

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Sept. 7, 1922

THEY GO TOGETHER

Under the caption: "Importance of Livestock Seen When Grain Crop Proves Small" a farm writer expatiates on the wisdom of keeping cattle and horses as a source of income in case of a shortage of field crops.

If the course advised would work out as he seems to think it will this would be a great discovery, but as usual when one who has no experience condescends to tell farmers how to run their business his theory is fallacious, as is abundantly proved by the experience of farmers all over this valley, who are forced this year to sell off some of their cows and other stock because the hay crop is as short as that of grain.

It is wise to have a variety of products on the farm and not carry all the eggs in one basket, but when the grain crop fails because of drouth the hay crops fail with it. This makes the price of hay high and that of cattle low, as farmers hasten to dispose of those they cannot afford to feed over the winter. Stock will be scarce next spring as a result.

If more stock were kept on the average valley farm, instead of so much grain being sold and the straw burned, the fertility of the soil and its drouth-resisting power would be retained. Stable manure not only affords plant food but forms humus which improves the mechanical condition of the soil. If the straw that is burned or left to rot in stacks were spread upon the ground, it would add much to the humus content.

FUTILE WHEAT TARIFF

The Eugene Register is republican in politics, but it differs from those organs of the party whose thinking is done for them by the bosses and which, parrot like, proclaim that all blessings flow from their party and all evils from the other. Of wheat it remarks:

Wheat lately has been selling around a dollar again, and "dollar wheat," once a famous slogan, no longer stands for agricultural prosperity.

Moreover, it is not at all what the wheat raisers hoped for and expected when they induced congress to place a high emergency duty on wheat imports.

The duty seems to have had very little effect on the price of wheat. Many observers assert that it has had no effect at all. In any case, the doctrine long urged vainly by disinterested economists is now being driven home to the farmers themselves—that the price of wheat is determined not by legislation in any country, but by the world-market conditions. This situation, the economists say, is bound to continue as long as America exports more wheat than it imports, because the price of all wheat in this country, for domestic use as well as for foreign use, depends on the price that can be obtained for the export surplus.

BIGGEST WRESTLING BOUT

The administration has put its foot down. Railroad workers may quit when they darn please, but may not obstruct other railroad workers.

The federated unions believe they are stronger than the government, and the struggle is on.

Uncle Sam frowns as how he can throw any other wrestler on this here globe, and we believe he can.

The United States constitution says: "The right of the people to keep and carry arms shall not be infringed." Every citizen therefore has a right to carry weapons, and the natural place to carry

small arms is in a pocket, therefore an ordinance against carrying concealed weapons would seem to be in violation of a constitutional right.

The hours which young children devote in the public schools to the courses of study prescribed by our school authorities are none too much in which to fit the young mind to fill its proper place in complex American life. The compulsory education bill leaves parents or guardians free to give all the religious or other instruction they please in all the other hours of the year.

While crowing over their "victory" in the nomination of Hiram Johnson in California the dyed-in-the-wool republican organs also exult that his majority was a good deal smaller than he had enjoyed previously and not nearly as great as he expected. Most complaisant politicians and easily pleased!

Because striking railroad shopmen have been enjoined from meddling with men who are doing the work they left a general strike of all union labor is threatened. That threat is a bluff. A universal strike would cut off the funds on which the strike leaders are fattening. They will sidestep such a calamity in some way.

There are good and bad in everything. Mr. Roosevelt drew a distinction between good trusts and bad trusts. Jazz is often denounced but we are informed that "capital musicians enjoy good jazz." There are benighted tribes who pray "Good God, bless us; good devil, don't curse us."

We fail to appreciate the claim that the direct primary, the initiative and the referendum ought to be done away with because frauds are committed under them. The ten commandments and every other law are sometimes violated.

Robert M. LaFollette has been renominated for the United States senate in the Wisconsin primaries by more than two to one, and the old-guard republican leaders have discovered that they just dote on LaFollette.

Those fellows who whoop for "one big union" will find it if they look horns with U. S. A. This country is not ripe for a revolution, unless it comes through the ballot.

Harding has retreated to the wall in the railroad strike situation and with his back against that mural obstruction he proposes to stand and fight.

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The Strength Of The Pines

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



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(Continued)

They were still a little while. Bruce arose and threw more wood on the fire.

"It's only the beginning," he said. "And you want me to tell you all?" she asked hesitantly.

"Of course. Why did I come here?" "You won't believe me when I say that I'm almost sorry I sent for you." She spoke almost breathlessly. "I didn't know that it would be like this. That you would come with a smile on your face and a light in your eyes, looking for happiness. And instead of happiness—to find all this!"

She stretched out her arms to the forests. Bruce understood her perfectly. She did not mean the woods in the literal sense. She meant the primal emotions that were their spirit.

"To know the rest, you've got to go back a whole generation. Bruce, have you heard of the terrible blood-feuds that the mountain families sometimes have?"

"Of course. Many times." "These mountains of Trail's End have been the scene of as deadly a blood-feud as was ever known in the West. And for once, the wrong was all on one side.

A few miles from here there is a wonderful valley, where a stream flows. There is not much tillable land in these mountains, Bruce, but there, along that little stream, there are almost five sections—three thousand acres—of as rich land as was ever plowed. That tract of land was acquired long ago by a family named Ross, and they got it through some kind of grant. I can't be definite as to the legal aspects of all this story. They don't matter anyway—only the results remain.

"These Ross men were frontiersmen of the first order. They were virtuous men too—trusting every one, and oh! what strength they had! With their own hands they cleared away the forest and put the land into rich pasture and hay and grain. They raised great herds of cattle and had flocks of sheep too.

"It was then that dark days began to come. Another family—headed by the father of the man I call Simon—migrated here from the mountain districts of Oklahoma. But they were not so ignorant as many mountain people, and they were 'killers.' Perhaps that's a word you don't know. Perhaps you didn't know it existed. A killer is a man that has killed other men. It isn't a hard thing to do at all, Bruce, after you are used to it. These people were used to it. And because they wanted these great lands—my own father's home—they began to kill the Rosses.

"At first they made no war on the Folgers. The Folgers, you must know, were good people, too, honest to the last penny. They were connected, by marriage only, to the Ross family. They were on our side clear through. At the beginning of the feud the head of the Folger family was just a young man, newly married. And he had a son after a while.

"The newcomers called it a feud. But it wasn't a feud—it was simply murder. Oh, yes, we killed some of them. Folger and my father and all his kin united against them, making a great clan—but they were nothing in strength compared to the usurpers. Simon himself was just a boy when it began. But he grew to be the greatest power, the leader of the enemy clan before he was twenty-one.

"You must know, Bruce, that my own father held the land. But he was so generous that his brothers who

helped him farm it hardly realized that possession was in his name. And father was a dead shot. It took a long time before they could kill him."

The coldness that had come over her words did not in the least hide her depth of feeling. She gazed moodily into the darkness and spoke almost in a monotone.

"But Simon—just a boy then—and Dave, his brother, and the others of them kept after us like so many wolves. There was no escape. The only thing we could do was to fight back—and that was the way we learned to hate. A man can hate, Bruce, when he is fighting for his home. He can learn it very well when he sees his brother fall dead, or his father—or a stray bullet hit his wife. A woman can learn it, too, as old Elmira did, when she finds her son's body in the dead leaves. There was no law here to stop it. The little semblance of law that was in the valleys below regarded it as a blood-feud, and didn't bother itself about it. Besides—at first we were too proud to call for help. And after our numbers were few, the trails were watched—and those who tried to go down into the valleys—never got there.

"One after another the Rosses were killed, and I needn't make it any worse for you than I can help—by telling of each killing. Enough to say that at last no one was left except a few old men whose eyes were too dim to shoot straight, and my own father. And I was a baby then—just born.

"Then one night my father—seeing the fate that was coming down upon them—took the last course to defeat them. Matthew Folger—a connection by marriage—was still alive. Simon's clan hadn't attacked him yet. He had no spare in the land, but instead lived in this house I live in now. He had a few cattle and some pasture land farther down the Divide. There had been no purpose in killing him. He hadn't been worth the extra bullet.

"One night my father left me asleep and stole through the forests to talk to him. They made an agreement. I have pieced it out, a little at a time. My father deeded all his land to Folger.

"I can understand now. The enemy clan pretended it was a blood-feud only—and that it was fair war to kill the Rosses. Although my father knew their real aim was to obtain the land, he didn't think they would dare kill Matthew Folger to get it. He knew that he himself would fall, sooner or later, but he thought that to kill Folger would show their cards—and that would be too much, even for Simon's people. But he didn't know. He hadn't foreseen to what lengths they would go."

Bruce leaned forward. "So they killed—Matthew Folger?" he asked. He didn't know that his face had gone suddenly stark white, and that a curious glitter had come to his eyes. He spoke breathlessly. For the name—Matthew Folger—called up vague memories that seemed to reveal great truths to him. The girl smiled grimly. "Let me go on. My father, deeded Folger the land. The deed was to go on record so that all the world would know that Folger owned it, and if the clan killed him it was plainly for the purposes of greed alone. But there was also a secret agreement—drawn up in black and white and to be kept hidden for twenty-one years. In this agreement, Folger promised to return to me—the only living heir of the Rosses—the lands acquired by the deed. In reality, he was only holding them in trust for me, and was to re-

friend—and friendship goes far in the mountains. And my father was shot down before a week was past.

"The clan had acted quick, you see. When Folger heard of it, before the dawn, he came to my father's house and carried me away. Before another night was done he was killed too."

The perspiration leaped out on Bruce's forehead. The red glow of the fire was in his eyes.

"He fell almost where this fire is built, with a thirty-thirty bullet in his turn them when I was twenty-one. In case of my father's death, Folger was to be my guardian until that time.

"Folger knew the risk he ran, but he was a brave man and he did not care. Besides, he was my father's

debtly spared them, they would see Folger's son come back again, and assert his rights. They said that a new champion would arise and right their wrongs. But mostly death didn't spare them. Only old Elmira is left.

"What became of the secret agreement I do not know. I haven't any hope that you do, either. The deed was carried down to the courts by Sharp, one of the witnesses who managed to get past the guard, and put on file soon after it was written. The rest is short. Simon and his clan took up the land, swearing that Matthew Folger had deeded it to them the day he had procured it. They had a deed to show for it—a forgery. And the one thing that they feared, the one weak chain, was that this secret agreement between Folger and my father would be found.

"You see what that would mean. It would show that he had no right to deed away the land, as he was simply holding it in trust for me. Old Elmira explained the matter to me—if I get mixed up on the legal end of it, excuse it. If that document could be found, their forged deed would be obviously invalid. And it angered them that they could not find it.

"Of course, they never filed their forged deed—afraid that the forgery would be discovered—but they kept it to show to any one that was interested. But they wanted to make themselves still safer.

"There had been two witnesses to the agreement. One of them, a man named Sharp, died—or was killed—shortly after. The other, an old trapper named Hudson, was indifferent to the whole matter—he was just passing through and was at Folger's house for dinner the night Ross came. He is still living in these mountains, and he might be of value to us yet.

"Of course the clan did not feel at all secure. They suspected the secret agreement had been mailed to some one to take care of, and they were afraid that it would be brought to light when the time was ripe. They knew perfectly that their forged deed would never stand the test, so one of the things to do was to prevent their claim ever being contested. That meant to keep Folger's son in ignorance of the whole matter.

"I hope I can make that clear. The deed from my father to Folger was on record, Folger was dead, and Folger's son would have every right and opportunity to contest the clan's claim to the land. If he could get the matter into court, he would surely win.

"The second thing to do was to win me over. I was just a child, and it looked the easiest course of all. That's why I was stolen from the orphanage by one of Simon's brothers. The idea was simply that when the time came I would marry one of the clan and establish their claim to the land forever.

"Up to a few weeks ago it seemed to me that sooner or later I would win out. Bruce, you can't dream what it meant! I thought that some time I could drive them out and make them pay a little, for all they have done. But they've tricked me, after all. I thought that I would get word to Folger's son, who by inheritance would have a clear title to the land, and he, with the aid of the courts, could drive these usurpers out. But just recently I've found out that even this chance is all but gone.

"Within a few more weeks they will have been in possession of the land for a full twenty years. Through some legal twist I don't understand, if a man pays taxes and has undisputed possession of land for that length of time, his title is secure. They failed to win me over, but it looks as if they had won, anyway. The only way that they can be defeated now is for that secret agreement—between my father and Folger—to re-appear. And I've long ago given up all hope of that.

"There is no court session between now and October thirtieth—when their twenty years of undisputed possession is culminated. There seems to be no chance to contest them—to make them bring that forged deed into



The Girl Was Speaking Slowly Now, Evidently Watching the Effect of Her Words on Her Listener.

brain. Which one of the clan killed him I do not know—but in all probability it was Simon himself—at that time only eighteen years of age. And Folger's little boy—something past four years old—wandered out in the moonlight, to find his father's body."

The girl was speaking slowly now, evidently watching the effect of her words on her listener. He was bent forward, and his breath came in queer, whispering gusts. "Go on!" he ordered savagely. "Tell me the rest. Why do you keep me waiting?"

The girl smiled again—like a sorceress. "Folger's wife was from the plains country," she told him slowly. "If she had been of the mountains she might have remained to do some killing on her own account. Like old Elmira herself remained to do—killing on her own account! But she was from cities, just as you are, but she—unlike you—had no mountain blood in her. She wasn't used to death, and perhaps she didn't know how to hate. She only knew how to be afraid.

"They say that she went almost insane at the sight of that strong, brave man of hers lying still in the pine needles. She hadn't even known he was out of the house. He had gone out on some secret business—late at night. She had only one thing left—her baby boy and her little foster-daughter—little Linda Ross, who is before you now. Her only thought was to get those children out of that dreadful land of bloodshed and to hide them so that they could never come back. And she didn't even want them to know their true parentage.

She seemed to realize that if they had known, both of them would return some time—to collect their debts. Sooner or later, that boy with the Folger blood in him and that girl with the Ross blood would return, to attempt to regain their ancient holdings, and to make the clan pay!

"All that was left were a few old women with hate in their hearts and a strange tradition to take the place of hope. They said that some time, if

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