and the racing car is going round too fast to be seen.—London Express.

He Was a Hearty Eater.

Sir George Warrender, who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself, said to the butler while eating, "John, this will make capital bash tomorrow." "Yes, Sir George," replied the servant, "if you leave off now."—London Answers.

Quick Lunch Grip.

Guest—A frankfurter sandwich with horse radish. Host—One dog in tears.—Detroit Times.

Bores.

Another sad fact is that most of the bores think they are entertaining you.—Athenian Globe.

Laplanders.

In Lapland men and women dress alike—in tunics, leather breeches, wrinkled stockings and pointed shoes.

Man's Mind.

The mind is master of the man, and so "they can who think they can."—Nixon Waterman.

Luck.

Luck is what happens on every payday to the man who works.—Toledo Blade.

Ancient Pola.

Pola, Austria's naval base, has been a naval station since the time of the Romans.

Harness

Do you use it? Do you use it? Do you need a new set? Well, Geo. S. Gray will take your order at rock bottom prices. See him.

Geo. S. Gray
MAUPIN

No Harm Done.

Her friends had asked their young hostess to play for them, and she was performing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the visitors.

"I—I struck a false note," faltered the performer.

"Well, what of it?" cried another guest. "Go ahead. Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Came as He Went.

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation.

"I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions."

"Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.

"Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."—London Tit-Bits.

Resist Melancholy.

Never give way to melancholy. Resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty recipes against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher or more exalted objects; that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—Sydney Smith.

Dickens and the Theater.

Charles Dickens was a great patron of the theater. He allowed himself one night to be taken to the play by a friend who was interested in the piece which happened to occupy the boards. The man in charge of the door would not admit them without payment, but after a while the authoritative official was found and the necessary permission secured. The performance unfortunately proved to be very dull, but the famous novelist endured it with stoical calmness. In leaving, however, he stared about him and remarked, with simple pathos: "I am looking for that kind hearted man who was not for letting us in. I should like to give him a shilling."

Franklin as a Swimmer.

In 1726 Benjamin Franklin was working as a printer at Watts', near Lincoln Inn Fields, and taught two shopmates to swim, "at twice going into the river." With them and some of their friends from the country he paid a visit by water to Chelsea, and "in our return," he recorded, "at the request of the company, whose curiosity I had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water, that surprised and pleased those to whom the performances were novelties."—London Tatler.

Pipes, Coffee and the Orient.

In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which are said to be such faithful pictures of oriental manners, there is no mention of the pipe. Neither is coffee to be met with in those tales, so delightful to all ages. We with difficulty imagine an oriental without his chibouk, and yet it is certain they knew nothing of this luxury before the sixteenth century. At present, such is the almost imperious necessity felt by the Turk for smoking and coffee that as soon as the gun announces the setting of the sun during the fast of the Ramadan, before he thinks of satisfying his craving stomach with any solid food, he takes his cup of coffee and lights his pipe.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Small Causes of War.

Nine hundred years ago a dispute between Modena and Bologna over a well bucket began a war which devastated Europe. A Chinese emperor once went to war over the breaking of a teapot; Sweden and Poland flew at each other's throats in 1654 because the king of Sweden discovered that his name in an official dispatch was followed by only two etceteras, while the king of Poland's had three. The spilling of a glass of water over the Marquis de Torey led to war between France and England, and a small boy, by throwing a pebble at the Duc de Guise, led to the massacre of Vassy and the thirty years' war.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. Ah, there is a world of magic in the cheerful face!

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The Only Perfect One.

While he 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-Augst, 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, for this 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 pagenantry, 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 school-house," 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 (yawning)—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.