

L. MONTERESTELLI

Marble and Granite Works

PENDLETON, OREGON

Fine Monument and Cemetery Work

All parties interested in getting work in my line should get my prices and estimates before placing their orders

All Work Guaranteed

The Byers Chop Mill

(Formerly SCHEMPF'S MILL)

STEAM ROLLED BARLEY AND WHEAT

After the 20th of September will handle Gasoline, Coal Oil and Lubricating Oil

You Will Find Prompt and Satisfactory Service Here

Pioneer Employment Co.

With Two Big Offices

PENDLETON AND PORTLAND

Is prepared to handle the business of Eastern Oregon better than ever before

Our Specialties
Farms, Mills, Camps, Hotels, Garages, Etc.

WIRE RUSH ORDERS AT OUR EXPENSE

Portland Office
14 N. Second St.

Pendleton Office
115 E. Webb St.

The Only Employment Office in Eastern Oregon with Connections in Portland

A. M. EDWARDS

WELL DRILLER

Lexington, Ore.

Box 14

Uses up-to-date traction drilling outfit, equipped for all sizes of hole and depths.

WRITE FOR CONTRACT AND TERMS



The Corner Stone

In every structure is a headstone from which is determined its strength.

In the structure of savings it is tried and proved 4% which stands for all that is safest and soundest.

A young artist unversed in financial matters returned home from a business trip to find his mother had invested her savings in a promotion enterprise which offered a very tempting 9%.

"It's no good," he said.

"But you don't know about it yet," said the mother.

"I know that any 'outside' investment wherein anyone with small capital can buy stock and which offers more than 6% has an element of risk in it which you can ill afford," he replied.

Two years later events forced the mother to sell—and after all the "special clauses" had been observed, the interest she received on her money was less than 2 1/2%.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT ON SAVINGS.

FARMERS & STOCKGROWERS NATIONAL BANK

Heppner

Oregon

"The Human Bug" Hard To Upset



This is Kinjo Ikeda, champion Japanese Catch-as-Catch-Can wrestler, who has never been defeated. He is going into action against Walter Miller, the Pacific coast middleweight champion, in the Los Angeles, Calif. Athletic Club.

beautiful is her own or is she to consider that labor lost at any moment when the slightest chance may take away the rented quarters? Is she going to know that you love her so much and love your children so greatly that you will be tireless in your efforts for them or is she going to be left to wistfully follow you from house to house, changing her life and her plans and her hopes at every move.

HOME OWNERSHIP GUARANTEES SECURITY.

Are the children going to grow up with a sense of security, of importance, of being a part of your city and a part of the community about them—or are they to grow up with the wander lust already alive in the heart that has never known a true home, a dangerous lust that may take them far and take them ill. Do you know what constant change does to the mind of your child as it is jerked from one course of study to another, from one school room to another, from one influence to another? What can you do as a renter to help the city's schools? Is your voice listened to with the respect that is given the home owning citizen who by its very ownership has proclaimed himself a man that is a part of the city's growth and who is determined to stay and be identified with his city's progress?

As your children grow up what sort of friends are they going to make? What are you going to be able to do to make their home such a place of cheer and comfort that their friends will love to come and visit them if that home is here today and there tomorrow. How can your children plan for the future when they cannot know what that future will be?

Can you guarantee your wife that your job will always last? Can you promise her you will always have good health? Are you sure the babies will not meet with an accident? And what if any of these things do happen? What if you are a "renter"? Is your market man and your grocery man going to long extend credit to a man who has no assets, whose mode of life shows he cannot save?

In fact are you doing the right thing by your wife? Are you keeping your promises? Are you proving yourself to be the greatest thing that the unknown power has created—a man? Think it over.

CECIL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Messrs J. H. Cox, W. C. Cason, and J. Leach of Heppner are busy moving a house belonging to Oral Henriksen nearer to Ewing. We understand that Oral is going into the dairy business when he gets all things straightened out, but haven't heard the name of the dairy or breed of cows as yet, but expect it will be the Jersey as R. E. Duncan of Busy Bee ranch has Holsteins and Miss Crystal Roberts of Ewing has Guernseys and the Mayor a mixed breed.

Six cars of yearlings belonging to Minor and Krebs were shipped on Tuesday at Cecil bound for Montana.

HE STARTS TO HIKE 600 MILES



Eighty-three years old George W. Sherman of Atlanta, Ga., has just started on a 600-mile hike to Richmond, Va., to attend a reunion of Confederate veterans. His recipe?—keep in the open, work hard, and be happy.

Community Service

PLAYING SQUARE WITH THE WIFE AND KIDS

Making a Home of a House.

By REX GROVES WHITE, Editor Community News Service.

It is to be presumed—in the United States—that you, friend, married your wife because you loved her, she gave herself to you without question, with a firm and fixed belief that you told her the truth when you entered the life long partnership. She believed then, and she believes now, that your love will find expression not only in words but in deeds. That you will do all that is humanly possible to make her happy, to keep her in health, to make her motherhood, if such should come, a glory.

Have you done that? Have you kept your part of the agreement that is just and binding whether it was expressed in words or only in inference? You have sheltered her, fed her, clothed her. Is that all your duty? You have taken out insurance, perhaps bought her not only the needed things of life but some of the luxuries, you have not forgotten the celebration of the wedding anniversary or her birthday. You have told her the truth about all things, remember the caresses that made of your honeymoon a wonderful memory, stood by her, protected her, loved her—and all that is fine and splendid and worthy of you as a man and as a citizen.

WINS BRONZE MEDAL IN ONE YEAR



Gladstone learned Greek at seventy. Solomon Ba Dabinski, not so widely famed, reached America from Poland a year ago, unable to read or write English, but he has just won a bronze medal for the best patriotic essay on Washington given by the National Society of Colonial Daughters of Washington.

HOME IS NOT A HOUSE.

But there is, perhaps, one thing you haven't done and that one thing is the goal of all your courtship, all your love, all the happy days of the honeymoon, all the preparation of your youth and hers, the harbor toward which your ship should be driven—and that one thing is the building of a home. A home is not a house, it is true, but given the house the wife will make the home and to make it lasting, a true shelter, a place of refuge and content that home must be yours—not another man's. Every life in nature from the smallest brown bird to the giant bears that grow from darkened caves has set an example. They one and all have a home that is theirs, a home for which they will battle to the death or return to through greatest difficulty.

What will that home mean to your wife? Is it hard to see? Put the answer in words. It will give her a sense of security that means a heart at ease. It will mean to her that no matter what storms arise she need not fear the chill and echoing streets. It will mean that she can enter down into the valley of shadow to bring forth a new life with a smile on her lips for she will know that when that tiny life grows up it will have a shelter that cannot be taken away by every whim of fortune or the careless word of a stranger.

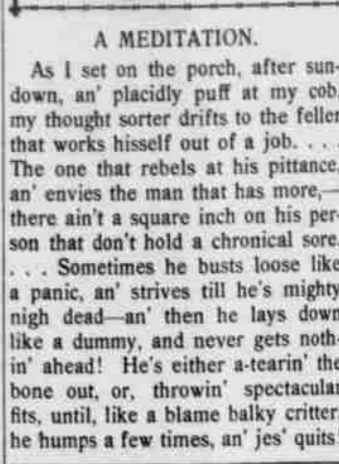
THE ANSWER—"OWN A HOME."

Is she not entitled, that little wife of yours that has stood by in sunshine and storm, to a home where she can give expression to her happiness and find the joy that all women find in making of it a thing of beauty and comfort, a place where her children can grow in strength and mind and passing on into manhood look back with such golden memory of the days that were the very name "home" will be sacred.

Is she not worth the extra effort that will bring her the realization of her woman's dreams, the garden where she can putter, and grow the bowers she resembled in her youth, the garden that will give her health and bright eyes and the surging life that our door labor gives. How about the children? Will they be entitled to that same garden, to the yard, all their own, where they can build their caves and play houses, where they can romp and tear and rip and rend with all the gay madness of childhood without a frowning stranger to forbid or to hearing the everlasting: "Children, be careful. The house isn't ours, you know."

Is the wife going to sleep at night with content in her soul because she knows if the grim reaper swings his sickle before the sun sinks on the morrow that her little ones will still have a home, a shelter, a place where no man may forbid them. Is the wife going to know that when she toils all day to clean and make bright that the thing she has made

Poem by Uncle John

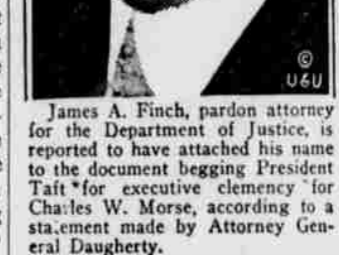


You can take it all over creation, an' you'll find what I tell ye is so,—the most on-dependable yahoo, is the one that's too quick to let go. . . . For, life is a trip over mountains, or, maybe through bottomless chasms, and that feller that aims to complete it, had better not monkey with spasms. . . . I take off my hat to the brother, whose daily performance must teach, that it pays us to love one another, an' stick to our job like a leech!

A MEDITATION.

As I set on the porch, after sun-down, an' placidly puff at my cob, my thought sorter drifts to the feller that works hisself out of a job. . . . The one that rebels at his pittance, an' envies the man that has more,—there ain't a square inch on his person that don't hold a chronic sore. . . . Sometimes he busts loose like a panic, an' strives till he's mighty nigh dead—an' then he lays down like a dummy, and never gets nothin' ahead! He's either a-tearin' the bone out, or, throwin' spectacular fits, until, like a blame balky critter, he humps a few times, an' jes' quits!

PETITIONED PARDON FOR MORSE



James A. Finch, pardon attorney for the Department of Justice, is reported to have attached his name to the document begging President Taft for executive clemency for Charles W. Morse, according to a statement made by Attorney General Daugherty.

Henry Krebs and T. W. Lowe were in charge. Word was received at Cecil on Friday that the sheep had arrived at their destination in fine condition. Lots of rain and lots of feed on their ranges.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Misner of Daybreak ranch and friend J. E. Swanson of Morgan who spent their vacation at Shipperd's Springs, Wn., returned home on Monday all delighted with their outing and ready to begin hard work once more on their ranches.

Mr. Geo. Henriksen of Strawberry ranch is the busiest man on Willow creek, picking and delivering his fine berries. His first crate of strawberries was delivered to Mrs. T. H. Lowe at Cecil last week.

Master Billie Logan of Ione is having the time of his life in his old home town and says Sunny Cecil can't be beat even if it doesn't rain, the wind and sand can blow to beat the band.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wear and W. W. Randall of Wallowa have taken up their residence at The Dovecote while working for Minor and Krebs during the haying season.

Miss Margaret W. Barratt, youngest daughter of Highway Commissioner W. B. Barratt of Heppner, is visiting at the home of Mrs. T. H. Lowe at Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Krebs of The Last Camp and also Misses A. C. Lowe and Margaret Barratt were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hynd on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Minor of Heppner were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Krebs at The Last Camp on Wednesday, leaving on Thursday for Portland.

Mr. Wear, who has been visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Henriksen at Strawberry ranch, left on Friday for his home at Canby.

Jack Hynd accompanied by his daughter, Miss Violet, and niece, Miss A. C. Lowe, honored the Egg

City with a visit on Saturday.

Messrs. Earl D. Wright and E. Ericson from the highway office at Ione were the guests of Mrs. T. H. Lowe at Cecil on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Brady and son of Athlone Cottage near Ione were calling on their Cecil friends on Wednesday.

Elmer Mohr, who has been spending his vacation in Heppner, returned to his work at Butterby Flats on Monday.

J. W. Morris who has been looking after his interests at Morsil, left for his home in Portland on Sunday.

Misses Mildred and Thelma Morgan of Morgan were visiting with Miss Helen Streeter on Tuesday.

J. J. Kelly was a busy man in Cecil on Thursday shipping several cars of ewes and lambs to Montana.

J. W. Vickers of Salem spent a short time with his friends around Cecil during the past week.

Geo. Haines of Heppner was a visitor in Cecil on Saturday.

Homey Philosophy for 1922

What do you care about the scandal monger? Nothin'. Just smile at him. Ain't he puttin' you on the map? All you need worry about is that what he says isn't so. Everybody'll find that out by an' by then you'll be better off than ever—if you keep on smilin'. The man who

Uncle John's Josh

A FOOL LOOKED DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS GUN TO SEE IF IT WAS LOADED. IT WAS.



Copyright 1922 by Autocaster, Inc.

knocks you'll help you more than the man who boasts you, because the booster's likely to paint things up just as much as the knocker and when the folks find out you're not a white winged angel, they may wonder if you're an angel at all. Opinions don't cut much figure anyhow, an' there's no use tryin' to stop folks from havin' 'em because they're like measles, bound to be. We don't have to improve on what God made us. If we just be what he made us, we'll be about all right, an' he made us to smile, particularly on the poor fish of a silly corner gossip.

HEMSTITCHING.

I have installed a hemstitching machine at my apartment in the Gilman building and will give all orders for work in that line my best attention. Your patronage is solicited. a6-ft. Mrs. C. C. PATTERSON.

Keeps Farmers Posted by Radio



This is a photograph of Herschel Jones, director of the New York office, New York State Department of Farms and Markets, whose duty it is to assist farmers in marketing their crops. He reports prices and conditions every day, sending from the Westinghouse station in Newark, N. J.

