

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

THE WRONG IDEA.

Some town editors still have the idea that the average farmer cannot understand words of more than one syllable, and that as a class he differs in intelligence from his town brothers.

Town editors need not worry over the lack of intelligence of their country readers; the success of nationally circulated farm magazines, that publish technical articles, and articles in no way edited down to their rural readers, proves that the farmer as a class today is able to read big print without a reading glass.

Our hunch is that the average of intelligence, of patriotism, eye of efficiency, is as high in the country as in town.

We believe that the farmer who has sense enough to successfully manage his complicated business in these strenuous days has sense enough to understand about anything any town editor is able to dish up; and that the day of the old farm paper, with its rehash, its sloppy editing, its miserable cuts, its Sis Hopkins jest columns, and its fake ads, has passed.

The farmer is conservative, he has to be to remain in business, but he is not so hide-bound that he cannot progress. Indeed, when he thinks he is really headed somewhere, he can trot an amazing heat, as the recent referendum in North Dakota will indicate to the observing.

And, with the increase in rural prosperity, and the formation of juvenile agricultural clubs, and the wonderful work of the county agents; the adoption of labor-saving machinery, and the magic carpet of the automobile, that brings the farmer to the city in two hours, there has come a new enlightening in even the back regions, and though the townsman may not see it those who know the country, and who are really a part of it, do.

Personally our only fear is that as an editor we will not be able to do justice to the new spirit of progress of the new agriculture. We are not at all worried over the necessity of writing "down" to our readers; they are not that kind; indeed, we doubt if there are any of that sort in this enlightened country.

Senator Poindexter of Washington, in enumerating the many reasons why he would be a good presidential candidate, sets forth that he is 100% American. This seems to us a superfluous statement, in view of the fact that the American people are no longer judging a man by what he says, but by what his past record has shown him to have done. At that, the Republican party could put forth a weaker man.

In building a substantial two-story business block, the pioneer firm of Gilliam & Bisbee are showing that they have faith in Heppner's future. They are setting a good example for others.

They say that Henry Ford invented an auto which will climb a telegraph pole, a tractor which will rear up and fall over backward, and now he has invented a libel suit which is causing Henry to, figuratively, take to the tall timber. Its one case of where the plaintiff is standing trial. Some one has asked, "What did Henry ever do?" The roads are lousy with what he has done. Outside of that he has progressed less fast than the ordinary school child, for Henry himself admits that he knows nothing about history and cares less for art.

CAN WOMEN FARM?

Farming, like shoeing horses and climbing telephone poles and playing baseball and smoking a pipe has, until recently, been held a man's job.

Serious doubts were expressed as to whether women, en masse, could manage farms, handle stock, do chores, and harvest crops in competition with their brothers.

The farmerettes proved that women could do about anything on a farm that a man could, and frequently do it better.

But the real proof of a woman's adaptability on the farm will be found in the pig, bee, calf, corn and

garden clubs of the country.

We know that one girl took a small pig, handled it until it was of marketable size, and made it gain two and a half pounds a day. An average somewhat 100 per cent better than the general hog raiser contrives to reach.

We see that several girls succeeded so well with bees that they converted their fathers to new methods, and, in some instances, took over the farm apiary for their own.

A girl of 12 manages one of the prize Jersey herds of the country.

The gardens of the girls produce as abundantly, and give as high quality fruit and produce as do those of their brothers.

Girls raise and select seed corn that stands high enough to sell to adult corn farmers at a premium.

It appears that in a few years, when these girls, thousands of them in these school clubs, grow up, the rank of producers will be augmented by skilled women workers, and instead of the woman-managed farm being a rarity it will become commonplace.

Indeed, there is no task in the field more arduous than those that for years have been found in farm kitchens, dairies and back porches, and the woman will lose nothing by trading her washboard for a riding plow.

GOSSIPS.

A gossip is one who bears tales. Usually these tales are based on rumor or half fact and in the popular mind the telling of them is associated with sunbonnets, long noses and high-pitched voices. But a great many gossips are masculine, and this editorial refers to a particularly pernicious and harmful sort of male trouble maker.

We are thinking of those editorial writers on city newspapers who persist in calling the farmers of the country profiteers, and who make other vicious and ignorant charges which are widening a dangerous class-hatred breach. All the real evidence that anyone had adduced proves that farmers are not profiteers. Very few of them had sufficient income to demand an income-tax return. Such farm-management surveys and cost-accounting figures as are available show that the average farmer does not earn interest on his investment and establish conclusively that he is able to make wages only by selling off the fertility reserve in his soil and compelling his family to labor without compensation.

Because the farmer gets most of the packer's dollar, it does not prove that he makes a large profit off his cattle. Who gets the most of the consumer's dollar? There is the trail to the skunk's den. Nor was the price of wheat fixed up. It was fixed down, and everyone who possesses any accurate knowledge on the subject knows it.

The real profiteers, as proven by the income-tax returns, do business just around the corner from the sanctum where the sappy newspaper economists write their drivel regarding farms and farmers. But these editorial Samsons, casting about for subjects to fill their columns every day, possessing a mighty show of courage or any convictions they can hear of or think of for space fillers, and brave enough not to let their ignorance of farming deter them from solving the economic problems of the back county, clutch at the rumors about farmers' making a lot of money, and parade them before their readers with a show of strong words and ornate phrases. Their work has the high sound of truth, because of their cleverness, but it is plain bunk. Never do they refer back to the dark days of crop failure and ruinously low prices to the producer.

A sample of the sort of intellectual drool dealt out by these factless lightning calculators is this phrase from a daily newspaper in one of our great cities, a city, by the way, whose prosperity is rooted in the farms about it:

"... the best paid artisans in cities do not receive as great a wage for the year as the average farmer." farmer.

If this is true the joke is on the best paid artisan. At Chicago the milk commission refused to allow farmers thirty cents an hour wages for producing milk. In various cities newspapers and other agencies have fought the demands of milk producers that they be allowed to pay themselves a managerial salary. The wages of a city plumber would seem like riches to the average farmer.

Another intellectual pearl, thrown out in the same newspaper, is the assertion that the average farmer does not work eight hours a day the year round.

In some sections of the country this is true. These are the same localities, however, in which a customer is a nuisance because he disturbs the merchant's nap. It is also

true of certain one-crop areas, but for the great milk-meat-grain-general-farming area it is not true.

Possibly it may surprise our city editorial gossips to learn that even in the winter time there are always duties on the farm, and the farmer arises at what they would consider an impossibly early hour. Daylight saving is nothing new to the farmer. He has saved all he could of it at both ends of the day, so much so that he has been dubbed by the jokesters, with considerable truth, the original eight-hour man, working eight hours before noon and eight hours after.

No doubt it will pain these city historians of farm life to learn that so far no plan has been devised whereby the farmer can lie in bed in the morning and touch electric buttons which will feed the hogs, sheep, cattle horses and chickens; milk the cows, including the heifer with a sore teat; run a vacuum cleaner over the stock; haul the feed; deliver the milk; fix fences; chop wood and do the thousand and one other chores of a general farm. Instead of this ideal arrangement with which they would divide the farmer's day into eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for play, he finds it necessary to answer the early summons of the rooster and spend at work the eight hours which they would give him for the daily romp with the young things of the farm.—*Country Gentleman.*

INK VS. GAB.

"Every few days Portland has a big banquet at which the loquacious epicures gather and 'orate' about using Oregon made products," says the Canyon City Blue Mountain Eagle. That paper then continues by asking, "what are Oregon-made products?" The Eagle ventures the aserction that at least 50-50 on their banquet bill of fare is imported. The Grant county editor believes that the inspiration back of these banquets is alright, but thinks the need is "less oratorical bullion and more printers' ink to tell the story of Oregon products. Advertise them, if you want to sell them and advertise them in the counties where the goods are expected to be sold. Advertise them in the country press."

In these days of aridity, it may be remembered as a matter of history that Umatilla county once had a distillery. The Tribune of Pendleton notes that the county has had many breweries but only one distillery. Not taking into account, however, some of the non-revenue-payers that might have been or might still be hidden away in their mountain reclusion. The late Hezekiah Key of Weston maintained one of those interesting affairs many years, and the remnants of the building and machinery still stand. The old gentleman was reared in North Carolina, and looked upon the whiskey industry as wholly legitimate. He did not make much of a financial success against the whiskey trust, but the boys of old will testify that he made a good kicking article.

An illegitimate son of an Indiana Senator kills a girl and gets his picture in nearly every city daily in the country. The one sure road to notoriety.

"Some of the press dope," says the Pendleton East Oregonian, "including cartoons sent out by Jonathan Bourne's Republican publicity service is too silly for any use. If the Republican party continues to let J. Bourne direct its publicity work the time will soon come when one of the needs of the day will be for a coffin that will hold an elephant."

Here's another case of where the "wish is father of the thought" no doubt, as we have never been able to notice where the East Oregonian was genuinely interested in the welfare of the G. O. P. If the facts did exist, and the elephant was in mortal danger, our esteemed contemporary in the Let'er Buck city would be secretly and silently laughing up its sleeve, never uttering a word of warning to the poor benighted animal.

Our annual water shortage brings home again the ever-looming fact that we must seek a greater supply. The water bonding issue would look like a God-send to our parched throats and dry gardens and lawns if presented today.

Has anyone asked the 65,000,000 Chinese residents of Shantung what they think of President Wilson's 14 points and the League of Nations?

NO EXCUSE NOW.

"Come back here" were the shrill cries that overtook a crippled Argonne hero as he hobbled from a Chicago drug-store where he had

purchased his favorite bunion pads to ease his remaining foot wrecked when fighting Huns in the trenches. He had deposited the regular price stamped on the box, 25 cents. "You come across with two cents more to meet the luxury war tax on corn pads for crippled soldiers," he was told. And as the hero dugged down for the extra brownies, he was heard to mutter something familiarly similar to what Sherrman denominated war.—*American Economist.*

Even the children are taxed on every stick of candy they buy and ice cream they eat.

During the rush of war and necessity for raising money rapidly, the passage of this act can be excused but there is no excuse now for failure to change this "nagging tax."

More Than A Million People Drink From National Forest

Eighty-seven cities and towns of Oregon, Washington and Alaska derive the water supply for their municipal water works from the National Forests of the North Pacific District, according to a report just compiled in the office of District Forester George H. Ceall. Of these towns thirty-eight, having an estimated population of 392,000, are in Oregon; forty-two, with a population of 634,000, are in Washington; and seven, with 15,000, are in Alaska.

The larger towns of the district using National Forest water are Portland, Eugene, Oregon City, Roseburg, Albany, Medford, Ashland, Baker, LaGrande, The Dalles, and Bend, Oregon; Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Walla Walla, Yakima, Wenatchee, Aberdeen, Port Angeles, Ellensburg, and Roslyn, Washington; and Anchorage, Cordova, Ketchikan and Petersburg, Alaska.

The Forest Service cooperates with the towns in protecting their watersheds from fire and trespass, and every effort is made to keep the water free from any sort of contamination. Formal cooperative agreements between the Secretary of Agriculture and the city officials are in effect providing for this protection of the watersheds of Tacoma and Walla Walla in Washington, and Oregon City, The Dalles, Dufur, Wallowa, Baker, and Toledo in Oregon.

Mrs. Emmett Cochran left Sunday for Seaside, to spend several weeks at that popular beach resort. She was accompanied by Master Lawrence Stevenson, young son of Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson.

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