



**Democracy . not a failure**

I have a good many well meaning friends who declare that democracy is a failure. We don't get things done, they say, and they point to Mussolini and Soviet Russia as examples of orderly, disciplined government.

I talked with a competent newspaper man who has been in Russia for several years. "What they are doing there is to regiment the entire population so that everybody lives by rule and discipline," he said. "It is tough on the common people, but fine for the officers, just like life in the army."

I have a friend who has spent many winters in Italy. "The Italian people take what the government gives them and pretend to like it, because if they didn't pretend to like it they would quickly be deported," he told me.

The most highly organized and disciplined life that we know anything about is that of the ants. In the anthill and the beehive the life of every individual is subordinated to the welfare of the group, and particularly to the welfare of the queen. I think I prefer a system under which individuals are free to "get things done," to any system which puts human beings on the same plane as ants.

**Automobiles of the future**

William B. Stout, eminent aeronautical engineer, has turned to the study of automobiles and predicts that the car of the future will be as different from the cars of today as those of today are from those of twenty years ago.

The ideal motor car, Mr. Stout says, will have more and more comfortable interior space for the same wheelbase than the present cars. It will weigh less and have more power in the motor. It will have ten-inch tires, which will wrap themselves around bumps and absorb all road shocks, but which will steer without effort. The wheels will be enclosed and the windows will be fixed in place, but it will have a ventilation system providing cool air for summer touring. It will travel thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline and cost less than \$2,000.

**Age . . . . and the nation**

The world is getting older. There are fewer children and more elderly people living today than there were proportionately ten years ago; an immensely greater proportion of older people than there was fifty years ago. Between the ages of twenty and forty-five are found 38 per cent of all the inhabitants of the United States, and that percentage is just about the same as it was a dozen years ago. But where the census of 1920 showed a little over 40 per cent of the population under twenty, that of 1930 shows a little over 38 per cent are under twenty years old. This is compensated for by an increase of 2 per cent in the number of people over forty-five.

If, with an increasing proportion of the elderly, we develop a national tendency toward conservatism, it



**A Talk With Teachers**

It is a long time now—that I was a teacher in rural schools. I can look back and see my unfitness for such responsible position, but my standing then was "average" or above. My license was based on qualifications. Standards are higher today.

If I were a teacher today, I would spend much time in trying to bring about "health habits" in the children. It can be done without books. Habits of eating, drinking, posture, and study; the proper use of the eyes with regard to light; proper forms of exercise, with caution for the growing organism not to overtax in eagerness to break records.

Children should be taught less of vitamins than of breakfast values—begin no day's work without a good breakfast. End no hard day's work with a heavy meal. A quart of wholesome water daily for second or third grades. Bad practice to wash down solid foods with gulps of water; masticate the food better—never swallow coarse, hard fibers that have to be washed down. Sit and stand erect—do not "slouch" in the living room, at dining-table, or when walking. No hard exercise immediately after eating, nor with the stomach empty. Don't go to work hungry. Children should be able to sleep on either side; I should be suspicious of the little fellow who only sleeps on the back.

Class pride in the school-room may be increased by "every pupil erect." Children love a degree of parade. An upright battalion may be organized, to overcome slouching. A better, sturdier array of bodies will be the reward. Breathing exercises pay wonderfully, and may be practiced in concert drills. Talk to the children about the lungs and their importance; start an "anti-cough" campaign, with more handkerchiefs and cough-dodging. God bless our teachers!

is easy to predict that our ultimate social and economic organization will more closely resemble that of France, the perfect example of an extremely conservative, tightly knit nation in which everything is completely under the control of the elders.

**Psittacosis "parrot fever"**

The serious illness of Senator Borah's wife from psittacosis, or "parrot fever," has focused attention again upon this disease which was epidemic three years ago.

Now the medical authorities who have studied it say that it comes not only from parrots, but from canaries and other kinds of climbing birds. The symptoms are chills, fever, and headache, sometimes accompanied by nose bleeding and chest pains, and it is frequently mistaken for influenza or a severe cold.

I have never been quite able to understand the desire of so many people to keep animals and birds in cages, but if one must keep caged birds, it seems to me highly important to maintain their cages in perfectly hygienic condition.

**Mohican . . . the very last**

The last of the Mohicans has just been awarded an old age pension by a county judge in Wisconsin. His name is Maq-wau-pey, in the Indian tongue, but he is known as William Dick, and he claims to be the only person now living who can speak the ancient language of the Mohican Indians.

This particular tribe was made famous by J. Fenimore Cooper whose novel "The Last of the Mohicans" is still widely read. The Mohicans, when the white men came to America, occupied the country lying between the Hudson and the Connecticut Rivers. They moved northward and westward as the white settlements advanced, and gradually merged with the other Indian races of the East, of whom only a few still survive on reservations in New York State and Canada.

One little group of them, known as the Stockbridge Indians, remained a unit at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where the deed to my farm traces back to one of the Indian land owners. They moved to a reservation in New York and, about a hundred years ago, were transferred to a reservation in central Wisconsin, where a few survivors still linger.

**Bruce Barton writes of "The Master Executive"**

Supplying a week-to-week inspiration for the heavy-burdened who will find every human trial paralleled in the experiences of "The Man Nobody Knows"

**A Career Opens Up**

Is it not high time for a larger reverence to be given to that quiet unassuming Joseph the Father of Jesus? To Mary, his wife, the church has assigned a place of eternal glory; and no thoughtful man can fail to be thankful for it. But with the glorification of Mary, there has been an almost complete neglect of Joseph. This is partly because Mary lived to be known and remembered by the disciples, while nobody remembered Joseph.

Was he just an untutored peasant, married to a superior woman, and baffled by the genius of a son whom he could never understand? Or was there, underneath his self-effacement, a vigor and faith that molded the boy's plastic years? Was he a happy companion to the youngsters? Did he carry the youngest, laughing and crowing on his shoulders from the shop? To these questions the narrative gives no answer. And since this is so—we have a right to form our own conception of the character of this vastly significant and wholly unknown man, and to be guided by the one momentous fact which we do know.

It is this. He must have been friendly and patient and fine; he must have seemed to his children to be an almost ideal parent—for when Jesus sought to give mankind a new conception of the character of God, he could find no more exalted term for his meaning than the one word "Father."

Thirty years went by. Jesus had discharged his duty; the younger children were big enough for self-support. The strange stirrings that had gone on inside him for years were crystallized by the reports of John's success. The hour of the great decision arrived; he hung up his tools and walked out of town. What sort of looking man was he that day when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan and applied to John for baptism? Unfortunately

the Gospel narratives supply no satisfying answer to these questions; and the only passage in ancient literature which purports to be a description of him has been proved a forgery. Nevertheless it requires only a little reading between the lines to be sure that almost all the painters have misled us. They have shown us a frail man, under-muscled, with a soft face—a woman's face covered by a beard—and a benign but baffled look, as though the problems of living were so grievous that death would be a welcome release.

This is not the Jesus at whose word the disciples left their business to enlist in an unknown cause. And for proof of that assertion consider only four aspects of his experience: the health that flowed out of him to create health in others; the appeal of his personality to women—weakness does not appeal to them; his lifetime of outdoor living; and the steel-like hardness of his nerves.

Next Week: A Strong Man Speaks

**Sunday School Lesson**

By Rev. Charles E. Dunn, D. D. The Home and the Coming Generation.

Lesson for Oct. 16—Mark 10:13-16. Golden Text: Proverbs 22:6.

At the height of His reputation people came to Jesus in large numbers for help, comfort, and inspiration. Some brought their sick to be healed. Others, as our lesson tells us, presented their children for His gracious touch.

The shortsighted disciples objected, glaringly failing to appreciate their Master's mind. They felt He must not be bothered by the noisy attentions of small tots. How stupid! The Master was angered over this lack of insight. He felt perfectly at home with children. Who understood them better? And who understood Him better?

How receptive are children! Simple and confiding, they possess to the full God's Kingdom in their hearts. They are the meek who inherit the earth. They live in the great realities. No wonder Jesus

Blessed them, announcing that only those may enter the Realm of the Eternal who cultivate the upward-looking, open-hearted child-like spirit.

Now this atmosphere of perfect sympathy and trust the Master breathed upon children is one we cherish for the Christian home. Unfortunately the modern family too often reveals a disturbing inner conflict and strain.

Furthermore, modern life is so fashioned that parents are largely separated from their offspring. The tendency is to farm them out to the school, the Church, the camp, or the Scout troop. A real divorce between the interests of the older and younger generations is thereby encouraged.

There is great need for a revival of the family circle, with parents and children creatively working together in education, the fine arts, politics, and religion. Let me suggest definite religious practices.

Consider daily prayer. There is no reason why the members of the family, young and old, should not join in prayer together every day, even if they but repeat the Lord's Prayer. Grace should also always be said at the table. Again, Bible stories can be read to the children in the home. Above all, every parent should strive to keep the atmosphere of the family group true to the light of the Christian ideal.

**LOCAL NEWS**

Walter Rietmann, with several of his neighbors from the Lone section, passed through Heppner Tuesday. These men have been busy for some time getting out wood at Jones prairie, and this week they will proceed farther into the mountains on a hunt for deer. Mr. Rietmann also stated to the editor that regardless of the extremely dry season, there was moisture in the summerfall out north of Lexington and Ione, and grain that has been seeded this fall is coming up, this condition being quite noticeable at present as one passes along the roads.

Merle Cummings weighed in a buck at the Peoples Hardware company the first of the week at 213 pounds. It was a fine big fellow, and having been killed Thursday last, had shrunk several pounds by the time it was weighed in, otherwise it might have made a strong

bid for the prize in the hardware company's big buck contest.

Mrs. Frank Anderson is moving this week to her farm at the head of Jack Rabbit canyon, and plans making her home there in the future. Her residence property has been rented to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. O'Donnell. Mr. O'Donnell has recently taken over the pastime business formerly owned by Art Bibby.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jamieson and Tom Craig were people in the city Tuesday afternoon from the north Ione country. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson departed Tuesday night for Caldwell, Kansas, where they expect to make their home in the future.

Jas. Murtha, flockmaster of Gilliam county, was a Heppner visitor on Tuesday from the Rock creek ranch. It is exceedingly dry on the range, and rain is the best thing that could happen at this time according to Mr. Murtha.

Wednesday being a legal holiday—Columbus Day—the banks of the city and the county offices were not open for business. The day was not further observed in Heppner, however.

Gerald Booher and Billy Cox returned Sunday from a hunt between Skookum and Brown creeks, bringing in a pretty little four point buck, killed by Mr. Booher.

Mrs. Rhea Luper came up from Portland Monday, being accompanied by Jas. Luper, who was called to Heppner on matters of business.

S. E. Graves, one of the younger generation of wheatgrowers of the Lexington district, was transacting business in the city yesterday.

F. W. Turner made a trip to Portland the end of the week, being accompanied by a number of teachers in the local schools.

Wm. Kappel who visited here for several days last week from his home at Goldendale, Wash., returned home Friday evening.

David Hynd was in from Rose Lawn ranch, Sand Hollow, Tuesday, having matters of business to look after at the county seat.

Wm. Instone, Butter creek ranchman, was in town Tuesday from the Jones ranch to look after some business affairs.

J. D. French and son Jack were Butter creek ranchmen looking after business in this city Tuesday.

Alfred Nelson of Lexington was attending to affairs of business in Heppner Tuesday afternoon.

Wanted—Wood and coal range. Phone or see F. B. Nickerson, city.

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