

ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

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ENTERPRISE, WALLOWA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

QUALIFY TEACHERS AT SUMMER SCHOOL

NEW COURSES ADDED BY O. A. COLLEGE TO MEET NEW SCHOOL LAWS.

Corvallis, April 12—The six weeks summer session at the Oregon Agricultural College which opens June 19 and lasts until July 28 will offer many new courses this year for the benefit of those teachers disqualified by the new school laws which now make heavier requirements as to preparation.

Town and city supervision and the new rural school supervision provided for under the new school law will be taught, as well as the advanced subjects required now for certificates, such as mathematics, history, the sciences, English and American literature, the art of teaching, psychology and the history of education. There will be special work for the teachers of industrial subjects, and particular attention will also be given to instruction of the primary and intermediate grammar grade teachers as to the relation of the school to the industries. So large a proportion of the school children of the country never get beyond the grammar grades that it is considered immensely important that the teacher of the younger children should in some degree correlate the work with the practical things to be met outside.

For Prospective Housewives. Beside courses in methods of teaching the regular high school subjects, the O. A. C. summer session will offer work in the domestic science department for housewives and for young women who wish to learn to manage homes of their own some day or to teach home economics. Prospective farmers and orchard growers

will be given special instruction which will prevent them committing many of the expensive errors of the beginner. The great importance of this part of the work lies in the fact that a great number of professional and trades people from the cities are now acquiring land which they must either know how to handle themselves, or how to supervise the work of others on it.

NOTICE TO WHOM CONCERNED.

If the party or parties with so large an appetite for cake, and who so neatly "lifted" the pastry intended for the Rebekah feed Wednesday night from the kitchen, while the lodge was in session in the main room, will send in their names, the Rebekahs will see they have enough cake for once to satisfy that ostrich appetite. We are all watching for the sign of distress thinking we may be able to practice some of the teachings of the order.

We appreciate their thoughtfulness in leaving the empty plates on the stair step. We might need them again. It may ease the conscience of the "lucky ones" to know that the Rebekahs are some on the rustle themselves, and the committee on this occasion proved herself a past master in the art, succeeding with little delay in nailing a feed, but with out "angel cake," however.

Boys, the "joke" is all on us, but he who laughs last laughs best.

A REBEKAH.

TRACK MEET AT JOSEPH.

The track meet that was to have been held at Wallowa, has been changed to Joseph. It will be held on Saturday, May 6.

As It Impressed Him.

"How about the Nile? Great, eh?" "Yes. As I remember it took up several pages in the guidebook."—Washington Herald.

The highest liberty is in harmony with the highest law.—Giles.

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

The Ladies Improvement League will meet in the library room next Tuesday afternoon instead of in the evening.

La Grande Star: Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bichoux have gone to Vancouver, Wash., where Mr. Bichoux was called to attend court.

Judge J. W. Knowles and Court Reporter Hanna, who were here for the brief session of court Wednesday afternoon, returned to La Grande, Friday.

District Attorney F. S. Ivanhoe appeared for the state in the Home Rule amendment trial, and Judge T. H. Crawford of La Grande and Attorney A. M. Rannels of Joseph for the defense.

C. R. Eberhard, receiver of the U. S. land office at La Grande, his wife and their little daughter Dorothy, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Eberhard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Knapper, of La Grande.

A special train consisting of the private cars of General Manager J. P. O'Brien of the O-W system, Assistant Manager J. D. Stack and other railroad officers, made a run over the branch Wednesday carrying those gentlemen on an inspection tour.

La Grande Observer: D. L. Alkens and wife and daughter, Miss Grace, arrived Thursday morning from Stillwater, Okl., and will probably locate in either this or the Wallowa valley. Mr. Alkens took a thorough look at this section of Oregon last fall and his return indicates the impression received there. A successful farmer and prominent in the business and social life of Oklahoma, having served as a member of the board of agriculture and just retiring from the position of grand master of the Stillwater lodge of I. O. O. F., he is of the class of citizenship that Oregon welcomes.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Christian: Services as usual next Sunday.

Methodist: At both services the pastor will preach on themes appropriate to Easter. There will be special music. Everybody cordially invited. The evening service will be at 8 o'clock instead of 7:30 as heretofore.

Catholic: Next Sunday there will be mass and sermon in the Catholic church at 8 o'clock in the morning. Everybody is cordially invited.

There is more sound in a hollow gourd than in a full one, and the same is true of an empty head.

TRUXTON KING A Story of Graustark BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

CHAPTER XIII. A DIVINITY SHAPES.

IT was pitch dark when he awoke. The sound of breathing came to his ears. He sat up. His hands were free. It had not been a dream. She was lying over there asleep. The candle had burnt itself out; that was all. He crept softly across the floor. In the darkness he found her and touched the garments she wore—and drew back enthralled.

Afraid to move for fear of disturbing her, he sat quietly for an hour or more. All this time his brain was working like mad in the new found desire to perform miracles for the sake of this lovely, unattainable creature. He was forgetting the prince, the horrors of the 26th; he was thinking only of saving this girl from the fate that Marlanx had in store for her. Vos Engo may have had the promise, but what could it profit him if Marlanx had the girl?

Footsteps in the outer room recalled him to the bitter reality of their position. He awoke her and whispered words of encouragement into her bewildered ears. Then he put on his coat and threw himself on the floor, first wrapping the rope about his wrists to deceive the guard.

A key turned in the padlock. Old man Spantz stood in the doorway. "It is noon," said the old man frantically. Then he came in and lighted a candle.

"Noon of the 25th," said Truxton bitterly. "In twenty-four hours it will be all over, eh, Spantz?"

"At noon tomorrow."

Julius Spantz brought in the food for the prisoners, setting it on the floor between them.

"It is usually the duty of our friend Julius to feed me," observed Truxton to his fellow prisoner.

"Julius?" queried the girl from the castle, peering at the man. "Not Julius Spantz of the armory?"

"The same," said Truxton. Julius laughed awkwardly.

"Enough," snarled William Spantz. His manner changed completely, however, when he turned to address the young lady. "I beg to inform you, madam, that your stay is to be brief. Tonight you will be removed to more pleasant quarters that a friend has prepared for you. As for you, my friend," turning to Truxton and smiling ironically, "I deeply deplore the fact that you are to remain. When we next gather in the room beyond a new dispensation will have begun. You may be interested then to hear what we have to say out there."

With a profound bow to the lady and a leer for King he departed, bolting the door behind him. Instantly King was at her side.

"An idea has come to me," he whispered eagerly. "I think I see a way."

"Mr. King, what is it you intend to do? Please tell me. I must know. You heard what he said about taking me to the count's. He meant Marlanx. I will die first."

"No. I will die first. By the way, I may as well tell you that I wasn't thinking altogether of how we are to escape. Why should I save you from Marlanx just to have you hurry off and get married to Vos Engo? It's a mean thought, I know," hastily; "but, just the same, I hate to think of you marrying some one else."

"Some one else?" she questioned, a pucker on her forehead.

"Oh, I know I wouldn't have a ghost of a chance even if there wasn't a Vos Engo. It isn't that," he explained. "I recognize the—er—difference in our stations and—"

"What has all this got to do with your plan to escape?"

"Nothing at all. The point I'm trying to get at is this: Don't you think it's pretty rough on a hero to save the girl for some other fellow to snap up and marry?"

"I think I begin to see," she said, a touch of pink coming into her cheeks.

"That's encouraging," he said, staring gloomily at the food he had put aside. "You are quite sure you promised Vos Engo that you'd marry him?"

"No. I did not promise him that I'd marry him."

"You said you had promised?"

"You did not allow me time to finish. I meant to say that I had promised to let him know in a day or two. That is all, Mr. King. There was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

"What's that?" he demanded. "You—you don't mean to say that—Oh, Lord, I wonder—I wonder if I have a chance—just a ghost of a chance!" He leaned very close, incredulous, fascinated. "What is it that you are going to let him know—yes or no?"

"That was the question I was considering when the brigands caught me," she answered.

"Of course he is in your own class," said Truxton glumly. She hesitated an instant. "Mr. King, has no one told you my name—who I am?" she asked. "You are the prince's aunt. That's all I know." "No more his aunt in reality than Jack Tullis is his uncle." "Who are you, then?" "I am Jack Tullis' sister, a New Yorker bred and born, and I live not more than two blocks from your—"

He stared at her in speechless amazement. "Then—then you are not a duchess or a"—he began again. "Not at all—a very plain New Yorker," she said, laughing aloud. "You are not disappointed, are you? Does it spoil your romance to—"

"Spoil it? Disappointed? No! By George, I—I can't believe that any



THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF TRUXTON KING'S BODY WAS BEHIND THE TERRIFIC BLOW.

such luck—no, no, I don't mean it just that way! Let me think it out. Let me get it through my head.

"Miss Tullis," he said, a thrill in his voice, "you are a princess just the same. I never was so happy in my life as I am this minute. It isn't so black as it was. I thought I couldn't win you because you—"

"Win me?" she gasped.

"Precisely. Now I'm looking at it differently. I don't mind telling you that I'm in love with you—desperately in love. It's been so with me ever since that day in the park. I loved you as a duchess or a princess and without hope. Now, I—I—well, I'm going to hope. Perhaps Vos Engo has the better of me just now, but I'm in the lists with him—with all of them. If I get you out of this place—and myself as well—I want you to understand that from this very minute I am trying to win you if it lies in the power of any American to win a girl who has suitors among the nobility."

"Are—are you really in earnest?" she murmured.

"I mean every word of it. I do love you."

"I—I cannot talk about it now, Mr. King," she fluttered, moving away from him in a sudden panic. Presently he went over to her. She was standing near the candle, staring down at the flame, with a strangely preoccupied expression in her eyes.

"Forgive me," he said. "I was hasty, inconsiderate. I—"

"You quite took my breath away," she panted, looking up at him, with a queer little smile.

"I know," he murmured.

Her troubled gaze resumed its sober contemplation of the flame.

"You won't leave me to my fate because you think I'm going to marry some one else?"

He grew very sober. "Miss Tullis, you and I have one chance in a thousand. You may as well know the truth."

"Oh, I can't bear the thought of that dreadful old man," she cried, abject distress in her eyes.

He gritted his teeth and turned away.

Late in the afternoon Anna Cromer appeared before them, accompanied by two of the men. Crisply she commanded the girl to come forth.

She was in the outer room for the better part of an hour listening to Anna Cromer and Mme. Drovnask, who dinned the praises of the great Count Marlanx into her ears. They bathed the girl's face and freshened her garments. It occurred to her that she was being prepared for a visit of

THEY SCRUB EACH OTHER.

Daily Bath of the Pupils in Copenhagen's Public Schools.

Denmark is one of the cleanest little countries imaginable. In a Copenhagen public school one may see an interesting sight. Mounting the spotless stone staircase to the first flight, every morning you may see at 8 o'clock the children assemble and answer to their names and then march to a dressing room. Here they undress, and each child neatly folds its clothes and puts the tidy little bundle on the floor. Then the children go into a small square room with shelves all around, and on these shelves are innumerable wooden tubs, such as we use in America for washing, with two iron hands around them. Everything is in immaculate order. The teacher gives each child a tub, and he or she takes it into an immense and well lighted wash room.

Of course the girls and boys are washed separately, and they perform their ablutions by grades, the tiniest ones coming first. The floor of this wash room is of cement, and in the center is a latticed wooden floor. All around the top of the walls runs a nickel shower pipe, the water of which is regulated by the teacher. Under these showers at the height where the small fingers can reach are little nickel stands with soap and the stiffest hog bristle brushes, which make one shiver. Near by is also a faucet.

Each child puts his or her tub under the faucet and lets the necessary amount of water into it and proceeds to scrub, not himself or herself, but the child in front—a novel sight and a pretty one for a lover of children. But one could not help thinking what an instrument of torture that innocent brush could be if the small fingers that manipulated it did their duty viciously, paying off some grudge or fancied slight.

When all are clean the teacher turns on the showers, and they are all thoroughly rinsed with first hot and then cold water. Each child is obliged to empty its own tub. Then the clean, rosy little bodies dry themselves with rough towels, standing on the wooden latticed floor. Each tub has to be carefully put away, the children dress themselves, and they file in for prayers, and the business of recitation begins. —Youth's Companion.

PUBLICITY EXPERT COMING HERE SOON

PORTLAND COMMERCIAL CLUB TO ATTEMPT WAKING EASTERN OREGON.

James J. Sayer of Portland, field representative of the Oregon Development League, will visit Enterprise, Joseph and Wallowa this spring to preach the gospel of sound publicity for the benefit of this county in particular and of Oregon in general. The local Commercial club is expecting soon to receive the dates of Mr. Sayer's coming from the Portland Commercial club.

Mr. Sayer is to visit all Eastern Oregon districts and will make one of the most remarkable journeys in the history of industrial development of the West. He will cover 2100 miles by train, trolley, automobile and stage all within Oregon and all of it thru the sparsely settled section of Eastern Oregon.

C. C. Chapman, secretary of the Portland Commercial club, in speaking of Mr. Sayer's trip, said:

"We believe that the section in the interior has not received its due share of colonists to which it is entitled. We desire to explain to them why it is so and show them the method employed to get more. It is a sort of evangelizing work that Mr. Sayer will be engaged in. He will make an effort to revive commercial clubs where they need them and to establish new ones where they are needed. Mr. Sayer is thoroughly acquainted with commercial club work. He knows all of its details and I am sure that he will be received with open arms by all the communities he visits."

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from the inner room bearing the limp figure of a girl in a frayed raincoat. He did not wait to ask questions, but rushed over and locked the cell door. Then he led the way down the narrow stairway. His only reply to King's guttural remark in the Graustark language was:

"Don't speak, you fool! Not a word until we reach the river."

A moment later the girl was being lowered through the hole into rough, eager arms. Brutus and his companion dropped through, the secret block of masonry was closed, and off through the shallow waters of the sewer gilded the party riverward in the noiseless boat that had come up to ferry them.

There were three men in the boat, not counting Truxton King.

CHAPTER XIV. ON THE RIVER.

NO word was spoken during this cautious, extraordinary voyage underground. The pseudo Julius supported his charge in the stern of the boat. Peter Brutus sat in the bow, a revolver in his hand, his gaze bent upon the opaqueness ahead.

At last the boat crept out into the rainy, starless night. He drew the skirts of his own mackintosh over her shoulders and head. The night was so inky black that one could not see his hand before his face.

At least two of the occupants opened up their throats and lungs and gulped in the wet, fresh air.

It was now that he began to wonder, to calculate against the plans of their silent escort. Whither were they bound? The occasional creak of an oar, a whispered oath of dismay, the heavy breathing of tollers, the soft blowing of the mist—that was all; no other sound on the broad, still river.

Truxton began to chafe under the strain. His uneasiness was increased by the certain conviction that before long they would be beyond the city, the walls of which were gradually slipping past.

He considered their chances if he were to overturn the frail boat and strike out for shore in the darkness. This project he gave up at once. He did not know the waters or the banks between which they glided. They were past the walls now and rowing less stealthily. Before long they would be in a position to speak aloud. It would be awkward for him.

Suddenly the boat turned to the right and shot toward the unseen bank. They were perhaps half a mile above the city wall. Truxton's mind was working like a triphammer. He was recalling a certain nomad settlement north of the city, the quarters of fishermen, ponchers and horse traders. These people, he was not slow to surmise, were undoubtedly hand in glove with Marlanx, if not so surely connected with the misguided committee of ten.

He had little time to speculate on

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