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Phone Residence. Heppner, Oregon

R. F. HYND WRITES INTERESTING LETTER

Former Heppnerite, Now
Visiting Parents in Scot-
land, Tells About Trip.

ARRBROATH, SCOTLAND,
Dec. 24, 1913.

EDITOR GAZETTE-TIMES:

Complying with your request that I write an occasional letter from "this side of the Pond," I herewith send you a short account of our trip from the Far West to the heather clad hills of Scotland.

Leaving Portland on November 13th on the O-W. R. & N. Chicago Special, we had an uneventful trip with the finest of winter weather all the way to Chicago, where we arrived on Sunday noon. The sun was shining brightly when we left Portland and with the exception of a thick fog hanging over Eastern Oregon, we had bright sunshine and cold, frosty nights all the way through. At only a few places, even when up between six and seven thousand feet crossing the "backbone of the continent," did we see any snow on the track, but on some of the distant mountains the sun shining on the snow covered peaks presented a pretty picture, especially at sunset.

The days being short, the time for sight-seeing was limited, but one could readily see that there are developments all along the line. The district around Ameriann Falls in particular shows improvement. Three years ago it was little more than a sheep shearing station. Now the town is about the size of Heppner, with vast areas of wheat growing land, worked on the dry farming system, stretching out on all sides. Warehouses and elevators were full and wheat sacks were piled up all around the depot. Vast irrigation projects are being carried on in the upper Snake River valleys, and this leads one to hope that someday Oregon will wake up, and, like Idaho, send men to Washington who will see that the state gets what it is entitled to for the irrigation of its arid lands. Leaving Potatello the afternoon is spent climbing the western slope of the Rockies, and soon after dark we passed through Rock Springs, where Heppner gets its supply of coal. Yes, the coal is hauled nearly a thousand miles, and we are told that thousands of tons lie buried within 20 miles of Heppner. We can't blame our representatives at Washington for this condition of affairs, and as it is not considered the proper thing to blame ourselves, why let's blame some other fellow—anything to shift the responsibility from ourselves.

Not until one gets pretty well into Nebraska do you find the comfortable, well equipped farm of the Middle West. Here you find the large, neatly painted farm house, the substantial barn which furnishes ample protection for stock and implements, and the good roads, without which no farming district can prosper. Every foot of land seems to be under cultivation and every few miles one passes a thriving town, everything indicating a prosperous community, whether the farmers are making more money than our Oregon farmers I do not know, but it is very evident they are enjoying home comforts unknown to the average Westerner.

During the four hours we spent in Chicago awaiting train connections with the Grand Trunk System two trainloads of immigrants came into Dearborn station under the direction of a Government immigration officer. They were herded into a large hall there to await the arrival of their friends, and if these were samples of the immigrants we are to receive on the Pacific Coast when the Canal is opened the outlook is not very flattering. Their dress and general appearance indicated that they were from the lowest classes of Southern Europe and one would think that one such shipment would be all that Chicago could assimilate for some time to come, but I learned that many such consignments arrived every week.

On the way to New York we spent one day at Hamilton, a lively city of Southern Canada, beautifully located on Lake Ontario, and the principal manufacturing city of the Dominion. During the past ten years it has more than doubled in population and now boasts of 100,000 inhabitants. It is the home of the Canadian branch of the "Harvester Trust," the concern employing nearly 2000 men. About 60 miles north from Hamilton lies the district where the writer spent two summers in the days of his youth learning to plow, to sow, to reap, to mow, and be a farmer's boy, under the supervision of Mr. Thomson, who at the same time was wielding the parental slipper over and directing the future destinies of a bunch of school boys, now

the Thomson Brothers, of Heppner. Here also the Hynd Brothers of Sand Hollow and Ed Bristow of Lone spent their school days and early manhood, and I am informed that the district had improved wonderfully since we all left it and why shouldn't it, after getting rid of such a bunch.

We reached New York on the morning of Nov. 18th, arriving on the New Jersey side just opposite the Battery Park, and sailed up the lower harbor to the 23rd Street ferry landing. From the upper deck of the ferry boat we had a splendid view of the sky scrapers in the lower part of the city and the activities of the lower harbor where hundreds of ferryboats, tugboats, and deep sea craft of all sizes and nationalities were dodging each other in the mad race to "get there." Both sides of the river for miles are lined with monster wharves and huge steamers carrying merchandise from every quarter of the globe can be seen loading and unloading their cargoes.

The greater part of our spare time in New York was spent on the hurricane deck of one of the numerous motor buses that ply around the city. The weather was suitable for this and no better view point could be obtained. On Fifth Avenue, no street cars operate, hence it is the favorite route for the auto traffic of the city and double decked motor buses are passing and repassing every few minutes carrying passengers to all parts of the city. Very few horse vehicles are seen on this street and during the busy hours there is a continual parade of motor vehicles of all descriptions. We were fortunate enough to see a sample of the congested traffic about 5:30 p. m. at the 42nd Street crossing, from the top of a motor bus. As far as we could see along Fifth Avenue in both directions there was a solid mass of vehicles broken only at an occasional street crossing where a policeman was directing traffic. Six unbroken lines covered the entire street, three going in each direction, and two policemen stationed at this crossing seemed at times to be buried up in the moving mass of foot and street traffic, but everything went on like clock work. It requires a general and a diplomat to handle such traffic without friction and I have a great admiration for the "cops" who were on duty that night. It was a sight I will not soon forget.

We read so much in the Western papers about the snow storms and blizzards in the East that one would hardly expect to find the parks and squares of New York crowded with women and children on a most lovely day after the middle of November, but such was the state of the weather when we were there, and this continued until we sailed on the 20th.

PEOPLE

who do not know

Should know

that

**FRIEDRICH
"THE TAILOR"**

turns out the best fitting
and best made clothes

in Heppner

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Livery & Feed
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WILLIS STEWART, Prop.

First Class Livery Rigs

kept constantly on hand
and can be furnished on
short notice to parties
wishing to drive into
the interior. First class

Hacks and Buggies

Call around and see us.
We cater to the : : :

Commercial Travel- ers and Camping Parties

and can furnish rigs and
driver on short notice.

HEPPNER, ORE.



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CHEAPLY MADE FARM IMPLEMENTS TO THE BLACKSMITH
SHOP.

YOU WON'T "HAFTO" IF YOU BUY GOOD RELIABLE
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WE "BACKUP" WHAT WE SELL, AND MAKE GOOD ON
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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS. YOU WANT OUR GOOD STUFF
THE OLIVER AND JOHN DERE PLOWS ARE THE STANDARD
OF THE WORLD. COME AND SEE US.

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Funeral Director
and Embalmer

CALLS ANSWERED DAY OR NIGHT.

J. S. Baldwin

Dealer in
Wood & Coal

Successor to E. E. Beaman

Leave Orders at
Slocum Drug Co.
Phone Main 60

Justifiable Wish.

Robbie was in the habit of running errands for an old gentleman next door who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said: "Robbie, I am very much obliged to you. You are a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully and apologetically replied: "Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."—New York Globe.

The Cure.

"You look glum," said the husband of one clever woman to the man who had married her companion.

"So would you if your wife studied geology and filled the house with stones until there wasn't a place left for you to sit."

"Don't worry about that," was the cheerful reply. "Turn your wife's thoughts to astronomy. That will suit her just as well, and she can't collect specimens."—London Express.

A Rebuke For Beau Brummel.

One day when Beau Brummel was talking with Lady Hester Stanhope chance obliged him to give some explanation of his general conduct. They were in Bond street, and the Beau was leaning upon the door of the lady's carriage, whispering to her the secret of a marvelous perfume, when a young colonel passed whose name was then in all mouths.

"Who ever heard of his father?" murmured Brummel.

"And, by the way," replied Lady Hester, "who ever heard of yours?"

—From De Monvel's "Beau Brummel."

Unique Altenberg.

Doubtless the most unique spot in Europe is the little village of Altenberg, on whose border three countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined and spend their days in cultivating the land or working in the valuable calamine mine of which the village boasts.

Safer and Funnier.

"I see you have a saddle horse now," observed the man in the cafe.

"Yes," acknowledged the other.

"My doctor advised me to go in for riding. I've never done any of it before."

"Do you get a good deal of amusement out of it?"

"Well, yes. But my wife enjoys it more than I do."

"I haven't seen her riding with you."

"Oh, she doesn't ride. She says it's safer and funnier to sit on a park bench and watch me go by."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Suicide as a Luxury.

Suicide has often been regarded as a luxury, and Marseilles, France, colonized from Miletus in ancient days, preserved a custom and a prison for many years under Roman rule. A dose of hemlock and acornite was allowed to any one who could show sufficient reason why he should deserve death. "This custom," says Valerius Maximus, "comes from Greece, particularly from the island of Ceos, where I saw an example. It was a woman of great quality, who having lived very happily ninety years, obtained leave to die this way, lest by living longer she should happen to see a change of her good fortune."

More Important.

Mr. Dustin did not approve of his son's choice of a wife and was trying to persuade him to see things as he did.

"Yes, you are quite right, father," said the son. "Mabel has her defects, she is vain, full of pretensions and grand ideas, with a very difficult character. But, father, in spite of all, I simply adore her. I can't live without her."

"But that is not the question, my boy," said the father. "Can you live with her?"—Lippincott's.

Not a Case of Sympathy.

Teacher—Willie, did your father whip you for what you did in school yesterday?

Willie—No, ma'am; he said the licking would hurt him more than me.

Teacher—What nonsense! Your father is too sympathetic.

Willie—No, ma'am; but he's got rheumatism in both arms.