# An independent—NOT neutral—news-paper, published every Thursday, by WM. H. and A. A. WHEELER.

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Sept. 14, 1922.

#### STRIKES DON'T PAY

John McParland, president of the International Typographical union, says that the fight for a 44-hour week cost the organiza. tion \$8,863,348 in the past year in 521 jurisdictions with 42,831

Strikes are in progress in 124 cities, and Mr. McParland says the immense sum raised for the purpose "failed to meet the demands for free financial assistance. \* \* \* Just so long as there exists a disposition to regard the strike fund as an ont-of-work fund it will be impossible to raise enough money to satisfy demands."

The membership meantime decreased from 74,355 to 68,746. Four new unions were chartered, but 25 were suspended and 40 unions that the equipment was gosurrendered their charters, a net ing to the dogs because of the loss of 61 unions.

All this strike money was paid by union members; but it had to come first from employers, who added to the general H. C. L.

The strikes of the coal miners ma as much as they choose. and the railroad unions cost still more millions than than the printers' strikes, and the average citizen has it all added to his bur-

The railroad shop workers struck against a reduction of wages that hang that way than not at all. would have amounted to \$50,000, 000 a year. They have lost \$100,-000,000 in wages and their jobs.

road labor board allow them what them .- Albany Herald, they call "a living wage." That living wage was based on what a congressional committee declared would be necessary to support a family as an American family ought to live. That the figures were grossly exaggerated is proved by the month on F. M. Maxwell farm. by the fact that all the production F. M. MAXWELL, Tangent, Oregon. of America in a year would fall far short of paying that figure to all American workers, American workers must live within what their work produces, and as long as some of them get more than that there will be others who work as hard and produce as much but suffer from proverty. The average farmer today receives less than onethird what the union declares is a living wage, while selfish, clanpish labor unions seize all that they earn and part of what the farmers earn and "holler" for more of it,

He who wins a lawsuit or a strike is usually a loser, and the mass of producers foots all the bills.

Greece was left alone to fight Turkey and the latter won and now holds all of Asia Minor that was considered hers before the war. Greece attempted to oust the Turk from Europe, but was prevented by England, France and Italy. Thus the "sick man," who was to have been eliminated in the settlement of the world war, gets a fresh start instead and continues to fulfill the prophecy that he who kills Christians shall think that he is doing God service.

claim that when they strike they ing glasses, bring him to They were free to quit work, and us before school comthey did so. By no stretch of mences and we will corimagination can they be considered rect the deficiency. entitled to re-employment, though it is offered to them and they may accept.

The argument that the c mpulsory education bill, if enacted, will increase the burden of taxation is greatly overdone. The total cost of education would be

HALSEY ENTERPRISE reduced some millions, the public paying slightly more than now and supporters of private schools a great Wm. H. Wheeler, Editor,
Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, Business Manager
and Local News Editor,
anomaly of a class of people proanomaly of a class of people protesting against being relieved of a

> Increased wages (to strikebreakers) over those offered the striking shopmen by the Union Pacific is a plea of guilty.-Oregon Journal.

Or is it only an indication that a man who wants to earn his wages is worth more than one whose main desire is to give the least possible service for them and hold on to his graft by the use of the strike war club?

"The utmost a cigaret can do" is the opening phrase of a cigaret advertisement. Nobody yet knows the utmost a cigaret can do. Cigarets have burned stores, factories and thousands of acres of forest, but they have not reached their

The Southern Pacific is moving more freight than ever before, with no increase in accidents, which makes the claim of the shopmen's strike look like a fairy

The compulsory education law were obliged to get it by the in- would relieve setarians of all the crease of prices charged their cus- expense they now bear in giving tomers, so the \$10,000,000 was their young a general education and leave them free ao teach dog-

> A Portland Journal headline says that Hall, as a gubernatorial candidate, 'hangs like a sword' sing recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda. haps they would rather see him

Oregon has \$60,000,000 invested in hard-surfaced roads. Pru-They demanded that the rail- dence dictates watchful care of

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## The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

"The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his toster father, Bruce Duncan, in an enstern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily to southern Oregon—to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER III.—At his destination. Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train.
Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though
to his knowledge he has never been there. CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's cross-roads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country puzzlingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rossos. Lands occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family, with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fied with Bruce and Linda. The sirl, while small, had been kidnaped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has been lost.

CHAPTER X.-Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

#### BOOK TWO THE BLOOD ATONEMENT

CHAPTER XI

"Men own the day, but the night is ours," is an old saying among the wild folk that inhabit the forests of Trail's End. The saying originated ong and long ago when the world was quite young. Before that time, likely enough, the beasts owned both the day and the night, and you can imagine them denying man's superlority fust as long as possible. Of course the saying is ridiculous if

applied to cities or perhaps even to

the level, cleared lands of the Middle West. The reason is simply that the wild life is practically gone from these places. But a few places remain in America where the reign of the wild creatures, during the night hours at least, is still supreme. And Trail's End is one of them.

Bruce dressed slowly. He wouldn't waken the two women that slept in the next room, he thought. He crept slowly out into the gray dawn. He made straight for the great pine that stood a short distance from the house For reasons unknown to him, the pine had come often into his dreams. He had thought that its limbs rubbed together and made words-but of the words themselves he had hardly caught the meaning. There was some high message in them, however; and the dream had left him with a vague curiosity, an unexplainable desire to see the forest monarch in the daylight.

He found to his delight that the tree was even more impressive in the vivid morning light than it had been at night. He was constantly awed by the size of it. He guessed its circumference as about twenty-five feet. The great lower limbs were themselves like massive tree trunks. Its top surpassed by fifty feet any pine in the vicinity.

He felt stilled and calmed. Such was its influence. And he turned with a start when he saw Linda in the door-

"I've been talking to the pine-all the morning," he told her. "But it won't talk to you," she answered. "It talks only to the stars."

CHAPTER XII

Bruce and Linda had a long talk while the sun climbed up over the great ridges to the east and old Elmira cooked their breakfast. There was no passion in their words this morning. They had got down to a basis of cold planning.

a few of those little things you told my memory about me," Bruce requested. "First-on what date does the twenty-year period-of the Turners' possession of the land-expire?"

"On the thirtleth of October, of this

"Not very long, is it? Now you understand that on that date they will have had twenty years of undisputed possession of the land; they will have paid taxes on it that long; and unless their title is proven false between now and that date, we can't ever drive. them out."

"That's just right." "And the fall term of court doesn't

begin until the fifth of the following "Yes, we're beaten. That's all there

is to it. Simon told me so the last time he talked to me.

"It would be to his interest to have you think so. But Linda-we mustn't give up yet. We must try as long as one day remains. It seems to me that the first thing to do is to find the trapper, Hudson-the one witness that is still alive. He might be able to prove to the court that as my father never owned the land in reality, he couldn't possibly have deeded it

## الاوووووووووووووووو Ranges & Heaters

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to the Turners. Do you know where this Hudson is?"

"I asked old Elmira last night. She thinks she knows. A man told her he had his trap line on the upper Umpqua, and his main headquarters-you know that trappers have a string of camps—was at the mouth of Little river, that flows into the Umpqua. But it is a long way from here." Bruce was still a moment. "How

far?" he asked. "Two full days' tramp at the leastbarring out accidents. But if you think it is best-you can start out to-

Bruce was a man who made decisions quickly. "Then I'll start-right Can you tell me how to find the trail?"

"I can only tell you to go straight north." "Then the thing to do is to get ready

at once. And then try to bring Hudson back with me-down the valley. After we get there we can see what can be done.

Linda smiled rather sadly. "I'm not very hopeful. But it's our last chance and we might as well make a try. There is no hope that the secret agreement will show up in these few weeks that remain. We'll get your

things together at once." They breakfasted, and after the meal was finished, Bruce packed for the journey. The two women walked with him, out under the pine.

Bruce shook old Elmira's scrawny hand; then she turned back at once into the house. The man felt singularly grateful. He began to credit intuition, or else memories from her with a great deal of own girlhood of long and long ago. He did want a word alone with this



His Arms Went About Her, and He Kissed Her Gently on the Lips.

strange girl of the pines. Lut when Elmira had gone in and the coast was clear, it wouldn't come to his lips. "It seems strange," he said, "to come here only last night-and then

to be leaving again." It seemed to his astonished gaze that her lips trembled ever so slightly. "We have been waiting for each other a long time, Bwovaboo," she replied. She spoke rather low, not looking straight at him. "And I hate to have you go away so soon.

"But I'll be back-in a few days." "You don't know. No one ever knows when they start out in these mountains. Promise me, Bruce-to keep watch every minute. Remember there's nothing-nothing-that Simon won't stoop to do. He's like a wolf. He has no rules of fighting. He'd just as soon strike from ambush. How do I know that you'll ever come back again?"

"But I will." He smiled at her, and his eyes dropped from hers to her lips. He reached out and took her hand.

"Good-by, Linda," he said, smiling, She smiled in reply, and her old cheer seemed to return to her. "Good-

by, Bwovaboo. Be careful."
"I'll be careful. And this reminds me of somathing." "What?"

"That for all the time I've been away-and for all the time I'm going to be away now-I haven't done anything more-well, more intimatethan shake your hand."

Her answer was to pout out her lips in the most natural way in the world. Bruce was usually deliberate in his motions; but all at once his deliberation fell away from him. There seemed to be no interlude of time between one position and another. His arms went about her, and he kissed

her gently on the lips. But it was not at all as they expected. Because Linda had not known many kisses, this little caress beneath the pine went very straight home indeed to them both. They fell apart, both of them suddenly sobered. The girl's eyes were tender and lustrous,

but startled too. "Good-by, Linda," he told her. "Good-by, Bwovaboo," she answered. He turned up the trail past the pine.

He did not know that she stood watching him a long time, her hands clasped over her breast.

#### CHAPTER XIII

Miles farther than Linda's cabin, clear beyond the end of the trail that Duncan took, past even the highest ridge of Trail's End and in the region where the little rivers that ran into the Umpqua have their starting place, is a certain land of Used to Be. It isn't a land of the Present Time at all. It is a place that has never grown old.

When a man passes the last outpost of civilization, and the shadows of the unbroken woods drop over him, he is likely to forget that the year is nineteen hundred and twenty, and that the day before yesterday he had seen an airplane passing over his house. The world seems to have kicked off its thousand-thousand years as a warm man at night kicks off covers; and all things are just as they used to be. It is the Young World-a world of beasts rather than men, a world where the hand of man has not yet been felt.

On this particular early-September day, the age-old drama of the wilderness was in progress. It was a drama of untamed passions and bloodshed, strife and carnage and lust and rapine; and it didn't, unfortunately, have a particularly happy ending. The players were beasts, not men. The only human being anywhere in the near vicinity was the old trapper, Hudson, following down his trap line on the creek margin on the way to his camp. It is true that two other men, with a rather astounding similarity of purpose, were at present coming down two of the long trails that led to the region; but as yet the drama was hidden from their eyes. One of the two was Bruce, coming from Linda's cabin. One was Dave Turner, approaching from the direction of the Ross estates. Turner was much the nearer. Curiously, both had

business with the trapper Hudson. The action of the play was calm at first. Mostly the forest creatures were still in their afternoon sleep. The does and their little spotted fawns were sleeping; the Macktall deer had not yet sought the feeding grounds on the ridges. The cougar yawned in his lair, the wolf dozed in his covert, even the poison-people lay like long shadows on the hot rocks. An old raccoon wakened from his place on a high limb, stretched himself, scratched at his fur, then began to steal down the limb. He had a long way to go before dark. Hunting was getting poor in this part of the woods. He believed be would wander down toward Hudson's camp and look for crayfish in the water. A coyote is usually listed among the larger forest creatures, but early though the hour was early, that is, for hunters to be

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