

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

The Heppner Gazette, Established March 30, 1883.
The Heppner Times, Established November 18, 1897.
Consolidated February 15, 1912.

Published every Thursday morning by Vawter and Spencer Crawford and entered at the Postoffice at Heppner, Oregon, as second-class matter.

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

A TIME FOR ACTION.

The time for action has arrived in regard to securing water for the city of Heppner. The Common Council has gone to some expense in getting surveys, estimates, plans and specifications from a reliable engineering firm, dealing with a gravity water system which would be installed on the left fork of Willow creek.

The report is most complete and figures given with the drawing in estimating the cost of the project. With this report in their hands, the mayor and councilmen are ready to walk forth and place before the people of Heppner, a bonding issue. If the bond issue were to be voted on tomorrow there is not a question in the world but what it would be carried overwhelmingly. The citizens of the town have been long suffering and have put up with dilly-dally tactics of the Heppner Light & Water Company until the limit of endurance has been reached. Mr. Gates himself admits that the company has failed to fulfill its contract, because, as he says, "it would be impossible to get an adequate supply of water from the present deep wells." He offers the excuse for this shortage, that the company was unable to seek a greater water supply owing to the uncertainty of the situation. That is, the company was up in the air as to what the city might do in regard to a bonding issue and a new water proposition.

It is true that Mr. Gates must be considered by the city in whatever initial move they make toward getting a bigger and better supply of water, for he holds the present franchise in this town. The city has an equity of \$15,000 in the water plant of the Heppner Light & Water Company. It is also under contract with that company for its water supply. If the water company and city cannot come to terms on the purchase of the water plant, then it will probably be up to disinterested engineers to make a valuation and let the city and the company abide by that valuation.

Now it seems to be the consensus of opinion among the people of Heppner that it would be best to buy out the interest of the Heppner Light & Water Company in the water works and let the city go about putting in its own supply system. Mr. Gates and his company have gone along for years and up to this time no satisfaction has been received as regards the water situation. It seems to us that if Mr. Gates and his company ever did really have the welfare of Heppner at heart, they would have made more strenuous attempts to get an unlimited supply of water a long time ago. There never has been anything in the way to hinder this progression. But no, the company seems to have been satisfied to go along year after year, taking its toll from the citizens here, with never a care to future supply, in fact at times it seemed as tho they had lost all responsibility as to present needs. And then the company talks of what they can do if forced to do it. That is not the spirit that we want to foster in Heppner and we have no better opportunity than right now to get into the water business on our own responsibility. Its a shame that any town must depend upon water in a commercialized form. Water is a God-given element that every baby, boy and girl, man and woman, and all the lower forms of animal life as well, must have it to promote life and health.

The Heppner Commercial Club has appointed a committee to meet and confer with the mayor and members of the council as to proceeding on this important water question. We know that they will go ahead with the business in hand, only with a view as to what will be best for our city. Whether they decide to deal with Mr. Gates on the new water proposition or whether they decide to get entirely free from him, the people of Heppner are a unit in backing them up for a greater water supply for the town. The whole future of the community is wrapped up in the water question. Its successful solution will insure the town's future, as a thriving community and a place where people will enjoy life and comfort.

Many flattering reports are coming in about the good road work which is being done on upper Willow creek at the present time. Morrow county is to be congratulated upon having a judge and board of commissioners who are practical road builders and these men are to be congratulated upon having the foresight and judgment in placing the work in the hands of Mr. McCaleb. Upon the completion of the Heppner-Ritter road, this city will be an outlet to a large volume of valuable trade from the interior. It will demonstrate one of the practical values of good roads.

"LOOK IT UP."

"Divers weights and divers measures both of them alike are abomination to the Lord."—Proverbs, 20:10.

Thinking men and women will do well to consider the striking arguments brought out by the World Trade Club of San Francisco in their campaign for adoption of the units of the metric system of weights and measures.

They show a striking anomaly: That the metric system was invented by a Briton, James Watt, in 1783, and yet all nations have adopted it exclusively, excepting the United States and Great Britain.

That the so-called "British System" of weights and measures is of German origin—a relic of the old German Hanseatic trade league—and yet Germany script it in 1871 and adopted the metric system, invented by a Briton.

People of Britannia and America may well ask themselves whether they are not carrying conservatism too far.

The Metric System is no untried theory.

Its principle—the principle of decimal computation—has been used in the monetary system of the United States since 1786. If the United States had heeded Thomas Jefferson we should also have adopted this system of weights and measures based on decimals—so simple a system that a child can learn its main features in ten minutes. We know how well it works with money. It will work equally well with weights and measures.

The World Trade Club has started the ball rolling. What we all need is to look the subject up.

Mr. Gates brought out in the commercial club meeting Tuesday evening that one of their patrons used 4000 gallons of water during the month of June and 75,000 gallons during the month of July. Under the meter system this would not have happened. A more equal distribution of water for everybody would give better results, but until we have a greater supply there is no danger of anyone washing the soil away.

We heard an old-timer remark the other day that such and such a thing happened the year the railroad was built into Heppner. Well, the railroad got into Heppner alright, but stopped just a few feet inside the city limits. In view of the fact that the Heppner branch is one of the best paying lines on the entire Union Pacific system, it seems that it wouldn't be out of the way for us to ask the company to put the passenger depot, at least, up town. We never got it, perhaps more because we didn't ask it. The passenger depot should be up town, a suitable location could be secured now and it might be an opportune time to put it up to the railroad company in a forceful manner.

THE HOPELESS QUEST.

When the child is easily harassed by the maternal "Don't," it confides to itself: "Just you wait 'till I grow up, and I'll do as I please."

As it escapes a bit from the maternal strings, and enters high school it chafes at the restrictions, and at the home chains, and yearns for the time when it will have a job, and be independent.

And, having graduated and, by much diligence, having secured a job, the amazed student is pained to discover that restrictions and obligations and don'ts have increased amazingly.

"Just you wait 'till I get a business of my own," cries the employe; and when he does, he discovers that all of his past troubles were indeed trifles compared to his new responsibilities. He has pay rolls to meet, he has to work whether he feels like it or not; he has to work day and night, often without noticeable result, and he finds the exactions of the public, on one side and the stress of competition on the other, almost overpowering.

"I'll sell out and get on a farm and be my own boss," he shouts in desperation; he must be desperate to make this sort of an outcry.

And by the time he has gathered a herd of hogs, that have to be

stopped twice a day, and a herd of cows, that have to be milked ditto, and a few miles of fence to keep up, and 100 acres of crops that have to be cultivated and harvested at exactly the designated time regardless of legal holidays, visiting relations, or the mare's sore shoulder, he understands that the farmer is more of a slave to the job than any other man, because he is in the kingdom of nature, the most exacting despot in creation.

Always, from birth to death, we seek more freedom, and always we acquire more chains, to tangle up with the ones we had.

But the wise slave, at least, wraps his chains with the rags of contentment, so that they do not chafe his eternal soul to the quivering quick.

It has been estimated that Heppner lost as much as \$200,000 during the past year on account of the water shortage. New home builders and new industries will come to Heppner when we get water. Another factor second to water is electrical power. Cheaper power and adequate water will give the town the proper start.

THE DAY OF THE DEHYDRATED FARMER HAS PASSED.

If there is one American citizen who can rejoice that he is not his grandfather it is the farmer in July and August.

Time was when sunstroke and heat prostration were the chief rural amusements during these months.

Haying time and the harvest of the small grains come when torrid heat bakes the earth, and the sun has nothing to do all day but shine.

When they cut grain by hand and put up hay with a strong back and a three-tined fork, the farmer was fried and baked and broiled, until those of him that survived were a leathery substance averaging not more than three per cent moisture.

But the inventor removed the sunstroke from the American farms when he produced the mower, the reaper, the binder, the harvester, and, most of all, when he brought forth the motor plow, the cultivator and the tractor.

Even the hot dusty trip to the store is made a pleasure when you face a twenty-five-mile-an-hour breeze in your fivver, with a shade over your head, and a cushion to your back.

The farmer's wife too has become emancipated. The red hot stove in the oven-like kitchen, with the chore of cooking three meals a day for fifteen harvest hands; that little slice of gehenna has been generally removed from the wife's career, and if she doesn't cook by electricity, or home made gas, she at least has a four-hole coal oil stove, instead of the young blast furnace she once tended.

The difference between riding on a spring seated mowing machine, under a parasol, and pulling a sythe through the tough grain by main strength, is the difference between agriculture of today and yesterday afternoon.

In time probably he will turn an automatic machine loose in the field, and it will harvest the crop, and thresh it, and sack it, at the rate of an acre an hour; meantime, farming in enduring even in August.

A great many men would be President, but the Medford Mail-Tribune says he must measure up in this fashion: "We want a man who has the prohi vote and labor vote, who is as dear to Sam Gompers as he is to William Jennings Bryan; who is a 'man's man' and yet doesn't wear whiskers; who is a ladies' man but never jizzes; who is jovial, without being fat; forceful without being tiresome; tactful without being spineless; who has a future, but not a past; who has the fire of youth with the wisdom of old age; who is detested by Wall street, but has the confidence of men of affairs; who is just to capital, but fair to labor; who puts principle above party, but never puts mush above meat; who is strong in the east, but can carry the west."

We know one Morrow county farmer, and he is not one of the largest, who will receive \$30,000 for his wheat crop this year. Another man bought a ranch this spring and the crop pays for it this fall. What's the matter with Morrow county? Nothing at all, brother.

Going to Look Him Up.

"That fellow Gipping called me 'Old Silenus,'" remarked Mr. Jagsby. "He seemed to think it a great joke."

"What are you going to do about it?" "I haven't decided yet. I have forgotten about all I ever knew about Silenus, but I have an idea that he was neither a pillar in the church nor an ornament to society."

Little Bits of Wit and Humor

Only Used Sign Language.
Ephum Johnston was up before Judge Shimmerplate on a cruelty to animals charge.
"Deed, Ah wahn't abusing that mule, judge," the old man demurred.
"Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?"
"Yassah."
"And do you not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?"
"Yassuh; but this critter am different. He am so deaf he can't hear me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language."—Charleston Mail.

"Did you read what the newspapers said about you?" "Every line," said Senator Sorghum. "A politician who doesn't read what the newspapers say about him stands no more chance than an actor who tries to make up without the aid of a looking glass."

When the Wife Is Away.
Peter Finley Dunne said the other day:
"It's folly to say that two can't live as cheap as one—two can live far, far cheaper than one."
"Did you send your wife to the shore last August?" I asked a married man.
"No," he answered. "I can't afford it. It costs too much."
"But," I said, "your wife's tastes are simple. Surely she could sojourn at the shore without spending any great amount."
"I know that, all right," he said, "but August of last year while she was at the shore I spent more than \$200 a week."—Chicago News.

Depressed by Contrast.
"Does your wife object to you running around with your men friends?" "Not my married men friends," replied Mr. Dubwaite. "But she draws the line at bachelors."
"Why so?"
"She says whenever I go out with a party of bachelors I always return home greatly depressed."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

E. M. Shutt and family, who have been enjoying a two-weeks vacation at the beach, are expected home the last of the week. They are making the trip in their car and journey through the larger towns, covering the distance by easy stages.

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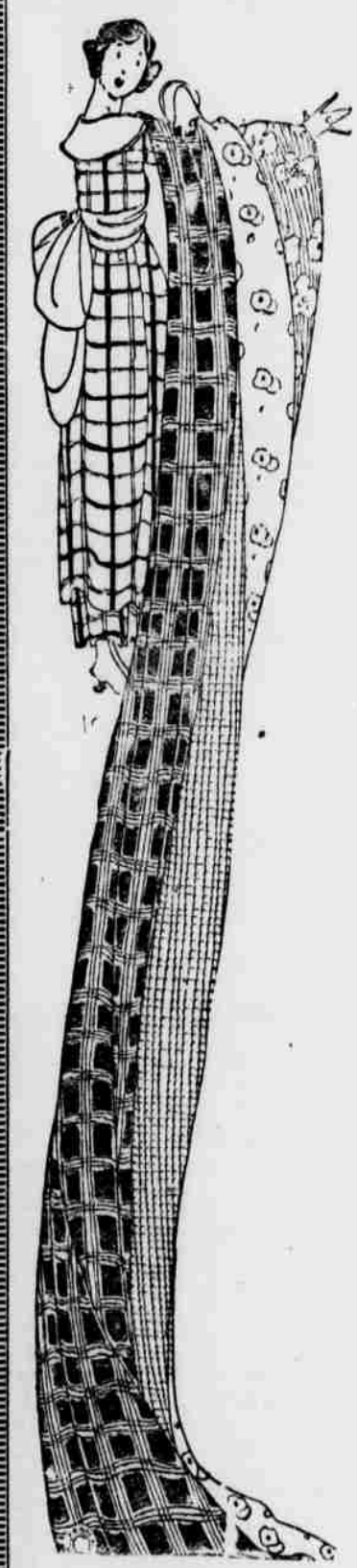
We are in the market for all kinds of grain.

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Remnants

THIS WEEK



Best Goods are Cut First

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