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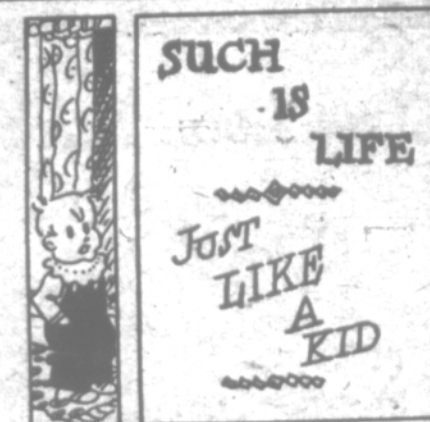
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LADIES OF TALENT TAKING UP AVIATION

French Novelist and Musician Win Licenses.

Paris.—Novelists and musicians are seeking inspiration in the skies. Among the latest women to be awarded pilot licenses in France are two women whose reputations were first achieved in literature and music. Frenchmen believe that if a woman can fly the Atlantic ocean, that woman is Mme. Louise Faure-Favier, who is as well known for her books as she is for her flying. She holds the world's altitude record for women flyers with a 6,500-meter distance. Many of her novels have plots of air and aviation. Her latest novel is concerned with the conflict between the black and white races.

Mme. Faure-Favier flew the English channel in 1919, the first woman to accomplish this feat. She was also first of her sex to fly the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algiers, which she did in 1923.

France conferred the Legion of Honor upon her for her literary accomplishments as well as her daring air feats. She has a gold medal of the French Aviation club.

Bolivian Woman Sensation.
A South American musician, writer and lecturer, Senorita Amalia de La Tapia, has astonished veteran French air men by her skill in passing pilot's tests in Paris.

Senorita Amalia, who comes from Bolivia, is still in her early twenties, but she handles a plane with daring and skill, although she believes that flying is not a woman's game, as a rule.

"Flying takes too much sacrifice and cool-headedness to be a suitable profession for women," she explained. "There are many other careers more suited to them and in which they can be more useful than men."

The Bolivian girl first took to the air in Peru, and since then, she says, her one idea has been to become a pilot. When her family opposed her she went to the United States, where she secretly began to learn to fly. She finished her work in France and last spring was breveted pilot.

Can't Get Jobs.
But women are out of luck as aviators in France. They have the legal and moral right to fly, but none of the airplane companies will employ them.

The decision of the international commission of aerial navigation, recently authorizing women to pilot commercial and passenger airplanes, opened the gates to airfields. But the men who own the air services in France say they have no intention of employing them as air pilots.

All the principal French companies have said: "No women." Some of them admit that the rigid physical examination required of pilots would protect the public, but air work is a man's job, they say.

Future perfection of airplane mechanics and science, some suggest, may change their attitude. Although Senorita de La Tapia therefore has no hope of practicing her profession as a commercial pilot in France, she may, however, take up piloting in Bolivia where the government, she says, is interested in developing air communications despite the difficulties imposed by high altitudes.

**British Slave Owners
Are Cleared by Court**
London.—A judgment by which the Supreme court of Sierra Leone, British protectorate in Africa, quashed the conviction of slave ownership on charges of assault and conspiracy in connection with slave owning, has brought to the attention of the British public the fact that slavery still exists within the empire.

In quashing the conviction the court declared that the law had always intended that slave holding in the protectorate should die out. The Sierra Leone protectorate, adjoining Liberia, was proclaimed in 1806, at which time slavery was an established custom there. Official action since then has inclined toward the elimination of slavery. Last year it was decreed that children of slaves should be free and that slaves would become free upon their master's death.

The Manchester Guardian, commenting editorially on the matter, says that the court's decision will give new prestige and power to slavery as an institution.

"The League of Nations is engaged in suppressing slavery," the editorial says. "With what face could we take our share in that task if we have on our conscience such a crime against freedom as this?"

Famous Whiskers
Probably the most noted of all whiskers, past and present, were those of the great Chinese philosopher Confucius. It was popularly believed that possession of a hair from his face would impart great wisdom to the holder. So eagerly were his whiskers sought after that it became necessary to pass a law forbidding the plucking, removing or transportation of his whiskers. The history of whiskers and beard reveals that men have worn them to look intellectual, that the weak wore them to look strong, that the old wore them to look young, that the homely wore them to look handsome, and that cowards wore them to look brave.—Pathfinder Magazine.



Feeling Was Mutual Between These Men

The hall resounded to the gentle and regular shuffle of dancing shoes upon the polished floor.

Seated in a shaded corner were two men. See that tall woman with the sharp nose? asked the first man. His companion nodded. "Well," continued the other, "I've been looking at her for some time, and she's a cat. The very last woman I'd marry."

The other man gazed at him in admiration. "Shake!" he said at length. "We are in perfect sympathy with each other. That woman is actually the last woman I married."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Call It Wash Bear

What animal washes its food? The racoon, which is popularly called simply coon, washes or soaks its food before eating. It holds the food in its fore paws and shakes it in water. These animals usually live near a stream and much of their food consists of frogs, crawfish, stranded fish and similar creatures captured in shallow water. No doubt the coon acquired the habit of washing its food from the necessity of rinsing the mud and sand from its aquatic prey. This instinct is so strong that the animal will usually go through the motions of washing its food even when no water is accessible. Because of this habit the Germans call the coon "waschbaer," which means "wash bear."

Bad News
Jenkins married, and in due course his wife presented him with a son and heir. His friends flocked round to tender their congratulations and, incidentally, smoke Bill's cigars.

Jones was on his way to the house when he met Brown returning. "Where are you going?" asked the latter. "Oh, I'm just going round to see Bill and wish him luck with that youngster of his."

"Then you're too late."

"What? Surely it hasn't died?"

"No, the youngster's all right, but the cigar box is empty."

Tchekov's Comfort

Tchekov, the famous Russian writer, has been called "the most generous of admirers and the most helpful of critics." In the fact that not all men of talent can hope to be geniuses he saw nothing to discourage the man of lesser power. His close friend Bunin quotes Tchekov as saying:

"There are big dogs and little dogs, but the little dog should not be discouraged by the existence of the big dogs. All must bark—and bark with the voice God gave them."

Bacteria's Good Work
Science is coming to the aid of farmers by doing a job for him formerly done by a kind of bacteria. The job is to take the nitrogen out of the air and turn it into a nitrogen compound which can be used as fertilizer. The bacteria do a better job than that. They put it right on the roots of the plant and don't charge a cent, says Capper's Weekly.

Famous Thoroughfare
The Bowery, famous New York street, begins at Chatham square and runs to Cooper square parallel to Broadway. It was long notorious for the resorts located along its length, but its character has undergone improvement. It is still characterized by the heterogeneity of its population and a multitude of cheap shops and boutiques.

Immortal Words
Thomas Paine, who professed to believe men had no souls, was the author of the expression, "These are times that try men's souls." During the Revolution, soon after the British capture of Philadelphia, and when the cause of independence was shrouded in gloom, he wrote the line in "The American Crisis."

The Egotist
I have been denied a certain joy many know. There are persons who regard themselves as perfect, and find pleasure in the habit; in criticism of those not equally blessed with conceit.

I have often wondered what the attitude of the really great is toward themselves. Was Michelangelo satisfied with himself? Or did his constant hard work indicate he was unable to do his best? If this was the case, what a wonder is the palpably inferior man who, contemplating himself, falls on his knees in worship.—E. W. Howe's Weekly.

Million Stars in Cluster
Astronomers count the great cluster of Hercules as one of the most interesting of globular systems. It appears to the naked eye as a small star, but under the heavy glasses is found to contain no fewer than 85,000 stars and they can be photographed today with the improved aids for star study.

and astronomers claim that it is so densely packed that Hercules, the naked eye star of the sixth magnitude, may have at least a million stars in the cluster, all seating their rays forth together.



Emergency Jim

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

JIM went down to the station to see the two girls off—his sister, Constance and her chum Marge—on their adventurous expedition to the big city, armed with two exquisitely engraved diplomas of the local business college and unlimited expectations.

Jim was gloomy and took no pains to conceal the fact. Dutifully he kissed his sister, then Marge's little gloved hand. "Remember," he said solemnly, "when the fifth avenue high hats are chasing you, I'm still thinking about you back here holding down my little old job in Perkins' hardware store. If you want me in an emergency—well, I'll be waiting."

This was merely an attempt to convey to her as well as a man could in the presence of his sister, that he was here to the death.

And now they had been here six months, rooming together in a tiny apartment opening on an airshaft where air was without anything particularly fresh about it and sunlight was to be had only by going out after it.

Through employment agencies, each had landed a small position—and a fact which seemed more important to each than the job—both had acquired an esquire of sorts.

This had come about through a former acquaintance of Constance's in the business college, one George Perkins who, hearing from the folks back home that Constance was in New York, had got her address through them and hunted her up.

The second time he came he brought with him a friend, a smartly dressed, personable boy who looked, Constance said afterward, just like his name which was Mortimer Peyster. Marge was smitten of once and by the third meeting was convinced not only that she was in love with him but that, properly encouraged, he would return her sentiments.

But first there was that little matter of "proper encouragement," for as the days passed, the young man in question, although friendly and always willing to make a fourth at their good times, failed to hint at any desire for an engagement, such as a wedding.

Yet it was Mortimer himself who let fall the word which might have proved Marge's undoing.

"I sure miss good home cooking," he remarked one night. "These sandwiches are the berries."

The next time he came Marge had made not only more sandwiches but a chocolate cake, one of those luscious, three decker affairs with a generous topping of frosting. Mortimer sampled it freely while Marge watched him gleefully.

When he had gone, she made a brave proposal to Constance. "Let's invite the boys to Sunday dinner," she suggested eagerly. "I'm willing to do every bit of the cooking."

Constance was doubtful. "On a two burner gas plate?"

"On one, if necessary," retorted Marge. "Plank steak and all the fixings."

So it was settled and the two young men were duly invited over the telephone.

Now it is no small matter to get up a large-scale meal in a small-sized apartment out of a very slender food budget. In fact, it was only by considerable planning, scrimping and self-denial that the thing was managed at all and, by the time the Sunday selected for the affair had arrived, Marge was beginning to wonder if even winning the handsome Mortimer was worth the effort expended.

The meal, as a meal, was a tremendous success from start to finish. The steak was done to a turn and not a shade beyond; the vegetables were tender and decorated with art; the dessert, made earlier in the day, was coldly delicious. If Mortimer was less lively than usual, Marge was too concerned with her serving to notice.

Her moment was to come when, replete with the good things she had given him, Mortimer should expand and perhaps suggest that she cook for him the rest of his days. For Marge imagined that that was what she desired above all else.

Came the moment. Constance, in stating that Marge had done her share of labor, was soothly going the dishes in the kitchen with George. Marge and Mort had the tiny sitting-room to themselves.

"I've got something to tell you," said Mortimer suddenly.

"Yes?" encouraged Marge, her heart skipping a beat or two.

"I'm going back home to my father's office," he said. "All this"—he signified his surroundings with a wave of his hand—"and your dandy meals and all have made me—well—sort of hanker for a place of my own."

There's a little girl upstairs there I used to know that you remind me of. I'm going back to her and I wanted to be the first to know."

Two days later, Jim Brynton entered Perkins' hardware store with an expansive grin on his face. In his pocket was a night letter from the girl he had loved since kindergarten days and he said the words he most wanted to hear.

Dear Jim: "There was a man—I thought I wanted to propose to him when he didn't love me. I was glad after all and it must have been because I love you only if you in an emergency or something to show me, and do you still feel the same?" "MARGE"



German Planes So Few Aces Had to Double Up

So scantily equipped were the German air forces at the beginning of the World war that even such notable aces as Baron Manfred von Richtshofen were forced to take turns at flying the few available one-seater planes, points out Floyd Gibbons, the noted war correspondent, in an article in Liberty. After much preliminary flying in two-seaters, which the author explains, von Richtshofen thoroughly disliked, he was finally assigned to a single-seater Fokker.

"But air equipment was not plentiful," the writer continues, "and he had to share the new machine with a fellow pilot, who was equally ambitious to get away from the two-seaters and cruise as an individual flying unit. The joint ownership of the new plane was unsatisfactory to both Richtshofen and his comrade. Each feared that the other one would smash the plane. One flew it in the morning and the other flew it in the afternoon."

"Richtshofen made his first trip without encountering an enemy plane. His comrade flew it that afternoon and was the last Richtshofen ever saw of it. But he became the sole owner of the next single-seater issued to the squadron."

The Usual Sequence

A primary teacher had been trying to teach little Bertha to say "ate" instead of "et." She resolved to give it her personal attention. "So when she arrived at school one morning the teacher asked her: "What did you do after you washed your face this morning, Bertha?" thinking she would say "I ate my breakfast."

But she received this very natural reply: "I dried it."

Funeral Fallacies

One fallacy which has not been dispelled is the belief that the carrying of a corpse over a public path establishes a "right of way." Quite recently it was reported that, at a funeral at Liffey, the coffin was taken across the Thames on a raft to avoid crossing the lock gates, which are private property, and thereby making them public for all time.—London Tit-Bits.

Odd Mixture of Waters

A strange, three-layer arrangement of water has been revealed by recent hydrographic investigation of the Feroe-Shetland channel, north of Scotland. The layers are so distributed that a swimmer in the channel could take his choice of swimming in Atlantic ocean water at the surface or diving into the Norwegian sea which flows at the bottom, while between top and bottom he could enjoy a mixture of the two kinds of water.

At the Liffey, the coffin was taken across the Thames on a raft to avoid crossing the lock gates, which are private property, and thereby making them public for all time.—London Tit-Bits.

Bees on Rampage
A woman in the village of Marbury, Cheshire, England, had three hives of bees, and all went mad recently and attacked her, stinging her severely about the head, limbs and body, and then, turning to the poultry run, they stung to death eight hens and a cockerel.

They then passed on to an adjacent field where they attacked harvesters, causing them to leave their tools in the field in their flight. When evening came on, the entire colony was destroyed to prevent further serious trouble.

It was a big subject on which Dr. W. A. Bartles, national representative of the Near East Relief, spoke in Lowell, Mass., the other day, when he discussed "International Good Will." And it was an appealing message that he brought to his hearers, when he declared that 100,000 graduates of the Near East orphanages are changing the whole character of the parts of Europe and Asia where they live. "I could fill pages with accounts of international blessings already seen in the influence of these young people graduated or still in our care," he said.

Motor Toll in 8 Years Exceeds U. S. War Dead

Washington.—More people have been killed by automobiles in the United States during the last eight years than the American soldier dead in the World war, according to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

From January 1, 1919, to December 31, 1926, 137,017 persons were killed by automobiles, while the total casualties of the war in the American armed forces was 120,000. The injured in automobile accidents, however, was 3,500,000 since the war.

Twenty-six per cent of the killed and injured were children under fifteen. Last year it was estimated 23,000 persons were killed, an increase of 1,000 over 1925 and the largest death toll ever recorded by automobiles for a year.

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Ocean Not Level

Another popular belief has been shattered, says Popular Science Monthly, by the report from Washington, D. C., that after all, the sea isn't level at all, but is a "gently sloping hill!" H. G. Avers, of the coast and geodetic survey, made this announcement after extensive experimenting.

The mean sea level at Bixby, Miss., he says, is two centimeters below that at Galveston, Texas. Even more surprising is his report that the mean sea level at St. Augustine, Fla., was found to be 24 centimeters below that at Galveston, and 31 centimeters below that at Portland, Maine.

More Cord Needed

Soph.—What's the piece of cord tied around your finger for? Frosh.—Professor Armstrong put it there to remind me to study my English for tomorrow.

"And did you study it?" "No; he forgot to assign a lesson."

Oh, George!

Grace (dreamily)—Oh, George; remember, it was just such a night as this that we met!

George (married to her)—Yes, not ten nights, wasn't it?—Wallace Farmer.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County. M. Liberty, Plaintiff, vs. Quincy E. Gwynne, and Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, Administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated October 13th, 1927, upon the judgment and decree rendered October 10th, 1927, and entered in the said Court on October 11th, 1927, in favor of M. Liberty, plaintiff, and against Quincy E. Gwynne, Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, for the sum of \$3,000.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from August 20, 1920, and the further sum of \$7,800.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from November 1, 1921, and the further sum of \$246.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from November 1, 1921; and the further sum of \$518.57, with interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from July 25, 1927, and the further sum of \$848.64, with interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from August 11, 1927, and the further sum of \$750.00 attorney's fee, together with plaintiff's costs taxed at \$29.00, and the cost of and upon this writ commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, to wit:

The West half of East half of Section Twenty-four (24); East half of Southwest quarter of Section Twenty-five (25); Southeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26); Township Two (2) North of Range Eighteen (18) East of Willamette Meridian; also East half of Southwest quarter, Southeast quarter of Northwest quarter and Lots Two (2) Three (3) and Four (4) of Section Thirty (30), Township Two (2) North, Range Nineteen (19) East, of Willamette Meridian, in all 1095.24 acres of land, in Sherman County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on November 12th, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the County Court House in Sherman County, Oregon, sell at public auction (subject to redemption) to the highest bidder for cash in hand and all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants, or either of them had on February 20, 1919, the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed or since that date had in or to the above described property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment, order and decree, interest, costs and accruing costs.

Dated October 12, 1927.

HUGH CHRISMAN
Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon
First publication October 14, 1927
Last publication Nov. 11, 1927.

Origin of "Blimp"

The origin of the word "blimp" is unknown. Some authorities believe it is a "telescope" word formed from "b" in "balloon" and "limp." "Blimp" is generally applied to a nonrigid, lighter than air, dirigible balloon.



W. C. BRYANT

Attorney-at-Law

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