

JUST WHAT YOU NEED THIS WEATHER

Men's Rubbers

IN ALL RUBBER AND CLOTH TOP STYLES.

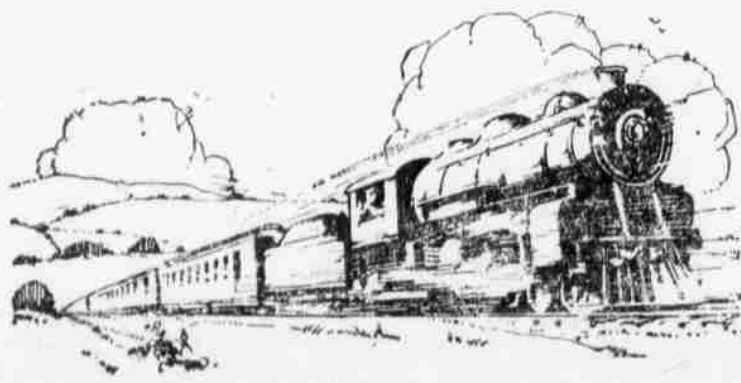
Men's Four-Buckle Artics

Ladies' Rubbers

IN ALL STYLES AND SIZES

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S JERSEY LEGGINGS. COME IN AND LET US OUTFIT YOU WITH STORMY WEATHER FOOTWEAR

Sam Hughes Co.



A vast amount of work now remains to be done which the intervention of war has necessarily delayed and accumulated, and the result is that very large capital expenditures ought to be made to make up for the interruptions inevitably due to the war, and to prepare the railroads to serve adequately the increased traffic throughout the country.

Work more—
Produce more—
Save more—

But we can't continue increasing our production unless we continue increasing our railroad facilities.

The farms, mines and factories cannot increase their output beyond the capacity of the railroads to haul their products.

Railroads are now near the peak of their carrying capacity.

Without railroad expansion—more engines, more cars, more tracks, more terminals—there can be little increase in production.

But this country of ours is going to keep right on growing—and the railroads must grow with it.

To command in the investment markets the flow of new capital to expand railroad facilities—and so increase production—there must be public confidence in the future earning power of railroads.

The nation's business can grow only as fast as the railroads grow.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives

For further information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to the Association of Railway Executives, 41 Broadway, New York

Close Figuring.
"Some of my wife's kinfolks are the figgerin'est set on earth," admitted Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Most every winter three or four of my wife's sisters drop in for a nice long visit, bringing a batch of their children to turn loose on us. Then after a while the women hit the grit for home and leave four or eight apiece of their children behind. Of course, we know they're not all our kids. We've got only fourteen. But it ain't until the weather gets warm enough in the spring for us to wash 'em all that we find out for certain which are our'n and which were wished on us to feed till the season opens."—Kansas City Star.

Byron and His Geese.
A general rationing of pets would have ruined a scheme of Byron's. With all his affected dislike of England, he kept up the old customs when abroad, and, in view of an approaching Michaelmas, bought a goose and fed it by hand for a month to make it ready for table. By the end of that time poet and bird had reached such a pitch of mutual admiration that the goose was spared. The poet thought it seemed lonely and bought it a mate. Then there were little goslings. And wherever the author of "Don Juan" went the geese were sure to go—in a basket slung beneath the carriage of his lordship.

Not to Be Bought.
Real friendship cannot long exist on mere sham. If we must retain our friends by forever acting a part, the end is not worth the effort. Hermits may be weak men who, having no sterling qualities, give up the lifelong bother of pretending to be what they are not. Hermits more probably are lazy folk who cannot endure the hard work of friendship, men too weak and lazy to stoke up the fires of friendship with the fuel of sacrifice and optimism. The boy or girl who is not willing to work for friendships, to shovel coal on life's wintry days in order to keep the flowers ablom, will have few friends.—Youth's Companion.

Light Beam as Telephone Wire.
Dr. A. O. Rankine of University college, London, has succeeded in devising a method by which it is possible to talk along a beam of light—natural or artificial—using it as a substitute for a telephone wire, with a receiver at one end and a transmitter at the other. The operation of the device is quite simple. A mirror reflects a beam of light and by means of selenium and electrical apparatus the vibrations of the voice are carried along the beam of light, and are reproduced at the receiving end. It is absolutely impossible to "listen in," and only the destruction of the mirror can stop the conversation.

Don't Work Too Hard.
If you want to be inspired, don't work too hard. That old axiom about genius being an infinite capacity for taking pains is no longer more than half true. There was Berlioz, for instance, who worked for months trying to think up a melody, and then, giving up the task in despair, went diving in the Tiber, with the result that he suddenly came to the surface humming an entrancing tune. When you seem to have run out of rhymes or melodies, stop thinking about them and go out for exercise. All of a sudden, just what you want may come peeping up into your consciousness.

Chinese Cattle.
The native cattle of China are of the lumped species common in the Orient. The main difference between these cattle and the European cattle is in the enlargement of the hump on the top of the shoulders. The meat in this hump is said to be of good quality. The color of the cattle in China is much like the color of Jerseys, varying from a yellow red to a brown red and sometimes pure black. Spotted or white cattle are not common, chiefly because the meat of an animal with white color markings is considered inferior. Fawn is a quite common color.

In the Bible.
Wheat is mentioned in more than sixty passages of the Bible, and in other passages it is included in the general term "corn." In England, by the way, if you mention corn you are supposed to mean wheat, that being the leading kind of corn grown in the country, though the word is also used to indicate the cereals generally. In Scotland "corn" is taken to mean oats. And on this continent the word has been stolen and monopolized by what the early colonists called "Indian corn."

F. H. ROBINSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Main Street Heppner, Oregon

Ask Your Dealer Remington UMC Grand Prize Modern Firearms & Ammunition Write for Catalogue THE REMINGTON-UMC CO. INC. NEW YORK

HOME

By SUSAN F. HAYFORD.

"For goodness sake, Jim Graham, what a looking room! If you aren't enough to try the patience of Job." The usually soft voice was high-pitched and querulous. "Why, what's the matter; what's up now?" inquired Mr. Graham from the depths of his newspaper. "Well, if you would use your eyes you'd see what was the matter. Just look at that rug, and after I've cleaned all day, too." And his wife pointed an accusing finger at the mud tracks that spread across the floor.

He gave a hearty laugh. "So that's all, is it; well, I'm sorry, but come and give me a kiss and say that you forgive it this time." And putting an arm about the trim little waist he drew her down to the arm of his chair. But she was not to be so easily appeased, and with an angry jerk she pulled herself away.

"Oh, that's just like you—you never take anything seriously, and I work all day trying to keep things neat. Look at your coat on one chair, your hat right on the mantel and—"

Mr. Graham laid down his paper with a sigh. "Well, Agnes, I suppose we might as well get this settled. I'm getting tired of being nagged every night lately. I never complain about what you do, and after all I furnish the house for a home," he ended angrily. It was a very unfortunate remark just at that moment, and the tears filled Mrs. Graham's eyes in spite of her efforts to keep them back. "Very well, if that's the way you feel, I think I had better earn my own living—I did once without any trouble, and you can have your house just as you please," she said with sarcasm.

Her husband arose from his chair and spoke severely: "Don't talk nonsense; what is the use of making a fuss over nothing?" "Nonsense—it's more nonsense to be a slave for a man, and I'm tired of it," she flung back over her shoulder as she hastened to the kitchen, partly to attend to the cooking supper and partly to hide the falling tears.

Presently her husband appeared at the dining room door in hat and coat. "You needn't wait up for me; I have a key. Good evening," he said coldly, and was gone. "Wait, Jim," she cried, but the front door closed before she could finish the sentence.

Regardless of the over-brown chicken in the oven she put her head on the kitchen table and wept. "Oh, why did I ever say such things! But then he might have known that I didn't mean them, and he didn't seem to care if I did leave; probably he'd be glad," and a fresh flood of tears came, but after a while she arose with an air of determination, and taking the done dinner from the stove consulted the mirror, to be confronted with very red and swollen eyes, and her new silk waist all spotted with tear-drops.

Half an hour later, a veil hiding her tear-stained eyes, she locked the door and started for her dear chum Isabelle's apartments, to let Jim see that she could get along without him. She hurried along as usual, intent on taking the car just coming in sight, then a fall and a sharp pain in her ankle.

From around the corner someone appeared, and a familiar voice was in her ear: "Are you hurt, Puss? Tell me quick." "Not much. Oh, Jimmy, where were you?" she gasped. "Just been walking around the block the last hour," he replied carelessly. With his arm to support her she hobbled home in silence, but once inside the cheery living room the tears started afresh as her husband turned towards the hall to hang his hat and overcoat.

"Don't, please," she cried; "just throw them anywhere. I—I love to see them 'round; and, Jimmy, I was all tired and cross, and I truly didn't mean it," she concluded from the depths of his shoulder. The dinner had lost its flavor, but the diners were radiantly happy enough to overlook it, and a fragrant cup of coffee made a pleasant finish. "Jimmy," she said, "just think, married 'most a year and our first quarrel. Wasn't it silly?" "So silly it will be the last," said Mr. Graham lighting his cigar. His wife went softly over to his chair and put her arms about his neck. "Well, both do just as we like, won't we? And nobody'll fuss, for it's truly funny, isn't it?" She paused as her husband for the second time that evening, but now all unresisting, drew her to his knee. "It's home where my little wife is," he ended. (Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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Buy yourself a pair of our unexcelled Hand Made Work Shoes or a pair of O'Donnell Dress Shoes for Men. Either one of these justly celebrated shoes will give you the maximum in service for the money invested. We Do All Kinds of Shoe Repairing, and for a reasonable charge we can double the wearing service of your shoes.

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Many of The Men

In Morrow County who have the reputation of wearing good clothes had their suits made in the Heppner Tailoring AND Cleaning Shop. I also represent two of the best order houses in the United States.



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GOOD WHEAT FARMS

I now have a number of the best wheat farms in Morrow County listed and FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS ranging in size from 480 to 1600 acres.

Also Two Fine Alfalfa Farms

I have sold four farms the past two months, but have several bargains to offer just as good. Come in and see me.

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