

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Emma Kilcup, deceased has filed his final account with the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon and that said court has fixed Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1921, at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time and the County Court Room at the Court house in Heppner, Oregon, as the place for hearing said final account and any objections thereto, and the settlement of the estate of said deceased.

WALTER KILCUP, Executor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon. November 12, 1921.

Notice is hereby given that Ruby A. Coxen, formerly Ruby A. Ayers, of Echo, Oregon, who, on August 14, 1920, made Additional Homestead Entry, No. 017709, for SW 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 29, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, E 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 30, Township 3 South, Range 29 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 28th day of December 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses: Herman Young, of Echo, Oregon; Frank Perry, of Lena, Oregon; Ad Moore, of Lena, Oregon; Aulta Coxen, of Echo, Oregon.

CARL G. HELM, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 12, 1921.

Notice is hereby given that James Daly, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on October 23, 1918, made Homestead Entry, No. 017921, for N 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 9, Township 2 South, Range 28 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 28th day of December, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. C. Sharpe, of Lena, Oregon; John Kilcup, of Lena, Oregon; and James Kenney, of Heppner, Oregon.

CARL G. HELM, Register.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Bessie Wiglesworth, Gladys Wiglesworth and Walter Wiglesworth, minor heirs of Bitha Wiglesworth, deceased.

Petition having been presented by W. E. Wiglesworth, Guardian of the person and Estate of Bessie Wiglesworth, Gladys Wiglesworth and Walter Wiglesworth, minor heirs of Bitha Wiglesworth, deceased, from which it appears to the court that it is necessary for the support and maintenance of said minors that the real estate hereinafter described be sold, and that the same would be beneficial to said minors.

It is therefore hereby ORDERED that the next of kin of said minors and all persons interested in the estate appear before this court at the County Court room in the County Court House in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. on Tuesday the 27th day of December, 1921, and show cause if any there be, why a license should not be granted said guardian for the sale of all of the right, title and interest of said minors in and to the Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter of Section 13; Southeast quarter of Southwest quarter and Northwest quarter of Southwest quarter of Section 12, in Township 3, South Range 28, E. W. M., said sale being subject to the courtesy interest therein of said guardian.

Done and dated in open court this 18th day of November, 1921.

WM. T. CAMPBELL, County Judge of Morrow County Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON.

County of Morrow.

I, J. A. Waters, County Clerk of Morrow County, Oregon, and ex-officio Clerk of the County Court of said County and State, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the original Order made and entered in said matter, as appears by the records of my office and of said court.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said court, this 18th day of November, 1921.

J. A. WATERS, County Clerk of Morrow County Oregon.

YOUTHFUL DREAM

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Barrie, in college days had been an athlete, and fond of the great out of doors. Resting beneath a spreading tree, with arms clasped idly above his head, he had dreamed dreams of an adventurous future with some congenial "nut-brown" maid by his side. Instead, Barrie had fallen early in love, and sacrificed his dream to necessity.

It was his adverse fortune, to love, and marry a white flower of a girl, who, unlike the hardy brown-tanned maid of fancy, exacted tender care and the support due the clinging vine. Barrie tried not to love Lillian; stubbornly he had fought against her charms, all to surrender the more eagerly at last. And Lillian proved a good wife, faithful to the details of his home keeping, sweet natured always, and lenient to his whims.

When Barrie, irritably insistent, grumbled at the confines of city life, Lillian, unmoved, packed his bag and cheerfully bade him good-by, as he hurried westward on some lonely vacation. Sometimes it seemed he was really hurrying away from Lillian. Her dainty perfections wounded him. But after dogged days of freedom, tramping unfamiliar country or fishing in wild and isolated places, Barrie was sure to come, shamefacedly and humbly, back to Lillian's welcoming hospitality. Her smile would be as sweet when he returned as it had been on his departure. And this satisfied imperturbability of her's brought to him merely impatience. Mallory came back to the office one day with enthusiastic tales of a month spent out West.

"Give me your route, Mallory," he said brusquely, and the next day found Barrie on his way to the lonely places.

The office could manage well at this time, he said, without him. When he was on his way, Lillian called Mallory to ascertain any possibility of danger in Barrie's outing. To her Mallory enthused on life in the open, as he had to her husband. When Lillian turned from the telephone the wondering light in her eyes gave place to understanding. Barrie's first weeks on the ranch found him joyously content.

"This is something like it," he told Dan of the ranch, "this morning's ride was like a tonic."

Big Dan smiled. "You take it alone tomorrow," he said. "I'm going over early to Hastings. At Hastings—" Dan's smile changed to a rouseful laugh—"there's a new girl. Not any like her in this part, so we all go over to see her."

"She makes the kind of flapjacks for the boys your mother used to make—and she lets us crowd into her cabin and eat 'em. Somebody named her 'Prairie Flower,' out of a book he'd read; but say! that girl can ride! Goes flying on her white horse like a streak. She's as brown and red tanned as an autumn leaf, and she wears a red cap on her head—hair that's curly and brown, too, like a leaf, and when Prairie Flower laughs—say, it's like a lot of birds singing in the morning."

Barrie grinned. "Dan!" he exclaimed, "you are in love."

"We all are," Dan answered. "Dan," Barrie exclaimed, decidedly, "I am going with you tomorrow morning to Hastings. Not that I've any foolish notion concerning this ranch girl, but I do want—to taste some old-home-weak flapjacks."

Barrie scarcely knew, himself, what impulse moved him, but he was guiltily aware as the two rode out in the morning light together of a longing memory, persistently hinted, of the nut-brown maid of youthful dreams.

It was, perhaps, by contrast that Lillian seemed almost wearisome in her perfect sameness. The boys were evidently stopping for their morning call at the picturesque cabin. "She's got up early, I guess," a disappointed caller explained, "to ride over to Blue Ridge. She does that sometimes, with her big bulldog. Nothing can't hurt her with that beast around."

Satisfaction was in the gruff tone. Barrie realized now how protectively the Prairie Flower was regarded by her rough companions. Determinedly Barrie cantered toward Blue Ridge. "If she don't want anyone along, why do you go and disturb her?" Dan complained.

But something hanging in the cabin had caught Barrie's eye. An amazingly familiar something—a blue and gold embroidered apron that Lillian, across their own living room table, had spent many evenings working upon. Surely there could be no other apron so ingeniously original, for he, himself, had whimsically drawn this design on the blue linen. Instinctively and illuminatingly, the truth came to him. Lillian, in her faithful love, had followed to be near, in his isolation, and yet not to trespass. Lillian, growing and molding herself into an understanding of his old, longing dream. He opened his arms as she slipped from her white horse to run to him. Browned, yes, but starry-eyed and radiant.

"We will come here," she whispered after a time of silence, "whenever the longing seizes you, Barrie." And Barrie's smile was a lover's smile, as he called her his "nut-brown maid."

WOMAN SAVED BY LEGION MAN

Mississippi Lieutenant Awarded French Medal of Honor and Life Saving Emblem.

A woman caught in a jam of civilians fleeing a town in the war zone of France was forced over the parapet of a bridge, falling into a stream 70 feet below. Several French officers looked on in horror, but a young American officer without hesitation leaped after the submerged woman, bringing her to the surface and safely landing her on the shore.

The hero was George A. Dunagin who at the time was a lieutenant in the liaison service of the United States army. For his bravery he was awarded the French medal of honor and the Congressional life saving medal.

Today, Dunagin is in charge of the Shreveport (La.) sub-station of the United States Veteran's bureau in Paris and London, and was assigned by the American Legion to assist General Dawes in the investigation of the needs of disabled ex-service men.

Dunagin was born at Laurel, Miss., and was educated at the Mississippi A. & M. College. His military service, which, after an injury sustained in a machine gun accident, was in the diplomatic corps, took him to seventeen European countries.

"LEGIONAIRE" NAME OF TOWN

Arkansas Doughboys Settle on Adjoining Tracts in Oklahoma and Form 2,500-Acre Colony.

They are beating their swords into plowshares in the biblical way of saying that veterans of the World war are going back to the farm.

In Arkansas, on a 2,500-acre tract, a "colony" of sixteen former service men descended from Tulsa, Okla., and settled on adjoining quarter-sections of land. All of them were members of the Joe Carson post of the American Legion and they plan to establish a trading center and town under the name "Legionaire."

The doughboy colony is in Scott county. Most of the settlers will be able to call the land their own in seven months as the state allows two years of war service to count on the residence requirement.

Some of the men will spend the winter on their land, clearing timber, building, hunting and trapping. It is estimated that 100 service men of Tulsa ultimately will settle on government land.

WAR WORKER AIDS JOBLESS

Entertainer During Conflict Enlists to Help Unemployed Ex-Service Men in New York.

Miss Ellerbe Wood will be remembered by many ex-service men for her work as an entertainer of the Y. M. C. A. corps in France. With her own troupe of young women she spent a year "cheering" the doughboys in the overseas camps. Her service, however, did not end with the war. She has enlisted to help the unemployed ex-service men in New York.



When "The Man Without a Country," the film version of Edward Everett Hale's historical story, was shown in New York under auspices of the American Legion, Miss Wood volunteered her services, and at each performance read the preamble to the constitution of the Legion and gave a patriotic reading. The proceeds from the show were used in the welfare work among jobless ex-service men.

MAKES CITIZENS OF ALIENS

Americanization Committee of Montana Post Successful in Preparing Applicants for Naturalization.

Training aliens for citizenship has been successfully carried out by the Americanization committee of the Great Falls (Mont.) post of the American Legion. A class of 87 aliens has just finished preparation for naturalization under direction of the Legion committee, and 37 of them were admitted to citizenship. This was an unusually high percentage, according to the naturalization officer.

Another class of 100 foreigners is now in training for the citizenship test. They receive instructions from the Legion committee twice a week. Following the course of instruction they are subjected to preliminary examinations to determine their fitness for citizenship.

Many Graves are Unmarked.

Because of a shortage of government grave-markers and the failure of congress to appropriate funds for their purchase, the graves of thousands of Americans killed overseas are unmarked in this country, according to a report of the American Legion, filed at Washington. The Legion's legislative committee will petition the congress to set aside sufficient funds to allow the purchase of a marker for each grave, as required by law.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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SCOUT CALLED "TAM-E-YUKH-TAH" (CUT-OFF LEG)

Amos Chapman was a scout for Gen. Nelson A. Miles in the war with the southern plains tribes in 1874. One day, with Billy Dixon ("Hasta"—Long Hair) and four soldiers he was carrying dispatches from Miles' camp on McClelland creek in Texas to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, when they were surrounded by a war party of 125 Comanches and Kiowas.

At the first fire from the Indians Private Smith fell from his horse. His companions, believing him dead, dismounted, abandoned their horses, and ran to a buffalo wallow, a depression in the ground about 100 yards away. The two scouts worked swiftly with their knives deepening the wallow while the three soldiers kept up a hot fire against the savages, who were riding at full speed in a fast-narrowing circle around them.

Suddenly Chapman noticed Private Smith trying to rise. "Boys, keep these infernal redskins off me and I'll run back and get Smith," he said to his companions. He laid down his rifle, sprang from the wallow, and under a hail of Indian bullets ran to where Smith lay. Throwing himself beside the wounded man, the scout pulled Smith on his back and rose. As he staggered back towards the wallow, 15 Indians rode for him at full speed.

Dixon and his comrades opened up with a fierce fire to protect Chapman in his dash for safety. When he was only 20 yards from the wallow an Indian rode almost on top of him and fired. The scout fell, but since he did not feel any pain, he believed he had only stepped into a hole.

"Amos, you are badly hurt!" exclaimed Dixon as Chapman dropped beside him.

"No, I am not," declared the scout. "Look at your leg," replied "Hasta," and when Chapman looked he saw that one leg was shot off just above the ankle. He had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind him, but in the excitement of the moment he did not know it. His friends amputated the foot, bound up the wounds, held out against the assaults of the Indians until they were rescued by a company of soldiers. Their brave defense won special mention in General Miles' dispatches, and Chapman was given a medal of honor for his heroic act. Ever since that fight the Indians have called him "Tame-yukh-tah" or "The Man with the Cut-Off Leg."

Stories of Great Scouts

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FREDERICK WILLIAM SCHMALS-LE'S DARING RIDE

Down on the Washita river in Oklahoma one September day in 1874, Captain Lyman's company of the Fifth Infantry were fighting for their lives against 400 Kiowa and Comanche warriors who had surrounded the wagon train which they were escorting to General Miles' army.

That night Captain Lyman called for volunteers to make a dash through the Indian lines and ride to Camp Supply, 50 miles away, for help. The first to offer himself was Frederick William Schmalsle, a scout. Taking only a carbine and mounting the best horse in the command, Schmalsle slipped out of the corralled wagons and rode away. He was at once discovered by the Indians, and while urging his horse to top speed the scout rode into a prairie dog town.

The horse stumbled, nearly throwing its rider over its head, then recovered and sped on. Schmalsle had lost his hat and carbine in the tumble, and the Indians were gaining on him. They would have caught him, too, if he had not run into a buffalo herd, which immediately stampeded. Bending low over his horse's neck the scout rode beside a big buffalo bull and succeeded in escaping the pursuing redskins. By this time he had lost all sense of direction. Finally reaching a stream which he recognized as the Canadian river, he knew he was headed in the right direction.

Recent rains had swollen the river to a torrent and an attempt to ford it in the darkness meant the chance of death from quicksand or floating driftwood. Deciding to wait until daybreak, the scout began searching for a ford. Suddenly he heard dogs barking and knew he was near an Indian village. He must cross the river. Plunging in boldly he managed to reach the other bank in safety.

Daybreak found him in broken country covered with thickets and in one of these he hid all day, hungry and thirsty. At nightfall the scout, with the North star as his guide set out again. After riding all night, he reached a lay camp at Wolf Creek, 20 miles from Camp Supply.

Stopping here only long enough to eat and to get a fresh horse, Schmalsle sped on to Camp Supply, which he reached soon after noon. While the relief expedition was being organized the scout slept—for two hours—and when the soldiers rode away to the rescue of their comrades Scout Schmalsle led the way and guided them safely to the wagon train within the next 20 hours.

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