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R. A. BOOTH SPEAKS
(Continued From First Page)

soldier, acting from the same motives that prompted them. On this basis he established his fame and his glory will not fade.

In point of endurance these Pioneers gave a new meaning to human effort. They made sacrifices to the limit of human possibility. They all encountered hardship that strengthened; some privations that enfolded and others, diseases that destroyed. The pioneer did not wait for Government to mark the way—he marked the way for the Government. His path was not blazed—his course was the setting sun. Plains were not too broad or mountains too high to deter him. His own right arm was his defense and his strong heart supplied the never failing inspiration. Travel-stained and hungered, men traveled on; hope and care marked the faces of women; children withstood the discomforts and became essential parts of the new states. The days seemed long, months passed, the summer gilded into the russet of Autumn before the end came. Where now are fair fields then became the last resting place of many a husband, mother or child, the winds left to chant the Requiem over the lonely and deserted grave. And when the destination was reached there was no friend or neighbor to assist or to counsel. The genial heavens and the generous earth alone could give comfort and hope, but it was sufficient for these courageous, self-reliant people, reckless alike of toll and danger.

If your experience has been such as to compare the covered wagon with the palace car; the luxurious home with the tented fireside of the plain or mountain; if you can estimate the difference between the protection of our Government today, and the single barreled rifle then; between the provision that modern wealth brings and the yield of soil first touched by the rude plow; if you can tell how far the East is from the West, then you can calculate the reward that belongs to these heroes when measured by what they endured.

We have briefly referred to the purpose and the endurance of the Pioneers. Let us now consider them in the light of the worth of what they brought us.

If adding stars to the old flag increases its glory, the honor belongs to the Pioneer. It was they who extended the stripes until they touched the shores of both oceans.

If it had not been for the occupation of the Northwest by the Pioneers and subsequent annexation, the conquest of the South that gave us California might not have been. Certain it is that Alaska would not have attracted us but for the established homes and defense afforded by the Northwest Pioneers. Their acts made us a four-sided nation. Through their efforts, we were "squared up" and put in the right relation to the great round world and its political institutions. With broadened area came breadth of vision, new opportunities and courage to grasp them. To the stimulus of their achievements the country owes much of its present greatness. It was the Pioneers who saw the "Star of Empire" still moving Westward. It had become the guiding star of the Anglo-Saxon as typified by the American. The Pioneer followed it until it stood still over the best land that we now call ours and in so doing they fulfilled the traditions of the fathers. Their energies, privations, self-denial, and steadfastness made possible the Oregon of today and the grander and better Oregon of tomorrow. Oregon with all its scope and treasure is ours forever. But our heritage is not in land alone. The vast empire, rich and beautiful, it not all that the Pioneers of Oregon bequeathed.

What the movement meant that gave us the Oregon country cannot be told until we know the ultimate destiny of the Anglo-Saxon. The westward tramping of the Pioneers is to be counted among the world movements. It must be left, therefore, for the future to reveal the influence of these actors and to him only who the future is known. To him who can judge the worth of noble purposes and estimate the value of great tasks well performed, must be left the giving of the reward. The eternities are His and out of them alone can come the full measure of compensation for what you have done for your children, your country and the world.

Dear fathers the Pioneer period is fast closing and too few of you linger to tell of the struggles and the triumphs. You have placed in the hands of your sons the work bravely begun and so well carried forward by you. A few of your number seem to be lingering to guard the heritage and carry home to your departed comrades the record of worthy sons or ignoble successors.

Since you have implanted in our lives the American spirit and bred in us hope and courage, we must strive to move onward and upward. The faint hearted have already challenged further advance. It has been so in every move of our nation. The passing years have justified you in all your undertakings, as visionary as they seem to many a friend left behind, and so the coming years will place wreaths of victory upon the heads of those who dared to look westward, carrying forward the best of our civilization, the noblest of our achievements. Even now the thrill of the energy you imparted invigorates every heart-beat as we see the new country freighted with opportunities and burdened with obligations. Our nation has a new light upon her brow and the present day intelligence as a searchlight sends a radiance around the world. The wave-beats of the mighty ocean to which you led us bids us be at work and would mock our efforts if we forgot the lessons of our stress.

I do not overstate when I say that they put in place one of the granite blocks in this great Anglo-Saxon structure of Twentieth century civilization. Praise and honor be unto you for thus so well performing a

service for the race, under the guidance of Almighty God. The greatest effort that we can put forth in monument building for you is not to speak your praise, but to guard, improve and transmit the heritage you gave.

I cannot fitly charge those to whom the work is now committed, but being one of the trustees as well as one of the beneficiaries I shall listen for your last word of counsel and hold in reverence your memories. We may, we will have tasks to perform that you know not of but your action made them possible and the advantages received at your hands have pointed the way. Sons of these sires, let us remember the qualities of their mind and heart. Let us remember that their lives here have been one of service and out of it came their greatest achievements. Their patience and courage may well be the standard of excellence. Their understanding of right was the rule of their action. The needs of their neighbors was the measure of their helpfulness. They knew that humanity's best gift came through toil and they labored on. The standard of their integrity was of the highest type for it was handed down by the Christ.

To me there can be no other people like the Oregon Pioneer. To me there can be no other land like the one of my birth from whose bounty I have always been fed. O'er her borders the stars gleam with more gladness; the rivers race with greater joy; the forests sway in deeper reverence and her fields yield greater abundance. Here nature seems more kind. From here I seem to measure all distances and with her gifts compare all treasure. Across her bosom seems to lie the base meridian from which to calculate great action. Here lofty mountains seem to furnish the height from which to view the world's wide amphitheater and Pacific's waves seem to urge us to action as she does no other land.

Long may her borders know peace and may prosperity attend her as long as the friendly breezes of heaven fondle the folds of our flag and the morning sun kisses its stars!

My knowledge of the Pioneer does not come from historians' records or romancers' tales. I knew them. They were and are my kinsmen. The first thought of protection that came to me was suggested by the tender care of a Pioneer woman. From her breast I received nourishment. The first emotion of my heart was born in response to her affection and in the years that have since followed there has come to me no impulse more noble than the one to make restful, more cheerful the declining years of that woman. I cannot speak with complacency for what I did seem so little and came so late. The words that I now speak are for the purpose of kindling a flame in some heart that will make some work-wearied Pioneer Mother more happy. Out beneath the sunny skies of Southern Oregon a granite shaft bears the name of that Pioneer woman. Her dust cannot be analyzed by the chemists. They have no figures to express its nobility. In the crucible of God's laboratory the attendants at the throne have sifted the ashes and opposite the name have written "honor and dominion and glory forever more". Mothers of Oregon forgive me for speaking in a manner in any sense personal to myself. I do it because there is no other way in which I can convey to you the regard, the reverence I have for you, for what I have said of my Mother can be said also of you. Blessed be the evening of your life and bright the morning of your eternity.

And I can see the old log cabin built by a Pioneer father. Its construction seemed to me the acme of skill and strength. Its builder, to me, was the master of all things. A few swings of his ax and the forest supplied his wants. He touched the earth and it yielded a harvest. His toil brought us bread and the washings of his years added to ours. His plans were the fittest, his ways seemed the best. His words always meant courage. He lives to cheer us all. More than four score years and ten ways full of sympathy and love, have passed over his head. With one hand it seems he is bidding adieu to his companions of the earlier days and with the other he is reaching for the crown promised to the king, the Pioneer Fathers of the Oregon land.

The meed of praise I offer to my father I offer also to you. I can do no more. What you have given your children, your country, your race, the world, is beyond all words to describe. Such acts can never come again to any people. There is no more west; there are no more new worlds to subdue; there is no other price so valuable, no other hands so able to perform, no other hearts so strong and true.

Our words fail when we attempt to express our fond tribute, but our hearts' strings will ever be attuned to your praise. May the evening shades fall gently around you and the morning's dawn be a halo of rest.

Native Sons and Daughters, may I speak a word to you who stand upon the great middle ground between the past freighted with hallowed memories and the future bright with hope.

The Pioneer is rapidly passing; comparatively few answered the last annual roll-call. Many of their living children have passed beyond life's meridian. But in every section of our state we find native sons and daughters who feel yet intimately linked to the pioneer. There is intimate relationship to them among the generation to whom I refer and doubtless not a few are among my auditors. I feel such peculiar kinship to them that I cannot refrain saying a few words directed alike to them and myself.

With the rapidly recurring events of a century passing more rapidly than the weaver's shuttle, what the Pioneers did will soon be but dim memory among the living and it will be left to the cold pages of history to tell the story of the westward march and the founding of a state. It is left for us of a later generation to enable the work of the pioneers

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