

# THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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MORROW COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER



## Germany Must Disarm

It was the plain purpose of the Germans when they appeared at the Spa conference to evade complying with the disarmament provisions of the peace treaty. Under sharp pressure from the Allies they are coming to a clearer sense of their responsibilities. After protesting that the reduction of their forces to 100,000 would require fifteen months, they are forced to accept January 1, 1921, as the ultimate limit.

The obligation to reduce the German army to 100,000 was never a matter to be adjusted according to the German's convenience. It was a definite and positive condition imposed upon them for reasons of safety. When they deliberately disregarded their engagements in this important respect it becomes their duty to complain that they should be charged with bad faith. Compulsion is the answer that they invite.

The German contention that an army of 200,000 was necessary, and that it would take at least fifteen months to bring it down to the size authorized by the treaty, was based on the pretext that internal conditions were unsettled and millions of rifles and machine guns remained in the hands of the people. No effort, it was admitted, had been made by the government to recover the guns carried off by soldiers at the end of the war, no attempt to secure possession of thousands of machine guns, mortars and cannon and make the proper disposition of them, as required by the treaty. Pleading its own weakness as an excuse, it confessed that it had contributed to its weakness by doing nothing to disarm disorderly elements among the people, says the New York World.

At the instance of the allies, the German government may find means to keep faith with them and hope to regain the confidence of which it has proved unworthy. If it again violates the conditions to which it has newly subscribed, it must submit to further occupation of German territory, presumably the Ruhr region. So long as it hesitates over disarmament it will be treated with open suspicion and be shut out from friendly intercourse with its neighbors. It cannot expect to enter again into normal relations with the rest of Europe while inviting accusations of trickery and dishonesty by its obvious reluctance to comply with its obligations.

## Suggests Wet Platform

The democrats had to crack a riddle at their convention on the booze question, straddling the dilemma by nominating a wet candidate. As long as the matter has had so much discussion we feel at liberty to suggest a campaign "platform plank" that would span the gap from grape juice to bourbon. We suggest the following. We the democrats of America, who saved the democracy from the world, favor the enforcement of the law, be it wet or dry. When it was wet we liked our bourbon, at a bit a drink and when it is dry, we get along as best we can; standing, however, unalterably opposed to whiskey at more than ten dollars a quart, either wet or dry, and we recommend that all bootleggers rally round the flag and patriotically cut the price (wet or dry.) We believe that the republican party is to blame for high cost of booze (wet or dry) and we democrats solemnly promise all law abiding citizens that we will wage a relentless war against all bootleggers who sell or attempt to sell law abiding and liberty loving citizens whiskey (wet or dry) for more than ten dollars a quart. We favor prohibition and are opposed to whiskey selling for more than ten dollars a quart.—(Canyon City) Blue Mountain Eagle.

The world will not mourn as the youngest son of the former Kaiser passes.

Halfway, that little town over in Baker county went nearly all the way so far as population is concerned, with an increase of 300 per cent.

After all, the population of a city does not always indicate its real bigness. Los Angeles has outstripped San Francisco in numbers, but the metropolis by the Golden Gate maintains its place as the financial center of the Pacific coast and continues at the head in foreign shipping.

The days of the "terrible Turk" are indeed numbered. The allies have issued an ultimatum to the Ottoman leaders which must either be accepted or rejected by the 25th of July. Should Turkey refuse to sign the treaty or give it effect, then the Turk will be ousted from Europe "once and for all."

## The Bubonic Plague in America

Prevention is always better than a cure. If we can prevent the ill from coming our way, we avoid the troubles and expense that comes with the cure. And also we avoid the risk of disaster that comes with the ill. We believe that it is the duty of a newspaper to warn its readers whenever it thinks that an ill is coming their way in order that they may take preventative measures.

Bubonic plague has entered this country again. Coming from Mexico, it has obtained a foothold in Pensacola, in New Orleans, in Galveston, and Houston. We are, therefore, bounded on the south by the bubonic plague.

The great distributor of this black death is the rat. You can quarantine against humans, against cattle and live stock in general. But you can't quarantine the living rat. You are only safe when he is dead. The health department of one of the Gulf cities attacked has caught a large number of rats and examined their dead bodies microscopically and scientifically. It was found that 40 per cent of them carried the germs of bubonic; "a very high percentage," said the health officer.

The United States Government estimates that there is one rat per person in this country. That means one hundred and ten million rats. If not controlled, it would be easy for these rodents to carry the bubonic plague to every corner of America.

What's the answer? Plainly, a war to the death in every community, in every house, on every farm against rats. The situation is so grave that no time should be lost. Let us get together in this town, in this community, and plan for a relentless drive that shall take in every foot of ground.

Prevent the plague from coming to this neighborhood. Let's get busy, neighbors!

## Housewives and Sugar Hoarding

In spite of a world shortage of sugar and a decrease of 400,000,000 pounds in domestic production, there has been used or hoarded during the current year in the United States 15 per cent more sugar than in former years," states the Department of Agriculture, which goes on to suspect that both housewives and commercial concerns must be hoarding.

These great government departments deal in masses of course. Statistics are available to them that are not available to the average newspaper editor, but we are going to take the bull by the horns and asseverate that the Department of Agriculture is wrong when it includes housewives among the hoarders of sugar.

Certainly, of course, many a housewife has fifty pounds, or even a hundred pounds, laid away in the cupboard. But that's not hoarding. She accumulated that 100 pounds from fear—fear that when canning time arrived she couldn't get any sugar at all. Fear that, in a few months perhaps, she couldn't supply her husband and children with a very great necessity—sugar.

Moreover, it was not uncommon for a woman to buy 100 pounds of sugar in the old days, or even a barrel. It was not hoarding then, when the big profiteers didn't have us throttled. Why is it hoarding now?

"Neither personality nor geography, but party principles constitute the issue this year."—Senator Harding.

With a new process discovered for the manufacture of rubber tires and a Portland man's device for using crude oil in motors instead of gasoline, cost of motoring may come down.

## Slats' Diary

Friday—Went 2 a forth of July picknick and had lots of things 2 eat and etc. pa & mister Gillem was setting on the grass tawking wem ma aksidentally overherd pa say—

She had the prettiest ankels and her neck was the nicest I ever seen, and tawk about a high stepper beleave me that old girl was shure there & I invested a hole weeks wages on her but she never showed. I saw ma but sed nothing she was kitting white under her curls & she up & ast pa Who is the hussy. Pa tride 2 explaine it was a race Horse wich he had lost money on, but ma was 2 hard barted 2 beleave him.

Saturday—ma give me a \$ bill & sed You go 2 the drug stoar & git a ticket 2 the city & a dime's worth of chewing gum. I got the ticket & jumped on a car & went 2 the city & bought the gum and came on back. Wen I entered the house ma was setting in a chare & swetting & she grabbed me & batted me a few & sed Where you ben. I told her & left the room but I herd her say Of all the Blame heds he is the wurst I ever seen. Then she sed she dident say 2 go 2 the city for she wanted 2 go her own self.

Sunday—at dinner ma ast pa did he like the pie crust & pa sed it was fine only for one thing, ma sed Wot & he replied The crusts is 2 close together.

Monday—Went down to the city Jale 2 see a hobo wich had been arrested for Fragnancy.

Tuesday—Jake's cozen Art wich has been in Frants come home and he had a gas mast & a hemilt & a croxy dagger & a hole in his leg wich was a baynet stab from a hun.

Wednesday—I akcepted a post-

ion with a farmer today I ride a horse while he wood plow corn. I sure am soar tonite & I feel as tho I woodent care of the band wood play the Star spangled banner all the Time.

## Outworn Ideas About the Automobile

The motor car is one transforming modern invention to which the world hasn't yet been able fully to adjust itself. We are having an example now in Kansas City's frantic efforts to deal with the traffic problem in the downtown districts. The city doesn't yet know what to do with the automobile. It can't quite realize that the car has passed from the class of luxury to that of the necessity.

In its traffic ordinances, in dealing with narrow streets and in ignoring the demand for great motor thoroughfares it is still acting on the assumption that people really don't need cars and could get along without them if they only would.

The trouble is that it is hard for us to make our mental adjustments to new conditions. Our old ideas cling to us and hamper us when the conditions on which they were based have passed away. The present generation recalls vividly when the automobile was regarded as a sort of freak. It was a toy for eccentric persons of means to play with—and a toy that was a nuisance to the rest of the community. It made frightful noises. It emitted a terrible stench. It put every respectable family in jeopardy by making it unsafe to go out with old Bess and the family carry-all. One of the noisy monsters was likely to come along any minute and cause a runaway. Grudgingly we admitted the automobile to decent society and gave it some of the privileges of modern life. It isn't so very many years since it was permitted on the Cliff Drive on sufferance two afternoons a week. Not so very long ago the council was discussing whether the speed limit within the city should be allowed to go above eight miles an hour.

Many of us are still thinking of the motor car in terms of twenty years ago when all the prophets predicted that it would never be anything more than the plaything for rich men. We still talk about it as a luxury and when in a thrifty mood speculate on how much the industry is costing the country, and how much better off it would be if the money were invested in houses or clothing or what not.

And yet, if we consider the matter fairly, we must admit that the motor car has become an essential part of American life.

The truck, of course, is indispensable. No delivery business could get on without it. It has supplemented the horse-drawn vehicle within cities. It is crowding the trolley and the steam train or express service over short hauls. There is no argument here.

But the service of the passenger car, while in some respects not to be reckoned in dollars and cents, is just as fundamental. In every city tens of thousands of persons use it as a means for rapid transit to and from work. For the doctor, the salesman, the painter and men in a dozen other occupations the motor car is a business vehicle pure and simple. It has become increasingly the reliance of the farmer. It enables him to get to town and back in an hour, whereas it used to take him the better part of a day. Finally, it is the greatest possible aid to family life.

There may be persons who sneer at such a statement as exaggerated and who regard the relation of the automobile to the home as of negligible value. They simply do not comprehend the facts. To many a busy mother, both in country and city, the family motor car has been a life saver. It has helped break down the isolation and loneliness of farm life. It has enabled the city woman to keep in touch with her friends in distant parts of town in a way never possible before, and it has provided a means of recreation for the whole family. Every warm evening the Kansas City boulevards swarm with cars carrying father, mother and children. Every Sunday the roads about the city are similarly crowded. On a smaller scale the same thing is going on in all the smaller communities of the country.

When an article so meets the needs of human nature in wholesome fashion that it has come into almost universal use, it is simply stupid to wave it aside as unnecessary. Of course, we might live in a cave, as our ancestors did, kill animals for food with a club and dress in their skins. We could get on without bathrooms in our homes, without electric lights, without running water, without books and magazines and newspapers. All of these modern inventions have taken labor that otherwise might be turned to digging caves and making clubs.

But it is useless to talk about turning back the clock. Human nature makes civilization and in turn is made by civilization. The automobile has responded to the demands of modern life. It has become one of the essentials, like the railroad and the printing press.

In dealing with the various problems involving it, we shall go wrong and butt our heads against a stone wall if we fail to understand the importance of the motor driven vehicle to the individual and to the community as a whole.—Kansas City Star.

Robert Buschke has been putting in a few days this week at the John Padberg ranch west of Heppner, setting up a new combine.

R. E. Crego, local phone manager, spent Monday in Ione on business. He was accompanied by E. M. Badger of the Wasco office.

Mrs. Rufus Farrens and Mrs. H. E. Clark and daughter, Miss Inez of Ione were visitors in Heppner last Saturday.

LOST—Bay mare, 8 years old, weight about 1500, branded JM connected on left stifle. Reward for information leading to recovery will be paid by E. P. Berry, Heppner, Ore. 2tp.

WANTED—House cleaning, day work, washing, ironing. Fifty cents per hour, in town only. Phone 542, Lizzie Nelson. 6tp.

FOR SALE—Kitchen cabinet and cream separator. See J. B. Cason, Heppner. 2tp.

JONES WEEDERS WITHOUT THE FREIGHT—We have for sale at Heppner, 25 sections of the Jones Weeders, the last to be manufactured here. Mr. Farmer, after they are gone you will not be able to buy Jones Weeders without paying freight. Better buy yours today. 4tp PEOPLES HDWE. CO.

MULES WANTED—I want to buy mules for the eastern market, aged 2 to 7 years. Write me the kind and number you have to sell. Ludwig Nelson, Ontario, Oregon. 3tp.

FOR SALE—One 3 1-4 wagon: one cook house for 18 men; one Nelson straw stacker, hood guaranteed not to waste straw; one Garden City feeder, guaranteed not to slug, a machine used but 25 days. F. E. Mason, Lexington, Oregon.

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An ideal home fuel for oil cookstoves, oil heaters and oil lamps. Get it at your dealer's.  
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (CALIFORNIA)



## When the train came in back in 1910

TEN years ago you might have seen one or two automobiles waiting outside the station, when the weather was pleasant.

Today the square is crowded with them. And most of the cars you generally see there are moderate-price cars.

Anybody who tells you that owners of moderate-price cars are not interested in the quality of their tires has never met very many of them.

We come in contact with the small car owner every day and we have found that he is just as much interested as the big car owner.

There is one tire, at least, that makes no distinction between small cars and large cars so far as quality is concerned—the U. S. Tire.

Every U. S. Tire is just like every other in quality—the best its builders know how to build.

Whatever the size of your car, the service you get out of U. S. Tires is the same. It isn't the car, but the man who owns the car, that sets the standard to which U. S. tires are made.

We feel the same way about it. That's why we represent U. S. Tires in this community.

## United States Tires HEPPNER GARAGE

Select your tires according to the roads they have to travel:

In sandy or hilly country, wherever the going is apt to be heavy—The U. S. Nobby.

For ordinary country roads—The U. S. Chain or Usco.

For front wheels—The U. S. Plain.

For best results—everywhere—U. S. Royal Cords.

