

HEPPNER HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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HERALD CHANGES OWNERSHIP.

With this issue the undersigned assumes the ownership and control of the Heppner Herald. A few words touching his attitude regarding certain matters and things as viewed through the spectacles of a country newspaperman may not be amiss.

To begin with the present proprietor is no journalistic prodigy; he is no whirlwind, able to tear and twist public opinion to his liking regardless of man, God or the devil. Neither is he in any sense a super-man, confident of his ability to direct the affairs of Heppner, Morrow County and the Universe without regard to the present desires, past customs or future aspirations of the citizens thereof. He is just a common, ordinary sort of an individual who tries to do the best he can and sometimes fails at that.

He has never acquired the habit of looking down on ordinary people like bankers and bootblacks, farmers and farriers, merchants and milliners, lawyers and legislators, shoemakers and sheepherders, doctors and dressmakers, preachers and poultrymen, just because he is a country editor. This defect, however, may be due to neglect of proper training in his youth. In fact he confesses to a sort of sneaking regard for all such people and, after several years' experience, he has concluded that, as Lincoln remarked of the poor, God must like common people because he made so many of us.

The writer is not exactly a stranger to this section of Oregon. He was for several years a resident of Gilliam's capital city whose surrounding hills of Golden Grain have made her farmers famous—and residents of Irvington. After spending the past decade west of the Cascade range, however, he confesses to a quickened pulse, a more elastic step, a renewed lightness and buoyancy, when again the ozone of Bunchgrass Land fills his nostrils, which no denizen of the Webfoot country can ever know.

As to the future policy of the Herald but little need be said at this time. The writer is averse to high sounding promises made at the outset of any undertaking. It is easier to promise than to fulfill; it is sometimes easier to preach than to practice; what a man does means more in the ultimate than what he says he will do in the beginning; practical results at the wire mean more than volumes of gushing theories at the starting post.

The Herald will be conducted as an independent local newspaper. It does not expect, to cause the bunchgrass or wheat plants to grow with their roots in the air, or in any other way reverse the usual processes of nature, but in common with other good citizens of the town and county its publisher will do what he can to advance those things which make for a better community along all lines.

The writer enters this field of endeavor primarily with a view to making a living. While engaged in that activity he hopes to be able to do his part and take his place in the community as a neighbor and a friend "with malice towards none and charity for all."

S. A. PATTISON.

The Newport Independent-Enterprise, which like many other country newspapers perhaps needs some, advises its readers that the word "boosting" is spelled s u p p o r t.

Why doesn't Lloyd Riches of the Stanfield Standard, drop the last two letters from his name and become at once what he is running a newspaper to be. Contemplate the price of "news print" and take this hint, Lloyd.

Now we know that the term, "movie magnate" is right, since reading in the daily press that spuds pass current as coin of the realm in exchange for movie tickets in Chicago and other eastern cities. Maybe that's how the much talked of "corner" on spuds started. The federal trade commission should investigate.

The Condon Times remarks that Peruna seems to be the most popular way of acquiring a "jag" in that town since the "bone dry" law went into effect. "It is well to remember" continues our friend Fitzmaurice, "that the first man caught drunk gets a free trip to the Oregon penitentiary." Gee wouldn't it have given Condon a bump if that law had been retroactive?

Many an unregenerate sinner in the State of Washington will regret that he did not enter the ministry in his earlier years when the "bone dry" law, signed by Governor Lister the other day, goes into effect. The law provides that no one in the state may have any intoxicating liquor in his possession except regularly ordained ministers, priests and rabbis, actually in charge of congregations and this must be exclusively for sacramental purposes.

Definitions.

Pork—A congressional appropriation that goes to another district than yours.

Bore—A man who won't listen to your story but makes you listen to his.

Heppner—Synonymous with "best town in eastern Oregon."

Bone Dry—An aridity that enhances the high cost of "stews".

Safety First—Roping a male securely before you shoe him.

Road Commissioners

Confirmed.

Governor Withycombe has confirmed the appointment of the new state highway commission. The new commissioners are E. J. Adams, of Eugene, representing the first congressional district; W. L. Thompson, of Pendleton, representing the second congressional district, and S. Benson, of Portland, representing the third congressional district.

General satisfaction is expressed in this section of the state over the appointment of Mr. Thompson, who is recognized as a representative citizen of this section of Oregon.

Broncho Buster to Quit

Jac-son Sundown, the Nez Perce Indian who holds the world's championship as a broncho buster, says he has about decided not to participate in any more broncho-busting contests—that he is stiff in the knee joints and is becoming rheumatic.

Although Sundown will be 51 years of age in April, he won at the Pendleton Round Up and other frontier celebrations. Noted sculptors and artists, who have come from all parts of the United States to use Sundown for a model, have pronounced him physically perfect, so it is said.

—Athens Press
W. F. Palmateer, of Morgan, was here during the week.

A Strip of Seaweed

It Was Given as a Token at the Time of a Betrothal.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the olden time Newport, R. I., was an important shipping port. Indeed, until the period of the Revolution a number of points on the Atlantic coast were about equally prominent in this respect. As the years rolled on all except New York, Boston and Philadelphia dropped out, the latter finally leaving the first the supremacy.

In that early day on the beach where now in the summer season hundreds at times thousands, of fashionable persons drive and lounge and bathe, one moonlight night a young man and a girl sat looking out upon the gilded water. They were Edmond Roscoe and Evalina Blair, the young man a son of a prominent shipowner, the girl the daughter of a merchant. There were no sounds of revelry in the little town back of them, as there are now at that season, and, as for the beach, not a sound was to be heard except the splash of the sluggish waves as they broke and rolled in on the sand.

There could be no more fitting place for a young man to tell his story to a maiden, and Edmond Roscoe was telling Evalina Blair his love for her. Then and there their truth was pledged under the yellow light of the moon, the lovers' voices accompanied by the ever-recurring sound of the waves as they slid up in foam on the smooth sands.

There were both happiness and sadness for these two young creatures whose lives seemed so much to them. In a few days they were to part for several years. Evalina was to go to England that her education might be finished under the supervision of an aunt, for she was of the Blakes of Devonshire, a family of country gentlemen and ladies of blue blood, and must needs be given accomplishments suitable to her rank. Edmond was to enter Brown university, which was then in its babyhood and soon to give up its as yet only dormitory to quarter soldiers of the Revolution.

The transports of betrothal were scarcely over when Edmond said:

"You are going to a land where you will meet many persons of rank and fashion. I know that you will be a belle among them. Some man, possibly a noble, will fall in love with you. You will dread to return to this uncultivated land. You will remain in England, and I shall never see you again."

Looking at him through her earnest eyes, she replied:

"Give me some token by which I shall remember these words of yours. If I am tempted by fortune to remain in England I promise you I will look at it and am sure it will bring up before me the happiness of this evening, and I shall choose you and the life of a simple Rhode Island woman in preference to that of a lady of rank."

"Alas, I have nothing suitable. I should give you a ring or—"

"I wish no bauble," replied Evalina. "Give me something to remind me of these sands, the ocean, the splash of the waves."

Looking about him, Edmond saw a seaweed lying within his reach. Taking it up, he handed it to Evalina. She took it and, spreading it out on her lap, said:

"I, Evalina, promise you, Edmond, that in case I am tempted to place rank and fortune before my love for you I will think of you with this plant of the sea before me. And I assure you that when I have finished my education I will bring the token to you as evidence that I have been true to you and my heart has been always yours."

After this assurance there was a long embrace. Then they arose and, taking a path which is now a broad avenue, returned to the town.

Every day, or, rather, every evening, till Evalina's departure the lovers went to the beach. They were not troubled even in the daytime with persons to disturb their meetings. There were no bathers in fantastic suits, no carriage, no loungers. The last evening before Evalina's departure they passed there. The moon rose, as it were, out of the ocean, the first spark appearing like a far distant bonfire, then gliding the shore over the crests of the waves, and finally the great round disk rested on the horizon of water.

"Heaven grant," said Edmond, "that we will again see this beautiful sight and that we shall then be one."

"If I live you will have your wish," replied Evalina.

The next day the ship that was to carry her to England sailed from the little town on Narragansett bay, the lovers waving until they could distinguish each other's forms no longer.

During the first year of their separation Evalina wrote regularly to her lover. The second year abroad was for an education in social life. As her lover had predicted, she became a belle. She wrote Edmond of the fine people she met, of the amusements common among persons of quality. But her letters showed no diminution of love for him and indicated that she looked forward to their reunion with as much hope and pleasure as when she had left him.

Yet there was a great deal that she

did not write him. She did not write of the offers of marriage that followed one another in rapid succession.

When these offers of marriage were showered upon Evalina she declined them without giving as a reason a previous attachment. Later, possibly as one might hide behind gauze, she frequently wore as a decoration the seaweed that her American lover had given her. Sometimes it was tacked to her skirt, sometimes she wore it in her corsage, and again it would be intertwined with her hair. In time she came to be called the Seaweed Lady.

Meanwhile Roscoe was studying as a collegian, though his mind was with his heart, and that was across the ocean. He read with avidity Evalina's letters and shuddered as he thought of the differences between himself, an undergraduate of a college but a few years old, without fortune, compared with some coroneted man with vast estates. Evalina's letters were reassuring, but she was growing from maidenhood to womanhood, and would she not give way at last?

However, the period allotted for her sojourn abroad was drawing to a close. She did not write her lover that she was coming home for the reason that she did not know if she would be permitted to return. Her parents were much chagrined at hearing that she had refused an earl and the second son of a duke and were debating whether to send the funds for her passage back to America or insist that she remain longer.

It was two years from the time of Evalina's departure that a storm such as Newport had not experienced in many years broke upon the coast. For three days the giant waves struck wildly upon the cliffs and rolled far up into Narragansett bay. Then, on the evening of the third day, the clouds broke away in the west, and the sun set in golden splendor.

That night the moon was at the full. As the sun went down the queen of night rose. Edmond, desiring to view the effect of the storm on the waves, when night had fallen and the moon was lighting the land and the water, started for the beach. The path was lonely, and there was terror in the tumbling of the great waves on the sands. The only likeness to the night of Edmond and Evalina's betrothal was the full moon.

He had passed midway from the town to the water when he saw before him a figure that he knew to be a woman by her garments fluttering in the wind, which was still strong. She seemed to be coming toward him, but as he advanced drew no nearer to him. He went on until he came to the edge of the beach and saw her still distant from him, sometimes ditting nearer, sometimes farther, and always seeming to rock like a bird resting on the crest of a wave.

Whether it was the night, still disturbed by the storm that had passed, or something bewildering in this unsteady figure, Roscoe could never tell, but an appalling premonition stretched a pall over him like the wings of some huge black bird. Something within him seemed to say: "A great misfortune has fallen upon you. The wind and the waves are a dirge. Be strong or you will be crushed!"

And now, having reached a point overlooking the water, the sands being soaked, progress was slower. Scattered ragged clouds were flying above, now and again dashing across the face of the moon and shutting off its light. At these dark periods the fitting figure was lost, but reappeared when the cloud had passed and the full light of the moon was released.

Edmond had spent many an hour when home from college on the spot where he and Evalina had spoken their betrothal, and he saw that the figure was slowly moving toward it. Yet it was the movement of a floating object, driven by alternate advancing and receding waters, yet borne by an invisible tide toward a given point. But notwithstanding this apparently slow movement he gained but little on the figure. At last it reached the very spot where he and Evalina had pledged their truth. There it paused. Hastening his steps so far as he could—the moon at the moment was overcast—he advanced to join the figure. When he was a few yards from it a bright light burst from the moon and revealed—Evalina, looking at him with pale and melancholy visage.

He sprang toward her with outstretched arms, but at the moment another black cloud swept across the face of the only available light and hid his form from her. When it had passed she had vanished.

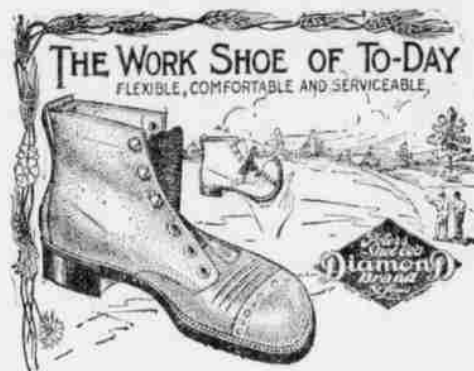
At his feet was a strip of seaweed.

When morning came a boatman stalking along over the soft sands saw a man lying so still that he thought it might be one cast in from a wreck by the storm. He found Edmond Roscoe. There was life in him, and the boatman after rousing him helped him home.

A ship came in and with it news that Evalina had departed for America. But the vessel on which she sailed never reached port. Pieces of wreck came ashore on the coast, denoting that a ship had foundered, but no fragment bore its name.

Edmond Roscoe never went back to college. He had lost all ambition, all desire for life. It was claimed that he had received some physical stroke which impaired his mental faculties. Whether this were so or whether the loss of his betrothed and his ailment were a coincidence was never settled. He was often seen on the beach at Newport wandering about aimlessly or sitting on one spot looking out on the water. This continued till he was an old man, and in the town in which he lived a few residents of other places began to build cottages for summer residences.

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