

**THE REUNION**

By GLORIA RODGERS

The sun had long since disappeared beneath the horizon, but there still lingered in the west a faint tinge of red. Patty Roberts patted her horse lovingly as she gazed toward the low spreading house in the distance.

"Dear old Joe, you've traveled a long way today. We'll soon be home, though. See, Joe, there it is now, and Caroline has a light in every window. I suppose she thinks we're lost."

The low, rambling house was not far away, faintly discernible in the dusk nestling among a few trees. It was homelike and cheery in appearance.

Patty Roberts was staying with a former school chum, Caroline Fenwick, who had come to Hayton after finishing her course. Patty had been a strenuous worker during the dark days of the war, dividing her time between Red Cross workrooms and hostess work at the various cantonments, and now that everything was bright again, she had come out to her chum's for a much needed rest.

As the faithful Joe picked his way slowly along the trail—for though the night was bright, poor Joe was tired and sleepy, Patty gazed across the moonlit stretch of land. Her eyes were a bit wistful as she watched a star swiftly shoot across the sky leaving a shiny path behind. She sighed.

Then, as if giving music to her thoughts, she softly began to sing.

Her voice, sweet and clear, rose on the night air, and as she ended she sighed again and patting Joe said, somewhat wistfully, "Well, Joe, I guess we'd better be hurrying or Caroline will have a searching party out for us." Gathering up the reins and turning down toward the lighted house in the distance, Joe's hoof beats were soon out of hearing.

Unknown to Patty she had an audience while she was singing.

Bob Cutler was returning from his chum's house and he, too, was enjoying the beauty of the night, when Patty's voice had come to him on the breeze. He drove his horse forward between a cluster of stunted trees and bushes until he could fairly perceive the singer and her horse in the moonlight. Where had he heard that song before? As he listened the soft strains of the night and the music of the girl's voice was changed to the sweet strains of a waltz and he was dancing again in the lighted ballroom of the hotel. He was living over again that night when he had found the girl who had won his heart completely.

And as Patty's voice died away and he heard her speak to her horse, Bob's heart leaped. "It couldn't be—but it does sound like her voice," he muttered.

tered. Then he, too, turned his horse and soon was far along the trail which led to his home, about two miles away. But, as he rode, his thoughts lingered about the girl of his dreams. "Just a dream, that's all," thought Bob bitterly. "There's no use hoping I'll ever see her again."

He had been stationed at a naval training camp and had only recently come home. He was glad to be back at his home again, but at times he longed for the place where he had spent so many happy months. Life had been rather dull and lonely in the large school for the first few months, but one night, at a dance given for the boys in the service, he had met a girl with whom he had fallen deeply and irrevocably in love, but although he never saw her afterwards, the hope that he might some day meet her again brightened his days, that were long and monotonous. As the days went by, and still no traces of her, he didn't give up hope until he had obtained his discharge and was speeding to his home.

One afternoon, about a week later, Caroline called to Patty as she was coming out of the barn, where she had been saddling Joe, preparatory to going to the postoffice. "Patty, be sure and hurry home, because we're going to have somebody nice here for supper. He's coming especially to meet you, so you must hurry and be home in time to put on your prettiest dress."

Caroline had invited Bob Cutler over to meet her guest, and he, wishing to oblige Caroline, whom he had known as a playmate all his life, declared, of course, he'd be delighted.

"All right, dear," Patty answered. "I'll be there, if I don't get lost in the meanwhile. I do hope he's good looking," she added in a teasing voice.

True to her word, Patty returned in time to array herself in a becoming dress of pale blue ruffled muslin which just matched the lovely blue of her eyes. She was a pretty picture of youth and debility as she entered the living room soon after the expected guest arrived.

"Patty, dear, this is Mr. Cutler—why, I believe you two have met before!" she exclaimed as Bob jumped from his chair and grasped Patty's hands.

"Miss Roberts," he exclaimed, "I can't believe it!"

"I never suspected it?" Caroline declared, as, watching Patty's blushing face and shining eyes and Bob's excited expression, she retreated in the direction of the dining room.

"Just a minute, Caroline," called Bob. "I want you to meet my Dream Girl. The girl whose image has been in my heart for a year. I had given up hopes of ever seeing her again, and now I have her. I'm not ever going to let her go again," he added, still holding Patty's hands in a determined grasp.

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**WARM BLANKETS FOR SAILORS**



A young merchant sailor on board one of the famous fabricated ships built by the United States shipping board is here pictured, showing the blanket that keeps him warm on cold nights at sea. The blanket, heavy, brown, striped with red, and very warm, is part of the bedding furnished by the shipping board on all vessels operated by the board.

**Didn't Stop Bullet.**  
Sharon, Pa.—Neither the New Testament nor his mother's picture ward off the German bullet that pierced the heart of Private Alexander Patterson. Among the personal effects received by the family are a copy of the New Testament given by the Y. M. C. A. overseas, a photograph of his mother and a fountain pen, all damaged by one bullet.

**HOME TOWN HELPS**

**MAKES FOR BETTER CITIZENS**

And That is Only One of the Reasons Why Home Ownership Should Be Encouraged.

It will be a great and good thing for the American people if the thrift habits formed during the active war period be turned to the wholesome business of extending home ownership.

The preferred communities in which to rear and educate families are those wherein the percentage of home ownership as compared with tenantry is large. Proprietorship, or the process of acquiring proprietorship, begets an active individual interest in community development.

Owning realty implies the payment of taxes, and every taxpayer naturally is zealous that his money paid for this purpose shall be used to the very best advantage. He cannot be properly true to his own interests without using his vote to put into office men who have a high conception of administrative stewardship.

Home ownership contributes to stability of population and to better neighborhood. It puts family life on a firmer base and raises its standards. It makes, therefore, for a high quality of citizenship, and that in turn yields rich dividends materially and ethically.

Home ownership sharpens the sense of individual responsibility in community upbuilding. It enhances self-respect and breeds a vivid consciousness of moral and civic partnership.

**SCHOOL GARDENS PAY WELL**

Apart From Value of Food Produced, Young People Get Interested in the Work.

Every city in the United States should continue school-garden work during the coming season, for the need of food is as great as it was in 1918, when the value of the products grown by American school pupils was nearly \$18,000,000. The plan followed in New York city has the advantage of a year's trial under working conditions, and generally speaking may be taken as a model by school boards wherever sufficient land is available for gardens.

The New York board of education allotted to each pupil a space 25 by 50 feet, and placed 30 boys on each acre. A record of the crops was kept, each boy was required to work at least once a week and to do whatever was necessary on his plot; the board looked after the plowing and fertilization and furnished the seeds, and teachers gave instructions on gardening to the children while engaged in cultivating the soil. The crops, of course, were turned over to the young farmers.

The value of the increased food supply thus obtained is great, but the experience gained by the pupils is worth more than the price of the vegetables.

**Best Country Fence.**  
Nothing adds more to the attractiveness and artistic charms of a country home than a beautiful hedge fence which also is a protection to the lawn and garden. A low woven-wire fence, with Dorothy Perkins roses, bitter sweet, French honeysuckle, or Japanese clematis planted three feet apart, will soon be a hedge of beauty.

But better than these (for you do not need the wire fence) is a hedge of Japanese barberry. It is absolutely hardy, a fast grower, makes a dense hedge, can be sheared to any desired shape, and is attractive in any season while the others lose their beauty in the fall.

Do not confuse the Japanese barberry with the common barberry, against which there is a federal quarantine, because it is understood to carry wheat rust. The Japanese barberry can be purchased of any nursery man very cheaply. Small plants set out two feet apart make a thrifty fence serving two purposes, protection and ornamentation.—Thrifty Magazine.

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**SILVER IS KING IN ARIZONA**

Old and New Mines Are Being Opened After Peace Brought Slump in Copper.

Silver is king again in Arizona, says C. P. Reinger, president of the Association of Arizona Mining Men, according to the Philadelphia Ledger's Phoenix correspondent. With the copper market stagnant as a result of the cessation of war requirements, the demands for white metal are pouring in from all quarters of the globe. Many of the producers are replacing their copper handling equipment with plants to turn out silver.

"There is a big demand for silver in China and India," says George D. Bethune of Globe. "The United States government is filling it at \$1 an ounce, the same price at which it is supplying 200,000,000 ounces of the metal to the British government on contract."

Years ago, when Tombstone was at the height of its fame, Arizona was a great silver producer. Then came the slump. Copper was discovered. Last year, according to the estimate of the United States geological survey, Arizona produced \$192,000,000 worth of copper. "Give us copper," was the cry from the United States and the allies.

With the armistice conditions changed overnight. One billion pounds

of copper, more than a third of which was Arizona production, are estimated to be awaiting sale. So copper is down and silver is up.

Surveys of the state indicate that in the Prescott and Tucson mines silver predominates over the other metals; in Bisbee, Jerome, Globe and Ajo its values as a by-product run heavily. From the neighborhood of Prescott come reports of the revival of old silver mines. Battle Flat, scene of a sanguinary Indian fight in the seventies, is reported to have yielded new discoveries of silver, and two fresh camps have been opened on this spur of the northern slope of the Bradshaws.

**Life in Other Planets.**

Mercator truthfully says that many of the planets are much older than ours; therefore, beings who dwell thereon ought to possess vast funds of information that would be of incalculable value to us poor mortals. He makes this reasonable statement in a recent interview: "It is silly to assert that other planets are uninhabited because they have no atmosphere or are so hot or otherwise totally different from the earth. If there were no fish in the sea, we would maintain to our last breath that life therein was impossible." That is a reasonable assertion.

**Give the Youngsters a Start**

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