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VALE ORGANIZES STRONG CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

If you would give her a liberal count; take an inventory of the chickens and invoice the cemetery, you might find that Vale, Oregon, had 1000 inhabitants. Far be it from the Tribune to protest Vale's claims, and she claims one thousand. If Vale claimed two thousand The Tribune would cheerfully acknowledge the justice and reasonableness of the account. But as aforesaid Vale claims only one thousand. She thinks, and most anybody would also think, that most of her prominent men would count two for one anywhere else on earth. Vale is a little short on quantity. Quality is her long quit. When it comes to class, you cannot discount the people of Vale. Enterprise, energy and enthusiasm are the dominant characteristics of the people. They usually talk oil and gas, but if you are not interested in oil or gas, they can hand out a pretty classy line on fruits, railroads and other products of the soil of nature and the mind of man. As general boosters Vale is there with the goods. Vale thinks she is the center of the greatest undeveloped oil field in the world; the hub of the finest agricultural country on earth and the coming commercial and railroad metropolis of eastern Oregon. To quickly achieve her ultimate destiny Vale has organized a commercial club. Over the commercial club proudly and uninterruptedly floats the American flag. Under the commercial club proudly and uninterruptedly issues the Malheur Enterprise. The club is thus between and betwixt the paladium of liberty and the symbol of equality. Any man might go a long way in any direction without finding a more suitable or appropriate place for a chamber of commerce. In the commercial club you find Persian rugs, pictures from Florence, a stem-winding piano, a dignified eight-day clock and Major French. The Major comes from Alaska, but he won his renown at San Juan hill, along with Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Since the gallant charge of the rough riders made these two men famous, they have steadily climbed the ladder of honor and responsibility. One took up politics and became President of the United States. The other essayed commerce and became head of the Vale chamber of commerce. Major French takes great interest in public affairs; great pride in the commercial club and considerable glory to himself on general principles. The Major knows that he is great but does not deny himself to the commonality of Vale. He permits ordinary men to bask in his sunshine, and he is entitled to some credit and glory. He has gathered into the club over a hundred members working and boosting for Vale. They are all enthusiastically at work carving out Vale's aforesaid destiny.

In cutting out a destiny, politics just naturally creeps in. You can't

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keep them out. Vale has pulled off a little political contest, and of course the rough riders were there in force. The candidates for Mayor were Tom Halliday and Elwood L. Clark. Mr. Halliday represented the conservatives and Mr. Clark the progressives. Mr. Clark was elected by a three to one majority, because the spirit of progress is in the air at Vale. When you come to look over Tom Halliday, you will find a pretty good looking fellow. The only trouble with Tom Halliday is that he wears a goatee and goatees are out of style. If he had cut off that goatee he would have cut the majority against him at least 50 per cent. But all of us are possessed of some vice or other. So long as a man does nothing worse than grow shin whiskers he is not in danger of eternal damnation. He can still run for county treasurer and probably be elected. Mayor Clark is what you would call a handsome man. He takes off his hat every time he says anything, but if we were as good looking as he, we wouldn't wear a hat at all. He has plenty of good sense, energy, enthusiasm, civic pride and business ability. Like the rest of the Clark family, he is a banker. The family resemblance continues in that he is a most successful banker. As Mayor he will help Vale grow and shape her above-mentioned destiny. The other members of the newly elected city administration are Messrs. H. P. Osborn, W. A. Glenn, Erbie Hayes, councilmen; Z. C. Wilson, recorder; J. R. Weaver treasurer; John Dolan, marshal. They are a pretty good bunch. There is Osborn. Osborn and Davidson are as thick as two peas on the oil and gas proposition. He talks about the geological formation as blighly as the robin sings. He will tell you about strata laying upon strata like flapjacks, jerk a ten-pound rock out of his pistol pocket and tell you to smell that. If you don't get a whiff of kerosene he will make you rub the rock until you do. Most people soon admit sensing a little scent whether they do or not. We had a bad cold when in Vale but Davidson and Osborn soon convinced us that we could smell the oil. It smells like a tule swamp in August. There is no oil stock for sale at Vale. Of course everybody has a friend who is a little pushed for money and would sell a small part of his holdings, in order to get through the winter. But there is no stock on the market except a few million shares. These shares are being bought up by the natives.

When you start to write about people and things you should start at the beginning. Anybody knows that. We never do, because if we did, we would never get through genesis. We are no lymphatic in our compositions. We start in the middle in hopes that we will get out at one end or the other. It makes no difference where we emerge, if we emerge at all. In this case we will probably stop where we should have started.

When you go to Vale you first go to Ontario. That statement is a fact. At Ontario you take the Malheur valley train. The conductor of this train usually wears a gold braid cap, red hair and a bow. After taking up the tickets he changes his uniform, by substituting a slouch hat for the gold-braid cap. After he makes this change he is at liberty to answer questions, and he will do it too. He is a pleasant, affable chap, gentle in demeanor and accommodating in business. He runs his train near the schedule which shows no mean ingenuity and generalship. The Malheur Valley railroad has arranged it so that you can ride right into Vale, turn right around and ride right out again. You can do that but you won't. No man ever wanted to do that. You will prefer staying awhile. You will walk up town and of course drop into the Drexel. You will see standing behind the desk a good looking young man, of the blonde persuasion, sleek and a little inclined to the embonpoint. He has a dimple in his chin and a merry twinkle in his eye. His appearance is an eloquent advertisement for the grill.

of a certain girl's eyes. One contended that her eyes were black and the other that they were gray. And That man is Manager Johnson of the hotel. He is worth thousands of dollars to Vale every year just being there. When the twinkle twinkles and the dimple dimples you feel right at home, and want to stay a week. You are foolish if you don't. If J. O. Thomas, the Vale real estate dealer, gets a good grip on you, the chances are you will stay two weeks and then three and finally locate permanently. That's J. O. Thomas' business and no one ever accused him of not being on the job when it comes to business.

The idea in writing this article was to tell the people of Caldwell about the Caldwell colony at Vale. Vale is a regular magnet. You will find over there James Munro in the First National Bank, Boone and Murray in a pool hall, Beemer and Miss Loveland in the U. S. National Bank, Grimes in a soda water parlor, Hyram Glenn, plumbing. They are all doing well and making money. They all seem to be establishing themselves in the city. They have established the fourth ward of Caldwell at Vale and are working overtime peopling it.

CHURCH IS WORSE THAN THE SALOON

Editor Tribune:

A preacher down at Eugene, Oregon, made a little stir a short while ago when he said that he had rather that Eugen had saloons than a Unitarian church, because the saloons could be voted out, but the church couldn't be voted out. That was just the opinion of one man and by chance he was a preacher and was certainly entitled to his opinion. It is just probable that one Unitarian church may do more damage in Eugene than all the saloons that could get support in that beautiful little city. That preacher evidently thought that Unitarianism is radically wrong in morals, religion and philosophy and, therefore, by leading men to the gates of error; yes, within the gates, it would do more damage than all the saloons in the world. And he may be right and those who look at matters from his squint must certainly feel to applaud his views. If a man is a free agent turned loose upon this world subject to the seductions of evil, and who must climb almost unaided to the heights of good, then a Unitarian church may be a deadly evil thing—a thing, and instrument, in Satan's hands to lead many astray from God. Palpable as the evils of the saloon are, many cannot see them. If man may be blind to palpable evils, how deadly blind may he not be to the seductivity of the impalpable evils Unitarianism may advance. Unitarianism denies the deity of Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures, hell, original sin, and a multitude of other doctrines loved and believed by the nine-tenths of the sects of Christendom. And to the sects belief in the deity of Christ is the great essential to salvation and without this intellectual assent, the Father can see nothing of good in him who has it not. And if this intellectual conversion be necessary, and Unitarianism denies that it is necessary, see what awful fate awaits that one who is thus deceived. Debauchees and saloon bums have at the very last moment seen a great light and got on the right side and sing now in glory, but who, having once been inoculated with this deadly virus of Unitarianism has ever recovered? It is ether to the soul and once imbibed recovery to the orthodox faith becomes impossible. This being true, what is a saloon or two in comparison. The logic of that preacher falls with inerring precision on those who would scoff at his words, or elevate the eyebrow in surprise. His position is irresistible and incontrovertible. Admit his premises, and no other conclusions, save his, can be arrived at. He has builded his shanty on the solid rock of truth—as he sees it.

Of course we cannot see the matter just as it appears to this Eugene preacher. But when we can't see a thing just as other fellows see it, that is no reason that we should jump to the conclusion that he is wrong and that we are right. We are too prone to pamper our prejudices, and it does us good sometimes to have them shaken up a bit. We become, by pampering our prejudices, intolerant. We take a stand on a matter and then begin reading the works of those who agree with us, and by and by we become hopelessly involved in the mazes of our own beliefs. Most of the things we think we know we have gotten them by faith anyway, and the things we can know least about we are usually the most certain of.

About eight-tenths of the things we are taught by religion are speculative three gods in one and neither one knows a blessed thing about it; and

we can't see what difference it makes anyway. We knew two boys once who fought each other to a finish and bore for each other a deadly enmity because they differed as to the color after their fighting and their hating, they met the girl one day and her eyes were blue.

And that is what may happen with about nine-tenths of religion—we may find that there is a whole lot of it different from what we had pictured it.

Whoever fashioned this world and the creatures in it was no fool. When he wanted to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, he created the irresistible attraction of sex, and to prevent the over-production he made the one to suffer a deal of pain in child birth; but as compensation he gave her the love and fortitude to bear it.

He gave to man, along with many evils, something in him that approves good and upright actions and honest, pure thoughts; he also created in him conscience and a love of justice. And it does seem that such a being has the ability to form man that he may get the experiences coming to him from life and at the same time return to his august presence when the curtain is rung down on this act of his life, without a perpetual baby-tending by preachers. And, therefore, we can't see why this being should be to us, nor demand more of us, than our father or our mother.

And yet, while we believe this it might be possible that we are mistaken entirely, and that the Eugene preacher is dead right.

C. J. SHORB.

ROCKAFELLER TO GIVE HIS FORTUNE

For the purpose of giving away his fortune on a scale not equaled by any other philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller caused to be taken Saturday steps to incorporate the Rockefeller Foundation of the District of Columbia.

The bill for this purpose was introduced by Senator Gallinger and closely follows a measure passed by Congress in 1903, under which the Rockefeller educational foundation was authorized. The difference is that the present bill is much broader, opening the way for Mr. Rockefeller to enter any line of recognized philanthropy.

It is understood that through the foundation Mr. Rockefeller will distribute the greater part of his fortune. Mr. Rockefeller has already given away about \$131,000,000 and his present possessions are variously estimated at from \$200,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000, or even more. The bill introduced by Senator Gallinger was referred to the committee on judiciary.

The incorporators named in the bill are John D. Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Fred T. Gates, Starr J. Murphy and Charles O. Heldt, are authorized to select associates, not to exceed 25, and it is provided that there shall not be at any time less than five.

The foundation is organized on lines similar to the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching. As in the case of the latter institution, the Rockefeller Foundation will be authorized to receive and dispense gifts of money other than those obtained from the original endowments, the amount of which has not been fixed.

The scope of the foundation is em- and serve no useful purpose. The

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Unitarian insists that there is but one god; the Christian that there are braced in a short section of the bill. The section reads:

"That the object of the said corporation shall be to promote the well-being and to advance the civilization of the peoples of the United States and its territories and possessions and of foreign lands in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; in the prevention and relief of suffering and in the promotion of any and all of that Mr. Rockefeller intends to give away his money on a greater scale than any other living man. I am not acquainted with all the details of Mr. Rockefeller's plan. It is expected Washington will be headquarters.

Here's a remarkable gold coin I want to show you, old man.

Eh? This is an ordinary half eagle. What's remarkable about it? It belongs to me.—Boston Transcript.

"The elements of human progress." FORTUNE TO BE DISTRIBUTED. When asked regarding the bill, Senator Gallinger said: "I am not authorized to speak for Mr. Rockefeller. But there is no doubt

Poisoned Wheat for squirrels. The kind they eat at Botkin & Harmon's.

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