

# Three Sizes of BUICKS

this year

Seven passenger, six cylinder, 55 horsepower - - \$1635.00

Five Passenger, six cylinder, 45 horsepower - - - \$1170.00

Five passenger, four cylinder, 35 horsepower - - - \$785.00

These prices are F. O. B. Heppner

## BUICK DESIGN

BUICK VALVE-IN-HEAD POWER

The rightness of the Buick Valve-in-Head motor and not the enthusiasm of its salesmen has made the Buick conspicuous for leadership.

This new four has a Buick Valve-in-Head motor (with electric starter) which develops thirty-five horse power on brake test and is so reliable for rugged service that no eulogy is necessary among "men who know Buick."

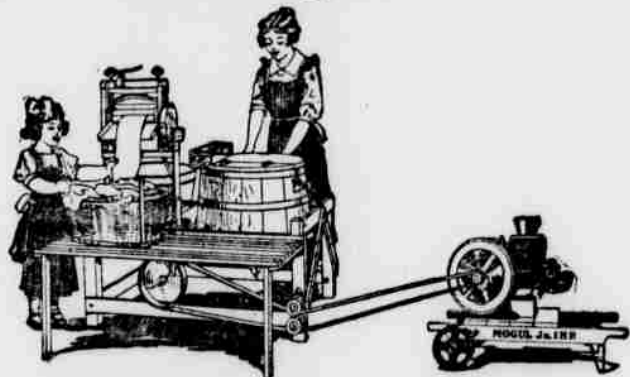
Its lines are beautiful. Finish and color are exceptional. Deep, tufted black genuine leather upholstery. Covered floor and running board, with aluminum bindings, give a trimness of appearance that is peculiarly Buick.

Body, hood, fenders and running gear are painted a glossy, long-wearing black; wheels are black with white stripes. Tires 31x4 inches.

SEE THE BABY BUICK AT THE HEPPNER GARAGE

ALBERT BOWKER, Local Agent

All Buicks have the Delco lighting and starting system. There is none better.



### Hitch a Mogul Jr. to Your Heavy Housework

YOU have long wanted a clean, simple little engine easy to handle on many jobs. Here it is—the Mogul Jr. 1-H. P.—the proper engine for the housewife. Let it take the dread out of wash day. Let it do your pumping, running cream separator, etc. Make a Mogul Jr. your drudge.

Mogul Jr. is mounted on trucks. It is so simple that a boy or girl can start and operate it—a girl can move it. It is throttle governed—starts and runs on the magneto—no batteries are needed—no switch to close—no wires to work loose or give trouble—operates on gasoline or motor spirits.

It is clean. The enclosed crank case covers the gears and keeps all the oil inside where it belongs. Every detail makes this the most satisfactory labor saver for the housewife—at a reasonable price. Don't delay. Ask your IHC dealer to show you a Mogul Jr. The larger sizes, 1 to 50-H. P. and tractors 8-16-H. P. to 30-60-H. P., are kerosene engines.

International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated)

Mogul Jr. engines are sold by

VAUGHN & SONS

### ICE CREAM SPECIALS

PURE - DELICIOUS - REFRESHING

TRY OUR STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM—Made from fresh crushed strawberries.—You will like it.

SOFT DRINKS OUR SPECIALTY

THE PALM

HIGHEST GRADE OF CANDIES IN THE CITY

### SPICE

Her Limitations.—"Poor June! She's run down another 'workingman' with a wife and six children!" "Well she can't steer, eat chocolates, keep her feet on six pedals and run down rich and unattached bachelors exclusively, can she?"—Puck.

A woman with a little wit sat at a public meeting between a bishop and a rabbi. She thought she would be clever, and said to the rabbi: "I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and New Testaments." "Yes, madam," said the rabbi, "that page is usually a blank one."—Sunshine.

"Matilda, why didn't you send that young man home sooner last night? He stayed so long I didn't think he was ever going home. How did you entertain him?" "Oh ma, we indulged in light conversation." "Light conversation? Well I guess you needed it. It was pretty dark in the parlor."—Florida Times-Union.

She weighed close upon 250 pounds but she insisted on entering the crowded car, and as she stood and swayed with the movement of the car she waxed sarcastic. "If there is any gentleman in the car," she said, "they would not allow no lady to stand." And then little Dobbins got up from his seat with a sigh. "Don't be cross, ma'am," he said. "I'll make one toward it."

Robert was having a very successful year at college. He had scored the winning touchdown in the big game of the year, and was mentioned by all the experts for the All-American team. But Robert's father was not satisfied. "I'm afraid, my son," said he, "that you are not making good use of your time at college. I hear very unsatisfactory reports about your work." "Gee whiz!" exclaimed Robert. "You must have been talking to one of the professors."

"Charlie dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have good news." "What is it?" "The bank sent me word that my account is overdrawn, and I looked in the synonym book and found that 'overdrawn' is the same as 'exaggerated.'"—Washington Star.

The cook and the movies.—We usually spend three months at our cottage in the country. Would you be willing to go with us? No, mum, I would not. With good help I'd prefer working for somebody else and keeping close to the moving picture shows.—Detroit Free Press.

One Sunday morning Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then looking up benignly at Moody, asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back indignantly. "Then why the devil don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

One Saturday night a lady who possessed a fruit and vegetable shop hurried to serve her last customer, a very red-faced woman.

She asked for two cents' worth of vegetables, and wanted a piece of everything.

When she had been given what she desired, she politely asked if they could be wrapped in a piece of paper and tied with a string.

The shopkeeper turned to her quite calm, and said:

"Wait a minute, and I will run across to the butcher's for a bone and I think that will complete your Sunday's dinner."

One night a traveler in the South secured accommodations at the only dwelling in sight—the log cabin of an old negro. When bedtime came the old darkey asked him to join in the family prayers. So he knelt down with the members of the household upon the hard puncheon floor. The negro closed his eyes and threw his head back and opened his mouth and began. He began with Genesis and worked gradually downward, and prayed for twenty minutes without a pause. The traveler's knees were hurting him like the toothache and he got desperate. He nudged the person nearest to him, a twelve year old boy, who had his head on a chair seat and was peacefully dozing through the ordeal. "What is it boss?" whispered the pickinny, waking with a start. "How long is this prayer goin' to last?" he whispered back. "Has daddy gone took de chillen of Israel 'cross de Red Sea yit?" "Not yit." "Well, den," he whispered back, "we'n he get to de Red Sea he's just half done."

The night that David Belasco presented in Chicago, "The Case of Beck," a play having to do with dual identity, two dramatic critics met in the lobby of the theatre after the second act. "Say," inquired one, "isn't there a medical world that describes this play—a scientific description word?" "Yes. Psychotherapeutic." "Gee whiz!" exclaimed the first. "I

wasn't going to write that much about the whole show."

Tearing along the street, my friend Mr. — who is but a little known poet and novel writer, encountered me with flashing eyes and threatening mein.

I stopped him and asked: "Whatever is the matter?"

"The matter is," he rejoined furiously, "that I am going to his house to punch his head."

"Who's head?"

"Why, that scoundrel's, the painter J—. Owing to personal grudge against me, he has made me ridiculous in the face of the world."

"How is that?"

"Why, I have just come from the Permanent Exhibition of Paintings. He has exhibited a picture there called 'The Allegory of Sleep.' A man is in an armchair with his head down inclining on his breast and his arms drooping. He is asleep profoundly, and holds, clasped in his right hand, a half opened book—the last volume of my poems, with my portrait on the cover."

A military officer once bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time.

The athlete accepted the wager and made the trial, to find there were forty-one steps to the flight, and that after making twenty hops he had lost. He paid up, but accused the other of shart practise.

"Sharp practise!" was the retort indignant. "Well I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it."

The other expecting to win his money back, assented. The officer then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner, and won the wager.

Little Girl (Severely)—I used to like you, Mr. Jinks, but I can't any more now I know you're a horrid German. Jinks.—Nonsense, my dear. What put such an absurd idea into your head? Little girl.—I heard auntie telling mother you were a regular ladykiller.—Passing Show.

Larry Harris in an unguarded moment accompanied some friends on a yachting trip down the coast, during which rough weather was encountered. Finally the genial Larry was discovered hanging on for dear life with scarcely enough interest remaining to care whether port was made or not. "Feeling pretty sick, old man, aren't you?" said one seasoned salt, sympathetically. "Sick?" he moaned. "Why, thousands have died who were not half as sick as I am now."

Molly, the new Irish girl, was one of those heavy-handed creatures who was forever dropping or breaking things. Hearing a crash of glassware one morning, her mistress called in a resigned voice from the next room: "Well Mollie, what are you doing now?" "I ain't doin' nothin', mum. It's done."

Having come into sudden wealth, and feeling that he owed it a duty to himself and his fellow-men to climb, a man who had been engaged in some queer business transactions induced one of the younger members of a rather exclusive club to put his name Some of the old guard fell to discussing the applicant. "I can't place him," said one. "Is he a member of any other clubs?" At this juncture another member, who had suffered heavy financial losses through the sharp, not to say questionable, practices of the applicant, declared: "Club? Why that fellow would be rejected by the Y. M. C. A."

There was recently brought before a police magistrate in the South an old darkey who had fallen foul of a bulldog while in the act of entering the henhouse of the dog's owner.

"Didn't I give you ten days last month for the same offense?" asked the magistrate. "It was the same henhouse you were trying to get into. What have you got to say for yourself?"

The darkey seemed perplexed. "Yo' honah," he said, "yo' sent me to the chain gang to tryin' to steal some chickens, didn't you?"

"Yes; that was the charge."

"An' don't de law say yo' can't be charged twice with de same offense?"

"That no man shall be twice placed in jeopardy for the identical act yet."

"Den, yo' honah, youse gotta let me go, suh. I was after de same chickens, suh."

Willie came to his mother with an expression of anxiety on his face. "Ma," he said, "if a poor hungry little boy was to come to the back door and ask for something to eat, would you give him that piece of pie that was left over from dinner?" "Yes, Willie, of course I would," said the mother. Willie's face cleared. "All right," he said, "just wait a minute till I run around to the back door."

Two mothers—each with her child—visited the Chicago Art Museum. As they passed the "Winged Victory" the little boy exclaimed, "Hub!" She ain't got no head." "Sh." the horrified little girl replied, "That's Art—she don't need none."

# REAL ESTATE BARGAINS

We are offering a house and lot in Lents, Oregon, for sale or trade.

This lot is 50 by 150 and has a number of young fruit trees on it. Will trade for a small place near the mountains or for Heppner property. Would trade for work horses, broke or unbroke. Price for this property is \$1200.00.

A Good Eight-Room Dwelling,

Barn and other outbuildings, fruit trees and 3½ acres of land in Heppner at a bargain. This can be bought on time and if you want it and can give a good note you don't need any money.

127 Acres of Land

Fair house, good barn, 6 acres in of good alfalfa land, some good farm land on the hills. Running water all the season. A dandy little poultry and dairy ranch for sale cheap.

We have other good properties for sale. Come and see us if you want to get bargains.

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CHALMERS AGENCY and Service Station

A complete line of Automobile Accessories and

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Painstaking Service

Satisfactory Work - - - Expert Mechanics

Tires and Tubes Vulcanized. Batteries Recharged

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PHONES: SHOP 572; RESIDENCE 552

Located on North Main Street

HEPPNER, OREGON

Licensed Embalmer Lady Assistant

J. L. YEAGER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Phone Residence Heppner, Oregon

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathered them all into a large waste basket, did so. It was a very fashionable concert and the artists very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys and one of the young things was heard to say clearly "I wonder if that hair is his own?" The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, Miss," he imparted pleasantly, "that is Schubert's."

Mrs. Burns had found some housework for an old negro, but after working a day or two Mandy said she must quit.

"I done haf to go out collectin' foh de missionary society," she explained.

"But I have work for you to do," said Mrs. Burns, "and you need all the money you can get."

"I know," said the old mammy, "but I done haf to collect foh de missionary society."

"What do you get paid for collectin'?" asked Mrs. Burns.

"I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collect."

6 lots 40x90; 1 lot 50x110; 1 8-room dwelling, woodshed and other outbuildings; 1 5-room dwelling, woodshed and other outbuildings; 1 barn, used for livery stable, 64x64. This property is in a small eastern Oregon town and is for sale at \$1500 cash or will trade for Heppner property. Morrow county wheat land, or would trade for an auto. Owner's business calls him away and he is desirous of closing a deal on this property before leaving. Further particulars will be given by calling on us.

SMEAD & CRAWFORD.