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A SCRAP OF PAPER

By ESTELLE M. TIDD.

The first time the telephone rang that morning young Mrs. B— picked up the receiver and heard the following:

"That you, Nell? Say, did you notice a little folded piece of paper on the hall floor after I left? Didn't? Well, will you look, please; and say, Nell, if you find it, don't look at it, please, do you hear? It's a little bit private. I'll hold the line. Hurry back."

The paper was quickly found and Nell rushed back to inform her husband of her success.

"Good! I don't want to lose that," was the reply. "Put it in the little drawer in my desk, and you won't look at it, will you, Nell? Promise."

"Awfully private, it seems to me, but you needn't worry, I won't look at your precious paper. Good-by."

She sat for a moment, regarding the bit of paper with hostile eyes.

"Pretty fussy to call it a 'folded piece of paper,'" she mused indignantly. "Looks to me like a note—a regular note."

Presently there rushed in upon her Julia D—, her best and frankest friend.

"Have you heard the latest?" she demanded. "Sue B— is here—came Tuesday; she's going to stay a month. She's looking magnificent. Funny she hasn't visited in town since your engagement to Harley was announced—over two years ago. She used to be crazy about him. They made the most stunning pair—everybody turned to look. I wonder—" she paused abruptly, then rattled on: "Say, Nell, I wouldn't dare to marry a handsome man—you never can tell—Goodness, Nell, don't ever wear that shade of olive again. You look five years older in it."

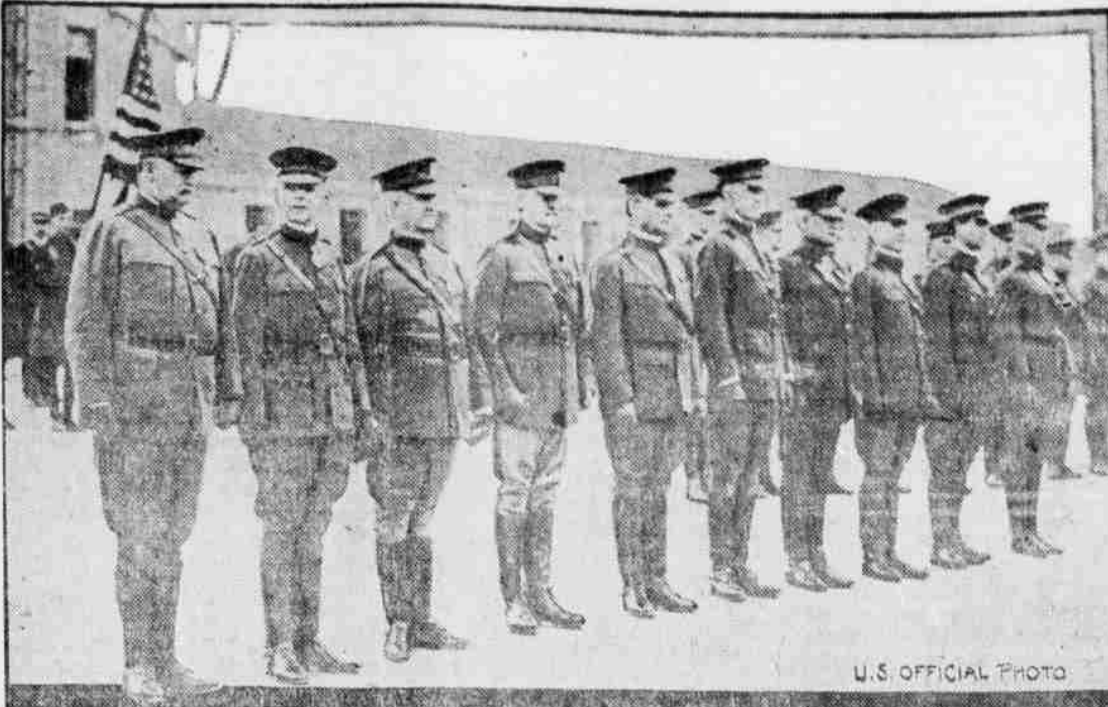
Julia had just whirled out when the telephone rang again. Harley's sister Lou wanted Nell's new recipe for eggless cake, and after hearing it she contributed her share to the morning's budget.

"Whose car were you out in last night at Pinetree Heights? After you had whizzed by, breaking every speed law ever made, I realized that one of the men was Harley. It was so near dark I couldn't recognize anyone else, but I suppose you were along. You certainly had a reckless person at the wheel."

"I'll tell you all about it later, Lou. I—I think there's something burning on the stove. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver. Out at Pinetree Heights last night, and he had told her it was a business en-

TEN AMERICAN GENERALS HONORED BY FRANCE



Ten generals of the American expeditionary forces in France, photographed immediately after they had been named by Marshal Petain as commanders in the French Legion of Honor. Taken at American general headquarters, Chaumont. Left to right: Lieut. Gen. Hunter Liggett, Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, Maj. Gen. James McAndrew, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, Maj. Gen. Charles F. Summerall, Maj. Gen. John H. Hines, Maj. Gen. Edward H. Lewis, Brig. Gen. Michael J. Lennihan, Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Brig. Gen. Frank Parker.

agement that had kept him until 7:30. He had been unusually high-spirited during the evening, and then alternately absorbed in thought.

What could it mean? Miserably she went about her work. She thought incessantly of that arch-charmer, Sue B—, and the mysterious note, and though she felt a wholesome distaste in doing so, still she kept wondering whether Sue B— and the note did or did not belong together.

"No, I won't look at it," she assured herself. "I said I wouldn't, and I won't—I won't."

But before she had finished speaking her hand reached straight to the drawer, opened it and drew out the paper.

"All the rest of the day," she choked, "I've got to live with this awful note."

Springing up, she crumpled it in her hand.

"I know what I'll do. I'll burn up the horrid thing. Harley shan't have it—nobody shall have it, and if it's burned up I can't read it!"

Lighting a match, she knelt before the grate. She had just thrown down the flaming scrap when the front door banged and her husband entered the room, going straight to the desk in the corner.

"Building a fire, Nell? Say, where's that paper I 'phoned about?" His voice was edged with excitement. "That's important."

"Yes, of course—very important—to you. Oh, I know all about it."

"What'd you look at it for? By George, you said you wouldn't. I like that!"

"I didn't look at it!" she flamed. "I had some degree of honor, but I've burned the horrible thing, and I didn't have to read it to find out a few things—joy riding way out to Pinetree Heights last night, for instance—and"

"What!" broke in Harley. "You

burned that paper—you silly—and little you know what I was out to Pinetree Heights for. That ponchy little bungalow out there, you know, Nell, that we are both crazy about, I've rented it, with a chance to buy it later, perhaps. We can have a garden and chickens and help out on our bit. I was out there again this afternoon, looking the place over, and have come back now to take you there. And, listen here, I've just bought another Liberty bond, my biggest yet, for you this time, and the 'horrible thing' you just saw fit to burn up was the receipt for the first payment. I was going to give you a pleasant little bunch of surprises, and that was why I told you not to look at it."

"Oh, Harley, how awful!" she wailed. "You can't ever forgive me. There was such distress in her face that Harley's annoyance vanished.

"There now, partner, don't you care," he soothed. "Nothing's really lost; the bank's got the record, but see here, Nell, don't ever go up in the air over shadows again. I shan't ever play any game without you for a partner."

Chowders are made more nutritious by the addition of one or two beaten eggs.

Fold the covering sheets bias over the ironing board and they will not wrinkle.

Shrink the spool of cotton to be used for fattening by soaking in boiling water and setting aside till quite dry.

Escalloped potatoes can be agreeably changed by adding canned tomatoes to the usual layers of potatoes and onions.

When putting dry bread through the meat grinder cover the apparatus with a paper bag and you will have no flying crumbs.

"CROSSED WIRES"

By HAZEL B. CUMMINGS.

They had been married two months, and the secret was "out of the bag" now—the secret that often has a string of tragic results tied to it—cooking. Or more specifically in Mabel's case, baking.

She knew perfectly that the thing Jimmie adored, next to herself, was good cooking, and so there followed in sad succession apple pies, spice cakes and many kinds of mysterious war breads. But as the weeks passed the disappointment in Jimmie's eyes gradually resolved itself into open resentment.

One crisp Wednesday morning he arose with a rare frown. A broad strip of sunlight fell across the breakfast table as he stirred his coffee, casting a glance of antagonism at the heaping plate of corn muffins and the brown flapjacks.

"No eggs?" he queried briefly.

"Why, my dear, I thought—well you are rather late this morning and I was afraid you might miss your train if—" She hesitated and fingered the tablecloth nervously.

He selected a muffin sullenly, bit into it, and then the long-dreaded declaration of war came. "Mabel! What did you put in these things?" And rising from the table he continued angrily: "Do you expect me to go in and do a morning's work on those salt buns? I'll be a hopeless case from indigestion in another week."

He strode into the hall, calling back with cold significance: "I won't be home for supper." Then the front door slammed and the tragedy in Mabel's eyes deepened as she recalled that for the first time since their marriage he had not kissed her good-by.

She sat there for a long time; the flapjacks had grown cold.

The passing hours and a good lunch had the effect of greatly subduing Jimmie's wrath, and late afternoon found him thinking regretfully of his harsh words at the breakfast table. He began to wonder what Mabel was thinking and was forming a resolution to atone for his unkindness by calling her up and telling her they would take supper in town, when the phone rang sharply. He answered it. There were voices on the wire. "Hello-hello!" repeated Jimmie impatiently, and then the disorder of voices died away and a man spoke quickly:

"Hello!—thought I'd better call you and tell you that your wife left here awhile ago and forgot her umbrella; we were delivering a small quantity of arsenic to her, but she was in a hurry and left—" the line was cut off abruptly. Terror was flashing in Jimmie's eyes. Arsenic! He signaled the operator wildly:

"You've cut me off," he fairly shouted.

"What number were you talking with?" came the leisurely inquiry.

"I—Oh, I don't know," his voice sounded like a low cry, as he replaced the receiver.

He felt strangely weak as a few moments later he found himself being borne in a mud-splashed taxi—at the highest rate of speed allowed by the law, to the suburbs.

Every moment of the journey increased his agony of suspense—arsenic! Bitter regrets for his heartlessness and ill-humor of the past couple of weeks crowded his mind, and all of the deep love for the little woman who had tried so hard and was perhaps even then lost to him forever brought a mist to his eyes. Twilight had long set in when he finally arrived.

Then an odd sound reached his ears, there was a peculiar odor, and turning he saw a thin ray of light under the door leading to the kitchen. He flung it open, and there in a blaze of light, with a background of pans and measuring tins, stood Mabel, in a big apron, her cheeks rosy with the heat from the stove. She was just lifting a cake from the oven—not one of the flat, pale variety, but a beautiful, deliciously

browned one! Jimmie stood disheveled and wide-eyed in the doorway.

"Why, Jim! You're early—" she began, but in a second he strode toward her and caught her in his arms, to the evident peril of the freshly baked cake.

"Thank heavens you're here—you're all right!" He looked at her keenly and kissed her again and again. She drew away from him in puzzled astonishment at his odd words.

"Of course I'm all right, Jimmie—what's the trouble?"

He tried to laugh lightly. "I—I—nothing! Were you out this afternoon—shopping? Did you—er—forget your umbrella. Leave it in a store—?"

"Yes, dear, I was out, but I brought my umbrella back all right."

Next morning Jimmie stood waiting for the elevator to carry him to his office on the sixth floor. As he stepped in somebody followed him.

"Nice wet morning," remarked the big, cheerful voice of the chemist upstairs.

"Right!" agreed Jimmie, viewing his dripping companion sympathetically. "You look nice and wet yourself."

"Yes, thanks to the dear, thoughtful wife," replied the chemist. "Had her go over to the laboratories yesterday and get some arsenic and other stuff that I was in a special hurry for—too busy to stop myself—and she comes back and leaves her umbrella there—had to give her mine this morning—"

Jimmie's eyes suddenly grew bright with mirth, but just at that moment the elevator girl said: "Sixth!" so he stepped out and as soon as the elevator had passed up he laughed long and heartily to himself.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon, February 6th, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Alonzo Reid, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on Nov. 10th, 1914, made Additional Homestead Entry, No. 013933, for NE 1/4, Section 17, Township 5 South Range 27 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. A. Waters, Clerk of the County Court of Morrow County, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 8th day of April, 1919. Claimant names as witnesses: Clarence Reid, Warner C. Kennedy, Charles Osten and William McFarren, all of Heppner, Oregon.

C. S. DUNN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at LaGrande, Oregon, February 6th, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Albert C. Allison, of Echo, Oregon, who, on Oct. 27, 1915, made Homestead Entry, No. 015344, for E 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, SE 1/4, Sec. 14 and NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 23, Township 4 North, Range 27 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. A. Waters, Clerk of County Court of Morrow County, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on the 7th day of April, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: LeRoy D. Neill, Charles H. Bartholomew, William W. Howard and Jaa. T. Ayers, all of Echo, Oregon.

C. S. DUNN, Register

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Sara C. White, has been duly appointed administratrix of the Estate of J. M. White, deceased, by the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon. All persons having claims against the said estate are notified to present the same, properly verified, to me at the office of Woodson & Sweck, my attorneys at Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published this 18th day of February, 1919.

SARA C. WHITE,
Administratrix of the Estate of J. M. White, Deceased. 42-47

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at LaGrande, Oregon, Jan. 25th, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Zetta Brosnan, whose post office address is Lena, Oregon, did on the 3rd day of June, 1918, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015194, to purchase the E 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, and SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 11, Township 4 south, Range 25 east, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the Act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, \$448.00 the timber estimated at 200,000 board feet at \$1.90 per M, and the land \$140.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 12th day of April, 1919, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner, at his office at Heppner, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat entry.

C. S. DUNN, Register.

Printing that please, The Herald.

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