

## Give Us a Fair Rate of Return

is a good slogan for any industry. But it is a very timely one right now for the electrical industry.

Everyone wants good electrical service and every one will get good electrical service, but they must be shown that unless a central station or lighting company is allowed to earn on a full and proper value and not on a depreciated value that central station or lighting company cannot continue to serve in a proper and efficient manner.

Let every man who has a stake in the industry take this fact to heart and convince his neighbors and friends. Put your shoulder to the wheel and then get every one to do likewise.

**Heppner Light & Water Co.**

## TWO RANCH SNAPS

50 acres all in alfalfa. Good water right, good new house. One and one half miles from school...\$6,000. Easy terms.

180 acres 4 miles from town. 50 acres in alfalfa, balance farm and grazing land. Good improvements. Stock, machinery, and equipment included at only \$10,000. Easy terms.

Better See Me At Once About These Fine Bargains

**ROY V. WHITEIS**

## THE BRICK

McAtee & Aiken, Props.

We Are Exclusive Agents in Heppner for

### Norman's Ice Cream

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR SUNDAY SPECIAL FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 12

### French Banana

The Finest Product on The Market SPECIALS EVERY WEEK



## Fresh Pure Lard

We render fresh, pure lard three times a week and have reduced the price to 20C A POUND

Order a Strictly First-Class, Heppner-made Product

## Central Market

McNAMER & SORENSON, Props.

**A Sunflower Definition.**  
Really, a pessimist is only a person who expects to get the worst of it a little sooner than the rest of us.—Topeka Capital.

**The Magic Square.**  
The origin of the magic square is usually ascribed to the Chinese as the Yih King, an early classic, describes it. The magic square was known to the Hindus and to the Arabian astrologers.

**The Exception.**  
Does never stir unless they have about the different ones.

**A Delicate Compliment.**  
It was teacher's birthday and the children brought her many bouquets, which made a fine showing on her desk. One little girl voiced her admiration of the sight by saying: "Oh, Miss Blank, your desk looks just like a grave."—Boston Transcript.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

"Smile, and while you smile another smiles. And by and by there's miles of smiles, And life's worth while because you smile."

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A nice sandwich to serve on fish days is prepared as follows: Toast several pieces of bread cut in triangles and spread when cool with sauce tartare. On each piece of toast set one or two heart leaves of lettuce, each with a bit of sauce; above these place two to four fried oysters, above the oysters a lettuce leaf holding the dressing, and above that two slices of broiled bacon and the second piece of toast. On the plate with the sandwiches place a lettuce leaf holding more of the dressing.

**Oranges in Jelly.**—Soften one-fourth of a package of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water; add one-half cupful of boiling water and one-third of a cupful of honey, one cupful of orange juice, and the juice of half a lemon. Set a mold in ice water, pour in one-half inch of the liquid, and when firm arrange a layer of orange sections freed from all membrane and seeds; cover with another layer of the liquid and repeat the layers of fruit until all the gelatin mixture has been used. Serve when molded with sugar and cream.

**Cabbage and Beet Salad.**—Use one or two quarters of a firm cabbage head; cut this hard center and shave as fine as possible; cut small, cooked beets in slices, or larger beets in cubes. Make a French dressing, using a teaspoonful of onion pulp with three tablespoonfuls of oil and two of vinegar, mustard, salt, cayenne and paprika to taste. This quantity of dressing will season a pint of material. Set the beets in the center of a ring of cabbage. Season the vegetables separately.

**Scalloped Chicken With Macaroni.**—Allow a pint of cooked macaroni, one pint of cream and a pint of chicken, or that proportion. Arrange in layers, using but two layers of the chicken and three of the macaroni. Season well with celery salt, or a cupful of cooked celery may be added to piece out the chicken, which will improve the dish. A cupful of vegetable oysters will be another good addition.

**Wherever a true woman comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is.—Ruskin.**

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### WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER.

"With a healthy body, a mind at ease," a simple dinner will always please. When we lose interest in our meals it is time to consult a physician.

**Hungarian Goulash.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of fat, fried from salt pork, in a frying pan with a peeled sliced onion; cook until brown. Remove the onion, and put in a pound of lean veal cut in small pieces. Stir and cook until the meat is seared and lightly browned, then place in a casserole. Add a pint of broth, a teaspoonful of paprika, put on the cover and bake. Brown in a little hot fat a dozen small potato balls, and the same number of onions. As soon as the onions are well browned, add the vegetables to the casserole after the meat has cooked an hour. Season with salt and add two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with cold water. Let cook about two hours in all.

**Onions Stuffed With Ham.**—Peel eight good-sized onions, cover with boiling water and cook until nearly tender; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Cut out the center of each onion to leave a thin-walled cup. Sprinkle the inside with salt. Mix together one cupful of chopped cooked ham, one cupful of soft bread crumbs, one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and the onion that was taken from the centers, chopped not too fine. Fill the onions with this mixture, rounding it up well. Pour a cupful of thin cream or rich milk around the onions and cook in the oven one-half hour, basting three times with the liquid in the pan. Mix three tablespoonfuls of melted butter with three-fourths of a cupful of cracker crumbs and spread the mixture over the onions. Return to the oven to brown the crumbs. Serve from the baking dish.

Any good sandwich which has become dry, if grated and stirred into hot cream, seasoned with paprika and red pepper, makes a fine cream cheese which may be used for sandwiches.

**Did you tell Maurice about it?**  
"Yes, I knew he felt some compunction over giving me the locket, and I wanted him to know that Muriel had it back. But he never could believe me. He said I must have dropped it into the fur rug and one of the chambermaids had found it."

"But, Evelyn, are you quite sure you didn't drop it into the rug?"  
"Yes, I am sure. I gave it into Muriel's hands and she looked happy and satisfied. Now I am at peace."

*Nellie Maxwell*

## A STILLER GUEST

By FLORENCE MELLISH.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

It was a rainbow wedding—a pink maid-of-honor and blue and emerald and lavender and pale green bridesmaids. Evelyn looked so sweet and childlike in her white gown and veil that I just curled into my corner of the pew and cried. I had loved her from her babyhood. I had made her first short frocks and rompers and her graduation gown, but my fingers had grown too stiff to be trusted with wedding garments.

Maurice Penfield, looking more dignified and self-possessed than ever, was none the less handsome for his graying temples.

"Isn't he fine looking?" Luella Bates whispered, "and so talented, and rich, too! But aren't you sorry he's a widower—a warmed-over man?"

"No," I whispered back, "he has been tested, and he has borne the test. He was all devotion to his invalid wife."

Luella was silenced, but down in my heart I was a little sorry. I wanted our Evelyn's marriage to be ideal in every way.

But, after all, it was not the lovely bride or the stately bridegroom who held the eyes of the little company that filled the pews. It was the lady who sat stiffly upright in the fourth pew of the west wing. They were whispering to each other:

"Who is the lady in gray?"  
"Doctor Landphear began the service in his quiet, penetrating tones. When he came to the words: 'If any one knows any reason why these two should not be joined in marriage, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace,' and I held my breath for an instant as I always did. I always had a nervous feeling: 'What if some one should come forward and speak?' I had been a guest at 24 weddings, and no one had come forward."

"This time some one did. It was the lady in gray."  
"I know a reason," she said in a deep voice that could be heard in every corner of the church.

Doctor Landphear looked surprised, but he kept his usual dignified poise. "Will you state your reason?" he asked quietly.

"My sister Muriel is Maurice Penfield's wife, and my sister Muriel is here."

The pink maid of honor flushed with anger. The lavender bridesmaid was in tears. The canary bridesmaid lifted her chin haughtily. The blue and pale green bridesmaids clung together tremblingly. Evelyn herself was deathly pale. Maurice Penfield threw a strong arm about her.

"It is my sister-in-law. The poor woman is insane." He turned to one of the ushers. "Can you take her out quietly?"

Evelyn turned instantly and looked behind her. I could see how violently she was trembling. Maurice drew her gently back.

"Try to be calm, Evelyn. The poor mad woman is not worth minding."  
"But Muriel is there. I saw her myself," she shivered.

"Evelyn," he said, sternly, this time, "you must be calm." Then speaking to Doctor Landphear: "I think we may go on now."

Months after the dear girl came to me in that same little shabby room and told me the whole story.

"I am happy now, Miss Buffum," she said. "But I was very unhappy at first. Maurice was very patient and tender with me, but I could not make him understand. He would not believe that Muriel did come. He thought it was simply a case of nerves."

"But, Evelyn, I saw no one."  
"But she was there. She came again. She came three times. I used to feel so guilty and frightened. You see, it was the locket."

"The locket, Evelyn?"  
"Yes, the dearest, loveliest, quaintest silver locket you ever saw. It contained a lock of Muriel's hair. He had given it to Muriel, and she always wore it night and day underneath her gowns. Before she died she gave it back to Maurice and charged him never to let anyone else wear it. He showed it to me once, and I was childishly jealous. I wanted to wear it, and I worried Maurice until he gave it to me. I had it on under my wedding gown in church when Muriel came."

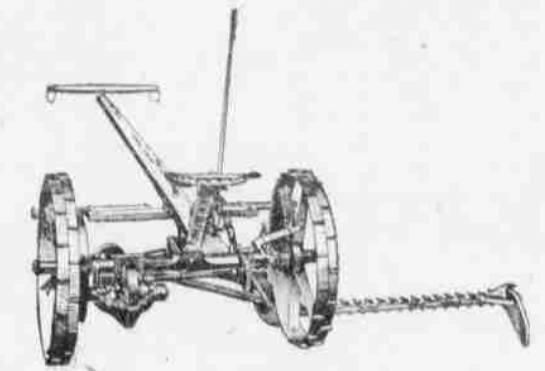
"But, Evelyn—"  
"She did come. She came again three times and stood beside my bed. It was in the early morning when it was just beginning to be light. Maurice was always asleep and he would not believe it. But I saw her plain—her eyes were so sad and reproachful. The third time she stood with her eyes fixed on the chain that held the locket. It came to me what she wanted and I unclasped it and gave it to her. She smiled then and she didn't go out by the door. She just seemed to fade away and was gone. She never came again. I have lost my foolish jealousy of poor, sweet, gentle Muriel, and I am happy now."

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HEPPNER, OREGON.

**Live Electric Plants.**  
There are in all about 50 species of electrical fish, but the electrical properties of only five or six have been studied in detail. The best known are various species of torpedo, belonging to the skate family found in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; the gymnotus, an eel found in the region of the Orinoco in South America; the macleopteris, the ranch or thunderer fish of the Arabs, a native of the Nile, the Niger, Senegal and other African rivers, and various species of skate found in the seas around Great Britain.

**She Wanted Another.**  
Edith visited the new arrival at my home, and was told that an airplane dropped it on the roof of a hospital and that the doctor brought it up. Before Edith checked home, she saw an airplane and cried out, to the amazement of passersby: "Please, mister, drop one, drop one."—Exchange.

**The Trouble.**  
"Everybody about that bank seems to be catching cold. Is it damp?"  
"No; but there are so many drafts about it."