

CROW FARMER'S FRIEND AND FOE

"Twice as Good as He Is Bad,"
Writer Says of Persecuted Bird.

BACKED BY UNCLE SAM

Kills Young Chickens and Destroys Eggs of Other Birds, But on Other Hand He Kills Field Mice and Insects.

Washington.—The United States biological survey sends out a bulletin about the crow. It says that the big, black fellow is the farmer's friend and should not be exterminated, and it goes on to assert that many crows recently examined were found to eat 28 per cent grain and 62 per cent May beetles, tussock moths, grasshoppers, gypsy moths, army worms, chinchbugs and brown moths. So he is about twice as good as he is bad.

But the crow also kills young chickens and destroys the eggs of other birds. George F. Burba writes in the Columbus Dispatch, Charge that up against him along with the 38 per cent grain which he eats. Then on the other hand, set down a large number of field mice and outworms which he also gets away with and there is still a balance in his favor. Besides, much of the grain the crow eats would be wasted anyway, since he picks up the scattered kernels in the field and eats a lot of very poor corn and wheat that wouldn't be any account to anybody else.

Hunted Becomes Intelligent.
The government bulletin isn't going to have much effect, one way or another, however. Everybody takes a shot at a crow whenever he gets a chance, but the crows persist. They have been warned upon so much that they have become very intelligent.

Take note of that—anything that is warned upon or hunted becomes intelligent. The hunted birds and animals acquire knowledge and cunning, or whatever you want to call it. Otherwise they would disappear.

If crows were stupid and sat around on fences when they see a man in the field with a gun; if they built their nests where the nests could be easily broken up; if they did not help each other by giving warning of approaching danger, there would be no crows. But everyone seems to be an enemy of the glossy fellow, and he knows that he must keep at a safe distance.

He knows that he must build his nest high up in a tree, away from human habitation, and watch out every moment for somebody or something that would kill him. All of this has made him what we call one of the most intelligent of birds.

The Crow as a Pet.
And still the crow is a sociable bird. He likes human beings, when they treat him right. He makes a splendid pet, although a naughty one. In that he is always getting into trouble. If you will take a crow when it is young and raise it it becomes as gentle as a chicken.

He likes to be around the house, where there are a lot of boys, but at every opportunity he will fly upon the table and snatch the food, or carry scissors or thimbles or spoons of thread or jewelry away and hide them. He is a mischief maker with the hens and chickens and fuses and quarrels and wrangles with the dog that sleeps upon the porch.

But he will not desert the family; he will remain with the boy that feeds him and attends to him, although he may take a trip occasionally to the fields and talk to the other crows, coming back at night to his regular roost.

Audience Applauded as Snake Crushed Trainer

Applause from a large audience resounded in the little theater at Serbruck, Switzerland, while a gigantic python slowly crushed its trainer to death.

The trainer, a Hungarian girl named Ciro, realized her peril and shrieked for help as the coils of the serpent closed about her, but the audience believed her cries were part of the entertainment and cheered loudly.

Fraulein Ciro's manager rushed on the stage and shot the snake, but not until the young woman was beyond help. It was not until after the performance was over that the people were apprised of the fact they had witnessed a gruesome tragedy.

Now Crows Over the Doctors.

Huntington, W. Va.—Marguerite, the twenty-month-old daughter of E. W. Stoller and wife, was slowly wasting away. Physicians saw no hope of her recovery. She was seized with a fit of coughing and a watermelon seed she had swallowed last September was disgorged. Now she will get well.

Met Death on Duty.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Capt. Wesley L. Moore, aged seventy-eight, river pilot, often said he hoped he might die on the Ohio river. Death came to him as he wished. He was found lifeless in his cabin on the Ivory Wood, a vessel he operated between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

HENPECKED

By GERALDINE CAMPBELL.

"I tell you, Frank, it's the only life. No henpecked husband for yours truly!"

His companion smiled indulgently, and thought of a little square white box reposing in his inside pocket.

"Oh, I suppose it all depends on the way you look at it," replied he. "Just now I have a mighty different point of view from yours."

Tom Price, a hardened bachelor, gave him a quick, sharp glance.

"Say, what's all this?" he demanded. "I've heard a lot about you and that darned Avis Dean, but I didn't believe you'd go with a girl like her. I hope none of those rumors I heard were true?" rather anxiously.

Frank grinned mischievously.

"Oh, just wait a few days. Something may happen," thinking again of the little box. "And let me tell you, Tom, Avis may be a little of a vamp, and she may like to order a fellow around some, but for all that she's a nice girl."

"See here, Frank Carr, we've known each other since we were kids, haven't we, and always been the best of friends?" (A nod from Frank.) "Well, I want you to take my advice. You can't deny Avis Dean is a vamp. You can't deny she has a rather shady reputation. You can't deny that she (as you say) and all the rest of her family like to order a fellow around a little too much. And, finally, see what a life Dick Carter leads after marrying Avis' sister, who was just like Avis is now. Why, the poor fellow can't spend a cent but wife must know where it is gone—he can't leave the house but she knows where he is going. Talk about henpecked husbands! Take my advice, Frank, as you always have, and stay away from Miss Dean."

"Well I'll think about it," answered Frank with a twinkle which showed he hadn't the least idea that his friend was in earnest.

When Frank reached Avis' house, he went up the stone steps three at a time and rang the bell furiously.

A maid came to the door almost immediately. Yes, Miss Avis was at home and expecting him.

In 15 minutes Avis entered the room and something in her eyes as she joyfully greeted him put all Tom's cautions out of his mind.

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Carr were settled in a modern bungalow at one of the two beaches. The sewing circle to which Mrs. Carr belonged was to meet at her house that afternoon. All the ladies were to bring their babies, and, as Mrs. Carr said, they would have a real home afternoon. At 2 o'clock, however, the members of the circle unanimously decided that they liked the movies better than a hot house and treifal babies, so long-suffering Mr. Carr was brought in and asked in honeyed tones by his wife if he wouldn't take care of the babies while they went to the nearest theater.

"Of course you will, my dear," said Mrs. Carr decidedly after a moment's pause. "you're used to things like that, aren't you?" laughingly.

He gave a short, sardonic laugh as he answered. "Yes, I'm used to things like that."

So the ladies went off to enjoy the latest seven-reel thriller, leaving their some twenty babies to the care of Mr. Carr. As they left the poor man looked hopelessly at the children. Then he went to the piano, shoved all the bric-a-brac from the top into the midst of the wondering babies and sat down to enjoy a magazine.

In 15 minutes, he was brought back to earth by the sound of 20 voices yelling lustily. He brought more bric-a-brac, he gave them his watch and all the small clocks in the house (having once heard that a watch amuses a baby when nothing else will), he took from the walls the pictures, he danced the qualling children by turns on his knee.

By the time the ladies of the Circle returned, Mr. Carr had given their children everything in the house but the heaviest of the furniture—and the babies were still crying. The outraged ladies quieted their children, put on their coats and hats and went to their respective homes, vowing that they would make Mrs. Carr resign from the Circle.

"Oh, Frank, do wake up! What is the matter with you?"

Frank Carr slowly opened his eyes, saw Avis looking even more lovely than ever, bending over him—and realized that he was not a henpecked husband—it was all a dream.

"Oh—er—er, I beg your pardon, Avis, er—I didn't mean to fall asleep—I—"

She laughed lightly.

"I know you didn't, poor boy, and it was really awful of me to take so long in getting ready."

"Well—er—er—I—er—I don't feel at all well, and I—er—think—I had better go home."

He grabbed his hat and coat and made a rush for the door.

Avis could only stare. Then she went to her window to watch him as he ran down the path. Just before he reached the gate, she saw him take from his pocket a small white box, open it and stand for a minute gazing at its contents. She drew in her breath sharply as she saw him flick the little ring in the air. She did not, however, hear him exclaim as he did so:

"No henpecked husband for yours truly!"

QUEER REPTILE KILLS FISH

Indiana Town Stirred by Reports of Depredations of Mysterious Water Creature.

Marion, Ind.—A reptile or animal of some strange species has taken up its abode in the waters of the Manzanita Fishing club pond in southern Fairmount, and is causing havoc among fish put there by the club several years ago, according to persons living in the vicinity of the pond.

Those who claim to have seen it say the creature has the head of a horse and the body of an alligator. Some of the people living near the pond even state they are disturbed by unearthly noises coming from the pond at times. Members of the club are said to take little stock in these reports, but, inasmuch as an animal of some sort is destroying the fish, state they will make a determined effort to solve the mystery.

None Dies in This Town.

Cranmore, Cal.—This town asserts itself as the healthiest community in the state, basing its claim upon the fact that the local cemetery has not had a grave dug since 1863, the date of the last funeral in Cranmore. Since that time several residents of the community have died in other sections of the state, but it is a remarkable fact that not a single death has occurred in the community since 1863.

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Mr. and Mrs. Eph. Eckelson, of Salem, came in Thursday and were the guests of Judge and Mrs. W. T. Campbell.

A HAYSEED PROFTTEER
"I saw something in Harney county the other day that I never before saw in my life," announced Dr. Lytle, state veterinarian, at the Imperial, Juniors who holds his hay and refuses to sell for less than \$20 a ton. I counted 75 stacks on 160 acres and some of the hay was 10 years old. In the Snake river country. I was in-

formed, the price of hay will not be so high this year as it was last. This is because so many cattle have been shipped to Montana. That state has plenty of grass and no cattle. Also there are thousands of sheep being sent from Oregon to Montana, where grass and water are close together and abundant. There is a scarcity of water in parts of Oregon and, while the distance is not too great for cattle and horses to go, the sheep cannot be moved to advantage. This accounts for the movement to Montana. Hay is selling in Pendleton for \$28 a ton and at Stanfield for \$25, but as yet there is no special market for hay."

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