

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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Don't Let the Glooms Get You.

One of our business neighbors met us the other day with the most dejected face—you could feel his gloom a block away.

What's the use? Sure, business is not as good as it was a year or two ago. But what of it? All life from the dawn of the human germ has been ups and downs. All nature has been ups and downs since the burst of creation. Today's depression is nothing new. There have been hard times before and there will be hard times again and again, all through the coming centuries.

Have you been knocked down by this particular slump of 1920-21? "Well, well," as Edmund Vance Cooke says, "What of that? Come up with a smiling face. The harder you are thrown, the higher you bounce," because action follows reaction and bad times today are only the forerunner of good times tomorrow.

If your business is bad, if you have lost your job, if today looks blue to you, don't let the glooms get you. It is up to you to be up and doing. Let in a little hope and imagination. DO SOMETHING, even if that something looks lamentably little under the circumstances.

You—nobody else—are the master of your own fate until you let circumstances or some other fellow conquer you. If you permit that to happen, you are not much more than half a man. Read Hensley's poem again and get its meaning deep into your soul:

"Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul. In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced or cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody but unbowed. It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

The little band did well again on Monday evening. The boys are coming right to the front.

It is an easy thing to criticize, or simply find fault, for much so-called criticism is simply fault-finding. If you are going to criticize your neighbor, do it in a way that will help him and not harm. A little more boosting of the good qualities in your fellow citizens is the right thing, for generally speaking, no one has much use for the habitual fault-finder and grouch.

Heppner's five greatest needs strung out to a pretty long list by the time the speakers were through at the Brotherhood meeting Monday evening. No less than fifteen were mentioned. All important, too.

On a basis of maximum engine efficiency which is never attained in practical railroad operation, the minimum continuous horsepower at Umatilla rapids when measured in terms of coal, at an estimate of \$8 per ton, is worth more than \$5,000,000 a year. In other words, we are throwing that great sum away annually through failure to use this power opportunity. It is an economic crime in view of the great shortage of coal and oil.—East Oregonian.

Tourist travel will soon be coming by Heppner. Get the camp grounds in shape.

One speaker at the Brotherhood meeting Monday evening suggested that it was about time to clean the old brick and rubbish off the Palace hotel corner. The brick makes very excellent street paving material when rolled down by the steam roller. This suggestion should be promptly heeded and that evildoer, which stands on the principal corner of the city, should be removed. Hope that the agitation started will not stop until results in this particular instance have been obtained.

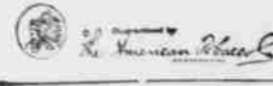
It's An Odd Old World at That.

Queer things happen in this god old world—queer anyway to us civilized, intelligent Americans. The other day in Bombay, India, two mischievous English boys killed a pigeon in the street. The pigeon is a sacred bird in India and there was a riot immediately. The police stepped in but that was not the end.



CIGARETTE

No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.



The next day there was a great religious strike and all shops, stores and the stock exchange had to close their doors.

In Egypt a native from the country districts came to town on his camel. A young American woman—a winter tourist—was walking past when the country Egyptian carefully leaned down from his high position and spat in her face. Asked why, he said she was a dog of a Christian and was walking the street unveiled.

Defeated Germany roars about paying a fifty-three billion dollar indemnity for the destruction she wrought in other lands and it is only three years since her kaiser told the Berlin parliament that Germany would demand a hundred billions from the allies if she won. And this with no destruction on her own soil.

Last year when we were paying 25 to 30 cents a pound for sugar, the sugar plantation laborers in Hawaii were drawing 276 per cent bonus on their wages.

Russian workmen helped the Bolsheviks conquer their country and now they are not allowed even the liberty to strike.

We could go on without end telling of queer things in the world but they would take up the whole paper.

Slats' Diary.

Friday—pa & ma all so me went 2 hear a speaking tonite. Pa sed the man is a finished orytor, but it appeared 2 me that he never wood finish. ma had 2 get me & pa woke 2 go home.

Saturday—We was tawking of base Ball plares getting bigger salrys than preachers do. Ma thought it wassent just. It mebbly not. But a preacher only just has 2 tawk on Sun days & don't know nuthing about in curves and outs & home runs & cussing an empire and etc. And then they is more peepul goes 2 ball games than they is 2 church in summer. The preacher ast pa why diddnt he cum 2 church offener. Pa sed he had a habit of going 2 sleep & the preacher sed Thats all Right it wont bother me. Pa sed Mebbly not, but you mite wake me up.

Sunday—went 2 s. skool agen. The teacher ast Jake who was Jewdas & Jake replied & sed Jewdas was 1 of the 12 apostates. He was rong. As usel.

Monday—Pa belongs 2 a lodge for keeping secrets or sum thing. He is master he said. I guess that is the reason why he goes. He can oe master for 1 nite a week. Ma is master here at are house.

Tuesday—The teacher ast me 2 compose a sentence with the word hand some in it. I sed I ast my ma to hand some pie 2 me. Teecher sed Next.

Wednesday—We had a Oyster soup supper tonite. This time I was the lucky 1. I got both oysters.

Thursday—pa was reeding in a noose paper about a invention of a colledkshun box for churches which wood ring a little bell when a person dropped in 2 bits or more & if you dropped in a jitney it wood fire off a pistol. I hope they wont get 1 at are church for they sure wood get sum buddy shot. I mite get 2 be a Orfant.

Lincoln's Birthday.

A day of joy, a holiday; A day in festal colors dressed To honor one who knew no play, Nor evar tasted rest!

Oh, man of sorrows and of tears, Would we could bring to you Back through the pathway of the years One touch of comfort true! Would that your eyes might penetrate The shadows in between, Through all the clouds of war and hate, And mists that intervene Into the hearts of all the throng Of living men to find Your name and fame the first among The treasures of mankind!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

BETSY

Sh isn't a car with a pedigree and she's old—very old indeed; Her lines are low and her speed is slow, a sort of "has-been" steed; I've had her repainted, benicked too, but she still looks about the same. She runs at times, and her springs are chimes, and Betsy's her Christian name.

She sputters and sulks, she kicks and bucks, and she has a consumptive cough; She often backs on the street-car tracks and the cop has to push her off; She goes like the wind on a long down-grade and coasts like a gull at sea;

We're Jack and Jill and we love our hill, but down it must always be. So I search for roads that are smooth and straight, and I skirt all the hills and dales;

I never roam very far from home, for somehow my courage fails; I live in the clouds when I journey forth, though the clouds are another's dust;

But I grip my wheel with a Spartan zeal and say, "In the Lord I trust!" And often, how often, they've towed me home at the cost of a five or ten!

I'd dream of the day of the one-hoss shay, and wish I'd been living then. And oh, the abuse that I've had to bear when we'd block up a road or pass!

They'd howl and groan: "Get the ether cone!" But I knew she wanted gas.

—W. Davton Wegefath.

A community play ground for Heppner is a plan promoted by the Patron-Teachers Association and the Ladies Civic Club. It will also receive the endorsement of the Brotherhood and is one move that the entire community should back.

A fire alarm was turned in early Tuesday afternoon and as usual the fire truck was many minutes late because it could not be started. We supposed the city was paying to have this looked after in that the machine was always in trim to hustle out to fires on short notice. The



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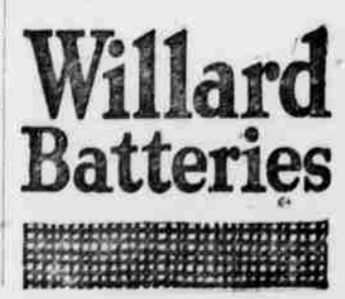
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alarm Tuesday was perhaps premature as it developed there was no need of turning in an alarm, but it called attention to the fact that the fire truck was not in proper shape.

In the death of C. B. Sperry at lone, the editor of this paper feels the loss of a tried and true friend. We have known Charley Sperry ever since coming to Morrow county 32 years ago, and we could pay him no higher compliment than to say he was a true friend.



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The Gift Basket

originated at Christmas time but we carry it through all the year.

On anyone of the 300 shopping days of the year we offer better prices on groceries than may be had in any store in Heppner.

Look at these special prices for the week, they're mighty interesting.—

- Ivory Soap Flakes 3 for 25c
White Navy Soap 2 for 15c
Rinso Washing Powder 3 for 25c
Dinner Table Jap Tea, lb. 25c
Barrington Hall Soluble Coffee, pkg. 40c
Libby's Red Beans, can. 10c
Baker's Cocoa nut, can. 15c
Monopol Preserves, 3 for \$1.00
Easy Day Soap 2 for 15c
Exeelo Cake Flour, pkg. 50c
Folger's Coffee, lb. 60c
Shillings Best Coffee, lb. 60c
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Gano Apples, box \$2.00

Phelps Grocery Co. Phone 53



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