

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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Wm. H. Wheeler, Editor,
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug. 31, 1920

THE PARTY DID IT—NOT

The Halsey Enterprise is author-
ity for the statement that "the
purchasing power of the farmer's
income is 25 to 40 per cent less
than it was before the war."

The Underwood tariff did raise
havoc with the farmer in the fall
of 1920 and, to a less degree, in
1921. When the war ended and
commerce regained the seas, the
United States was made the dump-
ing ground for all kinds of South
American, Australian, New Zeal-
and and Canadian farm products.
—Albany Herald.

The American farmer's grain is
marketed all over the world—wher-
ever people are able to buy. In
many places they are dying of
starvation because they are not
thus able. How much would a
higher tariff have added to the
price the farmer gets for it?

If the Underwood tariff fixed the
price of cattle in 1920 and 1921,
was it the same tariff that enabled
Clut Davis of Halsey to sell his
cattle for \$7.40 a hundred in Port-
land the other day, after getting
\$5 in 1921? He got an extra \$500
or so. If the tariff does all good
or bad things that happen to the
market it did that.

Listen to the pettifoggers of one
party and you will hear that his
party a few years ago

Raised the price of the farmer's
wheat not to the \$1 he had been
dreaming of for years but to \$2.

Raised the price of berries to 10
and 15 cents a pound.

Raised the price of cattle, sheep
and hogs until there was danger that
breeding stock would be sold out and
a shortage created that would last for
years.

Raised the price of hay from \$5 and
\$6 a ton to \$30 and \$40.

Raised wages from a couple of dol-
lars or less a day to \$5, \$8, \$10 and
\$15.

Enabled every second family in
Oregon to buy an automobile.

Doubled and trebled the number
of phonographs in the homes of la-
boring men.

Ric, etc., etc.,

Listen to the fake patriot of the
other party. He claims that
his party

Well—is just getting ready to:
Keep the house fires burning by
mixing coal.

Keep the locomotive fires burning
and run the railroad trains.

Build up our merchant marine by
allowing it to make a profit selling
booze and by shoveling dollars out
of the public treasury as subsidies.

Raise the price of everything
anybody has to sell.

Reduce the price of everything
anybody has to buy.

Etc., etc., etc.

The writer of this article saw
five hogs selling at 6 and 7 cents
a pound. That was when Cleve-
land was president, during what
the Herald calls a democratic pan-
ic. Later he raised and sold hogs
until under a republican adminis-
tration, the price went down to
3 cents. Then he quit raising
hogs, but has no idea that the
party in power (or the other) had
anything to do with fixing those
prices.

Mr. Wilson had a faculty of
getting what he wanted from con-
gress. He was lampooned for
even trying to do so. Mr. Har-
ding tried hard to run the machine
without getting into the same
rut, but in vain. He is now in
the rut and is trying his level best
to get the unruly schoolboys in the
congressional halls to quit playing
horse and go to work. Let us hope
he may succeed!

But not until we all can raise
ourselves by our bootstraps will
we all get rich through a customs
tariff. The steel trust and a few
of its like have done so, but the
common people never did, and
the most of us are just common
people.

companies want to keep faith with
the men who have been promised
those rights if they remained at
work. The strikers want to be
able to say, when they strike again:
"If you go to work in our places
the companies will betray you and
trade away your rights to us, as
they did before."

The 35 Inglewood (Cal.) raiders
were tried at Los Angeles and ac-
quitted on the ground that the
raiders were officers of the law.
It is apparently correct form at
Los Angeles for officers to go
masked, without a warrant, and
yank the male and female mem-
bers of a family from their beds
and slam them around like rats.

Two Portland women were killed
and a man injured so that he was
taken to a hospital when their car
ran off the road ten miles north of
Eugene Friday. They were going
at terrific speed and hootch was
found in the wreck. No further
explanation is necessary. Two
causes were combined, either of
which would have been sufficient.

In an effort to make automobiles
pay for road bonds the price has
been boosted until in many of the
smaller towns in the state no li-
censes at all are taken by jitney
drivers. It will be an uphill job
to pay for the through roads which
have been built and the market
roads, which might develop the
state, will come harder still.

The compulsory education bill
is likely to be defeated because the
K. K. K. brand has been stuck
upon it. Nevertheless we believe
the state would be improved by its
adoption.

Work will soon be completed on
the Big Tom, a slough in the Lake
Creek district, that is being deep-
ened and widened in connection
with the drainage project there,
according to information received
by county agent A. C. Hyman.
The county agent reports also that
the deepening and widening of the
Robnett slough in the Shedd dis-
trict is about to begin. This proj-
ect, including lands situated upon
branches of the slough, consists of
2,000 acres, which will, when the
project is completed, be redem-
ed for farming.—Albany Democrat.

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cident or any sickness. See
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Of The Pines**
by
Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



CHAPTER VII
Bruce couldn't mistake the cabin. At
the end of the trail he found it—a
little shack of unpainted boards with
a single door and a single window.
He stood a moment in the sunlight.
He could not guess what was his des-
tiny behind that rude door. It was
a moment long waited; for one of the
few times in his life he was trembling
with excitement. He felt as if a key,
long lost, was turning in the doorway
of understanding.
He walked nearer and tapped with
his knuckles on the door.
If the forests have one all-pervad-
ing quality it is silence. What sound
there is carries far and seems rather
out of place. Bruce could picture the
whole of the little drama that followed
his knock by just the faint sound—
inaudible in a less silent land—that
reached him from behind the door. At
first it was just a start; then a short
exclamation in the hollow, half-whis-
pering voice of old, old age. A mo-
ment more of silence—as if a stow-
moving, aged brain were trying to
conjecture who stood outside—then
the creaking of a chair as some one
rose. The last sounds were of a
strange-hobbling toward him—a rustle
of shoes half dragged on the floor and
the intermittent tapping of a cane.
The face that showed so dimly in
the shadowed room looked just as
Bruce had expected—wrinkled past
belief, lean and hawk-nosed from age.
The hand that rested on the cane was
like a bird's claw, the skin blue and
hard and dry. She stood bowed over
her cane.
Yet in that first instant Bruce had
an inexplicable impression of being in
the presence of a power. He did not
have the wave of pity with which one
usually greets the decrepit. And at
first he didn't know why. But soon
he grew accustomed to the shadows
and he could see the woman's eyes.
Then he understood.
They were set deep behind grizzled
brows, but they glowed like coals.
There was no other word. They were
not the eyes of one whom time is
about to conquer. Her bodily strength
was gone; any personal beauty that
she might have had was ashes long
and long ago, but some great fire
burned in her yet.
She blinked in the light. "Who is
it?" she croaked.
Bruce did not answer. He had not
prepared a reply for this question. But
it was not needed. The woman leaned
forward, and a vivid light began to
dawn in her dark, furrowed face.
Even to Bruce, already succumbed
to this atmosphere of mystery into
which his adventure had led him, that
dawning light was the single most
startling phenomenon he had ever be-
held. The witchlike face seemed to
gleam with a white flame. And
Bruce knew that his coming was the
answer to the prayer of a whole life-
time. It was a thought to sober him.
No small passion, no weak desire, no
prayer that time or despair could sil-
ence could effect such a light as this.
"Bruce," he said simply. It did not
even occur to him to use the surname
of Duncan. It was a name of a time
and sphere already forgotten. "I
don't know what my real last name
is."
"Bruce—Bruce," the woman whis-
pered. She stretched a palsied hand
to him as if it would feel his flesh to
reassure her of its reality. He saw
the exultation in her wrinkled, lifted
face. "Oh, praise to His Everlasting
Name!" she cried. "Oh, Glory—Glory
to on High!"
And this was not blasphemy. The
words came from the heart. No mat-
ter how terrible the passion from
which they sprang, whether it was

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such evil as would cast her to hell
such a cry as this could not go un-
heard. The strength seemed to go out
of her as water flows. She rocked on
her cane, and Bruce, thinking she was
about to fall, seized her shoulders.
"At last—at last," she cried. "You've
come at last."
She gripped herself, as if trying to
find renewed strength. "Go at once,"
she said, "to the end of the Pine
Needle Trail. It leads from behind the
cabin."
He tried to emerge from the dream-
like mists that had enveloped him.
"How far is it?" he asked her steadily.
"To the end of Pine-Needle Trail,"
she rocked again, clutched for one of
his brown hands, and pressed it be-
tween hers.
Then she raised it to her dry lips.
Bruce could not keep her from it. And
after an instant more he did not at-
tempt to draw it from her embrace. In
the darkness of that mountain cabin
in the shadow of the eternal pines, he
knew that some great drama of human
life and love and hatred was behind
the action; and he knew with a knowl-
edge unimpeachable that it would be
only insolence for him to try further
to resist it. Its meaning went too
deep for him to see; but it filled him
with a great and wondering awe.
Then he turned away, up the Pine
needle Trail. Clear until the deeper
forest closed around him her voice still
followed him—a strange croaking in
the afternoon silence. "At last," he
heard her crying. "At last, at last!"



At the End of the Trail He Would Find—Linda!

CHAPTER VIII
In almost a moment, Duncan was
out of the thickets and into the big
timber. As far as he could see there
was nothing but the great pines climb-
ing up the long slope of the ridge. They
stood straight and aloof, and they were
very old.
He fell into their spirit at once. The
half-understood emotions that had
flooded him in the cabin below died
within him. The great calm that is
after all, the all-pervading quality of
the big pines came over him. Bruce
was rather tremulous and exultant as
he crept softly up the trail.
It was the last lap of his journey.
At the end of the trail he would find—
Linda! And it seemed quite fitting
that she would be waiting there,
where the trail began, in the wildest
heart of the pine woods. He was
quite himself once more—carefree,
delighting in all the little manifesta-
tions of the wild life that began to
stir about him.
His delight grew upon him. It was
a dream coming true. Always, it
seemed to him, he had carried in his
mind a picture of this very land, a
sort of dream place that was a real-
ity at last. He had known just how
it would be. He had always known
how the pine shadows would fall
across the carpet of needles. The
trees themselves were the same grave
companions that he had expected, but
his delight was all the more because
of his expectations.
As the trail climbed higher, the
sense of wilderness became more
pronounced. Even the trees seemed
larger and more majestic, and the
glimpses of the wild people were
more frequent. The birds stopped
their rattle-brained conversation and
stared at him with frank curiosity.
The grouse let him get closer before
they took to cover.
The hours passed. The trail grew
dimmer. Now it was just a brown
serpent in the pine needles, coiling
this way and that—but he loved every
foot of it. It dipped down to a little
stream, of which the blasting sun of
summer had made only a succession
of shallow pools. Yet the water was
cold to his lips. And he knew that
little brook trout—waiting until the
fall rains should make a torrent of
their tiny stream and thus deliver
them—were gazing at him while he
drank.
By a queer pounding of his blood
Bruce knew that he was in the high
altitudes. He had already come six
miles from the cabin. The hour was
about six-thirty; in two hours more
it would be too dark to make his way
at all.
He examined the mud about the
spring, and there was plenty of evi-
dence that the forest creatures had
passed that way. Here was a little
triangle where a buck had stepped,
and further away he found two pairs
of deer tracks—evidently those of a
doe with fawn. A wolf had stopped
to cool his heated tongue in the wa-
ters, possibly in the middle of some
terrible hunt in the twilight hours.
Then he found a huge abrasion in
the mud that puzzled him still more.
At the first he couldn't believe that
it was a track. The reason was sim-
ply that the size of the thing was in-
credible—as if some one had laid a
flour sack in the mud and taken it up
again. He did not think of any of
the modern-day forest creatures as
being of such proportions. It was
very stale and had been almost oblit-
erated by many days of sun. Perhaps
he had been mistaken in thinking it
an imprint of a living creature. He
went to his knees to examine it.
But in one instant he knew that he
had not been mistaken. It was a
track not greatly different from that
of an enormous human foot; and the
separate toes were entirely distinct.
It was a bear track, of course, but
one of such size that the general run
of little black bears that inhabited
the hills could almost use it for a den
of hibernation!
He got up and went on—farther
toward Trail's End. He walked more
swiftly now, for he hoped to reach
the end of Pine-Needle Trail before
nightfall, but he had no intention of
halting in case night came upon him
before he reached it. He had waited
too long already to find Linda.
Another hour ended the day's sun-
light. The shadows fell quickly, but
it was a long time yet until darkness.
He yet might make the trail-end. He
gave no thought to fatigue. In the
first place, he had stood up remark-
ably well under the day's tramp for
no other reason than that he had al-
ways made a point of keeping in the
best of physical condition. Besides,
there was something more potent than
mere physical strength to sustain
him now. It was the realization of
the nearing end of the trail—a knowl-
edge of tremendous revelations that
would come to him in a few hours
more.
Already great truths were taking
shape in his brain; he only needed a
single sentence of explanation to con-
nect them all together. He began
to feel a growing excitement and im-
patience.
It was quite dark now, and he
could barely see the trail. For the