

SMILE!

And The World Smiles With You.

A Few Sissor-Made Jokes
From The Papers That
Always Have The Best.

Coached.

A young German who wished to be enlisted in the navy, but was unable to speak English, was being coached by an officer.

"Look here, Mike, when the inspector comes to you he will ask you how old you are. And you must say 27 years. 2-7 y-e-a-r-s. Then he will ask you how long you have been in the service. And you tell him three months; three m-o-n-t-h-s.

"His next question will be, are you provided with food and clothing? And you must say both. B-o-t-h.

The following week the inspector came, and, walking up to the German, he said:

"Good morning, friend. And how long have you been in the service?"

"Twenty-seven years," was the answer.

"Well, that's funny. I never saw you before. How old are you?"

"Three months," replied the German.

"Say, what do you think I am—a lunatic or a fool?"

"Both," boldly answered the German.—National Food Magazine.

Forcing a Sale.

"Have you found a customer for your gramophone yet?"

"Oh, yes. I played it for twelve hours on end, and all the neighbors clubbed together and bought it from me."—London Opinion.

Her Machine.

She sat on a bench under one of the older trees, with closed lips drinking in the glories of the setting sun.

"Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat with his right hand while he addressed her with his left, "but do you happen to have such a thing on you as a match? That is my automobile standing there and I find myself without a match to light the lamp."

It was obviously but a ruse to engage her in conversation, but he was a rather nice-looking young man, with a three-dollar knitted necktie and all, and she smiled as she told him how sorry she was about having no match.

"They all fall for the automobile," he murmured to himself.

One thing led to another, and soon he was sitting beside her chatting gaily about the Latin Quarter, Shakespeare's latest play, the prevalence of divorce and other absorbing topics. But soon it really did begin to darken up.

"I must go," she said, and, giving him a final smile, she strode daintily to the automobile to which he had pointed as his, hopped in and was lost in a cloud of dust, leaving him to reflect on the just deserts which sooner or later must envelop all fourflushers.—Exchange.

He Knew.

Teacher—Who knows what trip-lets are?

Bright Pupil—I know, miss; its twins and one left over.—Boston Transcript.

Painful Publicity.

"The streets of New York are a blaze of glory—a veritable riot," explained the American. "Why, there's one electric sign with 100,000 lights in it."

"Doesn't that make it rather conspicuous, old top?" asked his British friend.—Harper's Weekly.

Fulfilling Engagements.

The Flirt—Oh dear, what a lot of people will be unhappy when I get married!

The Other—Why, how many are you marrying?—Exchange.

Cause For Worry.

"What is Owens worrying about, his debts?"

"No; because he is unable to contract new ones."—St. Louis Republic.

On The Right Track.

A seedy-looking man walked slowly up to the farm house.

"Madam," he said to the farmer's wife, "may I chop some wood for you? I'll do it for nothing."

The lady looked at him suspiciously. "Do you be needin' exercise?" she inquired.

"Not exactly, madam. The only thing I require is that you let me sit by the woodpile and paint for a few hours. I am an artist of the old school and I have been commissioned to do a futurist impression of an aeroplane. I wish to use the woodpile as a model."—Chicago News.

What The Menu Means.

First Customer—Walter, bring me a bottle of Medoc.

Second Customer—Walter, bring me a bottle of St. Emilion.

Third Customer—Walter, bring me a bottle of Pomade.

Fourth Customer—Walter, bring me a bottle of Clos-Vougeot.

Walter—All right, gentlemen. (To kitchen)—Four bottles of red wine. —Le Pele-Mele.

He Knew Him.

Here is a story attributed to Con-

gressman Humphrey which has been enjoyed by the members of the house for several weeks. It runs as follows:

"Several Washingtonians were on their way to Philadelphia. In the smoking compartment of the Pullman they got to discussing Mark Twain. A stranger appeared to be deeply interested.

"Who was Mark Twain?" he asked.

"Why, didn't you ever hear of Mark Twain?"

asked one member of the party in astonishment.

"No," was the reply.

"Didn't you ever hear of Tom Sawyer?"

"No."

"Nor Huckleberry Finn?"

"No."

"Nor Pud'nhead Wilson?"

"The stranger's face lighted up with a gleam of intelligence.

"Oh, yes; I voted for him."

Absolute Devotion.

"I think that women ought to have the ballot."

"Do you really want it?"

"They must want it. Some of them are working so ardently for suffrage that they are paying absolutely no attention to dress."—Kansas City Journal.

A Docile Gun.

The Daily Chronicle on the latest submarine:

"It will also be equipped with a quick-firing gun, which disappears when the vessel is submerged."

This is far the best arrangement; it would never do for it to be left floating where any passer-by could pick it up.—Punch.

Apprehensive.

Wife—Ta-ta, dearie. I shall write before the end of the week.

Husband—Good gracious, Alice! You must make that check last longer that that!—London Opinion.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Strengthen the Lungs.

The first essential in the avoidance of tuberculosis of the lungs or consumption is to keep the lungs strong, so that if the germs are breathed they can do no harm. One of the most important things in keeping the lungs strong is to keep the chest wide open so that the lungs can be properly used. If the body is drooped or stoops, or if the shoulders are allowed to drag forward round shoulders, or if the head is carried forward instead of well back over the shoulders, the chest must be flattened, the breathing must be shallow, and the lungs, not being freely used, become weak. It is in this type of chest that tuberculosis usually begins. The consumptive is usually narrow chested, with drooped shoulders and with the head craned forward.

A CONVENTIONAL CASE.

And So the Eager Suitor Decides Not to Be Eccentric.

A proposal was luminous, and they both knew it. He talked politics for awhile, but that topic was soon exhausted. Finally he reached for her hand.

"Dearest!"

She said nothing.

"You know that I love you."

More silence.

"I want you to be my little wife."

Her silence must have given him a slight chill. He switched off to practical talk.

"I get \$25 a week, Mabel, and I feel sure that you think well of me. How about it?"

The girl looked at him steadfastly.

"George," said she, "I like you well enough, but I'm going to talk to you frankly. Listen. You want me to marry you on \$25 a week. I have no interest in the home. I play bridge for money. I smoke cigarettes. I require expensive clothes and continual excitement. I can't cook. I won't learn. I know very little that would be useful. Now, under these conditions do you still want me?"

The young man smiled indulgently.

"Certainly I want you," he answered.

"Why should I have a wife any different from so many other men's wives?"

—Philadelphia Record.

Outvoted.

A well known surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds.

Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?"

One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them came to the conclusion that it was not.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow."

"No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient as he rose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority. Gimme my clothes."—London Tit-Bits.

Identified.

Observing an unfamiliar shrub by a country roadside, a student of botany stopped to make an examination.

"Are you acquainted with this flower, young man?" he asked of a passing yokel.

"Yep," the boy laconically answered.

"To what family do you think it belongs?"

Indicating a nearby house with a pudgy thumb, the boy answered, "Higgins."—Puck.

The Foot and Mouth Scandal.

New York Sun: The whole system of federal, state and local cattle inspection has been shown up as useless and ineffective by the spread of foot and mouth disease, now definitely established in the herds of 14 widely separated states, and probably existing in others. The wide authority and almost despotic power confined to public officers to protect the population from diseased domestic cattle, the great sums of money cheerfully contributed by the taxpayers for salaries, fees and reimbursements, have been wasted.

A disease easily recognized, the spread of which is possible only through neglect of the simplest precautions, has been carried over a territory comprising a quarter of the United States, within which at least a third of its population lives; it menaces the cattle in every other state, and through them the health of every citizen of the country.

The present duty of the authorities is obvious, and they are approaching it with some show of intelligent determination. The future duties of the authorities will be to reorganize their inspection services so that such a pestilence can not again spread from the place of its origin or introduction into the country, and to punish the unfaithful or incompetent men responsible for its contemporary prevalence.

How much the taxpayers pay for the service that has permitted this disease to run the course it has nobody knows. The sum is in the millions. It has been paid over by the taxpayers without complaint. But before this subject is disposed of the gentlemen who have been spending it without accomplishing anything are likely to hear some plain talk from those they have betrayed.

Facts For The Farmer.

No farmer is perfect, but our mistakes can be reduced to a minimum by intelligent reading and intense thinking.

When the farmer fully realizes just how closely his interests are bound up with those of his neighbor and fellow-farmer, then will farming become a profitable business.

The highest duty of the State and Federal governments is to place agricultural education within the reach of all.

The prosperity of the farmer is coincident with the prosperity of the State, and fundamentally, the welfare of the people depends upon the cultivation of the soil.

Government to Help Hog Raisers.

The modern method of solving agricultural problems by investigating them, not only in the laboratory, but also on the farm in co-operation with the farmer, has given such admirable results that it is to be applied to the anti-hog-cholera crusade.

Congress has appropriated a half million dollars to carry on the work and experiments will be made in all parts of the United States. The aim will be not only to exterminate the disease in the test sections, but also to discover the most practical, efficient and economical methods for continuing the work throughout the country.

This investigation will fill a long-felt want in Oregon, as the hog death rate in this State from cholera is 20 per 1000 head, and hog raisers are losing an average of 6,000 hogs, valued at \$66,000 from this disease annually.

Oregon Will Send Wheat to Europe.

The United States has approximately 300,000,000 bushels of wheat on hand this year for export and practically all of it will probably be sold to the warring nations of Europe. According to a report issued today by the United States Department of Agriculture the wheat production of the United States this year will be around 822,000,000 bushels and only 601,000,000 bushels will be needed for food consumption and seed purposes at home.

The per capita wheat consumption of Oregon for food is 6.1 bushels, and the total annual requirement for seed and food purposes in this state is 60,026,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of production this year of approximately 10,578,000.

Approved Sale of Timber.

The District Forester at Portland, Oregon, has just approved a sale of 2,267 cords of timber on the Snoqualmie National Forest, to the Moose Shingle Company, of Gold Basin, Wash.

The timber is situated in Wisconsin creek, on the Monte Cristo branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and consists of 1,480 cords of western red cedar shingle bolt timber, 296 cords of western hemlock, and 391 cords of amabilis fir. The Company plans to manufacture the hemlock and fir into box shooks.

The stumpage price for the cedar is \$1.36 per cord, and for the other species 31 cents per cord. The agreement with the Forest Service allows the Company until December 31, 1915, for the cutting and removal of the timber.

FOR SALE—One grade yearling fine wool ram; sheared 24 lbs.; price \$12.50. Also, two spring Durac Jersey Boars, ready for service; exceptional prize strain; will register at \$15.00 each. See them at my Sagenhurst Farm, 9 miles South of Heppner. B. H. PECK.

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RAIN BY WIRELESS.

Wet Weather to Order is Now the Aim of the Scientists.

Weather control—rain ordered for midnight, day after tomorrow—may be a wireless victory in the next generation. Now it is weird and visionary, but Sir Oliver Lodge, who is in the top rank of living scientists, thinks it not improbable and is now calling on his fellows to begin wireless studies with this purpose in mind. The more there is discovered about the way wireless telegraphy works the more it is evident that weather and wireless waves are tangled with each other.

Almost every one knows that wireless telegraphy works better by night than by day and has peculiar jumps of efficiency at sunset. A wireless operator on shipboard in the far north found that during a display of the aurora borealis the northern lights were widely disturbed when he sent out wireless signals from his ship.

The growing theory concerning the way wireless waves follow the curve of the earth is in simple language that the upper layers of the air form a sort of magnetic cushion against which the wireless waves can bound along. Sir Oliver wishes to have experiments made by discharging very powerful wireless waves from kites under all kinds of weather conditions in order to ascertain whether the waves will under any conditions make clouds condense into rain or prevent them from condensing.

It is not to be expected, of course, that rain could be obtained from a dry sky, but normal conditions of the air would leave much opportunity for weather control if the theory should prove workable.

The total eclipse of the sun on a path from Greenland to Persia next August is to be made the occasion for elaborate wireless experiments. Wireless signals will be sent out from within the path of shadow and across the shadow, and the effect of the shadow on these signals should give more clues to the whole problem.—Saturday Evening Post.

EAGAN, THE BOMB MAN.

No One Else on Earth Has a Job Just Like This New Yorker.

Owen Eagan, as inspector of New York's bureau of combustibles, has opened, analyzed and destroyed over 5,000 bombs in nineteen years of uninterrupted and dangerous duty. He receives a salary of \$1,500 a year, and no one has ever offered to succeed him when he quits. No life insurance company will take a risk on him, and if he is injured while opening a bomb he cannot sue the city for damages. There isn't another job like his in the world. Following is an extract from an article in the American Magazine:

"The 'bomb industry' in New York began to be a serious menace ten years ago, but in those days Eagan had an hour or two to himself. Nowadays bombs are coming so fast he calls up the bureau of combustibles every half hour to let one of the three bosses know where he is. To show the increasing popularity of Black Hand extortion, Eagan handled only thirteen bombs in 1908, while last year there were 145, with a property damage estimated at \$17,430, an increase of ninety-three over 1912.

"And every one of the unexploded bombs found is capable of blowing Eagan to smithereens were it not for the care he takes to safeguard his life. Once he has literally picked a bomb apart and has supplied the police with working clues he unconsciously finds himself the enemy of the very men who make bombs. Yet, cognizant of that fact, he carries no revolver for protection, and the only means he uses to elude the vengeful is to keep his whereabouts secret. You won't find his name, address or telephone number in any directory, and long ago he discarded the use of mail boxes."

Army and Navy of Latin America.

The combined army and navy strength of the Latin American republics is: Army, including total available strength, 3,500,000; navy, including all kinds of craft, eighty-four vessels, with personnel of 27,000 officers and men. Of this naval strength all that amounts to anything are the nine modern (but not first class) battleships—Argentina three, Brazil three and Chile three. Mexico has practically no navy. The total possible war strength of the United States is probably around 15,000,000.—New York American.

Revival of the Mustache.

Is the mustache coming into fashion again? Five of this year's rowing crew for Oxford university wore decorations on the upper lip. Cambridge had only one example. That, however, makes six out of eighteen, an unusual average today among men who are not long out of their "teens." About 80 per cent of the male population in England are today clean shaven, while the majority of the others do not shave at all.—Exchange.

Baseball Lingo.

Some day when he doesn't happen to have more than four or five visitors, if that time ever comes, we are going to sit quietly down with our talented sporting editor and ask him for our own information why a baseball player always spears the pill with his right fist instead of catching the ball with his right hand.—Ohio State Journal.

An Exciting Ride.

An English racing automobile at Brooklands burst a tire while running 110 miles an hour, skidded sideways eighty yards, looped three loops backward and brought up in plowed ground just off the track with all hands safe.

APPLES!

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