

THE GAZETTE-TIMES.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Thursday, July 23, 1914.



Where The West Begins.

(Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.)
Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
That's where the West begins.
Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendships are a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the West begins.
Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

OUR FUTURE IS GREAT.

In his journey about the county the past week, Mr. O. E. Freytag was wonderfully impressed with the "bigness" of this section. It was his first visit here. Morrow county has splendid farms and they are growing better, yet Mr. Freytag could not help but notice that our people are still far from getting the returns they are entitled to. Like many others, he is positive that the most of the farms are far too big; this fact alone making it impossible to get the best returns per acre. This implies that we need many more people here and these of the sort that are willing to work the land as it should be. Mr. Freytag does not speak from inexperience, for he is a man well versed in agriculture, horticulture and stock raising. He has seen other sections of this state developed far beyond the expectations of the "original settler" and has had no small part in this development; and these subjects are receiving his best thought and constant attention.
He noted with pleasure that the poultry industry is being pushed throughout the county, yet this is an infant here. Mr. Freytag urges more thorough and earnest effort of our farmers in this line. In order to stimulate this industry and to fully illustrate and demonstrate the best methods in poultry production, Mr. Freytag will conduct a special exhibition at the coming Morrow County Fair. He will put stress upon the proper grading and culling out of the fowls and show the best manner of handling poultry in order that the business may be made to pay the best returns. He wants to see this industry grow and prosper here for he has yet to see a section anywhere that equals Morrow county for the production of poultry. Conditions here are ideal, and Mr. Freytag is enthusiastic over it.

OPTIMISM.

To look on the bright side of life and its affairs with an enthusiastic belief that everything is all right and for the best is ideal. This is especially true as it applies to those who come into contact with the sick. A physician, above all men, should be an optimist—ready to stimulate hope even though he may not have it himself. Hopefulness in the countenance and optimism in the words and actions of the physician are as sunshine in the sick-room; they stimulate hopefulness of recovery in the sick and a courage that often has a potent influence for good. Even when recovery is not often possible, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association, good, not harm is done. Hope makes life worth living while it lasts. The psychic influence is always felt so long as consciousness remains. Paget, speaking of hypochondriacs, says:
Your chances of doing good will depend mainly on the skill with which you can influence the patient's mind; for of the components of his case the mental condition is the worst.

Mea do not draw from their bank account and expect the balance to stand without making deposits against withdrawals. They can not make money in their own city and spend it elsewhere and then expect to keep on making money at home. They must invest profits in their own city if they wish it to prosper.—Spokesman-Review.

OUR HOME PEOPLE.

Automobile owners in Portland are receiving catalogues which invite them to buy auto supplies from Sears, Roebuck & Company in Seattle.

Why buy in Seattle? If, after receipt the purchases are not satisfactory, can the buyer afford to go to Seattle to make an exchange or get his money back?

Have Sears, Roebuck & Company of Seattle ever paid any taxes, or employed any workers, or contributed anything to the gayety or progress of Portland?

If we take counsel from the catalogues and buy auto supplies, buy flour, buy clothing, buy furniture and buy the other things we need in Seattle, what will happen to Portland?

Our home people, our neighbors, our friends, including the home dealers in automobile supplies, make Portland, sustain Portland, nourish Portland, enrich Portland, and it is not Seattle, but Portland that gives every one of us our living, our homes and our hopes.

Whenever we take the advice of the catalogues and buy of Sears, Roebuck & Company in Seattle, we strike an indirect blow at ourselves. The true gospel of life is to do business with our own home people for it is through our own home people that we survive.

The above is from a recent issue of the Portland Journal, and to it we say amen.

But how about the people of Heppner and vicinity that think it necessary to turn down our home merchants and buy their provisions, clothing, etc., from Jones Cash Store, Rice & Phelan, and some other catalogue houses of Portland?

We would put emphasis on the paragraph above, to make it apply locally: "Our home people, our neighbors, our friends, including the home dealers in automobile supplies, make Heppner, sustain Heppner, nourish Heppner, enrich Heppner, and it is not Portland or Seattle or Chicago, that gives every one of us our living, our pleasure, our homes and our hopes."

It is not the catalogue houses of these places that pay our taxes and help to keep up our institutions, yet they are sapping our section of thousands of dollars every month, and the time is not far distant if this drain continues that the merchant in the smaller country towns will have to retire from business, and then the good people who have been "saving money" on the catalogue houses will look to their "benefactors" to step in and help us bear our local burdens of taxation and improvements.

Yes, we endorse the sentiments of the Journal, and assure the big city daily that the small town has "troubles of its own" along these same lines.

BAD FOR WINDJAMMER.

Bro. Stewart, of the Fossil Journal having been invited to address the citizens of Lonerock as orator of the day at their recent celebration, was unable to attend, and expressed regrets through his paper as follows:

The Journal editor regrets exceedingly that he was unable to celebrate with the good people of Lonerock on July 4th, who had invited him to deliver the oration on that occasion. But although it was the editor's intention to be there, he did not promise to orate, and would have done so under protest, as there is nothing left nowadays for an Independence Day spellbinder to spellbind about. It was all right, and no trick at all, as long as it was the national custom on the Fourth to pull the lion's tail and metaphorically smite John Bull hip and thigh, but it would hardly look well for us to go over to Lone Rock and give John "Hail Columbia," when our Government is slepin' with John and lovin' him half to death, and has made him a present of our Canal, our home markets, and a whole lot of other etceteras, including a shipload of our fairest and richest damselfs to feather his nest and put some vigorous red into the enfeebled blue of his blood. Gone forever is the screaming Eagle, with the firecracker and the bomb, and perhaps 'tis better so, but it is certainly hard on the windjammer.

We can heartily endorse the sentiments expressed at the last meeting of the Commercial Club when the question of properly advertising the home community was up for discussion. The country newspaper is beginning to come to the front and receive the recognition that is its due, and perhaps in the future the local paper will receive a portion of the money that has heretofore gone to the printers of finely illustrated booklets and descriptive matter that is largely discounted when it reaches its destination. The Heppner Commercial Club seems to be favoring the proposition of spending some money on subscriptions to the local newspapers and having them sent in considerable numbers to various localities in the East and Middle West. This is practical. There is nothing overdrawn about the weekly report of events, and the recital of the conditions of the times and seasons as they come along is given without exaggeration and the paper thus becomes a true index to the conditions and life of the community and is so taken and accepted by the outsider who may be contemplating coming west.

R. F. Wiglesworth, extensive sheepraiser of Butter creek, was in Heppner over last night.

Transatlantic Flying Boat Ready for Its Great Voyage.

August Popular Mechanics.
Early last February Mr. Rodman Wanamaker unfolded his audacious scheme, long ruminated and now mature, to bridge the Atlantic by aeroplane. He had closed with Mr. Curtis, the hydro master, for a craft to win the Lord Northcliffe prize for the first flight from the New World to the Old within 72 hours. Preferably two men should drive her from Newfoundland to Ireland between dawn and dark on a summer's day. But on this condition he would not insist; for even with no restriction the enterprise seemed sufficiently difficult, if not hazardous. The details he would leave to Mr. Curtiss and his technical associates.

Once taught the air lane, whole fleets of ocean fliers would promptly follow. Live fellows in New York would flit to London Friday nights, and, after Sunday's dinner, flit back to business. This metropolitan propinquity should assimilate and unify all peoples. War should be forgotten. The globe so shrunk should at length crib but a single homogeneous family, forever tranquil and prosperous. So figured Mr. Wanamaker. The generous optimist would hasten the millennium.

The idea of soaring meteorlike from continent to continent, without stop and in a single summer's day, had Mr. Wanamaker's approval and the world's applause. The project was magnificent if somewhat venturesome. Impossible it could not truly be called; for had not a German recently flown 16 out of the 17 or 18 hours required for a favorable voyage? The chances seemed fair for the voyage, fair for rescue in case of premature descent.

But a less dramatic, less difficult program was presently proposed and soon adopted. A stanch flying boat with two men and gasoline for a continuous voyage of a day and a night should sail for the Azores, and thence with replenished tanks, sweep straight to Europe. The longest stage would thus be under 1,200 miles, or very little more than the world's record for a nonstop flight of one man in a land aeroplane. It would be feasible to alight at any moment on the sea, except in a considerable storm, make adjustments of the propelling system, and proceed without impediment. So, after mature counsel with their confidential associates Mr. Wanamaker and Mr. Curtiss agreed upon this second plan, and determined to push the work to a finish as early in the summer as practicable.

The sea flier as finally built looks like a resplendent red whale with biplane wings jutting out from its sides. The forepart of the hull is the cabin with closed turretlike hood, having celluloid windows around and above it to give clear view of the world, the sky, and the craft itself. The rear tapering part of the hull carries the tall plane and rudders exteriorly, and interiorly is composed of water-tight compartments. The central part of the hull contains the gasoline tank from which the fuel is pumped up to the smaller supply tanks situated beneath the upper plane. The air boat measures 72 ft. across its upper plane, 46 ft. across its lower, 34 ft. from stem to stern, where the vertical rudder is hinged, spreads about 780 sq. ft. of winged surface, weighs, with two men and supplies for a 1,200-mile voyage, about 5,000 lb., is propelled by twin screws driven by two 90-hp. engines placed between the planes, on either side the plane of symmetry, and is designed to fly at 60 to 63 miles an hour for about one day and night continuously. The details of construction are multitudinous, ingenious, novel in part and carefully calculated, and finally tested by systematic experimentation.

Drs. Lowe & Turner, the well-known eye specialists of Portland will be in Heppner again at Palace hotel parlors, Saturday and Sunday, July 25th and 26th. Don't fail to consult them about your eyes and glasses. They have had years of hard, practical experience, and know their business thoroughly in all its branches. They give your eyes a most thorough, searching and scientific examination, and when they prescribe glasses it is with positive and absolute certainty that they are the best and only kind suited to your eyes. If you do not need glasses they most positively will not recommend them. Drs. Lowe & Turner do not go from house to house. Consult them at their Hotel office. Remember the date. Scores of references.

Get away from the heat of baking during these warm summer days and buy the necessities at the Heppner Bakery.

Hugh and Ralph Stanfield were Heppner visitors from Echo yesterday, driving over in their cars to look after some cattle that they are pasturing in this vicinity.

Ed Hunt took out a new water tank and a pump on Wednesday, this to be used in hauling water for the machine. It was manufactured by Henry Ashbaugh. Mr. Hunt has a fine crop this season and his harvest will begin at once.

Electric fans are just the thing these warm days. The Heppner Light & Water Co. can install one for you at any time.

Harvest Goods

WHEN you come in for your Harvest Supplies, don't overlook Thomson Bros., who are well prepared to fill your orders with the best goods at the lowest prices in town. COME IN AND GET OUR PRICES.

THOMSON BROS.

THE PEACH CANNING SEASON IS ALMOST AT HAND.

Let us know how many boxes you want and we'll sell them at the very lowest market price.

The Price will be about 65¢ the Box

Golden State Mason Jars, half-gallons \$1.50; qts., \$1.25; pts., \$1.00. Economy jars same. Fruit or Berry Sugar, \$5.50 NOW, will be higher later. Better get your supply early.

SAM HUGHES CO.

Those electric fans from the Heppner Light & Water Co. can certainly stir up a breeze.

The ladies of the Christian church will hold a window sale on Saturday at the millinery store of Mrs. Frankie Luper.

Dr. A. P. Culbertson has fitted up an office in the rooms just north of the People's Cash Market and is very nicely located.

M. T. Gentry, who has been confined to his bed by serious illness for the past three weeks, is now able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Robinson and young son, of Lone Rock, are spending a day or two in Heppner, coming over on Wednesday.

G. R. White was up from Lexington on Tuesday. He is one among the fortunate ones of that section and has his threshing all done.

John Elder returned on Sunday evening from Spray where he has been working for several weeks past on the farm of W. B. Potter.

Messrs. Healey & Brown, of Condon shipped out two cars of mules from the Heppner yards yesterday morning. They went to Caldwell, Idaho.

S. W. Spencer of the First National Bank, is taking his vacation. He is camped with his wife in the mountains near the Stocum & Bucknum mill where the shade is dense and the water is fine. His place at the bank is being filled by Miss Marlon Long.

Some real hot weather the past week with the temperature right around 100 at Heppner and a little above this at points between here and the Columbia river. However a big wind came up on Sunday and the temperature has been reduced very considerably.

Theo. Anderson was in from Eight Mile on Monday. He was looking for horses to put on his combine which is now ready to go into the fields for the harvest of his grain.

John T. Kirk was in from Emil Grotkopp's over Sunday. He is working with the header out there and states that Mr. Grotkopp's grain is going to turn out well.

Highest cash price paid at all times for hides, pelts and furs. See Peoples Cash Market.

Albert Bowker and wife returned from their honeymoon trip on Tuesday evening and are now "at home" to their friends in their residence on the hill at the west end of Baltimore street.

Mrs. G. H. Woodbury, and her son Francis, arrived from Portland on Monday to spend a fortnight at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilkins. Mrs. Woodbury is a sister of Mr. Wilkins.

J. H. Wyland and son, E. H., delivered a fine bunch of mules to Messrs. Haley & Brown, of Condon, at Heppner on Tuesday. These buyers are picking up a large number of mules in this vicinity.

J. D. Moyer, of Blackhorse, visited the city on Saturday. He will start up his thresher soon and is not decided as to whether he will do any outside work after his own crops have been placed in the sack.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reaney were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shelly Baldwin on Tuesday. Mr. Reaney has just completed the threshing of 400 acres of wheat on his place and secured an average of better than twenty bushels per acre.

If you want spring chicken for Sunday dinner, leave orders on Friday. Peoples' Cash Market.

E. D. Brown returned home on Tuesday from a visit of a week in the Willamette valley. He was accompanied by his daughters, Mrs. William Livingstone, of Eugene, and Miss Gladys, who has been visiting at the Livingstone home in Eugene for some time.

George Mead, farmer of the Lexington section, was in Heppner on Saturday. Mr. Mead is very busy at present getting his grain cut and in the stack. He will thresh later on when a machine comes into his neighborhood.

JUST A SMILE.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" teacher inquired in her sweetest manner. "Drawin'," was the sullen response. "Drawing what, Tommy?" "Drawin' a picture of God." "But, Tommy," said the shocked teacher, "nobody has ever seen God. Nobody knows what He looks like." Tommy was undaunted. "Well, they will when I get this picture drawn."—Washington Star.

Mistress—Would you like to come on trial for a week?

Applicant for Cook's Position—Sure OI can tell whether OI will loike yez in twenty-four hours.—Life.

It isn't every fellow who can hug a delusion without getting engaged to it.

"I disapprove of the senate having secret sessions. I favor the utmost publicity for everything." "I did; but since the new gowns came out I think the women are going a bit too far."—Seattle Post.

Try our sundaes, the best in the city—the Palm.