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EXCHANGE OF RECIPES

A column open for the exchange of recipes, to which all are asked to feel free to contribute. Recipes printed under this head are all tried and in many instances have been requested.

NOODLES FOR SOUP

Mrs. W. J. Warner

2 eggs.

1 teaspoon salt.

1 teaspoon baking powder.

4 tablespoons milk.

Flour for stiff batter. Roll thin and dry on paper. Put in warming oven.

HARD SOAP

Mrs. H. J. Stillings

Empty contents of one can of lye into vessel containing 34 pints of cold water and let solution cool until luke warm. Melt in another vessel 54 pounds of clean grease and let cool. Then pour slowly the lye into grease, stirring all the time. Then add one-half cup coal oil, one-half cup powdered borax, 3 tablespoons of sal soda, 1 tablespoon oil of citronelle, stir seven minutes, or until evenly mixed, then pour into mold. When made by boiling, add more water.

INDUSTRIAL NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK

Marshfield—Oregon Power Co. is stringing copper wire across bay to East side to light town and furnish power to industries.

Yamhill county has eliminated two offices, roadmaster and county agriculturist.

Department of weights and measures to be merged with dairy department.

Salem tax levy reduced three-tenths of one mill.

Oregon Supreme court took in fees for 1916, \$13,280.

Grants Pass—Reported that Twary Bros. have sold \$2,000,000 bonds to extend railroad 45 miles from Wilderville to Waldo.

Marshfield—During past week local power company secured contracts for

315 horsepower in motors from various local industries. Plans are made to open a new shingle mill and lumber mill and several coal mines in the vicinity are getting ready to use electrical power.

Coburg—Michigan firm buying up peppermint oil and menthol crops from farmers in Willamette valley averaging \$65 per acre, or from \$2,000 to \$3,500 for each grower.

Toledo votes down 12 mill special tax levy.

Richland will bond for a \$15,000 water system.

Klamath Falls—President Sproule of the Southern Pacific Co. has viewed proposed Modoc Valley railroad.

GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

Buyers in the "Halles" May Not Carry Parcels of Any Kind.

There are some queer customs and regulations in the "halles," the great Paris central markets. No buyer is allowed to enter or leave the markets carrying a parcel, however small it may be. To carry parcels is the privilege of the porters of these markets. Quaint figures are they in baggy velvet trousers, blue striped jerseys and big brimmed, round leather hats. They alone can be employed to convey from the market to the street outside your merchandise, whether it be half a beef or only a good fat hen.

Madame has to help in her purchases market women known as the keepers. These women sit at the entrance to the main division of the markets and for a small fee watch over all purchases brought to them. Many of these "salesladies" are wealthy. A portly dame, a small seller, wears a fine pair of diamonds in her ears and a sparkling solitaire on her ring finger. Another character at the markets is the "outter." When a sheep is brought to him by the buyer for half a dozen Paris housekeepers he cuts the animal into six portions and divides it among them. The purchasers draw lots for the best pieces and pay according to value received.—Exchange.

Light Year.
The term "light year" is one used by astronomers. It helps the astronomer to enable the layman to get some sort of idea of the distances from us of the celestial bodies, the light year standing for the distance that light travels in twelve months' time.

HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

But He Had a Motto That Pointed to the Road to Success.

A newsboy stood on a blustery night with a pile of newspapers at his feet watching for customers at a subway entrance in New York. In a bantering way as a gentleman hurried by he said to the little newsboy, "You can't sell all those papers tonight." The lad looked up with a smile and said, "I can try."

No bread line or bundle day for this sturdy American lad or for the fine, wholesome man he is bound to be as he grows up.

"I can try!" Good for the newsboy who said it; a motto for the girl at school poring over her lessons, for the mechanic toiling in the shop, the merchant busy in the counting room, the banker in his office, the professional man at his desk, the preacher in his study, the architect with his drawings and the astronomer at the telescope.

The world has been built by those who can and who do try. They put to shame the idler, the sluggard, the drone, the complaining and the ne'er-do-wells forever thrusting themselves forward to beg for special consideration.

The world would be better in every way if it had a revival of the good old fashioned spirit of self dependence that American fathers and mothers taught their children at their knees, mingling patriotism with their prayers. God speed the day when the spirit of young America shall be everywhere.—John A. Slesicher in Leslie's.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

An Ancient Legend That Every One Should Know by Heart.

There is an ancient legend of a man who faced the great day of final reckoning. He had lived as well perhaps as most of us while here below. At last he stood before the Judge of all the earth. His record was unfolded. The face of the Judge seemed to him to grow clouded as he traced its story. The record was pushed aside. The eyes of the Judge were lifted until they rested upon the man. The lips were parted as if the sentence was about to fall.

Suddenly from every quarter there gathered a shining host of forms which pressed about the judgment seat. They appeared to be in conference with the Judge. It looked as though with eager faces they were urging certain claims. Then they vanished from sight as mysteriously as they came. The Judge smiled, turned to a messenger clad in radiant robes of office and bade him conduct the man whose case he had just considered into the realms of the blessed.

As they moved away the man said to his guide, "Tell me, who were those who just now stood in numbers about the Judge and held converse with him?"
"Those," replied the conductor, "were friends who saved you. They were the deeds of kindness and of unselfish service you scattered far and wide while you lived on earth." — Detroit Free Press.

Merits of "Angelick Snuff."

Angelick snuff, the most noble composition in the world, removing all manner of disorders of the head and brain, easing the most excruciating pain in a moment, taking away all swimming and giddiness proceeding from vapours, etc.; also drowsiness, sleepiness and other lethargic effects perfectly curing deafness to admiration and all humours and soreness in the eyes, etc. Corroborates the brain, comforts the nerves and revives the spirits. Its admirable efficacy in all the above mentioned diseases has been experienced above a thousand times and very justly causes it to be esteemed the most beneficial snuff in the world. Price 1s. a paper, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Payne's toy shop at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's churchyard, near Cheshamside.—Advertisement in London Paper, Aug. 6, 1711.

On the Eating Line.

Tommy had returned from a birthday party, his round face wreathed in smiles.

"I hope, Tommy," said his mother, "that you were polite and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."
"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" replied the boy cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

Some Job.

The man in the next flat was pounding on the wall.
"Look here," he cried, "I can't sleep with that kid yelling like that. If you don't make him stop I will."
"Come right in," said the baby's father. "You'll be as welcome as the flowers in spring."—Pittsburgh Press.

Beyond His Power.

"Woman," cried the big, burly husband, shaking his finger wildly, "I can read you like a book."
"That may be," retorted the little wife, with a queer smile, "but you can't shut me up."—London Stray Stories.

Definite Limits.

"What grounds of complaint have you against me?" asked the dentist.
"Ground?" scornfully echoed the patient. "I have aches of it."—Baltimore American.

The only man who never misses the mark is the man who never shoots.—Youth's Companion.

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SECRET OF A FLOWER.

How Did the Trumpet Vine Discover the Bared Stump?

If some one advanced the theory that this plant had some unknown power of reasoning you would probably reply that "plants can't reason because they have no mind." You may change your opinion after you hear this story, related by Royal Dixon, who writes entertainingly about how near like human beings in their actions plants are. The story is about a trumpet vine, the favorite of many an old fashioned garden. About twenty feet from where it grew was an old pine stump with the bark on. One day a fire was built about the foot of the stump, and the bark was burned off.

Immediately the trumpet vine sent forth a long trailer across the garden to the stump. It raised the tendrils, felt the smooth surface of the stump and started to climb. Before long the whole blackened surface was hidden beneath the leaves and blossoms of the new vine.

With the rough bark on the stump provided no surface for the clinging tendrils of the vine. After the fire destroyed the bark the vine found a place to climb.

How did the plant know that the fire had prepared the stump? We don't know. Ask the flower.—Philadelphia North American.

Cellini's Quick Cure.

Benvenuto Cellini when about to cast his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia del Lanzi at Florence, was taken with a sudden fever. In the midst of his suffering one of his workmen rushed into his sick chamber and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto, your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." Cellini said that when he heard this he gave a howl and leaped from his bed. Dressing hastily, he rushed to his furnace and found his metal "caked." He ordered dry oak wood and fired the furnace fiercely, working in a rain that was falling, stirred the channels and saved his metal. He continues the story thus: "After all was over I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there and ate with a hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterward I retired to my bed, healthy and happy, for it was two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as if I had never felt a touch of illness."

The Exclusive X Club.

One of the most exclusive of clubs was the X, whose last surviving member was Lord Avebury. It was founded by a little coterie of literary scientists, including Sir Joseph Hooker and Herbert Spencer, and, though intended to comprise ten members, never got beyond nine, because no tenth was found who came up to the two requirements of mental caliber and intimacy with the other nine. Many names for the club were suggested and rejected before a member's wife proposed terminating it after the unknown quantity X.—London Opinion.

The Shillalah.

The shillalah is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were as carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighted with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip so that its center of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly seasoned by being kept in the neighborhood of the farm oven for a few months it became a thing of supple steel. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fearsome weapon is the melodious one of "shillalah," with the accent on the "all."—London Mirror.

Time to Make a Change.

Sir William Phips was appointed governor in chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1692. During his administration the terrible war against witchcraft raged for some sixteen months. When his own wife, Lady Phips, was named as having exercised the powers of witchcraft Sir William began to view this whole terrible madness in a new light, and he put a stop to all trials and discharged the prisoners then awaiting trial.

Social Inanities.

She—You know, Mr. Jones, I thought you much older than you are. He—Oh, no; not a bit, I assure you.—Boston Transcript.

EDITING SHAKESPEARE.

Nicholas Rowe, Poet Laureate, Was the First to Attempt It.

The first folio was printed partly from the earlier quartos and partly from manuscript copies in the hands of players. It did not have the careful editing that so important a work should have had, but it preserved from destruction a number of the plays that had not appeared in quarto form.

Nicholas Rowe, poet laureate and dramatist, in his edition of 1709 made the first attempt to edit Shakespeare in the modern sense. He modernized spelling, punctuation and grammar, added lists of dramatis personae and divided the acts and scenes properly. Since his time editors have been busily engaged in corrections and emendations.

Alexander Pope, the second editor, issued his Shakespeare in 1723, and this was followed in 1733 by Lewis Theobald's edition, whose bitter attack upon Pope in "Shakespeare Restored" led to the latter's making Theobald the dull and pedantic hero of his "Dunciad." The handsome edition by Sir Thomas Hanmer appeared in 1744 and William Warburton's in 1747. Dr. Samuel Johnson's edition was published in 1765. Then came Edward Capell's in 1767-68, George Steevens' in 1773, Joseph Rann's in 1786-94 and Edward Malone's in 1759.—New York Times.

Curious Church Architecture.

The parish church of Ormskirk, in Lancashire, England, has a tower and a spire side by side. The tower is built over the porch at the west end, and the spire is placed as closely as possible to it. The origin of this architectural freak has not been ascertained, but there is a tradition to the effect that when Orme, the Saxon pirate from whom the town derives its name, decided to construct a kirk, or church, as an expiatory offering for his evil deeds his two daughters quarreled over the design for the structure. One determined to have a tower; the other was equally resolved to have a steeple. As neither of them would give way the pirate chief acceded to both their wishes, and the curious maj. see the tower and spire still keeping watch side by side on the surrounding country.

The Pinebox Philosopher.

Keep a-going, even if you have to race a rainbow.
The only way to get the life out of the land is to prove your title to it.
When you meet Tribulation tell him he looks like Joy's brother-in-law. Even Tribulation loves a sweet liar.
You don't have to travel far to the glory plain. It's right where you shine your own light along the road.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Excess of Nerve.

"I like to see a young man energetic and able to push himself," said the old banker sadly. "But when he borrowed the money from me to buy an automobile in which to elope with my daughter it was carrying things a little too far."

Collected Some Alimony Also.

She—This is Maud's third husband, and they all bore the name of William. He—You don't say so! Why, the woman is a regular Bill collector.—New York Times.

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