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HEPPNER, OREGON

Dr. N. E. WINNARD
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Fair Building
HEPPNER - - OREGON

A. D. McMURDO, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Patterson Drug Store
HEPPNER - - OREGON

Dr. R. J. VAUGHN
DENTIST
Permanently located in the Odd Fellows building, Rooms 4 and 5.
HEPPNER, OREGON

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Office on west end of May Street
HEPPNER, OREGON

SAM E. VAN VACTOR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

S. E. NOTSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office, Roberts Building, Heppner

Office Phone, Main 643
Residence Phone Main 665

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Regular monthly visits to Heppner and Ione. Watch paper for dates.

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AN UNFINISHED STORY

Story Telling Pointed Moral Found Among Effects of Woman Who Recently Took Her Own Life.

The following unfinished narrative of a young woman's life was recently found among the personal effects of by swallowing strychnine at Morgan Mrs. Emerson who took her own life a few weeks ago. Whether the story told is parallel with that of the writer's we cannot say, but these written words, probably the last from the pen of the young woman before she died, bring out a strong moral and may serve as a warning to young girls about to enter upon the stages of young womanhood. The title has been supplied by the editor as the writer had given her article none.

AN UNFINISHED NARRATIVE.

She was a small, dark haired, dark eyed little woman, with just about the saddest, sweetest face it had been in my way to see for a long time, was this little woman, whose story I am about to tell. You see, it happened this way. I was young, still in my twenties, and had a pardonable habit, I guess you would call it, of nosing around in places where others of my age seldom went. Perhaps it was because I had an idea in my head that I'd like to be a reporter or something like that, but anyway I started in going to the court room and hearing the trials.

I would get lots of satisfaction out of some of the cases, hearing some of the defendants getting their just deserts, some I felt sorry for and wished I could help. That was the way I felt about "her."

That morning I felt rather out of sorts and just happened to think I had not been to hear a case in court for a long time. So my footsteps took me in that direction. They had just started "the case" when I went in. There "she" was, dressed all in black and heavily veiled. But I didn't take much interest in her then. The attorney for the prosecution had called up a witness and was questioning him for all there was in it. Then all of a sudden, with a little cry, half sob and half moan, the little woman threw off her veil. It was then I received the surprise of my young life.

For say, fellows, she was as sweet and pretty a little woman as ever I had seen. Then she stood up before the judge, with hands clasped in front of her.

"Oh, what is the use of all this unnecessary talk. I am guilty. What is the use of going on with it all. Oh, your honor, can I speak, and speaking tell all in my own way with never a cross question nor an interruption? Can I, your honor?"

The old judge looked at her and at the attorneys for the defense and prosecution. And say, I'll wager not one of you ever saw a look like the one on the face of the judge. It was just plain, blank astonishment. Back went his honor's eyes to her and then he "swore her in."

She seated herself and was silent for a few minutes. Then in the saddest, sweetest voice you ever heard, she began:

"As I said before, I am guilty, but I want to take you all back with me, back to the days of my childhood. Back when, where as a happy little girl I played in the dear old orchard on my father's farm. I was not an only child yet I was lonesome.

"My sisters, years older than I, did not relish me being with them and my mother, being a farmer's wife, was always too busy to pay any attention to me. And my father was always busy in the fields.

"My only chum was my little black dog 'Curley.' How we used to run and play out over the dear old orchard, all summer long. In the fall, when the school started, I went to a little country school. I liked to go, how much, I guess no one will ever know, for I wanted to learn, learn and learn. I wanted knowledge. I wanted the right to make my dreams come true, for as I grew older, I dreamed more. Year after year went on, every one just the same. Finally father bought him a place of his own and we moved onto it. I was happy then, and oh, how I wish I could have stayed on, always that way."

The little woman's voice faltered and tears streamed from her eyes. Someone handed her a drink and she raised her big brown eyes to thank him. After a little, the low sweet voice went on again.

"Then he came. I don't see why he should have picked on me. I saw him first at a party, where I had gone with my sister and her family. I was just about 14, and it was the first time I had ever been to a party.

"I don't remember much about him. I was busy watching them all have their good times.

"I think I dreamed of that party for nights and nights afterward. I

Star Theatre - - - Star Theatre

A Big Special Attraction
COMING SUNDAY

"THE FLAME OF THE YUKON" Thrilling story of the frozen North.

Featuring Dorothy Dalton and Dustin Farnum

Also a good 2-reel comedy.

9 BIG REELS 9 All for 20 and 30 cents

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

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With Dorothy Phillips, the screen queen of beauty and talent.

REMEMBER

The Star shows are open only five days each week now with a complete new program each show night.

SUNDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.



Big Dance at Opera House, Wednesday, March 3rd, by BOWKER'S XYLOPHONE ORCHESTRA

The Gazette-Times

Makes Clubbing Arrangement With The Oregon Farmer Offers Unusual Opportunity to its Readers

AMONG our large circle of readers there are a great many who are interested directly and indirectly in fruit growing, dairying and other branches of farming. All of these naturally wish to keep in close touch with agricultural activities throughout the state; and to know about any fight which is being waged for the measures Oregon farmers want and against all sorts of schemes that are detrimental to the people and agricultural interests of this state.

We have, therefore, made a special clubbing arrangement with THE OREGON FARMER whereby any farmer or fruit-grower, who is one of our regular subscribers and who is not now a subscriber to THE OREGON FARMER, will be entitled to receive THE OREGON FARMER in combination with this paper at the same rate as for this paper alone.

This offer applies to all those who renew or extend their subscriptions as well as to all new subscribers. If you are interested directly or indirectly in Oregon agriculture, do not miss this unusual opportunity, but send your order in now.

THE OREGON FARMER is the one farm paper which is devoting itself exclusively to the farming activities and interests of Oregon. It has a big organization gathering the news of importance to farmers, dairymen, fruitgrowers, stockraisers and poultrymen; and it has the backbone to attack wrongful methods and combinations and bad legislation, and support honest leaders and beneficial measures. We are confident that our readers will congratulate us on our being able to make this splendid and attractive clubbing offer.

208 PAPERS FOR ONLY \$1.50
Two for the Price of One
The Gazette-Times every week for one year and The Oregon Farmer every week for Three Years, all for only \$1.50
This is merely the price of the Gazette-Times alone.

know I did daytimes, for I dreamed of the days when I would get to be a young lady and have beaux of my own, just like other girls. So things went on. I was always thinking of what I wanted to be. Of my life in the future. Oh, what castles I built. What sweet dreams I dreamed.

"Then 'he' stepped into my life and I went with him, (with my mother's consent) to another party. Oh, God in Heaven, why, oh why, do such men exist, who prey on a young and foolish girl. Far better for me had I died before I ever went to that party with him, for I did not return the same girl. Only God knows of my fright and struggles and my cries for mercy, but there was none."

Again the little woman paused and into her face came a cold grey look and the pupils of her eyes dilated with a smoldering hatred. But only for a moment did she pause, then went on again.

"No one knows, unless they have had to stand the agonies of those days that went by. Then time began to tell. And it was soon found out that I was to be a mother. Oh God, how I suffered the torture my poor mind was in.

"We were made to marry and he left me at the door. I did not care by that time. I think I was past caring, for with reproaches heaped upon my innocent head, I felt that the future held nothing in store for me. I could see only misery ahead. For at the first hint, all my young friends, also the old ones, cut me dead. I was unfit to be with their children.

"But he did not get off so easy. There was a law and it drew him in. He was turned loose on bonds, waiting until my baby was born."

A silence had come over the court room and but few eyes were dry. Poor little woman, such suffering she had had to endure.

"I passed through that awful agony and my little girl was laid in my arms. I kissed her, poor little thing. I was guilty, yet innocent. Yet punished with a punishment that would last until death.

"I recovered slowly, and the baby lived and grew. It was so sweet, and my only thought was for its future. Then the day for the trial came. All day I was on the stand, and when evening came, the jury was out but a short time when they returned with a verdict of guilty. He was sent away to serve his term, and I was at home trying to begin over again.

"Then into my life there came a man, and I don't know how it happened, and I doubt if any one does, but we got acquainted and then he asked me to marry him. Yes, to me

it seemed a loophole for an escape, so I married him. But I soon found my mistake. He was not a homeloving man and the torture I went through at his hands! He was never at home, always gone. I found it hard to get along, and after the baby came it was worse than ever. He neglected me more than ever and finally my strength and health broke down. I was sick and complaining all the time. For years it went on that way. Then I left him.

"I struggled, trying so hard to be good and do right, but in a city where work is hard to find, living is a hard proposition. But I managed to do it until I met another one. He and his mother were living together. His mother was a sort of a toothless old hag who I did not like from the start, but I had to work and work hard. Oftentimes I was without work, so I had to stay with them.

"Then he wanted to marry me, so I got my divorce. I knew I did not care for him, but I did hate to work so hard, so when the time came, I married him, fully expecting his old mother to go to one of her children's home. But she did not go, and so for days and days I stood her beastly temper. Always when he was gone, how mean she was to me, and how awful mean to the little boy. He was afraid of her.

"Then they moved out into the country and he stayed in town to work. I had all the outside work to do. I cut the wood, milked the cows, worked in the fields, and performed a man's work daily. I had to do all this for the old woman made me do it. At night I was so tired I could not sleep.

"Then I left there."

Here she stopped and with her head resting on her hand she seemed to have forgotten where she was. I began wondering what her troubles were now. What had brought her to this court room. I was waiting feverishly for her to go on.

She continued, "I went to work in the city. I worked so hard and tried to go on and do right. I got a place waiting tables, but I had to leave my baby all alone so much I was afraid—"

This was the end of the story as found among Mrs. Emerson's effects.

FOR SALE—Good fresh milk cows. H. J. BIDDLE, Ione. 4t pd.

Thoroughbred Mammoth Bronze turkey hens for sale. Five dollars apiece. T. J. MATLOCK.

For Sale—Barred Rock cockerels, \$2.50 each. WIGHTMAN BROS., Heppner.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SEALED BIDS WANTED.
Sealed bids will be received up to and including the first day of April, 1918, by the Cattle and Horse Association of Hardman, Oregon, for party to ride the reserve during the coming summer. The period of service will be five months. The Advisory Board of the Association reserve the right to reject any or all bids. Address bids to GLENN A. FARRENS, Secretary, Hardman, Oregon. M7-28

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Nora McCabe, deceased, has filed his final account with the County Clerk of Morrow County, Oregon, and that the County Court has made and entered an order setting as the time and place for this hearing of objections to and settlement of said final account, the County Court Room in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, on the 6th day of April, 1918 at the hour of 2:30 o'clock P. M.
FRANCIS McCABE, Administrator.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' ANNUAL MEETING.
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Jordan Warehouse & Storage Company will be held at the Liberty school house, Eight Mile on the 2nd day of April, 1918, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day. Officers for the ensuing year will be elected and such other business transacted as may properly come before the meeting.
E. R. HUSTON, President
H. W. ANDERSON, Secretary.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
Notice is hereby given that trespassing on the C. T. Walker estate ranch, six miles southwest of Ione, is forbidden. Promiscuous driving through the fields of this place will no longer be sanctioned and violators of this notice will be dealt with according to law.
C. T. WALKER ESTATE,
By Walter Lucyer.

1000 Extra Choice Black Locusts for sale at Cummings Nurseries. These trees are very fine and sold at practically wholesale prices. Harry Cummings, Heppner, Ore.

LOST—34 x 4 auto tire on rim Smooth tread. Finder please return to Gazette-Times office and receive suitable reward.