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Uncle Walt's Story

By WALT MASON

GENTLE CORRECTION

"PULSIFER seems mighty touchy," observed the retired merchant. "He was talking to me this morning and shooting holes through the king's English in his usual reckless way. I called his attention to a few of his grammatical errors. Instead of being grateful he shook his fist under my nose, and said that for three sous he would push my face through the back of my head. I can't understand that sort of conduct. I'd thank any man who would correct me when I make errors in my speech."



"In a horn you would," commented the hotelkeeper. "You think you put up a fine line of English when you are talking. You are satisfied you never make any bad breaks, so feel safe in saying you would welcome criticism, but if some sharp who is wise to all the fancy curves of the language came along, and showed you where you get off, you wouldn't wring his hand in an ecstasy of gratitude. No, doggone it, you would climb on his person and discolor one of his eyes."

"If there's any man makes me tired and sore, it's the one who calls me down when I am speaking a piece, and tells me I am making Lindley Murray roll over in his grave. I don't mind if there are only two of us present at the time, but when there are innocent bystanders around I get all worked up and insist upon a hand to hand conflict. No good sport would do such a thing. If you don't like the way I talk, you can pass up this hotel when making your daily rounds. If you must hand me a package of criticism or admonition, send it by mail. Then I can read it in the privacy of my own bed room, and there won't be anybody around to raise a horse laugh."

"My education was sadly neglected when I was young. I went to school only a few months and everything I learned was wrong, for the teacher was a farmer who took up educational work as a recreation when the weather prevented him from cultivating his beans. The little I know I accumulated by reading the newspapers and a few dime novels."

"Consequently I am always taking a fall out of the language. I never could wise myself to the fine points of grammar, and it was only recently I quit saying 'I done it,' and 'I have went.' Every now and then an aleck stops me in the middle of a discourse and shows me where I am wrong, and if there is any way of getting even with that man I always do. There was a drummer for a shoe house who used to frequent this place. I took a liking to him, and always gave him the best room and saw that his eggs were fresh from the vines, and looked after his comfort generally."

"One day I was telling him a story, and he stopped me just when I was approaching the peroration, and began to explain the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' It seemed that I always used one of these words when I should have used the other, and in the goodness of his heart he explained the whole business to me. When he had made everything clear he asked me to finish my story, but I told him, in a biting sort of way, that I might wound him to the quick by misplacing a few more words, so I would spare him that infliction."

"Then he saw he was in bad, and he began telling me how he always liked to be corrected, and he took it for granted that others felt the same way about it, and the more he talked the less use I had for him."

"He registered here many times after that, always got the worst room in the house and if there was a particularly tough steak on hand, it went to him. He tried his hardest to square himself, and was always looking at me, hoping to see a winning smile on my chaste lips, but he never got anything but the arctic glare, and I suppose he's kicking himself, even to this day, because he made that break. And if you want to queer yourself with all your friends, you'll keep up this thing of telling people of their mistakes."

A Shrewd Man.

Patron—Why do you have such poor music in your restaurant?
Proprietor—It relieves the pressure by giving the people something besides the food to find fault with.—Boston Transcript.

The Case.

Lecturer—"Things have come to a pretty pass when my description of the constellations are made to give way on the program to the so-called Dog star." Stage Manager—"Sure, that is a Sirius matter."

Like the Rest.

A little neighbor girl was at our house when a bride of two months came in. Our conversation was about the wedding. "Oh," said the little girl, "so you got married with a curtain on your head, too?"

BRIMMER SCORES

By ETHEL M. HALL.

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Brimmer was in high spirits. The concert was over, and he had scored a success, a great success. He had not known until the last lingering notes of his violin had melted away, and the hushed, tense silence that followed was suddenly broken by a wild crash of applause, how successful he had been.

He slipped into his overcoat, tucked his violin under his arm, and opening the stage door, passed out into the night. It was cold and clear. The crowd from the concert passing by under the bright street lights seemed gay and louder than ever.

He drew in a long breath of the keen sharp air. Yes! It was good to live, good to do great things, to be somebody! He would write to the folks at home and tell them of his success; no, he would cable. The news would reach them sooner. But he had almost forgotten—he must tell Minna first.

And, after all, had it not been the thought of Minna that had urged him to succeed? Tonight he would tell her. She would be pleased to hear of his success, she would think better of him. Perhaps, Brimmer thought, she would slap her hands in that odd way she has and say simply:

"Ach, es tut mir leid sehr leid!"

A smile spread over Brimmer's face and he struck out down the street humming concert airs under his breath. He thought only of three things: His success, that was uppermost, of Minna, and of the folly of an unwritten social law that built up barriers between classes and condemned social relations between those classes.

A frown puckered his brow as he wondered what his father and mother and sister would think if they knew about Minna. Minna, the daughter of a German shopkeeper, and he the son of a proud old English family whose name was honored in social and political circles. But Brimmer was not in the mood to tolerate unpleasant thoughts, so he dismissed them.

He loved Minna! She had never confessed to loving him, but then, she had smiled and talked much, and had even encouraged him by her little flirtations. From the first Brimmer had been attracted to Minna—from the day when he had discovered old Kroeger's little restaurant in the narrow street behind his lodgings, Minna was there. She was plump and pretty; her eyes were dark and fringed with long lashes, and in her hair she wore a red flower. She smiled at Brimmer, and lingered awhile after that he went every day to the restaurant in the narrow street. And every day he saw Minna—Minna!

Oh, yes, she loved him—she must love him. He had so much to give her now. Even before she must have been glad to have him—but now, after his success! He smiled to himself—he was sure of himself. Tonight he was sure of everything! He did not care what his mother or the rest of his family would think of Minna. He knew what he thought—that was all that mattered. He would ask Minna tonight. He was a man, a successful man; he would care for Minna and himself.

Brimmer turned into the narrow street. In Kroeger's restaurant the tables were deserted, except one where an old man sat dozing over his beer glass. Brimmer looked around for Minna. She was not there, perhaps she was back in the "kuche." He sat down at one of the tables in a corner and waited. For the first time he noticed that the place seemed different.

There were fewer tables, the hangings had been removed, in one corner nailed boxes were piled high. Kroeger was cleaning up, or getting ready for renovations, Brimmer thought. Not such a bad idea, either.

The door at the back of the restaurant opened. Victor Kroeger, fat, disheveled and almost enveloped in an untidy apron, crossed to Brimmer's table. He was flushed, excited, and Brimmer wondered if he had heard of his success and if he were going to congratulate him. But he did not. Instead he broke into the bad English that he always indulged upon using when speaking to Englishmen—to show off, Brimmer thought.

"Ach, it is you, Herr Brimmer? Vor such a long time haf I not seen you. You vill not mind dis—" he indicated the chaotic condition of his shop. "You see, it is va vill be here nicht mehr. Tomorrow va go away. A hedder place for us vill it be dere."

Brimmer started. Yesterday when he had seen Minna she had not told him about this. Then he remembered suddenly that Minna never spoke to him of herself or her family. He asked weakly:

"You are moving away? Where? And Minna? Is Minna going with you?"

Kroeger looked at Brimmer with surprise. "Minna? Haf you not heard? She haf not told you? Nein? Ach, die hebbling! Minna—she is already away. She is married—last evening. He is Eric, and he helped me to cook here. He vill keep ein wirtshaus, and Minna, she vill help him. Ach, Herr Brimmer, dey luf each oder—dey is sehr happy! Und nun, vas kan I do for you? I haf not much to gif you—only sunderkraut and beer—since it is dat va must go away tomorrow."

Florence Oil Stove

Asbestos Wick

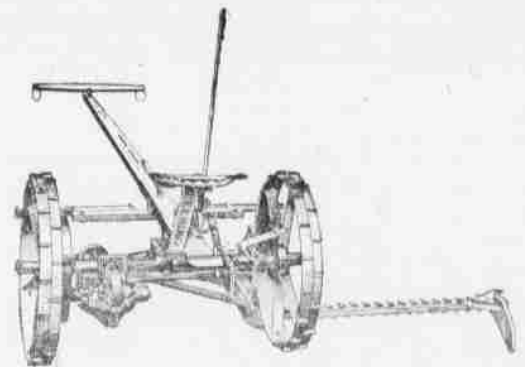
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GILLIAM & BISBEE

"We Have it Will Get it Or it is Not Made"

"Rockie" Can Now Show His \$20,000 Cash

DES MOINES, IA.—Six weeks ago two men appeared at Hill's retreat in Des Moines. One displayed a star and a commitment paper for a lunatic. The other held a stack of bank checks a foot high. "Another crazy fish for you, doctor," said the officer to the guard.

"Fish, eh?" snickered the patient with the checks. "Say, young man, I have a checking account of \$17,000,000. I want to buy the state of Iowa. How much?"

The guards named the newsomeer "Morganfeller." In a few days he became acquainted with an inmate called "Rockie."

"Rockie," said Morganfeller, "I got some dough, I have. Look. Checks. Certified checks. Worth \$17,000,000. Don't you wish you wuz rich, Rockie?"

"Listen, Morg," said Rockie. "I got cash. Twenty thousand in cash—butter than all your checks. I'll show you some day."

Three weeks ago the same sheriff appeared at the entrance with another patient. The newest arrival wore a paper hat, fashioned after the style of Napoleon. He carried a broomstick. Soon "Nap" was riding his broomstick



all over the place. One day he rode between Rockie and Morganfeller.

"Want to sell your horse?" asked Morg."

"You fellows haven't any money—giddap," said "Nap," galloping off. "I'll show you my money some day," said "Rockie" to "Morg."

By and by "Morg" tore up his checks and "Nap" threw down his broom. They went to the headquarters of the asylum, gave their names as E. Bihn and C. P. O'Brien, operatives of a detective agency.

"We want to give 'Rockie' a chance to show us his money," said they. "He is Harry D. Tisdale, and he is wanted in Chicago. He's a crook. He embezzled \$26,238 as former auditor of the Manufacturers' Junction railway."

Meaning of Feverish Dream. To dream you have a fever signifies that you will excite the envy of your friends; also difficulties with your lover.

Logical Habit. "Why is it that musicians have such long hair?" "I suppose they think they ought to have plenty of locks to match their keys."

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Lloyd Hutchinson

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HEPPNER, OREGON.

Think This Over.

"De man dat insists on havin' his own way," said Uncle Eben, "sometimes winds up by havin' dat an' nothin' else."

Fortification.

Host—Look here, old man, my wife wants you to take Miss Piffle in to dinner. She has just written an essay on the "Cosmic Urge," so I advise you to have a couple more cocktails.—Life.

Various Storm Warnings.

Flowers, trees and low-growing plants send out storm warnings. Certain plants and flowers close up tightly on the approach of rain. They give ample warning. The common dandelion does this, and also the leaves of the white clover. The silver leaf poplar gives fair warning of rain by raising the silver under side of its leaves upward continuously.