

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Sept. 21, 1922

A HELL ON EARTH

A Turkish government is a hell on earth. Whoever dares deny that Mohammed is the prophet of God is deemed an enemy of God and it is held the duty of good Mohammedans to slay unbelievers, and no form of torture is deemed an improper accompaniment of such slaughter.

The nominal head of the Turkish government is the recognized head of the Mohammedan religion. He is today a prisoner of the allies in the late war, but all of Turkey in Asia is in a nominal revolt against him and at actual war with the civilized world.

In the late war Turkey took the wrong side, and when kaiserism fell she was defeated and acknowledged her defeat and made a treaty with the victors accordingly.

The United States had not declared war with Turkey, and was in position to accept a mandate over the Christian nation of Armenia and deal peaceably with the Turks, who recognized the Armenian nation.

The president of the United States stood as the most respected, most beloved and consequently most powerful man of this or any other age. He was able to force the self-seeking nations which stood as world victors to recognize a new era in which the rights of man were to be superior to the mailed fist in international affairs. It was the first time that this had been possible, and it may be the last.

But our president chanced to belong to the political party which was in the minority, and for partisan advantage he and all that he had accomplished were sacrificed. The league of nations was scrapped. The Armenian mandate was refused.

Then the Turks in Asia took heart. The one nation which commanded their respect stood aloof and they organized a career of blood and lust which, beginning with the butchery of the Greeks and Armenians in the east and north of Asia Minor, has swept the country, ending in the capture of Smyrna and the slaughter in cold blood of the people, who had been promised protection, and the burning of all of the Christian portion of the city.

And the United States administration folds its arms and says: "It is no affair of ours."

The blood of actually millions of slaughtered innocents is on her head. She could have prevented this horror, "inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these ye did it not unto me."

A jihad, or holy war (Moslems against unbelievers) was threatened, or perhaps ordered, by the shiek ul Islam during the late world war, but the fortunes of Turkey were doubtful and beyond some outbreaks of sedition in Egypt and India there was but faint response. A different face is seen on affairs today. Britain has permitted or helped, and France has helped the Turks to drive the Greeks from Asia and Mohammedanism lifts its head.

We are liable to see them in actual warfare with the so-called Christian nations of the old world very soon. Russia has an army and very little else, and that army will be on the side of the Turks. It takes no stretch of the imagination to picture the Mohammedan people, who outnumber the Christians in the world, sweeping vic-

torious over the whole of Europe. When that times comes what is to prevent the victors from subduing America, as Germany might have done if she had triumphed in the late war?

Yet our government passes by on the other side and says: "These are not our neighbors. It is no affair of ours!"

TAX-EATING COMMISSIONS

The Enterprise in its last issue copied some remarks of Joseph Patterson, published in the Yaquina Bay News, in which he said that a large number of taxpayers of Benton county had petitioned the game warden to drop the notorious Winkley case, which had already cost Benton county \$2000 in an appeal trial which resulted in a hung jury. Mr. Patterson said: "The request of the taxpayers was not granted; the game warden was not paying the taxes."

The case was tried last week and the jury put an end to the farce by acquitting the defendant.

Game and fish commissions are among the outstanding causes of our high burden of taxation, and we cannot get rid of the forty costly and useless commissions as long as we continue to re-elect the legislators who have created and continued them. The public pays more for graft than for service in both federal and state government.

With Germany potentially on ally of the Turk, as she was in the world war, and with soviet Russia, which is cruel and bloodthirsty as the Turk, openly throwing all her power on the same side, anti-Turkish Europe has a giant-size job on its hands.

Again the stand-pat republicans attest their joy over the nomination of a freak for the federal senate. This time it's Poindexter.

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a 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 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 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 kidnapped 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.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV

Simon Turner had given Dave very definite instructions concerning his embassy to Hudson. "The first thing this Bruce will do," Simon had said, "is to hunt up Hudson—the one living man that witnessed that agreement between Ross and old Folger. One reason is that he'll want to verify Linda's story. The next is to persuade the old man to go down to the courts with him as his witness. And what you have to do is line him up for our side first."

"You think—" Dave's eyes wandered about the room, "you think that's the best way?"

"I wouldn't be tellin' you to do it if I didn't think so," Simon laughed—a sudden, grim syllable. "Dave, you're a bloodthirsty devil. I see what you're thinking of—a safer way to keep him from telling. But you know the word I sent out. 'Go easy!' That's the wisest course to follow at present. The valley people pay more attention to such things than they used to; and the fewer the killings, the wiser we will be. If he'll keep quiet for the hundred let him have it in peace."

Dave hadn't forgotten. But his features were sharper and more rattlelike than ever when he came in sight of Hudson's camp, just after the fall of darkness of the second day out. The trapper was cooking his simple meal—a blue grouse frying in his skillet, coffee boiling, and flapjack batter ready for the moment the grouse was done. Dave's thoughts returned to the hundred dollars in his pocket—a good sum in the hills. A brass rifle cartridge, such as he could fire in the thirty-three that he carried in the hollow of his arm, cost only about six cents. The net gain would be—the figures flew quickly through his mind—ninety-nine dollars and ninety-four cents; quite a good piece of business for Dave. But the trouble was that Simon might find out. The word had gone out, for the present at least, to "go easy." Such little games as occurred to Dave now—as he watched the trapper in the frelight with one hundred dollars of the clan's money in his own pocket—had been prohibited until further notice.

The thing looked so simple that Dave squirmed all over with annoyance. It hurt him to think that the hundred dollars that he carried was to be passed over, without a wink of an eye, to this bearded trapper; and

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the only return for it was to be a promise that Hudson would not testify in Bruce's behalf. And a hundred dollars was real money! Just a little matter of a single glance down his rifle barrel at the figure in the silhouette of the fire glow—and a half-ounce of pressure on the hair trigger. Half



Dave Helped Himself to the Food of the Man That, a Moment Before, He Would Have Slain.

jesting with himself, he dropped on one knee and raised the weapon. The trapper did not guess his presence. The blood leaped in Dave's veins.

But he caught himself with a wrench. He realized that Simon had spoken true when he said that the old days were gone, that the arm of the law reached farther than formerly, and it might even stretch to this far place. He remembered Simon's instructions. "The quieter we can do these things, the better," the clan leader had said. "If we can get through to October thirtieth with no killings, the safer it is for us. Go easy, Dave. Sound this Hudson out. If he'll keep still for a hundred, let him have it in peace."

Dave slipped his rifle into the hollow of his arm and continued on down the trail. He didn't try to stalk. In a moment Hudson heard his step and looked up. They met in a circle of frelight.

It is not the mountain way to fraternize quickly, nor are the mountain men quick to show astonishment. Hudson had not seen another human being since his last visit to the settlements. Yet his voice indicated no surprise at this visitation.

"Howdy," he grunted.

"Howdy," Dave replied. "How about grub?"

"Help yourself. Supper just ready."

Dave helped himself to the food of the man that, a moment before, he would have slain; and in the light of the high fire that followed the meal, he got down to the real business of the visit.

"I suppose you've forgotten that little deed you witnessed between old Mat Folger and Ross—twenty years ago," Dave began easily, his pipe between his teeth.

Hudson turned with a cunning glitter in his eyes. Dave saw it and grew bolder. "Who wants me to forget it?" Hudson demanded.

"I ain't said that anybody wants you to," Dave responded. "I asked you if you had."

Hudson was still a moment, stroking absently his beard. "If you want to know," he said, "I ain't forgotten. But there wasn't just a deed. There was an agreement, too."

"I know all about that agreement," Dave confessed.

"You do, eh? So do I. I ain't likely to forget."

"Dave studied him closely. "What good is it going to do you to remember?" he demanded.

"I ain't saying that it's going to do me any good. At present I ain't got nothing against the Turners. They've always been all right to me. What's between them and the Rosses is past and done—although I know just in what way Folger held that land and no transfer from him to you was legal. But that's all part of the past. As long as the Turners continue to be my friends I don't see why anything should be said about it."

Dave speculated. It was wholly plain that the old man had not yet heard of Bruce's return. There was no need to mention him. "We're glad you are our friend," Dave went on. "But we don't expect no one to stay friends with us unless they benefit to some small extent by it. How many furs do you hope to take this year?"

"Not enough to pay to pack out. Maybe two hundred dollars in bounties before New Year—coyotes and wolves."

"Then, maybe fifty or seventy-five dollars, without bothering to set the traps, wouldn't come in so bad."

"It wouldn't come in bad, but it doesn't buy much these days. A hundred would be better."

"A hundred it is," Dave told him with finality.

The eyes above the dark hood shone in the frelight. The money changed hands. They sat a long time, deep in their own thoughts.

"All we ask," Dave said, "is that you don't take sides against us."

"I'll remember. Of course you want me in case I'm ever subpoenaed, to recall signing the deed, itself."

"Yes, we'd want you to testify to that."

"Of course."

They chuckled together in the darkness. Then they turned to the blankets.

"I'll show you another trail out tomorrow," Hudson told him. "It comes into the gien that you passed tonight—the canyon that the Killer has been using lately for a hunting ground."

CHAPTER XV

The Killer had had an unsuccessful night. It had waited the long hours through at the mouth of the trail, but only the Little People—such as the rabbits and similar folk—that hardly constituted a single bite in his great jaws—had come his way. Now it was morning and it looked as if he would have to go hungry. He started to stretch his great muscles, intending to leave his ambush. But all at once he froze again into a lifeless gray patch in the thickets. There were light steps on the trail. Again they were the steps of deer—but not of the great, wary elk this time. Instead it was just a fawn, or a yearling doe at least, such a creature as had not yet learned to suspect every turn in the trail. The forest gods had been good to him, after all.

He peered through the thickets, and in a moment more he had a glimpse of the spotted skin. It was almost too easy. But even as the Killer watched, the prize was simply taken out of his mouth. A gray wolf—a savage old male that also had just finished an unsuccessful hunt—had been stealing through the thickets in search of a lair, and he came out on the trail only fifty feet distant, halfway between the bear and the fawn. The one was almost as surprised as the other. The fawn turned with a frightened bleat and darted away; the wolf swung into pursuit.

The bear lunged forward with a howl of rage. He leaped into the trail mouth, then ran as fast as he could in pursuit of the running wolf. He was too enraged to stop to think that a grizzly bear has never yet been able to overtake a wolf, once the trim legs got well into action. At first he couldn't think about anything; he had been cheated too many times. His first impulse was one of treacherous