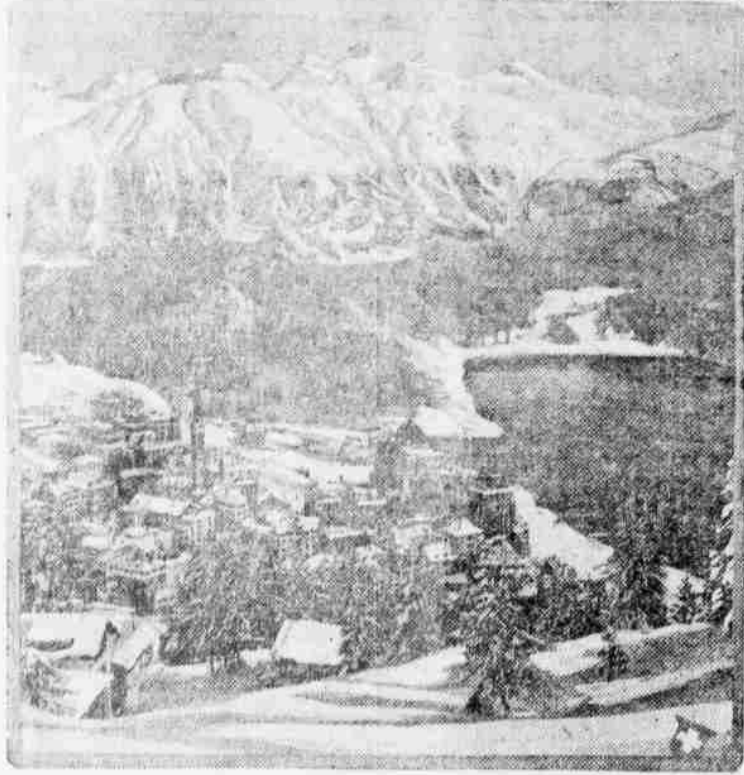


WINTER in SWITZERLAND



St. Moritz in Winter.

Now that peace has come, Switzerland is busily preparing to assume her old place as the favorite playground of the old world. The little Helvetic republic of proverbial beauty, and far more beautiful still in the eyes of many—for as an angel of mercy has she shown her real worth in the world's tragedy—is fairly brimming over with attractions sought by lovers of the medieval and quaint and curious, and will now more than ever become a haven of blissful rest and healthful enjoyment, writes Marie Widmer in the New York Herald.

During the last five winters, in spite of the war, the numerous winter sport resorts tucked away in all those lovely spots over 3,000 feet above sea level, managed to have a "season" on a limited scale, and now that conditions are once more becoming normal it is expected that the winter 1919-1920 will see a great many visitors flock to that snow-capped Alpine land, which, although in the midst of that fierce turmoil, has remained intact.

Switzerland in her winter garb? To the newcomer it means a vision of paradise—to the habitue a coming home to a beloved haunt. Once a number study in artistic color combination, the country appears now as a glorious symphony in white. Jack Frost has imprinted a silencing kiss upon the lapping lips of every tiny brook and mountain stream and glistening sheets of ice cover also the flurid blue eyes of ponds and Alpine lakes. Ice and snow everywhere and above a glorious expanse of deep blue sky. The air itself seems to have gained some new, intoxicating qualities and faces which yesterday looked weary and tired have a cheery and energetic expression today.

Land of Winter Sports.

For the natives the time of pleasant sociability has now come. Visits between friends and relatives are frequently interchanged—by sleigh in the case of the older set, and by ski in the case of the younger generation. Even among the masses are quite advanced, as skis is the name of the great profession of mountaineering over mountains such as the Yvonne winds in the case of the famous. From the high, long ridges they slide down to the valley floor which has been smoothed in the pleasurable lines, and the adventures in their lives are here at the peak level. The proud trees (pines) fall crashing before the eye and hand, and the legs start the snow down, sometimes to the treacherous depths below.

Nowhere on earth have the past centuries of winter sport been more easily realized than in Switzerland, and that is why we find in this small land such a great choice of resorts which possess wonderful facilities for the sport of tobogganing, ice skating, curling and skiing, etc.

Very soon we find everybody interested and engaged in some form of winter sport. There is skating, of course, but more interesting is curling, which has, however, been developed into an art which charms the onlooker by the gracefulness of its movements, and activities in the cool dawning of its swift rushes.

As in summer over the lawn, so does the team ball over the ice in the game of hockey. Curious are frantically sweeping their "stones" toward the coveted goal, and the unlimited diversity of gymnastic stunts offers constant amusement for the players as well as for the on-lookers.

The improved appliances for sport requirements have nearly ousted the old-fashioned toboggan's sleds, which are now only occasionally used by fluid legions. The up-to-date vehicle is the so-called skeleton, a low, yard-long toboggan, on which the rider lies flat, steering the craft with hands and feet.

Like an arrow it darts up to the level walls of the curve, and as the bewildered spectator fearfully watches an accident, the toboggan shoots down into the furrow and around a beautifully shaped curve.

One of the most attractive, and certainly a very social sport, is bob-sledding. Long, low padded toboggans, seating as many as six persons are used, and under this heavy burden the bobsleigh shoots down its course with amazing speed. As the leader sways, almost automatically the closely crowded team bend themselves, thus guiding the sleigh to the right or left; they apply a brake by letting themselves drop on the snow or drive to greater swiftness by bending forward like jockeys. Strong iron spikes, which are driven by a lever into the ice, enable the leader to stop the vehicle almost instantly, but a sudden application of these brakes whips up the ice and snow in clouds, shaking and jolting the riders.

Skiing has taken root to an extraordinary extent in Switzerland. Even the poorest youth does not want to do without skis, though they might only consist of a couple of crudely adjusted barrel staves. Thanks to the ski the boys and girls living on remotely situated farms are now able to attend school every day; their parents are no longer isolated for the best part of the long winter months, and thanks also to these "wooden wings" the mail and newspapers can be delivered regularly.

Sport is furthermore made easier by the different mountain railways, which in winter run toboggan trains. Thus one can travel a couple of stations upward and arrive at the starting point of a mountain road without exertion and waste of time. Then one can descend to the valley on toboggan, ski or skates, or, vice versa, go down first and return by train to winter quarters. Races, competitions, sleigh drives, ice carnivals, ski excursions and an equal variety of fascinating indoor entertainments transplant the happy winter vision into a totally different world where sorrows and care seem to be banished and where every human being seems to realize that the best life after all is found right next to Nature's heart.

Had Long Experience.

Home is very powerful, but some things much more common are more so. Take for instance hunger. The other day a young bride and bridegroom came from a little country town to Indianapolis to buy furniture for their new home. About 11:30 the bridegroom departed on an errand and told his wife that he would meet her at 12:30 at a certain restaurant.

He was startled when almost one o'clock. Then he rushed into the restaurant and found his new bride very calmly eating the lunch she had ordered. Amazed he rushed to her to see "Oh, I was so worried over being late," he began, "I was so afraid you couldn't eat without me."

The bride looked up from her soup. "Why I did it for 23 years," she returned, and turned to her most pork and apple source—Indianapolis News.

America's First Newspaper.

The first and oldest newspaper continuously printed in America was the Boston News Letter, of which the initial number was published 215 years ago. A single number of a journal called Publick Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic, had been printed a little more than thirteen years before; but, like many of its successors, its first number was also its last. John Campbell was the editor of the News Letter, from managing editor to printer's devil. The publication lasted 72 years and its circulation remained steady at about 300 copies weekly.

Too Bad.

He was young and handsome. She was younger and beautiful. She seemed to hang over every word he spoke.

Suddenly his handsome face darkened with repugnance. "It's too bad!" he exclaimed. The beautiful girl paled. Nevertheless, her negative nostrils quivered. She knew he was right. So she took the egg sunny and brought him another. And she didn't charge it on the check!



When in Doubt

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Solomon Predicted It.
In the book of Tobit, chapter 9 verse 15, there is this statement—"and the young man's dog went along with them." In one of the published accounts of the Tuesday election in New York city there is this statement—"the women went to the voting booths and, in many instances, their dogs went along with them." As King Solomon remarked, there isn't any thing new under the sun.—Baltimore American.

But Kaiser Wilhelm II. Forgot It.
Charles III. of Germany adopted the phrase, "year of our Lord."

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Walk in Faith.
Have faith, then, oh you who suffer for the noble cause; apostles of a truth which the world of today comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatizes with the name of rebels, Tomorrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. Tomorrow victory will dress the banner of your crusade. Walk in faith and fear not.—Mazzini.

Philadelphia Parks.
Philadelphia has a park system of 4,464 acres.

Acorns as Human Food.
The Indians of the Pacific coast region, from northern California to Mexico, eat acorns in considerable quantities. Dried and pounded they are made into a sort of mush, and also into bread. Acorn meal is usually bleached to free it from tannin and whatever other bitter principles it contains. In certain parts of Italy acorn meal, with the addition of two-thirds ground grain, is made into bread.

The City vs. the Country.
The city is a place where people must dwell—the country a place where people may live.—Exchange.

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