

# HEPPNER HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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by  
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## "When Duty Calls."

"The ship is sinking," was the cry sounded on a great ocean liner a short time ago. There was mad scramble for seats in the lifeboat and many were pushed aside, crushed, lost. One man, however, stood quiet, unmoved, and sized up the situation. He grasped the telegraph key and sent out the S. O. S. call. Out it went in every direction. Miles away a tired operator suddenly sprang to his seat and made reply. Assistance was on its way. The boats were full and no help was yet at hand. Many hugged the decks as they lurched and leaped forward. Up the water came, deck after deck was engulfed and the helpless passengers went into the dark, cold, silent unknown. When the icy water closed over that ill-fated ship it silenced the hand and the call for help.

A short time ago a cry was heard in a Pullman car, "We are held up." Many women were in the car, some frightened, some excited, all very much alarmed. In a few seconds the robbers appeared. Quietly yet firmly they demanded the valuables of the passengers. There was one man in the car that was cool, collected and calm. Not because he had taken an oath to uphold the law did he do his duty, but because within his power was a chance to do the right.

It was all the work of an instant and the question comes to us now, "How could he do it?" It is true that he is naturally quick and his decisions are generally right. But it lies behind that. From early boyhood we are told he had a keen sense for the right. Well has it been said that the characteristics of the boy become the habit of the man. When opportunity afforded an expression of this appreciation for the right it came automatically.

Such men reflect credit upon the office which they hold. They instill a deeper respect for honest toil. They tend to arouse a wholesome fear of men who are commissioned to uphold the welfare of society. They are making the undesirable professions a minus quantity and hastening the day when all such will exist only as material for the fiction writer. Society needs producers not barnacles, men who thrive as parasites are scheduled to an early dismissal and oblivion. Such incidents as the happening on last Thursday morning are full of significance if we read them right.

## Concerning Handicaps

History abounds in examples of men who were given more than they could fletcherize. The famous Greek, Solan, is credited with the statement, "The place showeth the man." Bacon said that all rising to great places is by winding stairs and those who sit calm and serene at the top are those who have struggled and fought their way up.

In Hillsville, Virginia, some time ago, there lived a family of Allens. They were men of property. Sidna Allen lived in a house that cost twenty thousand dollars, owned a grist mill and ran a general store. They were

barons of the Blue Ridge and evidently did not understand social contract that provides that we all shall abandon a certain part of our natural rights for the good of society. One day a Baptist preacher came to Hillsville and when he said a few things about no rich man being able to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the Allens forthwith drove him out. Some of the citizens, however, sided with the preacher. The Allens had dominated the country long enough. Things finally culminated in the famous court house scene with which every one is familiar. Thus we see men living in one of the most Nature-favored places in the world, with pedigree, broad acres, family pride, freedom of religion, abused their privileges and brought themselves down to ignominy and disgrace.

Huerta and Villa are types of men who awoke and found themselves in possession of power. It would be unfair to expect more of them than they have already shown. Villa was merely a holdup man a few months ago and took to systematic plundering and murdering under the rebel mask, for war is nothing but legalized murder in its last analysis.

The British Admiralty allow a man to lose one ship and they never wink an eyebrow. But when he loses two, it is assumed he is getting the habit and they relieve him. A few days ago many people in this community and nearby communities were shocked to hear of the tragic death of a Gilliam County boy. There was nothing particularly different in this boy than in many others. He went to the city where he met a wealthy young lady, married her and started to do the town. Prosperity came unexpectedly upon this man. He was just like many of the rest of us, he meant to do well but he hadn't acquired the technique. There are several sorrowful hearts now that might be rejoicing. Just where the blame attaches we don't know. It seems to be one of those tragedies that Nature keeps always upon her stage, the failure and ruin of lives that might have been. Position, and power gravitates to those who can use it, if you can't exercise it, you will not be handicapped with it long.

## Education and Opportunity.

One of the ghastly chapters of history is that in which is related the stories of what men have suffered in the pursuit of hidden gold. The mythical argonauts of Greece, risking their all for the recovery of the golden fleece, were but the prototypes of American argonauts risking the hell of sun-parched deserts that they might gather a little of the gold of California. The treasure-hungry hoards of Europe, toiling to their destruction in the wilds of the new found Americas, were no more eager in their quest than was the gold-mad multitude that wrote upon the frozen Klondyke its record of misery and disappointment. The lure of gold has ever proved an irresistible magnet to the energy of man. To it he responds with an enthusiasm that takes no account of cost.

The world owes a great deal to the daring gold seekers whose craving drove them across and beyond the frontiers. For the gold seeker as a rule has been followed by the trapper, the farmer, the manufacturer and the tacher. New states have been created, new governments formed and new and better civilizations erected because the gold hunger of men has impelled them to challenge the wilderness. Only a fraction of the multitude, however, belong to the company of free lances that became gold-seeking pioneers; the majority of the people are

restrained by circumstances, hindered by disposition or bound by duty. To these people it should be a welcome truth that more great fortunes are dug out of heads than out of mines.

In a forceful editorial in the Saturday Evening Post, George Horace Lorimer said:

"Within ten years a thousand million tons of coal have been added to the coal supply of the United States. Of course the coal was there all along and its existence was long known; but its steam producing power was so low that it was considered practically worthless. It was added to our fuel supply by a number of scientific men who kept on experimenting until they discovered that if burned under a gas producer this low grade coal would yield more power, ton for ton, than the best steam coal burned under a boiler. This fuel supply was created so to speak, by the hard thinking of comparatively few men in a back room."

Opportunity is what every man, who isn't a loafer wants—a store to run, a coal mine to operate. This is merely a Christmas suggestion, that he will find the coal mine in his head if he will look diligently for it.

A coal mine is an extremely valuable thing if the man who owns it has the tools with which to work it. The mines of wealth stored away in the brain are valuable if the individual has the proper tools to work them. The most important tools with which we can extract from the mind the wealth that it contains are education and opportunity.

The great problem of the age is to give to more human beings the tools with which to extract the wealth from their own minds.

Distribution of education is the great work. It does a man no good to look diligently for a coal mine or a gold mine in his brain if he can't do anything with it after he has found it. There are those who tell you that if a man has it in him it will come out—but it won't. A man with the imagination of a great poet will never be a great poet if he can not read or write. Gray musing at sunset in a humble village churchyard two hundred years ago, wove into beautiful verse the suggestion that among the slowly sleepers at his feet were Hampdens to whom realization never came. Cromwells in everything but consciousness of their power. It is one of the tragedies that Nature keeps always on her stage—the failure and ruin of lives that might have been. Columbus was ridiculed by half of the forgotten fools of Europe. Lincoln was sneered at until hard-won education uncovered the unsearchable treasures of his mind. Genius does not always shine in a countenance nor ring through a voice.

There was once a man who gave it as his opinion that opportunity knocked but once and many people have been foolish enough to think that he had some divine communication that imparted the idea to him. Opportunity and education beckon on every side, an eager ear or a watchful eye is all that you need furnish. Take heed to whatever will develop your gray cells and you will be surprised how opportunity will bump into you.

## Be Worldly Wise.

It was once thought necessary to sprinkle a little Latin or French into your conversation in order to convey the impression that you were educated. The old story of the young man who, when he came home from college called every thing about the place by its Latin or German name, was greatly shocked when his father said after he had omitted several strong words when the cow overturned the

bucket, "Son, those are the first real words you have spoken since you came home, I know you're one of us sure," is true today. Most of us now think that an educated person is one who can handle himself well in what ever position he is placed. No man is educated that can not carry on an intelligent conversation with the man who is painting his house.

There are many highly educated people with college degrees who do not know how many of our popular expressions got started. "Got his goat," and "We should worry" do not attract our attention because of the alliteration but for their psychic import. Slang has been called a certain kind of vagabond language always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech. The English language is the strongest language used and this is due to its ability to take up slang. Slang enables us to better express ourselves and when used by prominent people is classed as standard bred.

"We should worry" started in St. Louis, Missouri. A cartoonist of that city first employed it and it spread over the entire country in a few days.

"Got his goat" started in New York state. This fine literary phrase was first uttered by Ed. Geers. In the stable of Ed. Geers was a very fast horse known as Prince Regent. This horse was of a very nervous disposition and when alone, especially in a new stable, fretted and suffered with homesickness. Geers bought a goat as a companion for the horse. When he would take the horse out on the track to trot, he would seemingly look forward to the time when he could return and tell his experiences to the sympathetic goat. The night before the great Futurity Race in Buffalo, some one got into the barn and stole the goat. The horse so pined for his mate that he seemed to lose heart and by the time that the race was announced in the afternoon, Prince Regent lost his nerve. Some one noticing his drooping ears asked Geers what was the matter with the horse. "Why some one got his goat," replied Geers. And so the phrase has gone clattering down the centuries like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail. It has been fixed in the current coin of speech.

I happened to be in the Heppner post office the other day when a smart looking young lady came in and asked Mr. Richardson to see that her letter got off on the first train, it was really important. Now Mr. Richardson is a very kind man, he also knows the little details of the business. He stopped the young lady and said, "You young ladies who want your letters to go through the mails in a hurry, should always write "In Haste" in the lower left hand corner. Then every one connected with the Postal Service jumps around lively. Jim Howell whips his horses into a brisk trot, the postmaster dances a jig, and Will Gregg pushes forward and tells Harry Launtz to pull the throttle wide open and let her go. It is all very simple if you understand the regulations.

## An Educated Man knows—

Where Styria is.  
The oldest man in Morrow County.  
Who William Butler Yeatts is.  
The pres. of the Steel Trust.  
His Congressman's name.  
The leader of Tammany Hall.  
Who Hugo Munsterburg is.  
Where the tallest skyscraper is.  
The origin of "I should worry."

The fire bell tapped a few times about nine o'clock Monday morning. The grass on the hill west of town was afire again.

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