

GATE CITY JOURNAL

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H. F. BROWN

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1918

Notice to Advertisers.

All copy for changes of advertisements should be in the hands of the printer not later than Wednesday noon to insure its insertion in the following issue.

MISSIS.

Whenever a man makes a slip he can lay the blame on a "mis"—yes, a "mis," not a "miss," for the miss is but seldom to blame, however a man may strive to shift the onus. An error may be due to misconception, mis-handling or almost any one of the great string of "misses" that the lexicographers put down in their entertaining volumes. How did it happen that this dandy "mis" was injected into the language, with the same sound and almost the same spelling that the truly adorable "miss" has? The dictionaries will say it comes from the Anglo-Saxon "missan," allied to the sort of miss that we make when we, with more strength than skill, swing at a sharp-breaking curve ball. But our guess is different. It was probably put there, in its detrimental effect on the force of language, by some woman-hating old monk, who saw the lay brothers and novitiates looking with no very unfriendly eye on the mullebrity that might infest the neighborhood of his cenobitical haunts, says Columbia (S. C.) State. Without knowing it would one day become famous in the French, the old father just condensed the whole philosophy of "Cherchez la femme" into the three letters that have gained so strong a hold on our language, and tried it out on the first lay brother who was found delinquent in hewing and carrying because of the gleam of a shapely instep or the glance of twinkling gray eye.

Men rave at befuddled and deceived Russia, and yet some of them are doing about as much to help defeat Germany as is the average bolshevik. They do not yet seem to understand that patriotism, to be worth anything right now, has to be translated into action. You have to do something for your country, and you ought to be willing and ready and anxious to do anything you can, says Savannah News. Furthermore, you ought not to sit back and wait until your country hunts you up personally to suggest a course of action, but you should get busy and hunt up things to do for your country. Don't profferee. Don't strike. Buy Liberty bonds and thrift stamps. Give some books for the soldiers to read. If some of your property is needed for the public welfare let the public have it quickly. If the nation calls you to the colors to risk your life in its service, go gladly in the knowledge that you are enjoying a privilege in the performance of that duty.

Germany had a national debt of five billion marks when she began the war. Editor George Bernhard of the Berlin Vossische Zeitung says that at the end of the war Germany will be confronted with a debt of one hundred and fifty billion marks. The total of Germany's national wealth is four hundred billion marks, a large part of which is state and communal property, and Editor Bernhard calculates that after the war fourteen billion marks annually will have to be raised by taxation, which will necessitate the levying on large fortunes of a tax of 50 per cent. He declares that this will not be a safe tax from an economic standpoint. Germany should have thought of that before she forced the war.

A California lady is asking for a divorce and \$100 a month because her husband broke her nose. The California gentleman is a peculiar guy, if he doesn't know better than to tamper with his wife's physiognomy in any such way as that. He ought to pay the \$100 a month and furnish the powder, too.

It's a tough old world and it can stand a lot of mauling, but it's going through the worst ordeal in its history now and the man who dwells in a fool's paradise of complacency is going to learn to his sorrow how foolish he has been.

The railroads of the country were operated at a loss in January, but to throw the blame on government operation is to ignore essential factors obvious to fair-minded men. One of these was the abnormal weather.

The government is minting several million dollars' worth of pennies every day. In time you won't have to wait so long in front of the "How Many" windows for your change.

THE CABIN

By NEWTON LAWRENCE.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Old Wilder's cutting timber on the ledge," the big voice of Doctor Frost boomed from the hallway, and the tread of his great lumberman's boots shook the frail New Hampshire farmhouse.

Carroll Larue, wrapped in a patchwork quilt, in an armchair by the window, did not look up when he entered, or answer his cheery: "How's the little patient, this cold morning?"

His bit of gossip about old Wilder cutting timber, had brought two dull red patches into her pale cheeks, and she feared to meet the doctor's kindly, piercing eyes. "Could it be," she asked herself, "that he knew—that he knew, how she and Jim had planned to build their house among the pines on that ledge, when Jim got his patents—and sold them?"

So she stared at the glass of potash and water, covered with a saucer, on the window sill, and her mother answered for her: "She's just the same, doctor. Gargles her throat with potash, and takes the tonic you left for her. But she doesn't take any interest. Are you sure, doctor, that it's not—that it isn't—?"

"Consumption! Bah!" snorted the doctor. "There's just one thing more than this influenza that's the matter with her, and that's— Well, it's psychological. Not a case for a pathologist at all." and he pulled up a chair beside her.

From the corners of her eyes, Carroll saw his huge bulk in its shaggy fur coat settled into the chair. The coat and his beard were frosty, where his breath had condensed and frozen.

"Here you are, young lady," he announced, brusquely, and slipped a thermometer between her lips. "Smoke that for a while, and listen to me."

"You and Jim Langley were both born on Christmas day twenty-two years ago. And I've known you both just that long. There isn't a likelier girl than you in Claremont county; but Jim, well, he's a ne'er-do-well, a dreamer. He lost his job at the electric company for wasting the company's time on his fool inventions and such. You know more about that than I do, because you worked in Mr. Thompson's office and earned more money, I'll bet, than he did in the shop."

"But now, because Jim's gone off to the city on a wild-goose chase, most likely, there's no use losing your grip on yourself, little girl, and moping."

The girl said nothing, but shook her head slowly, and looked out across the snow-covered fields toward the dark fringe of pines on Wilder's ledge.

Later she watched the doctor's cutter disappear down the road. Then she crossed the room to a writing desk, and took out a letter—Jim's last.

It was written in New York, and there was the picture of a hotel on the envelope. It began:

"Dearest Carroll: They won't take any interest in my invention. And I'm almost discouraged. I can't manage to see anyone in the big electric companies who has authority to buy my direct-current converter, if they wanted it. They all say, 'we'll investigate, and let you know, Mr. Langley.'"

"It's six weeks now, but I'll stay until the converter's marketed, if it's forever. What's the use coming back before? I couldn't get a job paying enough for us both to live on—even if we didn't build the cabin on Wilder's ledge by the lake. And I simply won't have you working for that Thompson after we're married."

If Jim could only understand, she thought, looking up from the letter, that it was he with his dreams and fancies, his imagination that she wanted. What if they did call him a ne'er-do-well? What if he was? She wanted him.

What if some of his dreams didn't come true? They couldn't all come true. And so, with a little sigh she turned back to the letter.

"I'd know," it went on, "that it's only the thought of you, and our cabin on the rocks above the lake with the little workshop behind, that gives me any courage at all. Well it surely does; and it's the only thing, sometimes, when I come in feeling down-hearted and blue, that makes me put out the gas in the usual way."

She laid down the letter, and again looked out toward Wilder's ledge where they were cutting. It was an iridescent day, and the snow glittered blue-white in the sunshine. The jagged rocks of the ledge showed deep purple above the white fields, zig-zagged by dark rail fences.

Even as she looked, one of the great pines on the top of the ledge seemed to topple and disappear.

"So that's the end of another dream," she thought, with a choking sensation in her throat. And she reached for her handkerchief.

There was a hollow crunch of footsteps on the front porch. The front door banged, her own burst open. And there stood Jim.

In the instant before he dashed across the room and caught her up, she noticed his new fur coat and city-cut clothes.

"I sold the patents," he shouted, "to Westinghouse. Six thousand and royalties," he added, jubilantly.

An hour later, her eyes shining, too, her face moist, and her breath a little choky, she said: "Jim, dear, they're cutting off the timber on Wilder's ledge."

"Yes," said Jim, "to build our cabin. It's Langley's ledge, now, dear. Here's the deed."

Spain Is Buying Planos.

The American government is buying pianos and blankets in Spain, and paying for them with pianos made in the United States, according to George W. Pound, manager of the National Piano Manufacturers' association, in calling attention to one of the striking developments at the present time in this country's export trade.

"As is the case with neutrals generally," Mr. Pound said, "much of Spain's population has profited largely by the war, and the demand for pianos has persisted in spite of the fact that the prices of all musical instruments in Spain have doubled and trebled since the war began."

Mr. Pound said that the American manufacturers were thereby offered an unusual opportunity to help the government pay the war bills as well as to meet the foreign demand for our goods. In this connection, Mr. Pound said, piano manufacturers can only export their pianos through government license.

New Generator Finds Favor.

An acetylene generator supplying fuel for propelling motorboats is the device of a Norwegian captain and is reported to be in great demand, although the average cost is 21 cents per horse power hour. The gas given off as water is dropped upon calcium carbide, is led to the carburetor, where it is purified and fed to the motor. Though this apparatus is adapted only for the ordinary gasoline motor a modification is being worked out that is expected to serve for engines designed to burn kerosene.

Tacking Down Edges of Fight.

Things were stirring along the front. Miles away we could hear the battery heavies thundering and drumming and once in a lull we detected the hammering staccato of a machine gun tacking down the loose edges of a fight that will never be recorded in history, with the earnestness and briskness of a man laying a carpet in a hurry.—Irvin S. Cobb in the Saturday Evening Post.

Butter wrappers printed while you wait at the Journal office.

SUMMONS

Equity No. —

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Malheur County. Archie Sinclair and Amy Sinclair, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. Charles W. Rigby and Laura Rigby, his wife; James H. Rigby and Zetah Rigby, his wife; Lela Canham and David Canham, her husband; Florence Harris and Robert G. Harris, Minors, and Robert Harris, their Guardian; and Robert Harris; all heirs of David T. Rigby, deceased, Defendants.

To Lulu Canham and David Canham, her husband; Florence Harris and Robert O. Harris, Minors, and Robert Harris, their Guardian; and Robert Harris, Defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which is the 19th day of July, 1918, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: for the reformation of a deed and a decree that plaintiffs are the owners of Lot 5 in Block 66 of Green's Addition to Nyssa, Oregon, as shown on the Revised General Map of Nyssa, Oregon, and that said decree shall stand as a conveyance of said Lot to said plaintiffs by David T. Rigby, deceased; for costs and disbursements and such other relief as to equity may seem meet.

This summons is published in the Gate City Journal by virtue of an order of the Honorable Dalton Biggs, Judge of the above entitled Court, directing that said summons be so published and that service of summons be made by publication each week for six weeks, commencing with the issue of said Gate City Journal of July 19, 1918, and ending with the issue thereof of August 30, 1918.

C. C. WILSON,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

Serial 010954

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Boise, Idaho,
July 31, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that John E. Shepard, of New Plymouth, Idaho, who, on July 2, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 0101954, for NE 1/4 Section 33, Township 1 North Range 4 West, Boise Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before L. M. Lyon, United States Commissioner, at his office, at Payette, Idaho, on the 12th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Willard Detrick, Oliver S. Tyler, Homer Chenney and Preston Bradford, all of New Plymouth, Idaho.

FRANK S. HEER, Register.

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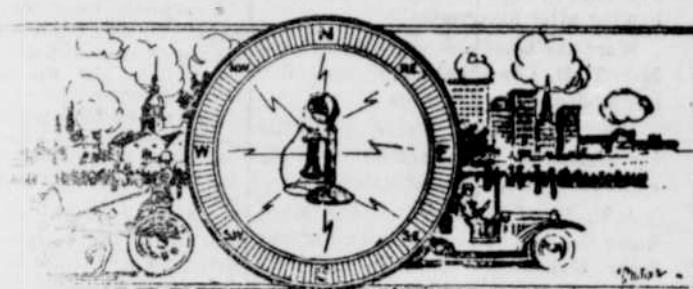
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