

THE NEWS RECORD

(Twice-a-Week.)

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.
Formerly the Wallowa News, established March 3, 1899.
Published Wednesdays and Saturdays at Enterprise, Oregon, by THE ENTERPRISE PRESS
Office East side Court House Square
Entered as second-class matter January 2, 1909, at the postoffice at Enterprise, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: One year \$2.00, six months \$1.00, three months \$0.50, per month 20c. On yearly cash-in-advance subscriptions a discount of 10c is given.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1911.

EDUCATIONAL SUPERFICIALITY.

The old question—what are high schools for—to fit boys and girls for college or for life?—ought to be finally determined soon; since the professional judgment upon this matter is that they do neither, says the Ohio State Journal.

In the Carnegie foundation report it is said, "that the same criticism is made of the high school graduate by business men that is made by the colleges, namely, want of the roughness, lack of that mental discipline which comes from mastery of one or a few things."

It is said the fault is superficiality caused by taking too many studies doing too much supplemental reading, or rather letting on to do it too much outside fascination—influences that need to be candidly considered by educational officials.

If our educational process is not doing the best work, let it be given a change. The teachers are not to blame, but their work is misapplied if this accusation is true, concludes the Journal.

In plain words, the system is top heavy with studies that do the pupils no individual good now or in the future.

It is true the foundations for learning should be laid broad and deep, but if the instruction is good and the pupil is fairly bright that foundation should be completed at the tenth grade anyway. After that should come specialization.

A real high school, such as the Wallowa County high, should start the pupils on their real life work. If a boy is going to follow farming, fruit raising or stock raising he should get the first elements of the science in our high school. Manual training, domestic science and normal courses are practical subjects now being added to high school curricula.

They could be added here and those pupils who have no idea of taking college literary courses could do with less Latin, Greek and kindred studies.

Make the school of the greatest practical value to the greatest number.

IS IT GOOD OR BAD?

In another column is printed a list of Socialist gains and victories at recent municipal elections. The list is worthy of anyone's pause and thought. Here is a political party advancing with rapid strides to power that advocates a radical change in the old economic system that has prevailed since the time when Marius and Sulla alternately robbed the people of Rome.

It is not alone in medium sized towns of the middle west that Socialists are winning. A number of large New England factory cities have been electing Socialists to their civic boards. Two of the most rapidly growing cities of the last five years, Berkeley, Cal., and Flint, Mich., elected Socialist mayors. In Chicago, Tuesday, the Socialist vote reached nearly 25,000, almost double that of the last municipal election. As is well known, the big city of Milwaukee is wholly under Socialist control, and that party has 13 members in the Wisconsin legislature. Last November the first Socialist congressman was elected, and one man each of the legislatures of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and North Dakota.

Isn't it about time the Socialist movement should be considered? Sneers won't kill it or it would have been dead and buried long ago. Ignorance and misstatement of its doctrines but fire the zeal of its members. What manner of change do these

modern crusaders advocate? Is it good or bad?

IN UNION THERE'S STRENGTH.

There is undesirable publicity for communities as well as the right kind. Anything savoring of the fake is in the long run injurious to the advertiser, be he an individual, a town or county. The truth about Wallowa county, its climate, resources and opportunities, is strong enough and if made known by proper methods would bring hundreds of investors and settlers here.

On the other hand, no matter how much the truth proclaimed would help develop this big county; suppressed it helps not at all.

If we had five local development clubs, four in the valley towns and one in the North End, to which everyone belonged and helped to support that should do so, and those five clubs would federate for united effort on right publicity lines, the cost would hardly be felt, while the result would be good would be immense. Let us try it.

The awful factory horror in New York city is another reminder that the American metropolis is the worst governed city in all the world. Its corruption, depravity, greed, avarice and insular ignorance make it a blot upon our nation.

The people do not forget Roosevelt. He is still by far the most popular man in the nation. An executive, who is fearless, honest and who tries to be fair will make many enemies but more friends.

TRUXTON KING

A Story of ...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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(Continued from First page.)

forward, his eyes wide and staring. He had seen that gray riding habit before. Two eager steps he took and then halted halfway.

"Great Jehovah!" he gasped, unbelieving. "You! My God, is it you?"

He dropped to his knees before her, peering into her startled eyes. A look of abject terror crossed the "MY GOD, IS IT YOU?" tired, tear stained face. She shrank away from him.

"What is it? Where am I?" she moaned. "Oh, let me go! What have I done that you should bring me here? Let me go, Mr. King! You are not so wicked as—"

"I—I bring you here!" he interrupted, agitated. Then he understood. Utter dismay filled his eyes. "You think that I have done this thing to you? God above us! Look! I, too, am a prisoner here. They are going to kill me after tomorrow."

"Oh, Mr. King, what does it all mean? Forgive me! I see now. You are bound; you are suffering; you are years older. What have you done? What have I done?"

"Don't shrink from me," he urged. "Try to calm yourself."

Then, with the utmost gentleness, he persuaded her to rise and walk about the little room with him.

"It will give you courage," he urged. "Poor little girl!"

She looked up into his face, a new light coming into her eyes.

"Don't talk now," he said softly. "Take your time. Hold to my arm, please. There!"

For five or ten minutes he led her back and forth across the room very tenderly. At first she was faint and uncertain; then, as her strength and wits came back to her, courage took the place of despair. She smiled wanly and asked him to sit down with her.

"Where are we? What is it all about?" she asked.

"Not so loud," he cautioned. "I'll be perfectly candid with you. You'll have to be very, very brave. But wait. Perhaps it will be easier for you to tell me what has happened to you, so far as you know. I can throw light on the whole situation, I think."

She became more excited. Her eyes flashed; she spoke rapidly. On the morning of the 23d she had gone for her gallop in the famous Ganlook road,

attended by two faithful grooms from the royal stables.

"I was in for a longer ride than usual," she said, with sudden constraint. She looked away from her eager listener. "I was nervous and had not slept the night before. A girl never does, I suppose."

He looked askance. "Yes?" he queried.

She was blushing, he was sure of it. "I mean a girl is always nervous and distrustful after she has promised, don't you see?"

"No; I don't see."

"I had promised Count Vos Engo the night before that I—Oh, but it really has nothing to do with the story. I"—Truxton was actually glaring at her. "You mean that you had promised to marry Count Vos Engo?" he stammered.

"How very strangely you talk! Are you sure—I mean, do you think it is fever?" One suffers so—

He sighed deeply. "Well, that's over! Whew! It was a dream, by Jove!"

She waited a moment and then, looking down, said very gently, "I'm so sorry for you."

Then she resumed her story.

She had gone six or eight miles down the Ganlook road when she came up with five troopers of the royal guard. One of the troopers came forward and respectfully requested her to turn off into another road until a detachment passed, in charge of a gang of desperadoes taken at the inn of the Hawk and Raven the night before. Unsuspecting, she rode off into the forest lane for several hundred yards.

It was a trap. The men were not troopers, but brigands got up in the uniform of the guard. Once away from the main highway, they made prisoners of her and the two grooms. Then followed a long ride through roads new to her.

When night came they were high in the mountains back of the monastery, many hours ahead of any pursuit. They became stupidly careless, and the two grooms made a dash for freedom. One of them was killed, but one had escaped.

Some time during the slow, torturing ride through the forest she swooned. When she came to her senses she was in a dimly lighted room, surrounded by men. The gag had been removed from her mouth. She would have shrieked out in her terror had not her gaze rested upon the figure of a man who sat opposite, his elbows on the back of the chair which he straddled, his chin on his arms. He was staring at her steadily, his black eyes catching her gaze and holding it as a snake holds the bird it has charmed.

She recognized the hard, hawklike face. There could be no mistake. She was looking into the face that made the portrait of the Iron Count so abhorrent to her—the leathery head of a cadaver with eyes that lived. She broke down and cried herself into the sleep of exhaustion.

All the next day she sat limp and helpless in the chair they had brought to her. She could neither eat nor drink. Late in the afternoon Marlanx came again. She knew not from whence he came; he stood before her suddenly as if produced by the magic of some fabled genie, smiling blandly, his hands clasped behind his back, his attitude one of designing calculation.

"He laughed when I demanded that he should restore me to my friends. He chided me when I pleaded and begged for mercy. My questions were never answered. Where am I, Mr. King? Oh, this dreadful place! Why are we here—you and I?"

King's heart throbbed fiercely once more. A vast hunger possessed his soul. In that moment he could have laid down his life for her with a smile of rejoicing.

Then he told her why she was there, why he was there and of the 20th—the dreadful 20th!

"God in heaven!" she repeated over and over again in a piteous whisper.

The light was going out.

"Quick!" he cried. "The candle! Light a fresh one. My hands are bound."

She crept to the candles and joined the wicks. A new light grew as the old one died. Then she stood erect, looking down upon him.

"You are bound. I forgot."

She started forward, dropping to her knees beside him, an eager gleam in her eyes. "If I can untie the rope—will that help? There must be one little chance for you—for us. Let me try."

"By Jove," he whispered admiringly, his spirits leaping to meet hers, "you've got pluck. You put new life in me. I—I was almost a—quitter."

At last, after many despairing tugs, the knot relaxed. "There!" she cried, sinking back exhausted. "Oh, how it must have hurt you! Your wrists are raw!"

His arms were stiff and sore and hung like lead at his sides. She watched him with narrowed eyes while he stood off and tried to work blood and strength back into his muscles.

"Do you think you can—can do anything now, Mr. King?" she asked after a long interval. "We must escape," she said as if it were all settled.

"It cannot be tonight," he gently informed her, a sickness attacking his heart. "Don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

He prevailed upon her to lie down, with his coat for a pillow. In two minutes she was asleep.

For an hour or more he sat there looking sorrowfully at the tired, sweet face, the utmost despair in his soul. At last he stretched himself out on the floor near the door, and as he went to sleep he prayed that Providence might open a way for him to prove that she was not depending on him in vain.

(Continued Saturday.)

CHEAP LAND

Men who are familiar with land values in the Northwest will tell you without a dissenting voice that farm land is better and cheaper in Wallowa county than any place in the Northwest; that there are more and better opportunities for investments in city property in Enterprise and farms in this county than can be had in any other locality on the Coast.

We have Lots at \$300

That in another year, will sell readily for \$500. We have fifteen lots in Boyd's Sub-division from \$100 to \$250 with easy terms, \$10 down and \$5 per month, no interest.

Here's a Snap

Eight business lots on Main street, with seven room house, barn, good outbuildings, shade trees and slightly location. Only \$4,000.

Farm Snap

Well improved 720 acre ranch only seven miles from Enterprise, telephone, tri-weekly mail, of which 350 acres is irrigable, of which greater part is in cultivation; good water right. A good shearing plant can be had with ranch that will alone net the owner \$1200 each year for the 40 days work.

Look at the Price

Only \$35 per acre on easy terms.

Have some snaps in Wheat Land

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LAWYER

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