

**HEPPNER HERALD**

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1917.

**THE PENDLE.**

**TON PENDULUM**

For the eighth consecutive year Pendleton has held its Round-up. In those eight years the show has grown from a small, local affair given in a fenced-off street to one off the famous entertainments of the country. From Boston to San Francisco, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, the Pendleton Round-up stands supreme and alone in its class. Other shows of like nature have come and gone, but today there is but one real wild horse-Indian show in the country—the Pendleton Round-up.

In a case of survival of the fittest there must be a reason for such fitness. In this instance it is not difficult to discover. The Round-up is but a flood tide, an overflowing of the Pendleton spirit, of Pendleton team work, of municipal co-operation.

The Pendleton Round-up is not the business of this man or that man. It is not the business of any group of men—it is the business of every man, woman and child in Pendleton. It knows no faction, is hampered by no clique ruled by no ring. It is of the

people, for the people and by the people of Pendleton, standing hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder like a well drilled army.

Of course, Till Taylor is the president, the general-in-chief, so to speak. But Till Taylor subordinates himself to the lowliest citizen of the town if this is necessary for the success of the Round-up. He is the titular boss, but an "easy boss," so easy, so so silent, so self-effacing that the stranger might think him a man without force. Yet he is a man of steel with a heart of gold and every citizen obeys his every order.

Years ago, when the Round-up was in its making, there were, perhaps, factions in Pendleton. Factions in small cities usually begin with trouble among the banks over the county, city or other public funds. The leaders of the Pendleton banks held a love feast and agreed on an exact division of all public deposits. Since then neither bank has "stood" for a candidate—they have become far removed from politics. Through that and similar reasons Pendleton has the two largest and strongest banks in Oregon outside of Portland.

Perhaps we have thus given the basic reason for the growth of the city, for the success of its ventures, for its standing among the cities of the state. It was the elimination of political rivalry that brought the banks close to the people, and then the people, headed by the banks, secured the great Pendleton Woolen Mill the Eastern Oregon Hospital for the Insane, the Blewell Harvester Company, and many smaller enterprises.

The Pendleton pendulum swings back and forth with

rhythm and certainty. It does not move with hesitancy today and acceleration tomorrow. Steadily, regularly, propelled by a united, homogeneous community, it clicks off the seconds of growth, moves the minute hand on a steady round of progress and urges the hour hand around and around in an ever-increasing sweep of prosperity.—Oregonian.

**Popular Young Man Goes to College**

Creston Maddock, one of Heppner's most popular young men, left for Eugene Monday where he will re-enter the University of Oregon. Creston has been chief clerk at the Palace hotel desk for the past several months and he will be missed from that position not only by his many Heppner friends but by a host of travelers who make that hostelry their frequent headquarters.

**Heap Smoke; No Damage**

A pot of boiling asphalt, being heated to make repairs on the roof of the Palace hotel took fire in May street at the rear of the hotel and in front of the Herald office. Wednesday noon and for a few moments made a big enough smoke to almost warrant calling out the fire department. A couple of buckets of water quenched the blaze, however, and killed what might have made a scare head news article.

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE**  
Cheap. C. S. Jayne, Heppner, Oregon. 181f.

**WOOD AND COAL**—See me about cash prices for your winter fuel. It will pay you. Ed Breslin. 171f.

**CYNTHIA'S WOOING**

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

When mother died and left me the farm I found it mighty hard to run the housework.

One evenin' when I'd watered the horses and milked the cows and done all the other chores we farmers have to do I went into the house and got my supper. By the time I'd washed the dishes I was dead tired and, settin' down in front of the fire, got to thinkin' what a lot o' work I had to do that was usually done by women. I could stand it all till it came to washin' dishes, and that I always hated.

There came a rap at the door, and Cynthia Jones came in to ask me if I wouldn't lend her mother a quart of milk. The Joneses have the next farm to mine. There's one boy and five girls. I've often wondered what Farmer Jones'll do with all his girls. There's only one livin' at the farm, and that'll go to the boy. I went to the spring-house and got Cynthia the milk, and as I handed it to her she said:

"You're very comfortable here, Mr. Crabb, ain't you?"

"Well, yes," I answered. "I'm comfortable enough."

"Don't you ever git lonesome livin' all alone?"

"No. I don't git lonesome at all. You see, by the time I git the dishes washed it's perty nigh bedtime."

"Do you like dishwashin'? Most men don't."

"I hate it."

"Why don't you git a woman to do it for you?"

"I don't know anybody that would like to hire out for that purpose."

"You might marry some one. She could do all the woman's work—the sweepin', the cookin', the milkin' and all."

"I don't know any one that would marry me."

"You don't mean it! Why, there's lots o' nice girls would be glad of the position. I know a girl that would marry you and make you a good wife."

"Who's that?"

"Why, Mr. Crabb, you wouldn't have me tell you! She wouldn't thank me for doin' so. If she did it would be immodest of her."

"Is it Susan Park?"

"No."

"It ain't Mells Billings, is it?"

"No; I don't refer to Mells. But I won't give you any more guesses."

"Seems to me that's kind o' mean."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Come in to our house Sunday night and I'll give you the first letter of her first name."

I made the call on Sunday evenin' and found all the family except Cynthia gone to church. There was a fire burnin' on the hearth, and the brass andirons shone beautiful. Cynthia had some apples and cider on the table waitin', and altogether everything looked mighty fine. Somehow I could never make my livin' room look like that, and I told her so. She said men couldn't do such things; only women could.

Cynthia made me feel at home and I forgot all about askin' her the letter she was goin' to tell me, and I went away without it. I met her on the road the next day, and I said:

"What was the letter you was goin' to tell me? I clean forgot it."

"You'll have to come for it next Sunday," she said as she hurried on.

I went the next Sunday night, and the first thing I did was to ask for that letter before I forgot it. Cynthia said she'd tell me just before I went home, only I was to remind her of it.

The family was mostly at home this time, and Cynthia took me into a little 6 by 9 room off the dinin' room. There was only one easy chair in it. Cynthia set herself down in that and left me a chair with a wooden seat. Toward 10 o'clock I got so tired I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up and walked about to rest myself, and Cynthia moved aside, and, seein' she didn't intend to be mean about it, I sat down beside her.

Would you believe it? I went away without thinkin' to remind her of the first letter of the girl's name who would like to marry me! I met her in a few days in the store and asked her for it, but she said I'd have to try it again and if I didn't remember this time she wouldn't tell me at all.

I went round the third time to get that letter and found not only the family at home, but a lot o' friends there. So Cynthia had to take me to a closet where they kept old books and magazines, and we set on the pile with our legs stickin' out into the hall. The closet was narrower than the easy chair we'd set in the second night I was there, and there wa'n't no room for my arm, so I had to put it around her. We set there that a-way from 7 till 10 o'clock.

"By cracky," I said jest as I was a-goin' away, "if I didn't perty nigh forget ag'in to ask for that letter!"

Cynthia larfed and said that the first letter I had missed by not askin' for it at my first call and the second I'd missed on my second call. So I was only entitled to the third letter, which was "C." I didn't like that way o' puttin' me off and went back and set down ag'in to persuade her to tell me the whole thing. She wouldn't, but we had our heads perty nigh together, and a lock of her hair brushed my cheek. I kissed her. Then I said I didn't care a rap for all the letters of the other girl's name. I wanted her to come in and do the woman's work on my farm for me.

And, laws, how we did kick up our heels at the weddin'!

**Why C. Guy Wakefield Recommends Especially THE BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPH**

- 1 Because The Brunswick is all phonographs in one. It has all of the merits and none of the faults. It is the result of years of experience and is made by one of the most responsible companies in America—The Brunswick-Balke Collender Company.
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