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FINNEY OF THE FORCE



There Were Two in One Plot
By DUFOUR JENNE

HE HAD been serious of mood during most of the evening, but she did not mind; under even his dark moods ran a golden undercurrent of fun that broke through once in awhile, and at all times she had a quiet feeling of happiness and contentment when she was with him.

He bent his dark, curly head forward. "Listen, I have a chance to buy that new corner store—first payment \$1,500. If I could get it, and it went, it would mean making our dream come true. But where to get the \$1,500 is the trouble."

"I know, Phil, of course. There is the \$2,000 father left me," she said eagerly. "You take it, do!"

His eyes were sober. "Sweetheart, I knew you would say that and I love you for it. But if I should put it in the business and then lose it, I should never forgive myself."

"I would not care—and besides you wouldn't lose it."

"I've tried in a number of places to borrow the money, but each chap says it's too much of a gamble, and of course I have no security."

After he had gone that evening, she lingered in the room where he had been, musing and dreaming and planning; and finally, after some doubting and hesitating, she made up her mind what to do.

The next day, she sought the office of the old lawyer who in days gone by had been friendly with her father. He listened to her plan, and then shook his head.

"Hal is a mighty fine chap, but he's got a stiff proposition making that store go. People have been buying elsewhere, and it's hard to make folks change," he said.

"I love him enough to lose the money gladly," she replied quietly. "All you have to do is to advance it to him and say nothing."

He mused a moment. "I will do it, then. I rather like the idea of being a party to this little love plot and I hope Hal wins out."

"That night Hal was jubilant. "Brown Eyes, what do you think? Old Cressley came in, smoothed his whiskers two or three times, hemmed and hawed, and offered me enough to purchase the store!" he exclaimed. "So it is all fixed—and watch me work! It's a golden chance! And now where are those house plans—let's talk them over!"

She kissed him when she brought them. That was her and his dream—a house of their own; and now, perhaps, it might come true.

He drew her close to him as he sifted the plans in his strong, capable-looking fingers.

"It may never come, Honey, but I've got the habit of dreaming about you and for you, and I like it!"

The store was opened, and to Hal's astonishment and her business mounted the first day. At the end of the week the success of the store was assured. Coming once, perhaps out of mere curiosity, customers came again. He was surprised at his success, but she knew one of the reasons; his cheery, happy personality that radiated an atmosphere inviting to customers and largely absent in the old store that was the nearest competitor.

Then a little shadow gathered on the horizon of her happiness and began to spread. His visits became fewer, and he seemed to be preoccupied and absent-minded. Then the old lawyer, three months later, called her into his office and told her that Hal had asked for an extension of time on the loan although he offered to pay the loan then if he had to.

Mr. Cressley suddenly paused and looked out of the window. "I don't know just what is wrong, for he has been doing a thriving business. He wants the money for something."

"I might as well tell you: a very attractively dressed young woman has been taking him out in her car. There she is now."

Helen went to the window, something cold creeping about her heart. She saw Hal come from the store and drive off with the girl. When she turned from the window, however, she was calm, and while the veteran lawyer looked at her sadly, she quietly directed him to advance Hal all the time he wanted.

It was when she was in the silence of her own room that she surrendered to her fear. He was so attractive—how well she knew! And he had found excuses for not coming to see her.

A motor horn sounded outside. She looked out and saw Hal in his delivery truck. He beckoned, and she went down, to find him excited over something. He drew her into the truck seat beside him.

"I've got to get back to the store—but I must show you something!" he said as the car shot away.

They drove through the streets toward the more open sections. He

stopping and pointed to a little house that smiled down cheerily at them.
"There she is, sweetheart. You see, I know what you wanted, and I had a woman decorator come from the city. It isn't paint for, but believe me, it's going to be. Let's go up for a second! Why—Honey, what's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you up there," she whispered. "But it isn't trouble—it's happiness!"

All That Is Needed in Newspaper Game

A young man asked us our opinion about entering the newspaper field. We answered this wise:

"If he can listen with a smile to tiresome things he's heard oftentimes before; if he can refuse to do what three or four people ask him to do without making them mad; if he can write in a way to make people laugh when he feels like cursing; or in a way to make them weep when he feels like cracking his heels together and laughing out loud; if he can remain silent when he feels like he'll burst wide open if he does not talk; if he can argue without getting mad; or making the other fellow mad; if he can refuse a woman's request for free publication without making all the members of her set mad at the paper; if he can react to the loss of a 'good news' story and catch a better one on the rebound; if he can explain a typographical error without using up more than thirty minutes' time; if he can concentrate and write intelligible copy while three different conversations are going on around him, several typewriters clicking away and the telephone ringing and the subdued hum of the presses in the next room drumming on his ears; if he can explain why Mrs. Jones' poem on 'The Syrian Depth of October Woods' did not appear in the paper without her husband stopping his advertising; if he can take a four-line story and spread it to a half column, or take a two-column story and condense it to two paragraphs; if he can read proofs without overlooking an error and write headlines without murdering the king's English; if he has a nose for news, an itch for writing and an inclination to work fifteen hours a day, then we'd advise him to get into the game."—Milverl Weils index.

Mountain Peaks Old Places of Execution

Those tourists who delight to stand where tragedies were enacted by Indians may do so in the Denver mountain parks.

There is Colorado point, reached after the trip up Lookout mountain, where renegade Utes explained unforgivable crimes by leaping to their death.

The point is 2,000 feet above Clear creek in the canyon of the same name, and legends handed down are that where an Indian had committed any crime against the tribal laws, which was not forgivable, he went to this point and paid the penalty.

Ute laws were immovable. There was no appeal, no postponements in trials and no fines. In certain cases death only was the penalty and the convicted man was his own executioner.

The Indian was not familiar with hanging and other methods of modern suicide. Leaping from a cliff was his means of passing out—and he was always assured of success.

Famous Violins

Opinions differ as to how many valuable old violins are in existence. The famous London experts, the Brothers Hill, some years ago, made an exhaustive search and traced some 500 genuine "Stradivari" violins. One of the leading American experts said "400, about," in answer to an inquiry, and added that of the number 100 were of the first rank. Alberto Bachmann, in "The Encyclopedia of the Violin," says it is calculated that there are about 3,000 in existence; yet if you would assemble the really genuine Stradivari violins today you would only find about 100.

Reducing Means Explained

For no particular reason, the man was inclined to be a bit sarcastic about the woman's recent and sudden increase in weight. He offered loads of advice on the best way to reduce, ending the tiresome oration by saying:

"And I will tell you one of the best ways in the world to get back a supple and girlish figure is by washing."

The woman in question misunderstood and, saucer-eyed, gasped, "Why, Mr. McDonald, I take a bath every day!"

Drum's Long History

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fed from the kernalis side before the drum-beats of St. Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church bell, and it figured frequently and romantically all through our Revolutionary and Civil

Making Love to Mademoiselle
By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

CLARKE BUFFINGTON was doing about forty an hour on the stretch of road which runs from Quebec to Montreal.

"Heck!" he grumbled, guiding the car deftly between a bus and a hayrick. "This is a healthy way of enjoying the scenery—all by one's lonesome in a place where everyone speaks French, and not the sort of French you learned in college either. What I would like—"

On an unexpected curve, the roadster swerved to the soft shoulder, slowed, balanced, then turned over into a bit of meadow three feet lower than the built-up road.

When Clarke woke to a real consciousness of his surroundings, he was lying on a very high, very comfortable bed. On the walls were strange pictures and about the room was an unfamiliar furniture. An old woman in a black dress that reached to the floor stood measuring something out of a bottle into a spoon.

Feebly he recalled what had occurred and stirred slightly.

At once the old woman came over and laid a wrinkled hand on his forehead. "Pauvre garçon!" she murmured. "Pauvre garçon!"

But the following morning when Monsieur le docteur, who could speak broken English, arrived, Clarke was able to get a light on his present situation. He learned that his spill had given him, along with lesser injuries, a fractured thigh. That it had been thought the long ambulance ride to the hospital at Three Rivers would be too much for him.

The doctor surprised Madame Vadnais as a nurse "superbe."

Afterwards, Clarke lay thinking over his plight. Four hundred miles from home in what, to all intents and purposes a foreign country. What should he do? Weakness made him homesick and his eyes filled with tears.

At that moment, the door opened gently. Hastily blinking back the tears, Clarke turned his head, expecting to see Madame Vadnais, the nurse "superbe," who was, his instinct told him, the tall old lady in black. But it was not Madame Vadnais.

The person who had come in was young and slender and beautiful.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle!" said Clarke, wishing he could rise and bow.

She answered him in French and she had to repeat what she said not once but several times before he understood it. He gazed to think that between himself and this enchanting girl, whom he took to be one of Madame Vadnais' several granddaughters, communication must be as tedious and limited as one-way traffic.

In the days that followed, he grew fond of the whole Vadnais family, from the grandmother, who nursed him, down to the several small children. There were two other young girls beside the blue-eyed Marie, but it was Marie whom he came very nearly to worship.

Each day she visited him, and each day he sought to understand her better. Sometimes old Madame Vadnais joined them and all three got considerable fun out of his attempts at the language.

The weeks passed quickly.

It was with mingled feelings that he took his first walk from the small green-shuttered house. It was pleasant to smell the fragrance of cut hay, to look across the narrow strips of fenced fields stretching down to the river, to catch the gold gleam of a church dome towering above the village on the other side, knowing that many miles beyond lay the home to which he would be at last able to return.

But when he thought of Marie, a strange ache troubled him. He knew that he had come to love her. He knew, also, that American men had married French girls and found happiness.

When he saw her coming toward him with a little smile on her face as if she cherished a secret joy, he flung any apprehension he might have felt to the wind.

"Marie," he began, rising somewhat unsteadily to meet her, "you are in the—plus—Oh, hang it, if I could only tell her I love her in good plain English!"

From beneath curling lashes Marie looked up at him oddly. "Why don't you try?" she asked in plain English. Clarke was too dazed to speak. Then, "What—why?" he stammered.

"Marie—"

"Actually, I am Mary Leonard," said the girl. "A native of beautiful old Stockbridge. I roomed with Berthe Vadnais at the convent in Montreal and was visiting her when you had your accident. You took me for one of the family, and it seemed best to leave it that way and have the rest do so. The Vadnais would have felt continually shut out, if they knew we had so much in common.

Central Control for All Factory Windows

Anyone who has got up in the middle of the night to open and close windows would balk on being required to open a mile of windows; but if he were a night watchman in a certain Eastern factory, all he would have to do would be to press a button, and electric motors would open or close all the windows without any further attention on his part.

This factory has a building four stories high and more than 600 feet long, equipped with steel sash windows which open at the top, and an electric motor to turn the shafts upon which the windows are swung. It is so arranged that the windows on any side of any floor can be opened by separate controls, or the windows of the entire factory can be simultaneously closed. This system permits of a very considerable saving of individual labor and at the same time assures a maintenance of adequate ventilation and protection against the weather.—American Mutual Magazine.

Contrary Herd of Deer Haled into U. S. Court

Los Angeles, Calif.—Thirty thousand deer in Kalbar forest in northern Arizona, having outwitted, outrun and generally defeated plans of cowboys to transfer them to new forage preserves, face the mandate of a special United States court.

Each year as snow drives the deer to lower altitudes a forage shortage develops, forcing the animals to eat bark of trees which threatens large stands of valuable timber. Thus far the animals have evaded numerous ingenious schemes to transfer them, including a rodeo which was to end in a drive across the grand canyon to a new preserve.

The case was submitted to a special court of three judges here recently by the government contending the excess deer should be shot, while the state claims existing laws forbid hunters to enter the preserve.

Cancer Attacks Spinners

Among the cotton spinners in England a noticeable prevalence of cancer has been reported. The cause is thought to be due to the prolonged action of mineral oil used in oiling the spindles of the mules, which gets on the men's clothing. Between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five the disease is 90 times greater among the spinners than other persons, and between fifty-five and seventy-five about 100 times more prevalent than among the general population.

Flower Knows Bedtime

You can't fool the magnolia. It knows daylight from artificial light. Some scientists at the Department of Agriculture made an experiment to determine whether the magnolia would remain open all night in a room lighted by electricity. But when natural darkness came the flower closed its petals and went to sleep, notwithstanding the room was flooded with light in the morning the flower opened again.—Exchange.

Powerful Mushroom

One of the queerest things done by any plant is the extraordinary power shown by a common mushroom when it wants to grow up into the open. Tender and spongy, the slightest thing will crush its fragile substance. But this feeble thing can, and sometimes does, lift a paving-stone that happens to impede its movements towards the air and light.

By what remarkable faculty of engineering is this wonder accomplished?

Crops North of '53'

Wheat, oats and similar grain have been found to ripen satisfactorily in that part of Canada north of the fifty-third parallel. Four varieties of wheat have been tried, some ripening in twenty-eight days. The yields varied twenty-three to forty bushels, depending on the variety, and from fifty-four to seventy-three bushels of oats to the acre were obtained, depending also on the variety planted. The experiment is considered important for Canadian development.

The Crickets' Song

The croaking of the crickets seems at the very foundation of all sound. At last I cannot tell it from a ringing in my ears. It is a sound from within, not without. You cannot dispose of it by listening to it. In proportion as I am stilled I hear it. It reminds me that I am a denizen of the earth.—Thoreau.

SYNOPSIS OF ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE
Capital Fire Insurance Company of California

Amount of capital stock paid up \$100,000.00

Income:
Net premiums received during the year NA
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year \$18,727.88
Income from other sources received during the year 161,922.13
Total income \$180,650.01

Disbursements:
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses NA
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year NA
Commissions and salaries paid during the year 470.60
Taxes, licenses and fees paid NA
Amount of all other expenditures 11,750.75
Total expenditures 11,750.75

Assets:
Value of real estate owned (market value) \$0,906.76
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value) 317,734.75
Loans on mortgages and real estate 77,022.29
Cash in banks and on hand 84,522.22
Premiums in course of collection 30,102.50
Interest and rents due and accrued 2,376.87
Total admitted assets 513,615.39

Liabilities:
Gross claims for losses unpaid NA
Amount of guaranteed policies on all outstanding risks NA
Due for commissions and brokerage NA
All other liabilities 2,350.00
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock \$2,350.00

Business in Oregon for the Year:
Net premiums received during the year NA
Losses paid during the year NA
Losses levied during the year NA

CAPITAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
H. B. BURKE, President.
F. J. PERLEY, Secretary.
Statutory resident attorney for service: G. D. GABRIELSON, Salem.

As Bad as That!



W. C. BRYANT
Attorney-at-Law

Office Phone Main 93
Moro Oregon

Dr J. R. Morgan
DENTIST

United States Dental Examiner for this district.
Office at MORO, OREGON

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Physician and Surgeon

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THE DALLES, OREGON
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Phone No. Hospital 487

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JAMES STEWART
SHERMAN COUNTY STOCK AND BRAND INSPECTOR

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