

THE HEPPNER HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
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ATTENDS WILSON LUNCHEON AT PORTLAND

Sam E. Van Vactor, one of the most prominent democrats in eastern Oregon left for Portland Sunday morning to be present at a luncheon given by Hon. C. S. Jackson, of the Oregon Journal in honor of President and Miss Wilson.

THIS BIRD WILL FLY TO THE ROUND-UP

Henry Cohn, whose friends have always recognized as being some bird will fly to the Round-up tomorrow. Lt. Roth who pilots the Ace of Hearts will stop here Wednesday on his way from Condon to Pendleton and pick Henry up for the cross-country ride. "These 16-minute jaunts have no charms for me," says Henry. "I want a real trip when I start."

"OH, YOU HEPPNER"

John T. Kirk, well known Heppner booster, who went down to Aleson last spring to improve some property he owns there, drifted back early last week to take in the fair and see all his old friends. Mr. Kirk is well pleased with his new home which is a fine dairy farm stocked with super-fine Jerseys. A significant fact, however, is that J. T. has already leased the place to some fellow who likes to get up at 3:00 A. M. and milk a lot of meek-eyed kine before breakfast better than he does. "It's a little the finest valley a man ever saw," commended J. T. the other day but—"Oh, you Morrow county." Mrs. Kirk is visiting her brother, W. E. Ruark, at Tacoma, while Mr. Kirk is here. Mr. Ruark was formerly a resident of this city.

A Double Wedding

By RALPH HAMILTON

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It was not the fault of Milly, for there was a sharp curve at the street corner and she could not very well discern that a noiseless automobile was rounding the circle. All her attention was bestowed upon herself, and with a reason. She had just arrived on the train from her village home to visit a cousin in the city. She was on the way to her room. There had been a heavy rain earlier in the day and the roadway was wet and slippery and its pot holes were full of muddy water and slime.

In her neat-fitting new dress, dazzling white shoes and stockings and her dainty hat, Milly was about as fair a sight to view as one would meet in a day's journey. She suggested just what she was—a lovely country flower in budding bloom. Her sparkling eyes and joyous face told that every motion she made responded to a happy heart. A proud one, too, for this was the first real full outfit, all new, that Milly had ever possessed. It represented her berry money of a whole season.

A little frown of dismay hovered above the charmingly-dimpled cheeks as Milly paused at the curb and surveyed the forbidding roadway. Then her eyes picked out a possible carefully selected tip-toe route which might land her across without soiling her spotless attire.

"Toot-toot!" With a quiver and a shiver, Milly drew back, but too late. Gracefully the warning automobile rounded the curve. Milly was out of all danger of a collision, but the front wheel of the machine landed in a deep rut.

"Splash!" In consternation Milly glanced down, first rubbing from her face the grimy water that had splattered up. Her slippers were dotted with specks and splashes of mud. One stocking had been deluged. The front of her dress was streaked and spangled. It was like a rooking brush full of black paint thrown at a fair canvas and blotting out all its beauty in a flash. Milly tottered across the sidewalk, sank to a doorstep and the tears fell like rain.

Where now the joy of meeting and surprising her cousin, promenading along a real city street?

The chauffeur of the stylish automobile had come to a halt at a sharp word from a young man in the rear seat. Beside him was a lady older than himself, but resembling him and evidently his sister. The former opened the auto door and started toward the forlorn little victim of the mishap. At once the lady followed him.

"My dear child," spoke Helena Bland, placing a compassionate hand on the shoulder of Milly, "this is indeed dreadful! Such a pretty dress! But we will soon remedy the damage we have wrought. Help her to the auto, Dayton, get us home at once."

"Oh, it was not your fault, miss! You see, I am not used to the city," uttered Milly, brokenly and ingenuously. So dismal was her plight in her own estimation, however, that she was all absorbed in it and was in the automobile before she realized it, and Miss Bland was wiping the spots from her pretty face with her handkerchief, while her brother wondered that no such artless wild rose face had come into his life before.

Milly was charmed with the stately but warm-hearted Helena Bland, who took her to her room at her sumptuous home and called in the servants of maid and laundress to make Milly almost presentable again.

"You will do very well dear, until morning," Miss Bland assured her. "Then I shall call for you and we will duplicate your damaged outfit from top to toe."

"Oh, indeed, no, no," answered Milly impetuously. "Why, I can whit-ten the slippers and unless you look close you can hardly notice the splashes on the dress. You have been too kind already," but Miss Bland not only took Milly to her cousin's home in the automobile, but called next morning and showed her a shopping experience that filled her unsophisticated little heart with delight.

Milly was seated in Miss Bland's boudoir when for the first time she observed a framed photograph.

"Why, Miss Bland!" she exclaimed, "I know who that is!"

Miss Bland uttered a gasp and turned pale. "A fancied resemblance, dear, I think," she murmured in an unsteady tone.

"Oh, no—no!" insisted Milly. "I have seen him often. He is the manager of the coal mine down our way. He does not go around much, but he plays the organ at the church. Oh, it is Alden Renfrew, surely!"

The lady held to a chair for support. She questioned Milly closely. There was awakened in her soul hope, for two years previous a favored suitor, Alden Renfrew, had lost his fortune in a day, had felt himself no match for the peerless woman he loved, and had gone away to lose himself in the great world outside.

Helena Bland loved him so dearly that within a month they were brought together again. Dayton Bland was so captivated with Milly that he asked her to join him in a double wedding.

LOOKING FOR ORCHARD LANDS

E. B. Waterman, of Oakland, California, was an outside visitor at the fair while on a scouting trip through the Pacific Northwest looking for something good in orchard lands. Mr. Waterman formerly operated in the Rogue River valley and has recently been looking over the Yakima country but he thinks the fruit exhibit here ranked with the very best.

CHURCH NOTICES

Federated Church
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. We use the lessons of the International Sunday School Association. Morning church service 11:00. Christian Endeavor 7:00 p. m. Evening services 8:00.

H. A. NOYES, Pastor.

Christian Science
Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock in the lodge room in the I. O. O. F. building.

Testimony meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Eugene Slocum. All interested are invited to attend these services.

Subject for Sunday, September 21, "Matter."

FLOUR RE-SALE

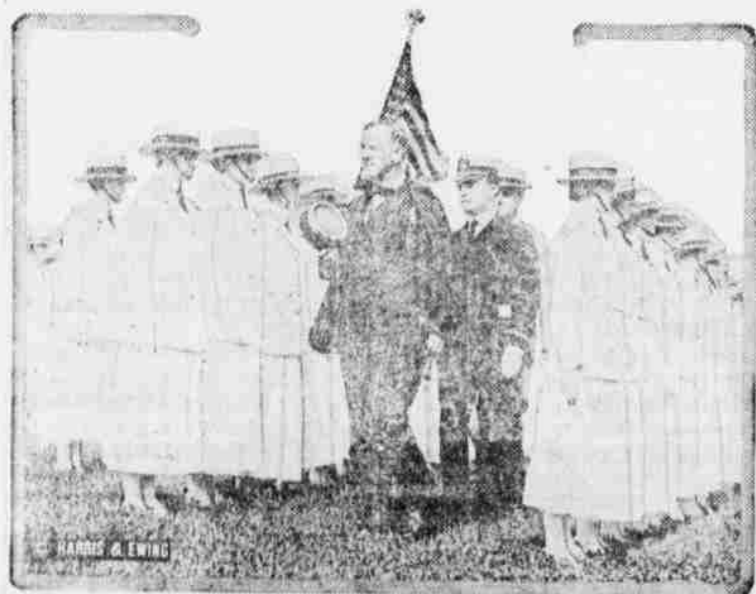
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UNITED STATES GRAIN CORPORATION
519 Board of Trade Building
Portland, Oregon

BIDDING THE YEOMEN (F) FAREWELL



This photograph shows the yeomen (F) and marines of the United States navy being mustered out on the grounds of the White House. To the strains of jazz, reviewed by Secretary Daniels and naval officers, and with moments interspersed with wit and sorrow, the farewell was picturesque in its setting. They will be retained for clerical service in the navy department, assuming civil status.

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