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### FOR HIM

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

She was a small creature with wide appealing eyes of blue. And what the men found to so admire in her was more than other women could see. Among themselves they discussed her as a vampish person to be righteously avoided.

Certain it was that from the moment Meda Brown became a member of the Husted house party, swains old and young left their former adored to follow in her train. And, Meda Brown; what a plain name.

Nevertheless, the demure one triumphed easily—everywhere. The strange thing was that she did not try for the triumph, or seem to care. Usually she had to be hunted out in some secluded corner, or forestalled on one of her customary walks down the road. Gwen Person's fiancé was continually seen in the "welcome" Meda's company, and of late Marion Grover's heretofore faithful attendant was usually to be found there too.

The women's cool attitude toward the interloper showed their displeasure. What right had Julie Husted to bring this unknown relative of her husband's among them?

When Tom Lacy met her, Meda was pleading with her Husted cousins on the bank of a stream. She talked to Tom, as he happened along, while her cousins fished. And though Tom Lacy believed himself to be in love with Marion Grover, he lingered and thought the little Meda Brown person very entertaining, indeed.

It was always that way. As days passed he planned and schemed for them eagerly.

Meda was so delightfully surprising. She could be gravely, wisely sympathetic or infectiously gay and merry.

"I suppose," Marion contemptuously remarked to Tom, "you believe that flattering interest in yourself and your engrossing business is genuine. She puts it on for everyone like a cap. And then laughs at you for your pains. Why you all humor her in her self esteem is more than I can see. She's just a little cat without a thought beyond her own amusement. And if you care for me—"

Tom knew the rest. He had heard it before. If he cared for Marion his friendliness with the pleasing Meda must cease. The trouble was that he did not know this could be done. Meda was so different from flirtatious maids he had known. His friendship for her was a real and vital thing. Or was the deep feeling merely friendship? Then Tom Lacy knew—it was love. He told her frankly, as they sat together, that he had intended to marry Marion, and that he had thought he cared for her until Meda came. And, he recalled as he spoke, the many bitter things Marion had said of the girl, who now listened; the unkind tale of her unscrupulous conquests, her heartless triumphs, and he felt that the revelation of Marion's nature, with her unreasoning jealousies, had killed, at its beginning, any love that might have been. Tom, in his eloquence, was not aware of all that he said. He impressed upon Meda Brown his own belief in her, despite Marion and all others. And when he had finished, waiting breathlessly his fate, Meda, her soft eyes suddenly aglow, threw back her head and laughed. Tom stared, growing very white.

"You, too," laughed Meda, "so you had to love me. Though before we met you intended to marry Miss Grover."

Still smiling, Meda looked back at him. "Go and marry her, my dear friend," she said, "for I have finished."

Tom sat, after she had gone, trying to understand. He had not known that love could so make one suffer. Love, how little he had realized its meaning. So they were right, Marion and the rest of the women; it was unbelievable.

Tom Lacy stood undecidedly. He did not want to go back to the house. "A little cottage stood at the end of the country lane. He and Meda had stopped there sometimes to visit a solitary old woman. Meda liked to play for the lonely one on her old piano. His steps led him there now, unconsciously. Absently, he dropped on the wooden bench outside the cottage window. The tinkling tones of the piano came to him. Meda's voice was singing a sweet little song, its each verse beginning with "Somebody." He listened, wondering vaguely at the tremulous catch in the still loved voice: "And somebody's dream, if dreams can come true, is only a dream of gladness for you; my dream is for you."

Then all at once Tom Lacy understood. The despised girl would willingly efface herself and her love, that she might give to him what she believed to be his own dream of gladness. To him, and to Marion, who so misjudged her. So she had acted for Marion's sake, the part Marion gave to her. And through all she cared. His heart sang at the thought. For a moment he stood thinking of the two women—Marion, whose selfish exactions had marred their happiest hours, and this other girl, with her dream of gladness but for him. Tom Lacy went boldly into the room. Meda's eyes welcomed him. He took her into his arms.

### Enterprise.

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### Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo  
Scott  
Watson

#### UNCLE DICK WOOTTON, "KEEPER OF THE GATE IN MOUNTAINS"

Richens Lacy Wootton his parents in Virginia named him at his birth in 1816; Young Dick Wootton his companions in Ceran St. Yvain's trading outfit called him in 1836 when he joined them on the Santa Fe trail as a teamster, but as Uncle Dick Wootton, the "keeper of the gate in the mountains," he was best known to every trapper, fur trader and Indian fighter in the West.

Wootton's inexperience made him the butt of many a joke among St. Yvain's veterans, and one incident did not add greatly to his reputation among them. One night when the train had been corralled as usual in a circle, young Wootton was posted as a guard, with orders to fire at any moving object outside the corral. After some hours he saw a form moving about nearby, and promptly opened fire. The traders, awakened by his shot, rushed out, to find that young Dick had killed one of their mules which had wandered out of the corral. Dick soon lived down his blunder, however, by his courage in a fight with a band of Comanches a few days later. Here Wootton killed his first Indian.

Wootton became a trapper and trader, and had many a hard battle with the Indians in his wanderings. He won the undying friendship of the Arapahos, however, by saving the life of an Arapaho woman who was lost in a blizzard. They called him "Cut Hand," because he had lost two fingers from one hand in a boyhood accident.

During the Mexican war Wootton served as a scout for Col. William Doniphan, and once was asked to carry dispatches back to Santa Fe through a country swarming with hostile Indians and enemy troops. He was offered an escort but refused it, saying he could make it better alone. He accomplished the perilous task, and received the highest praise from Doniphan for his feat.

In his later years Uncle Dick Wootton, as he now was called, settled in Raton pass, on the border line of Colorado and New Mexico.

When the Santa Fe railroad built its line through Raton pass, one of the biggest locomotives was named "Uncle Dick" in honor of Wootton, and the old scout always watched for its appearance and smiled proudly as it thundered to the top of the pass with its heavy load.

### The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)  
He that riseth late must trot all day.—Poor Richard.

#### WHAT SHALL WE EAT.

For a small family fond of chop suey, a home-made variety will be found most appetizing.

**Chop Suey.**—Cut celery into two-inch strips, then shred, not too thin; cut one onion in bits. Fry one pound of very thin sliced round steak, which is cut into inch squares, in suet fat. When brown, add a little water and simmer, adding more water until the meat has cooked an hour, then add the vegetables, salt, pepper and a half-teaspoonful of sugar with two or three tablespoonfuls of Flg sauce, which comes in small bottles, retelling for twenty cents. The amount of seasoning depends upon the taste; a spoonful or two of caramel (brown sugar and water) adds a richness of color which makes the product more like the Chinese chop suey.

**Junket Ice Cream.**—This is not a new dish, but the sauce used with it makes a rather unusual one. To one quart of rich milk and one cupful of cream, warm to lukewarm, add one junket tablet, dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, mix well, add one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla; pour into the freezer can and let stand in a warm room until the junket is set, then chill and freeze as usual. When ready to serve, put the cream in long stemmed glasses and serve with

**Butterscotch Sauce.**—Put into a double boiler, set over boiling water, one cupful of cream, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of dark corn sirup, mix thoroughly and let cook over boiling water for one hour; then beat in one dessertspoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

**A Delicate Frozen Dish.**—Heat a pint of cream, remove from the fire and add one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then freeze. Cook one-half cupful of sugar with water to dissolve until it spins a thread, pour over a beaten egg white and beat briskly until cold. When the cream is partly frozen, open the can, scrape down the sides and turn in the frosting. Repack and stir until frozen. Serve with a thick hot maple sauce, flavored with vanilla, and add chopped walnuts. Serve hot over the cream.

*Nellie Maxwell*

## Messages Personal to You

Not letters or telegrams but almost as personal as letters or telegrams.

The advertisements in this paper—they were written for you and printed for you.

You would not lay aside a letter or telegram without opening it.

Neither would you lay aside your newspaper without reading the advertisements.

Merchants and manufacturers are talking to you. They are telling you of their

goods and their wares and their services. They tell of opportunities. They give you invitations.

It is impossible for these merchants and manufacturers to send letters to all the readers of this paper.

So here in the paper today are the letters to the whole community—and to you as a part of the community.

Reading them will help you to economize and post you on store news just as well as if each advertiser sent you a personal letter.

*Read them as if they came  
as personal letters to you*

### Somewhat Confused.

Nervous Bridegroom (at hotel)— "Eh—ah! I'd like a room with a wife, for myself and bath!"

### Technical.

The dramatic triangle, Robert, is caused by people not being on the square.

### Man's Ways.

Some men come home from work with a smile, and other men just come home from work.