

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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WHERE YOUR TAXES GO

(By Edward G. Lowry)

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VIII.

WHAT PERSHING THINKS

The appropriations of the five great powers for military and naval purposes in the year 1920 alone reached a total of \$10,442,251,101, a sum only about \$2,000,000,000 more than the total for the whole fourteen years before the war.

It all comes down to this so far as you are concerned:

Every morning when you go to work, or when you stay at home sick on a working day, or even if you are out of a job, it has been arranged for you to pay your fair share out of what you earn or should earn, of over \$5,000,000 a day for the support of the army and navy. That is the estimate for the fiscal year 1922—over \$5,000,000 a day. I have General Pershing's word for it. You will have to pay it. Five million dollars every working day is a pile of money to spend for insurance against attack. And of course that is not all the cost. What is the big idea? What do you think about it? You will have to pay the bill. Do you think about it at all? General Pershing does. This is what he thinks:

"As we consider the causes of the World War and comprehend its horrors, every thinking man and woman must feel that measures should be taken to prevent another such calamity. One step in that direction would be to reduce expenditures for armament. Our own estimates for naval and military purposes contemplate an appropriation for the fiscal year 1922 of over \$5,000,000 for every working day in the year. It is a gloomy prospect that the nations plan expenditures greater than ever before in peacetimes.

It would appear that recent experiences should be enough to convince everybody of the danger of a renewal of this competition. But one nation cannot reduce armaments unless all do. It is time that enlightened people everywhere should undertake to reach some rational agreement which would not only relieve the world of its heavy financial burden but which in itself would go far toward the prevention of war. We are not a warlike people. We do not wish to expand at the expense of any other nation, and we have no designs on anybody. If other people feel the same toward us and toward each other it seems unreasonable that they should be unwilling to consent in principle to some limitation of armaments, to be carried out when other nations succeed in establishing stable governments and are willing to recognize the wisdom of such a course.

Otherwise, may we not seriously ask ourselves whether civilization is a failure, and whether we are to regard war as an unavoidable scourge that mankind must suffer?

"There are other considerations which should prompt us to make every effort to bring about a curtailment of these expenditures throughout the world, particularly in the war-worn countries of Europe. The people of Europe have always been our best customers and are largely dependent upon us for certain necessities. We must look to them to buy the products of our farms, mines and factories. The prosperity of our people depends in no small measure upon the uninterrupted flow of commodities abroad. We have stocks of cotton, wheat and other products greatly in excess of our own requirements, which the people of Europe sorely need but which we cannot sell and they cannot buy because their fiscal systems have broken down, their currencies have depreciated, and their purchasing power is exhausted.

"The first step to take in the rehabilitation of the finances of all these countries is to reduce the cost of government so that expenses will not exceed the incomes. Expenditures must be lowered everywhere if financial stability is to be restored and if the nations are ever to pay their debts. Until stability is restored none can have prosperity that comes from a free and uninterrupted flow of products from one country to another. But this cannot be done if huge sums continue to be appropriated for the maintenance of large armies and large navies.

"The safety of humanity in the future, indeed the peace, the happiness and the prosperity of the race—all appeal alike for an early consideration of the question of limited armaments."

Broadly speaking, it is the man who profits, and not the simple average man who endures, who is behind all this movement for ever increasing armament. If you doubt this, just go out in your own neighborhood and ask men who were actually in the war, who saw service in the line, whether they want any more of it.

School Essay

(By John Standish)

Descriptive Theme:

A long and distant bowl seemed to break upon the stillness of the morning. It was answered by a number of short, sharp yelps. "Coyotes!" grumbled the riders as they dozed back into a semi-sleepiness stupor.

"Roll out, boys!" called the lead rider, "We've got to be a-

bovein' this morning if we git into the mountains by night."

Within an hour after this occurrence we were on our journey into the mountains with the cattle and had decided to take a short cut by going thru the Blackfoot Indian reservation.

Our way lay along the high plateau, from which a descent could be made by a trail leading straight north into the Blackfoot camp. The foreman's course carried him in a long detour to the right, by which he should enter from the eastern end the valley in which lay one of the largest Indian camps. My trail at the first took me thru thick timber, then, as it approached the level floor of the valley, thru country that became more open. The trees were larger and with less undergrowth between them.

In the valley a few fields, with fences sadly in need of repair, gave evidence of the partial success of the attempts of the farm instructor to initiate the Blackfoot Indians into the science and art of agriculture. A few scattered log houses, which the Indians had been induced by the government to build for themselves, could be seen here and there among the trees. But during the long summer days, and indeed until driven from the open by blizzards of winter, not one of these children of the free air and open sky could be persuaded to enter the dismal shelter afforded by the log houses. They much preferred the flimsy teepees. Their methods of sanitation did not comport with a permanent dwelling. When the teepee grew foul, which their habits made inevitable, a simple and satisfactory remedy was discovered in a shift to another camp ground.

Not so with the log houses, whose out corners, littered with the accumulated filth of a winter's occupation, became fertile breeding places for the germs of disease and death. Irregularly strewn upon the grassy plain in the valley bottom some two hundred teepees marked the Blackfoot's summer headquarters. Above the camp rose the smoke of the camp-fires, for it was still early and their morning meal was yet in preparation.

It was high noon when the two women stopped for a minute surveying the surrounding country with keen and practical eyes. Then after a few minutes' conference, a few brief commands to some of the riders who were coming up the trail, the two foremen were on their way down the tote-road that led westward thru a pass. A half-hour ride brought us to a trail that led off to the south, into which the foremen, followed by their riders, turned their horses. Not a word was spoken by anyone. It was not the foremen's custom to share their plans with their subordinate riders until it became necessary.

We were now on the old Blackfoot trail, for a hundred years and more the ancient pathway of barter and of war for the Indian tribes that hunted the west-ern plains. Along the lower levels the old trail ran, avoiding nature's obstacles and taking full advantage of every looping hillside and every open stretch of woods. Now and then, however, the trail must need burrow thru a deep thicket of spruce and jackpine and scramble up a rocky ridge, where the horses, trained as they were in mountain climbing, had all they could do to keep their footing.

Toward evening we entered the Sun River canyon, journeying up its rocky cavern until we arrived at a great, rudely built government camp. As we approached the large rudely built stone chimney was smoking languidly. Leaning against this chimney as if for protection and support was the little trading post, gray and decrepit with age. The door stood open for the summer was well advanced in the north. The cabin was shaded by grand old oaks and pines, thru which the evening sun shone in mild radiance, streaming into the doorway and making a broad track of light over the uneven floor.

After taking care of our horses, we entered this cabin, and only Jim, the superintendent of the government camp, was in. He sat by a fire. There was no need of a fire, but Jim said: "I'm keepin' hit burnin' fer comp'ny." He sat there smoking his ancient corn-cob pipe (as lazily as the chimney in an old chair which creaked as if in pain when he rocked. He supposed himself in deep meditation and regarded his corn-cob pipe not merely as a no-nonsense but also an invaluable assistance to clearness of thought. Jim had the belief that if he could only smoke and think long enough he could solve any question that was put before him.

A mosquito lit on the bald part of his cranium and settled down to an afternoon nap, while Jim was merely tugging at his short, russet whiskers, which covered the majority of his face, not including the territory occupied by his pipe, which was securely anchored between his snagged teeth. Jim did not represent the ordinary type of the northern people, for the small fringe of hair which partly encircled his head was silver in the sunlight and his eyes were blue as the violets by the brook. He was small in frame, but had a strong countenance.

"Hello, Jim!" "Well! I awan, I wasn't lookin' fer you so early. How's Bill, anyway?"

In the doorway stood the government inspector, dressed in a typical trapper's dress, and from his belt hung a knife in its sheath and a six-shooter rested in an elaborately decorated holster.

When we departed, about ten o'clock, for the hotel the two men wore sitting close together, smoking, chatting and telling tales of the past days, while the moon rose over the mountain top, casting shafts of slanting rays upon it.

Whole Family Day at 11 o'clock NEXT SUNDAY at the Christian Church

LOOK AETER YOUR SOLE!

There was a man, his shoes were bad. He had no work, his face was sad. He found a job; the boss said: "No, I can't take you when you look so." The man then had his shoes resoled. His pants he pressed, he felt more bold. He hurried back the boss to see. And talked and smiled in different key. "Job's yours," quoth boss, with air sublime. "A smile and NEATNESS win each time."

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Ramsey Milholland by Booth Tarkington



Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decorations Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil War, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness.

CHAPTER II.—In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey was not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his two pronounced dislikes were arithmetic and "Recitations." In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness in the precincts of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denigrates as "Teacher's Pet."

CHAPTER III.—In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he would "show" her.

CHAPTER IV.—At a class picnic Ramsey, to his intense surprise, appears to attract the favorable attention of Miss Milla Rust, a young lady of about his own age and the acknowledged belle of the class. Milla has the misfortune to fall into a creek while talking with Ramsey, and that youth promptly plunges to the rescue. The water is only some three feet deep, but Milla's gratitude for his heroic act is embarrassing. He is in fact taken captive by the fair one, to his great consternation.

CHAPTER V.—The acquaintance ripens, Ramsey and Milla openly "keeping company," while the former's parents wonder. His mother indeed goes so far as to express some disapproval of his choice, even hinting that Dora Yocum would be a more suitable companion. A romance which the youth receives with horror.

CHAPTER VI.—At this period our hero gets the thrill of his "first kiss," Milla being a very willing partner in the act. Her ripeness over the matter disconcerts Ramsey immensely, but shortly afterward the girl departs for a visit to Chicago. She leaves an endearing missive for Ramsey, which adds to his feeling of melancholy.

CHAPTER VII.—Shortly after Milla's departure, her friend, Sadie Clews, informs Ramsey that his innamorata has been married to her cousin and is not coming back, so that little romance is ended. Within a few months Ramsey and his closest friend, Fred Mitchell, go to the state university, Ramsey's chief feeling being one of relief that he has got away from the detested Dora. To his horror he finds she is also a student at the university, induced to join a debating society, Ramsey is chosen as Dora's opponent in a debate dealing with the matter of Germany's right to invade Belgium. Dora being assigned the negative side of the argument. Partly on account of his feelings toward Dora, and his natural nervousness, he makes a miserable showing and Dora carries off the honors. A brash youngster named Linski objects to the showing made by Ramsey and becomes personal in his remarks. The matter ends with Ramsey, in the university vernacular, giving Linski a "peach of a punch on the snout."

CHAPTER VIII.—Dora appears to have made a decided hit with her fellow students, to Ramsey's supreme wonderment. A rumor of his "affair" with the fickle Milla spreads and he gets the reputation of a man of experience and a "woman hater."

CHAPTER IX.—The story comes to the spring of 1915 and the sinking of the Lusitania. The university is stirred to its depths. Faculty and "frat" societies alike wire the government offering their services in the war which they believe to be inevitable. Dora, holding the belief that all war is wrong, sees with horror the spirit of the students, which is an intense desire to call Germany to account. She seeks Ramsey and endeavors to impress him with her pacifist views.

CHAPTER X.—Miss Yocum's appearance somewhat disconcerts Ramsey, especially as the girl seems to place some real value on his opinions, and his feelings toward her are somewhat vague.

CHAPTER XI.—After the vacation period, Dora makes an impressive speech before the debating society, denouncing every form of militarism as wrong. She is decidedly in the minority, but makes a brave fight to stem the tide of feeling which she perceives is sweeping the country toward war.

CHAPTER XII.

Throughout the term Ramsey's calculation of probabilities against the happening of another interview with Dora seemed to be well founded, but at the beginning of the second "semester" he found her to be a fellow member of a class in biology. More than that, this class had every week a two-hour session in the botanical laboratory, where the structure of plants was studied under microscopic dissection. The students worked in pairs, a special family of plants being assigned to each couple; and the instructor selected the couples with an eye to combinations of the quick with the slow. D. Yocum and R. Milholland (the latter in a strange state of mind and complexion) were given two chairs, but only one desk and one microscope. Their conversation was strictly botanical.

Thenceforth it became the most pressing care of Ramsey's life to prevent his roommate from learning that there was any conversation at all, even botanical. Fortunately, Fred was not taking the biological courses, though he appeared to be taking the sentimental ones with an astonishing thoroughness, and sometimes, to Fred's hilarious delight, Ramsey attempted to turn the tables and rally him upon whatever last affair seemed to be engaging his fancy. The old Victorian and pre-Victorian blague word "petition" had been revived in Fred's vocabulary, and in others, as "skirt."

The lightsome sprig was hourly to be seen, even when university rulings forbade, dilly-dallying giddily along the campus paths or the town sidewalks with some new and pretty skirt. And when Ramsey tried to fluster him about such a matter Fred would profess his ardent love for the new lady in shouts and impromptu song. Nothing could be done to him, and Ramsey, utterly unable to defend his own sensibilities in like manner, had always to retire in bafflement. Sometimes he would ponder upon the question thus suggested: Why couldn't he do this sort of thing, since Fred could? But he never discovered a satisfying answer.

Ramsey's watchfulness was so careful (lest he make some impulsive admission in regard to the botanical laboratory, for instance) that Mr. Mitchell's curiosity gradually became almost quiescent but there arrived a day in February when it was played into the liveliest activity. It was Sunday, and Fred, dressing with a fastidiousness ever his daily habit, noticed that Ramsey was exhibiting an unusual perplexity about neckties.

"Keep the black one on," Fred said, volunteering a suggestion, as Ramsey muttered fiercely at a mirror. "It's in better taste for church, anyhow. You're going to church, aren't you?" "Yes. Are you?" "No. I've got a luncheon engagement."

"Well, you could go to church first, couldn't you? You better; you've got a lot of church absences against you."

"Then one more won't hurt. No church in mine this morning, thanks! G'by, ole sox; see you at the 'frat house' for dinner."

He went forth, whistling synopsations, and began a brisk trudge into the open country. There was a professor's daughter who also was not going to church that morning and she lived a little more than three miles beyond the outskirts of the town. Unfortunately, as the weather was threatening, all others of her family abandoned the idea of church that day, and Fred found her before a cozy fire, but surrounded by parents, little brothers and big sisters. The professor was talkative; Fred's mind might have been greatly improved, but with a window in range he preferred a melancholy contemplation of the snow, which had begun to fall in quantity. The professor talked until luncheon, throughout luncheon, and was well under way to fill the whole afternoon with talk, when Fred, repenting all the errors of his life, got up to go.

Heartily urged to remain, for there was now something just under a blizzard developing, he said no, he had a great deal of "curriculum work" to get done before tomorrow, and passed from the sound of the professor's hospitable voice and into the storm. He had a tedious struggle against the wind and thickening snow, but finally came in sight of the town, not long before dark. Here the road led down into a depression, and, lifting his head as he began the slight ascent on the other side, Fred was aware of two figures outlined upon the low ridge before him. They were dimmed by the driving snow and their backs were toward him, but he recognized them



They Were Dora Yocum and Ramsey Milholland.

with perfect assurance. They were Dora Yocum and Ramsey Milholland. They were walking so slowly that their advance was almost imperceptible, but it could be seen that Dora