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An unlimited market for poultry. The Portland market is yours. We have arranged with Portland connections to handle all the chickens we can get. Minor & Co.

PENDLETON'S ROUND-UP.

Heppner Citizens decorated With Advertising Buttons.

The first real booster for the Round-Up to be held in Pendleton September 14, 15, 16, 1911, arrived in our city last Wednesday night. It was A. C. Power, junior member of the firm of E. L. Power & Son, of Pendleton. Mr. Power is riding from Pendleton to Portland, horse-back, and pinning round-up buttons with the familiar saying, "Let 'er Buck" on them, on everyone he meets.

It was also learned that Mr. Power's firm, who are the manufacturers of the famous "Celebrated" Power Saddles, are to make the \$350.00 saddle for first prize of the Round-Up, to be presented to the winner of the bucking contest.

Louie Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Campbell, of this city, is the foreman of the Power firm, and we all know that Louie can do the work.

Mr. Power remained in Heppner over Thursday, doing some lively advertising for the Round-Up, and continued his journey towards Portland Friday morning.

1920—A Prophecy.

(By M. F. C. Ione, Oregon.)

The Gray Cat stood on a bluff overlooking the town of Ione, and looked down on the scene below with growing amazement. Once, in 1911, he had stood in the same place and looked down on the same town, but a different looking town altogether, from this strictly modern town of 1920.

What a change a few years will make, especially if there is enterprise, willing hands and wise heads working with the years. So thought the Gray Cat as he made his way down the bluff, determined to view the town at closer range.

Ione, the town that was founded by a few industrious, home-loving farmers, had slowly but surely grown, till in 1911, though the board sidewalks were unsightly and even dangerous in places, and a few dilapidated buildings faced the visitor in prominent places, the citizens were justly proud of their town.

But a great work once begun is never entirely finished. There is always something for the willing and loyal ones to do. One would search far and wide before one would find more willing and loyal citizens than Ione holds. Continual bad crops will sometimes put a check on the most willing or loyal ones.

But bad crops are not a continued story about Ione. A good foundation will help materialize the most ambitious dreams. The Gray Cat realized this as he stopped on the concrete walk at Third Street. He blinked up at the electric wires, holding their countless little globes, stretched from street to street. "The town believes in good lights, at any rate," he thought.

Up one street and down another he went, his amazement and admiration growing by leaps and bounds. Beautiful well paved avenues dotted by modern dwelling houses, surrounded by magnificent shade trees and well kept lawns met his gaze on all sides. The thought struck him at last that the town covered more territory than formerly, and that if he was going to take in the sights that day he would need a guide. So he set out to find his old friend Bob, the Black Cat.

Bob had grown with the town and his pride in its improvements was pardonable. The Gray Cat's enthusiasm soon became as great as Bob's, as the wonders were unfolded to him. "This building," said Bob, pausing on the corner of First and Second streets, "is the electric laundry." A little farther down on First street he paused again.

"Here is the Ione library and reading rooms. We will go inside and look about. You see the shelves are filled with the works of the very best authors. See the people waiting at the secretary's desk with their books ready to be checked. And the numbers of them at the shelves hunting for their favorite authors, and more coming in every minute. Ione is nothing if not literary."

"Now here are the reading rooms. They are filled with the seekers after knowledge too, you see. This large room in the center is for the older folks. The room on the side there is for the young people. The tables in both rooms are always laden with the latest newspapers and magazines. Notice the fine paintings on the walls, and the good taste shown in the arrangement of chairs, tables, couches, etc. Everything about our library tends to uplift and educate the younger generation, and give the older ones pleasure and rest."

"We will go upstairs now, for the good work below extends above as well. This room on the left is called the boys workshop. See those boxes? They contain the tools of each boy that belongs to the club they have started here. Those little tables piled up there in the corner are distributed about the room every Saturday afternoon, each boy takes his place at the table with a box of tools, and a master mechanic drills them in the use of tools. The boys turn out many wonderful and useful articles in this room. Now and then they have a sale and use the proceeds of the sale for the enlargement of their work."

"Over there is the girls work room. They also have their teachers and are taught many useful arts. When the girls have their sales the boys generously lend their services and a play that would please the sternest critic is given by the young people. And let me tell you right here that the talent displayed by the young people of Ione is truly wonderful."

"Now, in my opinion, the best rooms in this building are those two large, sunny ones at the end of the hall. These are called the 'Mothers Rooms.' A good, capable nurse has charge of these rooms. Mothers from the country, wishing to do their shopping, and others in town, wishing to enjoy an evening's entertainment, can leave their babies without fear or worry."

When the two sightseers were out on the street again the Gray Cat said something about the boys in the blue suits with the canvas bags strapped to their shoulders. "Those," said Bob, with a fresh burst of pride, "are the Ione mail-carriers. Mail is delivered twice a day. We will go to the post office. It's one of the finest buildings in town."

Bakeries, ice cream parlors, dressmaking establishments, millinery stores, lawyers, doctors and dentists offices, and many other desirable and needed buildings they passed.

"I'm going to take you over in the packing house vicinity," said Bob. "There are a number of them here and more going up. You see some enterprising fellow, who appreciated the fine apples grown in

this part of the state, and who understood the value of the apple industry, roused the interests of the fruit growers, and those packing houses, fruit sheds, etc. are the result of his efforts."

"Packing houses are being built in Ione, Lexington and Heppner. The farmer and other fruit growers for miles around bring their stuff to these three towns and get the best market prices. Each fruit raiser and property owner has an interest in some one of these packing houses, so you see the towns lose nothing by the rising industry. Tales of California apples and the big packing houses there have come to us from time to time. And those who have raised apples in California and worked in the packing houses there can testify that Oregon apples, especially those in Morrow County can compete with the California apple any day. Why then should not the apple industry be extended here? The packing houses save the apple grower much unnecessary labor and expense. Then, too, they offer employment for the boys and girls, men and women wishing to be independent."

"Now here we are at the Ione packing house. But first we will look at a few smaller, but just as important features of our town's growth. Those small houses over in those yards there are the sulphur houses, used to bleach the dried fruits. As fine 'cots and peaches as you would wish to eat are dried in these yards. Those cars stored in the sheds are used to run the trays holding the freshly cut fruit into the sulphur houses where it is allowed to bleach a few months before putting it in the yards. The sulphur whitens the fruit, kills all germs lurking in the skins and gives the fruit a good flavor."

"Women and girls find employment in pitting the peaches and apricots; it is pleasant and easy work. Boys and men are employed to lift heavy trays and boxes. Now we are at the packing houses. Hear that merry hum? That is the women and girls singing and talking as they sort apples. This work is pleasant as well as remunerative. The girls sit or stand at their work as they choose. They work by the piece, earning from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, and some of the swift workers earn even more. They use graders. There are four classes of apples, the four tier good; four and a half good; and four tier and four and a half tier culls, though there are not many of the latter. These are the high school boys, wheeling their trucks. They are taking the boxes of sorted apples to the packers. Some of the boys and girls do the packing. These boys are spending their vacation in laying up funds for gaining future knowledge. These packing houses and apple orchards make it possible for the boys to find employment near home now. The sheep camps don't have attractions for the boys these days."

"What is that noise, you say? That is the electric car that runs from Ione to Heppner twice a day. Now we will go over to the garage a few moments. Then we will put off our investigations for today as it is growing late. Tomorrow I will take you to the canneries, there are two at the edge of town, and to the Ione creamery, and to the cheese and pickle factories. Then there are the big chicken and turkey farms, and many other interesting things which we must not miss seeing. And when you have seen them all I know you will say with me, 'Hurrah for Ione and her brain workers, with whom all things are possible.' It is the free and willing advertising of the business men, and plenty of good, loyal, 'boosting' that improves and builds up a town."

SHERIFF HAYES GETS THIEVES

Bunch of Tipton Gang of Horse Rustlers Run In.

For the past ten days Sheriff Hayes has been in communication by phone and mail with the sheriffs of Walla Walla and Columbia counties, Wash., to look out for a bunch of horse thieves that were headed this way with a lot of horses belonging to farmers up there. From all information that could be gathered here, it was supposed that the outfit had given our peace officers the slip and got through into adjoining counties. However, Sheriff Hayes and Deputy Rasmus kept following the trail, and it was learned on Tuesday morning that the rustlers with the horses in charge, were in the vicinity of Castle Rock and were holding the horses out in the sand just south of that point. This information was phoned up to the sheriff's office by an Indian down there who claimed that the thieves were getting away with some of his horses, and when he tried to recover them he was run off with a gun, and he implored the help of the sheriff. This wised up our officers to the fact that the people they wanted were still in the county.

Sheriff Hayes was preparing to go to La Grande to look after some business when this word was received, but he gave up the trip and decided to drop off at Castle Rock. He arranged with Constable Sperry of Ione and Wm. Lillard of Heppner, to drive over and they all reached their destination at about the same time. Two of the gang, young Tipton and a fellow named Johnson rode into Castle Rock shortly after the arrival of the officers, and they were arrested and brought to Heppner in charge of the sheriff on last evening's train. The other two, Tipton and his daughter, were soon located out a short distance from Castle Rock, and were brought to Heppner by team in charge of Sperry and Lillard.

When arrested, these people were herding a band of about fifteen head of horses belonging to various people in the Washington country; ten head of these are claimed by N. C. Pentaco, a large wheat ranch owner of the Starbuck section. Pentaco was trailing them up, and had them located in the sand in the north end of our county and he was using his best efforts to apprehend the thieves. Being a man of influence and means, Pentaco will doubtless see that these horse rustlers get what is coming to them.

It is reported here that the Tiptons are a noted gang of horsethieves and have been wanted by the authorities of the State of Washington for a long time; if this is the case, our peace officers are certainly entitled to much credit for their diligence in running them down. The parties arrested are old man Tipton, a son and daughter and a young man giving his name as Johnson. They will be held here awaiting the arrival of the Sheriff of Columbia county, Washington.

DEATH OF MRS. MADDOCK.

Mrs. Mary A. Maddock died at her home in Heppner, on Friday, June 16, and was buried in the Masonic cemetery, Saturday a. 11 o'clock, after a short funeral service at the residence, conducted by Rev. E. P. Warren. The funeral was quite largely attended by friends of the family, and there were many beautiful floral offerings, kindly expressions of the esteem in which Mrs. Maddock was held by Heppner people.

Mary A. Maddock, wife of E. C. Maddock was born in Clackamas county, Oregon, March 2, 1854, and moved to Heppner on account of failing health in September, 1906. She had been an invalid for 16 years and was a great sufferer during all this time, and during the past year was almost constantly confined to the house on this account. While she suffered much she was patient through it all and had no complaint to offer, and her summons to go hence found her ready and prepared to answer the call in peace.

She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, E. C. Maddock, a daughter, Mrs. Gussie C. Wilkens, and a son, Creston Maddock all of Heppner, Ore., and a daughter Mrs. Maude Bark of Oregon City, Oregon. Besides a brother, William Rauch of Oregon City, and a sister Mrs. Margaret L. Telcher of Grangeville, Idaho.

John Cason, of Monument, who was recently operated on for appendicitis at the Heppner Sanatorium, is able to be on the street and is rapidly recovering.

Makes Home Baking Easy



School Notes.

By S. E. Notson, Co. School Supt.

Last week I visited four schools. The first was in District No. 50, where Miss Marian Fitzgerald is at the helm. When I approached the schoolhouse, I noted that the flag was displayed. The pupils were very orderly and attentive to work.

The next school in my line of march is in District No. 56. This is a very small school this term. Miss Carrie Ward is the teacher. The surroundings of this school make it an ideal place for a summer term. The water supply is most excellent, the water coming from a fine spring, protected by a neat spring house. This school has a fine flag, and a flag-pole has been promised. The work was moving along nicely.

I next visited the school at Little Camas Prairie. Miss Maggie Sperry and eight pupils were working away diligently and doing good work. This is another of the beauty spots of the county. It certainly is an advantage to attend school amid such surroundings at this time of year.

The next school is in District No. 51. Miss Grace Wilhelm presides here. Thirteen pupils were present, and all seemed to be diligent in their work. I noted a new set of bookshelves for the library. The school yard is full of wild flowers, which add much to the beauty of the surroundings. The teacher and pupils also have some cultivated shrubs and plants outside of the building and several fine house-plants inside. Two neat and substantial outhouses have been built recently, and they are kept in excellent condition.

Willy Wattenburger, extensive alfalfa grower living on Willow creek west of Ione, says that he will have the biggest and best crop of hay that he has ever raised. He is busy now putting it up and it is sure a bumper crop. From W. O. Minor's to the mouth of the creek the farmers are very busy just now cutting and caring for their first crop of alfalfa and are getting good crops. Having will begin at once above town and it all promises to turn out well. There is no place that beats Morrow county when it comes to producing alfalfa.

Billy Fadberg is reported to have a mighty fine field of wheat which he estimates will make a yield of 20 bushels to the acre should there be no more rain; if a good rain comes, it should increase his yield to 30 or 35 bushels. There is 1000 acres of this grain located on his Clarks canyon ranch, and others that have seen it think Billy is about right in his estimates. We should gladly report many other similar prospects if we only could, but alas, the dry weather is against it.

William Clark of Petrola, Calif., passed through Portland last week on his way home after purchasing seven head of Short-horn of W. O. Minor. He secured Golden Chief, one of the best sons of Golden Goods, a roan bull calf valued at \$500. To go with him he gets six yearling heifers of different breeding. These cattle are not to be delivered until August or September.—Rural Spirit.

Lume Swick returned from a visit to The Dalles, Thursday. He had been below for several days to see his mother who is quite ill, but he reports her on the road to recovery now. He departed for his Monument home on Friday.