

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An independent—NOT neutral—news-
paper published every Thursday,
by Wm. H. and A. A. WHEELER.
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Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, Business Manager
and Local News Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance.
Transient advertising, 25c an inch; per-
manent advertising, 20c. No discount
for time or space.
In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line.
No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug. 24, 1922

WHO OWNS YOUR CHILD?

The argument is made by op-ponents of the compulsory edu-
cation bill that children belong to
their parents and not to the state,
therefore parents should be allowed
to educate them as they please.
That theory cost the life of a 4-
year-old boy in Portland last week.
The child died of diphtheria after
the father had refused to allow
medical treatment. The cranks
who think their prayers are good
enough to take the place of medi-
cine and that doctors are unneces-
sary forget that Christ chose a
physician as one of his apostles,
thus by inference, endorsing that
calling, like those of fishermen and
others.

In some countries parents are
permitted to sell their child into
slavery or to slay it. In this
country they are not. The child
does not belong to its parents ab-
solutely. In a civilized country it
is the duty of the state to see that
it has protection in life, and is
properly nourished, is not reared
in vicious ways and is given the
rudiments at least of education.

The child should be protected
from insane, vicious or faddist
parents.

The parent who refuses medical
aid when it is needed and depends
on prayer alone is in the class to
whom Paul said "faith without
works is dead" and: "show me thy
faith without thy works and I will
show thee my faith by my works."
If that Portland man had united
works with his faith and done his
part towards healing his child
by calling in medical aid while al-
so praying for the result, his faith
would not have been without works
and dead. And probably the boy,
too, would not have been dead.

A good woman died in Eugene
a short time ago after the services
of a surgeon had been refused by
her friends, who had depended up-
on faith without works. They re-
lented, when the end was near,
and asked the surgeon to operate,
but he refused because it was too
late to do any good. Their faith
was dead, and so was the patient.
No lazy shirker has enough faith
to heal the sick by neglecting his
duty in the matter and calling on
the Lord to do it all.

The law does not attempt to
prevent parents from giving their
children a one-sided education, as
does Voliva of Zion City, who has
taught them that the world is flat,
but the proposed act would allow
those children to see the other side
also.

NO SLAVERY HERE

If Compers and the foreigners
who run a few of the big labor
unions would stop repeating the
falshood that the outlawing of
strikes would "force men to work
against their will" and "set up
slavery" we might next expect to
see a crop of white blackbirds.
Every man should be free to work
whenever he can get satisfactory
pay.

Half the men out on strike to-
day are suffering, with their
families, because a few salaried
leaders refuse them the privilege of
earning an honest living.

A combination among employers
to keep wages down or to keep
prices of products up is an illegal
conspiracy. So are such strikes as
those in the coal and railroad in-
dustries, by common law, and they
entitle those injured to damages.
Cowardice of courts and law offi-
cers may prevent the enforcement
of the law in either case.
No law has been proposed in

America to compel any man to
work against his will since Lin-
coln's day, or ever will be. Soviet
Russia compels men, and women,
too, to work at cleaning streets,
and other tasks, but there is no
such slavery here.

Of the tariff bill the Portland
Journal says:

If there had been a way to avoid
it the measure would not have been
passed prior to the November elec-
tion, because of the reaction that
has always resulted from a high
tariff law.

Unless congress shows an un-
wonted burst of speed there is no
danger of the tariff bill becoming
a law before November. Don't
worry.

The State Federation of Tax-
payers claims that the cost of the
state government can be cut 25 per
cent without loss of efficiency.
There is no doubt of that, but will
it be done? Not if such men as
Charles Childs of this county, who
has been in the tax-increasing
legislatures for years and on the
ways and means committee of
late, are kept as lawmakers.

The purchasing power of the
farmer's income is 25 to 40 per
cent less than before the war. The
railway employe's wages last year
would purchase 51 per cent more
than before the war and that of the
coal miner 30 per cent more. The
miners and railroad men are strik-
ing against any reduction, while
the farmer keeps plodding along.

The Scio Tribune mentions the
expense Charles Hall has under-
gone in the bootless recount pro-
ceedings. Don't worry, Brother
McAdoo; the K. K. K. bore that
expense. Mr. Hall keeps a close
grip on what is "his'n."

Mr. Hughes is a good lawyer,
judge and diplomat, but he is a
poor politician. This was proved
when he ran for president and now
he has put his foot in it in the
notorious Newberry case.

The Pacific Co-operative Wool-
growers' association, first organized
in Oregon, is the largest wool-
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west of Iowa.

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We pay it,
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An Altruist

A teacher who picks the small-
est communities she can get—
such an anomaly is Miss Mar-
garet V. Thomas, a student in
the University of Oregon sum-
mer session. Miss Thomas never
tries for a big school she selects
the smaller places from choice,
realizing an opportunity to do a
great deal besides simply teach
the school subjects.

Miss Thomas' outfit includes
stereoptical slides and a carbide
generator, and an occasional
motion-picture film is shown.
"We produce the 'movies' in
the darkened schoolhouse," Miss
Thomas explains, "and a victrola
plays between the pictures while
we ventilate the room. The
children are eager to help. They
are happy to be allowed to run
the victrola or even open the
windows."

Not only does Miss Thomas
take the slides to those people
who are far from cities and
towns of any size, but after mak-
ing them interested in doing
things on a community scale she
organizes children and adults
into groups and manages basket
socials, picnics, plays, all with
the intention of helping them
raise the funds which enable
them to bring in slides more
often.

"They are so responsive," she
said. "If you love them and do
things for them, they will love
you—almost to death. And
those children are not 'fed up'
on city movies; they get a good
deal out of the university films."

The people in the small
settlements are pioneers; their
children are the children of pio-
neers, and are the finest in the
country. They deserve the best
the state has to offer."
Miss Thomas taught last year
at Heeta and next year she will
be near Reedsport.

A Christian Liar?

About 50 years ago, as perhaps
to this day, religious services were
held in the schoolhouse at Way's
Mills, province of Quebec. Job
Chadsey and Adam Cramer, breth-
ren, had a falling out and ceased
to speak as they passed by. Cra-
mer was leader of the choir and the

hymn book was entitled "The
Christian Lyre." One Sunday
there were not enough of the book-
to go around, and just as Brother
Chadsey ended an exhortation
Cramer arose and asked:
"Is there another 'Lyre' in the
house?"
Noticing a ripple in the audience
he realized that his words were
misconstrued and added:
"I mean a Christian Lyre."
Then somebody guffawed aloud
and Mr. Cramer gave it up and
sat down.

Schools here and at Shedd open
Sept. 18.

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LOS ANGELES

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Albany Oregon

The Strength Of The Pines

by
Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



CHAPTER IV

The train came to a sliding halt
at Deer Creek, paused an infinitesimal
fraction of a second, and roared on in
its ceaseless journey. That infinitesimal
fraction was long enough for
Bruce, poised on the bottom step of a
sleeping car, to swing down on to the
gravel right-of-way. His bag, hurled by
a sleepy porter, followed him.

Duncan's next impression was one
of infinite solitude. He hadn't read
any guidebooks about Deer Creek, and
he had expected some sort of town.
But here was one little wooden struc-
ture with only three sides,—the open-
ing facing the track. It was evidently
the waiting room used by the moun-
tain men as they waited for their
local trains.

There were no porters to carry his
bag. There were no shouting officials.
His only companions were the stars
and the moon and, farther up the
slope, certain tall trees that tapered
to incredible points almost in the re-
gion where the stars began.

The whole scene, for causes deep-
er than any words may ever seek and re-
veal, moved him past any experience
in his life. It was wholly new.
He turned about until the wind was
in his face. It was full of fragrances,—
strange, indescribable smells that
seemed to call up a forgotten world.
They carried a message to him, but as
yet he hadn't made out its meaning.
He only knew it was something mys-
terious and profound: great truths
that flickered, like dim lights, in his
consciousness, but whose outline he
could not quite discern.

Perhaps there were sounds, but they
only seemed part of the silence. The
faintest rustle in the world reached
him from the forests above of many
little winds playing a running game
between the trunks, and the stir of
the Little People, moving in their mid-
night occupations. Each of these
sounds had its message for Bruce.
They all seemed to be trying to tell
him something, to make clear some
great truth that was dawning in his
consciousness.

He was not in the least afraid. He
felt at peace as never before. He
picked up his bag, and with stealing
steps approached the long slope be-
hind. The moon showed him a fall-
ing log, and he found a comfortable seat
on the ground beside it, his back
against its bark. Then he waited for
the dawn to come out.

The night hours passed. The sense
of peace seemed to deepen on the man.
He sat relaxed, his brown face grave,
his eyes lifted. The stars began to
dim and draw back farther into the
recesses of the sky. The round out-
line of the moon seemed less pro-
nounced. And a faint ribbon of light
began to grow in the east.

It widened. The light grew. The
night wind played one more little
game between the tree trunks and
slipped away to the Home of Winds
that lies somewhere above the moun-
tains. The little night sounds were
slowly stilled.



The night hours passed. The sense
of peace seemed to deepen on the
man.

him. He
waded his head nearly to
his hair, that rested in his lap, then
waited five minutes more.
Then he opened his eyes. The
light behind him was quite plain. His
hands were quite plain. Slowly, as
a man's eyes to a miracle,
he lifted his face.
The forest was no longer obscured
in dark. The great trees had
emerged only the dusk as of
twilight. He left between. He saw
them plainly,—their symmetrical
forms, their declining limbs, their tall
tops piercing the sky. He saw them
as they were,—those ancient, eternal
symbols and watchmen of the wilder-
ness. And he knew them at last, ac-
quaintances long forgotten but re-
membered now.

"The pines!" he cried. He leaped
to his feet with flashing eyes. "I
have come back to the pines!"

CHAPTER V

The dawn revealed a narrow road
along the bank of Deer creek—a
brown little wanderer which, winding
here and there, did not seem to know
exactly where it wished to go. Bruce
didn't know which direction to take,
whether up or down the creek.

He gave the problem a moment's
thought. "Take the road up the
Divide," Barney Wegan had said; and
at once Bruce knew that the course
lay up the creek, rather than down.
A divide means simply the high places
between one watershed and another,
and of course Trill's End lay some-
where beyond the source of the stream.
The creek itself was apparently a
sub-tributary of the Rogue, the great
river to the south.

Bruce was in a mood to be delighted,
these early morning hours. He was on
the way to Linda; a dream was about