

# Moorhead Daily News

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### THE CONTRACTOR RACKET.

One of the wholesome things which it appears will come out of the rural credit case is the giving of publicity to an alleged practice of that department. Three contractors who did farm construction jobs for the bureau under the administration of Mr. Flowers have signed affidavits to the effect that they hired employees, paid them at a certain rate, and then collected from the bureau wage claims of 5 cents per hour higher than the wages actually paid. It is claimed that this practice has not been confined to the rural credits bureau but is one common to those departments engaged in constructing public works.

In view of the various programs of public works, which are being sponsored by the state of Minnesota in an effort to alleviate unemployment, it is a rather serious matter to suppose that which is planned for laborers goes into the pockets of contractors, by this method of graft. The people of Minnesota expect to pay contractors a fair price for the service which they perform. But they are unreasonably against any practice which would allow contractors to secure, in addition to their regular remuneration, a slice of that which is planned for workers.

Where this particular racket can be practiced to best advantage is under an arrangement to give a contractor a certain per cent of the cost of constructing a given public work, the state agreeing to pay for labor and material. In place of paying the contractor the actual amount which he has had to pay for labor, the state pays a certain price for common labor, assistant mechanics, skilled mechanics, etc. This provides the possibility for a spread between what the state allows for the labor and what the contractor actually pays for it.

The revelation of this racket, through investigations of C. E. Gaarstrom, now head of the rural credits bureau, will no doubt go a long way toward stopping it on all state work. But the ordinary layman would presume that the proper procedure would also be prosecution and suitable penitentiary sentences for any contractors found guilty.

Philip Snowden digs out of the trap, just imagine what he could do in this country if he ever got in.

### INDIFFERENT TO CRIME.

The prevention and detection of crime, declares an American public, are based on "inventions of the Middle Ages" which are criminal, products of the twelfth century, and are of every modern method available. "Why don't we take the problem of crime prevention, detection and punishment, and end it once and for all?" Part of the answer is contained in some further remarks of the judge. "The crime situation in the United States," he says, "is a natural part of our daily life. Although we may personally wish to indulge, many of us have come to the point where we recognize certain lesser evils as an ordinary course of events and as practically inevitable for us."

It is a state of mind is hard to understand. We are in it, committing small crimes and are in no condition to think straight and do anything of the nature of serious crimes.

A snake charmer was the way to get along with a snake is to let him. A friend reports that he tried this and the snake bit him.

### CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Children's teeth are in bad shape, according to Alfred Walker, president of the Dental Society of New York. He says, "We find many mouths below the level of satisfactory restoration." The state commissioner of health reports 95 per cent of grade school children have teeth of those below the grades with certain defects.

The teeth of this generation seem to be worse than those of any other generation. And the worst of them are the teeth of native Americans.

Mostly lack of proper food, and the fact that it is so important, but food is more so. Food is a necessary vitamin which promote physical vigor. It is a fact that it is given in such form that it is not only a pleasure, but it gives the teeth proper support. The reason for this is that the teeth are not given proper care. They eat more and more.

### UNLUCKY KIDS.

After 28 years at a work of a kind of a teaching career with some difficulty, a teacher has taken charge of an eighth grade class. The teacher has given out the former class members' names to the new teachers successfully and has been successful in getting high school pupils who were in the class. Some years later the teacher and the pupils who were in the class, they talked about those who were in the class with the school, she decided to get a list of the names of the pupils. One of the names was that of a girl, and her name was that of a girl who was in the class.

The court has found the girl guilty of the crime of murder. When she was recognized as a girl, her exceptional ability they cease to be.

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### TOONERVILLE FOLKS

By Fontaine Fox

HAROLD WORTLE IS TO BE A HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT ORATOR.



Fontaine Fox, 1931

### In Moorhead

Piquant Local Happenings Taken From Moorhead Daily News.

Issue of May 18, 1891

A. J. Wright has placed in the bay window of his residence a large pane of French plate glass. Its effect is beautiful with its background of blooming flowers.

Don't go away from home to buy wall paper. You can get any wall paper you want at McNab's drug store and he will send you a complete paper hanger to do the work.

The story of the 17th of May, the Norwegian Independence Day, is told by a young lady student on page three. Read it.

Issue of May 18, 1901

The man across the hat—the hat across the man—if it is a Lamp-keeper.

Underwear bargains at the Hub Saturday. Everything is a bargain.

J. L. Lund has opened an employment office in connection with his restaurant on the east side of Fourth street near Main. You are invited to leave orders for help at the restaurant or phone 687.

Issue of May 18, 1911

Advertisement: We do dry cleaning; furs stored and insured during the summer; Gaspari Fur company, Moorhead, Minn., phone 1140.

The booming of the cannon upon the Concordia campus yesterday morning ushered in the celebration of Norway's Independence Day. The program as carried in the News last night was carried out and the day was properly observed.

Two short change artists tried to work the town this morning, but failed to turn the trick. Fearing arrest, they betook themselves across the river and disappeared from public view.

Air Raid On New York Friday Is Postponed

Washington, May 18 (UP)—There will be no night air raid by any planes on New York City Friday, the war department announced yesterday.

The original plans for the elaborate air maneuvers called for two demonstrations over the metropolis—a night attack Friday at 11 p. m. and a day flight Saturday. The Saturday demonstration will take place as scheduled.

May 18, 1825

Order Limiting Time To File Claims Within Three Months, and For Hearing Thereon.

Estate of Otto Lillbrook deceased, State of Minnesota, County of Clay. In Probate Court. In the matter of the estate of Otto Lillbrook, decedent. Letters testamentary this day having been granted to Anna Louise Holmberg, and it appearing by the affidavit of said representative that there are no debts of said decedent. It is ordered that the time within which all creditors of the above named decedent may present claims against his estate in this court be, and the same hereby is, limited to three months from and after the date hereof; and that on Monday, the 10th day of August, 1931, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the Probate Court rooms at the court house at City of Moorhead, in said county, be, and the same hereby is fixed and appointed as the time and place for the hearing of the claims and adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.

Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in Moorhead Daily News, as provided by law. Dated May 2nd, 1931. P. F. FOUNTAIN, Judge of Probate. C. G. DOSLAND, Attorney for Representative, Moorhead, Minnesota.

### CIMARRON

By EDNA FERBER

CHAPTER 37.

Mrs. Big Elk nodded her greeting. She was a woman younger, perhaps, by thirty years than her aged husband, his third wife. She spoke English; had even attended an Indian mission school in her girlhood. But through carelessness or indifference she used the broken, slovenly English of the unlettered Indian.

Now the two relapsed into impassive silence. "What do they want? Ask them what they want." Yancey spoke a few words in Osage. Big Elk replied with a monosyllable. "What did he say? What is it?" "I asked them to eat dinner with us. He says he cannot."

"I should hope not. Tell her to speak English. She speaks English." Big Elk turned his great head, slowly, as though it moved on a mechanical pivot. He stared at his fat, round-faced wife. He uttered a brief command in his own tongue. The squaw smiled a little strange, embarrassed smile, like a schoolgirl it was less a smile than a contortion of the face, so rare in her race as to be more frightening than a scowl.

"Big Elk and me come take you back to Wazhazhe." "What for?" cried Sabra, sharply. "Four o'clock big dinner, big dance. Your son want um come tell you, but um know he marry Ruby this morning."

She was silent again, smiling her foolish fixed smile. "Look at me!" Sabra commanded. In the voice of Felice Venable. The boy raised his eyes. She looked at him, her face stony. Ruby Big Elk came toward her with the leisurely, unobtrusive, scuffling step. The two women gazed at each other; rather, their looks clashed, like swords held high. They did not shake hands.

There were races, there were prizes, there was dancing. In the old Indian days the bucks had raced on foot for a prize that was a pony tethered at a distance and won by the fleetest to reach him, mount, and ride him back to the starting point. Today the prize was a magnificent motor car that stood idling in the open field half a mile away. Sabra thought, I am doing it. I am doing it. And Donna, this squaw is her sister-in-law. Miss Dignum's on the Hudson.

Ruby's handsome head right had bought the young couple the house just across the road from Big Elk's—a one-story red brick bungalow, substantial, ugly. They showed Sabra and Yancey through it. It was furnished complete. Monzrel Spanish furniture in the living room—red plush, fringe, brass ball heads as big as twenty-dollar gold pieces. An upright piano. An oak dining room set. A fine bathroom with heavy rich bath towels neatly hung on the racks. A shining stained oak bedroom set with a rose-colored taffeta spread. Sabra felt a wave of nausea. Cim's face was smiling, radiant. Yancey was joking and laughing with the Indian. In the kitchen a white girl in a cincham dress and a kitchen apron. The girl's hair was so light a yellow as to appear almost white. Her unintelligent eyes were palest blue. Her skin was so fair as to be quite colorless. In the midst of the cheerful of dark Indian faces the white face of the new Swam hired girl seemed to swim in a hazy blue before Sabra's eyes. But she held on. She felt Ruby's scornful dark eyes on her. Sabra had a feeling as though she had been disemboweled and now was a hollow thing, an empty shell that moved and walked and talked and dined. White servants and negro servants to wait on them. A long table seating a score or more, and many such tables. Bowls and

and numerous friends of the young... Sabra climbed heavily into the car and sat staring at the broad back of the car ahead of her. Chief Big Elk and his wife came out presently, unreal, bizarre in the brilliant noonday Oklahoma sunshine, ushered by Yancey. He was being charming. They heaved their ponderous bulk into the big car. Yancey got in beside Sabra. She spoke to him once only. "I think you are glad." "This is Oklahoma. In a way it's what I wanted it to be when I came here twenty years ago. Cim's like your father, Lewis Venable. Weak stuff, but good stock. Ruby's pure Indian blood and a magnificent animal. It's hard on you now, my darling. But their children and their grandchildren are going to be such stuff as Americans are made of. You'll see." "I hope I shall die before that day." The shabby little middle-class car followed the one whirling ahead of them, scuffling step. The two women, eating the dust of the big car just ahead. She went through it and stood it, miraculously, until one grotesquerie proved too much for her strained nerves and broke them. But she went into the main house, and saw Cim sitting beside the Indian woman, and as she looked at his beautiful weak face she thought, I wish that I had never found him that day when he was lost on the prairie long ago. He came toward her head lowered with that familiar look, his fine eyes hidden by the lids. "Look at me!" Sabra commanded. In the voice of Felice Venable. The boy raised his eyes. She looked at him, her face stony. Ruby Big Elk came toward her with the leisurely, unobtrusive, scuffling step. The two women gazed at each other; rather, their looks clashed, like swords held high. They did not shake hands. There were races, there were prizes, there was dancing. In the old Indian days the bucks had raced on foot for a prize that was a pony tethered at a distance and won by the fleetest to reach him, mount, and ride him back to the starting point. Today the prize was a magnificent motor car that stood idling in the open field half a mile away. Sabra thought, I am doing it. I am doing it. And Donna, this squaw is her sister-in-law. Miss Dignum's on the Hudson. Ruby's handsome head right had bought the young couple the house just across the road from Big Elk's—a one-story red brick bungalow, substantial, ugly. They showed Sabra and Yancey through it. It was furnished complete. Monzrel Spanish furniture in the living room—red plush, fringe, brass ball heads as big as twenty-dollar gold pieces. An upright piano. An oak dining room set. A fine bathroom with heavy rich bath towels neatly hung on the racks. A shining stained oak bedroom set with a rose-colored taffeta spread. Sabra felt a wave of nausea. Cim's face was smiling, radiant. Yancey was joking and laughing with the Indian. In the kitchen a white girl in a cincham dress and a kitchen apron. The girl's hair was so light a yellow as to appear almost white. Her unintelligent eyes were palest blue. Her skin was so fair as to be quite colorless. In the midst of the cheerful of dark Indian faces the white face of the new Swam hired girl seemed to swim in a hazy blue before Sabra's eyes. But she held on. She felt Ruby's scornful dark eyes on her. Sabra had a feeling as though she had been disemboweled and now was a hollow thing, an empty shell that moved and walked and talked and dined. White servants and negro servants to wait on them. A long table seating a score or more, and many such tables. Bowls and

length of it. Piles of pork, roasted in Indian fashion over hot embers sunk in a pit in the yard, and skewered with a sharp pointed stick. Bowls of dried corn. Great fat, black ripe olives. Tinned lobster. Chickery files of green and strawberries. Vast plateaus of angel-food cake covered with snow fields of icing. Sabra went through the motions of eating. Sometimes she put a morsel into her mouth and actually swallowed it. There was a great clatter of knives and forks and dishes. Everything was eaten out of one plate. Platters and bowls were replenished. Sabra found herself seated beside Mrs. Big Elk. On her other side was Yancey. He was eating and laughing and talking. Mrs. Big Elk was being almost comically polite, solicitous. She pressed this tidbit, that dainty, on her stony guest. Down the center of the table, at intervals, were huge bowls piled with a sort of pastry stuffed with forcemeat. It was like a great ravioli, and piles of it vanished beneath the onslaught of appreciative guests. "For God's sake, pretend to eat something, Sabra," Yancey murmured, under his breath. "It's done not to consider it an insult. Try to eat something."

She stirred the pastry and chopped meat that had been put on her plate. "Good," said Mrs. Big Elk, beside her, and pointed at the mess with one dusky macing finger. Sabra lifted her fork to her lips and swallowed a bit of it. It was delicious—spicy, rich, appetizing. "Yes," she said, and thought, I am being wonderful. This is killing me. "Yes, it is very good. This meat—this stuffing—is it chopped or ground through a grinder?" The huge Indian woman beside her turned her expressionless gaze on Sabra. Ponderously she shook her head from side to side in negation. "Naw," she answered, politely. "Chawed." The clatter of a fork dropped to the plate, a clash among the cups and saucers. Sabra Cravat had fainted.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Twin Valley

Rev. C. W. Anestad has received a call from the congregations at Belview and Echo, Minn. Whether the pastor will accept or not is not decided yet. Rev. Anestad has done some fine work here thru the years and many of the church members are in the hopes he will not accept but decide to stay. Rev. Anestad is also president of the board of directors of the Wild Rice Childrens Home and the director of the Zion Lutheran church choir. The Zion Lutheran choir appears at the First Lutheran church at Bemidji Sunday, the 17th. The choir will render several numbers there and will be the guests of the Bemidji choir on a fine outing Friday afternoon. This choir will also appear at the session of the Northern District of Minnesota's church convention at Moorhead in June.

The Twin Valley 4H club met at the school auditorium Monday evening. A good attendance present. Mr. Chase was not able to be present. Next meeting will be May 30. The 4H club met at the Woodland Nook school May 9th, May 23 is next meeting date. Both these clubs are working nice and will show their marks. Rev. Norby, Roy Orvedahl and John H. Kvidt were at Pelican Rapids Monday. Mrs. Elmore Kvidt sprained her ankle seriously one day this week, so is now temporarily laid up. Mrs. Rev. Norby visited her sister at Detroit Lakes hospital Monday. Miss Marlys Estrem of Pelican Rapids is visiting at the Children's Home. Miss Estrem was a teacher at the home.

Our fishermen were all on deck for the opening date the 15th. Mrs. B. A. Warner and Mrs. L. E. Knutson entertained a company of friends at a 7 o'clock bridge dinner in honor of Miss Leah Carlson on Tuesday evening. Ingalv Amoth has been down with a severe attack of gallstone trouble, but is somewhat better at this writing. Zion Ladies aid meets at the church parlors Thursday, May 21st. Mmes. Ing. Hanson, Jacob Lerud, Emil Lerud and P. B. Larson will serve. The W. R. Ladies aid met Friday afternoon. Mrs. Christ Brevik and Mrs. Wm. Christenson entertained. Miss Pearl Vangness, student at the State Teachers college, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mrs. Howard Anderson is visiting her parents at Moorhead. Several are planning on taking in the grand 50th anniversary celebration at Moorhead Monday. J. Johnsons of Ada stopped off here Friday on a visit. They were on their way to Minneapolis. Supt. and Mrs. R. G. Orvedahl spent the week in Wisconsin. The band had a rehearsal and marching practice Thursday evening. The C. E. Peterson travelling company of Twin Valley last week commenced on a 55 mile job out by Bemidji. Mr. and Mrs. Severin Stanzland and Maurice Holm returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Everett, Washington. Poppy sale will be a week previous to Memorial day by the local Legion post.

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Set of Teeth \$15. Full upper or lower, Guaranteed. Practically Painless Method. NEW YORK DENTAL CO. 421 Broadway, Fargo.

### Moland

Profit and Pleasure club meets on Wednesday with Mrs. J. Cormley. Harry Voss and wife spent a few days of their honeymoon at Geo. E. Jones'. They returned to Brainerd Sunday. Mrs. Tex leaves Tuesday for Spokane to visit her daughter. Harry Voss and wife and Mrs. Geo. Jones visited Mrs. F. Rohrbach of Wahpeton Friday.

Andrew Gunderson and family were Sunday visitors in Moorhead. A large crowd visited the Gunderson school Friday. Ladies Aid met with Mrs. O. Grover Thursday. A fine time was had. Mrs. Elmer Grover was assistant hostess. Raymond Grover is home after an operation in St. Ansgars hospital. A daughter was born at St. John's hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lower are the proud parents.

Swift — A. J. Landby installed Frigidaire meat case. (April 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25) NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that default has been made in the conditions of certain mortgage, executed and delivered by W. J. Rodger and Nellie Rodger, his wife, and K. R. Quill, a single man, as mortgagors, to Northern Building and Loan Association, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Minnesota, having its principal place of business in the City of St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minnesota, as mortgagee, bearing date the 23rd day of October, 1928, with power of sale therein contained, filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Clay county, Minnesota, on the 29th day of October, 1928, at 9:00 o'clock A. M., and recorded in Book 135 of Mortgages on page 356 thereof, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of nine hundred (\$900.00) dollars, dated October 22nd, 1928, payable at the rate of not less than ten and 80-100 (\$10.80) dollars per month, commencing on December 1st, 1928, and said default has continued to the date of this notice by the failure and neglect of said mortgagors to pay ten and 80-100 (\$10.80) dollars per month, on the first day of October, November and December, 1930, and the first day of January, February, March and April, 1931, and by the further failure and neglect of said mortgagors to pay the real estate taxes for the years 1928 and 1929, amounting with penalty to the sum of one hundred thirty-six and 30/100 (\$136.60) dollars, at the date hereof, upon the property covered and conveyed by said mortgage, all of which said taxes are past due and payable; and

Whereas said mortgage and holder of said mortgage has elected and does hereby elect to declare the whole of said principal sum of said mortgage due and payable on the date of this notice under the terms and conditions of said mortgage and the power of sale therein contained; and

Whereas there is claimed to be due and is actually due upon said note and mortgage, at the date of this notice, the sum of eight hundred fifty-one and 47-100 (\$851.47) dollars; and

Whereas the power of sale has become operative and no action or proceeding at law or otherwise, have been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof; Notice is hereby given: That by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, which premises are situated in the County of Clay and State of Minnesota, and are described as follows, to-wit: Lots thirty-seven (37) and thirty-eight (38), block one (1), Enderick's addition to the City of Moorhead, Clay county, Minnesota, according to the plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Clay county, Minnesota.

The Buckingham Hotel. 1500 LA SALLE AVENUE. THE most comfortable transient and residential hotel in Minneapolis. Quiet, restful, yet near to everything. BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED LIGHT - AIRY "A Home Away from Home" R. M. PARKER, Manager.

Deeds in and for Clay county, Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, which sale will be made by the sheriff of Clay county, Minnesota, at the front door of the court house in the City of Moorhead, Clay county, Minnesota, on Wednesday, the 3rd day of June, 1931, at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt of eight hundred fifty-one and 47-100 (\$851.47) dollars and interest, and fifty (\$50.00) dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law, subject to redemption at any time within one year from the date of sale as provided by law. Dated April 15th, 1931. NORTHERN BUILDING AND ASSOCIATION, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, Mortgagee. HAROLD C. KERR, Attorney for Mortgagee, 1615 Pioneer Building, St. Paul, Minnesota.

### Gasoline 14.9c per Gal.

We quote you our 58-60 Navy Specifications 437 End Point Gasoline at 14.9c. This is neither blue—green—red—nor yellow, but is the regular Navy Gasoline that we have been selling for years and not a cheap quality gasoline.

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DR. W. N. BROWN DENTIST Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 5 p. m. Phones: Office 573; Res. 2827 WHEELER BLOCK MOORHEAD MINNESOTA

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