

## County Correspondence

### IONE INKLINGS

The smell of burning trash piles is a good indication that Spring is not far away.

Farmers are very busy with their work which has been held up on account of the bad weather the last two weeks.

Mr. Blake has finished plowing for Mr. Nelson and moved his caterpillar engine and outfit west of town, where he will plow until the ground is in shape to work up in his own fields.

The foundation for the new garage was started last week and the building will be completed as rapidly as possible.

The bricklayers are almost through on the Mason store and much of the carpenter work has been done.

Ione has had ten cars to load out with wheat the past week. All the grain piled out will soon be cared for.

C. F. French has moved his family in from the Strawberry neighborhood and is working on the Mason store.

Mr. Dodson and son, Mausfield, were out in the Sand Hol-

low country, Sunday.

Jordan Siding loaded several cars of wheat the first of the week.

James Thomas, from north-east of Lexington, was an Ione visitor recently.

Mr. Sachter, who lives about four miles above Heppner, was in Ione one day the past week. Mr. Sachter is buying a few milk cows to help supply cream for the popular Willow brand butter. More farmers could profitably do likewise.

One of the hands around the Mason store found an uncashed check in the mortar box a few mornings ago. It had evidently been carried there by the high wind of the night before. Some one must have been out in the gale.

Mr. Swanson took his tractor out to the fields the first of the week to disk for Spring grain.

Mr. Thompson moved out to his ranch northeast of town last week. He has just completed a fine large two-story house and has a good barn in course of building, and when his well is finished he will be well started

on his new farm.

The Willamette Glee Club was here the last of the week. More of this class of entertainment would be a good thing for this or any other town.

### WILLOW CREEK ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Krebs and daughter, Margaret, returned recently from Portland, where they have spent the greater part of the winter.

Spring plowing has not been started in this district and the farmers are beginning to question the weather man's integrity.

Good old St. Patrick was given full consideration at the home of Walter Crosby on the night of March 17 by a good crowd of enthusiastic dancers. Promptly at 9:30 feet and music were in motion and the merry gliders glided until the wee small hours of the morning. To the oldtimers, many happy yesterdays were recalled, when Mr. Crosby had entertained them in most delightful fashion. To the young the music and serene happiness of the present was enough. It was only the light peering over the eastern horizon that warned the celebrators that it was time to go home.

Never before has the universal mind been so directed to the soil and its resourcefulness than at present; never before has the question of agriculture been so agitated as now. The soil must be brought up to its full productivity or there is apt to be a still greater shrinkage in our granaries. The time has come when the farmer must be taught how to farm, and how can he be taught except he have a teacher who is an agriculturist? And if we are to be taught and profit by the teaching we must cooperate and develop our social as well as our personal nature. Isolation brings ignorance. We need a county agriculturist.

Mr. A. Florence, who underwent an operation at a Portland hospital recently, is doing nicely and will soon be fully recovered.

Baby Eugene Florence has become the life of the community.

Heppner Herald \$1.50 a year.

### WATER PORTERS OF QUITO.

#### The Funny Way They Have In Delivering Their Liquid Load.

About a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, assemble every morning the city's aguadores. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South American cities in carrying their jars upon their backs instead of on the backs of mules. Their earthen jars are deep, have a wide mouth and hold about forty pints.

The porter carries it on his shoulder fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his jar either to fill it or to transfer its contents to that of his customer.

He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water and listens to the sound of the water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Arriving at the house of a customer, he goes to the household jar, makes a deep bow and disappears behind a torrent of water. Foreigners can never receive without laughing the sight of their aguador, the respectful little man who bows to one behind the cataract of water. — Los Angeles Times.

### OLDEST MAP IN THE WORLD.

#### It Proves That Postal Routes Were Used In Abraham's Time.

Postal routes of 3,500 years ago, when the parcel post and the circulating library already had been in existence at least 800 years, are shown on the world's oldest map, a treasure that was discovered among the Nippur tablets in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania by Dr. Stephen Langdon, the orientalist from Oxford university. Dr. Langdon considered the map not only the oldest, but the best preserved that has come down from antiquity.

Dating before the time of Abraham, the map shows a comprehensive survey of the region about the temple of Nippur and indicates that the country was under a high state of intensive cultivation. Canals were numerous and served both for irrigation and transportation. They were the mail routes, and a tag has been found for a basket of "books" or literary tablets sent from the library of the Nippur temple to a town about six miles distant, Shuruppak. According to Babylonian tradition, Noah lived at this town and built the ark there. The tag was used about 2300 B. C.

## My Companion For a Day

By ETHEL HOLMES

In the leafy month of June, 1914, I was making a pedestrian tour through Switzerland, and when I emerged from there it was over the heights lying on the west. Standing on an eminence I was looking down upon France spread out before me when, glancing aside, I saw a young woman sitting before an easel sketching. She turned her face, and, seeing a woman standing near her, she smiled. I went to her and looked at her picture.

I sat down on the ground near her, and while she remained on her sketching stool and worked we chatted. I attempted to interest her in the United States, but she did not appear to admire our institutions.

"You are a nation of individuals," she said, "and there is nothing to weld you. Many races are represented among you, and the people of each race stand together and keep up their national traditions. If a war should break out between any two nations here the people of each in America would come back to fight for the fatherland, even those who had been born on American soil."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "Our foreigners are glad to escape the disadvantages of a monarchical form of government. They become naturalized, and that makes them American citizens."

"Let a war come in Europe," continued the artist, "and you will see."

"You prefer an emperor?"

"Yes, we Germans are one people under one head. We have the most efficient form of government."

I asked her where she was going, and she said that she intended sketching along the French border northward. She described the scenery northward as attractive, and since I was wandering at will I concluded to go a part of the way with her. She received the announcement coldly, but when I added that I would take the first good road I came to down into France she seemed better pleased.

So we proceeded northward together, she stopping now and again to sketch. Her pictures were very singular. Indeed, they were rather, it seemed to me, the groundwork for pictures, and when I told her that I did not understand them she told me that they were memoranda from which pictures would be painted on her return to her home in Berlin.

We kept together till evening, when we came to a hotel where we asked for rooms. We were told that there was but one room vacant, and if we cared to accept it together we might do so. My companion expressed herself as agreeable to the plan, and I also consented.

"I must look out for my passport," I said to her when we were going to bed. "A stranger in Europe without a passport is like a fish without gills." And I put my passport under my pillow.

When I awoke the next morning and looked toward the other bed it was vacant. Nor were my companion's clothes in sight. Her sketching materials, too, were gone. I got out of bed and went to the door. It was locked from the inside. Turning to a window, I noticed that a few feet beneath it was a shed. It occurred to me that my artist friend had gone out by the window and descended from the roof of the shed.

Was she a thief? I opened my bag, where I kept my money. The funds were there. I counted them, and none were missing. Relieved, I dressed myself and put my hand under my pillow for my passport. It was gone.

I was glad that my cash had been spared instead of my passport. I could get on without the one, though I might need it, but not without the other. But what did the girl want with it? For my life I could divine no reason for her stealing it. She was going back to Berlin to work up her sketches, and surely in her own country she needed no passport, especially one belonging to another.

Going to a mirror to do a bit of prinking before descending to breakfast, my image reminded me slightly of the thief. Then I remembered that we were both about the same height and build, both blonds and both blue eyed, though she was of lighter hair and eyes than I. Nevertheless, I could not divine why she should want my passport.

The first gun fired by the Germans a few weeks later forced the reason into my stupid brain. The border between France and Germany was a hotbed for spies on both sides. This girl was doubtless a spy for the German government. She was laying down memoranda in the shape of a basis for pictures of the topography of the ground on the French border.

But before the war opened I saw her again. I had put up at a hotel near the German border and took a seat in the dining room for supper. At a table near by sat the girl who had stolen my passport. If she saw and recognized me, which she probably did, she maintained her equanimity perfectly.

It was within my power to send her to a fortress, probably to death. All I had to do was to denounce her. Had I been able to inflict upon her a suitable punishment for stealing my passport I would have done so, but to punish her to be treated as a spy was too much for me. I am an American and had no interest in the military problems between France and Germany, so I permitted her to walk out of the dining room unmolested.

When I finished my supper I asked the landlord, describing her, where she was. He said that she had just left the house.

### Donkeys in Trousers.

The stranger in Guayaquil, in Ecuador, at once remarks one very curious feature of its life and general appearance. We are used to seeing nets over our horses in the summer, but such an outfit as is required by the donkeys in the tropics strikes the stranger as ludicrous. The donkeys are numerous in the city and are used for all manner of load purposes, from baskets of fruit to the carcasses of butcher's meat. In the morning a string of them may be seen trotting through the streets with a load of fresh meat from the slaughter house, which is situated outside the town. The donkeys are all provided with corings around the fore legs, like ordinary trousers, and with a protection over the ears against the mosquitoes. The Guayaquil donkey presents a most comical appearance in trousers, especially if his garment is embroidered, as it sometimes is.

### Poor Economy.

Probably the poorest economy in the world is to buy things you don't want in order to make acquaintances you don't need.—Galveston News.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Duckworth arrived in Heppner, Saturday evening, from Prosser, Washington, looking for a location. Mr. Duckworth was engaged in the sheep business in Montana for a number of years, and after a few years spent in Western Washington in the mud and rain, they are delighted to be back in the good old bunch grass country. They may decide to locate permanently in Morrow county.

J. T. Kirk, of Blackhorse, was in the city, Saturday, looking after business odds and ends. Mr. Kirk is one of Morrow county's pioneer citizens and is one of our best known stockmen and farmers.

Baled Hay and Grain for sale at White Front Barn.

W. T. McRoberts.

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