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THE conservative Boston paper that, about a year ago, claimed no possible way for the settlement of the Panama canal tolls question could be found other than in the repeal of that clause which gave American coasting ships remission of the tolls, has now found another and extremely rational method to settle the dispute:

"There is a way out of the canal toll controversy which will end overseas resentment and at the same time not involve national retreat, and that is by collecting a uniform rate from vessels of all nations. If the United States will compute all the tonnage of the Panama canal and apportion the rate to all nations who use it, no one can then dispute the right of the United States to permit her own ships to have free use of the canal. The United States must settle for the maintenance from her own treasury, and the exemptions granted United States ships must come after a computation of all tonnage, including that of the United States, has been given a pro rata charge."

We take great pleasure in citing for the benefit of these conservatives that this is precisely what was done when the charge per ton was made. Senator O'Gorman showed in his speech, giving the figures and explicitly setting forth that for this reason England had no ground to complain unless she should should claim the right to protest against all of our internal policies.

England and Canada do claim to the right to dictate to us our transportation policies because of the close international relationship of the Canadian Pacific railroad to our transcontinental business. England claims the right to interfere anywhere and everywhere and of course will exercise that right unless gently, but firmly, pleaded with.

Three battleships a year, a few destroyers and flying bomb slingers, until they cry enough, is the only arbiter. While the dove of peace is hatching, while the Mexican war-dogs are barking, while the Japanese are building, let us join in the great game with the certain assurance that plenty of warships, guns and ammunition will cause the gaunt specter of war to pass us by. Meanwhile the tolls question seems to be satisfactorily settled, and as this paper said about a year ago, there is nothing to arbitrate and nothing to quarrel about. England, however, should worry and build a canal of her own.

THE wise and beneficent lawmakers in congress assembled through a discriminating and unfair tariff handed the farmers a gold brick. Having had the good fortune to hold their own in one or two of the late elections they considered that the people liked gold bricks and have now handed them another.

GOLD BRICKS FOR THE FARMER
The currency bill provides that banks may make long time loans with a small percentage of their capital to farmers on their land. Meanwhile they compel the country bank to put up 6 per cent of their capital as capital for the regional reserve bank. Thus preventing that much from earning anything on long or short time.

Country banks cannot loan money on long time now, not only because of the law, but because they have no money to loan on long time to farmers or anyone else. All western country banks can loan more money on short time than they can get to loan, and along comes a democratic currency bill that takes away a portion of their now limited capital and then says you may loan to farmers on long time a small proportion of your money.

Nothing but earthquakes, volcanic eruption or a panic will do any good!

LESE MAJESTIE brings forth a reprimand from His Majesty of the White House and that will suffice for this time. Next time the Bastille or worse.

The press and all citizens are warned by this act that comments unfavorable to the administration and its policies will not be allowed to go unnoticed. What! Comment derisively on the acts of the great professor who has been elected King of America and Intervenor Extraordinary to the Mexican Republic and Keeper of the Dove of Peace?

VIVA LE ROI!
DOWN WITH THE CARABAOS!
Go to! Note the result when there is any comment made by someone that his majesty can get at, get to, hit, smash, jam, jab on the solar plexus! They shall be reprimanded and struck real hard on the left wrist, nearest the heart.

It's a dangerous thing for one of the navy to make fun of the reckless policy of *manana* which Prof. Wilson and Lecturer Bryan support. Huerta can tell about this: Huerta, that is served with a new ultimatum every day, just as a Waldorf guest is served with grape fruit, and just as sour.

The professor is right. The policies of the administration are no joke. Those who are now smiling and commenting will soon realize that their smiles are turning to tears. The vast army of income tax collectors will be unable to collect enough to pay their salaries. The tariff collections will continue to decrease as no one will have money to buy with. The banks will be unable to supply funds for business except in the regional centers and the government presses will break down under the load of producing fiat money fast enough for the expanding demand. Sugar beets will find their way into the channels of trade alongside of warehouse receipts for rutabagas and radishes and cold storage eggs. Good times are coming but you must not make fun of the administration. Bold Knights of Carabao, beware! beware!

STANDING in with the Morgan interests, who made him a millionaire, and upon their recommendation ostensibly quitting their fold that the people might be more easily deceived and plundered through the manipulations of their stocks, and that they might more easily unload a lot of fictitious securities upon the unsuspecting and deceived public, it now appears on the surface as though some trade had been made whereby the wrecking of the republican party started in 1912 was to be continued in 1916 by the arch

THE WRECKER, ALIAS THE PLUNDERER, ALIAS GEO. W. PERKINS
wrecker and plunderers' tool, Geo. W. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins comes out with a progressive propaganda from the Munsey building in Washington full of past acts and prophetic might have been. "Roosevelt would surely have been elected," says this prognosticator of past events, "the republican party is responsible for the present hard times, because it refused to let Roosevelt steal the nomination," is the meaning of the abracadabra which Mr. Perkins puts forth with madly waving arms and swinging tongue.

"The republicans are shouting hard times and the wish is father to the thought," goes on this great leader of the plunderbund. "No one," says Mr. Perkins, "regrets more deeply than do I the deplorable state of political affairs in this country at the present time, but the fight must go on—it's a question of principle—of morals—and cannot be compromised."

Deplorable indeed, and the only real solution of the terrible condition would be the nomination of Roosevelt and Perkins. Says Mr. Perkins "They (the republicans assembled in Washington) believe that if the unfortunate condition of the country continues they, the republicans, will be elected to power at the next election—the proposition is one of the most brazen and monstrous that has ever been presented to the American voters—" and so on and so forth.

Well, well. Wicked men. Knowing from bitter experience just what is coming they are preparing to take advantage of it and put the country back into the hands of those who have conducted the people to the greatest material prosperity the world has ever seen. How on the other hand, my dear George, if the democrats be right, if their policies prove correct, if there is no panic, no hard times, if the present stringency is only a temporary condition occasioned by the transition from one policy to another? What then shall it do, poor thing? What occasion then for the loud shouting progressive conversationists (also conversationists)?

If they are right why bother about the Rooseveltians and their stakeholder Perkins, better let the democrats have the sway for a while longer, had we not?

If they are wrong, having taken the road opposite to the road that has been followed to prosperity, what use have we for the aforesaid P. C.'s? Why not put the party back into power that has fought for a prosperous nation? Progressives are eliminated from either horn of the dilemma.

George and Gifford are getting their foot, both feet, in their mouths every time they open them and they are open most of the time.

Mr. Perkins quotes Col. Carter's famous note illustrating the republican action at New York a short time since. "As soon as possible after date I promise to pay to my beloved niece as much as I can afford, for value received."

The progressive letters remind us of Col. T's time check which the Irishman described as "A piece of paper with a few scattering remarks on its surface and signed Col. C. W. T."

JUST passed is the most glorious day of the human world:

The new year day. The one day of all when humanity casts off the ills and sins of the past and puts on a new clean robe of good resolutions. The kind that it is supposed hell is paved with. If there is any hell, the good resolutions would make good paving for it. They ought to be good for something and they seem to be but little good for anything else.

"NOW THE NEW YEAR REVIVING OLD DESIRES"
Glancing back over the past 365 days we seek to find something we have done that is lasting and behold it is not. Each day's endeavors have been covered with the dust of indifference, if not of mis-directed effort.

That which we have deemed good, that which we deemed of the best, that which swelled our heart with joy and our head with pride, behold it is ashes and is "blown with restless violence round about the pendant world."

The day has been full of joyous resolutions by the resting democrats, resolutions to continue in the good work of destroying illegitimate business and preventing the telephone companies from lowering their absurdly high rates. They have carefully studied the situation and concluded that the most noise can be made by attacking these companies who are about to beat them to it by lowering their own rates; and noise is what counts nowadays.

Our own governor joins in the everlasting noise that wins votes; (perhaps). He talks about \$50,000 to put 9,000 men to work, not permitting the fact to crop out that \$50,000 would last less than six days at a dollar a day. But we were talking about resolutions: Like Old Rip we will take one more and swear off. We have concluded not to lie (more than is necessary to be polite); not to steal anything (that is nailed down); not to quarrel with Ontario (only occasionally); not to find fault with the railroad company (that is, not often); not to converse in a loud tone about townsite booms; not to find fault because people don't advertise (perhaps they cannot make good); in fact we are going to be a helover good fellow and take after Faulconbridge (if someone don't take after us first);

"And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wood me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, rattleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say,—There is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—There is no vice but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord; for I will worship thee!

Meanwhile, progressive charlatans and Pinchot-Roosevelt conversationists will turn over a new leaf and read us the same story from the blank pages of their well-thumbed book, called What We Know About Electing Democrats to Office. (P. S.: It's a blankety, blank book all right!)

In any event we wish all a happy and prosperous New Year, and it must come to some good end, for we see by the currency bill that banks may still loan a little money and perhaps they will make five year loans to country papers. If they will, interest will be no object (to the paper).

IN another page of this issue will be found a letter from Chas. Coopey, being the substance of a paper read by Mr. Coopey before the wool growers' convention assembled in Portland last month. Another item will be found giving the news that that one of Malheur county's largest growers has just disposed of his last season's clip for ten cents per pound less one per cent for tags. Prof. Thos. Shaw, in the Chicago InterOcean, gives some more reasons for the depletion of the sheep industry.

AT LAST WE KNOW THE CAUSE
It has been well known that there were other causes than in connection with the tariff tended to keep the price of wool down below its real value. Of course with wool selling at 14 cents and an 11 cent tariff it was by no means expected that wool would drop the entire 11 cents. But every item has its due effect. The manufacturer takes advantage of the tariff cut to press the price a little lower, just another point or two that will just let the grower live.

Mr. Coopey is a strenuous fighter for that which will take the wool man entirely out of all danger of tariff and other changes. That is, a pure fabric law, that will compel manufacturers to mark the make-up of their cloth. This will put cheap goods and expensive goods on their merit. It will in no way reduce the price of first class goods nor will it cheapen cheap goods, but it will permit the purchaser to get what he pays for. If he desires a cheap suit he will get just what he asks for and the man desiring a better grade will know just what he is buying. Pure Oregon wool will be virgin wool from the sheep's back, and shoddy will cease to masquerade as Oregon wool.

Prof. Shaw has found that dogs destroy so many sheep that the numbers of sheep kept by farmers has gone steadily down for many years. Not thoroughbred dogs, either, but vagrant dogs that lie in darkness all day and at night start forth to hold a carnival of destruction. The old story of the wolf that concealed himself in the skin of the shepherd dog must be a myth.

These wicked dogs of corporate cities lie around on the curb all day and in huge packs seek the bands of sheep and destroy them ere morn. Says this wise man of the sheep ranges: "This is a sore evil. Those worthless dogs are a costly luxury. It would be interesting to know how many farmers have gone out of the industry because of the decimation of their flocks by dogs. It would be equally interesting to know how many have been deterred from investing in sheep because of the fear of loss from dogs. In both instances the number can only be fitly represented by the term "legion." How effectively to cope with this evil is a question that has not yet been solved. If a tax so high was put upon dogs that the keeper of the ill-fed dog could no longer afford to keep him it would go far toward bringing about a change. But how can the enactment of such a law be brought about in corporate places? The voters there are usually more concerned about their dogs than about the farmer's sheep.

"Could the vagrant dog question be satisfactorily disposed of the outlook for the future of the industry would be more encouraging."

Now wouldn't that jar you to a frazzle? At last we know what drives the sheep from the ranges, not the low price for wool, not the tariff, not anything but the wicked, wicked city pup, vagrant pups at that.

Soon in congress some one will rise and say "Mr. Speaker, if there is no objection I would like to have the following communication incorporated in the record that we may place before the people the reason for the depletion of the sheep ranges of the country. The majority, Mr. Speaker, have been accused of throttling a great industry and this communication will disabuse the mind of the people from that idea and place their ideas in a correct channel. Dogs, Mr. Speaker, vagrant dogs, are the ones to blame for all the odium heaped upon the democratic party by western radicals."

There being no objection it will be incorporated in the record and never seen nor heard from again.

THE house resolution advising the president to join with England and to use his best influence with other nations to bring about a naval holiday for one year, passed with an overwhelming majority. We expect it will receive unqualified endorsement from Huerta and loud banzais from Japan. **MORE LEMONS FOR THE MAN THAT DOES THE WORK** the one unable to build and the other unable to stop. In this worthy resolution we have looked in vain for some advice to the president as to what provision shall be made for the 100,000 men engaged in the business of building battleships, cruisers, airships and colliers. While the war business is somewhat strenuous and perhaps ill-advised, it is not a fact that laborers are criminals and unworthy of consideration.

A man who has been brought up in a machine shop will make a poor farm hand for a while and a blacksmith would not do well selling ribbons for a season.

It is perhaps true that there is to be some arrangement such as was reported of the Moonites in a novel some time since: Men were raised (eugenically) for the purpose of performing certain work; telegraph and telephone men were raised extremely thin and long with only telephone building brains; blacksmiths were built tough and powerful for the business; professors were large of brain and weak of body. In case of a surplus of any kind of labor they were taken out into a field and given an opiate that suspended animation until needed and given an antidote when wanted.

Just what opiate is being prepared for the million of men now out of work and the many thousands they are preparing to dispense with, we have not seen reported. At the present writing in this government, for the people, by the people, to do the people, it looks like starvation. Starvation is a good opiate, all right, but slow in its operation. Administered easily, but at times the subject revolts. It's a great world for one who has but rather difficult for one who has not. Anyway we will have peace if we have to starve a million men to get it.