

Auction FARM

At the Carroll Sayrs Farm Three Miles From Moro
on the Frank Sayrs Home Place

SATURDAY JUNE 23, 1928

Sale Begins 10 a. m. Free Lunch at Noon

34 Horses and Colts

All Horses are Well Broken, Blocky Built, Ready to Work
and Good Value. Am changing to Tractor Power.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Span Geldings, age 6 and 8, weight 3400. | 18 set Harness and Collars. |
| Span Geldings, age 5 each, weight 3350. | Two 3 1/4-inch Wagons with Wheat |
| Span Mares with Colts, age 8, weight 3150. | Racks. |
| Span Geldings, age 7, weight 3000. | One Feed Roller. |
| Span Geldings, age 10, weight 3000. | One Cheney Rod Weeder. |
| Span Mares, age 3 and 4, weight 2700. | One Tomlin Rod Weeder. |
| Five head 3-year old Horses and Mares, weights 1300 to 1450. | One 20-foot Iron Harrow. |
| Five head 4-year old Horses and Mares, weights 1300 to 1500. | Two 12-horse Hitches. |
| One mare, 6 years, weight 1850. | One 9-horse Hitch. |
| One horse, 7 years, weight 1100. | One 8-horse Hitch. |
| One horse, 8 years, weight 1650. | Double Trees, Etc. |
| One horse, 11 years, weight 1450. | |
| One mare, 8 years, weight 1400. | |
| One mare, 9 years, weight 1250. | |
| One mare, 13 years, weight 1400. | |
| One gelding, 15 years, weight 1400. | |
| One saddle mule, gentle. | |
| One colt, 2 years old. | |
| One colt, 1 year old. | |

TERMS:— All sums \$20 or under to be cash; all sums over \$20 five per cent discount for cash, or approved note taken at 8 per cent interest payable October 1, 1928, with no interest charged if paid on or before August 15, 1928.

G. R. GOCHNOUR, Auctioneer.

J. C. McKEAN, Clerk.

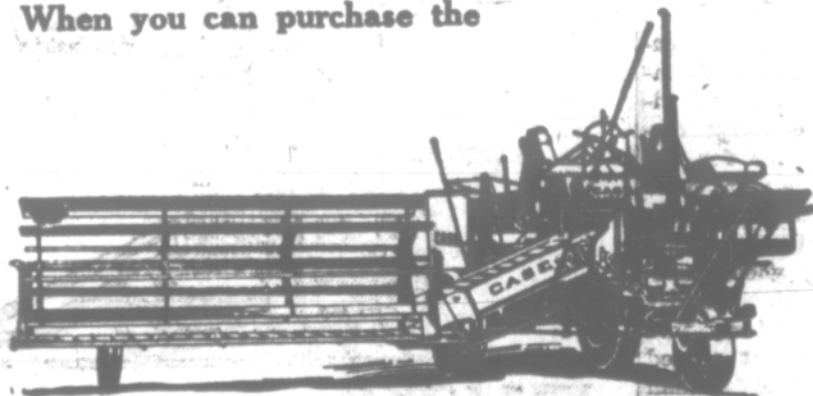
CARROLL SAYRS and E. R. BARZEE, Owners.

Farmers of Sherman County!

The Best Prospects for the Largest Wheat Crop in the History of Sherman County is almost assured. Prices for this large crop of wheat, at the present time, is the highest it has been for several years.

**WHY TAKE CHANCES IN LOOSING ANY PART
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Dealers for Case Combine Harvesters

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Winners of Sigma Delta Chi Scholarship Award



Ruth Newton, Malcolm Epley, Claudia Fletcher, and Pauline Stewart, winners of the Sigma Delta Chi scholarship award. These students represented the highest ten per cent of the senior class in the school of Journalism at the University of Oregon. Only 67 awards were made in the United States this year, of which eight were on the Pacific Coast.

Come Rain or Shine

B. DUFORD JENNE

"Now look here, youngster, do you know anything about this chap who seems to interest you so much?" Mr. Lane asked, his heavy brows setting.

"His daughter smiled. 'I know I like him. Isn't that enough?' she queried.

"A woman's intuition, Ruth, is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. You don't know what he does for a living by your own confession, and I heard you say that you can't get track of him during the daytime."

"The point is, father," she said, "I like him. I met him at the Art school. I like his ways—and he seems to like mine. He probably has some reason for not telling me where he lives, and for keeping under cover during the day. I'll ask him, some time—although I trust him enough never to ask him."

"Well, prove it—bring him here to dinner tomorrow night. And I'll bet you the string of pearls you wanted that he won't."

"I'll take you."

Ruth was not so sure of the situation, and when she met him that night at a little hidden restaurant where he seemed to prefer to meet her, he hesitated at her request.

"His eyes were troubled and a bit weary. 'Honestly, Ruth, I don't know. I am—' He paused.

"You aren't afraid of my dad, are you?"

A little light flickered in his gray eyes. "No, but it might be embarrassing—"

Again he paused. She put a small hand over his lean, bony cheek. "Dick, you know I am learning to think things up, and in the way of things you must let father meet you; and besides, I must win that string of pearls."

She told him about the wager.

He laughed. "Come rain or shine! I'm with you!"

So it came about the next evening that Ruth greeted the tall young man whose eyes were tender upon her as he saw her. She led him into the library where her father rose to meet him. Her father's glance was searching.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Lane."

"Like fun," Ruth said to herself.

"But you're going to be."

The two men talked easily together, but Ruth could see that her father was puzzled—the attitude of a man who seems to be trying to place a face in his memory.

Ruth left the men talking and slipped out to check the dinner arrangements. Finding them all right, she called them into the dining-room.

"Go in, you young people, I'll be right along," he father said.

As she and Dick seated themselves, she heard her father going to his study, and she wondered what was up. But he returned shortly, and the dinner went along famously.

Then came the shock about fifteen minutes later. Suddenly, three men appeared at the three entrances to the dining room.

Her father rose, his face grim. "Mr. Lane, alias Mr. Van Halder, I believe we have you—"

"Father, what do you mean?" Ruth demanded, her heart pounding.

"Your friend," he said coldly, "had reason to keep out of sight. He is

Reider, the embassier. I thought I recognized his face!"

"It isn't true! I know it isn't!" Ruth cried, trembling.

"No, it isn't Ruth," her lover said, a new, odd note of authority in his voice. "I am a mere hard-working student in an architect's office—and I'm trying to keep busy at it. As luck will have it, I resemble this confounded Reider. I have been nabbed twice because I do; so I have been keeping out of sight and praying that they would catch the son-of-a-gun, and give me a chance to go out without being picked up. Call either Blaine or Armstrong, the architects, and they will tell you who I am. It's no longer a joke, believe me."

The oldest of the three men had come to the table. He picked up one of Lane's hands. "Pardon me, sir, I know a mistake has been made before, but I am from another precinct. May I see your palm?"

He looked at it and turned to her father. "This is not Mr. Reider. You were evidently mistaken, sir." He beckoned to the other two men, and they went out trying to hide their smiles.

"Dad, you are darned clever," Ruth said, imitating her father's grim tone. "And you're going to pay more than a string of beads for it, too. You are going to give us that house on the avenue when we are married."

Her father lifted his hands. "I'm licked—and I'm sorry," he said hastily. "I'll make up for it."

"It's all right as far as I am concerned, sir," Dick said, smiling. "You were doing the right thing, and would have had me if I had been Reider."

Her father gave him a look of gratitude, and Ruth, noting it and knowing him, knew that the sun had come and the rain had gone.

American "Rash" Only Result of Evolution

Many Americans think that other Americans are hurrying pell-mell and getting nowhere. They wish their countrymen would stop stepping on the gas and enjoy the scenery. And even though they drive slowly themselves they complain that the view is spoiled by a billboard.

But they overlook a number of things. America isn't composed of one kind of civilization. You can take your pick. If a billboard spoils your view, you can read a book until your train goes out where they are few and far between. Or, if you are motorizing, you can think serene thoughts until the road turns. If you hate to mingle with the cutting-up trade at the rush hour, you can buy an abandoned farm and spend your life before an open fire. The rural delivery will pass your door to carry your manuscripts to market and bring back the checks.

The conditions of modern American life have simply evolved. They have their roots far back in the motives that brought the early settlers to this country, in the European environment from which they were escaping, and in the obstacles that confronted them.

—Roy S. Durrstine in the Forum.

Cetacean's Odd Habit

It is a matter of common report that a certain cetacean, probably a grampus, lived for years in Pelorus sound, New Zealand, and had the habit of accompanying vessels through the sound. This animal was so regular in its appearance and so well known that it had received the name of "Palorus Jack." There seems to be no doubt as to the existence of this animal, and of the fact that it was recognized by the New Zealand government. It appears to have been a large porpoise, or grampus, and was certainly not a fish.

JOLLY JINGLES



ONCE A NEWLY WEDDED COUNTRY PIONEER



BUT HE SOON FOUND OUT THAT — WAS THE KIND OF A "CAT" —

By Graham Hunter



FOUND A CAT, SO HE THOUGHT, IN HIS CELLAR



THAT IS CERTAINLY HARD ON ONE'S SPELLER

Dr. W. N. Morse
Physician and Surgeon

THE DALLES, OREGON
Office at Mid-Columbia Hospital
Phone No. Hospital 841

DR. C. L. POLEY
Physician and Surgeon

Grass Valley, Oregon

People can reach me from Moro at night from the long distance booth at Hotel Moro by ringing The Dalles.

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Dr. J. R. Morgan
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Edward C. Holt

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