

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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MRS. A. A. WHEELER, Business Manager
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., April 6, 1922

CHILDS AND NEPOTISM

A good deal has been said about Representative Charles Childs having his wife appointed stenographer at the state's expense. We quote the Oregon Voter on the subject in another column. It is reprehensibly customary for members of the legislature and of congress to find places for all the relatives whom they can attach to the public seat, and the resulting disregard of talent in making appointments is deplored by the Voter. But the principal real objection is that more than half the appointed attendances are absolutely unnecessary. Where there is nothing to be done but draw a salary the incompetent and unfit can do it as well as the ablest. These people always manage to do that one thing well.

Mr. Childs writes to the Oregon Voter:

After Mrs. Childs' illness I did not employ a private stenographer except for a few days and the cost of my stenographic work to the state was very much less than the amount expended by the average member. To be exact, my stenographic help during the last legislative session cost the state \$145, as against \$225 expended by members who employed a stenographer for the full time.

When President Harding announced his hostility to the "farm bloc" he did not know it was loaded. It was announced that he would campaign against its supporters this fall. He found it bigger than he expected and that the farmers have a good many votes. Now he would sooner think of handling a hedgehog with bare hands than of treating them rough. He announces a policy of "hands off" in the coming elections. He's a shrewd old guy.

In the interest of British rule in India Armenia has been sacrificed to the murderous Turks and the latter have been given back about all the territory they forfeited in the world war. The principles of justice and self-determination of peoples in international adjustment were discarded when Uncle Sam, their sponsor, turned slacker.

The senate holds up the free-seed graft bill of the house and that waste of funds may be prevented this year. The secretary of agriculture, like several of his predecessors in office, opposes the fraud, and so does Senator McNary of Oregon, who stands well with the farmers, bloc or no bloc.

A linotyper in the Albany Democrat calls the organized move to lower taxes the "Taxpayers Seduction league." We didn't know it was as bad as that, though some of the members have been seduced into the advocacy of insane plans for the cut-down of expenses.

A prize fight may be less objectionable than some other fights, and a boxing match less so than a prize fight, but to the family of the man who is killed in one of them the distinction is without much difference. A skunk by any other name would smell as sweet.

By experiment a man can learn just how much slinging or boozing or automobile speeding it will take to kill him, but the knowledge comes too late to do him any good.

Wagner Had Own Grave Dug While still in the prime of life, was a victim of Wagner, the great composer, to have his grave dug in his own garden.

WHERE YOUR TAXES GO

(By Edward G. Lowry)
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XI. HIRE GOVERNMENT HELP

The civil service commission hires all employees in the classified service of the government. The only thing to be said about the classified service, is that it has not yet been classified. But you shall hear what the civil service commission has to say about hiring help, without comment from me.

There is an utter lack of definitely planned and well-organized employment policy in the government service.

There is need for a centralized employment office with jurisdiction in all matters relating to employment.

The employment methods of the government should be such as to serve for a model for private business.

There is at present no central control over the executive service short of the President. The President is a busy man and cannot concern himself with the details of the executive departments.

The lack of efficiency in government offices has a marked effect on private business.

Definite information concerning the number of federal civil employees in different branches of the service and the amount of the government payroll are not readily available.

An official register, or blue book, is issued every two years. It is out of date long before it is printed.

A provision of the civil service rules theoretically gives the civil service commission authority to collect and maintain complete personnel statistics. The labor and expense involved, however, practically prohibit the collection and compilation of reliable statistical data.

In addition to the limits of the commission's authority is the absence of authority to enforce its findings. The commission can make recommendations to the departments and offices and urge their observance, but it cannot enforce them.

Congress passed what is known as the civil service law January 16, 1883. This act created the United States civil service commission. The law was intended to cure in part the evils traceable to the spoils system, which grew out of the four-year-tenure-of-office act of 1820.

During the first 40 years after the organization of our government, administrative practice with regard to the civil service seemed to conform to the intention of the founders. The Constitution fixed the term of no officer in the executive branch of the government except those of the President and vice president. It was the established usage during these first 40 years to permit executive officers, except members of the cabinet, to hold office for an unlimited period during good behavior. The practice was changed in 1820 by the four-year-tenure act. The spoils system, as it was officially described as early as 1835, was introduced and extended until it permeated the entire civil service of the country.

The fundamental purpose of the civil service law was to establish, in the parts of the service covered by its provisions, a merit system whereby selection for appointment should be made upon the basis of demonstrated relative fitness, without regard to political, religious, or other such considerations.

The act requires that the rules shall provide, among other things, for open competitive examinations for testing the fitness of applicants for the classified service, the making of appointments from among those passing with highest grades, an apportionment of appointments in the departments at Washington among the states and territories, a period of probation before absolute appointment and the prohibition of the use of official authority to coerce the political action of any person or body.

In 1883, the year in which the civil service law was enacted, 13,924 positions in the civil service were made subject to competition. The entire number of positions in the federal executive civil service on June 20, 1916, was 480,327. At the height of the war expansion there were approximately 1,000,000 men and women employed in the federal executive civil service, about 700,000 of whom held positions subject to competition. On July 31, 1920, the entire number of federal executive civil positions, as nearly as can be estimated, had been reduced to 691,116. Approximately 450,000 of these were subject to competition, or, in other words, in the classified service. The force is still slowly but steadily decreasing.

During the 19 months of our participation in the war the civil service commission gave competitive examinations under the civil service law and rules to slightly less than 1,000,000 persons, and about 400,000 persons with tested qualifications were supplied by the commission to the service. A normal year's business is about 200,000 persons examined and about 50,000 appointed.

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School Essays

(By Grace Robinson)

Grecian Easter Worship:

The sun rose high into the sky,
On a beautiful Easter morn,
And the Grecian men did long and sigh.

For the land where they were born.

The birds were singing merrily,
The flowers were bright and gay,
Like the hearts that were singing merrily.

On that beautiful Easter morn.

With prayers on their lips and thanks in their hearts,

They gathered about a fire,
Basking Christ for his broken heart.

The fulfillment of a Jewish desire.

A slain lamb upon a rod,
Above the fire did place
And while turning it they thanked God

For his wondrous saving grace.

The roasted lamb, the symbol of God's love,

Was shared by one and all,
While to their gracious Father above,

They in Christ's name did call.

When the sun sank low that Easter day,

Below the western sky,
The men retired to sing and pray,
Till the sun rose again in the sky.

(By Preston Newton)

The Racing Mule:

I'm the happiest man you ever saw,
I have a mule that goes ee-aw,
He goes a mile in a minute half,
He's just as spry as a year-old calf.

I hooked him to the shay one day,
To go to town to get some hay,
As I was on the short way back,
I had to pass the racing track.

He turned in through the open gate,

And hit the dirt an awful rate,
He had the bile of wile-bound by
Fast to the back of my old shay.

For first half mile or once around
His speedy mule sure covered ground,

He tugs were made of rubber and stretched

and stretched and stretched and stretched.

Until this mule was eating hay
Right out of the back of my old shay.

After the hay was finished up
He slowed down and the shay
Caught up.

He turned back out into the road,
And lumbered home with his big load,
He next time I go to get baled hay,
I'll go around the longest way.

(By Mearle Straley)

Ice Cream Soda:

James Osborne came out of the gate whistling merrily as he started out for a walk for town. All of a sudden he saw Margie sitting on the porch of her home just up the street, and oh! his heart just went pitty-pat, for he wanted to "cut" Billy out.

"Hello, Margie!" he said: "S'y, come and go for a walk with me, I'm awful lonesome."

"Oh! sure, James, I'll be ready in just a minute."

They started down the street laughing and talking gaily, and James chuckled to himself when he boys cast envious glances at him when they passed.

Then—oh! why did that notice, Special Ice Cream Sodas, 10 c, have to spring into sight?

James appeared not to notice, for didn't he know that his pocketbook was one dime? But just then Margie did notice, and turning to James exclaimed, "James, you do look as if you were about overcome with the heat, you do look so flustered. You ought to have an ice cream soda. It would cool you off, and you would feel lots better."

"What was poor James to do? He tried to appear unconcerned and reassured Margie that he was feeling all right, but somehow the words just leaped from his mouth: "Wouldn't you like an ice cream soda, Margie?"

"Oh! James, you are so thoughtful! Of course, I would just love one." So to the place they went.

James never can understand how James managed to live thru the next few minutes. His face turned out, cold, red, purple, but it did no good. Presently the waitress appeared and James found himself saying, "Margie, I don't feel well, you get just one soda, and I will watch you eat it. I feel like I couldn't eat one."

"Oh! no, I wouldn't do that. Will you please bring us two choc-

olate ice cream sodas?" she said turning to the waitress.

It was done then, and he thought he might as well enjoy it, but every bite he took he tried to swallow the lump in his throat, but all in vain.

He picked up the end of his coat and began to tug at it under the table. He almost felt as tho he didn't care whether Margie saw him or not, for he was in utter agony, when, oh! what was that he heard jingling in the lining of his coat?

He began to tear at it fervently and out dropped two buttons and one dime. He looked at it unbelievably and then began to smile.

Margie looked up just then and with a surprised look exclaimed: "Why, James, you look one hundred per cent better all ready."

"Yes, and I feel two hundred per cent better," he replied with the air of a millionaire, as he marched to the counter to pay for those ice cream sodas.

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."

Have 'em fixed at Jewett's



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FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement of the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good **CASH**

Ramsey Milholland



by Booth Tarkington
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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CHAPTER XVI.

That thunder in the soil, at first too deep within it to be audible, had come to the surface now and gradually became heard as the thunder of a million feet upon the training grounds. The bugles rang sharper; the drums, and fifes of town and village and countryside were the drums, and fifes of a war that came closer and closer to every hearth between the two oceans.

All the old symbols became symbols bright and new, as if no one had ever seen them before. "America" was like a new word, and the song "America" was like a new song. All the dusty blankets of orating candidates, seeking to rouse bored auditors with "the old flag"; all the mechanical patriotic of school and church and club; all these time-worn, flaccid things leaped suddenly into living color. The flag became brilliant and strange to see—strange with a meaning that seemed new, a meaning long known, yet never known till now.

And so hearts that thought they knew themselves came upon ambushes of emotion and hidden indwellings of spirit not guessed before. Dora Yocum, listening to the "Star-Spangled Banner," sung by children of immigrants to an out-of-tune old piano in a mission clubroom, in Chicago, found herself crying with a soul-shaking heartiness in a way different from other ways that she had cried. Among the many things she thought of then was this: That the banner the children were singing about was in danger. The great country, almost a continent, had always seemed so unapproachable, so safe and sure; she had never been able to conceive of a hostile power mighty enough to shake or even jar it. And since so great and fundamental a thing could not be injured, a war for its defense had appeared to be ridiculous. At last, less and less vaguely, she had come to comprehend something of the colossal German threat, and the shadow that touched this bright banner of which the immigrants' children piped so briskly in the mission clubroom.

She began to understand, though she could not have told just why, or how, or at what moment understanding reached her. She began to understand that her country, threatened to the life, had flung its line those thousands of miles across the sea to stand and hold Hindenburg and Ludendorff and all their kaisers, kings, dukes and crown princes, their Krupp and Skoda monstrous engines, and their monstrous other engines of men made into armies. Through the long haze of misted sea-miles and the smoke of land-miles she perceived that brown line of ours, and knew it stood there that Freedom, and the Nation itself, might not perish from the earth.

And so, a week later, she went home and came nervously to Ramsey's mother and found how to direct the letter she wanted to write. He was in France. As the old phrase went, she poured out her heart. It seems to apply to her letter.

She wrote: "Don't misunderstand me. I felt that my bitter speech to you had driven you to take the step you did. I felt that I had sent you to be killed, and that I ought to be killed for doing it, but I knew that you had other motives, too. I knew, of course, that you thought of the country more than you did of me, or of any mad thing I could say—but I thought that what I said might have been the prompting thing, the word that threw you into it so hastily and before you were ready, perhaps. I dreaded to bear that terrible responsibility. I hope you understand."

"My great mistake has been—I thought I was so logical—it's been in my starting everything with a thought I'd never proven: that war is the worst thing, and all other evils were lesser. I was wrong. I was wrong, because war isn't the worst evil. Slavery is a worse evil, and now I want to tell you I have come to see that you are making war on those that make slavery. Yes, you are fighting those that make both war and slavery, and you are right, and I humbly reverence and honor all of you who are in this right war. I have come home to work in the Red Cross here; I work there all day, and all day I keep saying to myself—but I really mean to you—'that's what I pray, and oh, how I pray it: God be with you and grant you the victory!' For you must win and you will win."

"Forgive me, oh, please—and if you will, could you write to me? I know you have things to do more important than 'girls'—but oh, couldn't you, please?"

This letter, which she had taken care not to dampen, as she wrote, went in slow course to the "American Expeditionary Forces in France," and finally found him whom it patiently sought. He delayed not long to answer, and in time she held in a shaking hand the penciled missive he had sent her:

"You forget all that comic talk about me 'enlisting because of your telling me to. I'd written my father I was going at the first chance a month and a half before that day when you said it. My mind was made up the first time there was any talk of war, and you had about as much responsibility for my going as some little sparrow or something. Of course I don't mean I didn't pay any attention to the different things you said, because I always did, and I used to worry over it because I was afraid some day it would get you into trouble, and I'm mighty glad you've cut it out. That's right: you're a regular girl now. You always were one, and I knew that all right. I'm not as scared to write to you as I was to talk to you, so I guess you know I was mighty tickled to get your letter. It sounded blue, but I was glad to get it! You bet I'll write to you! I don't suppose you could have any idea how glad I was to get your letter. I could sit here and write to you all day if they'd let me, but I'm a corporal now. When you answer this, I wish you'd say how the old town looks and if the grass in the front yards is as green as it usually is, and everything. And tell me some more about everything you think of when you are working down at the Red Cross like you said. I guess I've read your letter five million times, and that part ten million. I mean where you underlined that 'you' and that you said to yourself at the Red Cross, 'Oh, murder, but I was glad to read that! Don't forget about writing anything else you think of like that.'"

"Well, I was interrupted then and this is the next day. Of course I can't tell you where we are, because that damned censor will read this letter, but I guess he will let this much by. Who do you think I ran across in a village yesterday? Two boys from the old school days, and we certainly did shake hands a few times! It was that old foolish Dutch Krusemeyer and Albert Paxton, both of them lieutenants. I heard Fred Mitchell is still training in the States and about crazy because they won't send him over yet."

"If you have any idea how glad I was to get your letter, you wouldn't lose any time answering this one. Anyhow, I'm going to write to you again every few days if I get the chance, because maybe you'll answer more than one of 'em."

"But see here, cut out that 'sent you to be killed' stuff. You've got the wrong idea altogether. We've got the big job of our lives, we know that, but we're going to do it. There'll be mistakes and bad times, but we won't fall down. Now, you'll excuse me for saying it this way, Dora, but I don't know just how to express myself except saying of course we know everybody isn't going to get back home—but listen, we didn't come over here to get killed particularly, we came over to give these Dutchmen a—!"

"Perhaps you can excuse language if I write it with a blank like that, but before we get back we're going to do what we came for. They may not all of them be as bad as some of them—it's a good thing you don't know what we do, because some of it would make you sick. As I say, there may be quite a lot of good ones among them; but we know what they've done to this country, and we know what they mean to do to ours. So we're going to attend to them. Of course that's why I'm here. It wasn't you."

"Don't forget to write pretty soon, Dora. You say in your letter—I certainly was glad to get that letter—well, you say I have things to do more important than 'girls'! Dora, I think you probably know without my saying so that of course while I have got important things to do, just as every man over here has, and everybody at home, for that matter, well, the thing that is most important in the world to me, next to helping win this war, it's reading the next letter from you."

"Don't forget how glad I'll be to get it, and don't forget you didn't have anything to do with my being over here. That was—it was something else. And you bet, whatever happens I'm glad I came! Don't ever forget that!"

Dora knew it was "something else." Her memory went back to her first recollection of him in school: from that time on he had been just an ordinary, everyday boy, floundering somehow through his lessons in school and through his sweethearts with Millas, as the millions of other boys floundered along with their own lessons and their own Millas. She saw him swinging his books and romping homeward from the schoolhouse, or going