

HEPPNER HERALD

S. A. PATTISON PUBLISHER

An Independent, Local Newspaper.

Entered at the Heppner, Oregon, Post Office as second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

One Year - \$1.50
Six Months - 75
Three Months - 50

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1917.

"LETTER BUCK"

The slogan of the Pendleton Roundup, "Let'er Buck," is known wherever the good, old United States language is spoken and wherever and whenever the words are read, or heard, or uttered they call up a picture of intense activity—of bucking bulls, and pitching horses, of sun-baked cowboys and befeathered Indians, of cheering men and applauding women, of dust and sweat and sunshine, of the biggest show on earth and the only one except the Passion Play at Oberammergau that is put on as a strictly community enterprise from which no man receives one penny of profits and to which every man connected with its promotion and management digs up his little old four-bits every time he passes the turnstile inward bound.

The slogan, "Let'er Buck," means more at Pendleton than it might in many towns. Too many communities have initiated some smaller public enterprise—there is but one Pendleton and one Roundup—only to sit down again and sleepily murmur, "let'er buck," and the cayuse, finding the saddle empty, no quirt biting nor spurs tickling his ribs soon simmers down and goes to grazing in the fence corner.

That, however, is not the Pendleton way. When Pendleton takes a reef in her belt and yells "Let'er Buck," why, she bucks, and that's all there is to it. She bucks, son, and she bucks proper—no crowhopping business, no riding with a "roll," no tugging at a "buck strap." That particular broncho is going to be ridden "straight up" and he is going to have the time of his life while the performance is going on.

At least that is the way it occurred to this writer during a recent visit to Pendleton, on the occasion of the annual convention of the State Editorial Association. We newspapermen had arranged to hold our meeting at Pendleton, and after a period of friendly figuring together on the cost of 500 letter heads on 16-pound bond stock, on how much money we are losing with subscription rates at \$1.50 a year in arrears, and on how best to make one big, old, iron dollar do the work of three or four on those dark days when the printer wants his money and the grocer looks somewhat like a thunder cloud, we thought to quietly steal away and slip out to some shady place along the Umatilla river, spend Sunday in a quiet and seemingly way, eat the remains of our lunch brought from home then return to town in time to attend evening service at the Presbyterian church (we had been told that Pendleton churches were not usually crowded during the summer, or round-up season) and catch the night train for our respective and highly respectable homes.

"Piffle, says Pendleton, "you boys can't get by with any stunt like that. Don't you fellows know that Pendleton is the biggest town of its size on earth? Don't you know that when we say "Let'er buck," she bucks? Don't you know that we have a few million acres of wheat fields around here that we want you to see? Don't you know that we want to show you ginks your future happy home down at Doc McNary's nut house? Don't you know that we have a beauti-

ful lake and summer resort in the suburbs, less than 200 miles from the city hall that we want you to take a look at?"

Well, Pendleton said to the Editorial convention, "Let'er Buck," and we bucked. We bucked into the delightfully cool assembly hall in the Umatilla County Library building and held our conventions; we bucked into the dining room in the same building and ate most delicious luncheons; we bucked out through miles and miles of the most wonderful wheat fields on earth and gazed at the golden grain; we bucked down to the Indian camp and saw the red men dance—and incidentally made the bucks buck by trying to snap-shot them—we bucked down to the Eastern Oregon Hospital (nut house) inspected the institution and inmates, one of whom remarked to another as we passed through, "Gee; Doc brought in a big bunch of new ones to-night, didn't he?" bucked into the banquet hall and proved our partial sanity by enjoying the spread; bucked aboard a special train of Pullmans and bucked our way out through La Grande, on up to Joseph, and with the aid of the big men of big, little Joseph, and their big 7-passenger cars, we bucked out to the head of Wallowa lake where we bucked our way thru mountains of cantaloups, ham and eggs, camp bread and coffee at breakfast and more mountains of fried trout etc. for dinner as guests of the Josephites. Bede, of Cottage Grove, even insisted on bucking his way to the top-most peak of a majestic mountain where he photographed his companion on the dizzy peak in proof that that particular mountain had been fairly Captain Cooked. Phil Bates bucked himself into the lake and a pair of trouserettes, made a failure in the part of mermaid but might easily have qualified as a flounder.

We bucked back to LaGrande Sunday evening, bucked out to Riverside Park, bucked through another banquet, listened for the eighth time to E. B. Piper's and Frank Irvine's after dinner speeches, heard Sanderson's second "pome," forgave Bruce Dennis for having beaten the rest of us to it in amassing a fortune and getting out of the game, shook hands with Senator Pierce and welcomed him back to the ranks of road boosters, decided to go to Coos Bay next year because Miss Freda Hazer, prettiest girl and best booster on the coast asked us to, complimented Clark Leiter on being a citizen of LaGrande, thanked Phil Bates for being the best, gentle old cart horse in the world and doing most of the association work, promised our new president Voorhies, that we would be good boys and stand by him through thick and thin, and then, as the lights began to flicker, and the engine bell began to clang, we thought of dear, old Brodie, our past president, who has given of his time, his money, and his splendid ability, to make the association what it is today and then, when the farewells were said came the thought to many an editorial mind—Why not some political recognition for the newspaper fraternity of Oregon? Why not good old Brodie for Secretary of State next year? Why not? Boys, let's buck Brodie in.

TYPICAL MOSSBACKISM

The State Highway commission has taken a broad view of road development and planned to spend the proceeds of the six million dollar bond issue recently voted, so as to benefit the entire state, showing no discrimination towards those counties which by voting against the road bond issue showed their opposition to good roads. It has been generally presumed that all counties would gladly avail themselves of state co-operation and thus, perhaps unwillingly, have fine highways thrust upon them. There

is at least one exception—judged by the acts of its officials,—Lane county.

The road bonding program benefits no county as much as Lane, with its two highways thru the Willamette valley, its highway south, its Mackenzie river and Florence roads and a Lane county man as highway commissioner. Yet the bond issue was savagely fought by the opposition to the measure voted by the people. To cap the opposition, the Lane county court has rejected the offer of the State Highway commission to take over the Pacific highway from Cottage Grove to Douglas county and hard surface it, and instead appropriated \$5000 to macadamize it.

This is probably the finest bonehead play of the many bonehead plays indulged in by the opposition to the state road bond issue—where a paved road at state expense is turned down for a makeshift macadamized road at county expense. Evidently paved roads are not wanted in Lane county and the taxpayers cheerfully tax themselves to keep from having them.

The incident demonstrates very clearly the workings of the reactionary mossback mind that is opposed to innovation and progress from principle and hence always opposed to bonding for permanent highways, yet willing to be taxed for temporary improvements in the streaks of mire he wallows in half the year.

The State Highway commission should pass up Lane county and all other counties which spurn good roads and spend the bond money in counties that are glad to co-operate in securing them.—Medford Mail Tribune.

MONTANA WOMAN WINS

Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin, of Montana, the only woman in congress, caused at least one bureaucrat in official Washington to sit up and take notice a few days ago. Miss Rankin was informed by some curious woman that women and girls employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing were being worked 12 and 13 hours a day for a daily wage of \$1.75. She made an investigation and found the report true. She filed a protest with the Treasury officials. Director Ralph began to make excuses which would have satisfied the ordinary male member of congress but they did not satisfy Miss Rankin. She produced official proof that Mr. Ralph's excuses were not facts. Each succeeding excuse Mr. Ralph offered Miss Rankin disproved until she finally kicked up such a fuss that the Secretary of the Treasury was compelled to order an investigation and every contention made by Miss Rankin was fully established and the conditions complained of were promptly remedied.

A fitting sequel to this story would be the removal of Mr. Ralph and the appointment in his place of some bright, capable woman who would run the bureau as it should be run. The great trouble with women in politics is that they are so infernally persistent about such things that an ordinary, old-type politician hasn't a fair show with them.

FOR SALE—320 acres of fine, raw land in Marion county, Oregon, 10 miles from Silverton, 22 miles from Salem. Best quality soil, lies well, practically all plow land. Running water for stock on both quarters. Close to macadam road, less than one-half mile from railroad. Good school, neighbors improved farms adjacent. Home market for all products of farm at big logging camps farther in interior. Land easily and cheaply prepared for plow. A splendid proposition to cut up and sell in smaller tracts or to develop entire. For particulars enquire at the Herald office.

Peanut Butter Soup.

In these days of high prices it may be useful to housewives to learn how to make a delicious, nourishing soup, a quart of which may be made for a nominal cost. This is a purée of peanut butter or cream of peanut soup. It can also be made in less than ten minutes, thereby costing very little for fuel.

The ingredients are three cupsful of milk, a cupful of boiling water, half a cupful of peanut butter, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of cut parsley.

While the milk is heating mix the peanut butter with the boiling water and work it smooth, then add to the boiling milk. Mix the cornstarch with a little cold milk and add to the hot milk. Add the salt, pepper and nutmeg. Boil for three minutes and sprinkle with parsley. Serve with little crackers.—Washington Star.

Snapping Down the Rugs.

The press button system with which we are familiar in gloves and garments has been applied by a European inventor for fixing carpets, tapestry hangings and the like, says the Scientific American. For instance, a small spring socket is inserted flush with the floor, and the carpet carries a corresponding projection, so that all that is needed to lay a carpet or rug is to push the buttons into the sockets.

Again, the projections are mounted along a stout tape band and the sockets on another, quite like the usual pressure button. One tape is sewed to the rug, and another can be tacked down upon an already laid carpet, so that the rug can be laid or removed instantly.

Hangings can be put on the walls in the same way. Curtains or portieres can also be mounted, and all such material can be at once removed for cleaning. In case of fire valuable hangings can be saved.

Children.

Children are God's own creation. And it would be wise to follow his own direction about the growth of our children's mind toward freedom and light. The highest education is that which does not merely give us information, but makes our life in harmony with all existence.

Children are in love with life, and it is their first love. They are not born ascetics, fit to enter at once into the monastic discipline of acquiring knowledge. At first they must gather knowledge through their love of life, and then they will renounce their lives to gain knowledge, and then again they will come back to their fuller lives with ripened wisdom.—Rabindranath Tagore in Hearst's Magazine.

New York Stock Exchange.

The record high price for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange was \$95,000 in 1905 and again in 1906. In 1916 the highest price paid was \$75,000, the lowest \$60,000. In 1915 the highest price was \$74,000 and the lowest \$38,000. In 1914 the highest price was \$55,000; in 1913, \$53,000; in 1912, \$74,000; in 1911, \$73,000; in 1910, \$94,000, and the same price in 1909. The lowest price in the last twenty-five years was \$14,000, paid in 1896.

Soil of the Farm.

Cato recommended that the soil of a farm be good and fertile; also that near it there be plenty of laborers and that it be not far from a large town; moreover, that it have sufficient means of transporting its produce either by water or land. This advice, although 2,000 years old, still holds good.

Fish and Brain.

The saying that fish is the best brain food comes of an old long tongue wind-bag years ago saying, "Thought is impossible without phosphorus." So a Swiss chemist, knowing that fish contained phosphorus, put two and two together and brought forth a saying that will never die.

Missing His Chance.

Mrs. Johnson—How does yo' feel dis mornin', Joe? Mr. Johnson—I feels bad, mighty bad. I wish dat Providence would have mussy on me an' take me. Mrs. Johnson—How can yo' expect it to ef yo' won't take de doctor's medicine?—Puck.

Ancient Brickmaking.

The Jews learned the art of brick-making in Egypt. In Isaiah lxx, 3, complaint is made that the people built altars of brick instead of unhewn stone, as the law directed.

A Model of Politeness.

"Mrs. X. is as polite as an echo."
"As an echo! What do you mean by that?"
"She never fails to return one's call."

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Keep the Sink Clean.
Growth in the sink is a very prolific cause of disease. It cannot but accumulate from dishes and utensils, and when small bits of vegetable matter adhere to it a shelter is given to mischievous bacteria. Besides, grease will clog the drain and become a nuisance and an inconvenience. The surest and simplest cleansing agent is a strong solution of washing soda and boiling water. The sink should first be scrubbed with soap and the hot solution then dashed down the drain. This cleaning should be done at least once a week.

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