

FIVE REASONS Why You Should Buy AMERICAN QUALITY Wood Pipe



- 1—The lumber used in making American quality wood pipe is of best grade Washington yellow fir and is free from flaws. It is thoroughly seasoned by kiln drying, which makes it strong and durable.
- 2—American quality wood pipe is banded with galvanized steel wire. While a tension is maintained to impress it into the wood it cannot break the fibre of the staves.
- 3—Our wood pipe is treated with a preparation of tar and asphaltum to insure it against decay and leakage.
- 4—Each length of pipe has an inserted joint. This makes the installation of our pipe easy and inexpensive.
- 5—All material and workmanship entering into the manufacturing of American quality wood pipe is guaranteed to be free from defects and the pipe is guaranteed to withstand the high pressure for which it is built.

When this superior wood pipe is used for irrigation purposes there is little waste of water through evaporation and seepage—as is always the case with open ditches. It minimizes the carrying of noxious weed seeds and is guaranteed against all defects and flaws.

Ask at any local Boise Payette yard about American quality wood pipe and let us show you how it can serve you in meeting your irrigation problems.

F. L. GILBERT, Manager **Vale Yard**
BOISE PAYETTE LUMBER CO.

Mac Says:

Are you prepared to dye

that Spring Hat. Elkays Straw Hat Dye will make an old hat as good as new. It comes in many shades. Price 30 cts. per bottle.

Put away the winter woollens in Cedar Flakes a moth-proof compound of proven worth. We sold one hundred packages last season, and every one proved satisfactory. Try it this season. Per package 25 cents.

Get rid of that Winter cough, and put new Life and Ambition into your system, by using Rexall Syrup Hypophosphites now. Price \$1.20.

A. E. MCGILLIVRAY
Rexall Store

HELP KEEP DOWN

THE RIDING COSTS

The use of our Standardized brands will do this. It makes possible the greater production which economists tell us is the only solution of the present day problem.

Standard brands of groceries go through our store so automatically that even to-day with the high cost of everything, we can offer you a Standard product, one that you will like to serve on any occasion, at a lower cost than poorer grades cost two year ago.

There is real satisfaction in knowing that your Standard brands of groceries are of the dependable kind—a lot of pleasure in serving them.

Our Standard brands meet the requirements of the most exacting—they give real satisfaction to all of our trade—why not you?

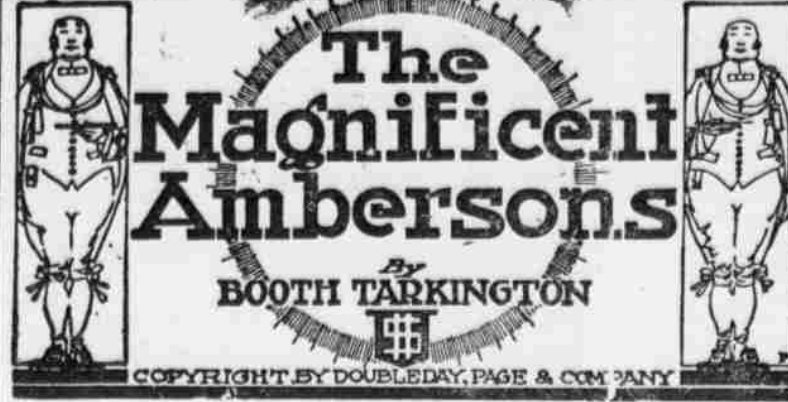
THE VALE MEAT CO.

A. H. CHESTER, Mgr. **Vale, Oregon.**
THE PIONEER MARKET; TEN YEARS IN BUSINESS

The Modern Way Is The Electric Way

We Wash with the latest improved ELECTRIC WASHERS, only a small amount of clothes at a time, that's why we send them back to you so SNOWY WHITE.

VALE ELECTRIC LAUNDRY.
Craig & Long, Props. **Phone 224-W**
Vale, Oregon.



(Continued).

He was gratified to see that Eugene was surprised, if not, indeed, a little startled.

"He's what?"
"He's an expert on nitro-glycerin. Doesn't that beat the devil! Yes, sir! Young Akers told Fred that this George Minafer had worked like a hound-dog ever since he got started out at the works. They have a special plant for nitro-glycerin, way off from the main plant, of course—in the woods somewhere—and George Minafer's been working there, and lately they put him in charge of it. He oversees shooting oil wells, too, and shoots 'em himself, sometimes. They aren't allowed to carry it on the railroads, you know—have to team it. Young Akers says George rides around over the bumpy roads, sitting on as much as three hundred quarts of nitro-glycerin! My Lord! Talk about romantic tumbles! If he gets blown sky-high some day he won't have a bigger drop, when he comes down, than he's already had? Don't it beat the devil! Young Akers said he's got all the nerve there is in the world. Says he gets a fair salary, and I should think he ought to! Seems to me I've heard the average life in that sort of work is somewhere around four years, and agents don't write any insurance at all for nitro-glycerin experts. Hardy!"

"No," said Eugene. "I suppose not." Kinney rose to go. "Well, it's a pretty funny thing—pretty odd, I mean—and I suppose it would be pass-around-the-hat for old Fanny Minafer if he blew up. Fred told me that they're living in some apartment house, and said George supports her. He was going to study law, but couldn't earn enough that way to take care of Fanny, so he gave it up. Fred's wife told him all this. Says Fanny doesn't do anything but play bridge these days. Got to playing too high for awhile and lost more than she wanted to tell George about, and borrowed a little from old Frank Bronson. Paid him back, though. Don't know how Fred's wife heard it. Women do hear the darndest things!"

"They do," Eugene agreed. "Well, I'm off to the store," said Mr. Kinney briskly; yet he lingered. "I suppose we'll all have to club in and keep old Fanny out of the poorhouse if he does blow up. From all I hear it's usually only a question of time. They say she hasn't got anything else to depend on."

"I suppose not."
"Well—I wondered—" Kinney hesitated. "I was wondering why you hadn't thought of finding something around your works for him. You used to be such a tremendous friend of the family—I thought perhaps you—of course I know he's a queer lot—I know he—"

"Yes, I think he is," said Eugene. "No, I haven't anything to offer him."
"I suppose not," Kinney returned thoughtfully, as he went on. "I don't know that I would myself. Well, we'll probably see his name in the papers some day if he stays with that job!"

However, the nitro-glycerin expert of whom they spoke did not get into the papers as a consequence of being blown up, although his daily life was certainly a continuous exposure to that risk. Destiny has a constant passion for the incongruous, and it was George's lot to manipulate wholesale quantities of terrific and volatile explosives in safety, and to be laid low by an accident so commonplace and inconsequent that it was a comedy.

Fate had reserved for him the final insult of riding him down under the wheels of one of those juggernauts at which he had once shouted "Gilt a horse!" Nevertheless, Fate's ironic choice for George's undoing was not a big and swift and momentous car, such as Eugene manufactured; it was a specimen of the bustling little type that was flooding the country, the cheapest, commonest, hardest little car ever made.

The accident took place upon a Sunday morning, on a downtown crossing, with the streets almost empty, and no reason in the world for such a thing to happen. He had gone out for his Sunday morning walk, and he was thinking of an automobile at the very moment when the little car struck him; he was thinking of a shiny fast-dielet and a charming figure strapping into it, and of the quick gesture of a white glove toward the chauffeur, motioning him to go on. George heard a shout, but did not look up, for he could not imagine anybody's shouting at him, and he was too engrossed in the question "Was it Lucy?" He could not decide, and his lack of decision in this matter probably superinduced a lack of decision in another, more pressingly vital. At the second and louder shout he did look up; and the car was almost on him; but he could not make up his mind if the charming little figure he had seen was Lucy's and he could not make up his mind whether to go backward or forward; these questions became entangled in his mind. Then, still not being able to decide which of two ways to go, he tried to go both—and the little car ran him down. It was not moving very rapidly, but it went all the way over George.

He was conscious of gigantic violence; of roaring and jolting and concussion; of choking clouds of dust, shot with lightning about his head; he heard snapping sounds as loud as shots from a small pistol, and was stabbled by excruciating pains in his legs. Then he became aware that the machine was being lifted off of him. People were gathering in a circle

round him, shouting.
His forehead was bedewed with the sweat of anguish, and he tried to wipe off this dampness, but failed. He could not get his arm that far.
"Nev' mind," a policeman said; and George could see above his eyes the skirts of the blue coat, covered with dust and sunshine. "Ambulance here in a minute. Nev' mind tryin' to move any. You want 'em to send for some special doctor?"
"No," George's lips formed the word.
"Or to take you to some private hospital?"
"Tell them to take me," he said faintly, "to the City hospital."
"A' right."
A smallish young man in a duster fledged among the crowd, explaining



"Tell Them to Take Me" He Said Faintly, "to the City Hospital."

and protesting and a strident-voiced girl, his companion, supported his argument, declaring to everyone her willingness to offer testimony in any court of law that every blessed word he said was the God's truth.

"It's the fella that hit you," the policeman said, looking down on George. "I guess he's right; you must of ben thinkin' about some'n or other. It's wunnerful the damage them little machines can do—you'd never think it—but I guess they ain't much ease ag'in this fella that was drivin' it."

"You bet your life they ain't no ease on me," the young man in the duster agreed, with great bitterness. He came and stood at George's feet, addressing him heatedly: "I'm sorry for you all right, and I don't say I ain't. I hold nothin' against you, but it wasn't any more my fault than the statehouse! Wasn't goin' a step over eight miles an hour! I'm perfectly willing to say I'm sorry for you though, and so's the lady with me. We're both willing to say that much, but that's all, understand!"

George's drawn eyelids twitched; his misted glance rested fleetingly upon the two protesting motorists, and the old imperious spirit within him flickered up in a single word. Lying on his back in the middle of the street, where he was regarded by an increasing public as an unpleasant curiosity, he spoke this word clearly from a mouth filled with dust, and from lips smeared with blood.

It was a word which interested the policeman. When the ambulance changed away, he turned to a fellow patrolman who had joined him. "Funny what he says to the little cuss that done the damage. That's all he did call him—nothin' else at all—and the cuss had broke both his legs fer him and God-knows-what-all!"

"I wasn't here then. What was it?"

"Ruffin'!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Eugene's feeling about George had not been altered by his talk with Kinney in the club window, though he was somewhat disturbed. Kinney had represented George as a new George—at least in spots—a George who was proving that decent stuff had been hid in him; in fact, a George who was doing rather a handsome thing in taking a risky job for the sake of his aunt, poor old silly Fanny Minafer! Eugene did not care what risks George took, or how much decent stuff he had in him; nothing that George would ever do in this world or the next could change Eugene Morgan's feeling toward him.

If Eugene had wished, he could easily have taken George out of the nitro-glycerin branch of the chemical works. Always interested in apparent impossibilities of invention, Eugene had encouraged many experiments in such groupings as those for the discovery of substitutes for gasoline and rubber; and, though his mood had withstood the information from Kinney, he had recently bought from the elder Akers a substantial quantity of stock on the condition that the chemical company should establish an experimental laboratory. He intended to buy more; Akers was anxious to please him; and a word from Eugene would have placed George almost anywhere in the chemical works. The possibility just edged itself into Eugene's mind; that

is, he set it become part of his perceptions long enough for it to prove to him that it was actually a possibility. Then he half started with disgust that he should be even idly considering such a thing over his last cigar for the night, in his library. "No!" And he threw the cigar into the empty fireplace and went to bed.

His bitterness for himself might have worn away, but never his bitterness for Isabel. He took that thought to bed with him—and it was true that nothing George could do would ever change this bitterness of Eugene. Only George's mother could have changed it.

And as Eugene fell asleep that night, thinking thus bitterly of George, George in the hospital was thinking of Eugene. He thought of Eugene Morgan and of the Major; they seemed to be the same person for awhile, but he managed to disentangle them and even to understand why he had confused them. Long ago his grandfather had been the most striking figure of success in the town: "As rich as Major Amberson!" they used to say. Now it was Eugene. "If I had Eugene Morgan's money," he would hear the workmen day-dreaming at the chemical works; or, "If Eugene Morgan had hold of this place you'd see things bust!" And the boarders at the table "thote spoke of the Morgan Place" as an eighteenth-century Frenchman spoke of Versailles. Like his uncle, George had perceived that the "Morgan Place" was the new Amberson mansion. His reverie went back to the palatial days of the mansion, in his boyhood, when he would gallop his pony up the driveway and order the darkey stablemen about, while they whooped and obeyed, and his grandfather, observing from a window, would laugh and call out to him: "That's right, George. Make those lazy rascals jump!" He remembered his gay young uncles, and how the town was eager concerning everything about them, and about himself. What a clean, pretty town it had been! And in his reverie he saw like a pageant before him the magnificence of the Ambersons—its passing, and the passing of the Ambersons themselves. They had been slowly engulfed without knowing how to prevent it, and almost without knowing what was happening to them. The family lot, in the shabby old quarter, out at the cemetery, held most of them now; and the name was swept altogether from the new city. The Ambersons had passed, and the new people that came after them, and the next new ones, and the next—and the next—

He had begun to murmur, and the man on duty as night nurse for the ward came and bent over him. "Did you want something?" "There's nothing in this family business," George told him confidentially. "Eve'n George Washington is only something in a book."

Eugene read a report of the accident in the next morning's paper. He was on the train, having just left for New York, on business, and with less leisure would probably have overlooked the obscure item:

LEGS BROKEN.
G. A. Minafer, an employee of the Akers Chemical company, was run down by an automobile yesterday at the corner of Tennessee and Main and had both legs broken. Minafer was to blame for the accident, according to Patrolman F. A. Kaz, who witnessed the affair. The automobile was a small one driven by Herbert Cottelman of 2173 Noble avenue, who stated that he was making more than four miles an hour. Minafer is said to belong to a family formerly of considerable prominence in the city. He was taken to the City hospital, where physicians stated later that he was suffering from internal injuries besides the fracture of his legs, but might recover.

Eugene read the item twice, then tossed the paper upon the opposite seat of his compartment, and sat looking out of the window. His feeling toward George was changed not a jot by his human pity for George's human pain and injury. He thought of George's tall and graceful figure, and he shivered, but his bitterness was untouched. He had never blamed Isabel for the weakness which had cost them the few years of happiness they might have had together; he had put the blame all on the son, and it stayed there.

He began to think poignantly of Isabel. He closed his eyes and saw her as she had been long ago. He saw the brown-eyed, brown-haired, proud, gentle, laughing girl he had known when first he came to town, a boy just out of the State college. He remembered—as he had remembered ten thousand times before—the look she gave him when her brother George introduced him to her at a picnic; it was "like hazel starlight" he had written her, in a poem, afterward. He remembered his first call at the Amberson mansion, and what a great personage she seemed, at home in that magnificence; and yet so gay and friendly. He remembered the first time he had danced with her—and the old waltz song began to beat in his ears and in his heart.

All the way to New York it seemed to him that Isabel was near him, and he wrote of her to Lucy from his hotel the next night:
"I saw an account of the accident of George Minafer. I'm sorry, though the paper states that it was plainly his own fault. I suppose it may have been as a result of my attention falling upon the item that I thought of his mother a great deal on the way here. It seemed to me that I had never seen her more distinctly or so constantly, but, as you know, thinking of his mother is not very apt to make me admire him! Of course, however, he has my best wishes for his recovery."
He posted the letter, and by the morning's mail received one from Lucy written a few hours after his departure from home. She inclosed the item he had read on the train and wrote:
"I thought you might not see it."
"I have seen Miss Fanny and she has got him put into a room by himself. Oh, poor Rides-Down-Everything! I have been thinking so constantly of his mother and it seemed to me that I have never seen her more distinctly. How lovely she was—and how she loved him!"

Your Business Partner

It is a good bank's duty to assist its clients in the solution of their problems—whether they be the problems of a merchant or a farmer. Both are business men.

In fulfilling this moral obligation, we like to consider our organization as your business partner—interested in your success and eager to forward your plans.

Confidential Counsel

If you wish sound advice in seeking credit, making investments, or even the more personal problems of your business you will be welcomed here. You will find a talk with our officers helpful.

This service is in addition to those commonly attributed to banks and is a mark of our appreciation for your account.

We want to show you that this bank wants your business. And we want to show you the many practical benefits you receive through placing it here.

To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Capital and Surplus \$105,000.00

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

VALE, OREGON

The Pastime Pool Hall

T. G. Kelly, Prop. **Vale, Oregon**

Say, what are you fellows looking so downhearted about this evening? You ought to be over in KELLY'S with the rest of the gang, playing Pool, Billiards and Cards. That is the only place to be these cold, billowy evenings. He has a nice, cozy, warm place to rest your feet these dreary nights. His stock of Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery or Drinks is unexcelled either in quality or price. Ooze around one of these evenings and look it over.

Red Front Blacksmith Shop

Blacksmith and Wagon Work.
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

AUTO SPRINGS MADE TO ORDER

All work guaranteed—Prompt Attention.

J. W. GLISON & PETER LHERMAN, Props.
Vale, Oregon.

RELINQUISHMENT

Of Homestead on Dead Ox Flat. 4 miles from Payette, Idaho. 200 acres. All fenced. 40 acres plowed. 8 acres in fall rye. 10 acres under ditch. Good house, barn, chicken house, deep well and pump. All improvements cost \$800.00 will sell for \$550.00. Investigate.

Johnson Engineering & Investment Co.
Vale, Oregon.

Subscribe for the Enterprise Today

Real Estate Offerings

The Warm Springs Reservoir is now storing water. Vale and the Malheur Valley are entering into a period of great development making this the time to buy real estate.

- 3 Room house, big screened porch, 2 lots, in good section of town. Price \$600, \$250 cash.
- 6 Room house, 2 lots, shade trees. Price \$1500.00. Terms.
- 8 acres, 6 room house, barn, shop, sheds, shubbery, water right, all in cultivation. Priced right at \$1000.00. Terms.
- 62 acres, 2 miles from Vale, small house, fine silty soil which will grow the biggest of crops. \$80.00 per acre, good terms.
- 160 acres, fine bench land, 4 room house, barn and outbuildings 80 acres in cultivation, water right Priced right and very attractive terms will be made to the right party.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

SAPOLIO
Scouring Soap
Economy in Every Cake

VALE HOSPITAL

All Cases Admitted Except Contagious Diseases.

Under Management
MRS. NAOMI HARRIS,
Graduate Nurse.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

FOR THE AGED

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

O. E. CARMAN
Vale Oregon.

(To be Continued Next Week)