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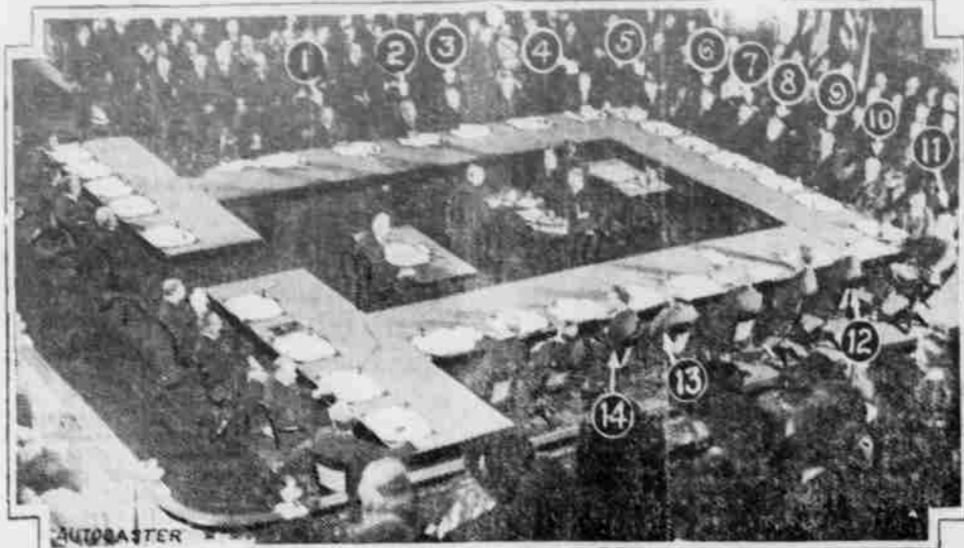
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Here's Exactly What Armament Conference Looks Like



This photograph was taken while the armament conference in Washington was in session and with all the delegates in their seats around the rectangular table, the secretaries and stenographers being in the center. The numbers mark the most prominent delegates present as follows: (1) Admiral Kato, (2) Prince Tokugawa, both of Japan; (3) Ambassador Jusserand, (4) Delegate Viviani, (5) Premier Briand, all of France; (6) Senator Underwood, (7) Elihu Root, (8) Senator Lodge, (9) Secretary Hughes, of the United States; (10) Arthur Balfour, (11) Ambassador Geddes, of Great Britain; (12) Sir Robert Borden, Canada; (13) Spivovosa Sastre, of India; (14) Delegate Schanzer, of Italy.

Community Service

LABOR HEAD ASKS FOR EVOLUTION OF SCHOOL SYSTEM

Secretary Declares Present Methods Do Not Give Proper Equipment.

Children Face Life With Unworthy Tools; New Suggestions Made.

By JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—James J. Davis is known in labor circles throughout the United States. The mere fact that he was made a member of the President's cabinet at a time when the keenest brains of the nation were needed to guide its destiny shows in itself that he is a man whose opinions must be respected.

The national system of education needs reformation. It has stood still in its fundamentals while every other art and science has advanced.

The American youth of today is being turned out of schools not fitted to give his best to the battle that an ever growing complex economic situation demands. He is being bedecked with educational "pretties," a dress uniform that must be cast aside to give place to the dull drab of the working garb, and the time he loses in making that change is a precious time of strength and enthusiasm, of plastic years that yield too easily many times to the fingers of circumstance and environment, of ideals that may be shattered by the rude hand of necessity.

Children should be trained to ap-

preciation of the finest things in life but they can never secure those fine things unless they are equipped to endure to best advantage every power nature gave them at birth and America's educational system today is neglecting too many of those powers and feeding to excess others.

We Americans have long been justly proud of our free public school system. For the more easy-going life we lived a dozen years ago it did very well. Now, it seems to me, our deepest, fundamental notions of what a system of schooling should be are in need of a complete reshaping. We have been sending our children out into the world to work their way upward, but with blunted tools in their hands. Now they need more accurate fitting for the work they are to do, and we must supply it.

Life's Real Needs.

Let us look at the matter more in detail. Every year a certain proportion of our children must begin work and leave school at the end of the grammar grades. They leave these grades with the elements of arithmetic, geography, history, English and other languages—hardly much more. Those who are fortunate enough to finish high school have, of course, gone much farther into mathematics and history and the languages, and into the past and present activities of the world—what we call cosmogony. But the point I am making is that this system of education strikes me as beginning at the end instead of at the beginning. All these studies given our children have been useful enough but except for mathematics and English study, they all constitute a training for the finer things of life rather than for life's practical needs.

Let me hasten to say that I am not for curtailing in any measure the training of the very humblest of our children for enjoyment of the finest things in life. The point is that this

training should come at the proper time, and that life can mean nothing to him until he has been taught some means of earning his livelihood. Our colleges themselves yearly release to the world great crowds of eager young people highly trained in the appreciation of life's finest things. They know the great deeds and the great works of art of the past. They have a deep understanding of natural and economic law. They have been taught to understand and enjoy life, and measure the present against the background of the past. But all this is for enjoyment and understanding, it is not a training for actual work. Many a college graduate enters the world wise enough, but actually bewildered and helpless.

Chance for Youth.

I would not for anything surrender or curtail the training we should give our children in appreciation of the fine things of life. But long ago it struck me that for the safety of the individual and for the safety of the country, the ideal system of education for the average young boy or girl in our land consisted of at least a high school training and the acquisition of some practical trade.

This has been no idle theory of mine. The theory has been in practical operation in the home school started and maintained by the Loyal Order of Moose, at Mooseheart, not far from Chicago, along the Fox river in Illinois. Experts have been generous enough to praise this experiment in the highest terms. They have pronounced it not simply a remarkably successful thing in itself, but a model to the rest of the country in sound education.

The idea of Mooseheart occurred to me when I was a worker in the iron mills of Pittsburg. There I saw heads of families die and leave their dependents totally helpless, the children with little or no education and driven to work without the slightest training. Often they were dispersed so that brothers grew up apart and unknown to each other throughout their lives.

What Mooseheart Is.

Mooseheart is not an institution. It is not a sectarian retreat. It is not a reformatory. It has no officialdom to rule it. From the first it has been a free and untrammelled experiment. In the first place, Mooseheart is a home. Mothers are there, so that they need not be separated from their children. Babies have been born there, of expectant mothers left without aid by less fortunate members of our Order. This home at Mooseheart is a comfortable little town of homes, cottages, offices, school buildings, work shops, a hospital, an auditorium and everything that belongs to a home community. The tract consists of more than 1,000 acres, and the farm that supplies it with milk and other foods is at the same time a model school of agriculture. In the midst of the place is a lake for water sports and the wholesome exercise they promote. And we have not forgotten a football field, a baseball diamond, and a playing space for all. We have an orchestra and a band of over 100 pieces. The students who form these bodies do not simply scrape and toot and make noise; they are under the training of a skilled and inspired instructor, and they play the best of music and play

Poem by Uncle John

THE CIRCULAR LETTER.

How dear to my heart is the circular letter that comes to my sanctum each morning by mail. It's offer and argument couldn't be better, though honest John D. had concocted the tale. . . . I gobble each statement with exquisite pleasure, and swallow with gusto, the smug guarantee; it's funny to think how they've gotten my measure, and put up the patterns expressly for me. . . . I faint would reply on the spur of the moment, and fill out the blank with a moderate check. 'Twould settle my nerves and abolish the foment that bulges the veins in my pulsating neck. . . . The plum-colored slip, with it's fervid reminder—it drives

home the bargain with rivet and clinch; the oil stock, or auto, or dollar stem-winder—in either event, sirs, the thing is a cinch. . . . And there's the envelope that comes in so handy, in mailing the coin so it can't go astray,—believe me, my dears, that the fellow's a dandy, who reaches my heart in that circular way. The circular letter, that goes 'em one better,—that offers me bargains from shoestrings to hat—the big yellow letter, the sure money-getter, that knocks the home merchant as blind as a bat.

From Uncle John

it well. Some of the houses and buildings were designed by Mooseheart students, from materials shaped in the schools and shops. While the students were about it, they fastidiously ornaments for these buildings, as well as blocks and lath.

School Is Gaining.

Even now barely well begun, Mooseheart has grown in the eight years of its life so that 1,034 children, from babyhood to young man- and woman-hood, enjoy its advantages. It is distinctly on the advance. We are now building a village for babies under school age. They receive, in babyhood, a care that is scientific and practical but yet sympathetic and homelike. At every stage all institutionalism is carefully avoided. No uniform has been adopted. The children wear individual clothing, and when they arrive at a suitable age, they select their own. At a still later age, they make their own. At all times they romp together as a huge happy family, as much as possible, out of doors in the country air and subject to the influences of the natural loveliness about them. At Mooseheart the rod is spared. We find it an effective punishment to deprive the misbehaving, or the scolding of going swimming, or seeing the baseball and football games, or the movies. For we regularly exhibit motion pictures in the auditorium and we are favored with the latest and best.

Trades Are Taught.

Where we do go far beyond the public school is in the vocational training that we make compulsory. The utmost skill is applied in fitting each child to the trade for which nature and his own tastes have adapted him. The boys learn carpentry, farming, moulding, machine-work, metalwork and work in concrete, and the like. The girls are taught housework, stenography, secretarial work, and kindred pursuits. They know dressmaking and domestic science. Whether as wives, as wage-earners, or as destined for a career, girls who leave Mooseheart are equipped for mastering life, for understanding life, and enjoying it. So are the boys.

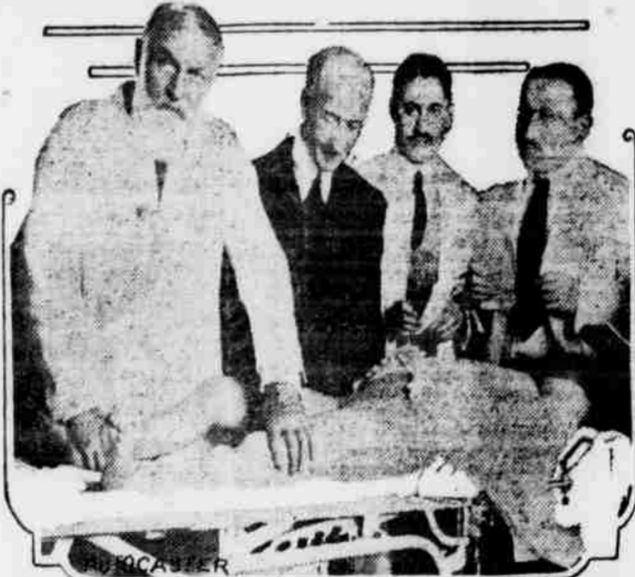
But the point of this, the everlasting point of it, is that while these young people leave Mooseheart to take up life, and while they are trained to make the most of life and its fine things, to the playing of music where they can, they all leave with some useful trade. Whatever happens to them in after life, they will be found on the rock of self-support and self-preservation. Their self-respect is as secure as their livelihood.

SMILE AWHILE

HIS CHANCE AT LAST.

It was a thrilling story that Brown had to tell; Disaster, shipwreck, bravery against odds, and wisdom when all wits were scattered—except Brown's. "I had abandoned all hope," he said, when his narrative had run on for an hour. "It was the most hideous sensation imaginable and as I sank for the third time, my past life seemed to rise before me in a series of grim, realistic pictures. I saw everything I had ever done. A murmur of sympathy rolled from

BLOODLESS SURGEON AT WORK



This photograph, taken in a hospital operating room in New York City, shows Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the world's most skillful bloodless surgeon at work saving a little girl from lifelong crippling. Dr. Lorenz has just arrived in this country from Austria to perform his bloodless surgery on many American crippled children. He was our gentlest enemy, but an enemy no longer.

Be Independent

Make a part of your earnings work for you. Protect yourself against the steady drain of needless and impulsive spending. Insure your surplus against loss through theft or carelessness—

Open A Savings Account Here



FARMERS & STOCKGROWERS NATIONAL BANK

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Oregon



Uncle John's Josh

IF YOU VALUE YER SKIN DON'T RUN DOWN ANYBODY'S RELIGION.



And both smiled.—Kansas City Star.

—:—
DOUBLES OR QUILTS.
"Spell your name!" said the court clerk sharply.
The witness began as follows: "O double T, I, double U, double L, double L, double O."
"Wait!" ordered the clerk. "Begin again!"
The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, double O."
"Your honor," roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court."
"What is your name?" asked the judge.
"My name, your honor, is Ottiwell Wood and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."—Lutheran.

POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION.
He was newly arrived in this country and was none too familiar with the use of the telephone. So he took down the receiver and demanded:
"Aye want to talk to my wife."
Central's voice came back sweetly, "Number, please?"
"Oh," he replied, perfectly willing to help out, "she bane my second vuh."

FOR SALE—Practically new Superior disc drill, 20-7, \$175, and Iowa cream separator. Archie Zeek, care of John Wildenan, Heppner, phone 22X, —Advertisement. O20-4