

HEPPNER HERALD

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FRIDAY, JUNE 29 1917.

WAR BRINGS CHANGE

The present war is sure to bring some mighty changes in the conduct of the affairs of the world. Many radical steps have been and will be taken by the government as war measures because the exigencies of the times demand them. If these innovations prove to be good for the people in time of war may it not be fairly expected that they will also prove of benefit in time of peace? Take for example the question of transportation. A few months ago all lines of business was hampered and embarrassed by the car shortage. When war was declared, however, and the government found that it was necessary to move vast quantities of stores and supplies quickly and systematically the car shortage problem was quickly settled. Government officials, acting for the general good said to the railroad companies, "expedite loading and unloading, eliminate duplicate train service, send goods to their destination by the shortest and quickest route." The railroad companies were only too glad to respond—or, at least, they responded—and in a few days the car shortage was broken and the roads were carrying a greater volume of business than ever before and were doing it with fewer locomotives and the same amount of cars. The transportation system of the country was breaking down of its own weight and with the inefficiency of the system under which it was being operated, and it is not to be expected that the country will ever consent to go back to the inefficiency of the past after experiencing the working of a better system. The world moves and it looks, at times, as though the world moves faster in the direction of progress and the general good in time of war than it does when peace reigns supreme.

WHY SUCH DISPARITY

In connection with consideration of the Lever food control bill in congress it has been charged that a 35 ounce loaf of bread sells in France for eight cents whereas the people at Washington, D. C., pay 10 cents for a 14 ounce loaf made from the same flour, manufactured not in France but in America.

If that indictment is true as it probably is there is indeed necessity for effective work of some sort toward the regulation of the food supply. This country cannot and will not wage this war with the best efficiency unless safeguards are thrown about the cupboard. This is a truth that is fundamental and the sooner it is recognized the better it will be for America and the worse will it be for the kaiser.—East Oregonian.

Red Cross Meeting

A meeting of the Morrow County Chapter, American Red Cross society, will be held in the council chamber Monday evening, July 2, 1917, at 8:00 o'clock. Business of importance requires attention at that time and all members are requested to be present. Request is also made that all persons having bills against the Chapter present the same on or before Monday evening.

Mrs. Phil Cohn, Chairman,

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can be had by any ambitious young man or woman in the field of railway or commercial telegraphy. We want a number of young men and women to prepare for the telegraph service to fill vacancies caused by unusual drafting of young men for the Signal Corps. Prepare to help your country. Write today for full particulars. The Railway Telegraph Institute 812 Portland Oregon

Groshen Boys Return From Cruise

Victor Groshen received a letter from his boys Harry and Charlie a few days ago the first word he had had from them for several weeks. The boys are aboard the San Diego, flagship of the Pacific squadron and when the letter was written they had just returned from a cruise to Honolulu where they went to convoy several interned German ships to the Seattle navy yard where they will be put in commission for use. After delivering the ships at Seattle the navy boys returned to San Francisco. The boys are in good health and are enjoying the new life with its adventure and activity.

Herald Man Catches Fish

The worm has turned. No more may the friends and acquaintances of the publisher of this great family newspaper smile indulgently and look wise every time he starts to tell them that he is thinking of going fishing. No more may his wife, if she values her reputation as a household economist and conservator of foodstuffs, rest that reputation by ordering three pounds of beefsteak for supper on the day that he goes fishing. No more may his fish hungry children weep bitterly in anticipation of being disappointed when they see their paternal ancestor digging bait and untangling fish line in the early morning hours of the day he is going fishing. Because, Listen—He went, he fished, he caught 'em and now his heart swells with pride and satisfaction when he realizes that every word he ever wrote or spoke or even thought about matters piscatorial is now more than justified. Willard Herren was his chaperon on the trip up Willow creek last Friday and in order not to make this story too long it may be said that together they caught 76 nice trout. Details are tiresome so it is not necessary to string this story out by telling just how many each one caught but, anyway we all had plenty of fish for supper and most of the big ones got off the hooks and dropped back in the water at that.

To Whom it May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that there has been filed in the office of the State Banking Department of the State of Oregon, and approved by the Superintendent of Banks, Supplementary Articles of Incorporation of the Heppner Loan & Savings Bank, Heppner, Oregon, changing the name to "LEXINGTON STATE BANK," and the place of business from Heppner to the town of Lexington, Morrow County, Oregon.

By Order of the Directors,
Dated this 23rd day of June, 1917.

M. S. Corrigan, President,
Attest: W. O. Hill, Cashier,

Professional Column

DR. R. J. VAUGHAN
DENTIST

Permanently located in Oddfellow's Building

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon.

June 1st, 1917.
Notice is hereby given that George W. Van Winkle of Lexington, Oregon, who, on March 16, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 912371 for SW 1-4 NW 1-4, W 1-2 SW 1-4, Sec. 4, SE 1-4 NE 1-4 S 1-2 SE 1-4, NE 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 5, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Section 8, Township 3 South, Range 25 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, U. S. Commissioner at Heppner, Oregon, on the 12th day of July, 1917.
Claimant names as witnesses: John R. Olden, Henry C. Gay, Lester E. Gay, Ralph L. Berger all of Heppner, Oregon.
Jds H. Frank Woodcock, Register.

Notice to the Public

I wish to announce to my patrons and friends and the public generally that I have changed my plans in regard to closing my business and leaving Heppner and that I have decided to remain here and conduct my business as before. I wish to take this opportunity of thanking my patrons for past business and courtesies and hope the same pleasant relations between us will be continued in the future.
524 PHIL COHN,
Heppner, Oregon, May 1, 1917.

Wall Paper Bargains

A large and well assorted stock, purchased before the advance in prices took effect. Nearly our entire stock at last year's prices. Case Furniture Co. Jds

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J. B. Madsen
Agent
Heppner, Oregon

An Effective Introduction

By ALAN HINSDALE

There are persons who have known each other by sight for years and never a word spoken between them because they have never been introduced. On the other hand, there are those who, under some strong emotion, have at a first meeting rushed into each other's arms. This is a story illustrating the latter feature.

Jim Conover, plainsman, aged twenty-five, long of limb, with a countenance frank and fearless, was riding through a wood on one of the foothills of the Rocky mountains. A rifle was slung from one side of his saddlebow and a lasso from the other.

Suddenly he reined in his horse and, sitting stock still, listened. He had heard a shot.

This was in the days when the Indian still inhabited the plains, when hundreds of thousands of buffaloes fed in huge droves.

There was little variety on the plains in those days, and Conover knew that if the shot had not been fired at a buffalo it had been intended for either a white man or an Indian. He had no idea of showing himself to either party till he learned the situation. Dismounting, he left his horse to nibble while he skulked, shielding himself behind trees, in the direction of the sound. Presently he reached the edge of the wood, and, looking down on to the open, he saw a wagon, behind which luddled a man, a woman and half a dozen youngsters, the oldest being a girl just entering womanhood. Beyond, hiding behind a rock or a bush or any inequality in the ground, were Indians. Conover saw several and judged that there were something like half a dozen in all.

How was Conover to save them? Save them he must, but without some stratagem his single rifle would not suffice. But he had that one rifle and a fair stock of ammunition. His presence was as yet unknown to either party. How could he make himself a danger to the Indians and encourage the whites?

An Indian rose from out of a bush and ran swiftly, intending to take cover nearer to the wagon. Conover had brought his rifle to a ready and shot the redskin on the wing. The shot produced a change both in the Indians and the besieged party, the former sticking closer to their protecting objects, the latter vainly looking to see where the bullet that killed the Indian had come from. One thing they knew—it was from a friend.

Conover's quick eye, which was darting about him for advantageous positions, caught sight of a tree some distance to his right, the lower limbs of which were within his reach. Bending low and protected by bushes, he gained this tree and in a few seconds had reached the upper branches. Concealed by leaves, he had an excellent view of the Indians. He could see every one of them and counted ten. Taking deliberate aim, he sent a bullet at the one farthest in advance, and he rolled over dead.

A shot from two different points put consternation into the Indians and hope into the whites. Conover sent several shots among the Indians, killing or wounding one with every shot; then, descending quickly to the ground and taking a different position, he fired again, though this time, not seeing an Indian, his shot was without effect.

There were now half a dozen Indians in the attacking party, and the problem for them was not how to get forward, but how to get away without being picked off by this new enemy. The father of the white family, having evidence that he was being assisted by an unseen force, took courage and used his rifle to advantage—not that he killed any Indians, for they were covered, but that they were obliged to consider him as an effective enemy.

Conover kept on firing at the Indians, but never from the same point. One shot would be sent from under a low bush, the next from the branch of a tree thirty feet from the ground. The shots from above were the only ones that were effective.

Thinking to take a last shot from a treetop where he could see his target, Conover saw from his perch that several new men had joined the Indians and they were all grouped together in conference, some of them looking up to where he was as though in doubt as to his being as dangerous an enemy as he appeared. Conover's rifle was of long range, and he fired a ball right into the group. This startled them, and another shot quickly following the first put them on the run.

Conover now believed that the fight was over and if not he could work to better advantage with his allies, so he went down and joined them.

"How many of you are there?" asked the father.

"I'm the only one," was the reply. "You don't mean that you've driven off all those red devils alone?"

"Oh, I spread myself."
"See here, stranger," said the man, with a tremor in his voice, "you've saved me and my family from massacre. My children will thank you. This is my daughter."

Conover heard no more. A pair of arms were thrown about his neck and a face snuggled up against him, and he could hardly have disengaged himself if he had wished to do so. The girl referred to had a good grip on him and showed no sign of letting him go. This explains the introduction in the beginning of this story.



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