

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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ETHICS?

Oregon newspapers have adopted a code of ethics that ought to make editors anglic, but it doesn't. Like the big nations on accepting the Wilson fourteen points in the great conference at Versailles and those of them who declared acceptance of the Hughes program at the little conference at Washington, this acceptance is apparently "in principle," but not in detail nor in person. Each editor agrees that the code is a good one for all the rest to comply with.

Democratic editors continue to allege that the Washington treaties commit the country to war in certain contingencies.

Republican editors are still lying about Mr. Wilson and declaring that the Versailles pact, if we entered it, would take from our congress its sole right to declare war and compel us to send troops to fight on overseas battlefields.

All plain, common, usual, partisan lying.

The inconsistency of the precepts of many papers regarding automobiles and the railroads shows another clash with ethics, formulated or unformulated.

Apparently with the object of keeping the good will of the railroads, and retaining their advertising patronage, these sheets declare that auto trucks are destroying the highways and paying nothing for their upkeep. This might apply in some places, but in Oregon these vehicles are bearing the heaviest of all the tax burdens of the day and the money that they thus pay goes almost entirely into the road fund.

Falsification to gain railroad patronage is vain. The railroad management of today differs from that of fifty years ago in being open and above board. The companies advertise liberally, not in return for questionable favors but as a matter of business, and they are not rewarding nor encouraging liars as such.

The same papers turn about and falsify against the railroads in catering to those agitators, who claim to represent the laborers. They stress the false cry that the roads have not reduced fares nor freights when wage reductions have been made. The truth is that there have been repeated rate cuts on all the roads of late. The latest application of the Southern Pacific for permission from the Interstate Commerce commission is announced in a bulletin which says:

Among the important reductions from eastern points to the Pacific coast are: copper wire and cable, 23 per cent; pole line construction materials, 23 per cent; bath tubs, 22 per cent; tin cans and pails, 14 per cent; asbestos roofing, 50 per cent; rubber boots and shoes, 9 per cent; charcoal and crude cyanide, 31 per cent; wrapping paper, iron and steel barrels, 15 to 17 per cent.

Rates on eggs from the Pacific coast to eastern points are to be reduced 22 per cent. Nut kernels will carry a 14 per cent lower rate.

The Southern Pacific announced that it had established a new rate on lumber from California and Oregon to the West Indies or other foreign country, to Gulfport, Miss., via El Paso and New Orleans.

Code of ethics! Faugh! Camon flage!

PARENTS, KEEP FAITH

One of the school essays published this week describes a case which is all too common. A father

promises a definite reward to a child and then, after the child has faithfully performed its part of the agreement, breaks faith. Often it is a pig or a calf or a lamb that is presented to the youngster and carefully tended and petted until ready for the market and then sold and the price pocketed by the parent.

Is it any wonder that the child who first learns this lesson from its own parents becomes suspicious, crafty and deceitful? It is to be hoped that every member of the calf, pig and other juvenile industrial organizations for which Linn county is famed throughout the country will have a different experience.

They carried Murderer Burch to the gallows in a chair when he got so weak trying to beat them by starving himself that they could not get him there any other way. If as much perseverance were shown in meting out due penalties to all other murderers the taking of human life would become less popular. A great deal of sympathy and sniveling over the deserved fate of criminals is done by people who have neither time nor inclination to manifest sympathy with those who deserve it.

This country refused to go into the league of nations and made a separate peace treaty with Germany. Now the allies are collecting claims under the league pact and Uncle Sam is whistling on the outside, unable under his separate treaty to get as much as a smell of the dough. We made our bed and now we may lie in it or go hang, for all the league members need to care.

The statement is made in London that Colonel Harvey is likely to be a candidate in the American presidential election. Who started the story is not stated, but we can guess, Colonel Harvey is over there.

WHERE YOUR TAXES GO

(by Edward G. Lowry)
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IX. OUT-OF-DATE MACHINE

A committee made up of three members of the senate and three members of the house is now considering the whole problem of the organization of the executive departments of the government with a view to finding out how to reorganize them so as to increase their efficiency and decrease their cost of operation. It is about time. The great executive departments of the government have not been reorganized or greatly modernized since Alexander Hamilton's day. Representative Reavis of Nebraska is one of the members of this joint congressional committee that is making the present investigation. He put the resolution through the house that brought about the appointment of the committee. He is a part of the national government machine and he ought to know what he is talking about when he says that "while the government of the United States is the world's biggest business, it is likewise the world's worst managed business."

That is an indictment and a statement of fact that will stand the closest scrutiny and the most unsparring analysis. But listen to Mr. Reavis:

"Why should the Interior department run an insane asylum and a college for negroes and a school for the deaf? How did it get that way? Why should one personnel in the pension bureau in the Interior department be caring for the disabled soldiers of the Civil war and the Spanish American war, while another personnel in the bureau of war risk insurance of the treasury is caring for the veterans of the World war? Why this hodgepodge of totally unrelated purposes which is resulting in endles duplication and appalling expense?"

I will let Mr. Reavis go on without further interruption. As a member of the house he has his share of the responsibility for the conditions he describes:

There are 39 separate governmental agencies handling engineering, architectural and public works functions, all of a related kind. There is no good reason why all these agencies should not be co-ordinated in one department and about 28 of the useless organizations done away with. There are 36 government agencies engaged in surveying and mapping; there are 27 separate and distinct agencies engaged in public building operations; there are 16 agencies authorized to build roads; there are 13 engaged in hydraulic construction; there are 16 doing work on rivers; there are 10 engaged in public land functions; there are 15 doing chemical investigation connected with public work operations; there are 22 doing engineering and research.

Many of these agencies have been inactive for a number of years, but they are keeping up their personnel in salaries.



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patton of work in the future. We could save \$300,000,000 a year, in my judgment, by doing away with useless bureaus and duplication of activities.
Some of the duplications are ridiculous and absurd. For instance, the government seeks to protect the wild animals in the national parks. If a brown kadlak bear has twin cubs, one brown and one black, as often happens, and one should shoot the brown cub he must make his settlement with one department, but if he shoots the full brother, the black cub, he must settle with another department. If you were to shoot a fox in Alaska your settlement would be with the Department of Agriculture, while if you trapped the same fox you must make your settlement with the Department of Commerce.
The government issued last year through its several bureaus and departments 16 cookbooks. The last one that was issued was published by the board of vocational education. This is a board organized by the congress for the purpose of rehabilitating crippled soldiers of the World war, to prevent, as far as possible, their becoming derelicts in life. It may be of interest to state that while the government has been issuing 16 cookbooks and consuming vast quantities of print paper in these and similar useless publications, 1,300 country town newspapers have suspended in the last three months because they could not secure print paper.
Mr. Reavis and a great many others have sensed the feeling in the country and in congress that the time has come to put an end to all this sort of thing. He gives reasons for his belief:
One of the reasons is that the people demand that their taxation be reduced. For many years we have been collecting the revenues of this government through systems of indirect taxation. The revenues have been collected through a protective tariff and by excise taxation on intoxicating liquors. Indirect taxation of this kind prevents the people from realizing fully just who is paying the expenses of the government. There was a time when the expenses of the government amounted to only 12 cents per capita per year. Today the annual per capita expense exceeds \$40. This tremendous expense has made it necessary to resort to direct taxation, and the people have suddenly become painfully aware of who pays the expenses of the government.
I am very certain that the elimination of duplications and overlapping in the departments will result in the saving of millions of dollars. There is no reason why it should not be done.
There is every reason, in the presence of the strife and turmoil that prevail in this country and of the unrest occasioned by the high cost of the necessities of life, that the government should be put upon a sane, efficient and economical basis.
Whoever by public clamor or other means can induce congress and the executive departments to organize the routine business of the national government will have performed a great public service. Note that I say "organize" and not "reorganize," for in no proper sense has the federal business ever been organized.

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Ramsey Milholland



CHAPTER XIII.

So everywhere over the country, that winter of 1916, there were light-hearted boys skylarking—at college, or on the farms; and in the towns the young machinists snowballed one another as they came from the shops; while on this Sunday of the "frat" snow fight probably several hundreds of thousands of youthful bachelors, between the two oceans, went walking, like Ramsey, each with a girl who could forget the weather. Yet boys of nineteen and in the twenties were not light-hearted all the time that winter and that spring and that summer. Most of them knew long, thoughtful moments, as Ramsey did, when they seemed to be thinking not of girls or work or play—or of anything around them, but of some more vital matter or prospect. And at such times they were grave, but not ungentle.
For the long strain was on the country; underneath all its outward seeming of things going on as usual there shook a deep vibration, like the air trembling to vast organ pipes in diapasons too profound to reach the ear as sound; one felt, not heard, thunder in the ground under one's feet. The succession of diplomatic notes came to an end after the torpedoing of the Sussex; and at last the tricky ruling Germans in Berlin gave their word to murder no more, and people said, "This means peace for America, and all is well for us," but everybody knew in his heart that nothing was well for us, that there was no peace.
They said, "All is well," while that thunder in the ground never ceased—it grew deeper and heavier till all America shook with it and it became slowly audible as the voice of the old American soil, a soil wherein lay those who had defended it aforesaid, a soil that bred those who would defend it again, for it was theirs; and the meaning of it—Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—was theirs, and theirs to defend. And they knew they would defend it, and that more than the glory of a Nation was at stake. The Freedom of Man was at stake. So, gradually, the sacred thunder reached the ears of the young men and gave them those deep moments that came to them whether they sat in the classroom or the counting-room, or walked with the plow, or stood to the machine, or behind the ribbon counter. Thus the thunder shook them and tried them and slowly came into their lives and changed everything for them.
Hate of the Germans was not bred; but a contempt for what Germany had shown in lieu of a national heart; a contempt as mighty and as profound as the resolve that the German war and the German will should not prevail in America, nor in any country of the world that would be free. And when the German kaiser laid his command upon America, that no American should take his ship upon the free seas, death being the penalty for any who disobeyed, then the German kaiser got his answer, not only to this new law he had made for us, but to many other thoughts of his. Yet the answer was for some time delayed.
There was a bitter Sunday, and its bitterness went everywhere, to every place in the whole world that held high and generous hearts. Its bitterness came to the special meeting in the "frat hall," where there were hearts, indeed, of that right sort, and one of them became vocal in its bitterness. This was the heart of Fred Mitchell, who was now an authority, being president of the Junior class, chairman of the Prom committee, and other things pleasant to be and to live for at his age.
"For me, brothers," he said, "I think I'd a great deal rather have been shot through the head than heard the news from Washington today! I tell you, I've spent the meanest afternoon I ever did in my life, and I guess it's been pretty much the same with all of us. The worst of it is, it looks as though there isn't a thing in the world we can do. The country's been betrayed by a few blatherskites and boneheads that had the power to do it, and all we can do—we've just got to stand it. But there's some Americans that aren't just standing it, and I want to tell you a lot of 'em are men from the universities, just like us. They're over there right now; they haven't said much—they just packed up and went. They're flying for France and for England and for Canada; they're fighting under every flag on the right side of the western front; and they're driving ambulances at Verdun and ammunition trucks at the Somme. Well, there's going to be a lot more American boys on all these jobs mighty soon, on account of what those men did in congress today. If they won't give us a chance to do something under our own flag, then we'll

have to go and do it under some other flag; and I want to tell you I'm one that's going to go! I'll stick it out in college up to Easter, and then if there's still no chance to go under the Stars and Stripes I'll maybe have to go under the flag my great-great-grandfather fought against in 1776, but, anyhow, I'll go!"
It was in speaking to Ramsey of this declaration that Dora said Fred was a "dangerous firebrand." They were taking another February walk, but the February was February, 1917; and the day was dry and sunny. "It's just about a year ago," she said.
"What is?" Ramsey asked.
"That first time we went walking. Don't you remember?"
"Oh, that day? Yes, I remember it was snowing."
"And so cold and blowy!" she added. "It seems a long time ago. I like walking with you, Ramsey. You're so quiet and solid—I've always felt I could talk to you just anyhow I pleased, and you wouldn't mind. I'll miss these walks with you when we're out of college."
He chuckled. "That's funny!"
"Why?"
"Because we've only taken four besides this; two last year, and another week before last, and another last week. This is only the fifth."
"Good gracious! Is that all? It seemed to me we'd gone ever so often!" She laughed. "I'm afraid you won't think that seems much as if I'd liked going, but I really have. And, by the way, you've never called on me at all. Perhaps it's because I've forgotten to ask you."
"Oh, no," Ramsey said, and scuffed his shoes on the path, presently explaining rather huskily that he "never was much of a caller"; and he added, "or anything."
"Well, you must come if you ever care to," she said with a big sister graciousness. "The Dorm chaperons sits there, of course, but ours is a jolly one and you'd like her. You've probably met her—Mrs. Hastings?—when you've called on other girls at our old shop."
"No," said Ramsey. "I never was much of a —" He paused fearing that he might be repeating himself,

"I Never Liked Any Girl Enough to Go and Call on Her."



and too hastily amended his intention. "I never liked any girl enough to go and call on her."
"Ramsey Milholland!" she cried. "Why, when we were in school half the room used to be talking about how you and that pretty Milha—" "No, no!" Ramsey protested, again too hurriedly. "I never called on her. We just went walking."
A moment later his color suddenly became fiery. "I don't mean—I mean—" he stammered. "It was walking, of course—I mean we didn't go out walking, but it wasn't walking like—like this." He concluded with a fit of coughing which seemed to rick him.
Dora threw back her head and laughed delightedly. "Don't you apologize!" she said. "I didn't when I said it seemed to me that we've gone walking so often, when in reality it's only four or five times altogether. I think I can explain, though; I think it came partly from a feeling I have that I can rely on you—that you're a good, solid, reliable sort of person. I remember from the time we were little children, you always had a sort of worried, honest look in school, and you used to make a dent in your forehead—you meant it for a frown—whenever I caught your eye. You hated me so honest, you were so honestly afraid I wouldn't see it!"
"Oh, no—no—"
"Oh, yes—yes!" she laughed, then