

RURAL ENTERPRISE

An Independent—Not neutral—news paper, published every Wednesday, by Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance. Advertising, 2c an inch; no discount for time or space; no charge for com position or changes. "Paid-for" paragraphs, 5c a line. No advertising disguised as news.

CHILD LABOR

The child labor amendment is opposed by two classes. The exploiters of the labor of the little ones have financed the campaign out of money wrung from the bodies of their little victims. They are one class. Their dupes are the other class.

The second class have been scared silly, very silly, by the claim of the first class that there is a move afoot to prevent children from being useful and industrious. There never was such a move in congress and there is not the slightest danger that there ever will be.

Who knows a congressman who would favor a law forbidding children to wash the dishes or sweep the floor or bring in the wood or drive the cows home or help haul a load of hay? That is the bugaboo the child slavers are dangling before the people, and it is sad as well as laughable to see so many people frightened by it.

The child labor amendment is opposed by exploiters of such labor and by well meaning persons who have been deceived by the well financed exploiters.

The tax dodgers were grieved by the fear that other states would grow at the expense of Oregon—the migration of tax dodgers from the state. We are not sure that Oregon would not benefit by the departure of a few of the big income hogs. Let's try it some day.

Again it is reported that Grover Cleveland Bergdoll has given up and will come home and take his medicine not because the medicine will taste any better than it would have done years ago, but because he has become awfully tired of being "the man without a country."

"A measure that gives any committee, commission, or congress the power to prohibit young men and women of 18 years from earning a living, is not a child labor law, because persons 18 years old are not children."—The Spectator.

Perhaps we can't abolish the state legislature too quickly. It has such power.

The majority of our legislature is doing what it was elected to do—"hitting the governor" at the taxpayers' expense. He has had the audacity not only to train with the minority political party, but worse, to be a farmer.

The tax dodgers were grieved by the fear that other states would "grow at the expense of Oregon." We are not sure that Oregon would not benefit by the departure, in judgment, of a few of the big-income hogs. Let's try it.

Coolidge proposes, as one instance of economy, to cut down the number of employes and get more work from those retained. Listen for the howl of the discharged loafers!

Do not imagine, because Mr. Coolidge does not go down into politics in the usual way, that he does not know how to turn at trick once in a while.

The most successful crop in Oregon measured in dollars and cents, is the interest crop harvested by those who farm the farmers and the state and municipal governments.

The railroads will not oppose Mr. Swan's bill to tax stages and autos unless practically 15 per cent of their receipts.

This has been announced as a week of fireworks at Salem.

Senate Squabbles Over Appointments

Washington, D. C.—In one of the most tempestuous secret sessions of a history the senate Saturday blocked confirmation of Attorney-General Irlan F. Stone as an associate justice of the supreme court after it was charged that he was "persecuting" senator Burton K. Wheeler, democrat, of Montana.

The fight was waged by Senators William E. Borah, republican, of Idaho; Thomas J. Walsh, democrat, of Montana; and Thomas J. Heflin, democrat of Alabama, after the latter had provoked the battle by attempt to denounce the attorney-general in public. The secret session, lasting an hour, as characterized by a series of attacks on Stone, all of which were used on reports that the attorney-general intended to obtain an indictment against the Montana senator in the courts of the District of Columbia.

As a result of the intervention of resident Coolidge the nomination of attorney-general Stone for the supreme court will likely be referred back to the senate judiciary committee.

The committee will be instructed to delve deeply into the activities of the attorney-general in his efforts to obtain an indictment of Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana in the federal courts here, which has held up his confirmation and led to bitter criticism in the senate.

Such a course was agreed upon at the White House after the president got for senate leaders and obtained from them first-hand information as to why Stone's nomination was being held up.

The mail matter sent out against the child labor amendment is costing millions of dollars. Out of what profits does that money come? From what profits can it come except the profits on child labor? If exploiters were not getting profits on children why would they spend the money?—Portland Journal.

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DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner

THE NEW YEAR

"Well," said the New Year, "here I am. And here I'm going to stay for twelve whole months."

"I shan't cheat. I won't be one to give short measure. No, I'll be here my full amount of time."

"I just heard some one say that time was really running away from her. Time won't do that. Of course time moves very quickly along—much too quickly, really, but it won't run away from any one."

"Time won't wait for any one, either. Time is very strict."

"But I'm glad to have a look around before I really begin a year. I don't feel I have really begun until I have been here a bit."

No one will notice for a few days whether I'm being a successful or pleasant year or not.

"I'll just take a look and see if things are as the Old Year told me I'd find them."

"The Old Year told me I'd find the world very beautiful with lovely places in it and lots of people."

"Some of the people I'd find quite big, and some I'd find quite small, the Old Year told me."

"And I see that the Old Year was right."

"The Old Year told me that people would make fine resolutions the first day they saw me—and even just before the Old Year left they began making splendid resolutions."

"But the Old Year told me not to be disappointed if they were not all kept."

"Then, too, the Old Year said, it would never do if it were so perfect a world that there would be nothing to make a resolution about."

"But the Old Year did tell me that some children at the time when he was new made one resolution and that they kept it."

"It was a beautiful resolution and it thrilled the Old Year when he was young and new and when he was old."

"He said that these children had resolved and promised each other they would never be cruel."

"They would never bully children younger than themselves by their actions or by the way they spoke to them. They wouldn't call little chil-

dren babies when they knew they wouldn't like to be called babies and when, too, they weren't babies any longer."

"They made up their minds they would not be cruel to any of their species—they wouldn't say things to hurt others' feelings."

"For that, the Old Year said, is being cruel, too."

"They agreed never to be unkind to animals, to make fun of another's clothes, never to make older people feel they were a nuisance and much too old, anyway."

"They promised each other they would keep this resolution. And the Old Year, as I've told you, told me that they did."

"While I look around me I'm hoping that there will be others who will make that same resolution and that I will have the joy, too, of seeing it kept."

"For the Old Year said there was nothing so dreadful as cruelty. Cruelty by word or deed," he said, "was just too dreadful!"

"Ah, do I hear that resolution being made by some others now? Yes, I do!"

"Thrilling! Dear me, I won't have to wish myself a Happy New Year. I know I'll be a Happy New Year. And what do I hear now?"

"Grown-ups making a resolution never to hurt the feelings of children, never to tell them 'how they have grown' and all of the many speeches children get so tired of hearing, and which hurt their feelings."

"The Old Year told me about these speeches, too, and he was hoping some of the Grown-Ups would make this New Year's resolution."

"Oh, now I start off with great glee being a New Year."

"And it's fun to start off with great glee—particularly when all about you people are saying: 'Happy New Year! Happy New Year! Happy New Year!'"

Riddles Which is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement. When have sparrows four feet? When there are two of them.

Sinners in Heaven

(Continued from page 3)

Out a backward glance, she drew the revolver from her belt and dashed outside.

As she ran, gasping up the slope, she paid no heed to her own danger—was unaware of both black and white men from the hut following in hot pursuit.

Again the dense medley parted before her eyes. At the same instant a spear sped through the air. Whizzing angrily past her, straight at two struggling forms.

It flew with unerring judgment and buried its hideous point in the white man's back. He reeled, loosed his antagonist, threw groping arms wide.

With a demoniacal cry of triumph, Babooma made a spring.

As twice before, a sharp report reverberated, and the seething mass was momentarily obscured by smoke.

A pair of black hands grasped the girl's arms as she tottered backward, dropping her smoking weapon.

For a brief instant she recognized Roowa's face, which seemed to merge into that of De Borceau; then her senses slipped from her, and everything faded into oblivion.

Not knowing friend from foe, the struggle for her unconscious body was sharp and furious. But the two Frenchmen were fresh and uninjured; and Roowa's supporters had rushed on, in wild distress, to that other seething heap.

Just one glimpse of two prostrate forms being hoisted, amid a frenzy of fighting, walls and shouts—and the two white men devoted themselves to their oath.

On trembling knees at last, bleeding, helpless, his cries drowned by the noise around and the roaring flames from the hut, Roowa watched the strangers seize the inert form of his white chief's wife, and disappear toward the coast.

The thick fighting mass had dissolved into odd struggling groups of twos and threes; the prostrate forms had disappeared. Away near the palm grove could be seen a quickly vanishing crowd of dark figures.

The flames belched forth from the burning hut, overcoming the early daylight.

Presently the steady monotonous drone of retreating engines blended with the rising wind of the dawn.

PART FOUR

Broken Harmony

Miss Davies, Mrs. Stockley's only remaining sister, placed a marker in her book; then laid it down upon a small table. Her face assumed the complacent expression of one about to perform a pleasant duty in accordance with her conscience.

"I think," she observed decisively, "Hugh should be warned."

Mrs. Stockley glanced up from the stole she was embroidering. "About what?" she asked.

"Barbara."

Her sister made a gesture of annoyance, which caused her to prick her finger; this increased her irritation.

"I wish you would for once be explicit, Mary! You have thrown out dark hints about Barbara ever since we heard of her rescue. Why should Hugh be warned?"

"Are you so stupidly dense as you appear, Alice? Or are you wilfully blinding yourself?"

"I am no more stupid than the rest of my family, I hope!" snapped Mrs. Stockley, with much meaning.

"Well, then," continued her sister, ignoring this improbability, "you must realize that Barbara will most likely return—very changed. Indeed, from her one letter there seems no doubt about it. That was queer—very queer!"

Mrs. Stockley impatiently hunted among bundles of colored silks. "Of course she will be changed. She is two years older and has suffered ghastly experiences. She was very ill at Singapore; you couldn't expect long chatty letters!"

She spoke with unusual asperity. Two years of her sister's undiluted companionship had increased an inherent instinct toward contradiction, while developing a self-defensive alertness. Both were necessary in the radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing through their lorgnette, two ears which seemingly reached all over the house, and a caustic tongue ready to reduce other people's follies or few ideas to shreds. Such gifts used at the expense of common acquaintances are a different matter, of course.

"Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the promptings of conscience with renewed relish. "You are as blind as Hugh, Alice. I saw him this afternoon, quite excited over meeting her tomorrow. He wants to have the wedding after Christmas. . . . of course it was not my business to say anything!"

Whether this self-discipline could have been maintained had not other people been present, is open to question.

"You don't understand Bab as well as Hugh and I do, you see," returned her sister complacently.

"No," she agreed, "but I understand Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to give effect to the world of meaning in her words. "Don't you realize, Alice, that Barbara was attractive? And she has been flung, unchaperoned, for two years, into the society of a man who—well—had extremely loose ideas, and Bohemian ways—a man whose influence would be most questionable for

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any young girl." Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you insinuating that Bab would be weak enough to allow him to influence her? After her careful upbringing, too? Why—looseness of any sort would be abhorrent to her! Her surroundings have always been strictly moral."

"I don't insinuate anything; but I wouldn't trust that man far, in such circumstances! We have yet to learn how he behaved."

"She did not allude to him in her letter."

"No. But—she did her utmost to get taken back to search for his body! Surely her chief desire should have been to hurry home to Hugh?"

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently. "You are making mountains from molehills, Mary! She did that purely from humanitarian motives; it was only right and natural. Hugh thought so. He liked Captain Croft."

"Hugh is too trustful; that's why I am sorry for him. Frankly, Alice, I do not believe a man and woman could live in such isolation without coming to grief. I have seen too much of human nature."

"My dear Mary! what do you mean? You don't—"

Her sister held up a dignified hand to stop all interruption. "You must face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts—as some women would who had seen as much of the world as I have. If he had a strong spiritual nature—a clergyman, perhaps. But that man!" She pursed her lips.

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own face paling, her finger twitching the forgotten stole.

"Coming to grief!" she repeated, horrified. "Do you dare suggest my daughter would so disgrace her name and family as to allow— My dear Mary! it is preposterous! I would disown such a child. But Barbara! Why, I would trust her alone with any man, for forty years! She wouldn't dream of such things. Besides, Captain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of good family himself."

Martha, the old servant, hustled in at this moment with bedroom candles. She plumped them down upon the table, and her old face beamed at an excuse for garrulity over Barbara's return. When, snubbed, she departed, Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle in hand, with an air of outraged dignity.

"Mary" she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexpressibly! I insist on your never breathing a word of your suspicions—either to Hugh or Barbara. If she has any painful memories—she will confide in me. Of course, I did not know Captain Croft well, nor like him; but—poor child! Her sufferings may have been worse than I ever imagined. Good night!"

With unusual decision she opened the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone

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