

JUST WHAT YOU NEED THIS WEATHER

# Men's Rubbers

IN ALL RUBBER AND CLOTH TOP STYLES.

# Men's Four-Buckle Artics

# Ladies' Rubbers

IN ALL STYLES AND SIZES

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S JERSEY LEGGINS. COME IN AND LET US OUTFIT YOU WITH STORMY WEATHER FOOTWEAR

## Sam Hughes Co.

### THE FOREST MAN

By JACK LAWTON.

The man lay upon a mossy bank, beneath him swirled deep water, while trees interlaced overhead. His upturned face was browned as one accustomed to the open, and its fine features seemed full of strength and purpose. He frowned now up into the trees, and stretched easily his little frame.

Fishing tackle, and an open book, fell to interest in his present dissatisfied mood, he sat up impatiently at last gazing, still scowling, into the water. No sound disturbed the wilderness of green things. Instinct alone caused the man to turn his head, and he saw—her! She stood just in the opening, her bronze gold hair gleaming in the sunlight, her blue eyes regarding him, her red lips smiling—an unbelievable, almost unknown vision of a girl.

Through his boyhood he had loved wilds like a young animal, and had gloried in his freedom.

That last group of engineers and the books they left him to read brought his awakening. Reading was his joy and relaxation, he was thankful to his father for the one privilege that the strange personality had allowed—making it possible for his isolated son to attend the crude structure at the foot of the hills called a school house. Dan's learning was accomplished quickly. Pop needed the boy's time for the sawing and piling of logs and the housework of the little cabin. Now that the old man was dead, big Dan bewildered, diffident and fearful of civilization's ridicule, continued in the primitive way.

The girl's vision caught at his breath, and left him speechless. Still smiling, she came toward him and sank down on the grass at his side.

"I've watched and watched you," she said calmly, "and this is the first morning that I've found you idle. Won't the fish bite?—or have you all the sketches in your book by memory? You study them so much."

She picked up the book. "Something about forestry—is it not? You read?" she asked mischievously, "yet—you cannot speak?" Dan cleared his throat, his great hands trembled.

"You—surprised me," he said. "How did you come an' where?"

The vision-girl held out protesting hands. "So you can speak, man," she said, "and you surprise me also—by your accent. It's quite intelligible. But then, old Nannie told me all about you; the nice mother you had, and how she came to this 'end o' the world' place, years ago with your father, and all because she loved him." The girl's eyes widened. "That must have been a wonder-love, man," she said, "real love—the only kind—that's fit to marry on." She stopped abruptly and laughed a soft laugh, that somehow stirred the big man's heart.

"I will answer your questions," said the girl. "I came here alone because I was running away. I passed this quiet spot once, when we were touring. And it occurred to me in my plight that it would be a good place to hide in. Old Nannie made us tea that touring time, so I came to stop with Nannie in her shack."

"You've run away!" Dan said slowly, unexpected severity showed in his face and tone.

The vision-girl stared. "Mebbe," he went on, "you'll tell me just what it was you ran away from—mebbe, we ought to know."

"I will tell you," answered the girl impulsively, "because you are kind, and just. Someway—I know this: I ran away from my approaching marriage to a rich man for whom I do not care at all. It was an honor to be chosen by him—my people said so. It was the climax of their ambition. Do you by any chance know what it means to be a copper king? Well, it was the famous copper king who was to make me his wife. Was—but I ran away. Nothing else could save me from his determination. Oh! he is successful and—threesome, this great man, I don't love him, you see. I'm one of those odd women, your mother's kind, who would glory in giving their all—for love. Without it—the girl held out empty hands; then looked up at the man with frightened eyes. "I had almost forgotten you were here," she said, "that I was talking to you."

"When the scandal and chatter concerning my dramatic disappearance have ceased, I'll go back. Until then, you must let me talk to you man. Old Nannie says, that I may be able to help you with the books you try to understand, Nannie loves you."

A great light came into Dan's dark eyes. Eagerly he bent toward the girl. "But I have talked with few women," he said humbly. "Never before, with any woman like you."

"Almost," she said, "I think, that I have talked with few—men. Never before, it is certain, with one like you."

And not long after, in a far away city, excited comment concerning the disappearance of a society beauty, had but lost its first zest, when came the second sensation of the same young woman's betrothal to an unknown man of the wilds.

"Poor Cynthia's father," the mothers sympathized. But the father of Cynthia, the vision-girl, read in smiling relief her letter.

"Dan will make one of the finest foresters you can find," his daughter wrote, "and I will go with him—in the ends of the earth."

### HERBERT HOOVER

No matter what political party he may be of or for, there are many things in his record to suggest Herbert Hoover as an eligible for the presidency.

His declaration to the Portland Jackson club may eliminate him from consideration. It may not. It might happen that he would be drafted by his countrymen.

Mr. Hoover is one of the discoveries of the war. He is one of the very few who rose to the crisis. There is always a man whose personal qualities and powers lift him above other men in the supreme trial. They rise to leadership because they are able to lead.

Belgium was stripped and starving. The British government was afraid to permit relief supplies to reach the hungry Belgians lest the food would be hurried into Germany by the German military then in control of Belgium. The Germans on the other hand were afraid to permit the Belgians to be fed lest they be strengthened to resistance.

A man was needed to defy governments and resist so-called military necessities. Without him the hungry men, women and children could not be fed, though American relief was knocking along Belgian borders for admission.

Mr. Hoover a mining engineer, an Iowa blacksmith's son, a product of Oregon, little known except to the mining world, rose to the emergency, solved the problem and fed Belgium. At one bound he leaped into international renown as a man and an administrator.

In America his name is a household word. As the American food administrator there rested on him the responsibility of rationing the allied armies and sustaining the commissary of millions battling against the central powers. America was the chief food supply. The American output, to be conserved, had to be distributed with a full realization of where and to whom nicely adjusted quantities must go, and above all, had to be produced in quantities to meet a gigantic demand and a vital and unprecedented situation.

It was a problem of immense magnitude. It required experience, vision and vast powers of administration. All this responsibility was met by Mr. Hoover, and the armies of democracy and liberty were fed to victory. It was a leadership that none can challenge and that but few have criticized.

The armistice brought even greater problems to Mr. Hoover. The whole world was his workshop then. All Europe was starving. Four hundred million war-wrecked people were on the border land of starvation. A continent was in chaos. There was no organization of peoples no responsible authority to deal with.

To ration this riot of races, to get supplies to them in spite of railroadless transportation, to parcel out supplies to match requirements, to overcome the myriad obstacles required consummate knowledge and the unmeasured resources of a superman.

The nations were fed. The fires were lighted on millions of dreary hearthstones. Succor and cheer were carried into homes that had known nothing but privation and agony for 51 months.

Possibly other men might have done it as well. Perhaps not. Herbert Hoover did do it, did organize a stupendous relief system, did direct a relief that was beyond all precedents and that overtopped all similar operations in the whole history of mankind.

In all, what a lieutenant he was for the president of the United States! What a load of responsibility was shifted from the White House to the broad shoulders of the man whose boyhood was spent in Oregon, and with what confidence and relief for Mr. Wilson.

And then and since, at Paris and in America, Herbert Hoover, by his utterances, has stood for the treaty, has stood for a world organization for peace, has stood for a new order on earth, has stood for a truer democracy in America, has stood for the well-being of peoples and races under every sun.

It is no fault that he seems to be partyless. It is no defect that politicians look askance at him. The country is sick of politicians and politics.

In many ways Mr. Hoover seems well suited to take up the great work that, bye and bye, Woodrow Wilson is to lay down.—Portland Journal.

### THE PROPOSED NATIONAL TRAINING BILL

Congress is considering the question of Universal National Training for every boy between 18 and 19 years of age. It is hoped that legislation will be enacted that will result in establishing camps through-

out the United States, to which each year as the boys reach the age of 18 years will be sent for a period of six months.

These camps will be great training schools for American citizens where the boys from every section, from every class boys from the small cities and towns and the farms will be brought into contact with the boys from the cities; where the boys of rich parents will meet and associate with the boys of poor parents; where the American born boy will be brought into contact with the foreign born boy.

In fact this proposed and desired legislation is but one great step in a program of Americanization that will build up a proper understanding of and regard for American institutions and government.

One of the greatest advantages to be found in this proposed course of training will be that found in bringing the boys of all classes together upon terms of absolute equality. I can picture to myself the wonderful effect on the nation of the rich man's son and the poor man's son sleeping on cots side by side for a period of six months, eating at the same table, sharing the same duties, and the same modest pleasures, exchanging viewpoints day after day, and through these things forming lifelong friendships. It means the breaking down of class distinctions that are tearing and endangering the life of the republic. It means the absolute democratizing of our citizenship.

The boys will be caught in a practical way the advantages of citizenship and the duties of citizenship; they will be taught obedience to law and constituted authority; they will be taught the value of personal merit and initiative as the true basis of personal success. In other words it will make upstanding American men of our boys regardless of family connections or the accident of birth.

In the camp the boys will be subjected to military discipline, and while the purpose is to make citizens for peace time the military training they would receive would enable them to defend their country should its defense ever again be necessary.

The course is intended to train for SERVICE but no military service can be required except by act of congress in case of actual war.

Another touch of winter hit Heppner the last of the week which makes the third whirl old Boreas has taken at us this season.

**Plunder.**  
The gentleman burglar flashed his lamp in the startled eyes of the aroused head of the family.  
"Where's your valuables?" he demanded, politely.  
"For heaven's sake, don't shoot!" pleaded the victim. "My jewels are in that box on the bureau; my money is in the handbag on the dresser; my husband's watch—"  
Impatiently shooting a hole in the pillow, the burglar snapped:  
"Don't kid me! I asked you where you keep your butter and eggs!"  
But with a shriek of desperation the woman leaped upon him, for that was too much, too utterly much!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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#### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undesignated executrix of the estate of Lucia Grosheims, deceased, has filed her final account as such executrix, and that the county court of the state of Oregon for Morrow county has appointed Monday, the 2nd day of February, 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, as the time of hearing and settlement of said final account. Objections of said final account must be filed on or before said date.

HELEN GROSHEIMS, Executrix.

#### Anti-Noise Telephones.

Edwin S. Pridham and Peter L. Jensen, engineers of San Francisco, solved the problem of telephoning in the midst of noise by simply opening the diaphragm and button of the transmitter and letting all the noise in—impartially to both sides of the diaphragm. The result was entire exclusion from the circuit of every sound save the voices of the users. As one test of the new method an "anti-noise" telephone was placed inside the steel shell of a boiler. With several men outside the boiler pounding on the shell with hammers, a person inside was able to telephone to those on the outside without interference from the din of the hammering.

#### French White You Wait.

"Waiter," said the discharged dough-boy, "I want this meal served tout de suite."  
"I get you, boss," said the ebony waiter with a grin. "You ain't do first military gentleman dat's been here, sah?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Read the Herald.

The Herald  
A Year \$2.00

## Our Inventory January 1st 1920

disclose the fact we have some broken line of goods, as well as some lines we shall discontinue. In order to convert them into money or its equivalent, we shall forget cost and mark them at prices that will move them quickly.

GIVE OUR BARGAIN TABLE  
A LOOK AND SEE FOR  
YOURSELF

# Phelps Grocery Co.

## Many of The Men

In Morrow County who have the reputation of wearing good clothes had their suits made in the

### Heppner Tailoring AND Cleaning Shop

I also represent two of the best order houses in the United States.

G. FRANZEN  
Proprietor



## NEWS ITEM

Please insert the following news item in the HEPPNER HERALD:

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SIGNED:

Please fill in above lines with any news item you know of, sign it and mail to Herald office. Your name will not be published but is required only as an evidence of good faith.