

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

The End of the World

We wonder if there really is any use of writing this. Will there be anyone left on earth to read these lines and will these lines be destroyed before they have been circulated in print? If we are to take the word of Prof. Albert F. Porta, the noted American astronomer and weather prognosticator, there won't be much left of this old world after Wednesday, December 17, so you see there is really no need of us telling you all this, for you won't be here to read it.

According to Prof. Porta, the old earth is due for a knock out wallop, which will turn it icy cold and shaly, followed by a white heat finish. This prediction is based on certain astronomical observations which place certain planets in certain positions, and the end of the world, which has been predicted many times before, will come to pass.

Says Professor Porta, "the world is coming to an end about the middle of this month. The most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began" he declares, "will be caused by the biggest sun spots on record a sun spot that will be visible to the naked eye. It will be a gigantic explosion of flaming gases leaping hundreds of thousands of miles in space. It will have a crater large enough to engulf the earth as Vesuvius might engulf a foot ball.

There will be hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains. There will be gigantic eruptions, great earthquakes, to say nothing of flood and fearful cold."

Other astronomers have refuted Professor Porta's contentions. In any event, Heppner people are going right along with their Christmas shopping as serenely as though nothing unusual is on the way. They figure there is just about as much chance of the world coming to an end right now as there is for a settlement of the peace treaty or a reduction in the high cost of living.

There may have been winters just as cold, but was the fuel bin as low?

The Gazette-Times comes to you this week in somewhat an enlarged form. It is not an industrial edition, but we have striven to make it reflect the Christmas spirit, and have attempted to embody somewhat the value of doing your Christmas shopping at home. Hence the larger number of ads from local business firms.

Contained herein are a number of articles from the pen of local residents which we commend to your perusal. They are well written and are from the brains of those most closely attached to the subject treated.

That Truman H. Newberry, who defeated Henry Ford in the race for United States senator from Michigan, has been indicted on a charge of election fraud.

Quicker safe methods of cleaning up old orchards in western Oregon are being sought by the department of plant pathology at the O.A.C. experiment station. Moss and lichens that gather on neglected fruit trees may be controlled by the usual spray materials used in the spray program, but growers coming into possession of these old, run-down orchards want something that will give quick results. W. A. Smart, associate plant pathologist, is investigating the best materials and best methods of mixing and use to clean up the disease quickly without injury to the bark on different kinds of trees.

A woman in England declares the kingdom of heaven is at hand. She avers she has been talking with her husband in paradise. There are smokers there and also a substitute for beer. And one nice thing, in view of the high cost of living here on earth, the English woman says that neither sleeping or eating is indulged in up there.

The Townsend Highway Bill

One of the most important measures the first regular session of this Congress must act upon is the Townsend highway bill. Every person who uses the public highways, wagon, truck or automobile, should be a booster for the proposed network of good roads, having their foundation upon a federal system, and which are to be extended by states and counties to the end that good roads will be more frequently met with, and bad roads the exception.

As explained by Senator Townsend, author of the bill, the purpose of the measure is to care for interstate traffic, to serve the large centers of commerce in each state, to meet the military needs of the country, and to tie the country together in a unit so that it will be possible for the states to plan and connect their system with the national system, and thus connect the important commercial centers.

The counties would then connect with the state system, and build out from the centers of population into the farming communities like the spokes of a wheel, forming a road plan that would do the largest number of people the greatest good.

Each unit, according to Senator Townsend, would be made more effective and efficient and the farmer would be given a number of markets, instead of one, for his produce. This road plan would greatly reduce the cost of transportation, and lower the cost of living to the consumer.

But Congress is going to be busy this session. Many other important bills and resolutions will come up for consideration, and the road problems, like the poor, we always have had with us. That is of course, no good reason for putting it off any longer, but it will do that very thing unless the people most interested in having good roads keep everlastingly after their representatives in Congress. A fine idea would be for every voter to write to the member from his district, asking for a copy of the Townsend bill, study it carefully, talk it over at neighborhood and community meetings, and then let the men who you sent to Washington hear from you on the subject.

The open season for political gunning is upon us. Every aspirant should watch his tongue and keep it bridled. If he ever wishes to say that somebody has perjured his pet phrases, let him count ten and a hundred tens if necessary in order to keep it unuttered.

John Dennis, a critic and author of London, failed to count ten. Verily he is not remembered now for what he wrote but for the remark he made a hundred years ago while angered. He wanted fame, but he achieved a cheap notoriety.

The only successful feature of his play, "Appius and Virginia," was a particularly able imitation of the sound of thunder. Dennis himself had invented the mechanism.

A few nights after the discontinuance of the tragedy the same actors appeared in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" in which they used the thunder-making device. Immediately upon hearing the noise, Dennis arose from his seat in the pit of the theater and angrily accused:

"They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder."

The author's rash deed spelled his doom. Even today "Dennis" is just another way of saying "The End."

Did You Know

That the women of New York have started a boycott on butter, eggs and coffee, on account of high prices.

That a rice farmer near Poplar Bluff, Mo., estimates his profits from this year's rice crop on 500 acres at \$70,000.

That Leland Stanford Chumley, editor of an I. W. W. paper which advocated abolition of the wage system, admitted in court that he himself receives a salary.

That Nordman, the noted French astronomer, says recent discoveries show the existence of worlds so far distant that traveling 189,000 miles a second would take seventy million years to reach them.

That Warsaw reports 40,000 Polish Jews have asked for permission to emigrate to America.

That George Shima, the Japanese potato king of California had bought 13,000 acres of land in Central Oregon which he will devote to potato growing, and that residents of that section are fearing a heavy influx of Japanese.

One Christmas Eve
by RALPH HAMILTON

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THE shades of the pretty home were pulled down and the gloom of dusk was alleviated by one light only in the room where the mourning denizens, Harold Bruce and his wife, Laura, sat. They were awaiting the arrival of a taxicab ordered in time to catch an evening train for the South. Both were somber-faced and wearied of men. They had not spoken for some time, for it was a situation where words meant nothing. The wife never lifted her tear-stained eyes, the husband wore a set expression upon his face as though exerting the utmost will power to repress the poignant emotion which consumed him.

Without, joyous echoes, the sound of merry sleigh bells tingled the air with Christmas eve fervor, and the contrast of this long-anticipated holiday presentation with what they had hoped and planned for, wrenched their souls to the point of anguish. Their lives desolated beyond repair, poignant memories ever present, they scarce dared to rest their glance upon the portraits of two smiling, happy faces looking down from a heavily framed picture, for only that morning they had received the terrible news that the originals, their only children, Don, aged six, and Etta, two years his junior, had been victims, with many others, of a disaster by cyclone and flood that had devastated the district where they had their winter home in Florida.

All they knew was that the pretty bungalow and many others, with their occupants, had been swept away, and hundreds were said to have perished, and no word had been received as to the fate of their two little ones, nor of Rhoda Marsh, who had them in charge.

Rhoda Marsh had come into their thoughts almost as frequently as little Etta and her brother. Each recalled that it was a Christmas eve four years



Both Were Somber-Faced and Wearied of Men.

back when Harold Bruce had come home from the funeral of his mother, bringing with him a wistful-eyed, sad-faced mite of a girl.

"Laura," he said to his wife, "this is Rhoda Marsh, a poor orphan child whom my mother adopted, who has given her the tenderest care to the last hour of her life and was a blessing to her old age. She is left without a home. Should we give her one?"

"We should, and we shall," came the quick reply, as Mrs. Bruce gazed into the earnest, longing eyes of the girl of fourteen, and read there truth and innocence and a soulful appeal to all that was maternal and sympathizing in her nature.

It proved to be a wise and fortuitous choice. As the children came along Rhoda proved to them a true and loving sister, nurse and friend.

Then came a test of the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the girl just merging into young womanhood. Both of the children were taken down with a dangerous contagious malady. The house was quarantined. Rhoda braved the perils of infection. Day and night she was the constant attendant of Don and Etta. She found so sure a loving place in the hearts of those she had benefited, that her eyes beamed with joy and happiness whenever she was in their presence.

The physician who attended the children was Albion Merritt. He had entered the profession the protégé of a wealthy man, and had acquired a clientele of prominence and a large income. It was when the little ones were convalescent that he had come to Mr. Bruce, who was a close personal friend.

"Bruce," he said, "I cannot find words to express my admiration and respect, yes, and something deeper, for that sweet little heroine, Rhoda, whose studious care of the children, far more than my ministrations, is responsible for their recovery."

"Yes," answered Mr. Bruce with genuine fervor in his tones, "she is a jewel of worth and constancy. Both my wife and myself realize what we owe to this poor waif who has endeared herself to us as though she were our own daughter."

Doctor Merritt proved his expressed sentiments by very often visiting the Bruce home after that. The children loved him and he would drop in for an hour or two and play with them and talk with Rhoda and listen to her singing at the piano, for music with Rhoda was her one great passion. There never was a visit on his part that Rhoda did not greet him with a beautiful, tender flush upon her fair expres-

sive face, and one night her kindly benefactors indulged in playful badinage when she accompanied Doctor Merritt to the door.

"Doctor Merritt has become quite a beau—eh, Rhoda?" intimated Mr. Bruce.

"Three times in a week," spoke Mrs. Bruce. "Rhoda dear, he is a loyal chevalier."

"Please don't," pleaded Rhoda, looking serious, shy and embarrassed. "He is only a great good friend to all of us, and he has so encouraged my singing that it has made me more anxious than ever to please him."

Early in November Mrs. Bruce, the children and Rhoda went to the Florida winter home where the family spent four months of the year. There were anticipated happy days in the pretty bungalow when Mr. Bruce should join them later on. It was just two weeks before Christmas when Mrs. Bruce decided to take a trip North and remain with her husband until the holidays, when he would be ready to accompany her to Fair Villa. It was a few days after her coming that her husband said to her: "Laura, Doctor Merritt has fairly haunted the house ever since you went away. I met him today and told him of our plans, and he was especially pressing in his inquiries about Rhoda. I presume he will be here this evening to ask you about Rhoda," but the young physician did not materialize as expected, and the next day the Bruces understood that he had left the city.

It was two days before Christmas when the dreadful news came of the disaster in the South. Fair Villa had been practically swept off the map; their winter home had been carried away by the raging waters. Telegrams contained vague and distracting details. They had no reason to hope that their loved ones had escaped the general fate of those who were missing among the former residents of the little inland town. They were now ready to go South and seek a trace of their two little children and of Rhoda, in whom they had so trustfully left them in charge.

"It must be the taxi," spoke Mr. Bruce, arousing with a sigh from his painful reverie as the doorbell rang, but he crossed the outer threshold to come face to face with Doctor Merritt. The manner and words of the latter were jarring to the bruised sensibilities of the bereaved father, for the young physician was radiant of face. His eyes suggested a fervent exhilaration as he greeted Mr. Bruce with riotous embrace and waved his hand gayly to Mrs. Bruce, who had followed her husband into the hallway.

"A glad and merry Christmas to both of you!" hailed Doctor Merritt jubilantly.

"You haven't heard?" spoke Mr. Bruce in a low, reproachful tone.

"Why, what do you mean?" questioned Doctor Merritt.

"The disaster at Fair Villa—the children."

"Why, bless you!" fairly shouted the doctor—"they are right here!" Harold Bruce wavered against the wall for support. Mrs. Bruce uttered a wild scream. Across the threshold from the porch there rushed little Etta and her brother. Joy, delight, ecstasy mitigated the shock of what at first stunned the frantic parents as an appearance from the dead.

"And last, but not least, she whose mission in life seems ever to be to bring healing and happiness, and love, and peace to all those who are dear to her!" in a gently reverent tone continued Doctor Merritt, and with supreme satisfaction the young physician viewed the five reunited ones in a maze of embraces, kisses and tears. Rhoda, clinging to Mrs. Bruce, hid her face in modest confusion, as Doctor Merritt recited her brave battle against the elements in a great storm upon a battered raft until she had brought the children to safety.

"But you, Doctor Merritt?" propped Mrs. Bruce wondering—"how came you to be at Fair Villa?"

"I arrived there after the disaster," was the reply. "I had gone there on a specific mission, later executed, to ask our peerless Rhoda, queen of all wom-



He Covered It With Kisses.

ankind, to become my wife," and as Rhoda extended her hand he covered it with kisses and pressed it to his happy, happy heart.

"If there was a mistletoe here I would march you two promptly under it!" threatened Mrs. Bruce, immersed in thrilling joy and gratitude.

"There shall be one before Christmas morning arrives!" cried Doctor Merritt in tones that rang out like a cheer. "Come, Bruce, you and I on a hunt for Santa Claus and the choicest gifts he can bestow. Oh! now here in the world, and never to any other, has there come a happier, merrier Christmas than the one we shall celebrate!"

Changed His Mind.
Doris—I thought you and George were going skating?
Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with mistletoe he asked me to go for a walk,

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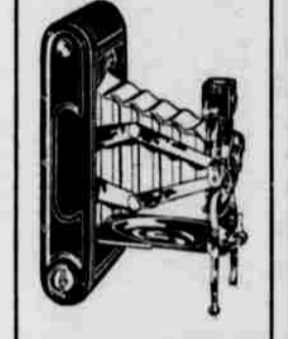


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To My Friends and Patrons:

I EXTEND TO YOU THE
Greetings of this Christmas Season and the best wishes for a Happy New Year. May 1920 find you with Abundant Prosperity and Good Health.

During the next five months I will be absent from Heppner, while on a visit to my old home in Holland. Upon my return I will again be ready to serve you as Contractor and Builder.

Cordially yours,
T. G. DENISEE