

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Nov. 9, 1922

CROSS AND CRECENT

The Angora government of Turkey has formally deposed the sultan and declared the position elective instead of hereditary.

Other Mohammedan nations declare that if a sultan is to be elected they must have a vote.

How these developments will affect the world relations between Mohammedans and Christians remains to be seen.

Meanwhile the Turkish nationalist government at Angora has smashed the treaty it entered into at Mudania after it declared itself not bound by previous treaties.

It has been jokingly claimed that when equal rights are fully enjoyed by the sexes the men will do their share of the childbearing.

Albert Garness, 19, speared a giant devil fish from a rowboat near Gig harbor and the creature dragged him overboard and drowned him.

On the opening day of the livestock show at Portland 26,000, a large proportion of them children, attended.

In the English elections the labor party, which has had things all its own way, was overwhelmingly defeated.

Oregon has thus far paid \$1,288,199.54 for education of ex-soldiers.

The rebel Fascisti have come out on top with the last heavy of politics in Italy.

Twenty thousand deer have been killed by hunters during the season, also more than all the deer outdoors were worth.

Olcott would have fared better if he had left Tom Kay and his mud at home when he went campaigning.

Those who claim the school act is unconstitutional will now have a chance to find out.

The farmers are exasperated, and they voted for a farmer for governor.

Whisper to the Oregonian that Andy Gump has been elected governor.

HUNTERS and FARMERS

Views of the Eugene Register and a Ruralist

A rural subscriber sent some comments on an editorial article under the caption "Hunters and Trespassers" in a recent number of the Enterprise.

The Eugene Register, which has a habit of discussing subjects from a stand-point of safety and sanity also has something to say on the subject, which will be found farther down in this column.

I am greatly puffed up with pride to learn that all those pavements and sidewalks and electric lights in the city were provided for the farmers to enjoy.

But I have a business proposition to make to my sportsmen friends: If they will guarantee to pay me the actual amount of damage done by hunters to farmers property, animate and inanimate, in Linn county in a year I will give bonds for payment for all the damage done in town to grounds, sidewalks, etc., by farmers through the driving of stock or otherwise.

I am aging, but have not saved enough on the farm to warrant me in retiring from hard work. If such an agreement as I have outlined were made and carried out in good faith I believe I should make enough profit out of it to enable me to go to town to reside and help to provide sidewalks and pavements and electric lights for the benefit of farmers who came to town to try to sell enough of their products for cash to enable them to pay their taxes.

Down at Halsey they are debating the reciprocal rights of farmers and townspeople. A citizen of the town—who discreetly withholds his name—writes to the Enterprise that in his opinion the farmer who objects to the town man coming out in the country to hunt is overlooking something.

To this the Enterprise retorts, sensibly enough, that individual grievances cannot be settled by any such general rule of reciprocity. The farmer whose cattle trample the city man's lawn, it says, may not have a pheasant on his place, and the man whose lawn is marred by the browsing cows might not know which end of a gun to point at the bird if he should go hunting.

True enough, and in addition it might be well to point out another spot where the before-mentioned citizen's argument is leaky. So far as the farmer is concerned, the city hunters can stay at home for the next century and there will be neither suffering nor sorrow in the rural districts. But just let the farmers of the Halsey country stay at home and refrain from using the city sidewalks and lights and even occasionally letting a fret-

ful heifer break away and trample a flower garden and the wail that would go up from the town could be heard across the mountains. The town provides its conveniences for the specific use of those who come there to buy, while the farmer doesn't till his fields for the specific purpose of raising pheasants for the city sport to shoot. There's a difference.

Early in the game Charles Hall koquetted with the kliegles and kommanders of the Ku Klux Klan and was conquered and kerfummixed and completely kicked out of Oregon politics.

Pierce's tax talk struck a responsive chord with the voters.

'Rah for Andy Gump!

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The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack" Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS

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 imperceptibly 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. 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 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, 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, Bruce, 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 swallows him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave, and at her command, after securing the document, Linda leaves them alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Bruce finds a note, presumably from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turners.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to leave him, bound, in a pasture on the spot where the Killer had slain and captured a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.

CHAPTER XXI.—Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death.

CHAPTER XXII.—Simon makes Linda an offer of marriage. The girl refuses, telling him she loves Bruce. Enraged, the man brutally strikes her, and leaves. The girl is confident he will go to Bruce, and she follows him.

CHAPTER XXIII

The shadow that Bruce saw at the edge of the forest could not be mistaken as to identity. The hopes that he had held before—that this stalking figure might be that of a deer or an elk—could no longer be entertained. Men, as a rule, do not love the wild and waiting sobs of a coyote, as he looks down upon a camp fire from the ridge above. Sleep does not come easily when a gaunt wolf walks in a slow, liquid circle about the pallet, scarcely a leaf rustling beneath his feet. And a few times, in the history of the frontier, men have had queer tinglings and creepings in the scalp when they have happened to glance over their shoulders and see the eyes of a great, tawny puma glowing an odd blue in the frelight. Yet Bruce would have had any one of these, or all three together, in preference to the Killer.

The reason was extremely simple. No words have ever been capable of expressing the depths of cowardice of which a coyote is capable. He will whine and weep about a camp, like a soul lost between two worlds, but if he is in his right mind he would have each one of his gray hairs plucked out, one by one, rather than attack a man. The cunning breed to which he belongs has found out that it doesn't pay. The wolf is sometimes disquietingly brave when he is fortified by his pack brethren in the winter, but in such a season

as this he is particularly careful to keep out of the sight of man. And the Tawny One himself, white-fanged and long-clawed and powerful as he is, never gets farther than certain dreadful, speculative dreams.

But none of these was true of the Killer. He had already shown his scorn of men. His very stride showed that he feared no living creature that shared the forest with him. In fact, he considered himself the forest master. The bear is never a particularly timid animal, and whatever timidity the Killer possessed was as utterly gone as yesterday's daylight.

Bruce watched him with unwinking eyes. It might be that the Killer would fall to discern his outline. Bruce had no conscious knowledge, as yet, that it is movement rather than form to which the eyes of the wild creatures are most receptive. But he acted upon that fact now as if by instinct. He was not lying in quite the exact spot where the Killer had left his dead the preceding night, and possibly his outline was not enough like it to attract the grizzly's attention. Besides, in the intermittent light, it was wholly possible that the grizzly would try to find the remains of his feast by smell alone; and if this were lacking, and Bruce made no movements to attract his attention, he might wander away in search of other game.

For the first time in his life, Bruce knew Fear as it really was. It is a knowledge that few dwellers in cities can possibly have; and so few times has it really been experienced in these days of civilization that men have mostly forgotten what it is like. If they experience it at all, it is usually only in a dream that arises from the germ-plasm—a nightmare to paralyze the muscles and chill the heart and freeze a man in his bed. The moon was strange and white as it slipped in and out of the clouds, and the forest, mysterious as Death itself, lightened and darkened alternately with a strange effect of unreality; but for all that, Bruce could not make himself believe that this was just a dream. The dreadful reality remained that the Killer, whose name and works he knew, was even now investigating him from the shadows one hundred feet away.

The fear that came to him was that of the young world—fear without recompense, direct and primitive fear that grew on him like a sickness. It was the fear that the deer knew as they crept down their dusky trails at night; it was the fear of darkness and silence and pain and heaven knows what cruelty that would be visited upon him by those terrible rending fangs and claws. It was the fear that can be heard in the pack song in the dreadful winter season, and that can be felt in strange overtones, in the sobbing wail of despair that the coyote utters in the half-darkness. He had been afraid for his life every moment he was in the hands of the Turners. He knew that if he survived this night, he would have to face death again. He had no hopes of deliverance altogether. But the Turners were men, and they worked with knife blade and bullet, not rending fang and claw. He could face men bravely; but it was hard to keep a strong heart in the face of this ancient fear of beasts.

The Killer seemed disturbed and moved slowly along the edge of the moonlight. Bruce could trace his movements by the irregularity in the line of shadows. He seemed to be moving more cautiously than ever, now. Bruce could not hear the slightest sound.

For an instant he had an exultant hope that the bear would continue on down the edge of the forest and leave him; and his heart stood still as the great beast paused, sniffing. But some smell in the air seemed to reach him, and he came stealing back.

In reality, the Killer was puzzled. He had come to this place straight through the forest with the expectation that food—flesh to tear with his fangs—would be waiting for him. And now, as he waited at the border of the darkness, he knew that a strange change had taken place. And the Killer did not like strangeness.

The smell that he had expected had dimmed to such an extent that it promoted no muscular impulse. Perhaps it was only obliterated by a stranger smell—one that was vaguely familiar and awakened a slow, brooding anger in his great beast's heart.

He was not timid; yet he retained some of his natural caution and remained in the gloom while he made his investigations. Probably it was a hunting instinct alone. He crept slowly up and down the border of moonlight, and his anger seemed to grow and deepen within him. He felt dimly that he had been cheated out of his meal. And once before he had been similarly cheated; but there had been singular triumph at the end of that experience.

All at once a movement far across the pasture, caught his attention. It seemed that some one had come, taken one glance at the drama at the edge of the forest, and had departed. Bruce himself had not seen the figure; and perhaps it was the mercy of Fate—not usually merciful—that he did not. He might have been caused to hope again, only to know a deeper despair when the man left him without giving aid. For the tall form had been that of Simon coming, as Linda had anticipated, for a moment's inspection of his handiwork. And seeing that it was good, he had departed again.

The grizzly watched him go, then turned back to his questioning regard