

The Observer

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FRIENDSHIP HARD TO EXPLAIN

Scientists Unable to Account for Companionship of Australian Death Adder and the Rat.

Though scientifically regarded as "the most dangerous and probably the most deadly" of Australian snakes, the death adder has to its credit many everyday proofs to the contrary; so many, indeed, that some are inclined to class it as comparatively harmless, the reasons for such opinion being: (1) the small size of the creature, reducing the risks of its being interfered with inadvertently; (2) its inability; (3) the fact that unless the sensitive membrane at the end of the tail, to which the curved spine is the culminating point, is trodden on or otherwise insulted, the chances are that there will be no active resentment.

Many years ago a locality in Australia suffered from a raid by bush rats, which congregated in great numbers. Similar plagues have often been recorded from the western districts; but the coastal visitation was singular, for it was associated with death adders, which seemed to be on good terms with the rats. One of the settlers was growing sweet potatoes on a fairly large scale for pig food, the plow being used for the harvesting of the crop. Seldom was a furrow run for the full length of the field without turning both adders and rats.

Suddenly the rats migrated, and then the death adders disappeared, few of either being seen for a decade, when the association between them was again sensationally illustrated. The daughter of a settler rose at dawn, and with others ran off to the vegetable garden for salads for breakfast. While she was looking for a seemingly cucumber, a rat was disturbed, and almost immediately after she was bitten by a death adder which had lain inert at the very spot where the rat had fed. The child recovered, while the deceptive snake, which will not submit to have its tail saluted even by the slightest of treads, was killed. This illustrates afresh the singular association between an adder and a rat. Why and for what purpose does this apparent amicability exist?

Aviator's Heart Enlarged.

Doctors Etienne and Lamy of Nancy, France, have conducted a series of X-ray examinations of the hearts of aviators and have found evidence of considerable enlargement. This heart enlargement sets in early in the flying man's career, being noticeable after five months of experience in the air. The degree of enlargement is roughly proportioned to the height at which the aviator is accustomed to fly, so that simple examination of the X-ray plate suffices to determine a man's branch of flying service, whether he is doing chasing and bombing work at high altitudes or is engaged at harrying infantry, etc., at comparatively low altitudes.

The enlargement seems to be symmetrical, and it does not appear to involve serious trouble. It is due to the heart's adapting itself to the extra work put upon it by changes in the blood circulation because of the varying conditions in the atmosphere through which the aviator flies and to the general happenings incident to aviation.

World's Biggest Wireless Station.

Japan is to have the greatest wireless station in the world, according to a report to the Japan Advertiser. It will be built in Fukushima prefecture, says the department of communications, and will cost \$60,000 yen (\$490,000). The dispatch station will be at Hibiya, near Harajima, and the receiving station will be at Hoso-yacho. Survey work has been started by engineers of the department. The direct distance between the new office and San Francisco is 4,600 miles, while that between the Funabashi office and Honolulu is 3,250 miles. Service will not be opened for two years. The new office will communicate direct with San Francisco without relay in Hawaii.

Caves Bear Traces of Old Conflict.

Only 20 miles from Phoenix, an Arizona man, Joseph Yberr, in exploring three caves on the edge of a gulch, came upon the traces of an old conflict, whose cause and date are still a mystery to the community. Observing that one of the caves was protected by a breastwork of stone and timber, he entered and discovered, among scattered saddles, spurs, and cartridge shells, eight skeletons between the bones. There was no clew to show how these men had perished. A sack of tobacco was there, and empty four bags, coffee cups, and pills which bore labels indicating that they were on the market no longer ago than 1903. A Mexican herb, such as the Papago Indians carry, was found.

Fluxus Also in the Game.

Several weeks ago my aunt stirred up the family by suddenly cloping with a young man with whom she was acquainted. A few days later little Edna visited grandmother, and, finding it dull, was asking to be allowed to play with the family's poodle. She was told that aunt took Fluxus with her. She came home greatly excited and before she was fairly within the house exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, Fluxus is dead, too."—Chicago Tribune.

Judged by Their Records.

Mrs. Klawer—But how do you know what kind of people the Newcombs are if you've never met them?
Mrs. Platt—I have heard their phonograph selections.—Boston Evening Transcript.

"Andy, Old Girl"

By IMES MACDONALD

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Cassandra Andrews had done everything she could think of. She had worn her most becoming blouses and her best stockings—she had spent hours doing her hair and brushing her eyes, and she had polished her nails, but to a whole school year had almost seemed of itself and the young professor of English literature had never seemed to notice her at all. Before and after class he joked and jollied with other girls. The vivacious Roberta Stevens nearly always stopped at his desk for a moment of chatter—Bertha Marvin, the class beauty, the athletic Agnes Burns and a dozen others were on the friendliest terms with him, but Cassandra Andrews slipped demurely into her seat four mornings a week, apparently unnoticed.

"The only crazy about him," she thought scornfully, as she watched the professor's reception before class one morning. "Every single one of them!" After the professor had delivered his lecture that morning, there was a general discussion and he called on her for an opinion on a certain passage. She arose bravely, offering her little statement of disagreement with the generally accepted theory. And right there is where the professor made his first mistake. He smiled a tolerant, skeptical sort of smile, the trend of which Cassandra Andrews caught immediately, and she leaned forward impudently and flatly contradicted his comment. Then she followed up the contradiction with a tangle of words in support of her own opinion and sat speedily down again.

The professor was surprised. "Well," he said, crisply, "I'm glad that at least one student in the class thinks for herself. I was afraid you were all sheep."

On the instant the bell rang and the girls arose and passed out in chattering groups, congregating in the courtyard outside with light-hearted banter. "We're all sheep but you, Andy, dear," sang out Edna Phray, dancing up to Cassandra delightedly. "And you are a blessed lamb, but you'll grow. I knew you had so much spunk. Where do you keep it?"

And the two of them strolled off together, arranging to play tennis in the late afternoon. Later that day the professor of English and his cronies, the professor of economics, sought the courts for their regular afternoon's tennis bout. The English professor patted a ball aimlessly into the net while his contemporary changed his shoes.

"Guess I've got a touch of spring fever," he said, absently watching Edna and Cassandra tightening the net three courts over. And right there the professor of English made his second mistake. "I feel," he said, "almost frisky."

What do you say, Bill?
And Bill, the economics expert, waved his racket, and called across to the girls: "Want to make it doubles?" The girls drew together for an instant's consultation, and then assented, walking over to the court where the two men were.

"How'll ye pair off?" demanded Professor Phray.
"Well," said Edna Phray, practically, "I hate English and I love economics—and I'm very temperamental."

The professor of economics grinned as the two of them moved toward the other side of the net.

"But," continued Edna, significantly to the professor of English, "I'm a better tennis player than Cassandra Andrews, even if I am a sheep."

Whereas the professor of English shouted with laughter, Cassandra glanced at her stalwart partner at those words and in her young heart there leaped a mighty flame, the golden points of which shone in her shining brown eyes. She forgot everything but the game. She darted about, diving across the court and smashing her return drives like a little fiend. Twice she collided with her partner and shot him a dazzling little glance as she swung her head back to shake the hair out of her eyes. Time after time the professor of English shouted at her, "Good girl!" after a particularly difficult shot, and her spirit soared on the wings of the wind with the professor's not far behind. She had forgotten that she had worn her best stockings, but they were so much in evidence that it was fortunate that she wore them, for the professor was getting more observant every moment of the afternoon.

At the beginning of the third set they were even, with a set apiece. Then the couple in economics settled down and won four straight games. They lost the next and then won again, so that the score was five to one against Cassandra and the professor of English.

"Easy money," jeered Professor Phray. "We need only one more game!" "You can't do it," taunted the flaming Cassandra. "We must win!" he said eagerly to the professor of English. "We must—we must!"

"You'll kill yourself," he protested. "What does it matter?" she said, cringing to receive Professor Phray's twisting service. "What does it matter if one can die winning?" And she swung her tired body viciously into a smashing stroke and rushed to the net.

And so they fought on and on, winning the next five games.

"One more!" she gasped breathlessly, and played on.

Five times that last and deciding game went to deuce, and then came the shot—the shot that stood between victory and possible defeat—and she made it. Leaping high in the air she smashed the ball in a gray streak down the alley, and the game was won! "Game—set—and match!" "Where?" shouted the professor of English. "Great work, Andy, old girl!" And he patted his drooping little partner on the shoulder.

The racket slipped from her exhausted grasp and she swayed weakly. "We won!" she murmured, and would have fallen if the professor hadn't put his arm about her and led her to a bench.

"Why, you blessed lamb, you, Andy Andrews," said Edna Phray, sitting beside her and shaking her by the shoulders. "I never knew you to play such tennis. The lamb has turned tiger-cat." She laughed up at the two men, who stood over them.

"Don't maul me, Eddie," protested Cassandra, feebly; "I'm all in," and then she smiled up at the professor, her professor. "But we won, didn't we?"

"You won," he said.

"I didn't, because you played some tennis yourself."

The next morning she slipped into her seat demurely as usual. As usual, too, there was a cluster of girls grouped about the professor's desk, chattering gaily. But then, what did she care? Hadn't he called her "Andy, old girl," only yesterday? And she smiled in prime superiority. And when the recitation was over he would have deemed her a moment, but she ignored the intention with a fine indifference and passed out with the rest.

For a week she avoided him successfully, then late one afternoon he met her face to face on the campus.

"And what did I ever do to you?" he demanded when she would have spoken calmly and passed on.

"You called me 'Andy, old girl,'" she said grimly, "and I've hated you ever since."

"You're not going to bite me, are you, Andy, old girl?" grinned the professor of English.

She could maintain her gravity no longer and little sparks of gold flickered in her brown eyes. "I'll try not to," she murmured with a little laugh, dodging the eager sweep of his arm.

And then the professor threw his dignity out of the window and started in pursuit through the trees, catching her right where she'd planned he should, in a narrow and secluded path.

Then after he had kissed her, she reached up and clutched his head between her hands, shaking it fiercely. "Remember," she said between clenched teeth, "I will not be called 'Andy, old girl.' I won't love you any more if you call me that. I hate it."

"All right, you darling Andy, old girl," chuckled the professor.

But when he kissed her again she only clung to him eagerly. Queer thing, a woman!

PUZZLED BY QUEER NAMES

Writer Finds It Hard to Understand Why Parents "Impose Burden" on Their Children.

What extraordinary names some people are compelled to bear, or choose to assume! I hesitate to call them "Christian names," because they aren't Christian, very often. "Given names" is perhaps the better way of describing them. Perhaps you have heard of the Irishman assisting at a baptism, who, when he heard the godmother answer "Hazel" to the question as to the child's name, broke forth: "For the love of heaven! the whole calendar is full of the names of blessed female saints, and they do be calling the baby after a nut!"

I thought of that when I looked through the catalogue of a girls' college the other day, and noted these labels: Goldie Mae, Eura, Arvilla, Kathryn, Elva, Melba, Izor, Neva, Ramona, Mabelle, Vidah, Esta, Millie, Mayme, Mable, Arthetta, Lilyan, Balah, Arblita, Narmie, Ara, Jonnie, Roxa, Zurelle, Zulene, Vanja, Mote, Corenea. It was a comfort to get back to Bridget and Margaret! Names are not arbitrary combinations of vowels and consonants; they have, or should have, significance, a historic setting, a personal and family relationship, that dignifies them.

To many fantastic labels for pet dogs may be allowed; but human beings ought not to be put on that level. So, misspellings of familiar names, Christian or family, seem either undignified or ignorant, now when fixed spellings have been accepted. Can some one explain Ga Nun and U'Rell, both of which variants fatigue me?—Living Church.

Buffalo as Beast of Burden.

The buffalo has always been rated as untamable and many scientists have regarded him as one of the most stupid beasts that ever existed. It has remained for Maj. Bob Yokum of Pierre, S. D., after five years of effort, to accomplish the wonderful feat of training a pair of buffaloes to trot to wagon, and also to do many other remarkable stunts. Major Yokum is a former United States marshal and is known in the old ranching and cowboy life of the American West, from Kansas to Oregon. One of the accomplishments of the Yokum team is to race against horses, and they distance their speedy competitors. They loathe the saddling process and when the rider mounts them will "buck" in a way to shame a veteran broncho.—St. Nicholas.

Most Useful Vegetable.

Were I to select one vegetable from the wealth of the summer and fall yield, to be allowed its use throughout the entire season, I should without hesitation choose the tomato. No other garden product—except perhaps the potato—may be used in so many ways. By itself, as a salad in dozens of delicious combinations; in soups, stews, and "made" dishes. There is hardly any vegetable and meat combination which is not improved by its addition. And besides its present-day value during its season, it is one of the vegetables most easily canned for winter use and stored of keeping.—Good House-keeping.

That Little French Girl.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Yanks than the letters many of the boys send home announcing they have fallen in love with "a little French girl" and will send their sweetheart's picture later. Then follows a photograph of a six- or seven-year-old sweet-faced child the soldier boy from America is protecting and making happy. Humor and sympathy make a great race.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT REALLY 'NEW'

Modern Comforts Well Known to the Ancients.

Running Water in Houses, for Instance, Was a Luxury Enjoyed by Both the Roman and Early Egyptian Civilizations.

Many of the so-called "modern improvements" of civilization, which so largely contribute to the comfort of living, are by no means so recent in origin as we are disposed to imagine. An eminent archeologist has recently declared, for example, that Nero's palace in Rome had three elevators.

It is true that those elevators must have been hoisting machines of very primitive pattern—operated presumably by man power, with the help of rope and counter weight—and it is more than doubtful that they were ever used to carry human freight. Few places or other buildings in ancient Rome were more than two stories in height, and passenger "lifts" were for that reason not needed.

We are accustomed to think of running water in houses as a modern luxury. New York city did not have it until 1776, when a reservoir was constructed east of Broadway, into which water was raised by pumping it from wells dug for the purpose. But that was a very primitive arrangement compared with the system of ancient Rome, by which water was brought from great distances in aqueducts that were marvels of engineering and that carried through lead pipes into thousands of tanks of lead.

Erected at intervals along the streets of Pompeii were pillars of masonry, up which ran lead pipes; and on top of each pillar was a tank, from which water was distributed by pipes to the houses. All dwellings, except those of the very poor, were thus supplied, and some had nearly a score of faucets, controlled by stopcocks that were much like those that are in use today.

At many street corners there were fountains with stone basins, the edges of which even now show depressions worn by the hands of the people who leaned over to drink. Those fountains were fed by the city water, which was brought by an aqueduct from a distant place so elevated that the "head" was very powerful. That kind of engineering was highly developed in those times. When Julius Caesar first visited Alexandria in Egypt he found there so complete an underground water supply system that the city seemed "hollow underneath."

In the year 73 B. C. Julius Caesar organized the fire department of Rome. It had a force of 600 men. At that time a primitive fire engine had already come into use; it was a pair of pumps worked by a beam, and the two streams united in a common discharge pipe and passed out through a nozzle that could be turned in any direction. "Siphons"—emergency fire extinguishers—were commonly kept in houses. Frequent mention is made of them in ancient literature, but we do not know what they were like.—Youth's Companion.

Lafe's Tributes.

As we reached a certain smooth road, along which travel daily many ammunition wagons, we met a mule skinner walking. He was going in the direction of a certain military graveyard, where are buried Americans and French and Germans—Senegalese and Moroccans and Tunisians—Christians and Mohammedans. Over the mule skinner's right arm hung a French wreath. With his left hand he was leading a sullen looking mule. As we were about to pass him our engine died. We got out to crank up and the mule skinner stopped to watch and talk to us. Meantime an M. R. strolled down.

"Where you goin' with that, Lafe?" he asked, nodding at the wreath.

"Well," replied Lafe, with a hitch at the mule, "there was a damn fool I used to sleep with, and he got his two nights ago. He was a hell of a good fellow, and I bought this wreath to put on his cross."—Maude Radford Warren in the Saturday Evening Post.

Aid to Transplanting.

Transplanting flowering and vegetable plants is now greatly facilitated by the use of paper flower pots which are nothing more or less than the familiar paper drinking cups. For use in the farm and garden these cups are perforated and the seedlings are grown in them in the nursery. When it comes time to put the delicate plants out in the open they are transferred bodily, pots and all, and placed in the ground. The transfer is attended by no shock whatever, which is rarely the case when the roots are disturbed during the operation as when removing them from the little pots of clay which are generally used for this purpose. The perforations enable the rootlets to find their way beyond the limits of the pot, and so the paper does not interfere with their growth.

All Wanted a Change.

I was sitting on the porch one day reading and much interested in my book. Of a sudden I became aware of the fact that the little boy downstairs had been drumming and singing at the top of his voice for some time. I listened. He sang, "Turn to the left, boys, turn to the left," over and over again until I wished he would change it and sing something else. Evidently the little boy two doors away wished the same thing, for he called out, "For goodness sake, Danny, turn to the right."—Exchange.

Dropped From the Team.

Friend—So you dropped Private Halfback from your service football team.

Soldier—Yes, He fell down in school. His average last month was less than four Germans a day.—Life.

Wings.

"Riches have wings," remarked the newly-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "and I might add that they can be useful in many ways in hands of a skilled aviator."—

MONASTERIES HIGH IN AIR

Greek Religious Buildings Constructed in the Fourteenth Century, Are Difficult of Access.

Perched lightly on the dizzy summits of the cliffs of Meteora, are the monasteries of the air. They are simple buildings, those old Greek monasteries, austere and unadorned, and if they are not literally resting on air certainly they are as far as is practicable from the earth and its influences.

To reach the monasteries it seems as if an airplane would be needed, for they are built each on a separate rock several hundred feet high. The cliff sides rise in perpendicular steepness, which would baffle the most daring of mountain climbers. Only when the cliffs are nearly approached can the tiny ladders and ropes which bind the peaks to the valley be seen. The old monasteries were built, they tell us, in the fourteenth century, yet no substitute for the medieval method of ascent has ever been made. Convent and comfort are not sought by the monks, and tourists like the novelty of climbing the frail swinging ladder or of being hoisted up in a jolting cage propelled by a rope.

Some of the seven monasteries may not be visited by the public; the halls and altars of the others are open to the inspection of those who will risk their necks for the privilege of the sight. Once, the monks say, there were over twenty of these monasteries among the clouds, but the fate of all but the seven is hidden in mystery and their very existence is doubtful.—Chicago Daily News.

HAD BEGINNING IN ROMANCE

Pretty Legendary Story Concerning Tea That Dates Some 2,000 Years Before Christ.

The Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a drink, and how it originated is told in a pretty little legend that dates back 2,000 years before the coming of Christ.

A daughter of a then reigning sovereign fell in love with a young nobleman, whose inferior birth excluded him from marrying her. They managed to exchange glances, and he occasionally gathered a few blossoms and had them conveyed to her.

One day in the palace garden the lovers met, and the young man endeavored to give her a few flowers; but so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants that all she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves.

On reaching her room she put the twig in water, and toward evening she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and the stalks. Every day afterward she had bunches of the tea tree brought to her, which she treated in the same way.

Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, the ladies of the court tried the experiment, and with such pleasing results that the custom spread throughout the kingdom—and the great Chinese tea industry became one of the greatest businesses in the world.

Imperfect Shooting Laws.

We have federal laws protecting migratory birds during certain periods, and the government has established many reservations for them. But the laws of our various states are conflicting and confusion often results, to the detriment of the birds.

No better illustration of this can be found than with the robin. In the North it is protected all the year around as a songster. It flies to the North early in the spring and is looked after and cared for until late in the fall. It then goes South, where several of the states allow it to be killed, and it is actually sold in the open markets of a number of Southern cities.

But the general attitude of the people toward birds is changing for the better in all the states, South included. We are coming to understand them—North and South—and with better understanding there comes greater encouragement.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Good Cheer.

The smile that makes a face beautiful is not merely a muscular contraction, but is the result of cheerfulness in the heart. There are some smiles of which the observer gets tired, because they are all on the surface. But no one ever tires of cheerfulness, or of smiles which are the blossom of good cheer.

Power of the Spirit in Deafness.

The central thought which comes from my experience with deafness is that remedy—recompense. There, as elsewhere, is the natural law—that nature seeks always to balance itself. The only irreparable disaster in deafness is that one which would despoil the spirit—the will; and here again, as was shown in depression, it is within the personality, within the bounds and terms of our own understanding, that exist the laws which reharmonize the discordant condition and refect the mind with its conscious power to dominate the forces and events of life.—Margaret Baldwin, in Atlantic.

Little-Known Chinese Race.

Down in the extreme south of China, in the eastern outposts of the Himalayas, lies the little-known province of Yunnan. The natives of Yunnan are exceptionally interesting, writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Asia. There are about thirty non-Chinese tribes in the province, some of which, such as the Shans, Mosos and Lolos, represent the aboriginal inhabitants of China.

The Mosos formerly ruled all of northern Yunnan. At present they are scattered in remote districts where white men seldom penetrate. They are a simple, honest and delightful people, primitive and pastoral. They are looked down upon by the Chinese as barbarians. The invariable Moso costume is a brown felt cloak and close-fitting cap.

HAD WISHED TO BE TERRIBLE

Little Old Boche, Seemingly So Gentle and Harmless, Inoculated With the Deadly Virus.

Then there was the little old Boche. In him alone one went through the whole whirl of thought which every herd of German prisoners starts in one—and I have seen many. When first seen at the head of a new column, he appeared simply ridiculous—in contrast to the flamboyant image the German military rulers have tried to foist upon the world; he was so small, so shriveled, his clothes were so wrinkled, he was so dirty, he ran so eagerly.

Then, as he neared, compassion seized one. He was wounded; he ran, encircled by the arm of a friend, and his head wobbled weakly as he ran. He had a little pointed beard which curved upward at the end; he was about forty-five years old; he was the humble, gentle little man. He sat down on a stone near the dugout entrance; he would not lie down, but his head rocked weakly on his small, narrow shoulders; now and then his thin little hand pointed straight to the sky; and he was so deathly pale! One of our surgeons went to him and with long scissors cut away his blouse. The sudden thing fell to the earth, heavy with blood—and here in the shoulder was a great red hole going right down into him.

I saw him again, later, when I passed the first aid station, lying dead on his stretcher, abandoned on the ground. He had died seemingly in a last wail of his poor neck; his thin beard pointed to the sky in a slender spiral; his eyes, rolled back slightly, were the blue of a child's—he seemed really so harmless, this poor little old Boche. One wondered at the irony of the fate which had precipitated him into the whirl of this gigantic adventure—he who had been meant so little for any adventure. One of our hospital corps men, standing near, seemed to feel some of this. "The poor little old fellow died while I was carrying him," he said.

Then my eyes by chance fell on the stiffened hands. On one finger was a ring. And the signet of that ring was a skull emphasized by crossbones! This little mild being, in his own childish way—he also, to the best of his ability, had sought to be terrible.—James Hopper in Collier's Weekly.

Rich Phosphate Deposits.

Extensive phosphate deposits on Nauru or Pleasant Island and Ocean Island, located about midway between the Marshall and Solomon Islands, northwest of New Zealand, are said to be the most valuable deposits of the kind in the world. The islands, of

coral formation, have for ages been the rookeries of sea birds, which have deposited guano that has impregnated the limestone, forming phosphate rock 40 feet in depth. The quantity of phosphates available is estimated at 600,000,000 tons, and as fertilizer it is said to rival the famous nitrate fields of Chile. This phosphate possesses 85 per cent of manurial value, as against about 27 per cent of the best English phosphate, according to a statement in New Zealand Dairy-man.

Before the war these islands belonged to Germany, but have since been taken over by the British government, and now it is urged that they be turned over to Australia and New Zealand, since much of this phosphate is needed for the agricultural districts of these two countries.

Conserving Sugar.

The following bulletin was among the most forceful and effective bits of conservation propaganda at the New York food show. It was put out by the National Sugar Refining company of New Jersey:

"Save the waste!
"One hundred million cups coffee used daily in United States.

"Seventy million cups tea used daily in United States.

"One hundred and seventy million cups tea and coffee.

"If every average of half a teaspoonful of sugar per cup is left undissolved at the bottom of cups of tea and coffee the waste would be 1,700,000 pounds of sugar daily!

"Sit your sugar until it dissolves. It's estimated that one-third to one-half of all sugar used in homes is used in tea and coffee. Think it over—how is it in your home? Isn't there a chance for saving?"

Deadly Spiders.

We have in this country a small spider, commonly known as the "black widow," which is very deadly. It has red spots on its abdomen. There is no question of the fact that its bite is often fatal.

Rather odd is the fact that this species of spider is found in most parts of the world. In New Zealand it is called the "katipo," in Santo Domingo the "red rump." Not only does it kill, but the death it inflicts is inconceivably frightful. The brain is affected, and a drop of the skin may distort the victim's features to such an extent as to render him unrecognizable.

The Investor's Innings.

"I could paper a room with the valuable stock certificates I have bought," remarked the unlucky man.

"Don't do it. Avail yourself of a sure thing at last and paste up war savings stamps."

HOTEL ALBERT

THE DALLES, ORE.

Is noted for its comfortable surroundings and the courteous attention received by the traveling public.

Rates moderate priced. Rooms equipped with modern conveniences and newly refurnished throughout.

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MULTNOMAH HOTEL

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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.