

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Sept. 28, 1922

THE GOVERNORSHIP

The opposing candidates for the governorship are Ben W. Olcott, republican and present incumbent, and Walter M. Pierce, democrat.

Pierce is asking, as will be seen in an advertisement in this paper, for contributions of \$1 each from his friends. The \$5000 which an Ashland enthusiast sent is a good nucleus.

Last evening at Albany, too late for a report in this week's paper, Mr. Pierce's Ashland admirer was to give a "non-partisan" dinner at which the candidate would "express his opinions on current state issues."

Mr. Olcott has made good as governor. His best work has been with the veto ax. His worst was in turning loose on the treasury and the state in general, on two occasions, the rapacious horde called the legislature.

All the candidates for all the offices declare, as has been the custom for many years, that they favor a reduction of taxation. And in all those years each successive legislature has increased the expenses and consequently the tax rate.

What we would all like to hear would be a statement as to how the taxes are to be lessened. Will any candidate dare a battle with the political machine behind which the recently doubled tax-eating fish and game commissions or any of the other useless or worse than useless commissions is entrenched?

Will an Ajax be found to defy the grafters' lightning and propose a reduction of the army of private secretaries and typewriters and stenographers and pages and other attendants on the legislature who do little and draw much pay?

No. They promise to cut the taxes but keep up the plum supply, and they can not fulfill.

Pierce espouses the compulsory education amendment, which has the misfortune to be also favored by Hall and the K. K. K. The fact that it proposes a step forward in Americanism is likely to be lost sight of by many who will oppose it as an emanation from an "invisible empire," which no true American will tolerate.

Sam Garland, democratic candidate for the senate from this county, would pare off some of the frills from our schools, letting girls learn to sew and cook at home, for example. He also points out that all taxpayers are assessed to support the higher institutions of learning, where only a small percentage of the youth are or could be educated, and thinks the burden should be distributed more in accordance with the benefits.

The bugaboo of the increased cost to the public if all children are compelled to attend the public schools is composed of froth. In the majority of cases the children now in private schools would be apportioned to existing classes and instructed without an additional teacher or an additional dollar of expense.

There has been a great deal of self-congratulation in this country over the "success" of the Washington peace conference. Its principal accomplishment was an agreement to limit in number certain types of naval vessels. Several of the signing nations had ships in excess of the limit, which they agreed to scrap. But when?

Not one of them has been scrapped to date. And the recent (or present) near-east war cloud has led to a statement that they will not be—at least at present. The nations are scrapping, but not their own navies. They are, as they always have been, scrapping among themselves.

There are 50,000,000 bushels in the farmers' wheat pool that speculators are not playing ducks and drakes with. If this co-operation keeps up the farmers will come to have something to say about the price and not leave that question entirely to the buyers.

Linn Winners at State Fair.

At the state fair in the boys' and girls' club livestock contest Ted McCart of Harrisburg won first in division one of Holsteins, C. Cornutt of Shedd first in the fourth division of shorthorns and Allen Gilkey of Scio won first in the fifth division, shorthorns. Karl Danner of Shedd won first in the fat steer special, shorthorns. In the sheep divisions Millard Shelton of Scio was first in division one and Dale Drinkard of Harrisburg first in division two.

D. F. Burge of Albany in the Percheron classes of the horse division won herd sire, second; 4-year-old stallion, first; yearling stallion, second; 10-year-old brood mare, first; 5-year brood mare, second and fourth; 4-year mare, first and second; filly under 1 year, first and second; produce of mare, first; best stud, first. In the same division C. R. Weber of Brownsville won 2-year stallion, second and third; stallion under 1 year, first.

In the Chester white classes of the swine division Ed. Shoel of Albany won 2-year boar, second; 18-month boar, second; yearling boar, third; 6-month boar, second; 18-months boar, second; 2-year-old sow, second; yearling sow, third; 6-month-old sow, first, and junior and grand champion sow on Buster's Vesta 286270.

In the same classes were won by C. S. Sargent of Scio, 2-year-old boar, third; yearling boar, second; 6-month-old boar, fourth; boar under six months, fifth; 18-month-old sow, first and second; 2-year-old sow, fifth; 6-month-old sow, fifth; senior champion sow on Sadie 102015.

Bolton and Landers of Albany won first on 18-month old boar of the Chester Whites.

In the Duroc Jersey classes prizes went to M. Averhoff of Lebanon for 2-year-old boar, third; yearling boar, second; 6-month-old boar, fifth; boar under 6 months, third.

Harold Mullen of Lebanon won second on boar under six months.

In the dairy Jersey classes, Warren Grey of Jefferson won fourth in the senior bull calf class. In Holsteins C. R. Evans of Halsey won fourth in the 2-year-old bull class and first in the yearling bull class. George A. McCart of Harrisburg won fourth in the yearling bull class.

D. H. Looney of Harrisburg won on Oxford Down sheep 2-year-old ram, first and fourth; yearling ram, first and second; 2-year-old ewe, second and fourth; yearling ewe, first and second; flock, first and third; flock bred by exhibitor, first and second; pen of four lambs, either sex, first and third; pen of four lambs bred by exhibitor, first and third; get of sire, first and second; produce of ewe, first and second; champion ram, any age. Dale Drinkard of Harrisburg won fourth in the ewe lamb class.

Frank Kirk was at the Salem fair Friday.

Modern Barber Shop Laundry sent Tuesdays Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing ABE'S PLACE

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How One Robber Died.

When those Corvallis youths made their first essay to rob the Halsey bank they lost heart and fled. They stole E. B. Penland's fine auto in which to make their getaway, but ran it in the mud and left it. Sheriff Kendall prophetically remarked to Deputy Walton: "Those fellows will try it again. Look out for them."

When they came again they began work on the bank door about midnight. Delos Clark heard them and from the Clark home could see them. He called Bert Clark, who notified Walton and the bank officials by phone through central. In telephoning Koontz phone was rung and the amateur burglars took alarm and slowly went north on First street, then west to second, south on second and across to and back up First to Koontz' store, next door to the bank, where they halted.

Walton and President Koontz, Vice-President Taylor and Cashier Bond, with Mr. Clark, were in hiding, expecting the boys would come back.

Walton stepped in front of the car, covered it with a shotgun and told them he was a deputy sheriff and they were under arrest.

The glare of the auto lights made him conspicuous and partially blinded him, so he stepped to the side of the car and ordered them out. Instead they started the car with a rush, but fired from under the seat at Walton as they went, missing him and sending a bullet into the railroad office, as has been stated. After they had gone about thirty yards Walton blazed away as the car sped out of sight.

He was asked afterwards, "Why didn't you shoot?" "I did," he replied. "Why didn't you shoot to hit?" "I did; you'll find marks of the shot in the car at least."

Those marks were later found

in the body of a dead bandit. Walton is now a candidate for sheriff.

FOR SALE 50 Blackface Ewes, from 1 to 3 years old. Big, fine ewes, registered. Or will let out on shares 25 old ewes, or at \$2.50 per head. 2 grade Jersey heifers to freshen this fall.

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The Strength of the Pines By Edison Marshall Author of "The Voice of the Pack" Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

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 promptly to southern Oregon—to meet "Linda." CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but hazy 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 deduced his lands to Matthew Folger, had deduced his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confer 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.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts. CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the former's traps. A wolf, caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feast, the brute strikes down Hudson, on his way to Hudson, shoots and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him. CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him. (Continued) She got up from her chair and moved over to the little pack she had carried on her back when she had walked up from her cabin. Linda still gazed at her in growing wonder. The long years seemed to have fallen away from her; she slipped across the uncarpeted floor with the agility and silence of a tiger. She always had given the impression of latent power, but never so much as now. She took some little object from the bag and slipped it next to her withered and scrawny breast. "What do you want?" she called out into the gloom. Dave had been getting a little restless in the silence; but the voice reassured him. "I'll tell you when you open

the door. It's something about Bruce." Linda remembered him then. She leaped to the door and flung it wide. She saw the stars without, the dark fringe of pines against the sky line behind. But most of all she saw the cunning, sharp-featured face of Dave Turner, with the candlelight upon him. The yellow beams were in his eyes, too. They seemed full of guttering lights. The few times that Linda had talked to Dave she had always felt uneasy beneath his speculative gaze. The same sensation swept over her now. She knew perfectly what she would have had to expect, long since, from this man, were it not that he had lived in fear of his brother Simon. The mighty leader of the clan had set a barrier around her as far as personal attentions went—and his reasons were obvious. The mountain girls do not usually attain her perfection of form and face; his desire for her was as jealous as it was intense and real. This dark-hearted man of great and terrible emotions did not only know how to hate. In his own savage way he could love too. Linda had loved and feared him, but the emotion was wholly different from the dread and abhorrence with which she regarded f. Dave. "What about Bruce?" she demanded. Dave leered. "Do you want to see him? He's lying—up there on the hill." The tone was knowing, edged with cruelty; and it had the desired effect. The color swept from the girl's face. In a single fraction of an instant it showed stark white in the candlelight. There was an instant's sensation of terrible cold. But her voice was hard and lifeless when she spoke. "You mean you've killed him?" she asked simply. "We ain't killed him. We've just been teaching him a lesson," Dave explained. "Simon warned him not to come up—and we've had to talk to him a little—with fists and heels." Linda cried out then, one agonized syllable. She knew what fists and heels could do in the fights between the mountain men. They are as much weapons of torture as the claws and fangs of the Killer. She had an instant's dread picture of this strong man of hers lying maimed and broken, a battered, whimpering, ineffective thing in the moonlight of some distant hillside. The vision brought knowledge to her. Even more clearly than in the second of their kiss, before he had gone to see Hudson, she realized what an immutable part of her he was. She gazed with growing horror at Dave's leering face. "Where is he?" she asked. She rememered, with singular steadfastness, the pistol she had concealed in her own room. "I'll show you. If you want to get him in you'd better bring the old key with you. It'll take two of you to carry him." "I'll come," the old woman said from across the shaded room. She spoke with a curious breathlessness. "I'll go at once." The door closed behind the three of them, and they went out into the moonlit forest. Dave walked first. It was wholly characteristic of him that he should find a degenerate rapture in showing these two women, the terrible handwork of the Turners. He rejoiced in just this sort of cruelty. Linda had no suspicion that this exhibition was only a pretext to get the two women away from the house, and that his eagerness arose from deeper causes. It was true that Dave exulted in the work, and strangely the fact that it was part of the plot against Bruce had been almost forgotten in the face of a greater emotion. He was alone in the darkness with Linda—except of course for a helpless old woman—and the command of Simon in regard to his attitude toward her seemed suddenly dim and far away. He led them over a hill, into the deeper forest. So intent was he that he quite failed to observe a singular little signal between old Elmira and Linda. The wo-