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A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week
Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

The construction of a five-story flour mill has been begun at Hood River.

Portland shipped 194,553 bushels of wheat and flour during the month of September.

Cosco county's \$40,000 courthouse annex, or hall of records, is completed and occupied.

The Wasco county school children's exhibit carried off first prize at the state fair at Salem.

The Willamette Presbytery will meet at Dalles Tuesday and Wednesday, October 9 and 10.

Miss Florence Twidwell has been elected as dean of women at Willamette University at Salem.

Apple picking in the Hood River valley to harvest the 1,000,000 box apple crop is in progress.

J. H. Dundore of Portland, has been appointed a merchant representative of the food administration.

As an incident of the war period women will be employed as elevator operators in Portland office buildings.

A system of modern fire protection for the buildings on the Oregon Agricultural college campus is being installed.

The supreme court has set November 13 and 14 as dates for hearing arguments in the Hyde-Benson land fraud cases.

Columbus Strong, 56, a timber feller, was instantly killed while working in the logging camp of Hawkins Bros., near Elk City.

The 13th annual convention of the Oregon Funeral Directors' association will convene at Portland Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Surgeon General Blue reports to Senator Chamberlain he has directed an investigation to determine the best site in Oregon for a military hospital.

Twenty-six members of the Multnomah Anglers' club have been commissioned deputy game wardens, without pay, by Carl Shoemaker, state game warden.

October 21-28, inclusive, has been set as the week's campaign to enlist every housewife in Oregon as a member of the federal food administration.

The National Sheep and Wool Bureau of America has appointed Charles E. Cooney, a tailor of Portland, commissioner for Oregon of that organization.

Estimates are made that the twin cities, Marshfield and North Bend, have had an increase of population between 25 and 33 per cent within the past 18 months.

Hoyt S. Gale, of the United States geological survey, is in the section east of Bend, where he will investigate recently discovered nitrate deposits for the government.

Records show that 78 of the 624 vessels contracted for by the shipping board at all points in the country are either being built or have been contracted for in Oregon.

The public service commission has issued orders relieving the towns of Baker, Union, Pendleton, Cove and Elgin, all in eastern Oregon, from the operation of the warning signs statute.

A drop in the wholesale price of flour in northwest markets to \$10.25 a barrel for family patents, to be effective at once, was decreed at a meeting of Pacific coast millers held in Portland.

Payment by the government of \$1,504,841 to one Washington and 18 Oregon counties in back taxes on Oregon-California grant lands began early this week.

Superintendent of Banks Sargent has announced that the banks and trust companies of Portland had \$17,298,497.08 more in deposits on September 11 of this year than on September 12 last year.

Oregon's fifty-sixth annual state fair closed Saturday. From the standpoint of attendance and number of exhibits it was the biggest fair ever held in the state. Weather throughout the week was ideal.

In conformity with its policy announced during the \$6,000,000 road bond campaign last spring, the state highway commission is preparing to purchase its own bituminous paving plant for next season's work.

The city of Portland entered the retail fish business Monday to keep prices down, the city commissioners having voted to take over a retail fish store which had been operated for a week by the Portland Ad Club.

Fruit is being thrown away because there is no market for it, according to reports from Long Creek, in the John Day valley. Although Long Creek is not known as a fruit section, there are many orchards there, and this year the production exceeded local consumption. The principal waste is said to be in apples and peach plums, which are being allowed to rot on the trees. The community is so far from a market that transportation charges do not warrant shipping.

The Prince of a Hundred Years

A Love Story

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A very young girl stood before a mirror putting the last touches to her toilet. A card bearing a man's name lay on the dresser before her. She was preparing to go down to see him, but the preparation was rather for delay than for her adornment.

She knew very well for what he had come. He had been to see her often before for the same purpose. He had offered her his love. She had neither declined nor accepted him. She had not declined him because she was not sure but that she would regret having done so if she did, and she had not accepted him because it did not seem to her that she felt a change which she considered would come over her once she had been stricken by the little god.

When she could think of nothing more to add to her toilet, when she had for the last time adjusted the rose in her hair, smoothed away a crease here and there in her costume, she placed her hand upon the doorknob and stood irresolute.

"What shall I say to him?"

She could not decide. Turning, she looked through the window and saw a peaceful garden. And there, too, in the garden was a woman.

The very young girl burst tempestuously into the peaceful garden, and her eyes were bright with tears.

"I came for a sight of you, Felice," she said, "to calm my troubled spirit. It is Billie again, of course, and he will have his answer. Now, how is a girl to be sure of her heart who has not seen the world? One might say yes today and be filled with regret tomorrow."

"Oh, for a sign by which we women might know our own true prince when he comes! You remember the olden fairy tales, and your gift for making different stories of each to satisfy my demand for 'just one more'?" Always I found you here among your flowers, Felice, understanding of each rebellious, childish mood.

"Well, I'm a rebellious child again today, and I will rest my wayward head upon your dear shoulder while you weave for me a new version of—shall it be 'The Sleeping Princess and the Prince Who Awakened Her After a Hundred Years'?"

Musingly the woman smiled; then low she told the story:

"The princess sat high on the garden wall while her golden tresses streamed out in the breeze like a shimmering fan. Upon her gleaming crown was perched saucily a soldier's cap, and from beneath its brim she glanced half shyly, half daringly, at the young prince beside her.

"'An you wear my cap,' he warned. 'I shall surely steal a kiss!'"

"With a soft mirthful laugh the girl sprang to the ground.

"'Never in all your life,' she mocked, 'shall you kiss me!'"

"For a moment their eyes met steadily, his gravely pleading, hers bright, yet fearful; then the girl ran swiftly down the path.

"Charmed, intent, the prince gazed after her departing figure; then from its case came his violin, while the unspoken longings which he himself had hardly known breathed forth in music.

"From her hiding place the girl watched him, gloried in the sweet seriousness of his eyes, the firm set of his youthful chin, delighted in the straight forelock which her theft of his cap left uncovered.

"When as the music quivered to a minor key, slowly the girl crept back to sit at his side. Hand in hand they lingered, while the young, pale moon rose in the sky.

"'Tomorrow you will come again?' pleaded the prince at parting.

"Overcome by a new and inexplicable shyness the princess shook her head. 'Tomorrow I shall have duties,' she told him.

So while the roses bloomed and the bees dreamed in the garden, there the young prince waited his lady's pleasure, glad for a smile that she gave him, silent before her tauntings, speaking his love in music.

"And, as in teasing mood, the princess danced from him one day down the winding path toward the river, she came upon another youth, one who bowed low before her, as a subject salutes his princess, one whose eyes were filled with a worshipful adoration, which the prince's eyes, in all their tenderness, had never shown.

"The princess motioned to the youth to rise from his place at her feet, and her heart was filled with the spirit of adventure.

"'Come,' she said, 'you shall teach me to row your boat on the river and shall gather for me lilies out far, where I cannot reach them.'"

"And as the youth bent eagerly to his ears she was gay and friendly and kind as she had never been in the presence of the prince.

"'Your eyes,' the youth reverently told her, 'are blue as the sky at early evening; your hair is like a cloth of gold; your lips have stolen their crimson from the berries.'"

"And the princess smiled and was pleased, for the prince had never told her any of these things.

"'I love you,' said the youth, 'and you love me, and we must speedily be married!'"

"'Are you quite sure,' she asked him, 'that I do love you?'"

"'Quite sure,' he answered firmly. 'And as he went all joyfully up the path from the river he saw the prince there in the sleepy garden, his violin locked silent in its case.

"'I am to marry the princess,' the youth cried jubilantly, 'for though I am but a humble subject she loves me royally!'"

"'She loves you?' the prince repeated, and his words were like a sighing breath.

"Then dumbly he sat down to wait, and later, when the princess found him there, a great hunger came over her

to go and sit at his side, to fold her little fingers up in the clasp of his strong hand, to hear again the message of his music. Yet when he asked abruptly, 'You are to marry the youth?' she remembered that the prince had never really spoken love, had never praised the beauty of her eyes. And in that strange and sudden perversity which his nervousness seemed to provoke the princess tossed her head.

"'Yes, I am to marry the youth,' she taunted. 'I am to marry the youth.'"

"She watched him pass through the little gate in the hedge wondering how soon, how very soon, he must come back.

"But the prince did not come. The summer moon turned into a round, red harvest moon; the rides upon the river grew tiresome; the water lilies were all gone. Pettishly the princess turned one day from regarding the youth.

"'I am so tired of it all,' she said, 'and I'm vastly tired of you.'"

"To the heart of the wildwood then she wandered that the youth might not seek her there, and here half buried by the brown leaves on the ground reclined the figure of another man.

"He was studiously intent, she noticed, upon a book spread out before him, and even the rustling of her draperies failed to attract his attention. Interested, the princess came nearer, peering over his shoulder; still the man remained absorbed. Whittily she broke a branch above his head, awaiting his startled glance.

"'Absently the man looked up into her face; then with a frown of annoyance resumed his study. In anger the princess stamped her foot.

"'You are my subject,' she cried, 'and ignore my presence. You pay no homage to my power.'"

"As though reluctant the man closed his book.

"'I serve as a student, madam,' he replied, 'and must therefore devote every moment to study.'"

"Suddenly the princess leaned toward him with an alluring smile. 'You must also,' she said, 'serve me.'"

So plucked by his indifference, she came each day to charm the student from his purpose. And as they strolled together through the shaded paths he unfolded to her the secret of each leaf and flower.

"'When I have finished my course,' said the student, 'you shall love me forever and ever.'"

"But now in the moment of her triumph the princess turned coldly aside. With thoughtful brows she walked back through the wood. To those who appeared now and then and here and there would have walked at her side she gravely shook her head.

"'For,' she said, 'I would rather go my way alone.'"

"Just as the afternoon was drawing to a close and the sun was going down gloriously beyond the little wall she slipped through the little gate into her own home garden.

"A scarlet drooping vine, a haunting sound of melody, seemed to recall some vaguely pleasant recollection. But the princess was now too tired to remember; so, being quite alone and among the nodding flowers—"

"The voice of the speaker trailed off dreamily. 'Yes,' prompted the girl.

"The princess fell asleep," the woman went on—she smiled wistfully—"asleep, I think, for a hundred years."

"When the prince returned to awaken her heart," the girl added.

The woman smiled and sighed. "True, princes do not always come back," she said.

Laughing, the girl jumped to her feet. "You are in league with Billie!" she accused.

Slowly the gate in the hedge swung inward to admit a man's tall, soldierly figure. With hat held well out from his straight white forelock, he advanced toward Miss Felice.

"You have forgotten me perhaps?" he asked slowly. "But I should have known you among all the world. Time with you, as with the old garden, seems to have stood still with me. Many years have passed, yet my memory is as fresh as the day when I thought of you it was always—as the wife of another man."

Last night only upon returning to my own land I knew. He paused abruptly to put forth supplicating hands.

"Felice," he breathed, still the woman stood motionless, unmoved, as one in a dream.

With a little cry the girl rushed forward. "I thought I knew your face, professor," she said. "Last night I was there, at your wonderful concert. Oh, won't you play for me now?"

A moment the musician hesitated, looking into the unresponsive eyes of the woman, then his fingers caressed the old violin; a melody filled the air.

The girl, lingering beside the hedge, watched breathlessly. She saw the face of her friend upraised in radiant glowing wonder, the other bent so tenderly above it. Then the very young girl stepped out of the garden, softly closing the gate behind her. "The Prince of a Hundred Years," she said.

Harvesting of the bean crop has begun in Polk county. The average yield is between 850 and 450 pounds per acre, which is not as good as expected. There are nearly 1000 acres of land around Monmouth in beans.

An amendment was adopted in the senate to the deficiency bill which will permit Oregon and several other states to receive immediate benefits under the vocational education bill. Oregon's share amounting to \$4500.

After eight years of litigation in the Portland land office and the general land office at Washington, D. C., Loyal Chandler, of Siletia, was notified that he could make final proof on 160 acres in the Siletia valley. About 16 years ago Dr. Morse, of Salem, made final proof on 160 acres of valuable timber land in the valley and received a final certificate, but before the land had gone to patent it was contested by Chandler, who has lived on the land ever since as a squatter, although complying with the laws with reference to homesteads. The land to which Chandler will acquire title is said to contain at least 16,000,000 feet of timber.

Story of a Spendthrift

By ESTHER VANDEVEER.

Jimmie Temple was the son of a very rich man and inherited at his father's death a large fortune. This was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when \$100,000 was considered a gigantic sum. But it was not too big for Jimmie to get away with in a few years. He spent it in every conceivable way. First and foremost, he was devoted to horses; second, he was devoted to dogs; third, he was fond of cards; fourth, he was always wanting to fight some one. Jimmie veered between these attractions as a weathercock swings between the four points of the compass. By the by, this reminds me that he was also given to cockfighting.

Well, after Jimmie had run through all his money he continued to spend on tick. This lasted till he heard the balliffs were after him, when, in order to escape them, he enlisted in the cavalry and was sent to his regiment fighting Indians in a territory which was called the middle west. This gave him one of his favorite amusements, for he was on a horse all the while. Occasionally there were races at the post, and he figured as a jockey.

There was no reason why Jimmie Temple should not have continued to serve indefinitely in the army, where he was very happy, for he secured a commission, except that he loved a girl in Baltimore. Miss Belle Ashurst was the daughter of a rich man, but his wealth didn't do her any good, so far as winning her to Lieutenant Temple, for her father had no idea of permitting his daughter to marry such a scapegrace. But the lovers pined for each other, and Belle was continually writing Jim to come back, just as if he could go where he pleased.

So it was that in time Jim resigned, and when his resignation was accepted headed straight for Baltimore.

Naturally enough, Jim's creditors were on the lookout for him, and as soon as he appeared in Baltimore some of them got wind of the fact. Jim realized that if he was to enjoy the society of his girl he must keep out of limbo, so he went into hiding. He kept dark during the daytime and, like the animals of the forest, did his prowling at night. An attorney employed by his creditors discovered his lair, but dare not force an entrance, for this would render him liable to action for trespass.

This attorney—Markham was his name—having learned about Jim's idleness, especially his fondness for syncretisms, sent a boy in the uniform of a jockey to ride a horse that was anything but a racer back and forth before the debtor's abode. It was not long before Jim threw up a window and called out: "Hi, you, there! Do you expect to win a race with that bundle of bones?" Markham, who was under the window, began to read Jim a summons, but he had not read half a dozen words before down came the sash.

This ruse having failed, Markham brought himself of another. One bright morning he and a deputy brought a couple of cocks to a vacant lot beside Jim's hiding place and set them to fighting. The cocks were furnished with steel spurs, but a spur on one of the cocks was turned so that it was useless to the bird who wore it. Jim watched the fight from behind blinds, and when he saw one of the birds being slaughtered for the lack of a properly fixed spur it was too much for him. Throwing open the blinds, he called out: "What do you want to treat a cock that way for? Don't you see?"

He got no further. Some one on the ground beneath the window thrust a pole under the sash so that Jim could not lower it, and a voice began to read a legal document. Jim jumped out of the window, knocked the paper out of the hands of the reader, sent the man who held the pole sprawling in a jiffy was back through the window, and the sash came down.

One night when he was leaving Miss Ashurst's home he was accosted on the street by a gentleman, who said to him:

"My friend, I have been playing the bank at Watson's recently. I have invented a system by which I expect to break it. I am in love with a young lady whose father has informed me that if I ever enter a gambling house again it shall be all up between me and his daughter. Would you kindly consent to play for me tonight?"

The man gave Jim his system, and Jim was seized with a desire to see how it worked. He took \$100 the man gave him and suffered himself to be conducted to Watson's. He had scarcely entered the well lighted rooms when he was bereft of his disguise and, being recognized, was forced to listen to the reading of a summons, for the door was locked behind him.

Jim spent a term in the debtors' prison, which was ended by the death of his girl's father. The day after the funeral Belle paid her lover's debts. He was released from the prison and made a fashionable promenade of Baltimore with a beautiful buttonhole bouquet in his coat with not the shadow of a blush on his face. On the contrary, he appeared to be very proud of himself.

Not long after this he married Miss Ashurst. But before the wedding it was stipulated that he should limit his expenditures to an allowance. Home influence cured him of his spendthrift habits, and he became a prominent citizen—socially—of Baltimore.

Jimmie's Ear.

There was a war known as "the war of Jimmie's ear." It came about in the following way: In the year 1881 an English merchant vessel was boarded by a Spanish gunship, and the captain, one Robert Jenkins, was most cruelly used, one of his ears being torn off in the scuffle. Obtaining no redress by appealing to his government, he appeared before parliament in 1783, when the convention of the Paro was so excitedly discussed that war followed. Jenkins' story was verified by the admiralty records so recently as 1895.—Baltimore.

Auction SALE

At my farm six miles south east of Moro, known as the Fred Hennagin place, two miles west Hay Canyon school

Tuesday October 16th

HORSES AND STOCK

Two Brood Mares

Four 2-year old

One 3-year old

Two yearlings

Four Spring Colts, now old

enough to wean

One Cow

Three Spring Calves

Four Shoats

One Brood Sow

One Saddle Pony, broke to

drive single or double

Other things not enumerated

Free Lunch at Noon. Sale Begins 10 a.m.

TERMS—All sums of \$20 and under cash in hand; all sums over \$20 approved note bearing 8 per cent interest, due October, 1918; or 5 per cent discount for cash.

C. G. HULS, GRANT MORGAN,
Auctioneer. Owner.

DULL AND SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

Michigan Lady Suffered Such Pains
In Back and Head, But Says
Cardui Stopped These
Bad Spells.

Palmyra, Mich.—Mrs. Chas. T. Fuller, of this place, writes: "In 1911 I got run-down, and I suffered great pain...with both dull and sharp shooting pains...also back and head. I was weak and could only drag around, and should have been in bed, for I really wasn't able to be up. At times I would have spells that would be so bad I'd have to go to bed, and suffer intensely."

I decided to try Cardui, and saw a great improvement in less than a month's time. I used 7 or 8 bottles and was stronger...I got so much better that my strength returned and my work was easy for me. Cardui did me a world of good. It built me up in health and strength. I haven't had one of those bad spells since. I haven't had to take any more medicine since or have any doctors either and have been able to do my work right along...I recommend it to other women highly as the best medicine I know of for women who suffer from female troubles."

If you suffer from female troubles, follow this advice. Get a bottle of Cardui today and give it a thorough trial. It should help you, as it has helped thousands of other women in the past 40 years. At all druggists.

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