

# THE HEPPNER HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER  
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## THE ELECTION BALLOT MEASURES

**T**HE first measure is an amendment to the constitution permitting counties to incur bonded or other indebtedness for the purpose of building permanent roads, to the amount of six per cent of the assessed valuation of all the property in the county. The present limitation is two per cent.

Argument in favor of this amendment points out that if the measure carries no county will have to take advantage of the provisions unless a majority of the citizens so vote. If a county does not need more money for roads than they can provide under the two per cent limitation the measure is a dead letter. The counties however, that need the additional revenue should have the right to vote it upon themselves. Morrow county should support this measure as a matter of fairness to other counties whether we ever need it or not.

The next measure in which Morrow county is particularly interested is that providing for the payment or guaranty of the interest on drainage and irrigation district bonds for the first five years, the money to be repaid with interest to the state by the districts within six months after the bonds mature.

This measure is intended as a relief measure to the people who are struggling to develop the resources of the state and is needed to stabilize irrigation and drainage bonds and is only in effect the loaning of the state's credit to these districts for a limited period. The measure is of vital importance to the northern portion of this county and will be of assistance in helping through the big John Day project.

The Roosevelt highway measure appropriates \$2,500,000 for the construction of a military highway along the Oregon coast from California to the mouth of the Columbia river. The appropriation, however, is conditional on the Federal government appropriating an equal amount for the proposed road. If the road is built the state will get two dollars worth of road for each dollar expended by the state which is good business for all of Oregon. Also it will develop a rich country and add greatly to the general wealth of the state. The people along the coast need this road. Morrow county should vote to give it to them.

One of the most important road measures proposed is the market road measure. This measure provides a one mill tax on all property in the state, for the construction of permanent market roads. This tax would raise approximately \$1,000,000. To secure an allotment of this money each county would have to appropriate an equal amount from its regular road levy. The state highway commission shall apportion this money to the counties each year in such amounts as will give each county an amount at least equal to its contribution to the total amount except that it is provided that no county shall receive in excess of 10 percent of the total amount. In effect this means that no county will receive less than it puts in but Multnomah county. Morrow county will profit from Multnomah county something like \$6000 by this arrangement.

Every voter in Morrow county should vote for the market road bill.

## WHY NOT PAY THE FIRE LADDIES

**T**HE town of Hermiston, not as large nor nearly as rich as Heppner has a paid fire department, so we learn from the Herald of that town. The boys received their best pay checks the other evening and while the amount is not mentioned it was sufficient to make the boys smile a bit and feel that the property owners appreciated their efforts to protect the town against the fire fiend.

Perhaps such action in Heppner might help to solve the present situation which seems to be that the fire company, organized after the big fire last year, is sort of going to pieces.

We were all pretty active for a time after the big fire but old General Apathy seems to have slipped back into town and assumed command again.

Let's take some action that will rout him out and keep him out.

## SHOULD WELCOME THE SOLDIERS

**S**OME of the soldier boys say that in many towns and cities there are streamers and arches across the streets bidding the returning soldier boys "Welcome Home." Our streets are not obstructed with any such arrangements. Our Mayor, our Town Council have not called on the citizens to meet and arrange for anything that would indicate to the returning soldiers that we as citizens feel grateful to the soldiers for what they did for us, for the country and for the world. Is it advisable for us to act in a way so as to indicate entire indifference to the great services rendered by our boys? We think not. Why should we be so dead? There is NO good reason. Wonder if we could get some dynamite and waks ourselves up.—Ex.

**ALASKA LAND FOR HOMESTEADS**  
Under a proclamation by President Wilson, 281,000 acres of land in the Chugach National Forest, Alaska, will be thrown open for homestead entry. The land will be subject to entry under the homestead laws requiring residence at and after 9 a. m. July 9, and to settlement and other disposition on and after July 15, 1919. Of this land, 100,170 acres have been surveyed.

Joe Wilkins writes the Herald that Ralph Justus, Harry Hayes and Hans Brown were all guests at Pipestone Springs hotel at Pipestone, Montana, last Thursday, when they enjoyed the plunge and tried the new dances. Mr. Wilkins says a warm welcome awaits all Morrow county people at Pipestone hotel where the lights never go out and the doors are never locked.

## THE BURGLAR

By GERALD ST. ETIENNE.

It was exactly 10:30. For three hours Katherine Jeffery had been working without a stop at her typewriter. Not once had she raised her eyes from her notes. As she finished the last letter she put it with the others and placed it on the manager's desk, ready for his signature in the morning. She looked at her wrist watch, and discovered that she had finished sooner than she had expected. She sat down at her desk again and fingered the keys of her machine. She was tired, but it seemed good to feel their touch again after being away from them so long.

Night work the second day was a record for her. The salary was a large one, however, and it would not hurt her to do a little extra work after the three months' vacation she had had. The thought of the vacation was a pleasant one. For eight years she had worked and saved for that one winter vacation at Long Beach. It would have been worth while to have saved twenty-eight years, she told herself, as she thought of the glorious time she had had. It had been exciting from the start, but the real pleasure had not come until after she had met Oliver Law. It seemed now that she had known him all her life. In just a month he would be back home, and then it wouldn't be long before she would give up office work forever, she felt sure of it.

The gloomy stillness of the office brought Katherine back to earth. She had been building castles for half an hour. The realization that she was the only person in that vast office building was rather a chilling one. The thought of the dark corridor she had to pass through on her way out, at that late hour, caused her to put the cover on her machine and hasten into her coat. She was just slipping on her rubbers when she heard a sound outside in the corridor. Her heart gave a jump and she caught her breath. A slight cough told her that someone was there. A shuffle of feet told her that it was a man. The door opened suddenly.

"Well," Katherine said as coolly as she could. "I have my hand on the telephone."

The man faced her in surprise. "Katherine," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Oliver!" There was surprise and horror in Katherine's tone. "You a burglar!"

"But, my dear—" he began. "Stop! Not another word! Don't dare call me your dear. How dare you come here to rob this office?"

He laughed. The laugh seemed to kindle a spark of primitive rage in Katherine.

"You wretch! Don't you dare laugh!" she cried. Don't you speak another word. I will not listen to you. The sound of your voice will make me feel nothing but repulsion for you. To think that I cared for a crook like you. To think that I thought I loved you and you allowed me to think it! You are a burglar, a common burglar, who came here to rob this office.

"I would not really do such a thing," he said. "I was only testing you. I love you, Katherine, no matter what your opinion is of me."

"Love me? Then why have you done this?" Her tone had changed, her anger almost disappeared.

"Perhaps I was driven to it," he suggested. "This is my first offense."

"Driven to it," she asked tremulously. Surely a man does not have to be dishonest. Oh, Oliver, were you too extravagant this winter? Why didn't I think of that? You spent a lot of money on me, and I allowed you to do it because I thought you were rich."

"It would be awful to spend a term in prison," he muttered wistfully.

"I will not call the police." She pushed the telephone away from her. "Promise me this will be your last attempt at burglary."

"I promise," he declared, earnestly.

"Can I see you home?"

"I am too nervous to go through the corridor," she said, doubtfully. "You can see me safely that far."

He did not leave her until they had reached her boarding house. She would not allow him to kiss her in parting.

There were traces of the trying night in Katherine's face the next morning. She was dazed when she arrived at the office, but as she started her work she banished the feeling with an effort. Shortly after ten she heard the outer door open and noticed the other members of the staff glancing in the direction of the person who had entered. As she faced around Katherine could not hold back her cry of surprise. "Oliver!" He was coming toward her, but the manager intercepted him.

"When did you get back, Mr. Law?" she heard the manager ask, as in a dream.

"Last night. I dropped into the office on my way to see if there were any letters that had not been forwarded to me," Oliver said, as he pushed his way past.

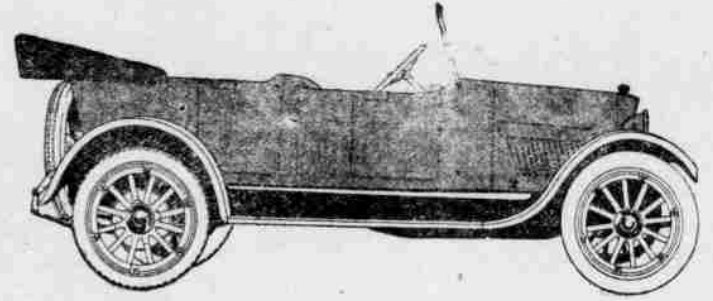
"I know now," she said before he could speak. "You are the junior partner. Oh, Oliver, what an idiot you must think me. I must have been crazy last night."

"It is something we can laugh over in the years to come," he said. "Everyone is staring at us. May I tell them where we met and announce our engagement?"

"Yes," she answered, as he took her hand.

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