

THE SATURDAY EVENING HABIT

With the end of the week at hand and all work shaped up for "over Sunday," it is quite natural and also fortunate that one of the real "institutions," especially in rural districts, is the Saturday evening habit. Because of this the housewife takes an inventory of her cupboard, her pantry and her kitchen, the husband fills his mind with such odds and ends as may be needed in the stables, the barn or elsewhere on "the place" while the sons and daughters figure that they may as well go along for fun if for nothing else.

This was the habit even before the days of good roads and automobiles, except that with a couple of hours of riding in buggies and uncertain, indefinite knowledge as to the hour they would reach home on the return at night, the family exodus was governed by the practice of "taking turns going to the village."

But today, when anything less than a ten mile drive can be made in twenty minutes or less and in comfort, the Saturday evening habit is a real custom and to the advantage of all concerned. This assertion is regularly demonstrated at each weekend, in our own village as well as in most villages—if they are favored with good roads in all directions.

Without exception every place of business was occupied by from two to eighteen persons—the meat markets held the larger number, but the crowds in the street—impossible to count because of almost constant shifting—provided the most satisfactory basis upon which to rest an estimate as to the numerical feature and as to the spirit of neighborly good will everywhere in evidence. And the leading feature of the investigation was the singular fact that in all of the little groups chatting cordially, not once was heard a reference to taxes.

"What'd you do with that jitney of yours?" Asked one man of another, who replied: "Traded it for a hot one." Of course ordinary home talk and family talk went everywhere with no sign of intemperance visible.

Was politics spoken of? Not so one could notice it. The potato crop, the great need of rain, the showing was one of general goodwill and nature personal friendships and almost constant exchange back and forth on bits of personal news—news which the Enterprise would be glad to publish, but which cannot be used without violating individual confidences.

Do you want to sell? Let people know it through our liners. It only costs a trifle and pays big interest on the investment.

COAST TO COAST U. S. FOR LEAGUE

MILLIONS ACCLAIM WILSON AS HE SPEEDS ACROSS THE LAND.

FEW ASK FOR CHANGES

Majority Feel That President's Guidance Should Be Held—He Regards Pact As Sure to Come Soon.

(By Mr. Clemens News Bureau) Aboard President Wilson's Special Train—From the Capital at Washington to the far Pacific coast the President of the United States has journeyed on the most unusual expedition ever undertaken by a chief executive of the nation.

To discuss national questions, many presidents have toured the land; but Mr. Wilson is laying before America a question which affects the whole world—the question of whether or not we are to join in the League of Nations; whether we are to forget our former isolation and share with the other peoples of the earth the responsibilities of maintaining civilization and preventing, as he says we can do, future wars.

Between the capital and the coast the president made fifteen speeches and half a dozen brief talks. All of 100,000 fellow citizens listened to him. Several millions had the chance to see him, and apparently everyone wanted to see him, from those who thronged the streets of the cities and towns where he stopped, to those who came to the railroads or stood at little flag stations in remote places, knowing their only reward could be a fleeting glimpse and a wave of the hand.

He has met and talked to all types of citizens—to men big in the business, financial and professional worlds, to farmers and mechanical workers, to Indians and cowboys and foreign-born herdsmen and rangers, to soldiers and to mothers who lost soldiers in the last war.

What do they all tell him? Unanimously they say they want peace definitely settled, they want no more wars, they want the League of Nations, and most of the American people, it may be fairly said, tell the President they want the League just as it is, without the reservations or amendments which certain senators have insisted upon. The majority of citizens say to those who interview them on this tour:

"Woodrow Wilson guided us rightly before and during the war with Germany. We entered that war, every one agrees, to end all wars. He says the league can do that. We want to do that, so let us keep on trusting him and get the league into operation as soon as possible. Forget politics."

Most Americans encountered on the tour have forgotten politics. Republican Governors and Mayors have in-

duced the President to his audience; the Mayor part of the local committees which have met him have been Republicans. They have all said: "We are nothing but Americans, Mr. President."

Mr. Wilson's arguments for the league, briefly summarized, are those: "There can be no peace, either now or in the future, without it. There can only be a regrouping of nations and a new 'Balance of Power,' which is certain to lead to war. There can be no war in the future, with the league in existence, because no single nation would defy the united rest of mankind, and if it did, it could be brought to terms by an economic boycott, and without the use of arms. There can be no reduction in the cost of living until the league is established, for nations will not go ahead with peace-time production until they know that peace is definitely assured and that production of war material is no longer necessary.

There can be wonderful prosperity, with league in existence, for relations of labor and capital all over the world will be made closer and more friendly, and the worker will receive a fairer share of what he produces.

These declarations of the president, logically and eloquently put, have left his hearers thinking and thinking deeply. And then Mr. Wilson has pointed out, the people themselves, as differentiated from senators and politicians, seem to want just what the president wants, which is America for leadership.

Quite as unusual as the purpose of the cross-country tour is the manner in which it is being carried out and the completeness of the arrangements on the nine car train which is bearing the party.

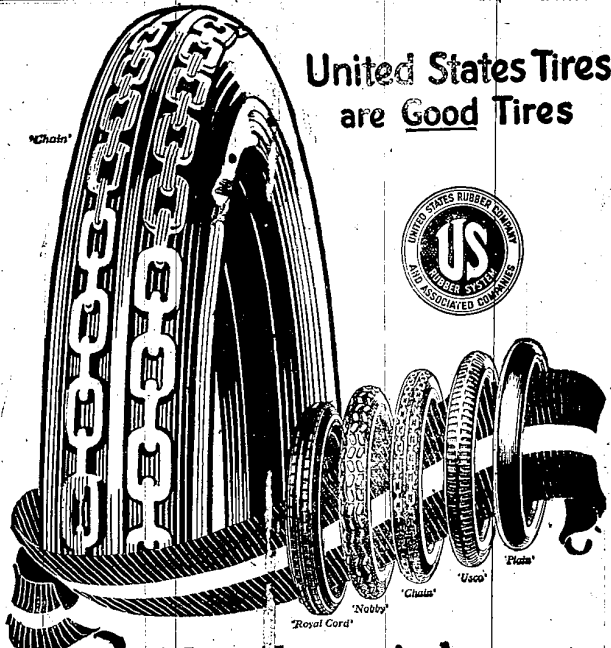
At the rear is the private car Mayflower, occupied by the President and Mrs. Wilson. Next is a compartment car for the secretary Tumulty, Admiral Grayson, Mr. Wilson's Physician, four stenographers, the chief executive clerk and seven secret service men. Beyond are three compartment cars which house twenty-one correspondents, five movie men, and a telegraphic and a railroad expert. Then there is a dining, a club car, and two baggage cars, one of them converted into a business office. The train was exactly on time at every stop between Washington and the Coast.

Mail Box Order.

An order issued to postmasters by the postoffice department at Washington requires that all rural mail boxes be placed on the right hand side of the road as traveled by the carrier. Postmasters are required to see that the order is observed wherever practical.

The order of the department is required for the safety of the carriers and mail, as the going from one side of the road to the other, especially on the main traveled thoroughfares, and in places where it is in violation of local ordinances, is very dangerous to say the least.

Postmasters are required to make full report of all patrons who neglect or refuse to comply with the order.



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