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People's Cash Market

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Register! Register!

Registration books will close April 17 and will not reopen until after the primaries. Persons who are not registered should remember this date and act accordingly.

FOR SALE—Golden Campries Eggs for setting. Inquire of Mrs. G. C. Aiken, Box 142, Heppner, Oregon. 47d51

CLEAN UP.—Now is the time to clean up your rubbish. I will haul it away for you when you are ready. See me or call Main 555. Lee Cantwell. 47f

For Sale

Three-fourths grade Percheron stallion, color dark brown, nearly black. Weight about 1700 pounds. Inquire of Andrew Rood, Heppner, Ore. 46f

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The Meat Bill is one of the large items in the family budget

but

less than 10 cents per week of it goes to the packer in profits.

In converting live stock into meat and getting it into the hands of the retail dealer, the packer performs a complex and essential service with the maximum of efficiency.

The above statement is based on Swift & Company's 1917 figures and Federal Census data:

Swift & Company's total output (Meat and by-products)	-	5,570,000,000 Pounds
Swift & Company's total Profit	-	\$34,650,000.00
Profit per pound	-	\$.0062

U. S. Meat Consumption	-	170 pounds per person per year
170 pounds at \$.0062	=	\$1.05 per person per year
The average family 4½ persons	=	\$4.72 per family per year

1918 year book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois



Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Attempted Jail Break

George Carter, who is held in jail here as a slacker, got into the limelight this week by pulling off a near successful jail break in the early hours of Monday. George was billed for a trip to Portland Sunday with Walter Matteson and Fred Griffiths as chaperones, but forgot to set his clock ahead and failed to connect at train time. The alarm on the jail clock must have worked Sunday night, however, for George, who was perhaps somewhat peeved at losing his trip in the morning, must have crawled from the hay pretty early, if we are to judge from the things he accomplished by 1:30 a. m.

Bill Ayers, who is custodian of county property and officials at the court house, lives about a block due east from the bastille and at the unholy hour of 1:30 he had a bad dream and suddenly awoke. He heard peculiar sounds coming from the jail. As he listened he heard a dull, sickening thud which he knew in a minute was a block of our famous Morrow county stone tumbling from its place in the jail wall. Bill is proud of that jail and it always peevs him when a prisoner kicks a hole in the wall and gets away, so he hustled into his garments and got busy. Mrs. Ayers, who don't like to have her husband out alone at night, also dressed and accompanied him. When they reached the jail sure enough, just as Bill expected, there was a fine big, black hole yawning in the south wall and one George Carter very busy preparing to change his place of residence. He ducked back, however, when Bill thus addressed Mrs. Ayers: "Here, you take this gun," passing over a bunch of keys, "and if that slow sticks his head out take a shot at it; if he gets past your first bullet see how often you can hit him before he hits the ground." Bill then started for the sheriff and Mrs. Ayers stood guard. She didn't have any call for target practice, however, for Mr. George Carter, not being informed as to how straight the lady could shoot nor even the calibre of the keys she carried, concluded that the inside of the Morrow county jail was a lot safer place than the wide, wide world at that particular moment.

When the sheriff arrived they found that George had, during the night, broken through the cement floor of the jail and sunk a shaft about two and one-half feet deep in an effort to tunnel his way to liberty. He then decided, apparently, that that was about as hard work as going to war might be, so he gave it up and climbing to the top of the steel cage tackled the good, old rock wall. In just 30 minutes he had the hole made all right and he also had Mrs. Ayers calmly standing guard with her trusty bunch of keys.

The jail has a perfectly good steel cage in which Carter had been sleeping with the door unlocked, and as a digging and stone removing tool he used the steel lever which is used for locking and unlocking the cage door. He says it is a better tool than a crowbar. He now sleeps in the cage with the door carefully closed and locked to keep the draft, atmospheric, military, or otherwise away from him.

Mrs. Linnie Stone Passes

Mrs. Linnie R. Stone, formerly of this county, later of Walla Walla, passed away in a hospital in that city Thursday, March 28. The remains were brought to Heppner for interment, the funeral being held Sunday afternoon.

Deceased leaves two sons, Ralph and Harold Stone, both of whom are serving in the army and could not be located at the time of their mother's death. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. Wm Kummerland, of near this city.

A Story With a Moral

By ALAN HINSDALE

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

While the English were preparing for a move against the Germans in which they proposed to use the tank the general of the tank brigade found himself short of engineers who were competent to run the big caterpillars. He called on the commander of the United States troops for a detail of American soldiers who were skilled engineers, as well as brave, to put such tanks as were deficient in men to run them. Ike Rogers was one of the Americans who were selected to conduct a tank in the attack that was to be made on the enemy.

Ike's tank was some distance behind the others, and he was instructed to move it forward, generally in the night; but Ike in order to catch up and being on the edge of a wood, drove it on in the day time.

Beside the road a young peasant girl stood gazing at the big machine. This girl—Clochette was her name—was very pretty. Ike fell in love with her at first sight. He asked her for a drink of water. The French people drink wine in place of water, so Clochette gave him a glass of wine. She spoke a few words of English and Ike while in a training camp before going over the big pond had studied French, so they managed to understand each other after a fashion. Something in the tank needed fixing and Ike was detained where he had stopped a long time. When he was about to move on he said to Clochette half in French, the other half in English, "I love you," and Clochette almost swooned with joy to be told that she was loved by the guiding spirit of the big war monster.

Clochette having been caught by the power of the tank rather than anything attractive about Ike's personality, soon after his departure was caught in a different way. A cavalryman rode by who carried a flag, its staff resting on the toe of his boot. He stood danced and curvetted so beautifully that Clochette was much moved, and since the rider was a handsome young fellow she transferred her heart to this man who, compared with the greasy tank runner, was a marvel of beauty.

The cavalryman spoke French fluently and not having seen a pretty girl since he left England, there was another case of love at first sight. Clochette responded favorably.

Well, the fight came on, the tanks made a big hit, and Ike's tank went walloping over the field like an elephant that had escaped from its keeper. But Ike's guiding hand was in the monster's throat turning it here and there to trample under its hundred feet scores of Germans and cutting its way through barb wires as a mowing machine will fell a field of wheat.

When the armies settled down again to ordinary work the commander of the tank brigade ordered a long rest for all who had manned the gigantic caterpillars. He complimented Ike as having done extraordinary service and asked him what sort of a reward he would like. Should it be a decoration or promotion? Ike said he would think it over.

But Ike's thinking powers were upon Clochette—the pretty French girl who had fallen in love with either him or his tank—it is not certain which—and he asked for a leave to go back and see her. He found the cavalryman in possession. He too had received a leave, and had returned to his love. Ike finding himself supplanted was much cast down. He looked at his greasy clothes, and his begrimed hands, then turned his gaze upon the handsome, well-dressed cavalryman and having a mind capable of perceiving cause and effect resolved upon a course that he hoped would give him an advantage. He returned to his general and said:

"General, I would like a transfer." "To what corps?" "I wish to be made drum major of a band."

"Great Scott man, what do you, a fine soldier, desire to sink to such a ridiculous position?" Ike told his story and the general sent him back to the commander of the American forces with a request that his petition be granted, and Ike obtained his coveted position. In the changes that occurred the fighting afterward fell on the American army, Clochette determined to go as a nurse to the American camp and appeared there just before a battle. The American general ordered that the bands play martial music to inspire the men. Ike at the head of the band marched by a hospital where Clochette stood ready to help take care of the wounded. Amid the bursting of shot and shell, the thunder of guns, the cheers of the charging troops, Ike flourished his staff, tossed it in the air, caught it as it came down, and his very appearance, to say nothing of the music of his band, was enough to make any soldier plunge into the jaws of death.

Clochette had no eyes for anyone or anything else. Ike, the engineer of the tank, the mechanic covered with grease, was converted to be the finest specimen of a man. Apollo was not so much to a Roman girl as was the drum major to Clochette.

The story of Ike and Clochette illustrates that there are different ways of winning the feminine heart. Power impresses woman but it is hardly equal to beauty, but the beauty must be adorned.

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