

BETTY'S DINNER

By LOIS EMERY.

"Betty," said Mrs. Thurlow, as she put the last touches on the cream pie she was preparing for the Sunday dinner, "why don't you ask Mr. Somers to dinner some time? He must think it rather funny for you not to, where you go out together so much."

"I know, mamma, but I don't believe I want to, yet awhile."

"You know how terrible the boys act, and they are so refined at his house. The night I was there to dinner everything was served in courses. I don't know what he would think of us—everything on the table at once and the boys yelling like wild Indians."

Betty stooped and kissed her mother lightly. "It's awful sweet of you to think of it, but let's not bother about it yet awhile."

Then minutes later, as she was going down the old creek road with Jack Somers, her heart began to sing a little tune of happiness.

They had gone fully a mile from home before they noticed that the breeze had stilled, that the sun was hidden behind black clouds, and that the air had grown very oppressive.

"Why," said Betty, as she looked up at the sky, "what's that—thunder?"

She jumped up from where they had been sitting on the grass as a drop of rain spattered her new hat. "Why, Jack, it's raining."

Jack jumped up and looked about with worried eyes.

"Gracious, Betty, I'm afraid you'll get wet. Wish I'd taken an umbrella."

"There are no houses around here and we can't possibly get home without getting wet," said Betty, resignedly.

The thunder drew nearer now, the wind was rising, and it was getting very dark overhead.

"I'm awfully sorry, Betty—I should have—"

Wow! The elements now seemed at war with one another. Rain fell in torrents and the thunder boomed, crashed and rumbled, filling the air with one continuous, deafening roar.

Half an hour later the two streaming figures were met on the piazza by the whole Thurlow family.

"Good land, Betty, we were most worried to death," said her mother as she hustled forward anxiously. "You go right up to your room and change those wet clothes. Your father will take care of Mr. Somers."

As Betty was removing her wet garments she sighed anxiously. "No telling what father and the boys will do."

Presently Jack's rich laugh and the boys' shrill yelps began to come from her father's room. Betty could not keep from dimpling as she visioned Jack's slender figure in her father's clothes.

"Hurry up, Betty," whispered her mother up the back stairs. "Mr. Somers is going to stay to dinner and it's most time to take it up."

"Oh, dear," Betty hurriedly threw her dress over her head and hurried down the stairs. "I wonder what that table looks like, anyway!"

"What are you going to have for dinner, mamma?"

"Macaroni, with tomato sauce, dear," answered her mother soberly.

"Oh, mother," said Betty, with horror in her voice.

"I didn't ask him, Betty. I would have known better. It was your father. He acted as if he was awful pleased because pa asked him. Now don't worry, dear. There's that nice cream pie I made this morning, and I've got a chocolate cake, too. Here they come now. You sit right down here, Mr. Somers."

The young man gave her a pleasant smile and sat down beside Betty. It seemed to her that the boys never acted worse.

She wondered if this horrible meal would ever come to an end. Everything else was already at an end, she thought miserably. Jack Somers would never have any use for her with a family that acted like this.

They were all beginning on pie now, excepting Jack, and he was having a second helping of macaroni.

At last dinner was over, and Betty and Jack went out on the piazza. It was just growing dusk and the air was full of that delicious sweet coolness which follows summer rain.

Jack moved nearer to Betty. His shoulder grazed hers lightly. "Betty," he said at last, "you've got the nicest family I ever saw. Everything here at dinner tonight was so homelike and jolly. You know it doesn't seem much like home at our house. I don't know when I've enjoyed a meal as much as I have tonight."

He put his arm around her and gently drew her toward him. "Betty, I can't put it off any longer. Do you love me well enough to marry me?"

Betty drew her breath in tremulously and then dropped her head on his shoulder and began to cry.

"What's the matter, Betty? Don't you love me well enough?"

Betty nodded shyly. Her arms slid up around his neck.

"I'm all right," she answered. "Just so—so happy, I guess, Jack."

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Variety of Sentiments.

The first of May brings a variety of sentiments. Some are queens of May and others are notified that they will have to pay more rent or move.—Washington Star.

JUNIOR MARINES CLEAN WASHINGTON



A hundred American junior marines in Washington have volunteered to keep a part of the streets of Washington clean until congress appropriates some money for "white wings."

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

DRAG ROADS AT PROPER TIME

Fully as Important as It Is That Highways Should Be Done Right—Keep Ruts From Forming.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is fully as important that a road be dragged at the right time as it is that the dragging be properly done. Furthermore, the difficulties involved in prescribing definite rules for determining when dragging should be done are equally as great as those already encountered in attempting to define how it should be done. Only very general statements concerning this feature of the work can properly be made here, and much must be left to the experienced judgment of those who decide when the dragging of any particular road is to be started and when it is to be stopped.

The rule frequently cited that all earth roads should be dragged immediately after every rain, is in many cases entirely impracticable and is also

very misleading because of the conditions which it fails to contemplate. It is true that there are many road surfaces composed of earth or earthy material which do not become very muddy under traffic, even during long rainy seasons, and since such surfaces usually tend to harden very rapidly as soon as the weather clears up, it may be desirable to drag roads of this kind immediately after a rain. Such roads, however, would not ordinarily need to be dragged after every rain, because of the strong tendency that they naturally possess of holding their shape. On the other hand, many varieties of clay and soil tend to become very muddy under only light traffic after very moderate rains, and it is evident that roads constructed of such materials could not always be successfully dragged immediately after a rain. Sometimes, in fact, it may be necessary to wait until several consecutive clear days have elapsed after a long rainy spell before the road is sufficiently dried out to keep ruts from forming almost as rapidly as they can be filled by dragging.

Well-constructed sand-clay topsoil roads should not often become muddy after they are once well compacted. They may become seriously rutted, however, under heavy traffic, during rainy weather, and are almost sure to need dragging several times each year. Such roads should ordinarily be dragged as soon after a rain as practicable as otherwise the surface soon becomes dry and hard, so that it is necessary to do considerably more dragging in order to fill the ruts. Furthermore, the material which the drag moves will not compact readily unless it contains a considerable amount of moisture.

Gravel roads can be effectively maintained with a road drag only when the gravel composing the surface is fine grained and contains a considerable quantity of clay earth. Gravel road surfaces in which this condition prevails not infrequently get badly out of shape during wet weather, and may sometimes require considerably more

attention than well-constructed sand-clay topsoil roads. The time for dragging gravel roads is unquestionably while they are wet. In fact, the best results are sometimes obtained by doing the dragging after the road has become thoroughly soaked and while it is still raining.

In general, it may be said that the best time to drag any type of road is when the material composing the surface contains sufficient moisture to compact readily after it has been moved by the drag and is not sufficiently wet for the traffic following the drag to produce mud.

Change in Road Sentiment. When we consider the fact that such a large proportion of our population are owners of automobiles it is not difficult to understand the change in sentiment in regard to road building that has recently developed.

Big Saving in Hauling. If our main highways were improved with permanent surface, we would certainly save 8 or 9 cents per ton mile in hauling the immense interstate commerce that each year originates from agriculture, mine and forest.

DID SEEM LIKE PROFANITY But Really, Prospective Bride Was Merely Trying to Tell Marriage License Clerk Her Name.

C. M. Kennedy, who issues marriage licenses in Seattle, Wash., is an exceedingly polite and withal a proper young man. When a prospective bride and groom approached his desk recently here's what happened that shocked Kennedy:

"Name, please?" said Kennedy to the sweet-faced young thing before him.

"Helmaheart Hurts," came the unexpected reply.

"Er—I'm sorry," said Kennedy with a frown. Turning to the prospective groom, Kennedy asked his name, thinking to give the coming bride an opportunity to recover from her evident attack of heart trouble.

"George T. Halliday," said the man. "And now your name?" said Kennedy to the apparently recovered bride-to-be.

"Helmaheart Hurts," she repeated. "Young lady," said Kennedy severely. "I am a married man and a father,

and it grieves me to hear such language from a girl getting a marriage license. If your heart hurts I'm sorry, but profanity is wholly unnecessary."

"What the future Mrs. Halliday is trying to tell you," said the young man, "is that her name is H-e-l-m-a-H-a-r-t-H-u-r-t-s." Kennedy apologized.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Wireless vs. Wire. Will all the telegraph and telephone poles, wires and instruments connected with these methods of communication be simply so much "scrap" in a year or so? Representative Steenerson of Minnesota, ranking Republican member of the house post office committee, predicted "Yes," if the progress now being made in wireless communication continues. Mr. Steenerson, as quoted in The Wireless Age, says: "Radio communication is the coming thing. It is making such rapid strides that before the end of the year the average American will not be bothering much about the transmission of an ordinary message over an ordinary telegraph or telephone wire or as to whether the ordinary telephone or telegraph wire is owned or controlled by government or private interests."

Spoiled Sarah's Great Scene. During a performance of "Hamlet," in which Sarah Bernhardt was impersonating the melancholy Dane, the graveyard scene was entirely ruined by the unfortunate appearance on the stage of a cat, which walked in from the wings and began to wash its face. The Divine Sarah, somewhat disconcerted, stamped her foot, and the cat, taking fright, jumped into the open grave, the resting place of "poor Yorick!" Madame withdrew and the curtain descended. A cat can look at a king, but not at a queen—of the drama!

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Spring Time is Paint Time

Say Mr. House Owner isn't this weather getting into your system and making you long to see the old home shine again like it did when it was new? Don't you realize that a new coat of paint would bring back all its freshness—that it would again have that new appearance of which you were so proud when you first built it? This is the time of the year to start at work—and you know how badly it needs it.

We wish merely to call your attention to the fact that we have a full line of standard paints—every color or tint that you possibly could think of. Besides every thing needed for the interior decoration of your home.

Of Interest to the Ladies We have a complete line of Chinamel for touching up and refinishing those old pieces of furniture that you prize so highly—and this work will come right along with the spring house cleaning. These varnishes are prepared so that they do not require the services of a painter—and you've no idea the amount of good you can do in one room with a few of these colors. We've every one you could want.

Gilliam & Bisbee

COME IN AND LET US TALK PAINT TO YOU

FIRE AND HAIL INSURANCE

For Fire and Hail Insurance call on C. C. Patterson, second floor of Gilman building, on Willow street. 5-8

Read The Herald for all the news.

SUNDAY CHICKEN DINNER

At Parkers Mill every Sunday. Finest summer resort in the county. Try our dinner next Sunday and you will be sure to come back. Make your table reservations in advance by telephone thus insuring our best attention. 4-1f.

"See here," says the Good Judge

I want to remind you about that small chew of this good tobacco.

It tastes better because it's good tobacco. Its quality saves you part of your tobacco money. It goes further and lasts longer.



THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW

Put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco

W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

The Paint Season

This is the time of the year when the spirit of cleaning gets everybody and the first thing that should come into your mind is the value of painting up your premises. We are exclusive agents in Heppner for the famous

Bass-Heuter Paints

—these paints are recognized as the very best that can be bought and we offer you them in every tint and shade.

We also carry a full line of KYANIZE in all shades. This varnish is made for the particular housekeeper who wishes to touch up the little places around the house that are not sufficiently large to call in a painter. And for retouching the furniture where it has become marred. Let us demonstrate them to you.

We would be glad to talk over your paint needs with you.

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Now open for business in our New Shop on East Side Lower Main Street,

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We will treat you right.

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Our location is still in the "back ground" but if you will follow the "saw-dust trail" you will find us prepared to cater to your wants in the way of tender, juicy meats and fresh fish and shell fish as though we were already in our new building.

Our new building will be completed by and by. In the mean time don't forget us.

PEOPLE'S CASH MARKET