

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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PETTY PARTISAN PIFFLE

News dispatches tell us that a delegation of the Collins-Giffith party in Ireland is on the way to this country to obtain support of Americans of Irish blood and that another committee representing the De Valera faction is in hot pursuit with a view to securing the same backing for the DeValerans.

How much better it is for America to hold herself free from such entanglements, from commitments that would harm her and that would be beneficial only to the malcontents abroad.—Alban, Herald.

Simply piffle. Disputes such as referred to above have "extended to the United States" time and again, have been discussed in congress, have been "carried to the president, to the department of state," both before and after the league of nations was that of. And the heavens did not fall.

The covenant of the league of nations, if we had adopted it, and the recent Washington treaties, which we shall probably officially accept, would not increase nor diminish our liability to "such entanglements," and the writer who claims that they would has a very low opinion of the intelligence of the readers whom he addresses.

The same kind of rot was belated out in congress against the league of nations and against the Washington conference treaties, and echoes from that blare are heard in the offices of parrot papers all over the country.

Frank Johnson, a laundry worker at Ephratah, Wash., the other day, thinking that what cleaned clothes so well would clean him, got into the washing machine for a bath. The water was too cool, so he turned on the steam. Then in some way the power was turned on and the machine began to revolve. The cover slammed down and there he was, just like the week's washing. By the time help came in response to his cries he was so well parboiled that he was taken to a hospital. But probably he was clean, anyway.

Long, long ago an old fellow wrote: "I said in my heart, 'All men are liars.'" Perhaps he had campaigned before elections and heard men's promises to vote for him and afterwards found out how they voted, or perhaps he had heard the promises of candidates at election time and witnessed their conduct afterwards.

Writing of male camp cooks where no females are allowed, an Oregon Journal scribe says "they will flip the flapjack, bake the doughnut and fry the fish." That explains why female cooks are to be barred. No woman would cook a doughnut that way.

Madam Matzenauer's husband complains that he has been quoted as saying things he didn't even think of.—Oregonian.

He isn't the only one who talks without thinking.

Abolish the tax-eating state commissions. That's all of the commissions.

WHERE YOUR TAXES GO

(by Edward G. Lowry) Copyright, Western Newspaper Union

CHANCE TO FIND OUT

Just now a belated effort is under way to find out some of the facts about government business and government employment. The Bureau of the Budget has been organized and is in operation under the direction of Charles G. Dawes.

Both houses of congress are working on the problem of reclassification of government positions and salaries. The Veterans' bureau has been organized and has taken over the bureau of war risk insurance, that part of the public health service which had to do with veterans, and all of the work of the federal board for vocational education except that part which had to do with the treatment of persons injured in the industries.

There is also the inquiry being made by the joint committee on the reorganization of the government of the two houses of congress, of which I have spoken. Walter F. Brown of Ohio is chairman of this committee, representing President Harding. The members of the committee are, on the part of the senate, Senators Smoot of Utah, Harrison of Mississippi and Wadsworth of New York. The members on the part of the house are Representatives Reavis of Nebraska, Temple of Pennsylvania and Moore of Virginia.

The job of this joint committee is to "make a survey of the administrative services of the government for the purpose of securing all pertinent facts regarding their powers and duties, their distribution among the several executive departments, and the overlapping and duplication of authority."

In reporting the resolution from the Judiciary committee to the house the members were told:

It is a matter of common knowledge that millions of dollars are wasted by the government by the almost endless duplication of activities. There has been no fundamental change in the administrative activities since the organization was devised by Alexander Hamilton, and the result is that activities entirely out of harmony with the functions of departments have grown with the passing years until the government of the United States has become not only the biggest business in the world, but the world's worst managed business.

The purpose of the resolution is to ascertain so far as possible the extent of the overlapping and duplication of activities, with the view that numerous commissions and bureaus may be eliminated and a great saving effected in the governmental expenditures. The committee feels that no more constructive legislation is possible under existing conditions than the legislation proposed by the resolution. With the present condition of the nation's finances and the burdens the people suffer because of excessive taxation, any legislative measure looking to real economy should commend itself to the sympathetic attention of the house, and we feel that the passage of this resolution and the work of the committee which will be done under its authority will result in the saving of millions annually.

It can be predicted with considerable assurance that nothing will come of this proposed voyage of discovery unless we, the shareholders in the enterprise, maintain an active, lively, sustained interest in it. One thing is always true of the house of representatives—it is representative. If we breathe warmly upon it, it glows. If we are indifferent it becomes cold.

This isn't the first time that a plan has been set in motion to find out something about how the government's business is conducted.

The earliest inquiry into the administrative methods of the executive departments was made by the Cockrell commission in 1887. Six years later, in 1893, a joint commission, of which Representative Dockery was chairman, was appointed to examine the status of the laws organizing the departments. President Roosevelt in 1905 named an interdepartmental committee, of which C. H. Keep, assistant secretary of the treasury, was chairman, to consider department methods. President Taft in turn, in 1910, named a commission on economy and efficiency of which Frederick Cleveland was chairman.

Broadly and generally speaking, nothing came of these enterprises. You and I—commonly and vaguely known as the public—were not interested, and neither was congress. That ended it.

But just now, at this moment, we have the best chance we ever had to find out about our common business and how to improve it and lessen its cost to us. The burden of supporting it is heavier than ever before.

You will perhaps notice all through these articles that the information supplied me about the general facts of government employment and government business are in terms of estimates and approximations. This is one of the defects of government organization. It is so large and so formless, and its parts so unrelated, that exact and precise information about the whole is virtually unobtainable.

It is of the greatest urgency and need that the people shall know about their government, but they will find it difficult to learn until the government knows about itself.

Effective April 2, summer round-trip excursion tickets in all stations on Southern Pacific lines in California south of Mojave and Santa Barbara to the Pacific northwest will be placed on sale. This will be the first year that round-trip rates have ever been put into effect from southern California points to the northwest cities.

JUVENILE CLUBS BOOM

Brownsville Wakes Up and Gets Into Line

Brownsville was slow to adopt the juvenile club system which has made Shedd famous to the bounds of the continent and is making the rising generation give promise of an increase of efficiency over the present.

Principal Weber and H. C. Thompson, the wide-awake president of the bank of Brownsville, invested in a registered boar pig a year or two ago and offered to donate it to a pig club, but could not interest the young people in the project.

Last Thursday County Club Leader Williamson had the satisfaction of organizing six clubs among the pupils of the Calapooia city, though only one can be called agricultural. They give promise of much good. They are: Sewing club, Mrs. H. Wilson leader, Mary Woody president, Lois Henderson vice president, Bonnie Kitten secretary, Alice Hess, Nadine Templeton, Clarissa Tindle, Oletha Greene, Alberta Rippey, Florence Hess, Gladys Mitchell, Margaret Davis, Leta Tycer, LoLa Tycer, Buena Samuel, Lucile Rauch, Veranita Mitchell, Mary Hinton, Myrtle Kumlir, Genie Sullivan.

Canning club, Mrs. B. M. Hammond leader, Helen McClain president, Marvel Lawrence vice president, Clara Daugherty secretary, Edna Hedlund, Ruth Large, Neva Large, Hulda Hammond, Alice Hulst, Belle Barson.

Poultry club: H. A. Wilson leader, Phillip Tussing president, Henry Sawyer vice-president, James Wade secretary, Harold Reynolds, Frank Hale, Paul Rippey, Ralph Lawrence, Dave Callaway, Harold Howe, Archie Samuel, Merle Farrier, William Barr, Oliver Stevens, Donald Davis.

North Brownsville sewing club, Mrs. C. B. Lawrence leader, Wanda McHargue president, Mary Louie vice-president, Lucille Davis secretary, Thelma Fox, Emily Peachy, Opal Rauch, Clara Bramwell, Mildred Rauch, Nina Matlock.

Homemaking club, Miss P. I. Jarrison leader, Jean Baker president, Elsie Stevenson vice-president, Bettie Coshow secretary, Alice Knight, Doris Wright, Laura Peachy, Virginia Shelton, Helen Dale.

Sewing club No. 2, Mrs. Corby Stevenson leader, Jessie Pyburn president, Helen Fanning vice-president, Gretia Harrison secretary, Elaine Woodworth, Elsie Weed, Ellen Baker, Marie Darling, Dorothy McCallum, Vesta Matlock, Gladys Hayes, Vesta Bushman, Margaret Lane, Maude Tuv, Ruth Large, Neva Large, Marvel Lawrence, Gretia Harrison.

School Essays

(By Delos Clark) The Frog School:

The Frog School was assembled for its nightly singing lesson. Professor Grump was trying to show them the advantages of harmony in the opening chorus. The professor thought that he had succeeded but suddenly a hoarse "G-rump" was heard, sounding harsh and discordant.

Instantly the professor croaked a command for them to stop. They did so. "Who was that member of the bass section trying to sing 'grano'?" he demanded.

Greenback Croaker hopped out of the crowd and then replied, "I did it."

"But why did you do it? Don't you know that spoiled the prelude to that beautiful springtime sonnet?" said the professor.

"I don't care; we are all free and equal. Equality and the rights of frogs and all of that sort of thing, you know. Brothers, why must we stand for the commands of that singing teacher who is after all only a frog. Let's sing as we please," retorted the unruly member of the school.

Instantly the other frogs forgot that such a thing as harmony existed and they commenced croaking at once as loud as they could. The results were horrible.

The poor old professor left them and went to find another school where the members had more musical talent and less bolshevistic tendencies.

Moral: An organization will not be well governed if the individuals are not willing to sacrifice personal interests for the public good.

(By Alberta Koontz) The Old Log Cabin:

Near the summit of a high hill, nestled snugly in a grove of tall, slender pines, stands an old, dilapidated log cabin. Its sagging, moss-covered roof, and the weather-

beaten door which swings to and fro on its rusty hinges in the cool spring breeze pronounced it a creation of the past. The mud has fallen from the chinks between the logs, and the golden sunbeams play hide and seek in every dusty nook and corner within. The soft pine needles form a luxurious carpet about the cabin. And from the old, worn footpath leading to the cabin door modest little wood violets lift their blue eyes to the azure sky and fill the pure air with their fragrance. Arranged on every side, the graceful pines will continue to guard the forsaken log cabin until its destruction by the elements.

Wool-men, Attention!

Will distribute sacks and twine from Koontz'. Sacks will not have to be paid for, but you will have to sign a receipt, and they will be charged to your account at the end of the season. Sacks will be stenciled by the association before being shipped.

Instead of using cotton sacks for mohair jute sacks will be required.—J. B. Cornett, secretary of the Pacific Wool Growers' Association.

NEIGHBORS' DAY

Special Talk to Children. Bring them. NEXT SUNDAY Neighbors Welcome. At the CHRISTIAN CHURCH



Protect Your Eyes

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Ramsey Milholland

by Booth Tarkington



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CHAPTER XIV. It was easy enough for him to evade Fred Mitchell's rallings these days; the spring mood was truculent, not toward his roommate but toward congress, which was less in fiery haste than he to be definitely at war with Germany.

All through the university the change had come: athletics, in other years, spotlighted at the center of the stage, languished suddenly, threatened with abandonment; students working for senior honors forgot them; everything was forgotten except that growing thunder in the soil.

Several weeks elapsed before Dora's bitter dismissal of Ramsey before she was mentioned between the comrades. Then, one evening, Fred asked, as he restlessly paced their study floor: "Have you seen your pacifist friend lately?"

"No. Not exactly. Why?" "Well, for his part, I think she ought to be locked up," Fred said, angrily. "Have you heard what she did this afternoon?"

"No." "It's all over college. She got up in the class in jurisprudence and made a speech. It's a big class, you know, over two hundred, under Deag Burney. He's a great lecturer, but he's a pacifist—the only one on the faculty—and a friend of Dora's. They say he encouraged her to make this break and led the subject around so she could do it, and then called out her for an opinion, as the highest student in the class. She got up and claimed there wasn't any such thing as a legitimate cause for war, either legally or morally, and said it was a sign of weakness in a nation for it to believe that it did have a cause for war."

"Well, it was too much for that little, spunky Joe Stansbury, and he jumped up and argued with her. He made her admit all the Germans have done to us, the sea murders and the land murders, the blowing up of factories, trying to turn the United States into a German settlement, trying to get Japan and Mexico to make war on us, and all the rest. He even made her admit there was proof they mean to conquer us when they get through with the others, and that they've set out to rule the world for their own benefit, and make whoever else they kindly allow to live, work for them."

"She said it might be true, but since nothing at all could be a right cause for war, then all this couldn't be a cause for war. Of course, she had her regular pacifist logic working; she said that since war is the worst thing there is, why, all other evils were lesser, and a lesser evil can't be a just cause for a greater. She got terribly excited, they say, but kept right on anyway. She said war was murder and there couldn't be any other way to look at it; and she'd heard there was already talk in the university of students thinking about enlisting, and whoever did such a thing was virtually enlisting to return murder for murder. Then Joe Stansbury asked her if she meant that she'd feel toward any student that enlisted the way she would toward a murderer, and she said, yes, she'd have a horror of any student that enlisted."

"Well, that broke up the class; Joe turned from her to the platform and told old Burney that he was responsible for allowing such talk in his lecture room, and Joe said so far as he was concerned, he resigned from Burney's classes right there. That scared it, and practically the whole class got up and walked out with Joe. They said Burney streaked off home, and Dora was left alone in there, with her head down on her desk, and I guess she certainly deserves it. A good many have already stopped speaking to her."

Ramsey fidgeted with a pen on the table by which he sat. "Well, I don't know," he said, slowly. "I don't know if they ought to do that exactly."

"Why oughtn't they?" Fred demanded, sharply.

"Well, it looks to me as if she was only fighting for her principles. She believes in 'em. The more it costs a person to stick to their principles, why, the more I believe the person must have something pretty fine about 'em likely."

"Yes!" said the hot-headed Fred. "That may be in ordinary times, but not when a person's principles are liable to betray their country! We won't stand that kind of principles, I tell you, and we oughtn't to. Dora Yocum's finding that out, all right. She had the biggest position of any girl in this place, or any boy either, up to the last few weeks, and there wasn't any student or hardly even a member of the faculty that had the influence or was more admired and looked up to. She had the whole show! But now, since

she's just the same as called any student a murderer if he enlists to fight for his country and flag—well, now she hasn't got anything at all, and if she keeps on she'll have even less!"

He paused in his walking to and fro and came to a halt behind his friend's chair, looking down compassionately upon the back of Ramsey's motionless head. His tone changed. "I guess I isn't just the ticket—me to be talking this way to you, is it?" he said, with a trace of huskiness.

"Oh—it's all right," Ramsey murmured, not altering his position. "I can't help blowing up," Fred went on. "I want to say, though, I know I'm not very considerate to blow up about her to you this way. I've been playing horse with you about her ever since freshman year, but—well, you must have understood, Ram, I never meant anything that would really bother you much, and I thought—well, I really thought it was a good thing, you—your—well, I mean about her, you know. I'm on, all right. I know it's pretty serious with you." He paused.

"It's—it's kind of tough luck" his friend contrived to say; and he began to pace the floor again.

"Oh—well—," he said. "See here, ole stick-in-the-mud," Fred broke out abruptly. "After her saying what she did—well, it's none o' my business, but—but—" "Well, what?" Ramsey murmured. "I don't care what you say, if you want to say anything."

"Well, I got to say it," Fred half growled and half blurted. "After she said that—and she meant it—why, if I were in your place I'd be darned if I'd be seen out walking with her again."

"I'm not going to be," Ramsey said, quietly. "By George!" And now Fred halted in front of him, both being huskily solemn. "I think I understand a little of what that means to you, old Ramsey; I think I do. I think I know something of what it costs you to make that resolution for your country's sake." Impulsively he extended his hand. "It's a pretty big thing for you to do. Will you shake hands?" But Ramsey shook his head. "I didn't do it. I wouldn't ever have done anything just on account of her talking that way. She shut the door on me—it was a good while ago."

"She did! What for?" "Well, I'm not much of a talker, you know, Fred," said Ramsey, staring at the pen he played with. "I'm not much of anything for that matter, probably, but I—well—I—" "You what?" "Well, I had to tell her I didn't feel about things the way she did. She'd thought I had, all along, I guess. Anyway, it made her hate me or something, I guess; and she called it all off. I expect there wasn't much to call off, so far as she was concerned, anyhow." He laughed feebly. "She told me I better go and enlist."