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### SPECIAL WASHINGTON SNAPSHOTS OF ARMAMENT CONFEREES



Here are shown photographs of conferees to the armament conference as they arrived at Memorial Continental Hall in Washington. They are, left to right: Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, head of British delegation; Secretary of State Hughes, U. S.; Premier Briand of France, and the Chinese Minister, Alford See and Mrs. See.

## Poem by Uncle John

**WHISTLE, BROTHER!**  
In this old world, so interspersed with barren crags and sandy dunes, I keep my frenzied system nursed with warbled, harped or whistled tunes. . . . When I am seized by grim despair, or when my conscience lashed me—when critics grab me by the hair, or finance puts me up a tree—O, then, I tune my ripened voice, or press my fiddle's amorous string—a throbbin' realm awaits my choice—a rotten jazz or classic thing! And, presently, the clouds that thrust their hateful darkness o'er my soul, will vanish in the whirligig of Highland fling, or Barcarole. . . . O, feller-traveler, bent with toil, and, mebbe, prayin' fer surcease—like water on the troubled oil, the frish jig will bring you peace! When bill-collectors take their toll, and leave me naught but wads of grief, old Yankee Doodle cheers my soul,—you can't imagine my relief! Then whistle, Brother, when you're sad, or when you nearly lose your grip—a rotten whistle ain't so bad as trampin' on yer under-lip!

*From Uncle John.*

### ARMS AT DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE



Outside Memorial Continental Hall at Washington husky, well-armed marines tramped every place, making all those who would enter show authorized credentials.

## Community Service

### OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICANS TOLD BY LEGION HEAD

Use of Ballot Sure Cure for National Ills, Says Soldier.

Points Way to Ousting of Graft, Bosses and Red Menace.

By LEMUEL BOLLES.

Editor's Note.—Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the American Legion, talks like a soldier right, straight from the shoulder. The following should give food for sober reflection to all American citizens who desire to see our nation purged of all that is evil in its civic and political life. He handles the grave questions that face our nation without gloves, and draws conclusions sharp and distinct as is possible for any man regardless of his opportunities or abilities.

If America (the United States) ever goes crumbling away to political and economic ruin the fault will lie not from the enemies without but the citizens within, not guilty of crime commission but guilty of as grave a fault, omission of the very duty that gave them their freedom.

If all the blood and tears, all the great effort, unselfish love and devotion that has gone into the creation of the United States is to be wasted the fault will lie at the door of you and your neighbor and history in the centuries to come will point a pitiless finger at you and yours and declare that the greatest advance in human government the world ever knew was lost because you and yours failed to do your duty, a simple, easy duty that

should be a joy and a matter of untold pride.

America today stands in the path of a destructive force. Not a whirlwind to tear and rend but a slow, creeping, insidious, relentless force that attacks the very heart of your country, drains the strength and power and hopes and dreams of their being and will never pause in its blight until you and yours have been aroused.

Today in the United States, where popular government has reached its highest development, a large portion of our citizens have abandoned the effort to exercise any of their political rights. So, in increased measure, the urgent need exists for bringing home to every individual his own responsibility for self-assertion in political life.

In war the qualified man who fails to take arms in defense of his country becomes abhorrent in the eyes of his decent fellows. The obligation to take arms at such a time is no greater than the obligations of peace in the life of any good citizen. If the necessity arises, he renders his service in the discharge of his civic duties. But this is not true of all. Every country has its Bergdoll and every age its slackers. They occupy an unenviable place in public opinion; their children will live to blush at mention of their names.

But with the political slackers—many of them are respected citizens. We find them in every community; the business man who is too busy to register; the working man who will not take time from his tasks to cast his ballot; the housewife who thinks that a woman's place is in the home; the society woman who cannot be bothered; the average Tom, Dick and Harry who don't take enough interest in the welfare of their communities to keep informed of the time and place of the elections. All of

these constitute an alarming proportion of our adult citizenry who have a right to exercise a share in the direction of our political destinies, but do not.

There is not an ill in American life today which cannot be cured, and cured promptly, if each voter will inform himself as to issues with the means at his immediate disposal. There is not a weakness in our social structure which cannot be bolstered if individually and conscientiously we try to discharge the obligations and exercise the privileges granted us by the Constitution of our United States.

Political bosses, machine rule and graft are impossible in that community where the citizens are awake to their responsibilities; where they measure up to the obligation resting upon the individual. In every community there is that element, always in the minority but bound together by selfish interests, thriving upon corruption of public officials and special privileges, the very existence of which is a malicious menace to democratic institutions. In the lowest classes of society there is a dangerous criminal element, ever crouched to spring at the throat of decent society and to fatten itself from the results of riot, turmoil and destruction.

Well organized governments are constantly alert to curb these elements. They have but little hope of success by an open breach of the peace. Driven to cover and cowed to a sullen observance of the most obvious forms of law and order, they work to bring about their ends by more devious routes. These hardy partisans are present in force at the polls. They are never too busy to cast their ballots. They are never too busy to lavish time and effort for the candidate who will best serve their needs. They are clamorously in line when the rewards are being distributed.

**Unfair Attacks Made.**  
The responsibility of the individual does not, however, cease with the casting of his ballot nor does it begin there. It begins first in development of a proper attitude toward our public institutions and toward our public representatives. Office holders in the United States have borne such attack and misrepresentation and have become the target of such destructive bombardment that it is almost impossible to get the right kind of men to list themselves for office or to accept public appointment. Political campaigns though forced to disinfect in recent years, are yet too frequently perfervid competitions in personal vilification. A man of ideals, offering himself for public office must be unhesitant to withstand misrepresentation; to have his motives questioned; to have the most intimate details of his personal and private life stripped and distorted to satisfy the passion of that breed of politician to whom nothing is clean.

As individuals we can force wholesome conditions in American life by flatly refusing to associate ourselves with political followings in which such damnable debased tactics are countenanced.

When the successful candidate has attained public office, he then ceases to be, in the minds of many of us, an

honorable, patriotic citizen. Years of honest life among us are discounted and we begin to look upon him, too often, with suspicion. Whatever he does appears tinged with improper consideration, done not wholly for the public good. And despite all, the man in public life today who does not spend each waking hour in sincere and unselfish endeavor to serve his city, his state and his country is the exception to the rule. The greater proportion of mistakes made by men in public office are errors of heart and not of head.

How many public servants, having given the best that was in them to the office which they held, have been returned to their neighbors broken in health, sick at heart, misunderstood, their honesty smirched; left to finish their barren days reflecting on the acrid ingratitude of the public.

**Stand By Officials.**  
Individually we can correct this condition by standing steadfastly by the officials we have elected to public office. Doubtless we elected them because we had faith in their judgment. Doubtless we selected them from among their fellows because of their fitness for the task and because of their particular qualities as American citizens. We cannot expect a human being to be right all of the time. We can expect him to be humanly honest and sincere and humanly fallible.

America is secure against assaults from without. If that majestic structure which has been reared by dint of so much suffering and sacrifice ever crumbles it will be but the result of the careless indifference of the individual American into whose keeping has come this greatest of all responsibilities.

### SMILE AWHILE

#### FINANCIAL STRESS

The fact that his supposedly adored big brother was returning home from college that day had been carefully concealed from ten-year-old Tommy until he came home from school.

"Tommy," said his mother, after her younger son had gone upstairs to wash his face and the elder had been concealed in the pantry, "I have a big surprise for you."

"I know what it is," replied Tommy unconcernedly. "Brother's back."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"Cause my bank won't rattle any more."

#### COLD WELCOME.

A clergyman in a small town was deploring the fact that none of the couples that came in from the country to be married stopped a his house for the purpose.

"Well, brother," said the man addressed, "what can you expect with that big sign on the tree outside: 'Five Dollars Fine for Hitching Here?'"

#### POOR MAN'S PRIDE.

So many men to whom the East Side missionary had given money had expressed a preference for a certain lodging house that he wondered what constituted its particular attraction.

"It makes me feel self-respecting," said the man, when questioned. So far as the mission worker could

see, it was the typical cheap lodging house, whose inducements to self-respect were not discernible to the ordinary eye. So he interviewed the manager.

"That's easy," replied the latter and pointed to a sign above the desk: "Gentlemen Are Requested to Leave Their Valuables with the Clerk."

**SPECIFIC.**  
More than once the editor of a Kansas paper had had occasion to send warnings of a forthcoming discharge to a certain country correspondent who persistently neglected to use names in his stories. That the warnings were not without effect was evidenced with the receipt of this dispatch:

"Yesterday afternoon a severe storm struck this place. Lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the place of Hosea Gilkins, killing three cows, their names being Mary, Lulu and Harriet."

**THE MODERN FOURTH.**  
Here is a page from the diary of a boy of today:

"Today is the Fourth of July, once a glorious patriotic holiday. In the morning I took a bath and after dinner Pa told me stories about Abraham Lincoln. After supper I had to stay in while Ma read lessons from the Bible and then we all rose and sang 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then I went to bed."

**NEWS TO HER.**  
Here's one they tell on a noted British suffragette, once in constant hot water with the authorities. The telephone rang one day and while the lady was conferring with other eaders the maid answered it.

"I wish to speak to Miss P.," said the voice at the other end of the wire.

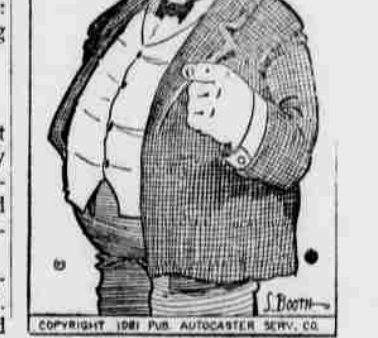
"Will you please call up in half an hour?" replied the maid. "She will be at liberty then."

"How stupid of me!" gasped the voice. "I didn't know she had been arrested again!"

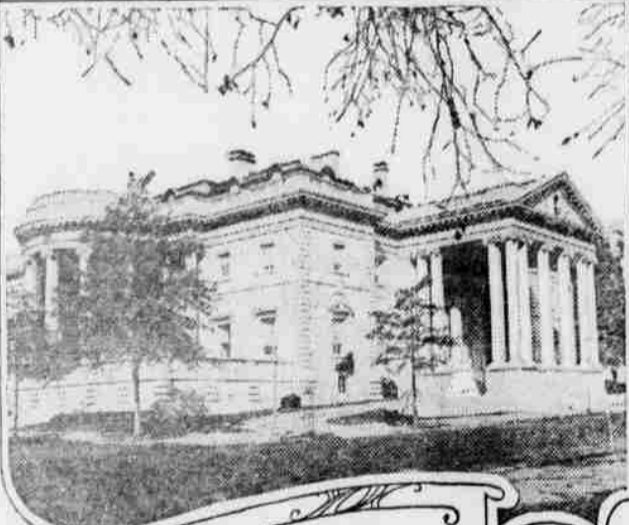
Cashier W. O. Hill was in Heppner over Monday night from his home at Lexington. The Lexington country is all bare again, the big snow having melted and gone into the ground where the moisture will do a world of good to grain and pasture lands.

## Uncle John's Joke

DON'T RUN A THING DOWN BECAUSE IT AINT YOURN.



### "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL"



Memorial Continental Hall, at Washington, where the armament conference is in session. Will this noble structure give birth to a new era for mankind, an era of universal peace?

