

Send Your
Jewelry Repair Work
to
Pound's Jewelry Store
GUY A. POUND
Proprietor
Remodeling of old Jewelry
A Specialty
Careful Attention Given To
WATCH REPAIRING
The Dalles, Oregon

When in The Dalles
HAVE YOUR
Lunch or Dinner **35c**
(Full Course)
at the
White Restaurant
408 E. 2nd St.
The Dalles, Oregon

We also serve, at usual prices,
Lunch and Dinner combinations
that are sold by our patrons to
equal Home Cooking

Say It With Flowers
BUT
Say It With Ours
**HARTWIGS
FLOWER SHOP**
"Merchants of Beauty"
The Dalles, Oregon
Opposite First National Bank
Phone 794 Night phone 690W

Prices ARE Reasonable
at the
**BLACK AND WHITE
Restaurant Fountain
Lunch Counter**
COME AS YOU ARE
PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE
AT ALL TIMES
J. T. Fries, Proprietor
THE DALLES, OREGON

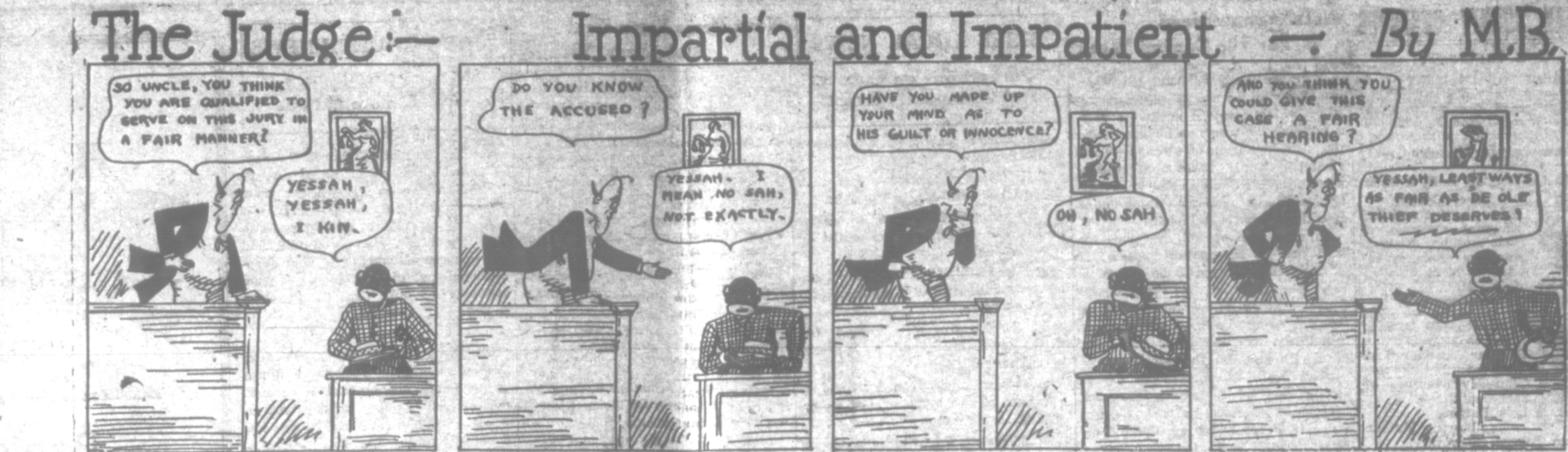
When in The Dalles
SEE
**S. J. Stanek
FOR**
"Everything in Harness
and Saddlery"
Auto Tops & Trimming
INDIAN NOVELTIES
GENERAL REPAIRING
610 E. 2nd St. The Dalles, Ore.

Model Laundry
THE DALLES
Calls for and Delivers
in Moro Wasco
and Grass Valley
Mondays and Thursdays

**HOME GROWN
FLOWERS**
For Any Occasion
Artistically Arranged
Our Work is Guaranteed
Peacock Floral Co.
407 Wash. St., The Dalles

WHEN
IN THE DALLES
EAT AT
Royal Cafe
Open Day and Night

Burget & Callaway
Funeral Directors
Union and Third St.
The Dalles, Ore.



THRIFT DECLARED TO STAND FOR COMMON SENSE

By FRANK L. SHULL
Wisely Known Business Man
(Photo Stephens-Colmer)

I believe in thrift because it stands for common sense. The opposite of thrift is waste and waste is always want. The inevitable result of waste is a later lack of necessary things. On the other hand, the inevitable result of thrift is independence and plenty. It would be difficult to name a person in need who practiced thrift, and on the other hand, Frank L. Shull those who are in comfort in later years have usually practiced thrift.

Thrift is a habit and every effort to get people, particularly boys and girls, to practice thrift is a public service.

Cheaper to Marry a Cook

By MARTHA WILLIAMS
(Copyright.)

THERE was apology in Benson's closing of the green gate. He went almost slinking up the brick walk, hesitated before the side path that ran to the back. But cautious as was his approach he was not surprised when, within a few minutes, Miss Jenny, peering through a crack in the shutters, smiled scornfully:

"I do wish you'd look at—that! Wonder what he's after now!"

"He won't get it—no matter what it may be," Marianne, her niece, interrupted, sticking out an obstinate chin.

Miss Jenny giggled. "I'm a wonderer which of us he'll ask first! Wife's what he's really after. reckon it depends on who sees him first."

"Maybe—then you're elected. I'm going outside—and stay till I hear you setting Ginger-Oaks on him."

Marianne lunged back—to an accusation of faint pouting on the screen door. Benson had carefully deflected the door to the narrow entry, also that to the back piazza, in favor of the rearmost opening. How should he know, poor soul, that Ginger-Oaks, the sleepless guardian of the Martins and their belongings, lay just inside, nose between paws, eyes batting sleepily, but for all that, as ready for action as a hornet's nest.

"Laway mercy me! If it ain't Jud Benson!" Miss Jenny cried, flinging open the door, unnoting Ginger-Oaks's sudden leap to attention. She began to say, "Come right in." But Ginger-Oaks had another mind. Out he shot as though from a catapult, flung himself upon Benson, scowled him, and held him fast, the while looking over his shoulder at Miss Jenny, as though asking: "Now what shall I do with it?"

When she said, "Let go, you fool dog!" he released his catch and slunk away. Miss Jenny, all concern, helped Benson up and took him solicitously inside.

Benson settled himself firmly, hands on knees, eyes fixed on a knot-hole in the piazza floor, and buzzed on: "Miss Jenny, you see a deerskin man. Three months since Sarah passed on—seems like three years, each longer, and blacker, and wussier than the other. Think o' me—all ter my lone in that big house—with nineteen cows in the barn, all to be milked and done for—and nobody but me to keep help up to the mark. Not a decent meal o' vittles, except what I've meeked off my neighbors—women wuth white won't come ter cook in a house wuth jest a man in it—and then that ain't wuth while makes things a heap wuss. I'm willin' ter pay—the good Lord knows! Way, I'd give anybody as much as twenty dollars a month ter come and do fer me—and look after the milk things, special the separator and strainers."

"H'al! Yes!" Miss Jenny interrupted. "But—where're you been these last few years? How come you don't know what real cooks can ask—and get, wuth thanks? A hundred a month, if you please—and sometimes twice that. You haven't said so right out flat—but I reckon you're thinkin' it'll be cheaper to marry a cook, nurse and seamstress than to hire one. Maybe you're right—but lemme tell you—to get a woman of any sense or judgment, you'll have to go where nobody's ever heard of you. Lemme tell you, too, if you had spent money on a live Sarah as you did on a dead one—casket wuth silver trimmin's, satin llinin', paid choir, and a town preacher to tell all he didn't know about her—it's my judgment you'd have heap better chances of heaven—and matrimony."

"Sarah—never—complained," Benson all but whimpered.

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

"No—she wasn't that sort," from Miss Jenny stoutly. "You wouldn't let her keep her sister's orphan—rather put 'em in the reform school."

Nourishing Drink for Children



BABIES and children, the same as adults, grow weary of being fed the same food in the same way each day. It is true that most children take naturally to milk, but that does not mean that they must be fed it ad nauseam. On the contrary, that is the very thing to be avoided.

Pediatricians advise consumption by children of a quart of milk a day in one form or another. This does not mean skim milk, but whole milk for the skimmed product is lacking both in butter fat and the essential food element known as vitamin A, which is found in butter fat. Many mothers do not appreciate that removal of cream from the top of a bottle of milk results in skim milk.

In evaporated milk, a product recommended by many leading doctors for the use of infants and children and which is simply pure cow's milk sterilized in cans and with sixty per cent of the water removed, there is no cream line. The milk in the top of a can is the same as it is in the bottom of the container. This results from a process called homogenization, in which the fat globules in the milk are broken up into such microscopic bits that they remain in homogeneous suspension. Every drop of homogenized milk has a buttery taste because it contains butter fat. For this reason, in evaporated milk, there is none of the flat taste one finds in drinking from the bottom of a bottle of market milk.

In order to avoid feeding the baby or child plain milk three or four times a day, many authorities recommend the use of a mixture of fruit juice and milk, a highly palatable and refreshing drink.

Following is a recipe worked out by experts for an orange-milk drink: Mix in a fruit jar ½ of a cupful of orange juice, ¼ of a cupful of evaporated milk, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, ¼ teaspoonful of lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Shake well before serving.

ought to feel yourself same as a murderer—

She had gone too far. The cowering Benson leaped at her, caught her shoulders, and shook her. Rescued came swiftly—in shape of Marianne, Ginger-Oaks and a tall young stranger of fine open countenance, but shadowed eyes. Ginger-Oaks accounted for Benson. As that person sank heavily into a chair, Marianne said to the stranger:

"There is—the person you came to see," then to Miss Jenny: "I found him on the road—and brought him—just in time, it seems."

Miss Jenny, not quite steady of voice, said slowly: "I see—you are poor Sarah Benson's nephew she wanted to see so bad—"

"I got the letter two days ago—too late," the young fellow answered swallowing hard.

Benson suddenly looked up, tried to rise, fell back with a hoarse cry, all one lively side of him stricken helpless.

He lived this a year—with Sarah's nephew his stay and comfort. His coming was a real providence, said Miss Jenny. All the more heartily when he proved to be Benson's sole heir—and fell handsomely in love with Marianne, who had guided him to fortune and happiness.

In These Days of Unions
Irate Sutor (Just kicked down the stairs)—Just you wait, sir; we'll get even with you for this. I'll report you to the sutor's union and have your daughter boycotted. See how you'll like that.

But, Surely It Wasn't
The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted.

To stimulate interest, the teacher said, in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, we were going to Baton Rouge to witness the game yesterday. As the train approached one of the stations something came softly and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

A pretty girl in the rear shouted: "I know! It was the conductor, because when he took my ticket, he told me I was a very pretty girl and kissed me, too."—Rehebeoth Sunday Herald.

Unselfish Love.
Convey thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall to rebound back to thee.—Quarles.

STATE TREASURER KAY SAYS THRIFT PAYS WELL

By THOMAS B. KAY
Treasurer State of Oregon

One of the saddest sights in the world is an old person who is dependent.

I believe every young man or woman should avoid dependency in old age if he has good health and courage to work and practice good common sense under the favorable conditions which surround us.

If a person will save and deposit part of his earnings Thomas B. Kay in a savings bank until he has accumulated enough to invest in a good bond, mortgage, real estate, or business, and will allow the interest, in addition to his savings, to be added to his principal each year, he will gradually accumulate a competency, if not wealth.

Act According to Orders

By H. IRVING KING
(Copyright.)

"MY DAUGHTER Lucy has been well brought up," said Mrs. Dalton Mowbray. She always does as Dalton and I tell her to. I can't conceive how some parents let their children do what they please. I do, in the matter of marriage, especially, give no advice hardly pay any attention at all to the wishes and commands of their father and mother. Lucy would no more think of marrying without the consent and approval of Dalton and myself than she would of flying."

It was a great pleasure and satisfaction to Mrs. Mowbray to discuss this on the piazza of the summer hotel to the other matrons there assembled. Some of Mrs. Mowbray's auditors, it is true, smiled aside as they thought of the evident courtship which was going on under Mrs. Mowbray's eyes—the courtship of her daughter Lucy by James Bacon, probably the most eligible young man from a financial standpoint, of all those stopping at the hotel.

They wondered if Mrs. Mowbray knew of it. As a matter of fact Mrs. Mowbray did know of it, and so did Mr. Mowbray. And they both had sternly and frequently told Lucy that she must have nothing whatever to do with James. Mrs. Mowbray issued orders, which were countermanded by Mr. Mowbray, that Lucy should marry Rex Charlton, who had family position and was supposed to have a large fortune. Any protest which Lucy might make only resulted in new and more emphatic orders.

Lucy and James talked the matter over almost every day, trying to find a solution of the problem before them. For Lucy did not want to break the habit of a lifetime and disobey her parents unless it was absolutely necessary. It was beginning to look, however, as if it would be absolutely necessary. For Rex Charlton was pressing his suit more and more earnestly. When Lucy threw herself upon his generosity, and told him frankly that she loved another, Rex had only replied that she would, in time, learn to love him, for such fervent love as his was bound to meet with a return.

Lucy and James held a long conference. "There seems to be no way out of it," said James. "Except for us to go off and get married, and then come back and beg for the parental forgiveness. I am not so very poor—I have some money and a good job. I guess we can get along all right. I would not suggest this aloping sort of marriage if I could think of anything else."

So it was arranged that Lucy and James should meet in town two days later, get a marriage license and be married. Lucy cried a good deal that night and James was rather nervous over the drastic step they were about to take.

To relieve his mind James went off fishing the next morning and was gone all day. Several telegrams of importance reached the hotel for him, but remained unopened in his letter-box until his return, late in the evening. When James had read these telegrams he sat down and thought for awhile, and then looked about to try and find Lucy. But Lucy was nowhere visible. She was at that moment in her mother's room, where her parents had held her for the purpose of giving her new and fresh orders.

Mr. Mowbray, who went to the city every morning, had come home that night in a state of suppressed excitement, and at once had gone into executive session with Mrs. Mowbray. "Yes," said he, at the end of the session, "his entire fortune! And I looked up Charlton and found his property had been very much exaggerated."

Mrs. Mowbray touched the bell and a bellboy was sent to find Miss Mowbray.

bray and summon her at once to the august presence. Lucy came, pale and trembling. Had her plans to elope with James been discovered?

"Daughter," said Mrs. Mowbray, "you have always been a most dutiful and obedient child. Your father and I have never given a command which you have not obeyed. We ordered you to marry Rex Charlton; and no doubt you would have obeyed us. But we have changed our minds. We now order you to marry James Bacon."

Lucy gave a little gasp. It was so sudden! But her parents were kind-hearted people, after all.

"Very well, mother," said the little hypocrite, "since you and father order it."

And then she went off to find James—and found him on the piazza.

"Oh, Jimmie," said she after she had told him of the new orders, "what do you suppose made them change their minds all of a sudden?"

"That," replied James—and showed her a telegram from a lawyer saying that an uncle in South America had died and left him something like a million dollars.

"Well, we must act according to orders, Jimmie," said Lucy.

The Three-Mile Limit

The three-mile limit is generally but not universally accepted among the various nations at the earth. Spain claims six miles, Norway four and Sweden four. Both Italy and France have insisted that their neutrality in case of war should be respected within six miles of the coast. The Institute of International Law has voted in favor of the six-mile limit.



3 handy packs for 5¢

WRIGLEYS P.K. NEW HANDY PACK
Fits hand—pocket and purse

More for your money and the best Peppermint Chewing Gum for any money

Look for Wrigley's P.K. Handy Pack on your Dealer's Counter or

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

FOR SALE BY
Sherman Electric Co.

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
A. E. Myers, Proprietor
Fifth and Washington Sts.
PORTLAND, OREGON



Renovated Throughout
SPECIAL RATES
\$1.50 up; double \$2.50 up
Room with private bath, single \$1.00 up; double \$1.50 up
Room with bath privilege, single

C. V. Belknap, Proprietor
Moro Hotel Barber Shop
Moro, Oregon
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting and Shingle Bobbing
BATHS

READ & GALLOWAY
GENERAL MACHINE SHOP
Repairing Trucks, Tractors, Automobiles, Caterpillars, and Combine Motors, Cylinder Grinling, Oxy-acetylene and Electric Welding
The Dalles, Ore.
615 East Second St. Phone Main 4001

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co.
R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon
DEALERS IN
Lime, Plaster, Cement, Cedar Posts, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal and Hay.
MANUFACTURERS OF
MILL FEED AND FLOUR

LONG TERM LOANS
= WITH =
SHORT TERM PRIVILEGES
= IF DESIRED =
We Have Money Now Available
FOR FARM LOANS ON FARM LANDS
to Progressive Sherman County Farmers

Write Direct to
Geo. A. Z. Harris, Secretary
Oregon-Washington Joint Stock Land Bank
Broadway and Oak Portland, Oregon

WHEN YOU TRAVEL
BY AUTO
AND VISIT THE DALLES
STORE YOUR CAR

In the concrete, 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.

A valuable knowledge of the reliability and integrity of businesses is the reward of the steady reader of advertisements.