



**UNCLE WALLY'S STORY**  
by Wally Mason

**VEXATION OF SPIRIT**

"WHEN I was in business," said the retired merchant, "I never had time to read much, and I used to look forward to the glad day when I could revel in literature. I felt sure I'd be entirely happy. I used to



put down the titles of books I intended to read, and when I retired from business I had a list as long as the Russian battle line.

"And now that I can read all I want to, I don't get any enjoyment out of books. They bore me the worst way. I get sleepy

as soon as I begin to read, and my wife comes and tells me my snoring is disturbing the neighbors."

"It's that way with everything we look forward to," observed the hotel-keeper, sadly. "Man always will be, but is never blest, as some half-baked poet remarked. Young Gooseworthy was in here last evening, bubbling over with happiness. There wasn't anybody around, so he took me into his confidence. He's going to marry Queenie Jimalong next month, and he's perfectly satisfied that his married life will be one long stretch of sunshine. He seems to have the idea that he's going to do something original when he gets married, but the idea isn't new. Men have been getting married ever since Christopher discovered Columbus, Ohio, and every doggone man Jack of them had the idea that everlasting bliss was going to be inaugurated on the wedding day.

"I listened to Gooseworthy for three hours, and hadn't the heart to say anything that would dampen his enthusiasm. His twittering recalled the long vanished days when I was getting ready to be married. I felt about it then just as he does now. I thought the parson opened the gates of paradise when he joined two loving hearts. My wife lived up to all the plans and specifications, and was and is one of the best women in the United States, but I hadn't been married three months before I had a sneaking conviction that the man who gets married is a chump.

"A good many optimists say that a married man doesn't need any more money than a single one. If he marries the right sort of woman, but they might as well go to the blackboard and demonstrate that two and two make two, instead of four. I fell for that cheerful theory when I was married. I was earning enough to keep myself comfortably, and never had any financial worries. I could have been buried for less money than it took to be married, and the expenses

from that time forward were double what they used to be, although my wife was so economical she used to make waists and such things for herself out of my supersaturated shirts.

"Oh, deprecate it, there isn't any unadorned happiness in matrimony. I wonder that young fellows like Gooseworthy don't look around them, and contemplate the dejected appearance of the majority of husbands. But even if they did, it wouldn't do them any good. I suppose, for they are full of pipe dreams, and they think the girls they are going to marry are different from all other girls, and that they will prove exceptions to the general rule.

"I had a wise old uncle in those halcyon days, and about a week before the wedding day, he backed me into a corner and handed me a dust-proof package of wisdom. He tried to lead me into taking a sensible view of the future. He talked about the cares and responsibilities that would be mine after the wedding, and wanted to know if I felt equal to them. He tried to show me that I wasn't going to

worry an angel, but a human being like myself, with a human being's faults and frailties.

"I let him get that far, and then I told him that his gray hairs alone saved him from having his head re-probeled and said I never wanted him to darken my floor, and he never did. I had to darken it myself, with wet nut stain. But many a time afterwards, I recalled his wise words and wept over his grave."

In line with a movement for a larger capacity power and electric plant at Bandon, with a dam on Willow creek, in Curry county, and a transmission line of 29,000 miles to Bandon, the Bandon Power company submitted to the city council a price of \$35,000 for its plant, including buildings, distribution system and all machinery. Engineers had estimated the probable cost of the new system at \$165,000, including the Bandon Power company's holdings at a price of \$25,000.



**THE SANDMAN STORY**

**THE INQUISITIVE ROSE**

ONE summer day a Rose Bush heard the trees and shrubs talking about Jack Frost.

"How different it will be in this garden in a few months!" said the Big Tree, leaning over the wall.

"Yes," answered the Shrub growing by the wall, "not even the beauty of the beautiful Rose can save her when it is time for Jack to have his sway here."

"But Jack Frost is a wonderful artist," said the Big Tree, "I sometimes think when the sun is shining after



he has been here in the night that the garden is more beautiful than in the summer time."

"Yes, Jack Frost is a wonderful fellow," answered the Shrub, "and not all are lucky enough to see his work. I think you and I are very fortunate."

"When does this wonderful fellow come to the garden?" asked the Rose Bush.

"After all you flowers are asleep," answered the Shrub, "you will never see him, Rose, and even your beauty could not save you. He would be sure to nip your petals and leave you withered and dead."

Rose Bush tossed her head. "I am Queen of the garden," she said, "and I will show you that even this Jack

Frost fellow shall fall under the spell of my beauty."

The Big Tree and the Shrub in vain warned her to go when the summer days were over, but inquisitive Rose Bush would not heed them. "I want to see this wonderful artist," she told them, "and show you also that he will become my slave."

So one night after all the other flowers in the garden had gone to bed Rose Bush lay on one beautiful big blossom awake and wanted to see Jack Frost. Over the mountains and tree tops he came softly and without his Mother-North Wind, so that no one knew of his presence until he leaped the garden wall.

He espied the beautiful blossom on Rose Bush the first thing, and quietly he touched her soft petals with his long, icy fingers.

"I know he could not resist me," thought Rose Bush, though she shivered under his touch, but she saw, too, that she looked very beautiful in the moonlight, all frosty from his caresses.

The next morning, as the sun peeped over the wall, Rose Bush looked so beautiful that the Big Tree and the Shrub gazed on her with admiration.

"You see, my friends, he did not leave me to die," said Rose Bush; "he made me more beautiful than before."

But the Big Tree and the Shrub did not reply. They knew what would happen when the sun shone on her in a little while.

By and by the warmth melted the frost and poor Rose Bush began to droop, then her petals curled, and before night she had withered.

"Poor Rose," sighed the Big Tree, "she was so inquisitive she had to see for herself."

"I am not sure whether it was her vanity or because she was inquisitive," said the Shrub, "but it is just as we said—not even her beauty could save her from Jack Frost's frosty touch."

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**REDUCE THE COST of LIVING**

We have made some drastic cuts on a variety of articles of every day use from our stock.

**OUR OBJECT**

is to convert into money several lines which we will discontinue handling in the future.

COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER

**Phelps Grocery Co.**

**SUPPLYING TELEPHONE SERVICE**

Occasionally subscribers move and ask us for a continuance of telephone service at their new location. They may be told that compliance with their desires is immediately impossible owing to lack of "telephone facilities" in that particular locality. "Why," one will say, "the poles and wires are on the street and the house is already wired."

We wish that the problem were as simple as it sounds. There may be poles and wires, but every wire may be in use in giving service to others. There may be cable, but every circuit in it may be assigned to telephones already installed. There may be a telephone in the vacant house or apartment to which you move but no spare wires and circuits from your location to the central office. There may even be sections of switchboard in the central office but not available for operation on account of the lack of necessary switchboard apparatus such as ringing keys, relays, etc.

The reason for the shortage of telephone equipment is simple. During the war period we were unable to maintain our reserve or stock plant as the same materials we use were required and taken for Government purposes and for industries properly favored by the Government. Since the war, with the unexpectedly prolonged problems of reconstruction, production and delivery of materials needed to meet even current demands have been delayed. Every business concern is having similar experiences. The manufacturers of telephone equipment have been bending every effort to fill our orders, but they, in turn, are meeting the same difficulties in securing rubber, paper, silk, glass, porcelain, tin, thread, shellac, metal parts and other articles not generally associated in the public mind with telephone service.

At the same time with this abnormal situation with reference to materials there exists an unprecedented demand for telephone service, and even under these circumstances our record is one of fulfillment of demand.

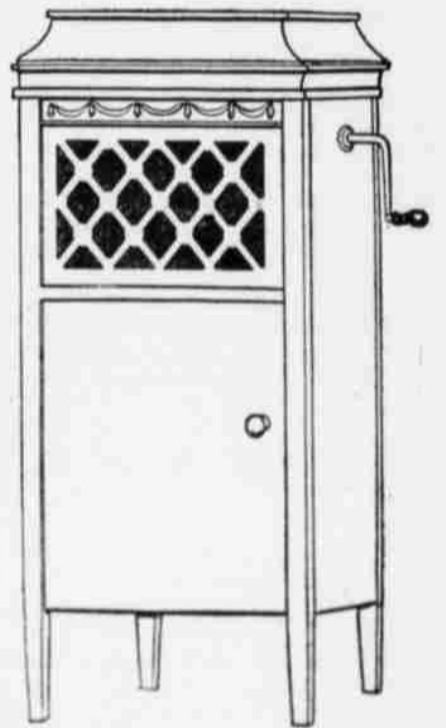
In the first nine months of 1920 we made a total net gain of over 1200 telephones in the state of Oregon. A fact worthy of consideration in our operations is the large number of telephones handled in proportion to net increase. In those nine months we disconnected, connected and moved 41,149 instruments to secure the net gain above mentioned.

We desire to give service as much as a patron desires to receive it. We desire to promptly comply with the suggestions of public authorities who have taken a proper interest in the situation. We are facing abnormal conditions but we are trying to overcome our difficulties.

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