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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Force of Habit.
"See here," said the owner of the paint store, "you will have to be more careful. We sell our paints by number, and on ten or a dozen occasions you have said No. 6 paint when you were asked for No. 10 paint. What is the matter with you?"
"It must be force of habit," replied the new clerk. "You see, I was formerly employed in the woman's department of a shoe store."

Food For Thought.
"I must have food for thought," said he. "And I have a great lunch. I'll go to a free library. And get a nice free lunch."

Ouch!
"Are you fond of music?" asked Miss Oldrich.
"Not very," replied Mr. Oldbatch, "but I prefer it to popular songs."

He Should Worry.
A cheerful cuss is Ezra Fenta. He never chews his pills. He says a lot of compliments. But he won't pay his bills.

One Way to Get Subscriptions.
If the young man who was seen Sunday evening kissing his best girl while standing at the front gate will subscribe for the Observer before next press day no further mention will be made of the matter.—Hartford (Ark.) Observer.

A Fruitful Topic.
He brags about his ancestry. I've pious Mr. Demmon. It's plain to me his family tree. Produced at least one lemon.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His highborn boast of ancestry.
Run on in such a rut. 'Twas plain to see his native tree. Had fruited in a nut.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Them is Hard Words.
As a disseminator of disillusionment we back Luke McLuke against the world.—Arkansas Democrat.

Kiss In.
The week before Christmas and all through the land. Friend wife greets friend husband with wide open hand.

And Pinked on the Pimple.
The American Society of Philologists at its recent meeting in Philadelphia prepared for general circulation a list of terms that may be used as synonyms for "hit on the head," thus conferring a great favor on those who are always looking for something new. Here they are in a nut:

Drubbed on the dome.
Bammed on the bean.
Tapped on the conk.
Bumped on the beizer.
Biffed on the coco.
Busted on the cranium.
Whiffed on the skull.
Cracked on the nut.
Nailed on the nob.
Singed in the heffry.
Lammed on the neck.
Dinged on the brain box.

Well, This Ought to Start Something.
Dear Luke—There are only two animals that wear chin whiskers. And you can't blame the poor goat. He can't help himself.—C. W. Chance.

Things to Worry About.
If the sun were a burning lump of coal it would burn out in 6,000 years.

Names is Names.
B. Z. Bee lives at Fleming, O.

Our Daily Special.
If you don't keep your own secret it won't be kept.

Luke McLuke Says:
When you hear a man sighing for the good old days you can bet that he means the good old nights. The amateur photographer isn't the only man who takes the worst views of everything.

A woman always likes to go out with another woman who can't afford to dress as well as she can.

Better be careful. Some of those battling suffragists are liable to lay for the men who called them "old hens."

The old fashioned boy who wanted to be president now has a son who wants to be a big leaguer.

Every now and then you will meet the kind of a man who blames his lack of education on the fact that the trustee officer didn't attend to his duties.

When a man acts like a hog when he eats and sleeps he always attributes it to his clear conscience.

Some people are kept poor because they spend so much money pretending they are not.

A man expects it from other men, but it always jars him when he sees a woman sitting.

There are lots of featherweights in the world who never had boxing gloves on their hands.

You may have noticed that the lad who is always blushing about what he is going to do tomorrow never has a word to say about how he did yesterday.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who was glad when the children caught the measles or whooping cough or diphtheria or scarlet fever because she knew they had to catch them some time and wouldn't get them a second time?

His Price

It Turned Out to Be His Owa, Not the Other Man's.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Skiff Babcock was a self-made man. That was his chief boast. One day after he had made this assertion one of the persons who heard it said to the other:

"Heckon he did make himself. The Lord never would have made a man like him."

Skiff left school when he was nine years old. There were two things that Babcock coveted. The one was the most expensive automobile he could buy, and the flashiest. The other was Celia Hart, a young milliner. Celia was of the same sphere in life as Babcock, but she must have been made of different clay.

He got the automobile, and it remained for him to get Celia Hart—if he could. The only thing in the way of his getting her so far as he knew was Tim Casey. Casey was in Babcock's employ, and Babcock considered that he owned every man he hired. It galled him to feel that this "common workman" as he called Casey, should be in the way of his getting anything he wanted. But Casey was far before him in Celia's affections, and he knew it. But it wasn't natural that this should be so, and he thought up a way to change it—a way that only such a man as he would choose.

For three succeeding days Skiff Babcock had permitted his brand new red touring car to crawl along the street in the hope of meeting Celia as she went to or from the milliner's where she worked.

Skiff could always pick Celia out of a crowd by the graceful swing of her slender, erect figure, but recently she had identified herself beyond all doubt by perching a coral colored hat on her abundant black hair.

All at once Skiff's beady little eyes discerned her. First the coral hat came into view, then Celia's lovely laughing face and finally the bulking form of none other than Mr. Babcock's head truck driver, who held Celia's elbow in one big hand with a most offensive air of proprietorship.

Suddenly Skiff Babcock whirled his machine around and dashed into another street.

An hour later he sat at his desk in the office of the Skiff Babcock Trucking company. At the curbstone his red car panted impatiently. Through the archway that connected the street with the stables behind his office his employees were passing to and fro.

A haze of tobacco smoke blurred the little room, for Skiff was smoking cigar after cigar in a dogged, persistent way, very much as if he knew that when he reached the end of a certain number of these fragrant smokes he would find a solution to the problem that troubled him.

All at once he flung a half finished cigar through the window and pounded the desk heavily with one pudgy fist.

"Every man has his price," he said slowly. "I wonder what is Casey's price?"

Again he meditated. "A truckman," he snorted scornfully, "against me, who can turn every vote in this ward—me, with that automobile, and could dress her in diamonds, and could dress her in diamonds, with a fat in Central Park West, if she wanted it. The nerve of Tim Casey!"

He rang a bell sharply. "Has Casey come back?" he asked of the boy who responded. "No, sir."

"Send him here when he comes," snarled Skiff, and he lighted another cigar.

By the time Tim Casey's huge bulk darkened the office doorway Skiff Babcock had smoked himself into a fit of cold anger, tempered only by his favorite maxim that "Every man has his price."

That this was true to a degree in Skiff Babcock's political circle accounted for his self-confidence to settle the case of Tim Casey off hand.

"You wanted me?" grinned Tim Casey good naturedly.

Skiff frowned up at the big, handsome young Irishman, whose every muscle was tense with strength and vitality. Tim's blue eyes sparkled and his white teeth shone. Life was good sport to the hard working truck driver.

"I saw you on Sixth avenue this noon," blurted forth Skiff. This was not the way he had intended to open the subject.

"Have you ever wanted to go into the trucking business for yourself?" The younger man's face underwent a brief change.

"Every man looks to bettering himself," he said warily.

"I'd let you have the old stable on West street and three teams—I'd give 'em to you."

"What for?" demanded Casey bluntly.

Skiff dropped subterfuge and looked his driver square in the eye.

"You'll understand when I tell you that I've made up my mind to marry Celia Hart! Look what I can give her—diamonds, an automobile, all the money she wants to spend and a hired girl to do her work. What can you give her—eh?" His sneer could not be suppressed.

"For the sake of the girl I should think you'd step back, Casey! She's too fine to work herself to the bone as the wife of a poor truck driver. As Mrs. Skiff Babcock she'd live like a lady. You stand off and I'll set you up in business—you're smart and can stand where I do ten years from now. You'll never have another chance."

Ashen faced, Casey stared back at him.

"I'll not do it," he muttered.

"What is your price then?" demanded Skiff impatiently. "Name it and I'll pay it."

"Me price?" stammered Casey. And he seemed to ponder the question.

"Yes; your price. Name it and I'll pay it." Skiff smiled complacently. Things were coming his way. He never had known this treatment to fall.

Every man has his price. Suddenly Casey's head went up. "Me price is this," he said heavily—"me price is this. Send for Celia Hart and let her choose between us."

Skiff's smile faded. "It's no way to treat a lady. It'll scare her," he said doubtfully.

"It's me price," reiterated Casey sullenly. "Let her have the say. I don't want your job."

Skiff Babcock nodded shortly and pulled the telephone toward him. He called up the milliner's where Celia Hart worked and asked that she be sent at once in a taxicab to the office of the Skiff Babcock Trucking company, and then he sat back and waited nervously for her coming.

Tim Casey leaned against the opposite wall, white faced, with miserable eyes.

What girl would hesitate at choosing between a plump, well dressed and obviously rich proprietor and the shirt sleeved truck driver?

He wished that he had knocked Skiff down when the suggestion was first made. But Celia ought to have a chance to better herself. Celia was a lovely, bright creature, and the best was none too good for her. But was Skiff Babcock the best?

Celia should decide. A half hour ticked away, and at last a taxi drew up to the curb, and a slim, black gownned form crowned with a coral hat all asked few into the office and looked dazedly around.

"What's happened to Timmy?" she demanded breathlessly.

Then her eyes fell upon Tim Casey, standing there so grim and silent, and she ran to him and flung herself on his breast.

"Ah, Timmy, I thought you was dead, or something," she cried. "What is the matter?"

Skiff Babcock stepped into a small adjoining room.

A Balking Lover

By ELINOR MARSH

Mr. and Mrs. Harkaway's daughter, Maria, was the one being on earth who absorbed their interest. All went well till Maria's affections became centered on a young man, and the young man was so slow in proposing that Mrs. Harkaway feared some other girl would steal him away from her daughter.

The mother kept her fears to herself as long as possible, then revealed them to her husband.

"I do think," said Mrs. Harkaway, "that young fellow who is coming to Maria should either propose to her or be told not to come to see her any more."

"How do you know that he hasn't proposed to her?" asked her husband.

"Because when I went into the parlor last evening after he had gone I asked her, and she said he hadn't."

"Does she want him to propose?" "Of course she does. Do you suppose she would let him come and sit with her twice a week—sometimes three times—unless she expected that he would ask her to marry him?"

"Maria is a good girl. Do you know whether he is a good man?" "Maria says he is as steady as a clock and has money laid up."

"What do you suppose he's waiting for?" "Maria says he's a natural putter off of things."

"Well, I reckon we'll have to find some way to help her out."

"What do you mean?" "Why, don't you remember when we were engaged how I was waiting to get a certain sum laid up to be married on, and your little brother one day fairly asked me why I didn't marry you or take myself off? I know very well that he had taken the words from your father's mouth, and it brought me to the scratch. We must lay some such plan for this young lover."

"That's easier said than done." One evening when the usual sparkling was going on in the parlor there was a ring at the front door bell. Maria went to the door and reported that an Italian was there with a parrot to bring to him.

The man was admitted to the living room, and Mr. Harkaway said to him:

"You think you have found a bird that will talk, eh?" "You betta I have."

"What is he worth?" "Fifty dollars."

"Well, let's hear what he can do." The Italian took the parrot from his cage and by talking to him elicited many wonderful sayings. When he had done so Mrs. Harkaway said to him:

"I wish you would let my daughter hear him talk. Come this way." She led him out into the parlor, where Maria's young man was sitting beside her.

"Maria," said the lady, "I wish you to hear this wonderful parrot. He says such queer things."

"Yes," said Maria, and her young man rose and stood in the presence of the mother. The Italian held the parrot on his forefinger and said a number of things to him, which the bird doubtless understood, for he began to chatter. Then, suddenly fixing his attention on the lovers, he said:

"Maria, give me a kiss." Maria colored, and her young man started.

Then followed some rambling talk, during which the parrot seemed to have forgotten the lovers. They were recovering from his pertinent remark when he broke forth anew:

"Maria, will you marry me?" By this time Mr. Harkaway had come through the hall and stood in the parlor door, evidently desirous of satisfying himself that the parrot was worth the price asked for him. He was in time to hear the last words:

"Of course I'll marry you," were the parrot's last words. Harkaway, pretending that he supposed the proposition and acceptance to come from the lovers, marched up to Maria and congratulated her. Then, turning to her young man, he said:

Emmet's Presence of Mind. A story is told of Robert Emmet which proves his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the poly antiodote, chalk.

Timid man would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

Your Tramping Companion. He may be all right in the city, a pleasant chap to lunch with and a good companion for an evening at the club, but beware of taking him along on a fortnight's hike through the woods as a cruise in a twenty-five footer. Test him thoroughly before you give him the chance to spoil your vacation. He may be grouchy before breakfast, or he may be a plain shirker. Possibly the thin veneer of civilization conceals the primordial hog.—Outing.

Electric Light. The basic discovery of the possibility of electric light was made by Sir Humphry Davy in 1810, but for the next fifty years the developments were solely scientific and no practical use was made of them. In 1862, however, an arc light was installed in a light-house at Dungeness, and this is generally believed to be the first electric lamp in regular service.

Different Routes. "How far is it to Guildford?" "Well, sir, as the crow flies, I should say it be ten miles."

"But if the crow were riding a bicycle how far would it be?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Proof. "How do you know she's older than you are?" "Why, she admitted it herself. She said 'You and I are just the same age, dear.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Notice to Contractors. Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Directors of School District No. 17, Moro, Oregon, until 7:00 p. m., June 15, 1917, for the erection and completion of a Public School building, according to plans and specifications prepared by Charles Burdick, architect, Albany, Ore. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check payable to School District No. 17, Moro, Oregon, for the sum of 3% of the amount of bid, as a guarantee that the contractor will furnish an approved bond equal to 50% of the contract within ten days after the awarding of the contract. The lowest bidder will be required to furnish references satisfactory to the board.

All bids must be made out on blank proposals for the same. Blanks furnished upon application by the clerk or architect. Plans and specifications may be seen at Clerk's office, Moro—Records Abstract office, Portland, Oregon, or at Architect's office.

The school board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of School Board No. 17. F. E. Fortner, Clerk.

Notice of Final Settlement. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Luther B. Hill, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator de bonis non, under the will of said deceased, has filed his final report and account of his administration of all of said estate remaining after the resignation of his predecessor, and that Monday, the 2d day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. thereof, has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county court house at Moro, in said county and state, as the place of the hearing and settlement of the said report and account, the objections thereto if any, the determination and settlement thereof and of the said estate, and for such other relief as the court shall deem proper.

Dated at Moro, Ore., this 17th day of May, A. D. 1917. J. F. Foss, Adm., D. B. N., under the will of said deceased. Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Adm. m185t

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county:

Rosalie Belle Bayliss, plaintiff, vs. William A. Bayliss, defendant.

To William A. Bayliss, above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 7th day of July, 1917; and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: For a decree that the marriage contract now existing between the said plaintiff and yourself be dissolved, annulled and held for naught.

This summons is published in the Sherman County Observer by order of Hon. D. R. Parker, judge of said Circuit Court, made, dated and entered in said cause on the 21st day of May, 1917, and directing the publication of said summons be made once a week for six successive weeks.

The date of first publication is May 25, 1917. J. B. Horsford, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the matter of the Estate of James M. DeMoss, deceased. To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 2d day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, be and the same is hereby appointed as the time and the County court room in the County Courthouse, in Moro, in said county and state, has been appointed as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated and first published on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1917. Julia DeMoss Manning, Administrator of the said Estate. Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Adm.

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