

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY... July 21, 1916

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months...

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Spaas. "I am selling space in the local street cars, I said the advertising agent as he greeted the business man."

The Fall of Man. This is the truth. He is not misled. And this fact do not doubt: You fall in love; then you are wed and have a falling out.

Training. "I would like to become a poet," said the young man as he faced the editor. "And I called on you to ask if it is necessary for me to take any special training."

Giddap! "Just halt your wife as boss," said Haines. "And you will find her fair and warm. But if you do not let her reign you'll find she's mighty sure to storm."

Poor Old Paw. Willie—Maw, my teacher says that there are germs in kisses. Are there? Maw—Yes, my son. Willie—Can you catch things when you kiss? Maw—Yes, my son. Willie—Did you ever catch anything when you kissed? Maw—Yes, I caught a lady, no 'count, orney husband, my son. Paw—Young man, you go get my razor strap and come out in the back yard.

Bless Their Hearts! She's just fifteen. How she does grow! I speak of Mary Himmis. Now she'll quit having "legs," I know. And start to wearing "limbs."

Redbelly's Grace. Dear Luke—I was in Wigson Root, Ky., for Sunday dinner, and an old fellow named Redbelly, a neighbor, dropped in just before the meal was served and was asked to partake of it and to say grace before we sat down. This is what he said: "Heaven grant that we may be able to eat everything on the table!"—J. B.

Boone. My good wife bawls when I get full, said rummy Mr. Foote. "And every time I come home drunk she starts in making boo."

Orson in Mitt! Dear Luke—Can Milton Heneyes of Georgetown, O., watch over the club chicken coop?—Charles Kress.

On the Waiting List. Recent applicants for membership in the Names Is Names club are: Stout Dick of Paris, Ky.; Miles A. Field of Circleville, O.; Vera Crates of Nelsonville, O.; Moore Bull of Johnstown, Pa.; Frank Sleet of Altoona, Pa.; and Ercynith Mudd of Springfield, Ky.

We'll Pair Him With Darke Oxford. Dear Luke—Tann Shew runs a barber shop in West Baltimore, O. Can you find a place for him in the club?—R. D.

Names Is Names. Robert B. Still lives at Pomeroy, O.

Things to Worry About. A bee has to travel 48,000 miles to get a quart of honey.

Our Daily Special. You never get an encore when you sing your own praises.

Luke McLuke Says: Once in awhile you will find a married man whose idea of cruel and unusual punishment is to have to spend an entire evening at home.

One of the pleasures of editing a newspaper is the fact that every man who buys a copy of said newspaper reserves the right to control the policy of said newspaper.

Some reforms make more noise and accomplish less than anything else ever introduced in this country.

A girl's eyebrows are seldom as black as they are painted.

After a man gets along into middle age he discovers that children do not ask all of the fool questions.

You can neglect a wife all of the other days in the year, but if you remember to bring her something on her birthday she will forgive you the neglect.

The fact that he hasn't a postage stamp is always a good excuse to make a man put off writing to his wife. But if he is writing to some other man's wife he'll get a stamp if he has to walk ten blocks for it.

Let a man pound his ear for two hours in a chair after dinner, and when he wakes up he will tell you that he merely dozed off for a few seconds.

A barber can always make a warm friend out of a customer by telling him that he, the customer, has the toughest beard he ever saw.

Every day must be the longest day in the year in some towns. Daughter isn't much account at helping mother with other things, but she is always willing to help mother tell father where he gets off.

Their Palace For Two

How She Solved the Problem

By VICTOR LAURISTON

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Tom Ringling was bound to buy the big Warkworth place, while his fiancée wanted the Pine avenue cottage, worth only \$900. Tom was determined, and Ethel, with a woman's gift for diplomacy, went to Silas Sharpley, the agent with whom he was negotiating, to head him off. Sharpley offered her the house at an advance of what he had been offered, she paying him \$25 to close the bargain. He also offered her an option for thirty days. While he was talking Ethel was doing a lot of thinking.

By taking the option she would save money anyway. And long before thirty days she would be Mrs. Tom Ringling, and Tom, debarr'd from buying the big house, would compromise on the Pine avenue cottage and be saved the harassing, crushing burden of a costly house. She disliked very much to cross Tom in his wish, but she dreaded the burden of debt the cost of the big house would place them under at the very outset of their matrimonial career. So she made up her mind and was ready when the agent had finished his talk.

"I'll do that, Mr. Sharpley," she declared eagerly. Mr. Sharpley drew from his desk a contract for purchase and filled in the blanks. She signed it triumphantly, then glanced up at Sharpley.

"Remember, Mr. Sharpley," she held up a warning finger—"if Mr. Ringling any one asks who is buying the place you mustn't mention my name. I don't want it known. But you can say"—she smiled—"that the place is held at—\$4,500."

Sharpley grinned. Tom came that evening with brow black as a thundercloud. The girl faced him in embarrassed silence.

"Just my luck," he growled moodily. "Some one has slipped in ahead of me and snatched up Magna Villa at \$100 advance."

"And now we'll buy the cottage," cried Ethel jubilantly. "Cottage!" he exclaimed, his tone redolent of utter disgust. "Cottage!" She suddenly decided not to urge her views till a more opportune moment.

Responding next afternoon to the summons of the doorman she found herself face to face with Silas Sharpley. Mr. Sharpley smiled ingratiatingly.

"Just thought I'd drop in and close up matters," he suggested. "I—" "But I've thirty days," the girl protested quickly.

"Of course—of course." He rubbed his hands together. "But there are so many things to do—transfer the mortgage, and search the title, and arrange for financing the balance of the purchase price under the agreement—that—" "The agreement?" She stared at him. "Why, all I signed was an option."

"An agreement to purchase," returned Mr. Sharpley, apologetic, yet positive. "You remember I read it all over to you—purchase to be completed within thirty days. Twenty-five dollars paid on account to bind the bargain. Mrs. Warkworth has signed, too, so there's nothing in the way of closing up the deal at once."

Ethel had stood thus far with lips frozen dumb. Now she found voice to protest. "But, Mr. Sharpley, I never intended to purchase."

"You signed the agreement, Miss Grafton, and so did Mrs. Warkworth, and on the strength of it she's rented already and is taking up the carpets. I hope you're not afraid of your bargain," he added ingratiatingly.

"If it's a matter of not having ready cash don't let that embarrass you. All Mrs. Warkworth asks is \$400 down, and she'll be glad to carry the balance at 4 per cent as long as you like."

Sharpley went away with the \$400 which she had contrived to put aside in her six years at the office. All that night she tossed restlessly on her pillow. The deed was done. She could never, never turn back from it.

Every time they met she longed to pour out her sorrow to Tom, and then, knowing how eagerly he desired this house, she caught herself actually smiling.

"Why not sell the place?" she questioned herself. She might turn it over in a few days' time, and Tom would never know.

"I'll have to advertise," she mused. And settling down before her fountain pen she wrote the gold mounted fountain pen that Tom Ringling had given her as a stop gap present between Christmas and New Year's she painfully indited an advertisement that fairly glowed in its praise of Magna Villa.

Day by day she haunted the post-office lobby, her eyes fairly glued on box 172.

On the fifth day box 172 contained a letter. With trembling fingers she drew it forth.

Tearing open the dirty envelope, she perused a brief pencil scrawl: Dear sir I red your ad and would like to buy a good house let me no more about it yours truly I. Dement.

She hurriedly indited a private note, arranging an interview. Twenty-four hours later old Joe Dement, battered fedora in hand, stared, open mouthed, at the beauties of Magna Villa.

"Ain't that scrumptious!" He stood in noisy worship before the white marble fireplace. "My, but wouldn't that tickle my boy Joe! Joe was always the lad for putting on style."

His tone dropped to a confidential whisper.

"You know, miss, I'm buying a place for my son. He's a-comin' to live with me some day, he and my daughter-in-law. It ain't no matter of money. I kin buy any place in Carlford. "I seen your ad," he went on, "and I thought as I'd jest look at this place along of some others as I heard on, and maybe I'd find something to suit. And how much would you be asking for it?" he questioned when the inspection was finished.

"Forty-five hundred," she answered determinedly. A long sigh, escaped old Joe. "And I won't take a cent less," added the girl positively.

Dement shook his head mournfully. "It sure is some price," he muttered. "Well, I'll think it over and see you-see you tomorrow maybe."

As soon as she was rid of him Ethel Grafton, full of expectancy, hurried to box 172.

She found the mail receptacle empty and came home utterly crushed. "Why, what's the matter, youngster?" demanded Tom Ringling that evening the instant his eyes fell upon her. "Aren't sick, are you?"

"No." "Then you're worrying about something." His tone was decisive. "What is it?"

"No-thing." "Oh, come now!" Ethel rocked in silence. The young man sat musing.

"Do you know," he exclaimed suddenly, "I've been thinking it over, Et, and I—well, I've decided to buy that cottage."

She collapsed into her chair, a huddled, sobbing heap. Tom bent over her tenderly. "What is it, dear?" he questioned, his tone anxious.

Once more she rocked nervously, but made no response. There was a long silence. Suddenly a question tore her sorrowful thoughts asunder.

"Was that you I saw coming out of the Warkworth place this afternoon?" In silence she sat, shiveringly awaiting the inevitable.

"Was it you, dear?" His tone was gentle. She gazed up at him in tearful appeal.

"Yes," she faltered. And then, in a sudden gust of despair, "please don't ask me anything more about it, Tom."

"If it hurts you, dear, I won't," he returned. His voice was soothing; and, rising, he gently stroked her brown hair.

"But, really, Et—honest—I don't want that big house—not now." He stood a moment in meditative silence. Suddenly his hand stopped its gentle stroking.

Intuitively, she knew that he had grown suddenly rigid. She glanced tremblingly up. His eyes were oddly agleam.

"I'll call tomorrow evening," he told her, "and perhaps I'll bring company. You won't mind it, will you, dear?"

"Why, no, Tom. But who is it?" Tom Ringling gazed calmly at her. "That's a secret."

With odd expectancy she next evening awaited his coming. He was unusually late.

After a long, long time she heard steps upon the walk and the tramp of feet on the veranda.

Rising quickly, she snatched the door open even as the bell jarred forth its summons.

"Good evening, Miss Grafton," murmured an unctuous voice. Ethel, abstruse, drew away.

"Good evening, Mr. Sharpley," she returned coldly. "May we come in?" Tom Ringling spoke cheerily from the shadow background.

She mechanically ushered them into the cozy parlor. "It took me all day to find out what was troubling you, youngster," declared Tom Ringling without preface as soon as all were comfortably seated.

"It was a case of too much fine house; also too much Sharpley." He glared savagely at the culprit.

"Ethel, you should never have tried to match your wits with a man. A woman, you know?" He coughed himself into abashed silence.

"Well, anyway," he at length added, "I talked to Mr. Sharpley till he saw daylight in the distance. So now he's willing to list that white elephant for you without charge and sell it without a commission fee."

The girl smiled. "But that's unnecessary," she returned in triumph. "Why?" chorused both men.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because old Joe Dement bought it for \$4,500 cash. "Forty-five hundred dollars!" gasped Tom Ringling. "You don't mean to say you've cleared \$1,200 on that house?"

Ethel nodded serenely. "And what are you going to do with all that money?" "That's the man for you!" she flashed back, smiling demurely. "Why, for one thing, I've bought a pretty little cottage on Pine avenue, just off Main, a palace for two!"

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Important Occurrences of Past Week Briefly Compiled for Our Readers.

A fresh outbreak of rabies in eastern Oregon stock districts is feared. A new lodge of Knights of Pythias was instituted at Halfway, in Baker county.

John Day is to have a new, modern postoffice building in the very near future. A petition for the recall of Councilman Fred Myers, of Florence, has been filed.

Grangers and allied farmers' clubs will hold an all day picnic at Central Point July 22. A fine one-story apartment house is contemplated for Pendleton by P. D. Tull, of Spokane.

Steps are being taken to make the Roundup feature a permanent annual event at Astoria. Altala seven feet high grown without irrigation is a product of Wasco county this year.

An aviation section of the Oregon naval militia has been formed, with L. T. Barin commanding. Umatilla county probably will be represented this year with an exhibit at the Oregon state fair.

The fourth annual Epworth League Institute of Oregon opened on the university campus Monday. More than one quart of liquor for every man, woman and child in The Dalles was shipped in during June.

One hundred and fifty Presbyterian ministers and laymen attended the session of the Synod of Oregon in Eugene. A new schedule that will cut 40 minutes from the running time of the Eugene-Marshfield train is being prepared.

Albany's postoffice receipts for the past quarter show a gain of 13 per cent over those of the same quarter a year ago. The state public service commission spent last Saturday at Dayton and vicinity to look up alleged hazardous conditions.

It is reliably reported that the West Coast properties in the Bohemia mining district have been sold to Spokane mining men. Information has been reached officials of Portland that L. R. Alderman, city superintendent of schools, is ill in Washington, D. C.

Governor Withycombe has issued a commission to Louis T. Barin, Portland, as ensign, aviation duties only, Oregon naval militia. Cherry stems are being shipped to Europe from The Dalles to make the poisonous gas that is used by the opposing armies in France.

Company A of McMinnville, which at present is at Palm City, near the Mexican border, has nine sets of brothers in its membership of 33. After a service of more than 46 years as a volunteer fireman and 16 years on The Dalles police force, John Crate has been retired by the city.

The state public service commission has fixed August 2, at Portland, as the date for hearing the Pacific and Home physical telephone connection case. The demand for loganberry juice is increasing at a rapid rate, according to J. O. Holt, manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers' Association cannery.

Mrs. Payton T. Boone, wife of a prominent Hermiton farmer, and her two-year-old daughter, Jane, were fatally burned in a fire at their home. Notwithstanding the fact that the school was out more than a month ago, Monmouth Training School pupils are working diligently on their school gardens.

Henry S. Westbrook, grand master, and E. E. Sharon, grand secretary of the grand lodge of Oddfellows of Oregon, officially visited Albany lodge last week. The supreme court holds that the 1915 amendment to the primary law which makes it possible for a candidate to get on the ballot by paying a fee is valid.

The Cooes and Curry Hardware Dealers' semi-annual meeting was held at Port Orford and representatives were present from every hardware firm in both counties. Portland jobbers and manufacturers are exhibiting the greatest confidence in the outcome of the Fourth Annual Buyers' Week, which is to be held August 7 to 12.

Billy Sunday, the famous evangelist arrived in Hood River, accompanied by Mrs. Sunday and their two boys, and will spend the summer on their ranch at Odell. More than 1400 more residents of Multnomah county ordered liquor during the month of June than during the preceding month, according to the record of affidavits.

The annual tournament of the Willamette Valley Firemen's association will be held this year in Corvallis September 4 and 5. Elaborate preparations have been made for the meet. Cash prizes of \$500 and trophies have already been arranged for.

Thirty-three of about 50 enlisted members in the machine gun company of the Third Oregon, now at Palm Beach, Cal., on the Mexican border, have written to Portland newspapers to refute any impression that might exist that they are, so to speak, tied to their mothers' apron strings.

After a period of considerable turmoil and agitation in and out of the ranks of the Oregon national guard over the proposed removal of Colonel Cleland McLaughlin as commanding officer of the Third Oregon regiment at the border, the war department has

reissued its order assigning McLaughlin to the command of a company in the Thirtieth infantry, United States army, and will leave him with the Oregon troops. The Southern Pacific railroad notified the state public service commission that it would shortly begin the work of replacing 50 pound rails on the Corvallis & Eastern line.

Sunday closing, the sale of alcohol and the sending of poisons through the mails are among the subjects discussed by the druggists at their 27th annual convention at Seaside. Wasco county farmers have determined to cease paying out their good money for grain sacks and many of them are erecting granaries on their ranches to handle grain in bulk.

H. H. Winslow, a veteran of the Civil War, serving in Company F, 89th Indiana, and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Monday. The Eugene chamber of commerce special to the Coos Bay railroad jubilee will carry 1000 Lane county residents to the southern terminus of the Willamette Pacific railroad August 24.

While the Oregon naval militia is taking its annual cruise in Alaskan waters, the eight companies of Coast Artillery will be at Fort Stevens, where they will be in annual exercise until July 29. "I never saw a finer fish hatchery than the Oregon state hatchery at Bonanza," declared Edwin F. Sweet, assistant secretary of the department of commerce, on his arrival in Portland from Bonneville.

Ministers of Oregon, representing all the leading denominations, will gather at Eugene Monday, July 24, for the four days' sessions of the fourth annual Oregon Interdenominational Conference of Ministers. Seven subordinate I. O. O. F. lodges of Union county and as many Rebekah lodges sent large representations to La Grande, when the first annual convention of the Union County Oddfellows' association was held.

BULBS IN A BOWL. An Easy Way to Cultivate Miniature Floating Gardens. A novel way of growing tulips, such as crocuses, has been tried with good success. A far superior method to the next thing is to get one or two rather large corks. Through these holes are bored and the bulbs fitted into the openings in such a way that the under side, from which the roots spring, is near the lower part of the cork.

Now obtain a large shallow bowl and fill this with pure water. Float the corks with the bulbs in place, on the surface and set the whole thing aside in a rather shady position for two or three weeks. At the end of this time it will be noticed that the roots are growing down into the water; therefore a place in a sunny window should be selected.

The upper shoots of the bulbs will start to grow rapidly, and at this time it is a good plan to arrange a little wire to hide the upper surface of the corks, or, if preferred, however, grass or some other seed, such as cress, may be sown to provide a green covering. There is nothing to do but to keep the bowl well supplied with water and hence this now and again. Finally the flowers emerge, and then the effect is extremely pretty. The bulbs may be planted in this way any time up to early January, though naturally the sooner they are started the earlier they will bloom.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Much Entertained. Said Cholly—I have just been looking over a volume of revised statutes. Quoth Algy—Well?

Cholly—I had no idea there were so many interesting ways of breaking the law.—Louisville Courier-Journal. The lessons of life are lost if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowances for the immature conclusions of others.

Notice of Administration. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County. In the matter of the Estate of Saidee A. White, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Saidee A. White, deceased, by order of the above entitled court, and that all persons having claims against said deceased, or her estate, are hereby required to present the same duly verified, with the proper vouchers, in the manner provided by law, to said administrator, at his office in Moro, in said county, and state within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Moro, Ore., this 6th day of July, A. D. 1916. J. M. PARRY, Administrator of said Estate. Bright & Bryant, Attorneys for Adm.

Notice of Executor. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, executor for the estate of John Johnson, deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to me at the law office of Bright & Bryant in the city of Moro, Ore., verified as by law required, within six months from the date of first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published at Moro, Ore., July 7, 1916. GERHARDINE JOHNSON, Executor of the estate of John Johnson, deceased. Bright & Bryant Attorneys for Estate.

DOING BUSINESS? If You Want To Trade Your Property Write to E. A. BRASHEM 501-2 Northwest Building Portland, Oregon.

Real Estate Bargains Land Located in Sherman Co.

No. 1. 1280 acres; 900 under cultivation; 320 acres in crop. First class 12 room house, hot and cold water, good well and wind mill, lots of water both at house and pasture. Good fences, most all hog tight, railroad flag station on place; one mile haul to warehouse; 3 miles to school and store; 7 1/2 miles to county seat. Price, with crop, \$30 per acre, will take some trade.

No. 2. 800 acres, all tillable except about 25 acres; 400 acres in crop. Close to town. Lots of water. Fair buildings. Will take \$9000 in trade, balance crop payments, 6 per cent interest.

No. 3. 640 acres west of Grass Valley, good buildings, lots of water, close to school. Price, \$25 per acre, part cash with balance on term.

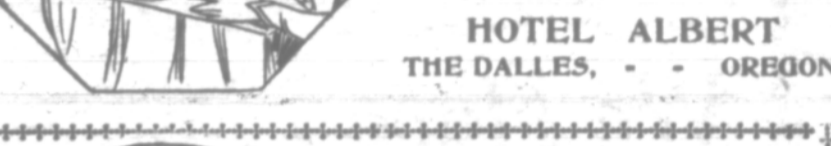
No. 4. 960 acre ranch, fair buildings, close to town, running water the year round, about 600 acres in crop. Price, with crop, \$30 per acre.

No. 5. 400 acres, 350 tillable. Close to school and church. Good well of water. Price \$25 per acre, either cash or good security for first payment of \$3500; balance, time to suit.

WRITE OR CALL ON ALEX HUNTER MORO, OREGON

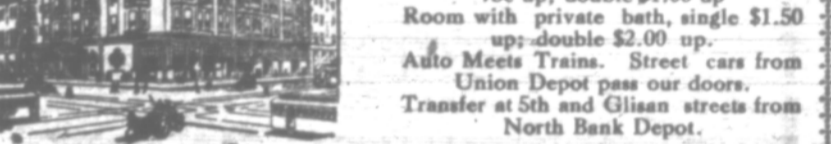
THE FIRST COURSE consisting of soup whets your appetite and gets you on edge in anticipation of what's to follow. We have such a variety of good things to eat that we often congratulate ourselves on our good fortune. But we never raise prices.

Large airy rooms with or without baths. HOTEL ALBERT THE DALLES, - - OREGON



Special Summer Rates NEW HOTEL PERKINS

Fifth and Washington Sts. PORTLAND, ORE. Room with privilege of bath, single, 75c up; double \$1.00 up. Room with private bath, single \$1.50 up; double \$2.00 up. Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot pass our doors. Transfer at 5th and Glisan streets from North Bank Depot.



Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon. DEALERS IN Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

MORO BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tub. Everything First Class and up to date. Agent for Model Steam Laundry of The Dalles Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office J. N. LANDRY, Proprietor. Moro, - - - - Oregon.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS! IN REAL ESTATE

Anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are in actual touch with 10,000 live and reliable Real Estate Agents all over Canada and the United States. If you are thinking of moving better call and we will give you a card of introduction to a good, reliable real estate man wherever you are thinking of going so you will not be at the mercy of some one who cares for nothing but your money.

ALEX HUNTER, Moro, Oregon

WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY AUTO AND VISIT THE DALLES STORE YOUR CAR

In the concrete, recently completed, fully equipped, roomy garage of Walther-Williams Company. Competent workman always ready to help you in any way they can at least expense to you. For any service rendered the charge will always be reasonable.

WALTHER-WILLIAMS GARAGE THE DALLES, - - OREGON.