

L-A-R-D

At a Big Reduction

One year ago lard was selling at 40c. We are now selling pure lard at

25c lb.

In 2, 3, 4, 5 and 10 pound lots.

Every Bucket Guaranteed

Central Market

McNAMER & SORENSON

Blacksmithing

In all its branches, including Wagon Work, Horseshoeing and Repair Work

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

We Give a 5 Percent Discount for Cash

J. B. Calmus

Formerly the Ashbaugh Shop

"You may be Sure" says the Good Judge



That you are getting full value for your money when you use this class of tobacco.

The good, rich, real tobacco taste lasts so long, you don't need a fresh chew nearly as often—nor do you need so big a chew as you did with the ordinary kind.

Any man who has used the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco

Weyman-Braton Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City

Are You in Earnest?

For some time now you have been saying to yourself that you're going to save money. Are you really in earnest? Then prove it to yourself by opening a savings account NOW!

Getting started is the big thing about saving. And that's easy once you've made up your mind. As little as a dollar starts you at this bank. Small savings, helped by the interest we pay, soon add up.

Decide to save so much a week and to live on what's left. Keep it up. Perseverance wins—and pays.

Prove your ambition to save by starting NOW.

FARMERS & STOCKGROWERS NATIONAL BANK

Heppner

Oregon

Tiny Tot Center of Fight Over Stillman Millions



BABY GUY STILLMAN AND BROTHER ALEXANDER STILLMAN. Top—MRS. J.A. STILLMAN, formerly "FIFI" PALMER; Lower—JAMES A. STILLMAN, N.Y. BANKER. MRS. FLORENCE H. LEEDS.

Sordid details of the average divorce suit are destructive, but the importance of the principals in the James A. Stillman case at New York has the whole nation interested. Stillman, president of the National City Bank, one of the biggest financial institutions in the U. S., has sued his wife

for divorce, repudiating her youngest son, Guy Stillman, now two years old, and naming a French-Canadian guide as a correspondent. Mrs. Stillman filed a counter suit, naming a Mrs. Florence H. Leeds, mother of another eighteen months' old baby, as correspondent. Mrs. Leeds was former stage beauty in

Ziegfeld's Follies, where it is said Stillman first met her. It is charged Stillman maintained a separate home for Mrs. Leeds. The real fight centers around the claim of little Guy Stillman to inherit his share of the Stillman millions.

EUROPE LAUGHS AT OUR FREAK BILLS

(National Republican.)

Readers of the Dutch and other European newspapers these days frequently get the idea that various state legislatures in the United States are conducted along the lines of slapstick comedies.

Each bit of freak legislation, whether introduced with serious intent or merely to cause a laugh, which emanates from these various state governing bodies, is printed with all seriousness on the other side of the Atlantic.

If a senator in a state legislature decides to make the bill of a political opponent appear ridiculous by introducing another along the same lines, that goes the opponent's one better and is utterly preposterous, the purpose of the bill is cabled abroad by a European correspondent in New York or Washington and is reprinted throughout Europe.

These dispatches are generally

featured or played up in the European press, and many European editors have declared they are convinced that most American lawmakers are crazy.

The fact that these measures are merely introduced and have little if any possibility of passing is seldom reported, with the result that many European newspaper readers are convinced that, here and there in America, there are places where, for example, persons are sentenced to live several months with their mothers-in-law if found guilty of snoring.

SMILE AWHILE

IN MEMORIAM.

A crowded elevator in a Western office building was nearing the bottom of its descent when it suddenly dropped a few feet, recovered, and continued its trip at a normal rate. "It's all right," said the elevator boy reassuringly. "If it had fallen, it would only have meant a couple of stories."

"That's all," replied a portly gentleman, casting a solemn eye upward. "Just two—one in the Star and one in the Times."

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS.

"So you're studying history, my little man. Study hard?" "Yes'm." "What kind of history—United States, ancient, modern or what?" "I don't know yet. We've only been at it about three months and my book hasn't any cover on it."

AND PAYS, AND PAYS, AND PAYS. "Yes," said the cynic after he had listened to an impassioned outburst from the young husband. "You will learn, my young friend, that all a man has or ever expects to have he owes for his wife."

DIPLOMACY.

During the after dinner speaking, The toastmaster saw Jones, a somewhat shady character, slip two spoons in his vest pocket. When the last orator had finished he rose. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is nothing to add after all this brilliant speaking, so I will try to entertain you with a little parlor magic. You see, I take two spoons. I slip them in my vest pocket. Presto—and they are in the pocket of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones will you please corroborate my statement?"

Jones, not to be outdone, rose. "I'm rather handy at that sort of thing myself," he said. "Presto—and they are back in the pocket of the toastmaster. Mr. Toastmaster, if you don't corroborate my statement,

I'll have you searched on the spot."

CITED FOR VALOR.

The swain and his swainess had just encountered a bulldog who looked as if he might shake a mean lower jaw.

"Why, Percy," she exclaimed as he started a strategic retreat. "You always swore you would face death for me."

"I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that darn dog ain't dead."

FOLOSOPHY.

"You sometimes hear somebody say that somebody else ain't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat-hole," says Uncle Seth Whiffletree.

"Well, the way I figure it out, anybody that's got that much sense ought to have more sense than to do such a darn fool trick."

CHROMATIC.

It sore disturbs My addled head Why blue laws make us All see red.

AND WANTS MORE.

"A successful marriage must be a give-and-take proposition." "Mine is. My wife takes every cent I give her."

GUILTY.

A youth once loved a modern miss; well versed in law was she. She charged him when he stole a kiss with petty larceny. A moment he was quite abashed and then he squeezed her hand. "You're wrong, quite wrong, dear," he replied. "Not petty. That was grand."

THE WAGES OF SIN.

"Bredren!" exclaimed the preacher as he came across a portion of his flock engaged in pursuing the goddess of chance. "Don't yo' all know it's wrong to shoot craps?"

"Yes, pahson," admitted one parishoner sadly. "an' b'lieve me, Ah's payin' fo' mah sins."

BGLX&M

"Has the ouija board craze struck your office yet?" "A long time ago, my stenographer uses it constantly."

THREE DAYS GRACE.

Maggie's sweetheart, a proverbially tight-fisted Scot, had taken her out for the afternoon, and that was about all. They rode some distance on the trolley, turned around and rode home again. Never was mention made of food or entertainment. Back within her own gateway, Maggie, who had keenly felt the ne-

Uncle John's Joke

RUM WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY AND IT CAN'T BE TORN DOWN IN A WEEK.



gets to hummin', Mose," he asserted solemnly, "de telegraph posts looks like slats on a chicken fence." "Hmpf!" sniffed Mose. "When de Southern express steps out fo' Noo Orleans, it nuchrally makes de mileposts look closer'n strings on a banjo."

NUMERICAL PROBLEM.

"Where's the hotel?" asked a stranger in a small backwoods town. "Which one?" countered a solemn-eyed native. "Which one? Is there more than one?"

"I dunno," he answered sadly. "I've lived here all my life and I never heard of any."

POTENTIAL SCRATCH MAN.

The golfers had just finished the first round of their handicap tournament.

"What's your handicap, Mr. Jackson?" asked one.

"Well," he answered sadly. "I wouldn't be handicapped at all if I had a little Scotch in me."

IN OLD MISSOURI.

In certain sections of Missouri the making of moonshine whiskey is still the principal industry.

A small native of this district was interestedly interrogating an Eastern commercial salesman, a being from another world, as to his life, connections, etc.

"You got a brother?" he inquired. "I had one but he died," answered the salesman.

"Got shot?" "No, he wasn't shot." "Drink himself to death?" "Certainly not."

"I knowed you was a liar," exclaimed the boy triumphantly. "Them's the only two ways anybody ever dies."

Springtime Ruminations.

That the editorial pages of country newspapers are not always entirely overlooked by its readers is evidenced by the following:

(Inspired by recent editorials appearing in the G-T.)

BROTHERLY LOVE.

The poor benighted workin' man. He does the best he can. But being a pure simpleton and lacking gumption, brains and such, and knowing not whereof he speaks, or what he wants, or what to do, or where to go.

He needs be led.

So let us, brothers, show him the way. And guide his steps, lest he go wrong.

Now let us pray.

CHARITY.

There was an anti-sundayite. Who stormed and raved with all his might, Because he thought the Craft(s)-y laws he read Meant nothing less than what they said.

But we should treat him with charity. Subdue our glee and hilarity. And try to make him understand That the legal phrases are all bosh And intended only as a josh.

To tickle the sweet vanity Of a great and wiser man. Blue laws are written by people good, Who know what is best for the neighborhood.

And if a little lobbying now and then Is enjoyed by these best of men. All's well, until they are understood. That all these things are true, we know.

Because peaceful Jitney Hen told us so.

Amen.

TWO PAIR OF BROTHERS IN BIG LEAGUES



JIMMY O'NEIL STEVE



DOC JOHNSTONE JIMMY

There are two pair of brothers in big league baseball as the season opens for 1921, exploding the dope that great players never come from the same household. In the American League Cleveland has the great catching star, Steve O'Neil, whose brother, Jimmy O'Neil, is an infielder with the Washington team. "Doc" Johnstone, first baseman with the Cleveland champs, has a brother Jimmy also. The two played against each other in the world series last year, the latter third baseman on the Brooklyn Nationals.

