

First National Bank
"The Bank of Service"

Vale, Oregon

CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$58,000.00

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS
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DIRECTORS
C. W. Nelson, Pres. Albert W. Reed, Cashier.
J. T. Logan, Vice Pres. Eli Rose
J. M. Weaver

The Magnificent Ambersons

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Amberson had made a fortune in 1873 when other people were making fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amberson laid out a 200-acre "development," with roads and stables, and in the center of a four-acre tract on Amberson avenue, built for himself the most magnificent mansion the Midland City had ever seen.

CHAPTER II.—When the major's daughter married young Wilbur Minafer, the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There was only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, but his upbringing and his youthful accomplishments as a mischief maker were quite in keeping with the most pessimistic predictions.

CHAPTER III.—By the time George went away to college he did not attempt to conceal his belief that the Ambersons were about the most important family in the world. At a ball given in his honor when he returned from college, George monopolized Lucy Morgan, a stranger and the prettiest girl present, and got on famously with her until he learned that a "queer looking duck" at whom he had been looking much, was the father of the lady's father. He was Eugene Morgan, a former resident of Blighburg, and he was returning there to erect a factory and to build horseless carriages of his own invention.

CHAPTER IV.—

Repair Specialists

WHEN your business goes wrong you go to a lawyer, or a banker or some other business specialist. When your body seems ill you go to a health specialist.

When your car needs attention send it here. It was made by specialists. It should be repaired by specialists.

Our Prices Are Right

We can make right prices because our repair specialists work faster and better than untrained workers. Experience costs you less than experimenting.

We have the tools and we have the men. We have the equipment necessary for the best results from both men and tools.

To deliver any job properly finished and on time is not merely our ideal, it is our habit.

Prompt Service—Certain Satisfaction

Harvey Garage
Harvey and Ricker, Proprietors
VALE OREGON

Shadows of the Past

No one who has once become accustomed to the convenience and comfort of the

ELECTRIC RANGE

would ever be satisfied to cook again with a coal or wood stove.

Just think of it—no carrying of heavy scuttles of coal; no ashes to remove and spill on the floor; no coal gas; no waste heat. There is, instead, absolute cleanliness, total absence of smoke or fumes, perfect heat control and no waste of fuel.

May we show you this efficient range?

We have them in many Styles and Models
We extend an invitation to all Vale ladies to visit our shop and see the many electrical household helps.

Vale Electric Company
The Institution of Greatest Service
L. P. Lumpee, Manager Vale, Oregon

the evening." She laughed. "Are you asking?" "What do you mean, 'asking'?" "It sounded as though you were just telling me to give you all those dances."

"Well, I want 'em!" George insisted. "Are you going to give me—?" "Good gracious!" she laughed. "Yes!"

The applicants flocked round her, urging contracts for what remained, but they did not dislodge George from her side, though he made it evident that they succeeded in annoying him; and presently he extricated her from an accumulating siege—she must have connived in the extrication—and bore her off to sit beside him upon the stairway that led to the musicians' gallery, where they were sufficiently retired, yet had a view of the room.

"How'd all those ducks get to know you so quick?" George inquired, with little enthusiasm.

"Oh, I've been here a week."

"Looks as if you'd been pretty busy!" he said. "Most of those ducks, I don't know what my mother wanted to invite 'em here for."

"Perhaps it was on account of their parents," Miss Morgan suggested mildly. "Maybe she didn't want to offend their fathers and mothers."

"Oh, hardly! I don't think my mother need worry much about offending anybody in this old town."

"It must be wonderful," said Miss Morgan. "It must be wonderful, Mr. Amberson—Mr. Minafer, I mean."

"What must be wonderful?"

"To be so important as that!"

"That isn't important," George assured her. "Anybody that really is anybody ought to be able to do about as they like in their own town. I should think."

She looked at him critically from under her shading lashes—but her eyes grew greener almost at once. In truth, they became more appreciative than critical. George's imperious good looks were altogether manly, yet approached actual beauty as closely as a boy's good looks should dare; and dance music and flowers have some effect upon nineteen-year-old girls as well as upon eighteen-year-old boys.

The stairway was drafty; the steps were narrow and uncomfortable; no older person would have remained in such a place. Moreover, these two young people were strangers to each other; neither had said anything in which the other had discovered the slightest intrinsic interest; there had not arisen between them the beginnings of congeniality, or even of friendliness—but stairways near ball-rooms have more to answer for than have moonlit lakes and mountain sunsets.

Age, confused by its own long accumulation of follies, is everlastingly inquiring, "what does she see in him?" as if young love came about through eighteen-year-olds to a dance, sits with a stranger on a stairway, feels peculiar, thinks nothing, and becomes incapable of any plan whatever. Miss Morgan and George stayed where they were.

They had agreed to this in silence and without knowing it; certainly without exchanging glances of intelligence—they had exchanged no glances at all. Both sat staring vaguely out into the ballroom, and, for a time, they did not speak. Here and there were to be seen couples so carried away that, ceasing to move at the dance, they glided, considered most knowing, they pranced and whirled through the throng, from wall to wall, galloping bounteously in abandon. George suffered a shock of vague surprise when he perceived that his aunt, Fanny Minafer, was the lady-half of one of those wild couples. She flew over the floor in the capable arms of the queer-looking duck; for this person was her partner.

The queer-looking duck had been a real dancer in his day, it appeared; and evidently his day was not yet over. In spite of the beatings, gay rapidly with which he bore Miss Fanny about the big room he danced authoritatively, avoiding without effort the lightest collision with other couples, maintaining sufficient grace throughout his wildest moments, and all the while laughing and talking with his partner. What was most remarkable to George, and a little irritating, this stranger in the Amberson mansion had no vestige of the air of a place he seemed thoroughly at home. He seemed offensively so, indeed, when, passing the entrance to the gallery stairway, he disengaged his hand from Miss Fanny's for an instant, and not pausing in the dance, waved a laughing salutation more than cordial, then capered lightly out of sight.

George gazed stonily at this manifestation, responding neither by word nor sign. "How's that for a bit of fronseness?" he murmured.

"What was?" Miss Morgan asked.

"That queer-looking duck waving his hand at me like that. Except he's the Sharon girls' uncle I don't know him from Adam."

"You don't need to," she said. "He wasn't waving his hand to you; he meant me."

"Oh, he did?" George was not mollified by the explanation. "Everyone seems to mean you! You certainly do seem to have been pretty busy this week you've been here!"

She pressed her bouquet to her face again and laughed into it, not displeased. She made no other comment, and for another period neither spoke.

"Well," said George finally, "I must say you don't seem to be much of a prattler. They say it's a great way to get a reputation for being wise never saying much. Don't you ever talk at all?"

"When people can understand," she answered.

He had been looking moodily out at the ballroom, but he turned to her quickly, at this, saw that her eyes were sunny and content, over the top of her bouquet, and he consented to smile.

"Girls are usually pretty fresh!" he said. "They ought to go to a man's college about a year; they'd get taught a few things about freshness! What you got to do after two o'clock tomorrow afternoon?"

"A whole lot of things. Every minute fitted up."

"All right!" said George, "The snow's fine for sleighing; I'll come for you in a cutter at ten minutes after two."

"I can't possibly go."

"If you don't," he said, "I'm going to sit in the cutter in front of the gate, wherever you're visiting, all afternoon, and if you try to go out with anybody else he's got to whip me before he gets you." And she laughed—though she blushed a little, too—she continued, seriously: "If you think I'm not in earnest you're at liberty to make quite a big experiment."

She laughed again. "I don't think I've often had so large a compliment as that," she said, "especially on such short notice—and yet I don't think I'll go with you."

"You're ready at ten minutes after two?"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will!"

"Yes," she said, "I will!" And her partner for the next dance arrived, breathless with searching.

"Don't forget I've got the third from now," George called after her.

When "the third from now" came George presented himself before her without any greeting, like a brother or a mannerless old friend. Both George and Miss Morgan talked much more to everyone else that evening than to each other, and they said nothing at all at this time. Both looked preoccupied as they began to dance, and preserved a gravity of expression to the end of the number. And their next number they did not dance, but went back to the gallery stairway, seeming to have reached an understanding without any verbal consultation that this suburb was again the place for them.

"Well," said George coolly, when they were seated, "what did you say your name was?"

"Morgan."

"Funny name?"

"Everybody else's name always is." "I didn't mean it was really funny," George explained. "That's just one of my crowd's bits of horsing at college. We always say 'funny name,' no matter what it is. I guess we're pretty fresh sometimes; but I knew your name was Morgan because my mother said so downstairs. I meant: what's the rest of it?"

"Lucy."

"How old are you?" George asked.

"I don't really know myself."

"What do you mean: you don't really know yourself?"

"I mean I only know what they tell me. I believe them, of course, but believing isn't really knowing."

"Look here!" said George. "Do you always talk like this?"

Miss Lucy Morgan laughed forgivingly, but her young head on one side like a bird and responded cheerfully: "I'm willing to learn wisdom. What are you studying at school?"

"College!"

"At the university! Yes. What are you studying there?"

George laughed. "Lot o' useless stuff!"

"Then why don't you study some useful stuff?"

"What do you mean: 'useful'?"

"Something you'd use later, in your business or profession?"

George waved his hand impatiently. "I don't expect to go into any 'business or profession.'"

"No?"

"Certainly not!" George was emphatic, being sincerely annoyed by a suggestion which showed how utterly she failed to comprehend the kind of person he was.

"Why not?" she asked mildly.

"Just look at 'em!" he said, almost with bitterness, and he made a gesture presumably intended to indicate the business and professional men now dancing within range of vision. "That's a fine career for a man, isn't it? Lawyers, bankers, politicians! What do they get out of life, I'd like to know! What do they ever know about real things? Where do they ever get?"

He was so earnest that she was surprised and impressed. She had a vague, momentary vision of Pitt, at twenty-one, prime minister of England; and she spoke, involuntarily in a lowered voice, with deference: "What do you want to be?" she asked.

George answered promptly. "A vachtsman," he said.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

THE ENTERPRISE DEVIL
MICKIE SAYS

HELLO!...WHASSAT?...YER CASH REGISTER AIN'T WORKIN' WELL, WHASSA I CARE?...NOPE, THIS AIN'T THE REPAIR SHOP...WHY DONTCHA TRY ADVERTISING? THAT MAKES 'EM WORK! Y'BETCHA G'VE!

NOW, MICKIE, DON'T GET FRESH!

Even the man without a dollar is fifty cents better off than he once was—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

If the law of supply and demand is responsible for existing prices it ought to be amended.—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

Astoria—\$150,000 modern apartment to be built here.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Deeds, Complaints, Etc., Filed by County Clerk During Past Week.

United States to Gustave F. Wildhaber SW 1/4 NW 1/4-28; N 1/2 NW 1/4 SW 1/4 NW 1/4-29-21-3, June 6th, 1919.

Gustave F. Wildhaber et ux to Wm. P. Allen SW 1/4 NW 1/4-28; N 1/2 NW 1/4 SW 1/4 NW 1/4-29-21-3, Aug. 2, 1919. \$1.

C. R. Emison, Trustee to D. T. Mansker E 1/2 Lot 2 G. W. Routh Tracts in Lot 1, Sec. 3-18-47, July 11, 1919. \$1.00.

Gelia F. Burbridge to A. N. Andrews, Lots 35-36, Bl. 8, Riverside Adn. Ontario, July 29, 1919. \$1500.00

Jerome Bridges et ux to John Vines SE 1/4 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4 E 1/2 SW 1/4, S 1/2 SE 1/4, Part of Lots 5-6-7, Sec. 6-18-45, July 19, 1919. \$3000.00

United States to John Joyce W 1/2 SE 1/4 E 1/2 SW 1/4-21; W 1/2 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 SE 1/4 NE 1/4 NW 1/4-28-18-3, June 16th, 1919.

United States to James Mustard, Lot 6, Sec. 6-18-41, Oct. 25th, 1909.

John H. Page et ux to J. P. McGinnis et ux 10 acres in Lots 2-3 Sec 3-21-46, August 4, 1919. \$500.00

Roy Williams et ux to Wm. E. Lees E 1/2 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 SW 1/4-17-19-47, Aug 2, 1919. \$1.00

F. B. Zutz et ux to W. F. Bohna et ux 11.84 acres in 36-20-46, August 6, 1919. \$1.00

Chas. Horn to Jonas Wicklund, Lot 19, Bl. 1 Claggett's 1st. Adn. Vale July 30, 1919. \$600.00

Pearl E. Jamieson et vir to Huntington Sheep & Land Co., Lot 4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4-7, Lot 1 NE 1/4 NW 1/4-18-15-44, May 12, 1919. \$10.00

Portland Trust Co. of Oregon to J. O. Thomson S 1/2 NW 1/4 NE 1/4-26-15-42, August 1, 1919. \$10.00

Geo. Schrop et ux to Pearl O. Duncan S 1/2 SE 1/4 SE 1/4-9-31-41, May 27, 1919. \$400.00

Mike Pearson et ux to Pearl G. Duncan N 1/2 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 9-31-41, July 8, 1919. \$500.00

H. Lee Noe, Sheriff, to Mary J. Hailock SW 1/4 NW 1/4 NW 1/4 SW 1/4-30-18-47, August 5, 1919. \$971.45

H. Lee Noe, Sheriff to F. B. Glenn, Lots 8 to 14, Bl. 69 Green's Adn. Nysan E 1/2 NW 1/4-31-20-46, Lot 23, Bl. 3 Riverside Adn. Ontario, August 5, 1919. \$113.90

Hope Bros. to H. J. Russell Lots 25 to 28 Bl. 10 Hope's Adn Vale, July 7, 1919. \$600.00

Wm. Cassier et ux & as Trustee to John Boswell, Lot 86, Sec. 8-14-42 & 4 other Mining Tracts, May 31, 1919. \$1500.00.

C. S. Murray to Kenneth A. Herrett SW 1/4-32-18-45, August 1, 1919. \$1.00

J. G. Lamberson et ux to Frank Winston 19-20, Bl. 182, Ontario Nov. 7, 1919. \$1.00

Frank Winston to John A. Flock, Lots 19-20 Bl. 182, Ontario Mar. 31, 1919. \$1000.

Isabelle Briggs et vir to Hiram L. Braucht, Lots 4-5-6 Sec. 6-19-45, Dec. 19, 1917. \$1.00

Complaints Filed in Circuit Court

John Thorne et ux vs. J. D. Connor et ux Recovery of Money \$82.50, Aug. 4th, 1919.

J. H. Seaward vs R. H. DeArmond & H. Lee Noe, Sheriff, Injunction Aug. 8, 1919.

644.53 acres.

Flory Lawrence, Rockville, Oregon, Homestead, E 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 6 W 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 4, S 1/2, Sec. 5, E 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 8, W 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 9, Tp. 27, R. 45, 640 acres.

Ted Andrews Chevalley, Jordan Valley, Ore., Homestead, Lots 1 and 3 Sec. 19, Tp. 28, R. 46, E 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 24, Tp. 28, R. 45, 242.12 acres.

William E. McKamey, Ironside, Or. Additional Homestead, SW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 29, lot 3, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, N E 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 30, Tp. 15, R. 39, 319.66

William O. Rust, Juntura, Oregon, Add'l Homestead, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 26, NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 35, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 34, Tp. 20, R. 40, 480 acres.

Charles W. Jenkins, Westfall, Ore., Add'l Homestead, SW 1/4 SE 1/4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 27, Tp. 17 R. 39, 160 acres.

Frank Palmer, Vale, Ore., Add'l Homestead, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 12, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 13, Tp. 26, R. 41, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, Lot 4, Sec. 7, Lot 1, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 18, Tp. 26, R. 42, 814.45 acres.

Real Estate

The following real estate sales have been negotiated thru the office of the Warm Springs Realty Co. in the past week; 120 acre improved place known as the old Harris farm owned by Hope Bros. was sold to Messrs DeArmond and McLaughlin. This is said to be the best tracts in the valley. 150 acres up Bull Creek, owned by Elmer Wicklund, was sold to Charles Horn and a few days later this land was resold to August Simonet.

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS

Effective June 1

ONTARIO-CRANE LINE:
Westbound Leave Vale..... 10:50 a.m.
Eastbound Leave Vale..... 1:10 p.m.

ONTARIO-BROGAN LINE:
Westbound Leave Vale..... 1:20 p.m.
Eastbound Leave Vale..... 4:05 p.m.

ONTARIO-VALE SUNDAY TRAIN:
Arrive Vale from Ontario..... 11:05 a.m.
Leave Vale for Ontario..... 4:15 p.m.

MAIN LINE TRAINS AT ONTARIO:
Eastbound Westbound
No. 18 1:34 a.m. No. 17 2:37 a.m.
No. 4 10:20 a.m. No. 19 9:05 p.m.
No. 6 5:15 p.m. No. 5 9:20 p.m.

Boise-Huntington Local
No. 86 7:50 a.m. No. 85 9:35 a.m.
No. 88 3:18 p.m. No. 87 6:20 p.m.

OUR SPECIALTY

Is family Laundry Work Send us your laundry orders, we appreciate your patronage and guarantee satisfaction.

Out of Town Orders

Receive Prompt Attention

Vale Hot Wells Laundry

J. B. HARRIS, Prop. Phone 99

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Ontario, Oregon

Arrangements for care by the month or for life can be made at any time with Mother Superior, Holy Rosary Hospital.

Terms Moderate

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