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HORRORS OF WAR

Remarks by Ian Malcolm, M. P., Representative of the British Red Cross With the British Mission, Made in Washington, D. C., May 24, 1917, to Delegates From American Red Cross Chapters.

In France and Flanders you come nearest still to the true agony of the situation. How can I describe it? Think of the worst earthquake, of the worst flood that have scourged and stricken you, and you will come near to the horrors of the Marne and the Alsace. Think of the thousands of dead and dying, and you will come near to the horrors of the Marne and the Alsace.

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THE DARK HORSE.

How the Name Was Applied to a Political Possibility.

A novel written by Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, entitled "The Young Duke" and published in 1831, contained a description of a horse race in which the following sentence occurred: "A dark horse which had never been thought of and which the careless St. James had never even observed in the list rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph."

This was only a horse race, but it gave prominence to the fact that a dark horse was a dark horse which had not attracted any notice until he came in a winner.

This may have been the origin of the phrase "a dark horse," which, as used in American politics means a person not prominently considered as a candidate when a convention meets or during its earlier ballots, but who suddenly develops unexpected strength and wins.

A notable case in point was that of James A. Garfield in the Republican national convention of 1880. On the first ballot for president he did not receive a single vote, but on the second ten votes on the second ballot, and on the third ballot, fifty votes on the third ballot, and on the fourth ballot, he was nominated by 360 on the thirty-sixth ballot.—Philadelphia Press

Foot of the Fly.

You have seen a boy use what he calls a "sucker," a round, flat piece of leather, which is soaked in water and pressed against a stone so that all the moisture between the stone and the leather is pressed out. He picks up a brick with a string attached to the leather. Since there is no air between the leather and the stone the atmosphere presses the leather so firmly against the stone that the stone can be picked up by the leather.

Philander Perkins of the Notch

How a Confirmed Bachelor Became a Benedict

By CHARLES S. PEARSE

Harkin's general store was the town club, and around the rotund stove which stood in a square sand box the neighbors gathered summer and winter. There were regulars and transients in this village senate, some arriving soon after the shutters were taken down and who hurried back from their diapers. Occasional visitors were rather lightly regarded and their opinions, expressed in an unguarded moment, instantly disputed.

One morning an impressive person stopped his "eight" at the store to get a road map, and in order to get some information about the map did not seem to care for the map.

Following a lead to matters of traveling abroad, he was soon holding it over his audience that he had been all over Europe, had visited the pyramids and Persia, Manila and Madagascar, Australia and the Argentine. He had crossed the Andes and the isthmus and had a speaking acquaintance with the equator. During this gratuitous travelogue many a side glance was directed by the senators to note the effect on Philander Perkins, who after awhile paused in stalling his pipe stem with a stalk of timothy and, looking severely over his spectacles at the intruder, inquired, "Have you ever been to Great Notch?"

"Great Notch?" asked the traveler. "Great Notch?—Where is that?" "Haven't seen Great Notch? Well, well, mister, you've got a great deal to see yet." And the traveler departed in high dudgeon, slamming the door behind him.

Abate the village and perhaps half a mile therefrom stood the castle of Philander Perkins in a gap in the hills called Great Notch. Famous in the country roundabout are the views from that much favored region. To the south, the line of the Orange mountain, dotted with the villas of the commuters, and as the eye sweeps east there is seen the outline of States Island, somewhat obscured by the vapors from sundry oil refineries, whence come that precious fluid which makes the motor horn own brother to the crack of doom.

Here at the Notch dwelt Philander Perkins in a three roomed bungalow built by himself. Some ten acres of



"ANY HELP THAT I CAN GIVE WILL BE RENDERED MOST GLADLY."

land, including a pasture and a wood lot, a kitchen garden and a corn patch, a cow stable and a producing henry, rounded out the demesne. Some estates are grander, some are larger, but none ever fitted the owner better.

Contentment perches on its ridge-pole, purs from the cat, wags from Towser's tail and sings from the kettle.

Philander had never married, and when twitted about it by those who dared he was moved to make some pithy remarks about being compelled to wear one's coat and shoes in the house, to tolerate housecleaning by the calendar instead of by the thermometer and spending real money for feathered headgear, and so forth. He sniffed in scorn when some senator intimated that he had heard it said that, though a man might live to a ripe age in single harness, he was bound to trot double some time and therefore it was best to start young and get broke, for the longer postponed the greater the ordeal would be.

"Oh, Philander, you are well armored except in one spot! Your plating is complete—almost; you are invulnerable—nearly."

Late one afternoon Israel Harkin approached the forum and asked if anybody was going up street pretty soon. Philander said he was willing to do the errand, as he was leaving for home in a few minutes. "I want to get you

to take this fannel up to Hiram," said Israel.

"How is Hiram anyway?" asked some one.

"Stick abed with inflammatory rheumatism," Israel told them. "Even since his wife died ten years ago he hasn't had any one to look after him properly. He hasn't had his victuals regularly and hasn't had any of the comforts of home. He ought to have a housekeeper. Hiram is pretty 'near,' you know, and is as contrary as a red heifer. I've had a trained nurse to come down from town to take care of him. Hiram is well fixed. He can afford it. The pay is twenty-five a week."

"Whew," blew Philander, "he must be pretty good! One of those young things in a striped dress and a cap as big as a trade dollar?"

"No, siree! Her name is Mrs. Samuel P. Simpson, and she's got more sense than I ever seen before inside of a calico dress. Hiram, he's got his master at last!"

"Hiram? Master him?" And Philander smiled broadly. "Let's have the fannel, Israel."

Answering Philander's resounding blows of the knocker on Hiram Harkin's front door, a comely person promptly appeared in a spotless blue and white uniform and an ample snowy cap, fairly radiating protection and comforting assurance. It seemed to Philander as though she might be capable of making those little motherly elucks peculiar to brooding hens.

"My name is Philander Perkins. I've brought some fannel for Hiram from his brother at the store," and Philander bowed awkwardly and knewed.

"Come right in, Mr. Perkins, and take a seat in the parlor while I get the fannel on Mr. Harkin. He will be glad to see you. I won't be more than five minutes."

"I don't know as I have time," faltered Philander, who had all the time there was. However, she had already shut the door and all but pushed him into the best room. He quickly noticed that a revolution had taken place in that temple and was soon cheerily bidden to Hiram's room, a chair was placed for him and the door closed.

The sufferer was trussed up in bed like a large fowl prepared for the oven.

"Philander, I am glad you have come. I need the support of a friend. I feel like a cornshuck in a gale of wind. I cannot realize that I am in my own house or that I'm myself at all."

"The first thing she did when she got here was to fire all the medicine in the house out of the back window, and then she tied me as aforesaid. After that she got four women and a boy and cleaned house in three hours. I overheard from Stebbins' boy they got a wheelbarrow load of dirt out. The furniture is all reset. I don't seem to have anything to say in my own house now."

"I don't think I can stand it. What would you do about it?"

"Do about it? Do about it? You old salt mackerel, you've needed freshening for the last ten years! You just do what you are told. You don't know when you are well off. Just relax on your old rusty hinges and surrender to—superior power."

"Huh! You wouldn't, Philander."

"Well," said that person dryly, "I don't have to. I'll be around tomorrow to see that you are obeying orders."

Philander was conscious of a sense of satisfaction in being on the side of the ruling spirit in the house and showed as much when he was taking his leave.

"Good day, ma'am," he offered blandly. "You will find your patient a little contrary, but your coming is the best thing that could happen to him. He wants training more than any man I know, and if this spell does not kill him he'll come out of it a new creature. I'll drop in once in awhile. Any help that I can give will be rendered most gladly," finished Philander gallantly.

Mrs. Simpson smiled graciously and thanked Philander in a nice superior sort of way, as befitting the general manager of the situation, and that pleased him, for wasn't he a superior person himself?

"Philander," lamented Hiram Harkin the next day, "she's had all the wind down open. She sent down to the carpenter shop and got Abner up here. They pretty near tore the side of the house out getting some of the windows open. They hadn't been raised since the house was built! Neither my mother nor Mrs. Harkin would have them open on account of flies or dust or the cold. Mrs. Simpson says it isn't safe to live in a trunk with the lid down. Now, what do you think about all these notions?"

"Hiram, she will make a man of you yet. You have lived in this old cocoon till you are as afraid of a mouthful of fresh air as a tramp is of a shower bath."

"By the way, Hiram," inquired Philander pointedly, "how about Samuel P.?"

"Samuel P.? Samuel P. who?"

"Samuel P. Simpson, Hiram, her husband. Can't he support her?"

"Why, Philander, she's a widder."

"Oh!" said Philander Perkins.

Late in the fall of that year Philander asked if any one in the senate had a goose bone that would apply to the state of Ohio.

"I must go out there to look after some land that I took in trade some years ago, and I will sell it by the gallon or I will take so and so per foot board measure for the standing timber if there is any."

As nobody had the desired article, Philander took a chance and left for the west the following day, escorted to the train by the entire deliberative body from Harkin's store. In ten days he was back again in pretty bad shape with rheumatism.

"Well, I got what I was looking for. I sold the property, and I got soaking, sopping wet. Harkin, if you have the address of Mrs. Samuel P. Simpson I wish you would wire her to take passage for Great Notch at the earliest possible moment. I'm in for a steady something like what Hiram had, and I'm going to take the same medicine."

Philander was driven home by one of the senators, who also volunteered to attend to him and the chores until expert relief arrived.

As welcome as sunshine after rain, Miranda Simpson turned up the next

morning bright and early.

A wave of pure joy such as Philander had never known broke over him at sight of this angel of mercy and washed him up to high water mark.

"Mrs. Simpson, you are a raft to a shipwrecked sailor. You are a bucket of water to a dry camel. I resign. I surrender. Feed me liniment or rub it in. You may turn this mansion inside out and shake it, only bring me around like you did Hiram Harkin."

Mrs. Simpson took the nearest rocker. "Mr. Perkins," she said, "surrender is a very good medicine, and now to get you comfortable. After that we will try to get things shipshape. Never mind; I'll find everything, never fear."

In a few days Philander was taking refreshing naps and absorbing all the nourishment that was considered good for him.

One evening Hiram Harkin dropped in. Philander noticed that he had a new suit of clothes and that his hair and beard had recently been trimmed.

"Philander, I understand that you are coming around all right. Couldn't be otherwise with the kind of care you're getting."

Hiram would not sit down, but kept stirring around as though he had something on his mind. Finally he blurted out, "Mrs. Simpson, I think I'll sit by the fire in the front room till you are through fussing with Philander," and went out.

"Did you want to see me about any thing?"

"Come right in, Mr. Perkins, and take a seat in the parlor while I get the fannel on Mr. Harkin. He will be glad to see you. I won't be more than five minutes."

"I don't know as I have time," faltered Philander, who had all the time there was. However, she had already shut the door and all but pushed him into the best room. He quickly noticed that a revolution had taken place in that temple and was soon cheerily bidden to Hiram's room, a chair was placed for him and the door closed.

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LOVE AT SIGHT

Story of a Heroic Mexican Girl and a Yankee.

By F. A. MITCHEL

The Sierra Tarahumare range of mountains runs in a southeasterly direction through the Mexican state of Chihuahua. James Jernegan, a young American engineer, was called to a certain point in these mountains to build a dam on one of its streams with a view to utilizing the water power.

The nearest house to where his work was located was the home of a Mexican woman named Cavillo. Jernegan persuaded her to take him to board during his sojourn and was thus fortunate in escaping the necessity of camping. The house overlooked an extended territory beneath, and from its veranda one might gaze on a very attractive view. The grounds were not inclosed, and the whole mountain side might be considered as belonging to the place. Everything was kept tidy and was in better condition than might have been expected of a mountaineer's residence.

On the evening of Jernegan's arrival a little table was set for him on the veranda for his supper. On taking his seat he was regretting that he must sup alone when a girl dressed in the costume of the country appeared, bringing the viands.

"Oh!" he said to himself, "if I can have no one to sup with me I can at least have this little senorita to wait upon me, and I shall contrive to keep her with me as much as possible."

The girl, who was the daughter of Senora Cavillo and whose name was Inez, laid the dishes on the table and was about to depart when Jernegan, who spoke Spanish indifferently, said to her:

"I feel much honored, senorita, at having a pretty girl to wait on me. It would be much more fitting that I wait on you. However, since you have assumed the duty I beg that you will not be beyond call, for there may be something that I shall need which is not on the table."

The girl, who had never before listened to such deferential words from a man, was too confused and delighted to at once reply. A quick succession of blushes passed over her face, her eyes sparkled, and a happy smile played upon her lips.

"Ah, senor," she said presently, "I would not be proper for you to wait upon me, and it makes me very happy to wait upon you. If you want anything I will be within call."

There is no greater danger than for a man of superior caste to go among his inferiors and become involved with one of their women folk, especially if she be an attractive young girl. Jernegan, observing the effect of his words upon Inez, felt the necessity of caution. But it is one thing to feel a necessity for resisting a temptation and another to resist. He suffered the girl to go into a room opening on the veranda, but did not let her remain long there. He called:

"Senorita?"

"I am coming, senor." And from the few seconds occupied in her appearance it was evident that she had not been far away. Indeed, she was looking through a lace curtain that covered the opening between her and the hand some American. Thence who believe that love must have time to take root and grow have never seen a country girl suddenly confronted by a handsome gentleman. In such instances the girl is liable to throw up her hands in token of surrender at a glance. At any rate, such was the case with Inez.

"Could you bring me some more tamales?" asked Jernegan in a tone of voice that he would have used to a superior being.

"Yes, senor."

When she returned with what he had asked for he suggested that if she would take a chair on the veranda she would not have to tire herself by coming to him, as though she had a long distance instead of a few steps to come to him. She accepted the suggestion and sat down in a bamboo rocking chair near him.

Now, there was a swarthy young Mexican, who the very evening before had secured the little girl's promise to become his wife. He was a rough mountaineer and not very clean, but he was the best Inez had ever seen, and she was sixteen, and that was a proper age for a Mexican girl to marry. Jernegan had swept her away from this man, Manuel Corral, in a twinkling. It is questionable if after coming under the influence of the former she gave the latter a thought.

Nevertheless Corral was coming to pass the first evening after his betrothal with his promised wife. Inez was so wrapped in her companion that she did not hear Manuel coming. But he saw her sitting on the veranda, saw the gringo eating at the table, and Inez's eyes resting upon him with a look of idolatry. Corral saw at a glance that the hated American had swooped down like an eagle from the sky to carry off the lamb that he had supposed had belonged to himself.

Corral paused, hid himself behind a bush and looked. He had already seen enough to tell him that this being, superior to himself in refinement, in intellect, in many beauty, had taken the heart that had belonged to him. What the gringo would do with it did not concern the Mexican. He was absorbed in vengeance. Resting the temptation to rush upon the man who had dispossessed him, he finally slunk away, resolved to wait an opportunity to take his revenge without its reacting upon himself.

Jernegan, having finished his supper and smoked, went to the camp where the men who were to construct the dam were to begin work the next morning. There, in conference with the superintendent, he passed from his mind. It was 10 o'clock when he

returned to Senora Cavillo's. The inmates were all in their rooms, but the house was open as it had been during the day, for the weather was warm, and, being remote from other places and persons, the doors were never shut at night. The only light on the main floor was one in the living room opening on to the veranda.

The engineer sat down on a bench on the veranda and was thinking of a problem that had arisen in connection with the construction of the dam when he saw the shadow of a human figure cast through a window by the light in the room behind him and heard a voice say:

"Senor, thinking you might need refreshment I have iced some wine for you."

"Ah, senorita; always kind and thoughtful! I will drink the wine on condition that you drink it with me."

Inez brought out a tray on which was a small pitcher of a beverage she had concocted, and, drawing a table before the bench, the two sat down on the bench to regale themselves.

They had been seated some time and had emptied the pitcher. Jernegan's arm was around Inez's waist. On the table before them suddenly appeared the shadow of a head, then of a pair of shoulders. Lastly a shadow of an arm rose from the rest. Inez gave a shriek and, springing up, covered her companion with the upper part of her body.

A blow descended upon her, and she sank down on to the floor.

Jernegan rose, turned and saw a Mexican holding a knife in his hand from which blood dripped. From this he cast a glance at the sinking Inez and took in the situation. An intention to kill him had been thwarted by her receiving the blow that had been meant for him. Seizing the only weapon at hand, the earthen pitcher on the table, he hurled it with all his strength through the window. It struck his opponent in the temple, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Forgetting his existence, Jernegan stooped, took up Inez and held her in his arms. Notwithstanding a severe wound in her shoulder she had not lost consciousness. She looked up at him with a smile that spoke volumes. She had received the blow that might have killed the man she loved.

Her shriek brought down her mother from the floor above and others. Senora Cavillo clutched at the figure of the would be murderer stretched on the floor with the bloody knife near the hand that had held it. She recognized Corral, but he did not interest her; her concern was for her daughter, whose shriek had brought her to the scene of the trouble. Going on to the veranda, she took Inez from the American, tore away the clothing that covered the wound and began staunching the blood.

Jernegan gave a shrill call to the men in the camp, and the superintendent and several other men came to the house.

"Take that man away!" cried the engineer. "He tried to kill me. This girl threw herself in his way and received the blow."

Corral, who was still insensible, was taken up and carried to the rear of the house. Inez was supported to her room by her mother.

Jernegan thought it best to spend the night at the camp. On reaching it he told what he knew of the story. This was not much. He did not know who the man was who had attacked him, but surmised it was some Mexican—possibly interested in Inez—who

hated gringos. Those engaged with him in construction work advised him to remain in camp with them, for, since he had excited antagonism, he was liable to be murdered. He had no stomach for the scene of his tragic adventure and took their advice.

Corral, who had been struck in a vital place, remained unconscious till a surgeon removed a fractured bone and his consequent pressure on the brain. Then he recovered consciousness, and it was not long before he was about again. He expressed much concern as to Inez's condition, his first words after regaining his senses being, "Have I killed her?" When he was assured that she was living and her wound was not mortal he expressed a wish to see her. But she would not grant it. As soon as he became able to go about by himself he was sent away without a word from her.

But four hours elapsed between the meeting of Jernegan and Inez and the climax of the drama. Each endured for a lifetime the consequences of a sudden outburst of love from her and a yielding to a momentary indiscretion on his part. They never met again. Indeed, Inez was soon convinced that another meeting would not be advisable. She realized the difference in their conditions. Why had she not done so in the first place? Because the flood came upon her too violently to admit of forethought.

Jernegan, satisfied that he had better leave the locality, did so, sending another engineer to take his place. He is now a middle aged man, but is not married. Inez has long ago passed into that condition of physical decay common to women of her race. She, too, has remained single. Strange it is, how condensed may be events that determine human destinies.

Secrecy in Parliament.

Heavy penalties are inflicted for the revelation of parliamentary secret sessions or cabinet decisions, but they cannot well be heavier than those which the parliament of Henry VII. inflicted for a similar offense. One member of the house of commons was foolish enough to tell the king himself what the commons had been debating. He was sent to the tower, and a special act of parliament was passed by which he and his posterity were barred from sitting in the house of commons as the "representative of any place whatever." In the days of Queen Elizabeth a certain Mr. Hall, M. P., was found guilty of revealing the debates in the commons. He was expelled from the house, sent to the Tower for six months and fined £500—a considerable fortune in those days.—London Spectator.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Robert M. Starns, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Mary L. Starns, the executrix of said estate has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 6th day of August, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county court house, in Moro in said county, as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto if any, and all matters pertaining to said estate, the settlement thereof, and the entering of a decree of settlement and distribution.

Dated this 28th day of June, A. D. 1917.

Mary L. Starns, Executrix.

C. J. Bright, Atty. for Executrix. 56-6

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