

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA
GREATEST WOOL PRODUCERS.

Australia and Tasmania are the greatest wool producing countries in the world, with an annual production of 463,750,000 pounds. Russia is second with 320,000,000 pounds, the United States third with 268,000,000 pounds, and Argentina fourth with 265,000,000. Of this entire and immense production as it is, there are only four countries which produce more wool than is required for home uses. Hence these four countries at once become the world's greatest exporters. They are Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and South America. Inasmuch as this country does not produce enough wool for her own needs by 350,000,000 lbs., the countries before mentioned are the ones to which this country must look for the difference until such a time as increased production at home is able to strike a balance.

"Contrary to the belief of many, just as good wool for the manufacture of woolen goods is raised right here in Morrow county as is raised in Australia and South American countries," said C. A. Shepard, veteran wool buyer and wool grader who was in charge of the Columbia Basin Wool Warehouse exhibit at the recent county fair. "We would like to teach the woolgrowers the value of grading their clips. One clip of wool may contain as high as 27 different grades, and from the manufacturers' standpoint every grade commands a different price. But when the wool man sells his ungraded clip, he receives but one price and that is the lowest which the worst part of the wool would bring." Mr. Shepard is of the opinion that the woolgrower should just as well get what the wool is worth as some other fellow who receives the benefit of graded prices.

The wool exhibit of the Columbia Basin Wool Warehouse, of which T. J. Mahoney is manager, was a most interesting and instructive one for the sheepmen more especially, but all Morrow county people found something of interest in the display of the various grades of wool. Mr. Shepard gave talks to the wool men each day. The exhibit has been left in Heppner permanently and will be in charge of W. P. Mahoney, cashier of the First National Bank.

IF THE PRESIDENT WOULD ONLY "BE NATURAL."

"Dignity takes so much of the juice out of life," complains Tracy H. Lewis, in the New York Morning Telegraph. "How vastly more refreshing it would be if the President could treat the Senators like 'home folk,' as he calls us Americans, and unfold to them his real thoughts and views which better judgment suppresses." For instance, when he went before those august members of the Upper House to speak a few words on the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, "he might have looked them over with frank contempt," and given them a fatherly, perfectly sincere, and reasonable little talk somewhat along this line: "May I not tell you that you boys hand me a big laugh? I've missed you poor saps more than anything else since I've been away on my outing. I don't suppose there is more than a dozen of you ever had the gumption or the price to take a jaunt across the Atlantic and see how the real swells live. But more of that some other time. At present I am going to present a few facts in words of one syllable hoping that it will percolate into the comprehension of some of you human disappointments."

As to the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. I gave you the dope on that before I left, but I'll just repeat it again for the benefit of those Senators over on the left of the house whose memory isn't good for more than a week—what might be called a "weak memory." Thanks, boys. I thought some of you would appreciate that one. Made it up coming over on the boat. I've got a flock of 'em I may spring on you later.

To begin with, I wish to impress it upon you duffers that you haven't got much choice in this matter of whether you will or won't ratify the Peace Treaty and my League of Nations—get that "my"? It's all mixed up like a mess of spaghetti—hot stuff that's going to burn you if you get to monkeying with it. Say, old man Fall, it won't hurt you to get some of this and cut out that yawning. Kindsa funny how some of you fellows never seem to have had any rest until it happens to be your turn to talk. Well, as I was saying when Fall interrupted me, the people are with me on this League stuff. None of them know much about it—and I must confess there were so many

things in Paris I hadn't seen before that I'll have to brush up on it a bit myself; but they all get the general idea. That "no more wars" slogan was another good one I put across. Better than the "too proud to fight" or "he kept us out of war," tho they were good, too, at the time. I won't give much for the political future of you lads if you're boneheaded enough to go through with that round robin idea. Say, that was immense! I almost believe that at times you half-wits have a sense of humor, too, or you would never have come across with that one.

Sit down, Lodge, or I'll put you down. I'm a different proposition from that pacifist they tried you loose from during the war. If I ever get my Mary-Ann started toward your chest it'll take me half a day to pull my fist out, and I've got too much to do to waste my time in that fashion. Say, boys, the old White House looked pretty good to me when I got back. You know it seems kind of a pity to me that I couldn't have rented it out to some one while I was gone. I haven't been getting much use out of it, and I need the money. The people of this country seem to forget that while the President's salary has remained the same, psychological prices have gone up. That's a little matter I'll take up with you later.

What's the idea of the grin, Borah? The salary of the President won't ever be a personal concern of yours. The only way you'll ever get into the White House will be thru a window. That goes for you, too, Johnson. You "Native Sons" always have given me a big pain. You act as if nothing good could come out of any place except California. How about New Jersey? Don't take what I say personally, Phelan—there's exceptions to every rule—but at that I think you would be better off if you moved.

Well, if there isn't LaFollette, and I don't believe he's been to a barber all the while I've been gone. I've been thinking of recommending an appropriation to trim you and your hair, but I'll take that up later. That gum-chewing stunt of yours while I was asking Congress to declare war sure got on my nerves. I'm going to get you for that yet.

While I'm here I just want to mention the fact that there are several of you Democrats that seem to have been acting mighty funny to me while I've been gone. I'm not going to mention any names, but Reed's one of them, and he might just as well know that I know it. We haven't had government operation of the cable system for nothing, and I've been keeping pretty close track of you lads while I was "over there." How about it, Reed? I guess you'd like the League a little better if you had thought of it first, hey?

Time for lunch and a little two and

three-quarters. I think you get me main idea of the League and Treaty now and I'll leave you to finish that little matter up this afternoon. You might just as well get it over with to-day as let LaFollette and some of those other "wiffuls" get started and take three or four weeks about it. Adios. See you later.—Literary Digest.

THRIFT.

Since every man has taken opportunity to place the blame for the present prices of every commodity in common use, there have been few to come forward with any share of blame for the individual. The lion's share, of course, rests with the manufacturers, distributors and producers, but the individual, also, is partly to blame.

The lesson taught Americans in the recent war, that of thrift, had temporary life. During the emergency period everyone, from the mighty to the meek, saved and spared. Thrift was practiced as diligently as in the cockney quarter of London. The old eagle on the dollar truly did scream in many American homes where he was pinched to the limit.

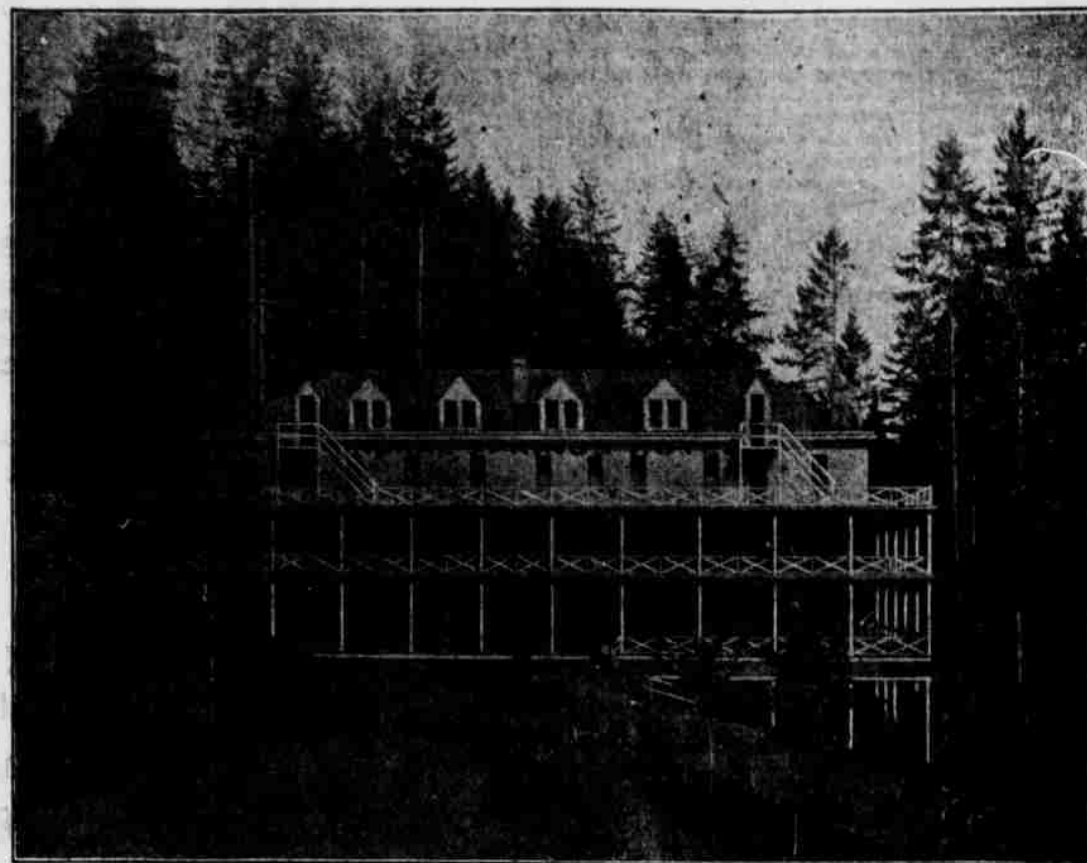
With the end of the war, all that surplus extravagance stored up in the average American seemed to be turned loose. Americans bought freely of everything they had been accustomed to before the war and more for good measure. Hash was served less frequently on the American table and stocks of food and clothing were taxed heavily by demands of the public.

Overnight the public forgot the lesson of thrift and their reaction on the stocks of available goods naturally forced prices upward. With money to spend and a keen demand for goods, they soon saw that dealers were quick to follow up the advantage and demand prices which have now become beyond reason. Were the people to remember what they were taught by their government regarding saving and thrift, they could alleviate from their side some of the troubles which now engulf the entire populace.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Big Noise—Small Blaze.

The Heppner populace was aroused from the early morning beauty sleep last Monday by loud and continued screeches from the fire siren. The fire company responded promptly and it was then found that the fire had been extinguished almost before the alarm was turned in. The fire was on the roof of one of the Heppner Light & Water Company's buildings and only slight damage is reported. And the fire siren, it would have been blowing yet had it not been that some one cut the wires.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Patterson left on Tuesday for Pendleton where they will attend the Round-Up.

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