

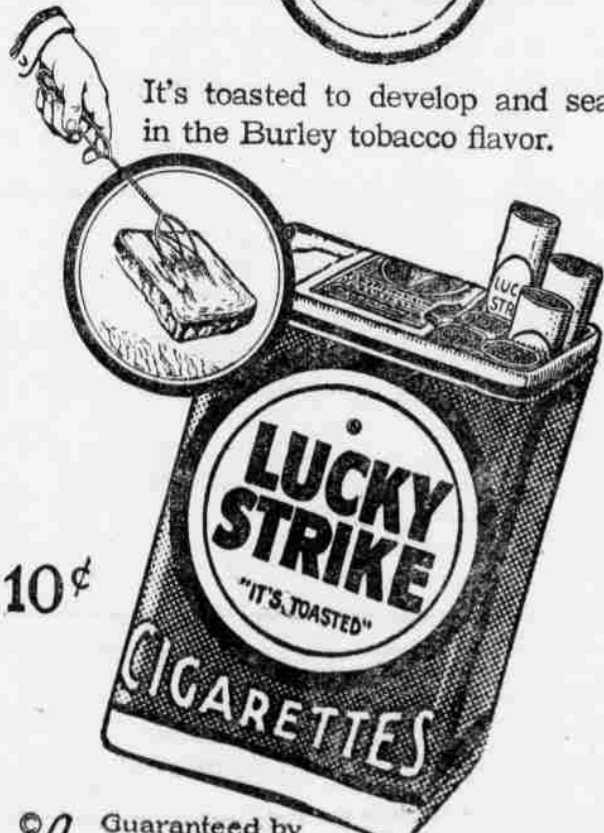
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Ione, Oregon

March 15, 1918

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Everybody Invited. Don't Fail to
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Proceeds go to the Ione
Red Cross

Tickets - \$1.50

HARDMAN HAPPENINGS

Mrs. T. H. Williams has a hen with 15 chickens hatched in February.

Mrs. Lena Brown, of Walla Walla, is here visiting relatives and friends.

Fred Ashbaugh and son Clare made a business trip to the county seat Monday.

Lewis Cason is walking on crutches as the result of a sprained ankle, caused from a horse falling on him.

Henry Knight came up Saturday from the Blake ranch and visited over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lou Knighten.

J. W. Stevens went to Heppner Friday to close a deal with W. H. French of Forest Grove for the French land, consisting of 329 acres of grazing land two miles northwest of town.

Mrs. Elsie Shelby of Pendleton who has been visiting for the two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Furlong, of Hailridge, came up Saturday to visit her brothers family, Walter Furlong. Mrs. Shelby was a former resident of Hardman.

Little James Brannon, 8-year-old son of W. W. Brannon, has proved himself to be the champion Red Cross knitter among the school children here. Having made himself hard wood needles he has knitted three 8 inch squares for afghans, which are being made by pupils of the schools all over the country. They are then joined together and used for shawls in the hospitals abroad. He has also made needles and taught other children to knit.

Mrs. Goldie McDaniel, the eldest daughter of Wright and Corrie Saling, was born on Eight Mile Dec. 24, 1896, and died at the Heppner Hospital Feb. 21, 1918, at the age of 20 years, 1 month and 28 days. She left to mourn her death her husband, Charles McDaniel, two children, Marie and Ellis; besides her father and mother, three sisters, Ethel, Violet and Mary, and two brothers, Earl and Marion Saling. Her untimely death was a great shock to her many friends. The funeral was held at Hardman last Saturday, services being held in the I. O. O. F. hall and interment in the cemetery of that order, where many friends gathered to pay their last respects to the departed.
Feb. 28, 1918.

M. E. Devore has gone to Monument and will make his home there with his family.

Leo Merrill, of Monument, visited relatives and friends in town during the latter part of the week.

W. W. Brannon, of Eight Mile, visited during the week end with his family in town. He returned home Monday.

Miss Grace Bossers and Miss Josephine Connors, teachers in our grade rooms, visited over Saturday and Sunday in Heppner, returning Monday morning on the stage.

The Odd Fellows had quite a lively time Saturday night in the way of a banquet furnished by the ladies, following the initiation of five candidates, making about 15 additions to the lodge in the last month. The Rebekas also have added quite a few members lately.

At the dance given Friday, March 1st, the ladies of the local branch of the Red Cross served a very nice lunch of sandwiches, cake, pie and coffee at 25 cents a plate. Quite a neat sum was netted to be sent to the Heppner chapter. This amount, together with \$4 secured by raffling off a water-color painting donated by Mrs. J. W. Steven, and \$4 from a sofa pillow cover donated by Mrs. Hannah Dean totaled \$42.10.

Len Merrill, of Monument, drew the picture and Ed Brown of Heppner drew the pillow.
March 7, 1918.

Herald only \$1.50 per year.

Who Did the Courting?

By ETHEL HOLMES

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I'd taken a fancy to Martha and I wanted her powerful bad. But laws, what chance had I among a lot o' fellers most o' 'em better lookin' than me, some o' 'em with either a good farm or money in the bank or both. But Martha and I were neighbors and good enough friends, and I says to myself, why not swoop around and find out how the land lays? So one day I says to her, says I, "Martha, how is it that a good-lookin' girl like you don't git married? It certainly can't be for want o' fellers to choose from."

"What made you think anybody wanted me?" she says.

"How about Tom Stigers?" I says.

"He got five hundred acres of the best corn land in the country, and buildin's and farm tools complete."

"He wouldn't look at me," said Martha.

"Or Jim Ferguson, with his dairy farm, or Ed Williams, who sells more goods out of his store in a month than anybody about here does in a year."

"I couldn't git any one o' them," said Martha. "If I had an oxteam tied to 'em."

I suppose I ort to have said to her after this, "Well, if you can't git any of them fellers, what's the matter with me?" but somehow I thort that there was a big down-hill jump from the worst of 'em to me, who was as homely as a groundhog, but I couldn't do it. I reckoned I'd better beat about the bush a while longer.

"What would you give me," I said, "if I'd git you a husband?"

"The first kiss o' the bride," she says, lookin' at me out o' the corner of her eyes kind o' sassy.

The thought o' that first kiss made me feel like doin' a heap o' tryin' to git Martha a husband, but I remembered the feller I got for her would git all the other kisses, and it wasn't so much of a bargain after all.

"Wall," says I, "I'll see what I kin do for you." I didn't mean to do any thing, but every time I met Martha after that she says to me, "When you gits to git me that husband?" It seemed to me I was makin' myself ridiculous in not doin' somepin' in the matter, so I says one day to Jake Trotter, "Jake," says I, "how would you like to git married?" "Fast rate," says Jake, "if I could git a likely gal." "I know a gal," I says, "who wants a husband." "Bring us together," says Jake.

Well I done it. I took him to see Martha. Jake was drivin' a wagon through the country, sellin' tinware and sich like. The next time I met Martha she was a-settin' up beside him on the high seat enjoyin' herself to beat the band. She waved her hand to me and larked when she went by. I stood lookin' back at the wagon and I said to myself, "Lukie, the fool-killer is lookin' for you." I met Sam Lynch a few minutes after I seen Martha perched up thar beside Jake and I says to him, "Sam, I wish you would give me a good kickin'." Sam did as I asked him; then I called upon him to repeat the dose; and he done it.

Next day I see Martha ridin' her boy mar'. She called out to me, "Lukie come round and see me: I want to thank you for what you done for me."

"Oh," I says, "it isn't time for the reward yet."

"Come any way," she says.

So I went round that very evening Martha had a fine lot o' logs burnin' on the hearth and she drew the sofa up in front of 'em and she sot down on the sofa beside me and says:

"Lukie, you've done me a mighty great favor, introducin' Jake Trotter to me. He hasn't lost no time in proposin' to me; not a bit o' henthin' about the bush; but just come out flat and asked me to be his wife."

I must 'a' looked powerful down in the mouth for Martha said kind o' sympathizin', "Are you sorry for the favor you done me, Lukie?"

I didn't say nothin', I couldn't; I thort my heart would burst.

The sofa was big enough for four people, but Martha sidled up to the end where I was settin' and she says: "You see, Lukie, father's gettin' old and may be taken away soon; then I'd be left alone. I was foolin' when I said none o' them fellers you spoke o' didn't want me, for all o' 'em had axed me. There was one feller I did want, but he'd never axed me. So when you offered to git me a husband, calculatin' you might strike the man I wanted, I jist took up with your offer."

"And I struck him," I groaned; "what infernal luck! Who'd 'n' thort it?"

"You remember the reward I offered you, Lukie," she said coaxingly.

"No, what was it?"

"She drew away from me kind o' sassy. Then she told me what it was, and seen it didn't make me feel no better, she said, "I reckon I can give it to you in advance."

I turned toward her; she was lookin' at me half smilin' and half provoked. I drew her toward me and kissed her. She wouldn't let me go and all of a sudden I thort that she'd changed her mind about Jake and wanted me after all.

I always reckoned I'd courted my wife about right till one day I axed her what she thort about it. I was surprised when she said:

"Lukie, you're a mighty good feller, and about some things you're real smart, but as to love makin' you ain't got no gift that way. You didn't do no courtin', I did it all myself."

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