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And you can't establish credit overnight. Rather, it is a matter of becoming KNOWN at your bank, of establishing confidence by the way in which you have kept your account, regardless of the amount you have in your vault.

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Farmers & Stockgrowers National Bank HEPPNER, OREGON.

FORGETTING

By MARJORY E. WEBSTER

Betty's heart was broken—never, never to be mended. She had quarreled with Tom, broken her engagement, and come up to visit her aunt in this little village among the hills, in order to forget him.

"If you weren't quite so selfish, and could forget yourself for five minutes at a time, you would be a little bit happier, Betty," her aunt said one day, her voice softening her words.

Betty didn't even turn from the window, where she was gloomily looking down the road. Everything looked even more dismal than usual in the grayness of a drizzling rain.

A little later her aunt called her out into the kitchen, where she was packing some jelly in a basket.

"Betty, I wish you would take this jelly down to Mrs. Emery—she lives in that white house near the cross-roads, you know. I was going myself, but my rheumatism is troubling me and I'm afraid it would make it worse to go out in this rain. The jelly's especially for her son—he nearly died with pneumonia this fall, and is just beginning to sit up now. I thought perhaps you could cheer him up a little. You don't mind, do you?"

"I don't mind taking the jelly down," Betty replied, "but I'm not going in, because I don't want to see him. I don't feel like trying to cheer up anyone, anyway, especially when they're men."

Betty trudged down the road moodily. At the Emery place Mrs. Emery herself opened the door, and greeted her in such a warm, friendly way, that she was ashamed of her crossness.

"I made some pumpkin pies this morning, and I want to send one up to your aunt. Come in and wait in the sitting room, while I wrap it up," Mrs. Emery said, drawing Betty in, in spite of herself, and pushing her into the cozy, old-fashioned living room. "Here's someone to talk to, Don—Jessica's little niece, Miss Southall. You must entertain her until I get that pie wrapped up."

"My, but it seems good to see someone from outside," he said. "You're all wet; sit down near the fireplace."

Betty obeyed. He didn't look anything like Tom—she was glad of that. He was sitting in an armchair, all bundled up in a red and white crazy quilt. His face was very thin and drawn—until he smiled, and then he looked surprisingly bright. He asked her about her trip up and about herself—not a bit like Tom, whose conversation was always mostly about himself—and by the time Mrs. Emery came back, Betty had promised to come down the following afternoon and play cribbage with him.

In the weeks that followed, while he was convalescing, she went down often. Sometimes she read to him, sometimes they played cribbage, or roasted chestnuts or popped corn in the fireplace, sometimes they just talked. When he grew stronger, and there was no longer any excuse for her to visit him, he began to call upon at Aunt Jessica's home. Later, when he was quite well again, they snowed out and skated together, and he took her sleighing behind his new and favorite horse, whose name he changed from Dolly to Betty, because it sounded so much better. Betty soon forgot that she wasn't happy, but she was too busy to notice the way her aunt's eyes twinkled at times when she looked at her.

It was some time later that Betty answered the doorman one afternoon to find Tom Hollingsford standing on the doorstep.

"What a forgotten hole of a place to hide away in," were his first words. "I couldn't get anyone to bring me up from the station and had to walk all the way." His voice was somewhat irritable, for he was very cold.

"What a shame!" Betty sympathized, as she led him into the living room, wondering to herself what she had ever seen in him.

When she had closed the door, he looked both hands—just as of old—good and bad.

"Well, well, Betty, you're prettier than ever. You were unreasonable last summer—about Louise, I mean—but I'll admit it was partly my fault, so I thought I had better come up and apologize and take you back home before some farmer up here married you."

"If that's why you came up," Betty said, "I'm afraid you've come too late." She pulled the curtains aside and looked down the road. "See that white house down there—the one with the big porch? Well, next month I am going to marry the son who lives there. Yes, he is a farmer, but he isn't a bad one."

"Betty, you're joking!"

"Oh, no, I'm not. See my ring. He is coming to supper tonight. Won't you wait and meet him?"

Tom's face was as white as paper. He looked at his watch, he said stiffly.

"No, thank you. I've got to catch that 4:30 train back—my important engagement, you know—as I'll have to go."

With a little smile in her eyes, Betty watched him laboriously make his way down the drifted road, then her gaze turned to the little white house, and with the smile still playing about her mouth she returned to her room.

Home Town Helps

LAYING OUT SCHOOL GROUNDS

Room Not Necessary for Playing Space Should Be Devoted to Flowers and Shrubs.

M. F. Ahearn, professor of landscape gardening at the Kansas State Agricultural college, tells some interesting points to be kept in mind in planning the country school yard.

"There should be sufficient room for a baseball diamond, a basketball court, a volleyball court and a tennis court," Professor Ahearn says. "In all instances the playground apparatus should be provided first. In many rural districts there will necessarily be only a few pupils and there will not be a call for so large a playground area as where the enrollment is larger. Perhaps the basketball court and the baseball diamond will be sufficient for the needs of the ordinary country school."

"Evergreens are best for windbreaks. Elm and hackberry are best for shade. When the grounds are large enough, a small grove of trees will be a great asset to the utility and beauty of the school."

"In all instances only hardy trees and shrubs should be planted, because they have to stand the attacks of small boys and the trying conditions of summer when they are usually neglected. The country school without trees and shrubbery is like a picture without a frame."

KEEP THE PAINTBRUSH BUSY

Real Economy, and Adds Enormously to Appearance and Length of Service.

Painting adds greatly both to the appearance and service of all buildings and appliances. One may buy ready mixed paints, or may purchase paste pigments and oil and mix them. All surfaces should be clean and dry before they are painted. Use a priming coat made of equal parts of paint and linseed oil and cover with one or more coats of paint, which should be thoroughly brushed into the surface.

Whitewash is the cheapest of all paints and may be used either for exterior or interior surfaces. It can be made by slaking about ten pounds of quicklime in a pail with two gallons of water, covering the pail with cloth or burlap and allowing it to slake for one hour. Water is then added to bring the whitewash to a consistency which may be applied readily. A weatherproof whitewash for exterior surfaces may be made as follows: (1) Slake one bushel of quicklime in 12 gallons of hot water, (2) dissolve 2 pounds of common salt and 1 pound of sulphate of zinc in 2 gallons of boiling water; pour (2) into (1), then add 2 gallons of skim milk and mix thoroughly. Whitewash is spread lightly over the surface with a broad brush.

Fruit Trees on City Lots.

The planting of dwarf fruit trees, including a species of pear tree which may be trained fan-shape on a trellis and a peach tree which will bear fruit next year in the demonstration gardens in many states, ought to awaken householders generally where detached dwellings are the rule to the importance of making their yards productive. Fruit trees will thrive in any good soil. They do not require much attention beyond pruning and spraying. In France fruit trees have been growing along the highways for centuries. They serve the double purpose of shade and profit. Charles Lathrop Park, president of the American Forestry association, says that if city dwellers were to give as much attention to the planting of fruit trees as some of them have given to backyard vegetable gardens they would soon be producing a large amount of fruit "in a. h. the kitchen."

Beautify the Home.

There are so many native shrubs, vines and flowers that they obscure in a deplorable way. In a recent drive of a thousand miles we saw only four farm houses where attention had been paid to beautify them. Naturally, they were noticed. Don't dot the lawn with fantastic flower beds of annual flowers. Put hardy shrubs around the foundations, the taller growing ones behind. Then in front of these plant the perennial flowers such as iris, crocus, narcissus, peony, sweet William, phlox, etc. Keep the lawn open. A few ivy or wild grape vines make a hideous outgrowth less noticeable. Shrubs can be transplanted in winter, get as much soil with them as possible, and reup the roots firmly in place. —Farm Life.

General Interest in City Building.

It is interesting to note that in the past year the public, more than ever before, has participated in the financing of the nation's operations. We are coming to a thorough realization of the fact that the general investing public should be given an opportunity to share in these operations. This is opening up for the benefit of the country market a vast reservoir of capital, and it is giving the public an opportunity to participate in the fruits of the general development of our American cities. —Boston Herald.

"Half-Mast High."

Everyone knows when he sees a flag flown at half-mast that it is a sign of mourning, but few have any idea how the custom originated. It arises from the old naval rule that the sign of submission was the lowering of the flag by the vanquished.

Cutting Glass Circles.

It is possible to break out circles of glass, such as lenses for headlights, by making a number of straight cuts from the edge of the glass and breaking these sections out one at a time. Be careful not to cut inside the line of the circle to be cut.

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160 Acres on Lower Willow Creek

120 acres under the ditch and worlds of free irrigating water. About 75 acres of growing alfalfa and more ground already prepared for seed. Fair improvements. In the best alfalfa region of Morrow county. Get this quick and raise your own feed or help supply the hay market.

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