

# Local Happenings

The Adam Blahm machine finished threshing on the Wightman farm Tuesday. The yield in this section was cut short by the north-east wind of several days the early part of the season. On his own place the grain crops were almost an entire failure from this cause. Mr. Blahm states, though he has done but very little cutting there. He will begin threshing on the Lacy place in Blackhorse at once and anticipates a fairly good yield there. Mr. and Mrs. Blahm were visitors in the city a short time Tuesday afternoon.

Wm. Driscoll and family returned the first of the week from Pendleton where they had been for several days owing to the very serious illness of Miss Lucile Driscoll, who was suddenly attacked with tetanus at St. Anthony's hospital Wednesday of last week. It was thought at that time that Miss Driscoll had no chance of recovery, but she did respond to treatment and is now past all danger. Friends of the family here rejoice with them over the recovery of Miss Lucile.

Laxton McMurray, a member of the Morrow county tax conservation committee by grace of Gov. Meier, was looking after business of a private nature in Heppner Tuesday from his home in Ione. Mr. McMurray has some mighty interesting ideas on this tax business, and the editor enjoyed talking the subject over with him. Other members of the committee are Chas. Wicklander of Boardman and W. P. Mahoney of Heppner.

Lowell Clark was brought to town Monday from the C. W. Christopher farm near Ione, suffering injuries to his left hand the result of catching the member in a chain on the combine. The hand was properly dressed by a local physician, and tetanus antitoxin given to avert infection.

Richard Peterson came in Tuesday from Kimberley. He reports hot weather on the John Day. It being 112 in the shade at his place on Monday, and just too hot to do anything, so Mr. Peterson took a run over to Heppner, where he found the heat a little more tolerable.

Among Heppnerites who witnessed the Morrow County-Ontario Junior baseball game at La Grande Sunday were C. J. D. Bateman, Elbert Cox, Al Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ferguson and family, Neil Shurman, Rod Thomson, Bobby Turner and Jap Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis have arrived in the city from Condon and have taken up their residence in the Case apartments. Mr. Davis will succeed Ed Pierce as brakeman on the local branch railroad run. Mr. Pierce and family to leave shortly for The Dalles.

Harvest was completed on the J. O. Turner ranch in the Swaggart buttes section Friday. Mr. Turner getting a very good crop and having some 2800 sacks to market. Mr. and Mrs. Turner expect to move into Heppner shortly after the first of the month.

James Ham came in from Hardman Tuesday, bringing a bunch of lambs which he delivered for shipment. In the upper country the grain yield is going to be light because of bad weather conditions, but threshing is not general there yet.

Consignors of sheep shipped east from the local yards of the O-W-R & N. company Tuesday night were R. A. Thompson, C. W. McNamer, Dillard French and John Brosnan. Probable destination of the trainload was Kansas City.

Hamilton Burchell, who has been spending the past three weeks at Lexington while looking after the harvest on the Burchell estate departed Tuesday for his home at Sheridan. He was a visitor in this city for a short time Monday.

Dr. A. D. McMurdo and family returned home Tuesday evening from Camp Lewis, Wash., where they enjoyed a two-weeks vacation while the doctor attended reserve officers' military training camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Gilliam and family departed the first of the week for their home at San Jose, Calif., after visiting for several days with relatives and friends here.

J. H. Scott, state market road engineer, was in the county the end of the week accompanying members of the county court on an inspection tour of local market roads.

Graveling operations on the Rhea creek road to Liberty have been started by a county crew in charge of George Moore. The work was started near the Art Keene farm.

Joe Eckelson is visiting his farming interests near Lexington during the harvest season, from his home at Salem. He was a Heppner visitor yesterday morning.

Leonard Barr, Mrs. Melvin Moyer and baby daughter came up from Portland Tuesday. Mr. Barr to spend a week here looking after business interests.

Vawter Parker departed Saturday for the reserve officers camp at Vancouver, Wash., where he will spend a couple of weeks in training.

Mrs. Bessie Wisdom and son, J. B. Wisdom of Irigon were in Heppner Tuesday, spending a few hours here while attending to business.

Rev. and Mrs. Glen P. White motored to Alderdale, Wash., Tuesday for a visit at the home of Mr. Warner, merchant at that place.

For Rent—Two apartments in Gilman building. 15-1f.

Harvey Bauman, in town yesterday morning, reported finishing harvest with a fair yield.

Chas. B. Cox finished harvest this week, reporting an average yield of 20 bushels.

## BUSINESS FUTURE OF SMALL TOWN

(Continued from First Page.)

that, in all such studies as this, it is hard to estimate human motives precisely. So, if we should jump to hasty, theoretical conclusions about the loss of part of the small-town business to the cities, we might go as "wide of the mark" as the young mother who was frightened half out of her wits when the nursemaid ran in screaming, "Oh, ma'am, it's terrible—I don't know what to do—I've lost the baby in the park!" The fond parent nearly fainted, but managed to inquire in a whisper: "Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" The maid was silent for a moment, and then she blurted out: "I did, ma'am, I did—that's how I lost the baby!"

Anyway, the mother got at the general truth of the situation by asking pertinent questions—and that is what the searchers and commercial "surveyors," governmental and other, are trying hard to do in the matter of small-town business.

Just what fault do people find with the small-town stores? As revealed by the Department of Commerce survey in New England, the purpose of which was to help the small-town merchants correct their difficulties, here are some of the allegations: "A lack of style goods," a lack of variety and sizes in shoes, dresses, and ready-to-wear clothing, is the criticism voiced most often. Some people charge that local stores are apt to have a two-price policy—and they do not like to haggle. Others say that local dry-goods stock is likely to be dusty or soiled, and there is objection to the frequent phrase, "We're just out of that." A comment often encountered is that it is hard to get real up-to-the-minute novelties at the smalltown store. Fault is found with local store lighting and window dressing. Lack of dignity in stock-arrangement is one of the things censured.

I know you will understand that, in quoting these criticisms, I am not intimating for a moment that they apply to all small-town stores. Far from it! Thousands of such stores are thoroughly progressive, well-arranged, handsome, and efficient. I am simply bringing you a few of the objections that have been actually expressed with respect to some such stores.

One of the things that small-town business is "up against" today is that it must endeavor in a measure to counteract or equalize the entertainment advantage of the city. That is being done—to a degree. Take the case of talking-pictures. When the silent movie was toppled abruptly from its pedestal, some premature mourners said: "Just another thing to injure the life of the small town! This new-fangled sound equipment is expensive. The local 'opry house' or Bijou Dream can't afford it. You'll see more of our people flocking down to Zenith to hear the 'celluloids'!" But how about it, really? How is it working out? I was turning the pages yesterday of a big fat volume listing every picture theater in the country, with a notation as to whether it has been wired for sound. I could hardly believe my eyes. There were hundreds—thousands—of theaters showing talking-pictures in towns with as few as 700 people, or 1,200 or 1,800! That shows enterprise, determination, a will not to be left behind.

And we see that same splendid spirit in varied manifestations, in small towns throughout the Nation. The American small town is not going to quit or "take punishment lying down." One of our Washington humorists who sometimes expresses his shrewd wisdom through the character of an old colored "uncle" made this Uncle Eben say the other day, "Whenever you see a quitter, you's liable to see a man dat wa'n' much of a beginner in de fust place." But American citizens of the small town are just the reverse of that. They were valiant, dauntless beginners—and I am convinced that they will prove to be very sturdy stayers.

They are coming to realize, I think, that one of the secrets of restoring small-town business, where it has shown signs of decadence, is to be found in a brisk, resolute modernization program for the stores, the introduction of more rigid efficiency along lines described in our Commerce Department bulletins—remodeling or even transformation of equipment and arrangements, the installing of stock-control systems, the careful training of salespeople, cooperative advertising, chamber-of-commerce activity, the creation or arousal of keener civic consciousness.

Obviously, one of the most potent weapons available to the small-town merchant is the trade-developing power of local advertising media. Certainly, intelligently guided publicity and consistently vigorous local advertising, especially in these days of consumer timidity, represent outstanding means at the command of the smaller-community merchant for arousing greater interest in his goods and attracting customers to his door.

Let us look at one example of what can be done in the small-town merchandising field. Moved by the striking results of our recent Grocery Survey in Louisville, Kentucky, every single retail merchant in one small town in that State carried out an extremely thorough modernization of his store. With what result? There has been, ever since, a very substantial increase in the combined net business of all the town's stores. They have cre-

# ODD---BUT TRUE

ON ASCENSION DAY, IN FLORENCE, ITALY, EVERY GOOD FLORENTINE RELEASES A CRICKET FROM A CAGE, THUS DECIDING HIS FUTURE FORTUNES. IF THE CRICKET HOPS JOYFULLY IT SIGNIFIES GOOD LUCK, BUT IF IT CRAWLS AWAY, THEN THE OWNER HAS A YEAR OF TROUBLE IN STORE.



ALL ANIMAL LIFE WOULD SUFFOCATE IF THE GREEN PLANTS WERE TAKEN OFF THE EARTH. THESE PLANTS RESTORE THE OXYGEN THAT WE REMOVE BY BREATHING.



ated new business and new profits. Other small towns can do the same through energetic and adroit action.

I find I have not time today to take up some of the main factors, some of the outstanding contemporary forces, that promise to help small-town business in the future. I have not been able to discuss the factory prospects of our smaller communities, the great possibilities in the decentralization of industry, the importance to little places of air routes and of our vast new highway systems, the potential influence of the impending coming of television, or most important of all, the long-distance transmission of electric power as a great stimulant to small-town industries. I have not said anything about the spread of mail-order trading or about the chain store endeavoring to invade the small town—and I certainly do not want to miss those things. Let us postpone these topics till next Sunday.

In the meanwhile, let us bear in mind the story of the two strangers who fell into conversation on a railway train. "Where yuh going?" asked one. "To Jonesville," replied the other—"town of about 5,000 up the line a ways." "Better steer clear o' Jonesville, pardner," yawned the first speaker; "everything's frightfully dull up there." The other man's eyes beamed: "That's great," he cried, "that's fine. I'm a scissors-grinder!" Fewer yawners and some additions to our already great army of "scissors-grinders" will shrapen up the business prospects of the American small-towns. They are coming along strong, as I hope to show you in next Sunday's talk.

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Suits Cleaned and Pressed, \$1.00  
Dresses Cleaned, \$1.00 and up  
**WEBBER'S**  
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Pick up in Heppner, Saturdays

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In charge of Mrs. Florence Davis, formerly of Portland

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