

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Emma Kiteup, 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, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 29, 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; Al Moore, of Lena, Oregon; Anita 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 5, 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. E. Sharpe, of Lena, Oregon; John Kilkeny, John O'Rourke and James Keany, 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 Beaula Wigglesworth, Gladys Wigglesworth and Walter Wigglesworth, minor heirs of Ilitha Wigglesworth, deceased.

Petition having been presented by W. E. Wigglesworth, Guardian of the person and Estate of Beaula Wigglesworth, Gladys Wigglesworth and Walter Wigglesworth, minor heirs of Ilitha Wigglesworth, 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 decree 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 12; Southeast quarter of Southwest quarter and Northwest quarter of Section 12, in Township 2, 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.

LEGION AND THE UNEMPLOYED

Organization Discourages Parades and Stunts to Attract Attention to the Jobless Men.

In assuming responsibility for the care of jobless ex-service men throughout the country the American Legion, through its national unemployment committee, has sent out the following messages:



"To the Public—Hire the soldier. He may have been restless at one time, but he is steady now.

"To Municipalities—Start now public works which you may have planned to put off until next spring."

"To the Soldier—Don't float around—tie yourself down to a community and stick to your job when you get one."

The Legion's unemployment committee's survey revealed that about 900,000 veterans of the World War were out of work and many of them in actual need of food and shelter. In its appeal to the U. S. Legion posts to assist in giving relief to the needy ex-servicemen the committee discouraged charity—soup kitchens and bread lines. "Our buddies must have food and shelter without degrading their manhood or our country," the committee declared.

Parades and "stunts" to attract attention to the unemployed are discouraged by the Legion. The employment committees of the local posts are asked to bring the needs of the ex-service men directly to the attention of the employers and demand preference for America's defenders. The employer must be convinced that the restlessness noticeable among some service men at the close of the war has disappeared.

In Boston a parade of jobless ex-service men was headed by Frank Greenfall, a New England doughboy, wearing four decorations for bravery in France.

Legionnaires with incomes have been asked to adopt an unemployed buddy and take care of him until he finds a job.

VOTED THE "HOMELIEST MAN"

Editor of Nebraska Veteran's Paper Draws Women's Decision at Department Convention.

Glean H. Coffey, editor of the Mid-Western Veteran of Lincoln, Neb., was adjudged the "homeliest man" at the convention of the Nebraska Department of the American Legion, but his photograph reproduced herewith raises the question of what is meant by the homeliest man.

The candidates for the "honor" were lined up on the stage of the convention hall at Fremont, and five women decided their fate, based on the unvarnished appearance that greeted each of the contestants as he arose. The second honors went to Linn Doyle, state boxing commissioner of Nebraska.

"I am deeply sensible of the unique honor conferred upon me by the convention," Mr. Coffey said. "Some of the other contestants could hardly be classed as matinee idols, but I feel that I was elected entirely upon my merits."

ENDANGERS SECURITY OF U. S.

Manhattan Post of Legion Condemns Action of Navy Department in Releasing 200,000 Members.

"That the security of the United States is endangered by the release by the Navy department of nearly 200,000 members of the naval reserve force, is the opinion of members of Manhattan naval post, American Legion, New York, who have adopted a resolution terming the dropping of the reservists as 'breaking the back of the reserves.'"

The Manhattan post is composed of former navy enlisted men and officers. The post has made a careful study of naval affairs and has maintained a policy favoring complete naval preparedness.

The resolution points out that without the maintenance of a complete naval reserve force, the government lacks sufficient trained men to man the ships and stations of the navy in time of war.

Cause of Mirth.

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had, incredible as it might seem, come to call the cook to account.

"Bridget," she said, "I must insist you have less company in the kitchen evenings. Last night I was kept awake by the uproarious laughter of one of your women friends."

"Yes, mam, I know," Bridget admitted cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."—American Legion Weekly.

HIS BEST COAT

By JULIA A. ROBINSON.

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It was one of May's failings, if you call it a failing, that she wanted to help everyone in need, in fact, to feed every tramp who came to the door begging for food. A very lovable failing it was, and no one could find the heart to blame her.

May had managed her father and mother, and brought them into her way of thinking, but with Harold it might be different.

"If I marry you, Hal," she had told her lover, "you must let me keep on with my charities just the same."

"Agreed," he laughed, with admiring eyes. "I only ask that you do not run me into the poor house."

"You know I would not do that," she pouted. "I'll just give away what is mine, out of the allowance you give me, and the old things we do not want."

"Sure thing!" he returned. Things went smoothly for May after she was married. Her husband was devoted, itself, and life was happy.

"I feel real lonesome," she confided to her husband. "Don't they have any tramps in this part of the town?"

"Well, really, I like that!" he reassured, with pretended anger. "Lonesome! when you have me? Ain't I as good as any tramp?"

"These, Hubby, you know I didn't mean that. You're the best husband ever was, but you know I can't give you cold victuals and old clothes."

"Well, I should say not," he quipped, and the kiss he gave her assured her she was forgiven.

It was not very long, however, before the tramps found her out in her new quarters. It does not take long for them to learn who is ready to help them. One by one they came to her door, and she was happy once more in the thought that she was doing good.

One day a very poor looking man came to the front door. He was old and thin and stooped. His clothes were almost threadbare and it was a cold day. May invited him into the kitchen and gave him food, which he ate with a relish.

"If you had an old overcoat, lady!" he suggested. "The wind sweeps through me in this old coat and my lungs are weak."

He gave a hollow cough that showed he spoke the truth. Her kind heart was touched. She must find a warm coat for the man; there must be one about the house somewhere.

May did not know very much about her husband's wardrobe or what he did with his worn-out clothes, but she would look. No doubt she would find one tucked away in some closet that she could give to this man who needed it so much. Where did her husband put his old clothes, she wondered, for she did not find them lying about in as great profusion as she could have wished.

At last she opened a closet in a back hall. There it hung, the very thing! The old coat she had been looking for. Joyfully she took it from the peg. There was a good deal of wear in it yet, she noted with satisfaction. It would keep the man warm all winter.

The tramp was sincere and profuse in his thanks, and May's heart glowed as she watched him depart, warily clad in Harold's old coat.

"Let's go to the movies tonight," suggested Harold, after he finished his supper. "Want to go?"

"Oh, yes!" cried May. "I'd love to go! How good you are!"

As they were about to start Harold said: "I think I'll put on my overcoat; it's cold. I haven't worn it this season."

He went out of the room, but soon came back in consternation.

"How feeding any tramps today?" he asked.

"Yes, one poor old man. He was cold and hungry, and half sick, too."

"Well, he's helped himself to my best winter overcoat for thanks." Harold's voice was stern and May felt a little afraid.

"Your best overcoat! Oh, Hal!" she stammered.

"Yes, I hung it in that back hall closet. He must have slipped in and taken it while you were preparing his dainty food." His voice was bitter.

May trembled. Hal's best overcoat! And he was angry! What would he do to her if she told him? Yet she could not have the tramp blamed unjustly. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Hal!" she sobbed. "It wasn't the tramp. He didn't steal it—I—I gave it to him. But I thought it was old and that you'd thrown it away."

She shivered, expecting angry words of reproach.

Harold was silent for a moment. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"So you thought it looked only fit for a tramp, did you? And my wife was the thief! I shall have to put my clothes under lock and key hereafter to keep them from a robber in my own household!"

May looked up, shyly, half afraid, but these were smiles in Harold's eyes. "You're not really angry with me?" she ventured. "Oh, Hal! Forgive me and I'll never take your things again!"

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

NED BUNTLINE, SCOUT WHO WAS WRITER OF PLAYS

Some of the old scouts turned their hands to queer trades when the Indian fighting days were over. Buffalo Bill was the owner of a Wild West show, Edgar S. Paxson became a painter, and Capt. Jack Crawford was a poet. It was left for Ed Buntline to add another to the list of unusual things for a scout to do. He became the writer of dime novels and the producer of melodramas equally exciting.

Judson was his real name, and Edward Zane Carroll Judson was the full title with which his parents burdened him on the day of his birth in Philadelphia in 1822. He became one of the boys who ran away to sea and when he was only thirteen he rescued the crew of a boat that had been run down by a ferry steamer in New York harbor. Soon afterwards he became a midshipman in the United States navy.

Then the West called him and Judson answered the call. During the Civil war he was chief of scouts among the Indians on the western frontier, and after that he wandered all over the great plains as hunter and trader. He made the acquaintance of Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Texas Jack, and began writing his thrilling tales, part fact and part fiction, about their lives. Ned Buntline was the pen name he used in his writing, and as Ned Buntline he became famous.

Buntline believed that eastern audiences would be interested in plays based on life in the Far West and in 1872 he persuaded Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack to come East and take part in one of his melodramas. They arrived in Chicago one Wednesday and found that Buntline was planning to open the show the next Monday. He had rented the largest theater in the city, but none of the other actors had been engaged to appear with the two scouts. In fact, the play had not yet been written!

With characteristic energy Buntline set to work and in four hours he had written a play called "The Scouts of the Plains."

Buntline's dime novels were equally popular, and, in spite of the disapproval of their parents, the boys of the eighties and the nineties eagerly read the hair-raising adventures of "Red Ralph, the Ranger" and "Dead-Eye Dick." Buntline never won renown as a scout himself, but he helped spread the fame of others, until in 1892 he followed the trail of many of the "redskins" who "hit the dust" when one of his hero's "trusty rifles rang out."

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

THE HEROIC DEED OF "OLD MAN" RICHARDS

One of the hottest Indian fights in frontier history was the Battle of Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle in 1874. The Adobe Walls consisted of several huts, and two or three stores surrounded by a stockade, and it was headquarters for a party of hunters who killed buffaloes.

The Indians saw with dismay the destruction caused by the white men. They resolved to destroy the Adobe Walls and kill the hunters before they had wiped out the vast herds of bison.

Early on the morning of June 27 a war party of Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes, under the leadership of Chief Quannah of the Comanches, swept down upon the Adobe Walls. The buffalo hunters were awake, however, and as the Indians charged the white men with their heavy Sharps buffalo guns poured a deadly fire into their midst. The Indians attacked again and again, but each time they were beaten back with heavy loss. Nor did the hunters escape unharmed.

Three of them were killed in the first attack, and in one of the stores a young man named Thurston was shot through the lungs. Presently his cry of "Water! Water!" was heard above the din of fighting.

The nearest water was 50 yards away, where a pump stood in the unprotected open. In this same store was an old scout called "Old Man" Richards. He heard young Thurston's cry.

"I reckon now," said "Old Man" Richards, "I'll go fetch a bucketful."

He took a bucket and tossed it through the window. A frightened dog that had been hiding near by followed him, whining. Indian bullets cut up the ground all about them. The pump was slow. It took two minutes to get the water started from the sun-cracked spout. The pump was struck a dozen times as Richards worked the handle.

He pumped on without raising his head. The dog was shot down at his feet. A bullet tore his hat from his head. Still he pumped on. At last the bucket was filled. He picked up his hat, placed it on his head, took up the bucket and brought it back to the store without spilling a drop. There was not a scratch on him.

"It's sure some hot out there in the sun," said "Old Man" Richards as he gave the dying Thurston a drink.

Picking up his rifle, he took his post at a window again without indicating by word or act that he knew he had just come out of the jaws of death.

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