

HALSEY ENTERPRISE 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 organization \$8,863,848 in the past year in 521 jurisdictions with 42,831 members.

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 out-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 surrendered their charters, a net loss of 61 unions.

All this strike money was paid by union members; but it had to come first from employers, who were obliged to get it by the increase of prices charged their customers, so the \$10,000,000 was added to the general H. C. L.

The strikes of the coal miners and the railroad unions cost still more millions than that the printers' strikes, and the average citizen has it all added to his burdens.

The railroad shop workers struck against a reduction of wages that would have amounted to \$50,000,000 a year. They have lost \$100,000,000 in wages and their jobs.

They demanded that the railroad labor board allow them what 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 fact that all the production 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 poverty.

The average farmer or today receives less than one-third what the union declares is a living wage, while selfish, clamorous 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.

The striking railroad shopmen claim that when they strike they remain employes of the company! They were free to quit work, and they did so. By no stretch of imagination can they be considered entitled to re-employment, though it is offered to them and they may accept.

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

reduced some millions, the public paying slightly more than now and supporters of private schools a great deal less. We have here the anomaly of a class of people protesting against being relieved of a portion of their burdens by the public treasury.

Increased wages (to strike-breakers) 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. Cigarettes have burned stores, factories and thousands of acres of forest, but they have not reached their limit.

The Southern Pacific is moving more freight than ever before, with no increase in accidents, which makes the claim of the unions that the equipment was going to the dogs because of the shopmen's strike look like a fairy story.

The compulsory education law would relieve setarians of all the expense they now bear in giving their young a general education and leave them free to teach dogma as much as they choose.

A Portland Journal headline says that Hall, as a gubernatorial candidate, "hangs like a sword" over the republican party. Perhaps they would rather see him hang that way than not at all.

Oregon has \$60,000,000 invested in hard-surfaced roads. Prudence dictates watchful care of them.—Albany Herald.

House, barn and small pasture for rent by the month on F. M. Maxwell farm.

Will trade a GOOD HACK for OATS or PIG or something of value I can use and you can't.

You name your salary. We pay it, should you become disabled by any accident or any sickness.

FOR RENT 400-Acre Farm Fair buildings. Three miles from Halsey.



If there is a question about your child's reading glasses, bring him to us before school commences and we will correct the deficiency.

E. B. Meade Optometrist ALBANY, OREG. Harold Albro, Manufacturing optician.

Did you ever buy at a cash store? Do you know why Rogoway's prices are lowest? Because his is a cash store.

Winter is at hand. We are selling size 22 HEATER STOVES, nickel plated, cast bottom and top, regular price \$27.50. \$19.50

ROGOWAY sells for cash and gives no premiums. Big stock of all kinds of furniture Everything at lower prices.

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

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

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl 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 crossroads 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 listens 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 Rosses. Linda 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 fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, 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.

Ranges & Heaters

You should not miss this place if in need of a new range or heater this fall. We have the largest assortment of each in Linn county and can supply your wants at a

Big Saving in Price Iron Beds Springs Mattresses Dressers Chiffoniers Bedroom Sets Dining Room Sets All at New Low Prices.

BARTCHER & ROHRBAUGH ALBANY FURNITURE EXCHANGE Albany Oregon

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 least—barring out accidents. But if you think it is best—you can start out today."

Bruce was a man who made decisions quickly. "Then I'll start—right away. 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 simple 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 the old woman with a great deal of intuition, or else memories from her own girlhood of long and long ago. He did want a word alone with this

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

"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 intimate—than shake your hand."

Her answer was to put 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 the Present Time. 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 blacktail 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-peeps lay like long shadows on the hot rocks.

An old raccoon awakened 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 he 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



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

HALSEY STATE BANK Halsey, Oregon CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000 Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

HALSEY RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE Seven-room house, good barn, one block of land, plenty of fruit. Price \$300, \$250 down, balance \$15 per month. See Jay W. Moore, Realtor.