

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER FOR MORROW COUNTY

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

In the closing game of a minor league two teams were contending for the pennant. The bleachers were crowded with rival fans. The score was 5 to 4. The team at bat was four. The last half of the ninth inning was in play. There were two out, three men on bases, their best batter up.

He found the ball and sent it far afield. The race of the bases started. The left fielder ran desperately to get the ball. He met it in the tall grass close to the far fence as the batter was on his way home, the three base runners before him.

Into the tall grass the ball and the fielder fell. The grandstand rose; a hush held them. "Did he catch it?" was the thought on thousands of tongues. Out from the tall grass into which he had stumbled the fielder rose, holding high the ball. A mighty cheer arose. The four runners had touched home plate without a score. The fielder who held the ball had given his team the pennant. The cheers continued, wave after wave of cheers—until—the fielder lowered his hand that held the ball and raised the other hand in protest, dropped his head in humiliation and shook it "no."

At once the thousand eyes upon him read the sign. The ball fell to earth, not into his hands. In his race in the high grass he had stumbled where instantly he could put his hand upon it. No one but himself and his God saw it.

One never-to-be-detected falsehood would give his team the victory for which through all the long hot summer they had battled. Temptation spurred him but in the nobler sober second thought, conscience triumphed and HE PLAYED THE GAME ON THE SQUARE.

Victory was turned into defeat. But only for the moment. The hush that came over the grandstand, as they comprehended the act, first broke into cheers for the real winners—and then—the finer conscience and the true sportsmanship the player had expressed possessed his disappointed rooters. They found that VICTORY was not wrapped up in the pennant. The pennant at best was but a rag of a thing. The real victory was in playing the game on the square. And both the contending fans broke out in a cheer such as few diamond heroes ever heard.

The fielder came in, and as he came his head lifted from its depressed pose and he faced the throng—THEIR HERO.

The great American game is a builder of men. It is not the exhibition games that count the most. It is the game that is staged on the school ground and on the vacant lot that serves us best. The real game is played on the diamond that is not encircled by banner-bearing bleachers. The real game is played not on fields where all eyes may see. The real game is played in the far out field, in the uncut grass where ball and player meet unseen.

He who can find victory there has learned the lesson of life that the great American game has to teach. He is the player who is a MAN.

The fall clean-up for Heppner should now be in full swing. Let's get busy.

The Pendleton *East Oregonian* says that Walter M. Pierce has some tax equalization ideas that will work. He is the great "Moses" that can relieve us of our burdens, but what are these ideas? The *East Oregonian* does not say, and Mr. Pierce has so far failed to give us anything tangible. The mere statement that he has such ideas is worth little to the man who desires to know what he really has up his sleeve. The facts stand against Mr. Pierce as a "Tax Reducer," his legislative record proving that he was always and ever a booster for those measures which, having been adopted, are now breaking our backs with a burden of taxation. Lets know what he is going to do to lift the load.

This community has been severely shocked in the passing of Oscar Minor. For so many years he has been intimately associated with the upbuilding of the town and county, and his friends were all the people who knew him. It is sad, indeed, to have a man like him so suddenly removed from our midst and his death has cast a gloom over the entire community.

THAT DOLLAR CONTRIBUTION

The management of Walter Pierce's campaign for governor is making an appeal to the electorate of Oregon for dollar subscriptions to help the candidate's campaign. The plea is made that Mr. Pierce is the candidate of the people, that he has their interests at heart and is desirous of furthering their cause through the office of governor. All of which sounds pretty when coming from the fluent tongue of Mr. Pierce, or when coming from the pen of his capable manager, Hon. Thos. H. Crawford. But when simmered down to plain horse sense there is more an element of oldtime political bunk in the proposition than a heartfelt desire to fight the peoples' battles. Oregonians do not have to hark back many years in Oregon political history to recall the non-partisan campaign of Geo. E. Chamberlain. When George was running for office there were no political parties—at least in his opinion there should be no parties—yet, who ever accused the late senator of being anything but a democrat after he got into office.

In the present campaign, the democratic nominee's object seems to be to befool the issues through a constant harping on taxation. Like Andrew Gump he stands 100 per cent for the people but as yet he has given no definite assurance that he stands for anything except "Pierce for Governor."

The fact that one man has contributed \$5,000 to the Pierce campaign fund may cause many who were inclined to make the dollar contribution withhold their donation until the campaign management find a more stressing demand for funds.—*Joseph Herald.*

The most natural thing in the world is to criticize the man who is on the job. His public acts are no longer promises or theories; they are facts. Olcott was never noted as possessing a plausible tongue but his record as business executive is a good one and will stand comparison with most of them.—*MONMOUTH HERALD.*

Log Jam Shown In Kelland's "Conflict"

Picture From Story By Papular Author Shows Biggest Thrill Ever Seen on the Screen.

A rushing, roaring sweep of restless waters released from bondage—a mighty torrent of timber crushing, grinding all before it—logs bumping, splintering in the snarling waters—sweeping all before its relentless path. Such is one of the big thrills in "Conflict."

The most gripping, soul-searing moment ever filmed. Terrific in its intensity, the mighty log jam, the blowing up of the dam, and the swashing torrent of felled forest is the mightiest spectacle of the camera's art. In all its splendor, in all its ruthless glory, "Conflict," Priscilla Dean's wonderful new Universal-Jewel, coming to the Star Theatre next Saturday, vividly records the actual dynamiting of a huge dam, and the breaking loose of hundreds of thousands of the prisoned logs.

"Conflict," the sensational Red Book serial by Clarence Budington Kelland, is a mystery-drama, the rugged mountain country of the Canadian North Woods as its locale.

"Conflict" is the story of a fight—the battle of two indomitable wills—the struggle for the mastery of the logging industry.

The beauty of the photography and the magnificent scenery of the Canadian North Woods country is unsurpassed.

Thousands upon thousands of huge logs whirling through the dynamited dam were caught by the six cameras who risked their lives to attain this remarkable film.

An entire logging camp, running at full blast with all its men, was required to film this picture.

attended by Stuart Eaton in the direction of this marvelous picture.

"Conflict" surpasses even "Reputation"—Priscilla Dean's most recent Universal-Jewel success—in its intensity and dramatic force.

Mr. and Mrs. Eph Eskelson of Meadow Brook Farm, were visitors in Heppner a short time on Saturday.

Attend the Big Men's Class at the Federated Church Sunday morning 9:45.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I have bought out the business of Mr. Roy Whiteis and solicit the continued patronage of his customers, in return for which I guarantee first-class service.

L. VAN MARTER.

Fire, Auto and Life Insurance
REAL ESTATE

Patrick Hotel Bldg. Heppner, Ore.

WILL you have your old suit fixed up, or buy a new one? Either way, see

Lloyd Hutchinson

Where They CLEAN LOTHERS CLEAN

FRANK SHIVELY

Practical Horseshoer has taken entire charge of the Serviner Blacksmith Shop.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

Lame and interfering horses carefully attended.

Phone 512, Heppner

Shell Fish!

DO YOU ENJOY SHELL FISH?

Oysters
Clams
Crab

Served in any style to your order.

Our Sunday dinner should also attract you on these warm summer days.

Bring the wife and have dinner with us.

Elkhorn Restaurant
Heppner

Gilliam & Bisbee's Column

Come in and get the County Agent's machine for the dry treatment of your wheat—Copper Carbonate. The work is perfectly done and economically. Get your order in early as it takes some time to make one.

We have sold all kinds of grain drills and have decided that the Kentucky double-run feed is the best suited for this territory. Come in and look them over for yourself.

The Revolving weeder is the one that gets the weeds.

If you are going to use the dry treatment for your seed wheat, you can not afford to pass up the Calkins machine.

Gilliam & Bisbee

Announcement

I have secured the STUDEBAKER Agency for this territory and will be able to supply this popular car.

The LIGHT SIX at \$1,190.00
The SPECIAL SIX at \$1,525.00
The BIG SIX at \$1,950.00

The Light Six at this price is the best car bargain for this country. These prices are for delivery here.

KARL L. BEACH, Lexington, Oregon

The Brunswick Phonograph

We have just received a large shipment, consisting of several styles and including the "COLONIAL," which is one of the new Consul models.

The BRUNSWICK Plays All Records
Come In For Demonstration

Brunswick October Records Now On Sale
You want to hear "Rock Me in My Swane Cradle"
Brunswick No. 2296

Jack Mulligan

Sherman-Clay & Co.'s Representative, at

Harwood's Jewelry Store

Odd Fellows Bldg., Heppner

Sheet Music Phonographs Records

Central Market

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Fish In Season

Take home a bucket of our lard. It is a Heppner product and is as good as the best.



Hardeman Hats

Now \$4.00

Sam Hughes Co.

Phone Main 982



Two Incomes

WHEN John D. Rockefeller was a struggling young bookkeeper in Cleveland he laid the foundation for his now great fortune by putting into operation a very old but positive law of success.

He wasn't satisfied with a \$9 per week salary. He naturally wanted more—but he had only one pair of hands—and one head. So he saved AND PUT MONEY TO WORK for him—his savings. Then he had TWO incomes—instead of one.

Two incomes are better than one. Your wage, salary or crop profit may be fine—but when money comes to you in the form of interest—as well as the other—then you are on the road to a comfortable old age.

TODAY is never too late to start a saving account. It will pay you 4 percent here.



First National Bank

HEPPNER, OREGON



Stylish
Flexible
Serviceable

Recognized as the world's most fashionable models.

Beautiful fabrics cut on exclusive patterns.

Featured and sold by

Minor & Co.