

THE GAZETTE-TIMES
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The Gold That Immigrated.

Eighty-eight million dollars worth of gold arrived in the United States in August, bringing the total since January 1 up very close to half a billion dollars.

Prof. Irving Fisher, the Yale economist and his followers insist that when gold becomes plentiful, prices of commodities rise and speculation and inflation follow. Well, there has been a slight rise in prices since July 1, but nothing remarkable. And certainly speculation has been as dead as a last year's fly. So this gives the school of economists opposed to Fisher's views a chance for a glorious float.

But perhaps Fisher is right, because the half billion of gold which has floated to our shores in eight months has had no chance to show its speed. The Federal Reserve Banks have simply trapped it on its arrival and thrown it into their dungeons—their vaults. None of the gold has been placed in circulation as money, nor used as the basis of expansion of notes or credits or loans. In other words, it can have had no more effect on business or prices than so much gold ore buried far beneath the surface of the ground.

At present we are not saying that this treatment of real money is a good thing or a bad thing—but that what has happened to gold that immigrated to America in 1921.

Several new and modern residences are in course of construction in Heppner and it is to be hoped that the building fever will spread until it becomes an epidemic. More residences are needed here and the building of substantial homes in our little city is a thing to be greatly desired. We shall welcome the day when Heppner's burned over district will be covered with new residences and made beautiful again.

Mrs. Shurte, our school superintendent, is making up her program for the coming county teachers' institute to be held in Heppner on October 19, 20 and 21. Last year the institute was held in conjunction with Umatilla county at Pendleton, and to this arrangement there was some considerable objection on the part of Heppner people and of the county in general, they feeling that the institute really belonged to the county and should be held here. Yet on the other hand, there is very good argument for joining in with the other counties and being in position to secure the very best talent obtainable and making the institute more profitable and beneficial to the teachers. In the first place, we are inclined to the belief that our superintendent does not receive as much financial encouragement as she is entitled to, or the importance of the work demands. It strikes us that when the county court is only willing to set aside an institute fund of \$200 a year, they are taking a rather small view of the importance of the institute. A fund of at least \$500 should be provided for this purpose if it is expected that the superintendent can get up a proper program and secure talent that will make the institute of value to the teachers of the county. This is one of the main reasons why it has been thought best heretofore to join forces with the adjoining counties. We fully realize that there are strong demands on the county funds and the court has a big job of it making the money go round and yet keep down the tax levy, and we appreciate the further fact that tax burdens are just about all that the people can stand, but at that we would favor a cut in some other direction if possible, that a few more dollars might be turned into the channels of education. At any rate we should spare our criticisms of the county superintendent if she is not able to give us for \$200 a \$500 institute; she certainly has some job when it comes to putting this over.

"Che-ka," the Black Horror.

"Che-ka" is a name for the world to remember. It is the name by which the "Extraordinary Commission" is known in Russia. "Che-ka" knows no law, no human mercy, no God in heaven and no devil in the universe except itself. Neither Lenin, nor Trotsky nor any other body in Russia has power over "Che-ka." Its acts of murderous ferocity cannot be questioned by anybody. Just now "Che-ka" is standing Russian farmers up in rows and shooting them down because they protest against the "requisitions"—that is, the seizure of the food they have raised—seized to feed the loafing communists in the cities who work not and therefore have nothing to give in return for the farmers' hard-earned crops.

The jails of Russia are crammed full of the victims of "Che-ka" farmers, workmen, teachers, writers, tens of thousands of people suspected by the ignorant, fanatical illiterates who compose the Extraordinary Commission. All Europe is full of stories of torture and horror that come from the loathsome dungeons—stories that far outstrip the Siberia brutism of the despotic days of the Czars.

Some day the common people of Russia will gain control of their country. When that occurs, and they hunt down and hang the unmentionable devils that compose "Che-ka," you will hear a cry go up from the American Bolsheviks about the "white" terror in Russia. Faugh!

Slats' Diary.
By ROSS FARQUHAR.

Friday—this was James birthday & I shined pa's shoes when I told him I was badly in need of 2 bits which was for a girls handkerchief. he ast me if it was for sum particklar girl. I answered & replied that she was very particklar & it is all I can do to hold my own with her. pa supprized me by giving me a 1/2 a \$. I expected a dime.

Saturday—I was receding in the noose paper that they was a baby born in Ind. wile its pa and ma was out on a ortomobee trip. I can just imagen there supprize when they got back home agin.

Sunday—I & Jake set together in church & tride who cud stick a pin the furthest in to the skin in the pam of are hand. Jake win but I am glad for ma sed he mite mebbey get blud poyson doing such a crazy stunt. Tuk a otto ride in the p m.

Monday—I was up in pa's room & he hollerd & sed What you looking fur. I sed For nuthing. He smiled & remarked Well just look in my pokket & I guess youll find it yure ma just went down the store for sum goods.

Tuesday—ma was hopping mad this afternoon. pa cum in & set down & sed to her. Did you ever hear of the story about the woman which refused to tawk. Ma sed No I never. Pa sed Well you never will neither.

Wednesday—got kep in for whittling in skool wile she was keeping me in & Jake to she leckshured us & sed that fokes which wirk all the time never gets in trubel. shux if wirking aint trubel I never seen none. Ma is a grate deal the same because she issent never raxcky happy else I am wirking or going to church or sumthing.

Thursday—Misses Keller never liked me since I put glew on her dore step & she was a calling an ma when I cum home tonite from skool. I spoke & tipped my cap & she tride to smile but she looked so discomfable I wood just as leaf she wood go on & luk natchurl. saving up for a weeja bord then I can find out sum stuff. about Jane & etc.

Morrow county's road building plans are maturing slowly but surely, and our people will have to be patient. It takes a lot of time as well as heaps of money to construct good roads, and we should not expect them to be built in one or two short seasons. Our county can have no complaint to make concerning the work being done by the state and this winter will see the most of that work completed. In order to get some good roads it is necessary to put up with bad roads while the work is going on. Let us have patience.

Labor Had Little to Celebrate Over.

With six million men out of work and industries idle for lack of market, with federal troops in control of the mining regions of West Virginia, with many thousands striking for the maintenance of war time wages or the establishment of a 44-hour week, with bread lines and soup houses in prospect, labor has not much to celebrate this labor day.

When wages were high and work plentiful, labor was most dissatisfied and permeated with unrest, and did least. Now that the change in conditions voted for has been realized and normalcy is here, organized labor displays little of the spirit necessary for successful readjustment.

Professional labor leaders pretend to see in the financial depression only a capitalistic conspiracy to bring on hard times for the purpose of reducing wages and thereby increasing profits. This theory is absurd. Hard times are the result of economic conditions, the inevitable reaction from the destruction and waste of the war and the inflation and demoralization following. For every dollar labor loses in idleness idle capital loses proportionately and the losses sustained can never be recouped.

Everyone realizes that the higher wages are, the greater the prosperity of the nation and no one wants to cut wages provided the business justifies their continuance and the high wages really assure production instead of sabotage. The problem of the average employer now is to keep going and meet his payroll. With diminished income and vanished profits, he can not operate upon the prosperity basis of a few months ago. Yet the walking delegate insists on

the wartime pay long after the cost of living which raised wages, has declined and this attitude is crippling production and halting industry.

As long as labor organizations worked for better conditions and greater production, they had universal respect. When, however, they began the practice of curtailing and hampering production, unreasonably shortening hours, and systematically doing as little as possible for as much money as possible, they began to lose the support of public opinion, and will continue to lose it unless they change their methods.

Labor unionism has helped destroy industrial autocracy and so has been of great service to humanity. However, it breeds class consciousness, perpetuates undemocratic class distinctions and tends to replace an autocracy as bad as that it replaces.

The day of the usual big crowd delegates is passing along with that of the industrial autocrat and the day of a closer cooperation and community of interest between employer and employee is dawning. The theory that those outside of an institution should arbitrarily dictate to those within is wrong in principle and vicious in practice—hence the modern idea of cooperative management—where employee representation cooperates in determining policy and insures a square deal for all.—Salem Journal.

Roy Gardner has taken to writing letters again, and he is now out with one that tells how he got away from McNeill's Island. Naturally the warden of the penitentiary over there is of the opinion that the letter is a fake. It may be. The officials have admitted, however, that he has made his escape from the island, however he might have reached the mainland and he is still at large.

Who Shall Do It?

The discussion of the Umatilla Rapids power project has aroused a storm of protest from various sources against the development of the project by government agencies on the ground that it is better to leave their development to private capital. Those who oppose public ownership and development declare that our control of public utility corporations has proven so effective that we need not fear that they will not serve the public efficiently.

But those who take an opposite view point out that the public is in constant conflict with public utility companies, and that when the control of great natural resources pass into the hands of private capital the people are exploited to the highest degree and that our most effective regulative measures have failed to properly control them. It is also asserted that these huge organizations often control the regulative bodies rather than the opposite.

While there is enough truth on

both sides to justify some of the statements made, the fact remains that Eastern Oregon is more interested in the actual development of the Umatilla rapids than in the agencies by which it shall be done. This great natural resource belongs to the people, and whoever develops it should do so on terms that safeguard the interests of the public.

If private interests desire to develop this electric power project, let them come forward. If they do not, let the state of Oregon do it. We need the light, power and heat for lumberless enterprises in the Columbia Valley, for town and farm homes, to electrify our railroads and extend them, to irrigate thousands of acres of land now useless, and to make the wheels of industry hum from Umatilla to the sea.—Condon Globe-Times.

Pendleton had her usual big crowd at the Round-Up this year, but there was a general complaint on the part of merchants of that city that the people were not spending any money. It took about all the spare change to get them to Pendleton and home again, after having put up their admission fees to the Round-Up and Happy Canyon. Pendleton should be satisfied that she had such a good crowd this season, and it certainly attests the popularity of the big wild west show.

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THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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- 1 Bay gelding, wt. 1650, age 9 years.
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- 1 Bay mare, wt. 1350, age 8 years.
- 1 Bay mare, wt. 1300, age 12 years.
- 1 Brown mare, wt. 1400, age 6 years.
- 1 Bay mare, wt. 1425, age 8 years.
- 1 Brown mare, wt. 1200, age 6 years.
- 1 Bay horse, wt. 1350, age 7 years.
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- 1 Bay mare, wt. 1200, age 5 years.
- 1 Bay mare, wt. 1200, age 6 years.
- 1 Black horse, wt. 1550, age 12 years.
- 1 Bay horse, wt. 1400, age 11 years.
- 2 3-year-old draft geldings.
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- 3 2-year-old draft mares.
- 1 2-year-old draft gelding.

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- 1 12-foot McCormick header.
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- 1 set of breeding harness.
- 2 sets of leather harness.

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