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Phelps Grocery Company

JANE'S SHARK

By MARY A. MURDOCK.

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Jane's glance triumphantly swept the long stretch of deserted beach. Not a soul in sight! For an hour at least she might confidently expect to keep all this wonder to herself. Glee-fully she visioned the chagrin of Tom, not to mention her half-dozen other satellites, when they should have discovered her to have already taken her morning dip, without their ubiquitous ministrations.

It was five o'clock, and half an hour before sunrise. Jane waded out towards a not distant sand bar, her eyes fixed on the eastern sky, where the gray mist was parting, to reveal hidden color treasure of orange and gold. She felt suddenly awed. How big everything was! How tiny her hands seemed, brayed in front of her on the surface of the water. At that moment she half wished for a chance to snub the owner of a certain steady-ly if presumptuous arm, then shaking off the weakness and determined to glory in her new found freedom, she plunged, squealing irrepressibly, into an on-coming wave and swam with an even, sure stroke for the bar.

Once there, she turned to glance at the hotel, oddly somnolent in the half light, then with a superior sniff, intended for its hazy inmates, she stretched luxuriously on the sand and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the spectacle to the eastward. For a full half-hour she watched and mar-veled and dreamed. How trivial now seemed yesterday's perplexities and intrigues! Her unaccountably poor showing at the tennis tournament, that cataclysmic error which had caused her partner to view her in stunned surprise—how little such things really mattered. She remembered with a certain sense of shame the flirtations which had marked her stay at this most popular of beach resorts. What poor sport it was, after all. Hence-forth she determined to repress the eternal five in her and to save her smiles for—him. And a delightful speculation gripped her as to who—he might be.

A cold tongue of water lapped her bathing slipper and she jumped up, shivering. The tide had risen. Jealous waves were already trying to edge her off her perch. She fussed with her cap in preparation for the swim back, pausing for a last look at the King of Day, now well over the rim of the world.

For a while she stood there, a charming figure in her modish sea suit, eyes gleam with youth's love of life, curling tendrils of gold whip-ping her creamy throat. Suddenly she stiffened and a sharp cry escaped her.

Cradled between two of the larger overlapping waves she had espied something sinister and white, a gleam-ing mass that moved and glowed in the long rays of the morning light. A sort of numbness seized her, as through her mind there flashed all the stories she had heard recounted of the white-bellied terror which many of the hotel habitués were reputed to have glimpsed thereabouts, always from the asylum of a dock.

Jane viewed despairingly the fast-diminishing strip of sand. Ten min-utes at the most, and she would have to take her chances with the thing in the water. On the verge of faint-ling, she yet managed to find her voice. At first thin and weak, desperation lent it strength. A favoring breeze aided her, and the cry which roused half a hundred sleepy vacationists from their beds was that of "Tom!"

Tom heard with the rest, and not one of the wondering watchers saw anything grotesque in his pelam-clad figure, as it flew to the water's edge.

"Get a boat, Tom," Jane screamed, then toppled and fell.

But Tom didn't go back. A few minutes and he had in his arms a strangely gentle Jane, who could only whisper faintly, "Tom, darling Tom," and who clung pitifully to him.

As he swam back to the beach, now thronged with half-blind people, his precious burden held close, he was too deliciously happy to wonder why Jane, conceded the best swimmer in the crowd, had not dared negotiate the short distance. Time enough for explanations later—for the present life was very sweet, with that soft "Tom, darling Tom" in his ears.

Through a haze of joy, he was con-scious that one of his vigorous strokes brushed away something which felt like seaweed, but which was appar-ently a white satin petticoat, and he won-dered from whose clothesline it was missing.

Movements of the Earth.

The continents stand at an average height of about 15,000 feet above the ocean bottom and their weights caus-ling a pressure of 15,000 to 20,000 pounds per square inch on their bases is supposed to be causing a slow creeping of the land into the sea against the 5,000 pounds of pressure by the water at the bottom. The rocks of mines are observed to creep under less pressure. In recent ex-periments, two hemispheres of rock were fitted together by plane surfaces, and a cavity was ground in one or a steel washer was laid on it and the hemispheres were then forced together by hydraulic pressure continued for months, at room temperature. It was demonstrated that a pressure of 80,000 pounds per square inch will close even small cavities in granite, basalt, ob-sidians or limestone.

STAR THEATRE

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THURSDAY "KEEP TO THE RIGHT"
FRIDAY "WAY DOWN EAST"
SATURDAY "TOBY THE DETECTIVE"

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When food gets scarce does the hen stop scratching?

No, indeed, she scratches a darn site harder.

When times are hard and no money in sight,
Shall we go to sleep or continue the fight?
We'll take a lesson from the hen and work the harder brother,
We'll all pull together and help one another,
And when the clouds have rolled away and the sky again is clear,
We'll scratch some more and cast away all thoughts of this bad year.

Then our record will be clear, our credit will be good and the horrors of war and the deflation period will be forgotten.

JOIN

Gilliam & Bisbee

In these thoughts and actions and the devil and all his Imps will miss us.

Levee Quickly Constructed.
Only seven weeks were required to throw up 240,000 cubic yards of dirt in building an emergency levee on the Mississippi river.

Hardy.
No, Maud, when Longfellow said, "Give us the man who sings at his work," he did not mean the undertaker.

To Be Done With Discretion.
"If you want to be really popular with men," says Mr. Arthur Penderis, "become a widow." This, of course, may be all right, but few husbands can really learn to love a wife who makes a practice of this sort of thing.—London Punch.

Benefit of a Good Laugh.
However, the laugh began, it is a recognized fact that a few healthy "ha-has" form one of the best tonics imaginable. It gets plenty of fresh air into the lungs, and generally tones one up. Also, it eases the nerves.

St. Elmo's Fire.
The finest displays of St. Elmo's fire are not seen on the masts and spars of vessels at sea, but on high mountains, where they have sometimes been observed to last as long as eight hours. They are especially common during snowstorms.