

# The Halsey Enterprise

An Independent Newspaper

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## New Year's Greetings.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard, which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved."—Ps 66: 8, 9.

"Thanks be to God that his grace has preserved and kept us from falling" through another year; that so many of us are of one heart and one mind in respect to His word and its service! When we remember that the adversary is to be permitted to bring "Strong delusions" upon the Lord's people for the very purpose of sifting out all not truly his, (2nd Thess 2: 10-12), it should surely call forth our thanks to God that the opening of another year finds so many that are standing fast,—appreciating His Word and in full accord with the Divine appointments by which he has kept us from falling.

## Items From Brownsville Clipped From The Times.

Bursting water pipes changed the Halsey Enterprise from the dry column to the wet in the course of the freeze-up.

Mr and Mrs Wm Curtz of Portland, are spending the holiday season here. Mrs Curtz is a daughter of Mrs Alex Kirk.

Van Francis Bailey of Knox Butte, died Saturday morning.

The Christmas shipments to Portland from the Hazelwood creamery of this city last Saturday were 88 dressed turkeys, amounting to 899 pounds, at a cost of \$395.56, 15 live turkeys, 15 live geese, 1 veal, 1 scoop of chickens, 2 cases of eggs and 28 cans of cream. The cream was furnished by Claude Smith of Brownsville.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists.

## Important Facts About the Census.

The Census is for statistical purposes only.

The census inquiries are defined by act of Congress.

The information gathered is strictly confidential, made so by law.

Census information can not under any circumstances be used as a basis for taxation, nor can it be used to harm any person or his property.

It has nothing whatever to do with detection, arrest, prosecution, or punishment of any person for any violation of any law.

Each person will be asked his birthplace as well as the birthplace of father and mother.

Each head of a family will be asked whether his home is owned or rented. If owned, whether the home is mortgaged or free of debt.

Each occupant of a farm will be asked how many years, if any, he worked on a farm for wages; as a tenant; or as an owner.

Total value of farm? Total value of buildings? Value of implements and machinery on farm?

Whether farm is mortgaged? If so, the amount of mortgage?

Expenses for feed, fertilizer, and labor in the year 1919?

Number of cows, horses, sheep, chickens, and other domestic animals on the farm January 1, 1920?

Quantity and acreage of all crops grown on the farm in 1919, including fruits and vegetables?

Quantity of milk and butter sold off the farm during the year 1919?

## FARM DEFINED.

A farm for purposes of the census includes all the land cultivated by a single farmer either by his own labors

alone or with the help of hired labor. It may be in two or more separate tracts, but it is all one farm if it is all under one management.

There are other questions but the above are some of the most important. Study up on them so as to be able to answer them readily.

## S P News

The S P has put on an extra passenger train between Portland and San Francisco that will be known as 2nd 13. It will reach Albany at 1.05 a.m. and Eugene at 2.25 a.m. Anyone from here wishing to take that train will have to take it at Albany or Eugene as there are no stops between.

The 4676 employees of the S P railroad (lines north of Ashland) by making a clear record without a single reportable casualty to an employee during the National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive, October 18 to 31, have placed themselves not only at the top of the list among railroads in the Northwestern region, but by virtue of being the largest single railroad under Federal control which made a clear record, they have won first place among all the railroads in the United States, and further helped materially to place the Northwestern region at the top of all other regions.

A fine record was made during the entire first ten months of this year, the record for January 1 to October 31 being

	1918	1919
Employees killed	6	2
Employees injured	183	144
Outsiders killed	11	6
Outsiders injured	42	21
Total casualties	242	173
Decrease		69

This record was made in face of an increased number of employees and multiplied hazards at crossings on account of increase in the number of automobiles since last year.

The S P is justly proud of this record, as they should be, and it is of course a source of satisfaction to the public to know that the company is taking every possible precaution to reduce the number of casualties to the minimum.

## Halsey News Items

Mr and Mrs Dwight Smith from Vancouver Wash, arrived Wednesday for a visit with Mrs Smith's parents Mr and Mrs E S Marsters. Mr Smith was a former student of Halsey High School.

Mr and Mrs Isaac Estes left last Saturday for Kansas City, Mo, to visit their daughter Mrs Elva Bristow. They live at present at Eugene but they formerly lived at Halsey.

Miss Mildred Stewart from Portland and her sister Marie from Eugene, and Miss Florene Morgan, a student of Behne-Walker Business College spent the holidays with home folks in and around Halsey.

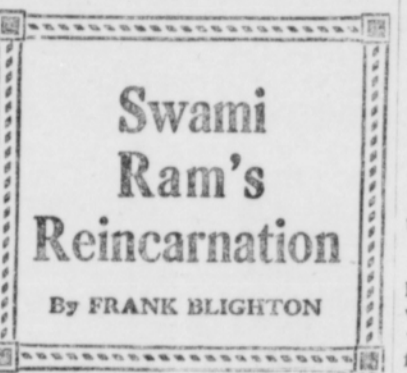
Last Saturday evening a reception was given at the home of J M Porter by the C E in honor of Claude McKern who lately came home from the service after several trips to France. The evening was spent in games of various kinds and a most enjoyable time was spent until a late hour. There were present about forty guests.

Miss Mattie Lusby, a sister of Mrs Frank Isom, who has been nursing at Eugene for a while, stopped off last week for a few days' visit before returning to her home in Portland. She is a graduate nurse from St Vincent's hospital.

P M Nash, Principal of the school at Crawfordsville, stopped in on us Friday and had a chat. He was on his way to Portland where he has a report to make at the State Teachers meeting on the "Cause of Retardation in the Public Schools." Mr Nash has been teaching in the state for twenty years and should be well qualified to make a very interesting address on that subject. Incidentally he has been connected with newspaper work and we were able to talk "shop" in a very satisfactory manner to both of us.

Sunday morning when ye editor was going to church both his feet slipped from under him and he went DOWN just like Georgie Hackett said he went UP in a balloon. How was that did you say? He said "he went up, up, up just like a thousand of brick." A bruised shoulder and arm and a stiff neck has been the result of it.

J W Moore from Brownsville dropped in on us Monday morning. He reported that he had been appointed census enumerator for East and West Halsey districts and that he would begin counting noses on the 2nd of January. He has only 30 days in which to finish his job and he would like for the farmers especially to post up on their business; a few of the important questions they will be called on to answer will be found in another column. Give him all the assistance you can, and you will be helping Uncle Sam.



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CHAPTER I.

## The Wreck of the Limited.

Tom Davenport's curiosity overcame his discretion. He jumped from the cab of the giant Atlantic-type locomotive and ran over toward the disused freight shed beside the Lordsburg station. Five minutes before he had been an irreproachable, well-poised railroad passenger engineer; but the suspicious off-repeated trips of a diminutive, sepia-colored man carrying milk between the station restaurant and the old shed excited him to a pitch where rules, regulations and even demerits counted for nothing.

There was something peculiarly furtive and wary about the little brown man's stealthy look around—a mysterious, unexplained air of watchfulness—as if guarding some secret, the nature of which Davenport could not imagine.

"Why should that sneaky-looking little devil be carrying milk into that shed?" Tom asked himself at the first trip. "Why don't he drink it in the restaurant if he's so all-fired fond of it, or go back in the diner and guzzle it down until he busts—if that's his game?"

The second journey between the two points was even more mystifying to the engineer. As the door to the ramshackle structure closed behind the milk-bearer Tom itched to follow him.

"I'll bet a 'dobe' dollar to a centavo he ain't drinking it himself," he grunted, sliding from his seat to the roomy gangway between the boiler and the tender. "But somebody's drinking it—that's a cinch. He ain't buying milk down in this desert country to spill it around promiscuous like. But if he ain't drinking it himself, who is? And if somebody else is drinking it, why is he hiding out in that old shack?"

The stoical figure was padding back again toward the restaurant, evidently intent on procuring still more lacteal fluid. Then it was that Tom dropped to the ground and shot over to the disused building.

He popped his head into the open door and withdrew it with a celerity which would have made his train on a straightaway two-per-cent down-grade resemble a handcar climbing a hill propelled by a lone section hand.

His fireman, Patrick Mahoney, from the opposite side of the great machine observed Davenport's action with profound amazement. It was not only against the rules—it was unprecedented, unheard-of.

"What's matter?" demanded Mahoney, as his obese chief climbed back into the cab with a speed as marvelous as unprecedented.

Davenport swung to his seat without deigning a reply. His face was very pale. He did not look toward his running mate—instead, his horrified gaze might be said to have been frozen to the door of the old freight shack, allowing, of course, for the intervening distance.

He intently watched the return of the brown-skinned atom of humanity with something between apprehension and awe and studied him intently as he again entered the tumble-down building for the third time.

The conductor emerged from the telegraph office, stopping a train or

ger simultaneously with the reappearance of the sepia-colored gentleman from the former freight house. Tom saw that he was now carrying a small, round, covered basket of odd shape.

Not until then did the engineer seem to recover from the fascination which the little brown man had thrown over him, and even as he waited the starting signal he leaned from the cab window so far, as he followed the stranger with his eyes, that Mahoney feared he would fall out.

As he turned to look across the cab at the fireman Davenport did not have the appearance of a man who is still possessed of curiosity; but what he had seen he evidently had no intention of revealing.

"Give her the gun, Paddy," said he in a harsh, unnatural voice. "We're fifteen minutes late now, and if we don't want to be dancing on the carpet in the super's office in El Paso we've got to make up that time if we burn out a crown sheet to do it."

Mahoney nodded as he reached for the firing-valve and shot another powerful jet of oil against the sides of the "wrinkle-belly" firebox, while he opened the blower to its fullest capacity. He was debating what had come over his phlegmatic superior.

The thick, black smoke roared out of the short stack as Tom leaned again from the window, wondering why he did not get the starting signal. The conductor was standing expectantly on the platform fidgeting with his watch.

Impatiently the engineer was reaching for his detention card to note the new loss of time as a partial measure of self-protection, when a tall, lithe, athletic young man rushed across the platform and leaped up the steps of the Pullman. Simultaneously the air-whistle sounded, and Tom yanked his throttle-lever with obvious disgust.

He was now eighteen minutes behind his schedule, and his whole run was over one of the worst railroad divisions in America—so difficult, in fact, that the crews covering it had dubbed it the "Stormy."

The Pacific Limited trailing behind him—crack train of the great trans-continental system—was usually a six-car affair. Today it was seven, and all Tom Davenport's finesse as a locomotive engineer had been called upon to make Lordsburg with only a quarter-hour delay.

Up to Mesal he had climbed from Tucson, then dropped down a terrific grade around "Dead Man's Curve," into Benson; up again the sharp ascent into Dragon, then down through Cochise and San Simon upon the only few miles of straight track the entire division boasted.

Once more Davenport set his teeth as he jammed the cut-off lever far down in the corner and nursed his train up through Stein's pass, over the summit, and down again into Lordsburg.

He had still one hundred and forty-eight miles to go in two hundred and fourteen minutes, besides making up that lost eighteen, to maintain his schedule.

The grade was not so nerve-racking into El Paso, and once at Separ, the summit, Tom calculated on the long, gradual drop down through the valley of the Rio Grande to the terminus to aid him in considerably exceeding the usual running time of a mile in a minute and a third, which was the average of his particular schedule for the entire division.

Back in the swaying, lurching Pullmans a realization of the unusual speed began to communicate itself to the minds of the passengers, now streaming forward to the dining car in response to the first call for dinner.

As the train rushed across the platform at Lordsburg had enabled him to make a connection which saved an eight-hour delay, stopped in the vestibule of the diner to pass his ticket to the conductor.

"Some class to this," he chuckled as he tendered the bit of pasteboard. "Do you think we'll make El Paso on time?"

"Within a few minutes of it," smiled back the other reassuringly. "Tom Davenport's up ahead, and he hates to make explanations at either end of the division. Going to Chicago, Buck?"

"No; Mexico. Trouble down Cullinan way. Another revolution; and every man in my mine, I suppose, is out trying to make himself president with a shotgun instead of using a direct primary to get the nomination. Wish they'd settle down. The El Tigre is beginning to pan out big—but we need men to work it."

"Some mine, that El Tigre, according to the talk of the boys coming out of that section."

"Fair," drawled Buck, with a whimsical smile. "She paid out more than a half-million last year, and we've only scratched her back so far. Wait until we get down to the five-hundred-foot level and drift. Then we'll make Johnny Rockefeller's wig take on a marcel-wave effect."

He swung into the diner and seated himself in the only vacant chair. Opposite sat a small, dark, unobtrusive little man whose skin was a trifle too

tawny for either a Mexican or an Indian.

His coal-black hair, large, luminous brown eyes, and general appearance of intellectuality were unusual, but offered a strange contrast to a certain humility of manner, Williams thought rather contemptuously.

Buck scanned the card while the waiter brought the meal his vis-a-vis had previously ordered. The mining man's interest in his fellow passenger increased as he noted that his meal consisted wholly of vegetables and that he drank nothing but milk.

The limited was snorting up the grade toward Separ when his own dinner was brought in.

Williams ate voraciously, as only an American can whose life is spent in combat with the apparently sterile and antagonistic country which they were traversing.

He glanced curiously over at his traveling companion. The brown eyes seemed to take on a half melancholy, brooding look, as if the owner were peering into a future pregnant with events.

He laved his hands in the silver finger-bowl, wiped them carefully, and, while waiting for the check, drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and began to peruse it.

"Traveling far?" queried Buck, with the bluff heartiness of the West.

"To New England, sar," smiled back the little man.

"You don't belong in these parts, then," laughed the miner, scrutinizing the brown atom of humanity with a half-humorous, half-pitying expression.

"I am from Bombay, sar," was the polite reply.

"Oh, India. I was wondering what country you hailed from. May I ask your name?"

"I am called Jalisringrao Jitendra, sar," he said in a low voice, but singularly clear. "And yours?"

"Buck Williams," smiled back the stalwart chap across the table. "Sorry I'm leaving at El Paso. I should like to talk with you about your country—some day I hope to visit it. It must be very interesting, from what I have heard."

"Yes." The monosyllable suggested more than mere acquiescence, especially when combined with the enigmatic smile which flitted over the Oriental's intelligent face, then vanished, leaving his features emotionless save for an expression of polite inquiry.

"I've heard some wonderful stories about India," observed the mining man reflectively. "Some of them strongly resembled conscientiously told triple-placed lies; but they were indorsed by persons who I knew were usually conservative. For instance, is it true that in your country people can disappear and reappear almost instantly miles away?"

Jitendra's answer came hesitatingly. "There are many things, sahib, which I may not discuss save with those who have prepared themselves by the Hatha-Yoga or the Rajah-Yoga. The wisdom of our people is old—very old. Their ways are not your ways, sahib, and what they practice is for some purpose which we are taught is right and in necessary preparation for our next reincarn—"

His unfinished sentence was drowned in a horrible, grinding roar. The dining car, directly behind the swaying engine, seemed to rear up in the front and fold back upon itself.

Buck Williams caught sight of the calm, untroubled face of Jitendra peering over the top of the table above him. Simultaneously he was catapulted backward to the rear of the car.

The roar died down into a sickening, slithering crash, as the balance of the cars in the rear impinged against the wooden end of the diner, crushing it resistlessly against the heavy steel tender of the locomotive in front.

In the first moment of utter silence except for the hissing of the leviathan of steam now quivering, but stationary, ahead, Buck picked himself up from the vestibule of the car.

"God bless the man who invented steel platforms," he whispered to himself as he contemplated the wreckage in front. Then he leaped through the open space to the Pullman behind and tumbled to the right of way.

From the front of the diner, which was twisted and doubled back upon itself, arose an agonized screech. The negro cooks and waiters, penned in or close beside the tiny kitchen, were shrieking for aid—such as them as still remained alive.

The locomotive stood half sideways on the embankment, the broken driving-rod which had caused the disaster driven far in the earth. The desert wind swirling around the curve of the hill dropped a piece of paper of strange texture at Buck Williams' feet.

Involuntarily he picked it up and read, drawn by an impulse which he could not fathom:

"Beloved:

"Until long after I had crossed the sacred water of the Ganges with its burden of true believers progressing to their next incarnation, and lived among the people of this far-off country, I never understood the meaning of true love; but now, after your many sacrifices for me, I believe I do.