

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN

Dr. H. T. ALLISON
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Gunn Building, HEPPNER, OREGON

Dr. N. E. WINNARD
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Fair Building HEPPNER - - OREGON

Dr. F. N. CHRISTENSEN
DENTIST
Offices over the New Postoffice, HEPPNER, OREGON

A. D. McMURDO, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Patterson Drug Store HEPPNER - - - OREGON

Dr. JOHN B. DYE
DENTIST
Room 16, Ione Hotel, Ione, Ore.

C. E. WOODSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Palace Hotel, Heppner, Oregon

SAM E. VAN VACTOR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office on west end of May Street HEPPNER, OREGON

S. E. NOTSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Court House, Heppner.

F. H. ROBINSON
LAWYER
IONE - - - - OREGON

Knappenberg & Johnson
ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELORS AT LAW
IONE - - - - OREGON

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WILL SERVE ICE CREAM HERE AFTER ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

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(Used by over 250,000 people)
For all other two-vision lenses there is a line or seam between the near and far vision portions that makes the wearer look less than his best, and unmistakably brands him or her with a sign of age.

Dr. Winnard can supply these lenses
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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It is estimated that the average man is worth \$2 a day from the neck down—what is he worth from the neck up?
That depends entirely upon training. If you are trained so that you plan and direct work you are worth ten times as much as the man who can work only under orders.

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Call around and see us. We cater to the Commercial Travelers and Camping Parties
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SOME OF THE BEST FROM "JUDGE"

A Failure.
Appeal to their higher ideals, their honor, their affections, and she thought she would try it on small Bill.

"If you do not study more, I can't promote you, and you will be separated from your friends, who'll go to the next grade," she said.

"Huh! These kids ain't my friends. Say, Miss Lee, I got a friend what rides with the ash man." Bill began with pride, but was interrupted.

"Isn't one of the little girls your sweetheart, though?" Miss Lee questioned.

"Aw, a feller can have a girl, can't he?" Bill demanded, his ears red.

"Certainly; its very nice that he should. How will you like it, however, to see her go away from the room?"

Bill shrugged in a manner which Miss Lee was sadly forced to regard as typical of the unregenerated male.

"Aw, by next year," he said, "there'll be a fresh flock o' chickens runnin' 'round."

Got All the News.
"Why don't you subscribe to my paper, Uncle Hy?" asked Editor Josh Lotts of the Smileyville Express.

"It would be useless extravagance," replied Farmer Hyperbole Meeders. "My wife belongs to the Chautauquy Club, the Sewin' Circle and the Missionary Society."

Taking No Chances.
"Upon, old man, you shun krinking water almost as if you were scared of it."

"I am," shuddered Upon Downs, the promising but not paying young business man. "A doctor told me more than eighty per cent. of my body is water already, and I'm afraid to dilute myself any more."

Chopping Him Off.
"Ah, how do you do, sir!" deferentially began an imposing looking stranger, extending his card. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. J. Fuller Gloom."

"Not being able to diagnose your sensations I can't say about the pleasure part, but I'm Gloom," returned the well-known pessimist. "I note by your card that you are Mr. G. D. Newsance, representing Klutch & Skinner, publishers of subscription books. It is a fact that admits of no contradiction that I am one of the very few people in this community of sufficient culture to appreciate the rare and ornate literary work which you are introducing. And permit me to add that I am of sufficient intelligence not to care a tinker's anathema about them. Good Day, Mr. Newsance!"

The Reason.
"This dog of ours," said Mrs. Jones to the Sabbath dinner guest, "is a most peculiar animal, he runs away very often and stays for days—but he always comes home on Sunday."

"Why is that? Why does he choose Sunday to return?" asked the guest.

"I really don't know," smiled Mrs. Jones, tenderly stroking the dog's sleek brown head. "Some Strange canine intuition, I suppose."

"Canine nuthin'," sniffed little Johnny Jones. "I s'pect he knows that Sunday's the only day we have a decent meal."

Unnecessary Exertion.
Pullman Porter—Next stop is yo' station, sah. Shall I brush yo' off now?

Morton Morose—No; it is not necessary. When the train stops I'll step off.

He Needed Help.
A boy walked into the office of the telegraph company at Chicago and asked for a job. He said his name was "Missouri."

The manager happened to want a messenger boy just at that moment and gave him a message that had to be delivered in a hurry.

"Here's your chance, my boy," said the manager. "These people have been kicking about undelivered messages. Now, don't you come back until you have delivered it."

A little while afterward the telephone rang. On the other end of the wire there appeared to be a building watchman, somewhat terrified.

"Have you got a boy they call Missouri?" inquired the watchman.

"We did have 10 minutes ago," replied the manager.

"That Missouri feller came over here and said he had to go to one of the offices. We don't allow no one up in that office at this hour, and I told him he couldn't go."

"Yes, yes," said the manager. "Well," said the watchman, "he said he would go, and I had to pull my gun on him."

"But you didn't shoot him," exclaimed the manager.

"No," meekly came back the response over the wire, "but I want my gun back."—Philadelphia North American.

A Soft Answer.
A tramp approached a certain Downs home the other evening, rapped on the back door, and when the

lady of the house appeared, he began to clear his throat preparatory to telling his hard luck story.

"Get away from here," said the woman. "I never feed professional bums."

"But, madam, I am not a professional bum," said the tramp. "I am a psychologist traveling in the interest of science. I read character at a glance. In looking into the soulful depths of your beautiful eyes, I read there that you are by nature a kind-hearted, gentle, generous woman. It is these noble impulses and the contemplation of charitable deeds that keep you looking so young and handsome."

"You poor, tired hungry man," said the woman. "Come inside and I will give you some breakfast."

Moral—Diplomacy is mightier than the sword.—Downs (Kans.) Times.

Why.
Hokus—Why do you liken Hard-uppe to the busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he?

Pokus—Oh, no; it isn't that. But nearly everybody he touches gets stung.—Town Topics.

Sure He Did.
Deacon—Susie, I am sorry your papa was not at meeting.

Susie—Please, no, sir; he went out walking in the woods.

Deacon—I am afraid, Susie, your papa does not fear God?

Susie—Oh, yes, sir; I guess he does; he took his gun with him.—Buffalo Courier.

"WHO'S WHO IN SOCIETY"

One of the funniest farces in film is George Kleine's "Who's Who In Society" which will be shown at the Hom theater on Friday and Saturday, October 8 and 9. It is a genuine Kleine comedy and lives up to the high reputation set by its charming predecessors' "Officer 666" and "The Commuters."

Mrs. O'Brien, newly rich, vainly aspires to social prominence, an ambition in which her common, chess-loving husband does not sympathize. Pretty Mary Ellen, the daughter, and a Jap butler constitute the household.

One day, Mrs. O'Brien sends out invitations to a party which the Van Dusens and Van Astorbilts refuse to attend. While she is mourning this loss, an automobile breaks down in front of the house and a slender young man who introduces himself as Lord Algernon Ste. Clair seeks refuge while his car awaits the repairman.

Mrs. O'Brien, scenting a noble match, promptly invites him to stay for the party.

Meanwhile a rough-looking character alights from an automobile, and after a careful inspection of the house, rejoins his friends and disappears. An hour later, immaculately groomed, he enters the club of which O'Brien is a member and, finding the solitary old Irishman playing a lonesome game of chess, offers himself for partner. In this way he obtains an invitation to attend Mary Ellen's party.

In due time the guests arrive, consisting of the goodhearted but illiterate Flanagan, their two children and the stranger. There immediately commences a vigorous suit for the hand of pretty Mary Ellen on the part of Lord Algy and the stranger. Mary Ellen shows her preference for the stranger.

That night weird things happen. The stranger who has been invited to spend the night, slips into the library in time to see O'Brien much excited over the appearance of a white hand that has deftly poked through the portiers in search of the electric switch. In another instant the stranger throws O'Brien to the floor and Lord Algy, revolver in hand, stands over them. There is a scuffle and the stranger disappears, gun in hand, through the French window. An hour later Lord Algy, in his room, cautiously draws a string of pearls from his pockets, only to turn and face the gun of the stranger, who raises his head from the back of Lord Algy's bed.

There follows explanations and the stranger shows his badge as a government secret service agent, long in search of the crook known as Lord Algy. O'Brien rejoices and Mary Ellen slips her hand into that of the "stranger," while Mrs. O'Brien, thoroughly disgusted, huris a volume of "Who's Who In Society" into the waste basket.

Property Changes Hands.
Two important realty deals in local property were made this week, when Henry Vance purchased the residence property of John Sprouls in West Heppner. The consideration was \$1000. Edgar Matteson bought three lots in Morrow's addition to the town of Heppner from John Barry for \$850.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Florence returned Saturday evening from a trip of two weeks which took them to Portland and other northwest cities.

Frank and Howard Anderson, prominent farmers of Eight Mile, were business visitors in Heppner Tuesday.

WANTED—By man and wife, a position on stock farm, sheep preferred. Thorough knowledge of sheep. No children. Inquire at this office.

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ONE OF THE BEST COMBINATION RANCHES IN THE COUNTY.
370 acres of this is wheat land now in cultivation. The balance is pasture land, well watered, with government land adjoining. 130 acres fenced hog-tight.
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PEARSON, The Tailor
Is now located in his new quarters on Main Street, and is displaying the finest line of samples of Fall and Winter suitings ever brought to town. Step in and look them over and make your selection early.
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DEALER IN
Wood and Coal
Leave orders with Slocum Drug Co. or phone Main 60.

Choice Flour, Feeds, Wood, Coal and Posts, for Sale by
HEPPNER FARMERS' UNION WAREHOUSE CO.
Handle Wheat and Wool. Highest Price Paid for Hides and Pelts.

For a Game of Ten Pins
VISIT THE
NEW BRUNSWICK
SANDERSON & CRAWFORD, PROPS.
Pocket Billiards and a Good Time
UPPER END OF MAIN STREET.