

JACK PICKFORD
in "Tom Sawyer"
A Paramount Picture
1931

Comin soon at the Liberty Theatre.

"TOM SAWYER" COMES TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN.

Jack Pickford has long been a student and friend of Mark Twain's famous boy hero, "Tom Sawyer," and it is for this reason as well as for the fact that he has become a famous portrayal of boy roles, such as "Freckles," the "Dummy," "Seventeen" and others, that he was chosen by Paramount for the character of Tom.

He isn't so old that he has forgotten the days when he lived breathlessly through the pages of the story, joying with the redoubtable Tom in his adventures or sorrowing with him in his misfortunes. The incident of the whitewashed fence which received three coats, and for which Tom, who was supposed to do it himself, received payment of unlimited marbles, jacks, and other boys' treasures, has long been a favorite of Mr. Pickford's, and it is faithfully portrayed in the screen version.

The fact that the exterior scenes were taken at Hannibal, Missouri, the very town in which Samuel Clemens, or Mark Twain, as he is better known, wrote, adds to the effectiveness of the production. The river scenes where Tom and the famous Huck Finn escaped on a raft and returned only in time for their own funeral services was taken at the very spot Mark Twain described, so that could he see the production, he would

undoubtedly believe his hero was indeed coming to life before his eyes.

Indeed, there is cause for actual regret that he could not have done so, for it is a well-known fact that during his lifetime, he steadfastly refused to allow "Tom Sawyer" to be dramatized for the stage. It would have been impossible, he said, to catch the "white town drowsing in the sunlight" and the river scenes that figure so often in the story. But the screen has given the dramatizers a broader field in which to attempt their task, and has made possible what was then impossible.

Director William D. Taylor, who has been responsible for most of Mr. Pickford's recent pictures, has given to "Tom Sawyer" the result of his years of experience and a thorough training in the field of motion picture photography and directing. The scenario was written by Julia Crawford Ivers.

Management of the Liberty Theatre has arranged for the presentation of "Tom Sawyer" next Wednesday night. For one night only—so don't miss it.

SUGGESTS THAT STREETS BE REPAIRED NOW.

Thursday afternoon The Times-Herald man had occasion to make a tour of Main Street to the south part of town and during his stroll, it was pointed out by a good roads enthusiast that this was the proper

time to improve our street and put it in such shape as to keep the moisture from remaining on it very long at a time. There are a few depressions at certain points along the street that with little expense could be filled in with river gravel and made much better. This should have the attention of the people. Last fall a visitor to the city remarked upon the nice hard surface of this street, and what such roads throughout the country would mean to this territory. It is remarkable when one considers the real chance we have to make this street just as good as hard surface anywhere at so small a cost. The drag is being used to good effect these days and is drawn by a Fordson tractor as demonstrator.

DELCO LIGHTING SYSTEM USED AT BURNS GARAGE.

The Times-Herald man visited the Burns Garage Thursday afternoon and Manager Smith showed him over the place. This is one of the modern shops of the Central Oregon country and is well equipped with the machinery necessary for the work.

One of the most interesting features of the building is the Delco lighting system recently installed. This is so simple to operate and so little expense to keep up that it should be placed in every country home and hamlet. It is complete in a compact form and gives most satisfactory results.

THE SONG OF THE SOIL.

We didn't suspect that Spure Danby had a mite of poetry in him, but he has.

Mostly he is a gruff talking, heavy wailing, close-fisted gentleman of the old school, that went ahead by hard work and saving pennies.

But the other day he was in the office, and after sitting around brooding over the scenery, he finally cleared his throat and, possibly he had read that story about Smith Crane going to feed horseflesh to hogs, said:

"Yep, I'm going to get a tractor; machinery is cheaper than help. But dog gone I do hate to sell my horses."

"I've got gasoline lights, and pressure water all over the place, and portable gasoline engines for different jobs, and a lot more labor saving stuff that been paying interest on what it cost; but I've hung off on this tractor thing."

"An automobile is all right, but an engine snorting through the field doesn't seem just right somehow."

"I hope I'll always be able to afford at least one team and a twenty-acre patch that I can plow in the spring myself."

"A good big black team, that I raised myself. That pull true and turn close, and let me turn a smooth, straight, ten-inch, deep furrow right across the field."

"Somehow, after being off the land all winter, I always like to get out after a week of warm spring weather and get hold of the old fourteen-inch plow."

"I like the smell of the ground, and the feel of the air, and the sun on my back, and the bees buzzing out of the hives in the orchard."

"I'm going to get a tractor and find somebody to run it, but I'm going to save a bit of flat land down in the south meadow for me and the

four-year-olds to break. Any machine can run an engine but mighty few can raise a team of colts and have 'em work right." And the squire quit and mooned some more over his snow bank.

We guess there is poetry somewhere in all the sons of men who have followed the furrow through the years, and who have unconsciously become in tune with the creak of the harness; the slow heaving bodies of big teams; the soft slide of moldboard clods brimming over the mould board down into the furrow; the hum of insects, and the chatter of fussy birds, crowding along behind, intent on the treasures the turning furrow discloses.

"D—n the Expense! Stop the River!"

That's what the Overland Pacific said to Rickard, the engineer. So the girl hated him because he supplanted her brother. And the man did not take to her at first. But Cupid smiled and took a hand.

The River

By EDNAH AIKEN

tells well how the man stopped the Colorado and saved the Imperial Valley. The girl saw him do it and forgot her hate in love.

Love Romance Fighting

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I do not particularly want an option on your property nor a contract for sale on commission, but I desire a list of every kind of property, real or personal, for sale or trade in Harney County in order to give full and accurate information to numerous inquiries from prospective investors, and to bring buyers and sellers together.

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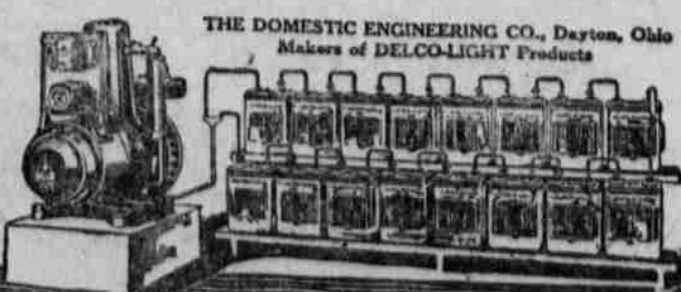
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