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ANN AND ANDY

By BERTHA S. CARNEY.

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Ann Vrainien had been a week now at Cousin Albe's in the city, and with each succeeding day Ann felt smaller and more awkward. Her hair had absolutely refused to "bob" at her ears, city fashion, and there were times that, despite her efforts, her tongue would slip back into the country vernacular that she had spoken for the eighteen years of her life. Substantial she looked, substantial she felt, and, besides all this, there was the terrible name of Ann for a handmaid—and as for the nicest young man who lived upstairs—how could she ever get acquainted with him if one dared not speak?

These were the thoughts that were running through the back of little Ann's head, as she threw the rug over the piazza railing and attacked them vigorously with the carpet beater.

She made a pretty picture there in the morning sunshine, the sleeves of her pink smock rolled up to her elbows, and her cheeks flushed with the exercise, and as she worked an old bit of doggerel that she had learned as a child came into her head, and she sang, because the morning was so bright and the young man upstairs was so handsome—No! That wasn't what she had meant to think at all, but she kept singing and keeping time with the carpet beater.

"Good morning, Jenny Wren! Will you kindly stop your housewifely activities long enough to allow me to see my way down the stairs? Your great clouds of dust have blinded my eyes to everything except the comeliness of my industrious neighbor."

Ann stopped—mouth open, just as she had been about to curl forth the highest soprano note, and carpet beater raised. He was speaking to her, but he was only joking with her, for even at her most vigorous swings only a feeble trail of dust floated out on the air; but the last thing he had said—Ann's eyes sought the toes of her sensible round-toed shoes before she looked across at him shyly.

The young man from upstairs was looking at her, and it seemed as though if he really wished to navigate the stairway in such a terrible storm of dust there was nothing to hinder his doing so. Instead, he leaned against the railing.

"This is a fine chance to get acquainted," he said. "Fate sends me out on an errand while you are on the porch and as we are going to be such near neighbors, it's all perfectly proper. I'm Andrew Leonard. Andy suits me better, and you're Ann Vrainien. I saw your name on your trunk in the cellar, and you're not yet old enough to be called Miss Vrainien."

Ann, who wasn't old enough to be called Miss Vrainien, found herself shaking hands with Andy, whom, she thought, was old enough to know better, and after that it was easy.

When she had beat back the redness into the roses, and the greenness into the grass, Ann tugged one of the rugs down from the rail and Andy dropped on his brass and began to fold it with deft turns of his wrists.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Ann inquired. Andy was a gentleman, at least, even though there had been no formal introduction, and the warning voices of her staid county ancestors for the first time in her life went unheeded.

"Handy, Andy, that's me," he grinned. "I lived for five years on my uncle's farm, so takes out."

Undoubtedly the pink smock Ann's heart gave a flutter of pure joy. Now she could own up to her 18 years of country experience. He wouldn't care.

He didn't—for on the following Sunday Andy was helping her over the stable and exclaiming with her over the five little pigs that had just arrived at his uncle's farm.

It was the third month of their friendship and they were on one of their frequent Sunday excursions to the farm, when Ann broached the subject of changing her name to Annette, or Marina, or any other form of Ann, as long as there was something enough to take away the plainness.

"Cut it out, kiddie," Andy advised. "It surely was due to be able to lose Ann. I like your name Ann. My grandmother's name was Ann, and you look at mine—Andy! But you don't catch the calling myself any foul name like Anndrux, do you?"

Ann laughed. How could she tell him that all the time she had been planning to change it only for him?

"I like Andy for a name; it's so—so substantial," and then she laughed again, for was that not the very quality that three months ago she had most hated?

"That's it," Andy nodded. "A good substantial name, just like Ann. Why, I knew you could do housework like all possessed the minute I lapped the name on your trunk."

He drew her down beside him on an old fallen tree trunk.

"Ann and Andy," he mused, holding her close, "a good combination. Don't you think we ought to make it a substantial one, Ann dear?"

In his pocket dictionary he found the word substantial and pointed out to Ann its meaning—"actually existing, not imaginary, true, strong."

"Don't you think we could be all that—together, Ann dear?"

Ann's heart was so happy that she essayed just one feeble little word, which, evidently, pleased Andy.

"Gee, honey," he whispered, "that's velvet!"

Beliefs Concerning Teeth.

There are curious fancies about teeth. To dream about teeth was held to be a warning that sorrow was at hand, and it was still more unlucky a dream of one's teeth falling out. Many people still throw an extracted tooth into the fire for luck, and this is observed specially in the case of young children to ensure that the remainder of their teeth will come properly. Teeth wide apart is said to be a sign of future prosperity and happiness.

Lightning Struck Twice.

Lightning strikes twice in the same place, in spite of the old saw, for at an inquest into the death at Chertsey, England, of a man killed while sheltering under a tree in a hayfield during a thunderstorm, it was stated that the tree, one of a group of five of the same height, had been struck by lightning before. In the recent instance the lightning followed the course of the old stroke.

Democratic National Convention Rule.

The two-thirds rule was established by the Democratic national convention in Baltimore in 1832 that nominated Andrew Jackson for a second term. His running mate was Martin Van Buren of New York. The rule has been famous and inflexible ever since, though efforts have been made to destroy it. Republicans operate under a majority rule. In the Baltimore convention Jackson was nominated on the ninth ballot. His running mate four years before had been John C. Calhoun of South Carolina.

Stippling by Clock Work.

The stippling effect which many artists make use of in the working up of their pictures, especially those intended for reproduction, has been heretofore secured by laboriously going over the picture by hand, but the operation has been greatly simplified recently by the English invention of a stippling pen which is operated by a clock work motor. The work is done evenly and quickly.

Singular Illness.

"She—One of our operators is quite hoarse. The doctor tells me," she confided, "that my larynx are affected—whatever they are. We told her this was a singular affection, but unless given prompt attention might become pleural."—Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

The West.

The younger Michaux, in his travels west of the Alleghenies in 1802, says that the common inquiry in the newly settled west, "From what part of the world have you come?" As if these east and fertile regions would naturally be the place of meeting and common country of all the inhabitants of the globe.—Henry David Thoreau.

Practice Kindness Now.

There are kindnesses, hospitalities, public and private duties, and fellowship in the civic and social life of one's calling and station which help to make our sojourn here satisfying and gratifying. These should not be postponed nor stinted. "I expect to pass through life but once, if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now, and not defer or neglect it, as I shall not pass this way again." This always timely text is usually attributed to William Penn.—Humphrey J. Desmond.

French Guiana.

French Guiana is the penal settlement of France. Its surface rises gradually from the unhealthy coast to the mountain border on the south. Only a small part of the country is arable. Fevers, particularly yellow fever, decimate the region and have proved so fatal to French convicts that white prisoners have long been sent elsewhere. The *Le diable*, off the coast, became famous through the imprisonment of Alfred Dreyfus.

Wanted to Be "Parked."

Mother, aunt and little Etta were downtown shopping. Etta was quite tired, and they still had many places to go to before they had finished their purchasing. Presently they happened to pass through the restroom and the leather-covered chairs looked inviting to Etta. Turning to her mother, she remarked: "Couldn't you park me here while you and aunt do the rest of your shopping?"

is Good Point.

Many unkind things are said of the telephone, but one of its redeeming features is that you can't lend money through it.—Boston Transcript.

We'll Say They Are.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Charles, looking up from his story books, "what does this story mean about a great-grandmother? Ain't all grandmothers great?"

Pest Works Its Will.

The Mediterranean fly (karattit capitata) has for several years caused considerable damage in Greece to the fruit and vegetable crops. Oranges, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums and tomatoes have been especially affected. No remedy has yet been discovered, and there seems to have been little attempt to prevent the spread of this pest.

To Clean Papered Window.

To remove stained paper from glass use lye. Dissolve in water and apply with an old sponge, being careful not to burn your hands. Leave on for a few minutes and scrape off with a knife. Another way is to wet the paper well with common ammonia or boiling hot vinegar.

Preparing Lookingglass.

The best quality of lookingglass comes from the sounds that are dried in the sun. After drying, the sound is again moistened with warm water and the interior shiny skin is removed by hammering or rubbing. Finally, it is rolled between two polished iron rollers.

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WANTED ADS

FOR SALE—65 horsepower caterpillar, 8-bottom Mogul plow, 10-ft. double disc, at a bargain. Address W. T. Wheeler, Heppner. 25-26

FOR SALE—Good piano and complete set of household furniture. All good quality and in good condition. Call or phone Mrs. R. J. Vaughan, Court street, Heppner, Oregon. 24tf

LOST—Somewhere in Heppner, a bunch of keys. Suitable reward for return to Herald office. 191f.

FARM WANTED—I want to hear from party having farm for sale. Give price and description. John W. Wait, Champaign, Ill. 24-25

WANTED—Experienced women for general housework. Call or address Moore Hospital, phone 54, Heppner, Oregon. 20tf.

FOR SALE—A house and two lots. Fruit, shade trees and an excellent garden. Mrs. A. E. Binnis.—14tf.

LOST—Lady's black fur scarf. Finder will be suitably rewarded if left at Thompson Bros' store.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING—Remodeling and Ladies' Tailoring. Mrs. Curran, Church street. 27tf

Star Theatre

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20
The Roosevelt Boy Scouts in
"The Littlest Scout"
Showing the exploits of two imaginative and clever children

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21
"The Curse of Eve"
and HARRY LLOYD in
"From Hand to Mouth"

Our Friday and Saturday programs are confused, but there will be good pictures each day. Come early on Saturday so as to see all of the show before the wrestling match

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24
Charles Ray in
"Hay Foot Straw Foot"
This is said to be one of Ray's best pictures

First Lyceum Number On
October 29

We call your attention to the fact that Friday, October 20, will be the first number of the 1920 Lyceum. Get your season tickets now for this series of entertainments. There are five good numbers during the winter, the season ticket for which is \$2.50 for a reserved seat for each performance, as against \$3.75 if purchased separately. Seats can be reserved at any time, but get in early for the pick.

Star Theatre

No Foresight

Old Si Chestnut said: "My foresight is never as good as my hindsight—not by a darned sight."

We are all troubled that way more or less. Foresight usually paints a rosy picture that hindsight proceeds to smear with a drab tent. If we knew what was going to happen even 24 hours ahead, we would all be rich. But we don't know. The only way to judge the future is by the past. The men who work and save, get ahead, especially when they keep their money at a good Bank. Try this plan.

Protection and privacy are afforded by our Safe Deposit Boxes for the keeping of your Notes, Deeds, Bonds, Contracts, Insurance Policies and other valuable papers.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Heppner, Oregon

"CAPITAL AND INDUSTRY --- KEEP OUT"

WOULD YOU, AS A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN OF OREGON, PLACE SUCH A SIGN ON THE BORDERS OF THE STATE?

That is exactly what you will help to do if you do nothing to prevent the passage of measure No. 314 and 315 on the November ballot entitled, "Constitutional Amendment Fixing Legal Rate of Interest in Oregon."

This measure proposes to limit the rate of interest in Oregon to 5 percent. You can, by law, fix the rate of interest in Oregon, but you cannot, by law, force the loaning of money in this state, when a much higher rate can be secured elsewhere. The passage of this measure would force the withdrawal of the millions of foreign capital which is today loaned on factories, business and real estate in the state and send your local money owners outside of the state to better investments.

Passage of this measure would mean foreclosure of thousands of mortgages; would result in financial paralysis, and would mean widespread unemployment.

You, no doubt, understand the viciousness of this measure, but have you talked to your neighbors and friends about it? We urge you to do everything you can to defeat this measure. Oregon's reputation as a sound state for investments requires that this measure be overwhelmingly defeated.

VOTE 315 X NO

AND URGE YOUR FRIENDS TO DO LIKEWISE
(Paid Adv.) STATE TAXPAYERS LEAGUE