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Nyssa Oregon

A POLITICAL TALK



"We've scoured the town for voters. And now I suppose you expect a clean election."

EVEN AS YOU AND I

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to confess.

Some people think they are guests, but others find them jests.

Some people are mere bubbles; only they remain in the air too long.

The people on the toboggan of joy do not realize it until they strike bottom.

Some people who are crazy to be married may be only temporarily insane.

Some people are hypochondriacs as to their value in the world, which in reality is below par.

In hitching their wagons to a star most people look through the wrong end of the telescope.

Some people think heaven is situated somewhere near earth. Others locate it down in the rathskeller.

Some people may take a plunge in the pool of love, but look long and longingly in the well of matrimony.

When people quarrel one word brings on another until they acquire a vocabulary that they are ashamed of.—Sophie Irene Loeb.

Suppositiously Propounded

Jack Edwards was called "the Jap" by his fellow bank clerks because of his raven-black hair, small, dark eyes and swarthy complexion. Coming from lunch, one summer day, he stepped gingerly across the dusty cobblestones, dodged a ponderous electric truck, was warned off the street car track by the clanging of a gong, made a detour to pass a stationary automobile, pulled open a brass-bound, beveled glass door and mounted the flight of steps that led to the main floor of the bank. On reaching his department Edwards sauntered to his desk.

"Hello, bunch," he called, in lifeless tones to several young men who were grouped around an adding machine.

Tommy Betts, the diminutive head of the department, glanced up with an expression on his face that was a caricature of wrath and called across the intervening desks, stools and baskets.

"Why don't you go to bed nights, Edwards? Your mistakes are balling up the work of the entire department," exploded Tommy. "Come around here and take a squint at line 13. It don't balance by a mile."

Edwards glanced across the sheet and made a mental calculation.

"I guess I was asleep at the switch, fellows," he said, and smiled sweetly. "Leave the statement with me," he urged. "I'll fix it. I say, one minute, Tommy," he called, as the department head drifted off with the others. "I'd like to ask you a question. Do you think if a fellow getting only \$60 a month got married that he and the girl could get along all right?"

"Of course, it depends a good deal on the fellow and the girl. You couldn't wear \$35 tailor-made suits and patent-leather shoes as you do now. If the girl's sensible, there's no reason why you shouldn't get along all right. A number of the fellows I know were married on less than \$60, and they're getting along fine."

"You don't say so," Jack murmured jubilantly.

Miss Mabel Marsh ran a comptometer and was an important cog in the machine that ground out the work of the bank. The young clerks vied her end of the room a delightful place to work and the little bell boys who sat on the polished benches downstairs and jumped to answer the call of the officers openly adored her.

"Say, Belle, what kind of a question do you suppose the Jap asked me a few minutes ago?" inquired Tommy, as he fingered a long, white paper tape crowded with figures.

"How should I know? Why don't you tell me?"

"He wanted to know if I thought a young man could support a wife on \$60 a month."

"What'd you say to him?"

"That I thought it depended a great deal on the young couple themselves. I explained he'd have to economize."

"The delightful thing about it is," declared Miss Marsh, flushing until her pretty face was as red as a peony. "that the girl the Jap picks out will be sure to care enough for him to do her share in—making it easy sledding."

After leaving Miss Marsh running her machine at a great pace, which slackened the moment he was out of sight, Tommy made his way back to his own department, stopping at Jack's desk.

"Say, Jap, I was just chinning with Belle Marsh. I told her about that fool question you asked me."

"Can't you keep a secret?" grumbled the Jap.

"Didn't know it was one," Tommy explained.

"What'd she say?" asked Jack.

"She said she felt sure any girl you picked out would care enough for you to—"

"Did she say that?" cried Jack, his face wreathed in smiles.

That Wednesday night the Jap called on his sweetheart, but it was not until he was ready to leave that he mustered up courage to say what the girl had instinctively felt all through the evening he had come to tell her.

Jack leaned forward in his chair and bent an earnest gaze on the young woman who sat across from him, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes studying the pattern in the rug on the floor.

"Belle, I'd like to ask you a question," he said. "Do you think—I say, Belle, do you think—"

"Why, of course I do," she admitted, and her dimple played havoc with the Jap's heart.

—that a fellow who is getting only \$60 a month could get along all right if he got married?"

"I'm sure I can't say, Jack," she said. "You see, I don't know the two persons most concerned, and I—I have no way of judging—"

"Well, suppose—"

Belle Marsh straightened in her chair. "Do you think it fair, Jack, to ask me to answer a question, having to do with a suppositious case like that?"

Jack hung his head for a moment, but only for a moment. Then he arose and took a quick step forward. His voice was husky with the emotion that took him, and shook him, and centered in his throat.

"Forgive me, Belle. The case I have in mind concerns you and me. Do you think— It's just this: I love you. I—I want you. Belle, will you marry me?"

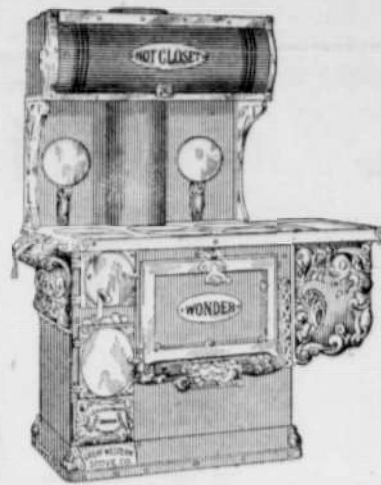
For answer, she arose and held out both arms, and Jack, taking her hands, gently drew her close.

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| 3 pounds Navy Beans for | 25c | Ladies' \$3.50 Shoes, now | \$3.00 |
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MALHEUR COUNTY ABSTRACTS

THOS. JONES, MANAGER

VALE, OREGON

Abstracts of title to all town lots in Malheur

THE BANK OF NYSSA

Owned---Controlled---Managed BY NYSSA MEN

The stockholders of The Bank of Nyssa own property in Malheur County having an assessed valuation aggregated

\$193,685.00

This bank stands for the development and protection of the commercial interests of this valley.

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GUM VS. TOBACCO



in going to a club smoker Jones." Well, stop for me on your club is going to

Surcease for Sorrow. The millionaire dame had her ruby studded tiara. Her month's income gone with great bitterness. "hear up," her secretary not forget that your portrait appear in 7,36 papers, 2,974 weeklies, a combined printed columns our wealth, your beauty in dress will, if pasted in from Weehawken to Wilereupon the lady chirked tly.

What They Say. women say they want to see others say they don't; men say we'll see them too; others say we won't.

The Reason. this play of yours," the lined, "you have violated the dramatic art." "I know it," replied the "That must be one why it is having such a and drawing better

Not Certain. what plane would they army corps?" d to say. They might aeroplane, and then light peer a biplane."