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Malheur Enterprise

Published every Saturday, by The Malheur Enterprise Publishing Co. JOHN RIGBY, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VALE, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1913.

Subscription Rates:

ONE YEAR, \$2.00. SIX MONTHS, \$1.00. [STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.]

Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Vale, Oregon.

PROHIBITIONISTS who are more interested in the welfare of the people than in defeating some one for office or obtaining political advancement are requested to carefully ponder over the following from the Los Angeles Times. "The common carriers of the country have learned that John Barleycorn in the habiliments of Death sits at many railroad crossings, at many a switch, and on many a siding, and rides upon the pilot of a hundred engines every day in the week. They might have nailed up the saloon door to their employes, and practically did so by forbidding a trainman under pain of discharge to enter any habitation where John Barleycorn had his domicile. The rule would have done little good if they had not discovered a 'more excellent way.'

"Block systems are good, and so are all other mechanical devices, but unless you get the men at the throttle valve to leave whiskey alone, deaths will occur on the track. By the introduction of a 'more excellent way' a report upon the Southern Pacific System shows that in four years ended July 30, 1912, 150,000,000 persons had traveled on trains of that road 'without killing a single passenger through collision or derailment.' In one small railroad town of 3,000 inhabitants, twenty-nine saloons had flourished, and kept on flourishing in spite of the rule forbidding trainmen to patronize these places. Then the road introduced its 'more excellent way' in the establishment of a clubhouse to take the place of the saloon, and six months later a dozen of the saloons had closed their doors because they would not pay. Two years after the club was opened, only seven of the twenty-nine saloons remained in business. Guidance was superior to obstruction, and EDUCATION LEFT PROHIBITION AWAY BEHIND.

"The saloon is the most democratic place on earth, where all distinctions are left behind as each man enters the door. So in the clubs all men stand upon a plane of social equality. Another thing, the railroad clubhouses assume good behavior on the part of all who enter them, and there is never seen a sign prohibiting swearing, smoking, expectorating, or any other improper act. 'There are no rules of conduct.' The men are put on their manhood and upon their good behavior. In an article in a recent issue of the Outlook, the discussion upon this subject closes as follows: 'Social welfare workers will find food for reflection in the remarkable success of this enterprise, which vigorously suppressed every tinge of paternalism and patronage in order to lay hands upon the most elusive, unwitting individual, the adult, independent, self-respecting worker, and keep him out of danger the danger zone of the saloon.'

IN the "Country Gentlemen" there is a quotation from Emerson which leads to some reflections. "I believe in a spade and an acre of ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me to be an universal working man. He solves the problem of life, not for one, but for all men of sound body." These are fine sentiments and true, but are they sentiments of the man who gets up at four of the clock and rustles around with a lantern to feed the stock, milk the cow, curry and harness the horses, grease the wagon and get ready for a 5-30 breakfast which his wife has prepared for him in order to get a days work done? He comes in at six in the afternoon and gets his work completed by 7:30. Sunday he gets up a little later, cares for the stock and perhaps drives to church but must return in time to care for the same stock. He drives to town in the rain when he cannot work on the ground; chops wood in the shed when it is impossible to work in the garden.

Fortunately there are men who love this life, for if there were not, crops would be short; but it is this life that is driving young men to the city, or away from home, to endeavor to get the worldly necessities without the grinding toil of the farm. This age is finding lawmakers reducing the hours of labor everywhere except on the farm. Girls in the city are now receiving protection from over work and are assured of living wage; Girls on the farm must rise at five of the clock and work until 7 at night. Boys are not allowed to work under age in the cities while on the farm a boy that cannot do, and does not have to do, a mans work at from 12 to 15 years is the exception.

Education is teaching them this and further education may pull them through, but unless they stick to the farm and fight for themselves the same grind will go forward for ages longer.

All philosophers are telling of the great things on the farm, how fine to get close to nature, but always for the other fellow. A spade is a fine affair, but it sure gives the user more of a back ache than does a steel pen. The plow is an excellent and great tool, but the pair of legs that follows one for 13 hours would not get so tired under a mahogany table. The axe does pretty work but the arm that swings one would feel full as well at night had it pushed a pen four or five hours. Brains, as we are wont to call an active mind, are not prolific producers except through the efforts of those less equipped with them. This is one of natures provisions for the feeding and clothing the human race. The greatest philosopher that the world has yet produced claimed that the greater portion of the human race were only fit for slaves. From the days of Horace to that of Emerson the farmer has been told how fortunate he was and how happy he should be.

Of late years the civilized governments have endeavored to better the condition of the tiller of the soil. Germany has made a success of it because her farmers are addicted to work, having the mind for change bred out of them by ages of laborious toil. The United States has endeavored to better their condition through praiseworthy work in the agricultural department, but the wealthy grabbers of labors' product are deliberately legislating against his

very life and fighting every movement that will give him an opportunity for advancement.

The producer must not be permitted to obtain the values he creates for where would the bondholder and owner of watered stock find solace?

To conclude; its a glorious thing to sit under your own fig tree and watch the other fellow work. Grand to play golf while the other fellow plows your land. Gathered from the producer the wherewithal to farm by proxy, it's a grand and glorious life. But those who can exploit the other fellow may thank their good angel that the other fellow is willing, and Emerson is right, he is an "universal worker."

"STRAWS show which way the wind blows." True enough, but sometimes its governors; instance Gov. Foss, who repudiates the democratic party and its ruinous program. This deflection seems to give the democratic press palpitation of the pen and they are now discussing (you might drop the dis) the trend of the people towards the republican principles and seem to infer that there is no hope for them in the future. Some of the so-called independents are advising the democrats to join the progressive party. This would be fine, for if anything would drive a republican that voted for Roosevelt back into the old ranks it would be a democratic accession into close proximity, with a mixture of democratic heresies and progressive absurdities, simulating a political policy.

OUTSIDE PAPERS NOTE R. R. SERVICE

Travelers are Making Loud Complaints About Train Service -- Statesman and Oregonian Note Bad Treatment.

It is noted in our exchanges that the Statesman has taken notice of the abominable service between Vale and Ontario. The Oregonian has also heard the complaints of delayed and abused travellers. It is apparently impossible to change it and we suppose Vale must resign herself to the time when the Oregon Eastern is completed and connection is made over an interested line with our home city. On account of the service Vale is prevented from patronizing Portland, our natural distributing point, and forced east or to Boise, which, of course is all right for Idaho and Salt Lake but not so well for Oregon.

The O. S. L. is a Mormon road and of course its policy is to enforce a long haul over that line. Still the public is entitled to reasonable service and decent schedules but until Vale has a greater influence at the ballot box it is likely that she will have to take what she can get and thank the powers that be that it is no worse.

VALE'S WEEDS MAY BE DESTRUCTIVE

A disastrous conflagration was narrowly averted, Saturday night, through quick and decisive action of those who first arrived on the scene.

An intoxicated individual set fire to the weeds in front of Deputy Marshal Eldredge's residence and made a tremendous blaze which threatened to destroy the town.

The alarm brought citizens to the rescue and the weeds were rolled to the center of the road where they burned out. The entire city is covered with a heavy growth of weeds and though a state law is in effect the city continues to raise them to poison the surrounding country.

Marks Tailoring Co. new fall and winter tailor made clothes are the best. Come in and let us show you. Vale Tailoring Co.--adv.

Library Library will be open Wednesday and Saturday from 7:45 to 9:30 p. m. and Saturday 2 to 4 as usual.

Have your summer suit cleaned and pressed. Call 87.--adv.

Piano Player Wanted For Moving picture show. Inquire Hull and Co.--adv.

Special Rates to Fair.

Special rates and train service on O. S. L. for Malheur County Fair and Roundup, Ontario, Oregon September 15th to 20th. One fare for round trip. Tickets on sale September 15th to 20th, good returning September 22nd. Special train leave Brogan morning of September 17th and 19th, returning to Brogan in the evening. Train will also run from Ontario to Brogan on the evening of Sept. 20. Everybody come and witness the many attractions prepared for this, the biggest and best Fair and wild west show ever attempted in Eastern Oregon. Something doing every minute of the week. adv.

Notice of Publication In the matter of establishing boundaries and making official survey of the N 1/4 and SW 1/4 of section 25 and the S 1/4 of the N 1/4; and the NW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of section 23, all in Twp. 16 S., R. 43 E., W. 4 M.

To R. M. Russell, Mrs. Florence Lundstrum, R. C. McKinney, Willow River Land & Irrigation Co., J. E. Watson, W. M. Crippen, Pearl Botts, C. J. King, Wm Young, G. H. Bridewell, H. L. Barrell, Roy S. Wilson, E. C. Thompson, S. S. Griffin, (Crippen, Buchanan, and Watson), H. R. Bum-baugh, H. G. Geary, and N. P. Ry. Co.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the ninth day of October, 1913, same being four days after the date of the last publication of this notice, I, J. F. Miller, County surveyor, on application heretofore made by the Eastern Oregon Land Co., will proceed to permanently establish and mark the boundaries of the following described land in Malheur County, Oregon, to-wit: N 1/4 and SW 1/4 of section 25 also S 1/4 of the N 1/4 and the NW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of section 23, all in Twp. 16 S., R. 43 E., W. 4 M.

J. F. MILLER, County Surveyor. Sept. 13--Oct. 5.

Special Train to Fair.

Malheur County Fair and Roundup. Special rates and train service on O. S. L. Tickets on sale September 15th to 20th, good returning September 22nd. Special trains leave Brogan mornings of September 17th and 19th returning to Brogan in the evening. Train will also run from Ontario to Brogan on the evening of Sept. 20, giving visitors opportunity to spend whole day, including in the many attractions and wild west scenes connected with this, the biggest and best Fair ever held in Eastern Oregon. Bucking, roping, trick riding and horse races. Dancing every evening with accommodations for everybody. Don't forget the dates, September 16th, to 20th. adv.

THE HUSBANDS OF EDITH

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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madam would not breakfast until 9. She was still very sleepy. Would M. Medcroft be good enough to order her coffee and rolls brought to her compartment at that hour? And would he mind seeing that the maid saw to it that Raggles surely had his biscuit and a walk at the next station? "Raggles?" queried Brock, passing his hand over his brow. The other shrugged his shoulders and looked askance. "Oh, yes; I understand," murmured the puzzled one, recovering himself. For the next ten minutes he wondered who Raggles could be.

He had eaten his strawberries and was waiting for the eggs and coffee, resentfully eyeing the early risers who were now coming in for their coffee and rolls. They had slept. He could tell by the complacent manner in which their hair was combed and by the interest they found in the scenery which he had come, by tedious familiarity, to loathe and scorn.

The actions of two young women near the door attracted his attention. From their actions he suddenly gathered that they were discussing him--and in a more or less facetious fashion at that. They whispered and looked shy and grinned in a most disconcerting manner. He turned red about the ears and began to wonder fiercely why his eggs and coffee were so slow in coming. Then, to his consternation, the young women, plainly of the serving class, bore down upon him with abashed smiles. He noticed for the first time that one of them was carrying a very small child in her arms. As she came alongside, grinning sheepishly, she extended the small one toward the astounded Brock, and said in excellent old English:

"Good morning, Mr. Medcroft." Then, with a rare inspiration, "Baby, kiss papa--come, now." She pushed the infant almost into Brock's face. He did not observe that it was a beautiful child and that it had a look of terror in its eyes. He only knew that he was glaring wildly at the fiendish nurse, the truth slowly beating its way into his be-addled brain. For a full minute he stared as if petrified. Then, administering a sickly grin, he sought to bring his wits up to the requirements of the extraordinary situation. He lifted his hand and mumbled: "Come, Raggles! I haven't a biscuit, but here, have a roll, do. Give me a--a kiss!" He added the last in most heroic surrender.

The nurse and the maid stared hard at him. The baby turned in affright to cling closely to the neck of the former.

"Good Lord, sir," whispered the nurse, with a nervous glance about her, "this ain't Raggles, sir. This is a baby."

"Do you think I'm blind, madam?" whispered he savagely. "I can see it's a baby, but I didn't know there was to be one. Its father didn't mention it to me."

upon--dazzlingly. It might be said, with some support to the adjective. Moreover, she was looking directly into his eyes from her unstable position near the door. What was more, a shy, even mischievous, smile crept into her face as her glance caught his. Never had he seen a more exquisite face than hers. Never had he looked upon a more perfect picture of grace and loveliness and--aye--smartness. She was smiling with unmistakable friendliness and recognition, and yet he could have sworn he had not seen her before in his



"Good morning, Roxbury," she said. life. As if he could have forgotten such a face! A sudden sense of enchantment swept over him, indescribable yet delicious. She was coming toward him, still smiling shyly, her lips parted, as if she were breathing quickly from fear or another emotion. He set down his coffee cup without regard to taste or direction, his gaze fixed upon the trim, slender figure in blue. He now saw that her dark eyes were filled with a soft seriousness that belied her brave smile. A delicate pink had come into her clear, high bred face. The hesitancy of the gentleman enveloped her with a mantle that shielded her from any suspicion of boldness. Brock struggled to his feet, amazement written in his face.

"Good morning, Roxbury," she said in the most impersonal of greetings. Her smile deepened as the blankness increased in his face. In the most casual, matter of fact manner she appropriated the chair across the table from his. "Please sit down, Roxby."

He sat down abruptly. For a single tense, abashed moment they looked searchingly into each other's eyes. "Are you Raggles?" he asked politely. "You poor man!" she cried, aghast. "Raggles is Edith's French poodle. His no one told you of the poodle? She half whispered this. He began to adore her at that very moment, a circumstance well worth remembering.

"No one has told me of you, for that matter," he apologized, thrilling with a delight such as he had never known before. "Would you mind whispering to me just who you are? Am I supposed to be your father--or what?" "It is all so delightfully casual, isn't it?" she said. "I darestay they forgot to tell you that you are a man of family. Didn't they mention me in any way at all?" She pointed very prettily. "No, they ignored you and Raggles and Tootles. Are there any more in my family that I haven't met?"

"You see, we got to the station quite a bit ahead of Edith. That's how you happened to miss meeting us. We saw you there, however. I recognized you by your clothes. You seemed very unhappy. Oh, I forgot! You wanted to know who I am. Well, I am your sister-in-law."

CHAPTER IV. "I am Constance." SHE ordered coffee and toast while he sat there figuring it out. When the waiter departed he leaned forward and said quite frankly: "You'll pardon me, I'm sure, but I can't understand how I was so short-sighted as to marry your sister."

(Continued)

ATTORNEYS Please Take Notice! ON AND AFTER OCTOBER FIRST The Enterprise office will carry a complete line of approved Legal Blanks. Best of Type paper and Silk Wove Carbon paper.