

Be Fair!
Always
Fair!

EDITORIAL PAGE

Conducted by James L. Corey

We All
Make
Mistakes!

It is a truth so familiar as to be almost a platitude, that we gain real and permanent benefit only from those things we acquire through our own effort and at the cost of some hardship or personal sacrifice, and that we value them in exact proportion to the degree of effort required to obtain them; and it is also true that we find no means of growth and development in advantages which are bestowed upon us as a gift from some one immeasurably richer and more powerful than ourselves. And just behind this truth lies the question of the great primal right given to all humanity—the right to work.

Fruit Market

Watermelons have been coming into the Enterprise market from the Imnaha country the past two weeks and selling at good prices. Other fruit has been rather slow in coming in. Peaches have sold at \$1.00 per box in Enterprise, while down around Napa, California, they are selling for \$2.00. Just four times that received any previous year for this fruit. California, Oregon and Washington have enjoyed a fair crop of peaches this year but owing to a complete failure in the east these high prices are due. In California they are now offering fourteen cents for dried peaches where the price before this was six and one-half cents. There seems to be no question but that the high prices prevailing for the early fruit will continue for the peach, apricot and pear crops.

Butter Goes Up

Portland manufacturers and dealers have decided to raise the price of butter in the retail markets from 70 to 75 cents a roll which means a price of 80 cents. This advance will be made by the Hazelwood Cream Co. Down east they consider 20 cents a good price. The dairyman is king out in this land. The local butter market this week is 70c per roll.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman of Spokane are in the city looking for an investment in the cigar manufacturing business.

State Superintendent Ackerman delivered a very instructive lecture at the M. E. church Tuesday evening.

George B. Clark was arrested the fore part of the week upon complaint of Mrs. Clark, charging him with incest. He was bound over to the November term of court, with bonds at \$2500.

Wm. Zurcher was up in court this week charged with leaving a dead calf in the ditch. He was declared not guilty by the jury.

That Singer sewing machine at Ashley's is now down to \$47. Someone will get a bargain. Now is the time to grab it.

Fred Savage is off for a vacation on the coast.

Miss Joyce Craig has returned to Walla Walla. She will visit a few days in Portland with relatives.

Mrs. S. M. Hanville is in the city to take up her duties as a teacher.

Owing to illness Prof. Mulkey will not be able to lecture here as advertised. Prof. H. J. Hookenberry of LaGrande will substitute for him at Flora.

The Teachers' Institute at Joseph this week has been attended by some thirty-three teachers. All report a very successful meeting. State Supt. Ackerman and Prof. H. J. Hookenberry of La Grande assisted Supt. Kerns.

ENTERPRISE OPERA HOUSE



Watch for
Next
Announce-
ment

"I seek not to make men read
but to make them think."
Montesquieu.

Do You Think?

The great mass of us today accept our standards without thinking. We used to think, but we do not now. We have let our commercial prosperity establish for us a set of machine-made standards. People who are ready for the beauty that grows out of honesty and simplicity will reach out for it; those who are not, will not be grateful to have it thrust upon them. It is hard to make people regard unwelcome information as a benefit. And when you get on the farther side of life you will feel that the most important thing in life for you is what it has taught you.

FRIENDS

With the next issue of the News-Record the announcement of my successor will no doubt be made. Having accepted a position elsewhere I wish to say to those friends and well-wishers who have expressed regrets that a change was to be made, that it is my intention to return to the newspaper field in Wallowa county in the near future. The News-Record has been sent forth each week knowing it would carry good cheer and blessing to some homes and hearts, and, I trust, to many. To those who have extended their hearty support and good will, I wish to say, individually, I thank you!

Did you ever think how transitory most of the friendships of life are—how very slight the tie that binds us even to those whose company we enjoy, and whose pleasure we would promote? How easily change of place or circumstance crowds out the old occupants of the heart and welcomes new ones in! We are surrounded with pleasant people here in Enterprise, their society fills a large place in our lives, their respect and esteem is highly valued, we are glad to receive and render favors; but let us be removed from them but a short distance, just so that the orbits of our daily life do not intersect each other, and somehow they fade imperceptibly but surely away, just as the mist fades or the closing day darkens.

And the dead—they whose life, while living, seemed a necessity to our own, and whose death was like an eclipse of all our joyous being—how easily we become accustomed to their absence, and daily duties and new-found loves bridge over the gloomy chaos which their departure made.

But some friendships live; some loves take such deep hold upon the heart that

"Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Did you ever go into some rich old picture gallery, where the walls were hung with glowing master-pieces of nature and life—grandeur to awe the soul, and beauty to delight the eye, and where the ceilings were illuminated by the hand of genius and radiant with the very smile and triumph of art? Those pictures come and go. Where you find a favorite today a new-comer will hang tomorrow; but the frescoed miracles of art stay steadfast in their place. No change disturbs them, but there they remain, growing ripe and mellow with age.

Just so it is with the heart. Many pleasant occupants come and go, but there are those who stay, like the frescoes on the walls and are an integral portion of the heart itself. He who has such friends—whose memory is a picture gallery, where in frescoed beauty smile the faces of unfading love—is rich indeed, rich in goods that cannot be purchased in the market, and whose value does not fluctuate with the price of gold. That you and I, may have such friends, and deserve them, is the wish of James L. Corey.

For Beautiful Enterprise

Ever and ever this truth will stand, where the vine twines over the cottage door; where the green, umbrageous trees, swaying to and fro, in the summer winds, cast their grateful shade o'er the greening lawns, or the blossoming buds of odorous flowers; this is Home, that spot where the heart of man ever centers, the comfort of his declining years.

Here, at Enterprise, in the richest soil on the face of the earth, under the most benign sunshine, in the most salubrious climate, we, all of us, may have such a home.

And the value of it will last beyond the years of our life and into the future, amid a posterity which will say of us:

"They builded well."

And for us, in the present, while we are yet alive there is also reward, the actual reward that comes of beauty, the potential reward that comes of effort.

This newspaper believes in the City Beautiful, believes in it as an actual force in the material development of this community; believes that it brings actual, financial returns.

Let us make a City Beautiful of Enterprise. There is not a seed that grows anywhere that will not grow here and a united effort will do much to make this the most beautiful city in northeast Oregon.

A Word of Praise From a Stranger

We were visited Sunday by Mr. Jason B. Wilkinson of Mason City, Iowa, a very able business man of that city. We inquired of him his views as to the future of our county and city, from his, a stranger's viewpoint. In his response, Mr. Wilkinson spoke slowly and with some hesitation. There was no sparkle, no enthusiasm, just a few plain words from an essentially simple man, as the greatest are often simple, yet what he said made clear his title to rank among the ad-

mirers of Wallowa county. He has been able to grasp great beauty in our hills and valleys. Each scene has had its value to him, from the fragrant, green "Alder Slope" that stirs the memory and affection to the "Neglected Farm" with its melancholy meadows, empty gray house and wistful flower patch that radiates desolation and sorrow, as is often seen in the Willamette valley.

Said he, "I have traveled all over the state of Oregon, have seen many beautiful homes, fine ranches, fine people—but, here in Wallowa county, I have found my ideal of a future home. It has been truly named when you say it is the 'Switzerland of America,' and I see no reason after the railroad has been finished into your valley why you should not have a city here of at least five thousand inhabitants in a very short time."

Look Here Neighbor

There is a very concise letter in this issue from Mr. A. C. Miller. It covers the points honestly, fairly, and correctly.

Read it carefully before you contradict yourself again in your next issue.

You'll admit it is a good thought.

Fine advice.

The editor of the News-Record stands for fair play, a fair fight.

Any other method is the way of the thug, the sandbagger.

A decent man's brain is polluted by considering such practices. Stop it man. You have a good paper; one of the best in the county. Wait until you know the men of Enterprise. Stand from under. Get out of the anvil chorus: Leave the hammer brigade.

Be fine. Be broad. Be a man.

And you will be successful, no doubt, as others have been.

Your senseless talk against a few of the citizens of Enterprise cannot injure the community.

It does injure you.

Are you bettering yourself?

Are you improving conditions by that line of attack?

Don't you think your energy is misdirected?

Recoils sometimes kick hard.

"Madness in great ones must not unwatched go."

Did you note the lyrical quality of that poetry, that prose, which you have quoted in your last referring to Enterprise, hasn't it a rare swing, a vigor as individual as that of Carlyle, and yet, a melody like unto the cadence of Pater.

Don't you think it would apply more aptly to yourselves?

Then another thing.

By such tactics you do not get together. One man is fighting the other and in his personal, private, grudge he brings the town, other people into it. That isn't fair. That isn't manly.

Stop it. Quit it. It isn't worth while. It creates nothing but disgust. Boost. It's better. It makes something.

Here is a Snap!

7-room house, outbuildings,
large barn, acre of land, on
stream of water, plenty of
shade trees, only two blocks
from business part of town,
\$1,325.00, \$450 with your
own time on balance.

When we say it is a snap
you can depend upon it.



Daniel Boyd

Secy. of Wallowa Law, Land and Abstract Company