

# THE HEPPNER HERALD

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## OREGON VICTORY LOAN

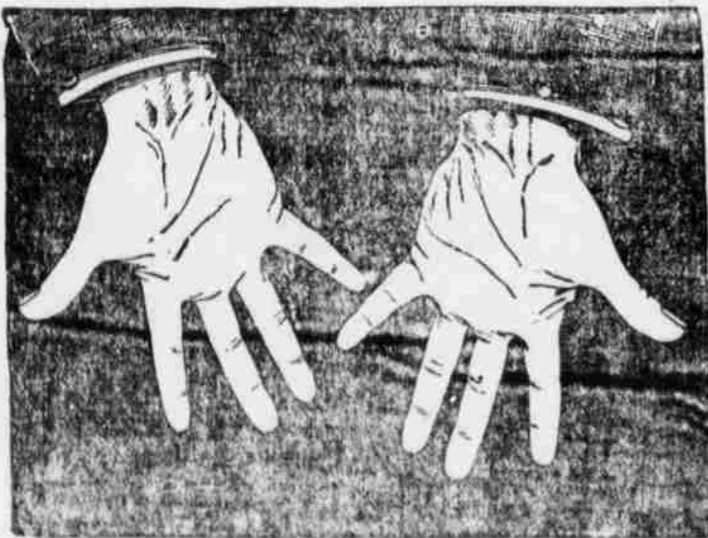
A VICTORY LOAN note at par is worth more to investors than the bonds of preceding Liberty Loan issues "net." The net income from a Victory Loan note costing \$100.00 is greater than that derived by an investor who buys the bonds of the preceding issue at a discount. This fact is shown by the following statement which has just been issued by Robert E. Smith, executive manager of the Oregon Victory Loan committee.

"That Victory Bonds will remain at or above par in the open market is clearly demonstrated by figures compiled by Government bond experts. These figures show that a \$100 Victory Bond for \$100 is a better investment than a \$100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan for \$93, its prevailing price in the open market.

"The prevailing rate of interest on the stock exchange is 4.70 per cent. That is to say, the average annual interest on \$100 is \$4.70. For this reason a 4 1/2 Liberty Bond of \$100 denomination which yields in interest only \$4.25 per year is sold at sufficient discount on the stock exchange to yield the purchaser \$4.70 per year on the purchase price. \$93 at 4.70 percent interest will yield \$4.25 per year. Therefore a \$100 bond whose annual yield is only \$4.25 sells on the stock exchange for \$93.

"In the Fifth or Victory Loan the Government determined to offer a security which would surely remain at par in the open market. It therefore placed the rate of interest on these new securities at a higher rate than that which prevails on the stock exchange. Whereas the prevailing rate of interest is 4.70 per cent, the new bonds (called Victory Notes) bears 4.75 per cent interest.

"To express this differently: Suppose a man offered you two bonds. In his left hand he offered you a \$100 Liberty Bond of the Fourth Issue which he would sell for \$93. In his right hand he offered you a \$100 bond of the Fifth or Victory Issue for \$100. You should buy the \$100 Victory Bond for \$100, because each one of these one hundred dollars which you invest in the Victory Bond will earn 4.75 cents per year, while each of the ninety-three dollars which you pay for the Liberty Bond of the Fourth Issue will earn you only 4.70 cents per year."



## Clean Hands

Pilate tried to wash his hands  
of the blood of Christ.

He was a quitter.

You can't have clean hands  
unless you take your share  
of the

## VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN

Are you going to be able to greet the last returning soldier boy to Morrow County with clean hands? Will you be able to step up to him and say: "Well, Buddy, I was with you all the time. I didn't go to France but Uncle Sam never got a turn down from me." You know what those boys had to go through with—surely you will do your part in helping the government do the right thing by them now. Help Morrow county keep her hands clean.

This Advertisement Patriotically Contributed through the co-operation of

Roy V. White is

## THE HAND OF FATE

By HILDA MORRIS.

It was raining that morning and a gray pall of ennui seemed to hang over Cissy's empty day that stretched ahead. Of course, she should not have felt bored with so many things to do—dusting, cleaning, sewing, all the tasks demanded by the care of her brother Tom's new house. But she was bored. Girls of twenty-two want more than household tasks to dream of, and more than blank gray landscapes to look out upon.

Tom's house was a new and attractive one, built at the very edge of a new "addition."

Cissy stopped to lean upon her broom and wipe away a tear as she gazed out at the flat prospect. If only something would happen! Anything to break the monotony. She strained her eyes to look down the road that led toward the city. If someone would even drive past it would be something. And she looked as she saw the faint speck of an approaching automobile.

It was a miserable day to be abroad, the roads were deep with mud and puddles. But the low yellow car came on at a good pace, apparently disregarding anything so trivial as the weather.

"Why, it's Morton Sims' car!" Cissy said aloud to herself. "I wonder what he's doing out here."

Morton Sims was the brother of Tom's fiancée, Cissy had met him once or twice in town.

He got out and pulled and puffed; he got in again and tried to over-ride Fate; he got behind and tried to push, but the car stuck fast. Cissy watched, in a growing flutter of interest and determination.

"If he can't get it out," she murmured to herself, "perhaps he'll want to come in here to phone or something. I ought to ask him to." Very shyly she opened the front door and called to him.

"You seem to be stuck," she said. "Would you like to come in and phone for another car to pull you out?"

"Why, Miss Morrow!" he exclaimed, turning from his inspection of the yellow car. "I didn't know that you lived here! Yes, I do seem to be stuck fast, and I should like to use your phone, if you don't mind."

The phone was in the hall, and Cissy fluttered back to the fire while he used it.

"They can't send out another car for an hour or so," he explained. "I don't want to be a nuisance, Miss Morrow. I'm afraid—"

"Oh, you must stay here by the fire!" she exclaimed quickly. "You look soaked through now. Why do you drive on such an awful day, anyhow?"

He laughed a little bitterly. "Because I was bored. This is a holiday, you know, and the office is closed, and my rooms are awfully bleak and gloomy on a day like this. A fellow gets lonely sometimes."

"Yes, I know," she assented quickly, and then there fell an odd silence between them.

"You have a pleasant place here," he commented. "It's Tom's, I suppose. Christine has told me about it, but I never knew exactly where it was. Christine is awfully in love with your brother."

"Of course! Who wouldn't be?" she laughed back. "And Tom is awfully in love with your sister, too. And so am I."

"I'm sure you'll get on together."

"Oh, yes, but I shan't stay with them. It wouldn't be right. Young married people ought to have their homes to themselves. I shall go away."

"Where?" he asked, as if it were a matter of vital concern to him.

"Oh, I don't know yet. To be a nurse, perhaps, or a teacher."

Cissy's eyes were on the fire, and she did not know that he was watching her, noting the little quiver of her chin as she spoke.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," he urged a little awkwardly. "Nurses have an awfully hard time, and I can't imagine you as a teacher. There's just one thing that you ought to do, and that is—"

"What?" Cissy thought she knew what he was going to say, and her color deepened.

"You ought to be keeping a house of your own, and making it look like this one. You ought to be married."

"Oh, of course," she laughed. "That is what they say of every girl."

"Yes, but you are different. You haven't known me very long, Cissy, but I have felt, ever since that day that Christine first introduced us, as though I had known you from the beginning of time. I've watched you everywhere. I've dreamed about you, and—yes, even written poetry that I didn't have the courage to send. And I've asked Christine so many questions that she thinks I'm eaten up with curiosity. I guess there's no use trying to conceal it, Cissy; I'm in love with you. I have been for a long time."

Cissy could not look away from the fire; her eyes were too full of mist and wonder for even him to see them. She spoke in a strange, trembling voice that, for happiness, she should not have recognized as her own.

"How very strange!" she said. "Because—because I've felt the very same way about you!"

And outside, in the rain, the yellow car sank deeper into the mud that held it like the strong dominating hand of Fate.

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A little more of this kind of love, the world would be a better place.

# BAND BENEFIT

# MAY DAY

# BALL

Music by Beaver State  
Orchestra of Portland  
Saturday, May 3rd

Tickets \$1.50 Gentlemen Spectators 25c

# STAR THEATRE

WHERE THE PICTURES ARE ALWAYS GOOD

SATURDAY, MAY 3 TUESDAY, APRIL 29 ALICE BRADY in

## "WOMAN AND WIFE"

From the immortal novel by Charlotte Bronte, "Jane Eyre." A Select Picture.

THURSDAY, MAY 1 GEORGE WALSH in

## "ON THE JUMP"

A story of speed and pep over here. He promises to marry the richest old maid in New York if she would buy a million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds. Think the present bond situation over and then go to this show. If may make you take another hundred dollars worth yourself.

FRIDAY, MAY 2 MADGE KENNEDY in

## "THE SERVICE STAR"

SUNDAY, MAY 4, PRISCILLA DEAN in

## "SHE HIRED A HUSBAND"

This is a Blue-Bird Play. In the future we will show Blue-Bird features every Sunday.



ONLY A  
TYPIST

is what his friends said, when he turned his back upon the world; upon his brilliant business career; and upon the girl to whom he was affianced, in order to be with the pretty stenographer.

Was he justified?

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' **THE GRAIN OF DUST** with LILLIAN WALKER

is the answer! See it at—

AT THE STAR

MONDAY, MAY 5. MADAM PETROVA in

## "Tempered Steel"

Another wonderful picture by this great artist—it will surely be worth your while.

Just read over this list and compare them with the showings made in any other small town in Oregon. You will find our exhibits cannot be beaten by any of them.

