

Prominent People

A. B. Adams New Colorado Senator



Alva B. Adams of Pueblo has been appointed United States senator from Colorado to succeed the late Samuel D. Nicholson, Republican. Gov. William E. Sweet, in announcing the appointment, said, among other things:

"Having been elected governor upon a progressive platform, I have appointed Mr. Adams because of his progressive ideas concerning industrial and social questions. The progressives and conservatives in the United States senate are so nearly tied that the appointment from Colorado has attracted the attention of the entire country. The man whom I have appointed will cast his vote with the progressives and will actively co-operate with this group."

"In appointing Mr. Adams as United States senator, I have honored a native son of Colorado. While he has won distinction in the practice of his profession, he has also honored a noble ancestry. His father was a pioneer in the state, was three times elected governor and was one of Colorado's most distinguished citizens."

Mr. Adams is a son of the late Alva Adams and was born in Del Norte in 1875. He was graduated from Yale in 1898. He then entered Columbia law school and was graduated there in 1900, immediately returning to Pueblo to begin the practice of law.

Baldwin, Britain's New Prime Minister

There is a new government in Great Britain and Andrew Bonar Law has been succeeded as prime minister by Stanley Baldwin. It is a surprising development, which indicates, among other things, Mr. Baldwin's personal popularity, as the cheerful, good-humored and straightforward business man who negotiated at Washington the funding of the British debt to America.

Three facts stand out in the selection: The capture of the premiership by a business man. Another blow to the prestige of the house of lords in the rejection of Earl Curzon. The growing power of labor as shown by the part it played in the decision.

In steel, shipping, banking and railroads Baldwin has had lifelong experience. He is brisk, alert, up-to-date. During the war, when he could not himself fight, he surrendered one-fourth of his large fortune to the state.

While his father, Alfred Baldwin, was in steel, the women of the family have been literary and artistic. In political and literary annals there have been many famous sisterhoods, but few have been more interesting than the four daughters of Rev. George B. MacDonald, Wesleyan Methodist minister, of whom Georgiana married Sir Edward Burne-Jones and appeared as the type of saintly loveliness in his pictures; Agnes married Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy; Alice married an Indian official called Rudyard Kipling, and Louisa married Alfred Baldwin and still lives as the prime minister's mother.



Tennessee Settlers in Early Illinois

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The early history of Illinois is always a topic of interest because of location and the fact that the northern part was settled from the East and "Egypt" from the South. Much of the progress of early Illinois may be traced to the influence of immigrants from Tennessee, who came to this state to the number of 30,000 in the early migration period, according to a paper prepared for the Illinois State Historical society by Rev. Edward B. Landis of Homewood, Ill.

"There were three migrations from Tennessee into Illinois, extending through the first half of the Nineteenth century," says Mr. Landis. "The first was from about 1800 to 1825. This migration was animated largely by the commercial idea of cheap land, a fertile country, an opportunity for a home."

"The movement was not because of the slavery question, except in a minor way, for slaves were held by some in Illinois from 1725 to 1824 or 1825—a period of 100 years. It is to the credit of the people, however, that in 1824, when their first vote upon the subject was taken, the soil of this great state was to be known as free soil."

"Following immediately a second migration from Tennessee began, which was animated by a desire to be out of

slave territory. A great many Tennesseans were opposed to slavery and wanted their children brought up on free-soil territory. Great honor is due these sturdy pioneers, who hewed out a path through the trackless forest and across broad prairies, crossed streams on crudely constructed rafts, undergoing all manner of privations and hardships for the sake of an ideal.

"The third migration was after the close of the Civil war. Times were hard in Tennessee at that time, and families, for their own sake, and for the sake of the young people, moved to Illinois, and other Western states. The influence of these Tennesseans has been very variously estimated.

"Shortly after the first great numbers arrived and settlements sprang up over different sections, new counties were formed and in the leadership of these counties many officers were chosen from the Tennesseans. In the first constitutional convention there were a number of these men, so it early became evident that many of them filled positions of honor and trust in offices throughout the state.

"There is one other phase usually overlooked by historians. The wives of some of these prominent men were women of distinguished families, bringing to their new homes a culture, poise and charm of an 'elect lady.'"

Saxophone Wins College Boy a Bride

CHICAGO.—When Alfred J. Kvale, twenty-two years old, eloped to Crown Point and married Miss Ethel Virginia "Billie" Stanfield, his action bridged the gap between church and the stage, surprised a congressman who is greatly interested in prohibition and linked two families of prominence in Maryland and Minnesota.

Young Mr. Kvale is a musician in the orchestra at the Rendezvous cafe, where he has been playing a particularly "wicked" saxophone. His father is Rev. O. J. Kvale of Benson, Minn., who beat Congressman Volstead last year, because he was "drier than Volstead."

The bride, Ziegfeld "Follies" beauty, until recently was a member of the "Sally" chorus. Her father is a wealthy contractor living in Pikesville, a suburb of Baltimore. She is blonde and golden-haired, while her husband is tall and dark. The couple met only a month ago. Thereafter the bride was much at the cafe, listening while young Mr. Kvale sobbed and moaned of love on his saxophone.

Publication of the marriage license

let the cat out of the bag. When Mrs. Kvale was informed of it at her home, she professed great astonishment.

"Pish tush," she said, "it can't be true."

At midnight Mr. Kvale, at a Chicago hotel, was advised of the license. He had come to attend a political conference on the valuation of the railroads.

"Now, now!" said Mr. Kvale. "This is much too premature. Tomorrow, perhaps—or some other day. I can't say a word tonight."

Strenuous questioning elicited the information that he had already been aware of the elopement.

"My new daughter-in-law is a very fine girl," he added, "a wonderful girl, and we are thoroughly satisfied with what has taken place, although I will admit it was a-a-a bit sudden."

Young Mr. Kvale admitted he had disappointed his parents somewhat by quitting the University of Minnesota to go forth with his saxophone.

"Perhaps I should have told father and mother about Billie," he said. "Oh, well, it's all O. K. now—mother's congratulated us and father's perfectly satisfied."

AN ORDERLY HOUSE

By MARGUERITE BUFFUM

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ANNE Trevor was tired. She had scrubbed and cleaned her little house until it shone with a new splendor. Two freshly baked apple pies were on the pantry shelf, and beside them was Bob's favorite spice cake with its thick white frosting.

Upstairs the rooms were spotless and inviting with their crisp, white curtains and beautiful linen.

Anne loved the cleanliness of her house, yet she resented being tired. "Bob is so peevish lately, too," she whispered to herself.

She glanced at the clock, and, noting that it was nearly time for him to be home, moved slowly to the stove and started taking the dinner up. She carried the baked ham that she had prepared so carefully to the dining room and placed it before his place. "I'll bet he won't even say it's nice," she said, then paused to stare blankly at Bob as he stood in the doorway.

"Am I as bad as that, Anne?" Anne, overtired and nervous, suddenly burst into tears.

"If you wouldn't slave so, Anne, and go out more—"

"You don't understand, Bob. You always said you liked a well-ordered house, and when I have it orderly you find fault."

Finally came the day when Bob had brutally told her she was losing her good looks. After he left, Anne hurried to the mirror. The reflection there assured her that she was still pretty. But it was true that her face was losing its bloom. It hurt so much to have Bob say a thing like that.

Anne thought of the time when he used to say, "My pretty little wife," as he held her close. She wondered, vaguely, if he would ever say it again. What had made him change so?

The work of the house had to be done.

Anne's troubled gaze turned to the street and the fast-moving stream of automobiles. The flash of an orange scarf caught her attention. The wearer was June Evans, and she was earnestly talking to the man beside her.

Suddenly he turned and looked toward the house. It was Bob! Ordinarily Anne might have been curious, but not jealous. But somehow, to her tortured mind, June's gay scarf seemed to wave defiance at her; and her vivid coloring, untouched, Anne knew, by any makeup, recalled Bob's stinging remark of the morning.

There suddenly came to her the desire to tell somebody her troubles, somebody who might help her straighten out the tangled threads. She thought of Mary Brone. Mary was six years Anne's senior and had always been a close friend. It was to Mary that she had first confided her great love for Bob.

"And how can we ever be happy?" finished Anne, as she sat before Mary Brone's open fire.

"Anne," said Mary, "you've allowed your house to absorb you. Do you remember the day I called, two weeks ago? When I got up from my chair you stopped to straighten it before you came with me to the door. You didn't think I saw you. I was dying to tear that set, immaculate room to pieces."

"You've taken a broom and dustpan and mop and driven comfort and happiness right out of your home. You've denied Bob the companionship he's entitled to, and then wondered at his being silent and irritable. He's disappointed, Anne, and disillusioned. And," Mary's voice became more gentle, "you've been to blame."

Anne hurried home, convinced that she had been losing sight of the greater things of life in pursuit of things less worth while. Mary had not spared her, yet she felt no resentment in her heart. She had been taught a much-needed lesson—a lesson she knew would help her many times in the future.

Bob greeted her as she opened the door. "I had to come home early, Anne," he said. "I kept remembering your face when I said what I did this morning. Will you forgive me? I thought perhaps I might persuade you from working so hard."

"You don't need to persuade me any more, Bob. I'm beginning to realize that I've been the one at fault. I'm going to do differently—that is, if you don't mind having things less elaborate."

Bob looked at her wonderingly. He did not quite understand her sudden change of attitude, but he didn't stop to ask questions. A wave of gladness thrilled him.

"Of course I don't mind, dear, if it will only bring me back a happy, contented Anne."

He pointed to a large package upon the table. "There's a surprise for you. June Evans helped me select it."

Anne unfolded the wrappings and lifted out an evening wrap of soft gray with a wide fur collar.

"It's lovely, Bob! Why, it must have cost—"

Then stopped as he held up a forbidding hand. She softly stroked the lining of the shimmering coral satin.

Bob drew her toward him and looked into the happy, flushed face.

"My pretty little wife," said Bob, as he held her close.

His Dilemma.

Jail Visitor—Didn't you have money enough to pay the fine?
Motorist—Yes, but I couldn't spare it. The car needs new tires and re-varnishing.

Do all architects smoke pipes?

That was the question that struck outsiders at the fifty-sixth annual convention of the American Institute of Architects held at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, recently.

Nearly every other architect had a big pipe clinched between his teeth. Cigars were in the minority, and cigarettes nowhere.

Just why this was no architect present could explain, unless it was as one of them said, "Oh, I guess we just like a pipe best."

Maybe architects smoke pipes because there is less likelihood that fire will fall onto the drawing boards? Or do successful architects draw any more?

Uses Ancient Legacy.

An epidemic of witch-burning in New England occurred about 1690. A number of eccentric old women were denounced and put to death. Those days are linked with modern Harvard by the realization recently of a legacy left the university 223 years ago by Lieut. Gov. William Stoughton, who condemned and also pardoned many of the convicted witches. He was a member of the Harvard class of 1650. Stoughton hall perpetuates his memory. He died in 1700, leaving 23 acres of pasture to his old college. Part of this land has at length been sold to Boston city and scholarships will be established with the proceeds.

Animal Plagues Let Loose.

The true reason for famine prices of some articles of farm produce in Europe is given by Dr. E. A. Watson of the Health of Animals Branch of the Canadian Agricultural department, Ottawa. He says that it comes from disorganization and paralysis of the veterinary service in many parts of Europe. This has allowed infectious disease to spread from country to country, such as foot and mouth disease. So in several European countries milk, butter, meat and other animal foods are almost beyond the reach of the common consumer. Much suffering and ill health results especially among the children.

SUMMONS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Morrow County
The First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, a Corporation—
Plaintiff,

vs.

Ida Thompson Catlin, Seth Catlin, Harriet Thompson Burke, Edward Burke, Edna Thompson Nelson, Clark Nelson, Sadie Weller Routh, Albert Routh, Eva Weller Flynn, P. C. Cresswell, Mary M. Cresswell, James L. Cresswell, Martha J. Cresswell, Mary E. Cresswell, Ellis, M. Bell Thompson, Ralph Thompson and Helen Thompson—
Defendants.

To P. C. Cresswell, Mary M. Cresswell, Sadie Weller Routh and Albert Routh, of the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you, and each of you, are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, filed against you in the above entitled cause and court, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit, on or before Wednesday, the 12th day of September, A. D. 1923, and if you fail so to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff herein, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit, that you, and each of you, be decreed to have no estate, right, title or interest in or to the following described real property, to-wit:

Lots numbered Seven (7) and Eight (8) and all of that portion of Lot numbered One (1) lying on the west side of Willow Creek in Block numbered Eight (8) in Standsbury's Addition to the Town of Heppner, in Morrow County, State of Oregon, or any part thereof, and that it be decreed that the plaintiff is the owner in fee of all of said described real property, and that you, and each of you, be forever enjoined and barred from asserting any claim in or to said premises, or any part thereof, adverse to the plaintiff herein, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable and just.

This Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Heppner Herald, a weekly newspaper of general circulation in Morrow County, Oregon, once each week for six successive weeks, under and by virtue of an order duly made and entered in the above entitled Court and cause on the 27th day of July, 1923, by the Honorable W. L. Campbell, County Judge of Morrow County, Oregon, and the date of the first publication of this Summons is the 31st day of July, 1923, and the date of the last publication hereof will be on the 11th day of September, 1923. Done and dated and first published this 31st day of July, A. D. 1923.

VAN VACTOR & BUTLER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Postoffice and residence address: The Dalles, Wasco County, Ore.

14-20

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