

LESSON IN LIFE OF EMPRESS

"Vanity of Vanities; All is Vanity," Never Better Exemplified Than by Unhappy Eugenie.

In the middle of the year, for several years, a suite of rooms in a hotel in St. Gall, Switzerland. Returning from one of my periodical trips to England, the proprietress informed me that she had taken the liberty of permitting a lady and her attendant to occupy the rooms for a night, as the hotels were all full. She was a middle-aged woman, of sorrowful aspect, dressed in black, and walked with a cane, and although traveling incognito, was recognized by one of the hotel staff as ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon the Little, who owned a chateau near Schaffhausen.

That was about 1874. And only a few weeks ago this unhappy woman, who had long been blind of life, died at the age of ninety-four.

What a sad and checkered career! Born in Spain, of an unassuming aristocratic family, raised to the glittering throne of the second empress, leader of Europe's fashion and frivolity, losing, within a few years, her throne, her husband and her son, then, an exile, visiting from time to time, like a black ghost, the scenes of her former triumphs.

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," saith the preacher."—Los Angeles Times.

FIRING STOPS WEED SPREAD

"Burn that wasteland weed patch and stop the spread of weeds to neighboring fields," says John R. Nevius, of O. A. C. farm crops. "Firing will not only burn the seed in the plant but will also destroy seeds, insects and other pests on the ground. If the patch is not thick enough and dry enough to burn standing, it can be mowed, allowed to dry, and then fired."

WOMEN STUDENTS BECOME TEACHERS

Two Alsea women who took training in the O. A. C. Extension service training school last July had within one month helped other women make two dresses, alter seven patterns, do buttonhole and tailor finish work, and design simple cotton dresses.

MOVING LOSERS BEES

Bees, like humans, dislike winter moving. If not moved in early fall then delay the process till next March, anyway, says H. A. Scullen, bee specialist at O. A. C. If moved less than two miles the bees should be aroused and unclustered by pounding on the hive and by smoking, to enable them to take new observation. Otherwise many may return to the former location. Grass or weeds placed over the entrance helps.

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TRASH PILES BREED PESTS

Hordes of insect, rodent and disease pests have gathered under the piles of trash found on some farms, to get protection from the heavy, general rains in Oregon this fall. Unless destroyed the trash heaps will become breeding grounds for still vaster swarms of pests that will forage on valuable crops later. Clean up, burn or bury or haul away crop remnants, boards, and other kinds of trash, say the O. A. C. authorities.

CALCIUM ARSEATE KILLS SLUGS

Slugs can be controlled by use of a poisoned bait made of one part calcium arsenate to 16 parts chopped lettuce or other succulent on which slugs feed. Spraying the plants to be protected with Bordeaux mixture, 4-4-53, in connection with the bait, will insure excellent control, says A. L. Lovett, entomologist at O. A. C.

EX-SERVICE MEN VISIT FARMS

Just to see how prosperous farmers make a go of it the ex-service men in farm crops at O. A. C. recently made the round of some of the best farms in the lower Willamette. The Horst hop yards, Riddle & Sons crop systems, Church & Matthews prune orchards, the Prince walnut groves, and Laesser potato breeding fields, furnished typical illustrations of how the trick is turned.

LIVESTOCK MEN GET BULLETIN

By using silage with alfalfa hay young steers at the Eastern Oregon branch station gained twice as fast as on hay alone and at half the cost, the method and other points that help livestock men determine the conditions of profitable feeding, is explained in an experiment station bulletin, "Fattening Steers," which can be had free on application to O. A. C., Corvallis.

TRELLIS SYSTEM BEST

The trellis system of training Cornish raspberries is said to be the best by Ed. Spath, a big Multnomah county grower, reports the Farm Bureau News. This method will produce from one-half to one ton more says Mr. Spath.

Superstitions About Ears.

There are several superstitions about the tingling of one's ears. It was at once commonly believed that if it was the right ear it meant that a friend was speaking well of one. The tingling of the left implied the opposite. Mr. Thomas Browne, the famous author of "Vulgar Errors," ascribes the idea to the belief in guardian angels, who touch the right ear or the left according as conversation is favorable or not to the person.

THE REVERSE SIDE

By JACK LAWTON.

Stephen sat with brooding eyes looking over his meadows. To Stephen, the spreading farmland which he inherited was the most beautiful thing in the world. In it he found his life-work and his joy. To watch the growing and plenty of the labor of his hands and brain, was to him a great wonder and satisfaction. And it was his misfortune that love, coming later than it came to men who sought out their entertainment, should come in the delightful but unsuitable person of Hildegard Vane. Hildegard was born and raised to an environment very different from Stephen's meadows. Hildegard had known luxury and nothing but luxury and its benefits. That he should have found her at all was inconceivable. A relative Vane had purchased as a toy a certain farm in Stephen's vicinity, and under this Vane's Midas touch the farm turned out as profitably as his various other investments. So to the big remodeled country house on the hill, he invited occasionally city friends for weekend visits, and his favorite niece Hildegard was one of the most frequent visitors. At length, after a winter season of gaiety, it was thought best by the family physician that Miss Hildegard go to her uncle's rural estate for a prolonged and restful stay; and so, riding upon her pony one day, Hildegard had found Stephen's farmland, and entering down the tree-lined avenue, asked the favor of a drink of cool water. Just at first, the girl had taken Stephen for one of the usual helpers. When he responded to her request in his deferential courteous way, she became interested in his personality, and questioned the elder Vane, upon her return, concerning "the big good looking farmer."

Her uncle laughed as he made reply, "Look out for your heart, Hilda. A man like Stephen Strong might do more damage to a girl's heart, rough clad, than any drawing-room idol."

Hilda smiled retrospectively. "He looks like his name," she said, "strong. Tell me about him."

"Registering interest already," her uncle remarked. "Well, all I can tell is from reports. He's a college man—agriculture; capable, successful, honest. Wedded to country life."

"He would be," she mused, "or he would not devote himself to it."

The proper introduction had come about quite naturally. As Hilda was driving one evening with the elder Vane, Stephen approaching, stopped to give greeting. After that the girl met him frequently, and later accepted various gravely offered invitations to inspect the Strong farm, or to drive through the hills at Stephen's side. Stephen had not realized that in this proximity a hopeless love might come to him; friendship, pure and helpful, he had thought of as a possible and pleasant result. But love came. And such a love as only a true and simple heart like Stephen's could know.

Now that she was going back to the city, and autumn lay upon the farm lands, Stephen told himself cruelly that he might have won her love if he had stooped to that selfishness. There was no vanity in the thought, only sorrow and a knowledge of the sweetness of her nature. But he was allowing her to go without a word without a sign. Her lovely eyes had been wistful at parting with an appeal she herself had half recognized. Stephen stubbornly ignored their appeal. This was the only life for which he was fitted, the only life in which he might earn a measure of success, but to be Hildegard Vane to isolation, to take her from the court where she shined and fitted—well, he was unwilling to accept the great gift of her recognition. The uncle had hinted of a millionaire back there, who waited for her favor. Hildegard should not be tempted in an hour of sympathetic feeling for himself, from her millions. So, politely, coldly, Stephen bade goodbye. One comfort he gave himself, the sending of a basket of selected fruits to her at her uncle's, a farewell gift before her coming departure. And now as he sat, he held her formal "thank you" note in his big brown hands. A square white card, gilt edged and of brief wording. Stephen held the card gently, and turned it slowly about, his very touch a caress. Suddenly he noticed that he had neglected to read the reverse side of the card. There was writing here, Hilda woman-like, had added a postscript. Then his eyes racing on to the words, he realized that this was no postscript which she had written, but a complete note to her sister Elizabeth, evidently in the city. Often the girl had spoken to him regarding her married sister Bess, her mother, and their aspirations. Hilda hunched lightly, he remembered, as she bewailed her difference to the women of her family.

"Dearest Bess," read Stephen. "I am coming back to you, don't worry. The eclipse which you fear for me is not to happen. But honestly Bess, I'd rather live here forever and ever with my man of the soil, than do anything else in the world. He is true Bess, and Strong—that's his name."

A hot end to the message.

"Then anything else in the world," he murmured ironically.

"Oh! little girl of mine, you are going to have your choice."

Enough of it.

"You've got to get a job to hold up this machine."

"I hope not the kind of one Jack that held me up to it."

The Season is Here for Breakfast Cereals. Cooked and Ready to Eat. CORN FLAKES, KRUMBLES, POST TOASTIES, GRAPE NUTS, SHREDDED WHEAT, PUFFED RICE, WHEAT AND CORN. To Be Cooked. ROLLED OATS — MOTHER'S, GOLDEN ROD, KERR'S, ALBERS. ROLLED WHEAT — GOLDEN ROD, ALBERS. WHEAT NUTS, PEARLS OF WHEAT, CREAM OF WHEAT, CREAM OF BARLEY, GRANULATED HOMINY, TWO MINUTE OAT FOOD, ROMAN MEAL, RALSTON'S BRAN, KELLOG'S KRUMBLER BRAN. Phelps Grocery Co.

Builder of Soils. Most of the fame that has come to the humble cowpea has arisen from its extremely practical value as a builder of soils and as a feed crop. It is a legume and, plowed under, its vines give the needed humus to soils lacking this necessary quality. Its name isn't poetical, either, but it is entitled to a place among the most beautiful flowering plants in this country. Its cousin is our varicolored sweet pea. Its blossom a field of cowpeas, with their dark, glossy leaves, looks exactly as if a myriad host of purple butterflies, each with two yellow spots on its wings had settled upon it for a momentary rest, and when the wind blows the resemblance is even more marked. Shortening the Twilight. Although no son of romantic Erin would be expected to despise the world of twilight, J. G. Sullivan has contributed to the Canadian Engineer strong mathematical arguments that lengthen night at the expense of the lover's hour. As the result of personal observations Mr. Sullivan would correct the standard statement of encyclopedias that twilight continues until the sun has fallen at least 18 degrees below the horizon. It will be near the truth, he thinks, to say that twilight ends when the sun's decline is about 15 degrees. Not So Wrong. "Don't you think, dear, that it would be a good plan to let me select the stocks for you to buy and sell?" his wife suggested. He withdrew his attention from a vast compilation of calculations long enough to snort disdainfully. "Why, you don't know anything about the stock market," he said. "No," she responded sweetly; "but it's a poor rule that won't work both ways—and I've observed that it is those who know all about it that generally lose." Fruit Color Is Sensitive. The color of fruit is the result of chemical action, in which sunlight is transformed into red or yellow or orange or purple coloring matter. This chemical action takes place best when the alterations between the heat of day and the cold of night are most marked; in the fall, that is to say, with the spring closely following. Perfumed Wines. Greek and Roman wines were perfumed, generally, by steeping the leaves of violets or roses in the liquor until it had acquired the odor of the flowers.

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