

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Nov. 16, 1922

WHY THE FLOP?

What caused the increase of the democratic vote at republican expense in Oregon this year? The K. K. K. had little to do with it. That organization did not carry the school bill nor elect Pierce. In Portland, where the school bill got the biggest majority, the two K. K. K. candidates for county commissioner were badly defeated. The K. K. K. influence evidently counted for little, one way or the other.

It was not the religious issue, for there really was not any such issue. The school bill was not an attack on any creed. It the act is sustained by the courts it will not interfere with anybody's religious liberty. Governor Olcott's efforts to have the law enforced against night-riding criminals was not an invocation of religious prejudice, as was falsely proclaimed on the stump and by the press. It was not even directed against the klansmen, unless they were responsible for the crimes against which it was directed, and they say they were not.

The voters marked their ballots with their minds on their tax bills. Pierce promised a reduction and Olcott didn't, so they voted for Pierce. The latter will find it a big contract to give them what they expect.

The high taxes caused the change of vote. The party which was in suffered because it was in, not because of the party label it wore.

In the nation the same situation is seen. The party that was in power was blamed for all the evils we see, from the danger of another world war to the shame of the Newberry case, and voters, especially those from the farms, struck a blow at the party that was in. And the end is not yet.

IT WILL NOT DOWN

The election has put a new face on national affairs and their aspect towards American duty and expediency.

It has become more probable that the democrats will be able to make the league of nations an issue in the next presidential campaign.

Meeting in New York immediately after the election, the National Civic Federation congress declared of the world war:

America took a leading part in the great struggle and must bear her share of the responsibility for the settlement that followed.

That congress recommended "co-operation with the league of nations in all humanitarian endeavor."

At this session Samuel Gompers, sane again for once, declared that "America's entrance in the league of nations would have prevented Turkey from trying to assume the role she has taken in European affairs."

Methodist Episcopal church Bishop James J. Cannon jr. at the same meeting said the duty of the United States was to oppose with armed force the Turks in Europe.

Woodrow Wilson comes back from the brink of the grave and startles the opposition as much as though he had entered it and had come back a ghost. He says:

While we prescribed to the conditions of the armistice we did not concur in the establishment of permanent peace. That, of course, was brought about by a group in the United States senate who preferred personal partisan motives

to the honor of the country and the peace of the world.

Hiram Johnson looms as a dangerous rival of Mr. Harding for the next republican nomination. Hiram would represent a transformed party—a progressive republican party with the reactionaries submerged. And he would help to make the league of nations the paramount issue in the campaign, for the other party would be morally certain to declare for membership in the league, which is anathema to Hiram.

The league is an issue that will not go down. The Portland Oregonian says: Though the Harding administration is pledged by the republican platform to "agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world" and to "such agreements with the other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity," its action in that direction has been confined to the holding of the Washington conference and to the signature of the treaties negotiated there. The condition of Europe and western Asia is still fraught with far more danger to peace, civilization and humanity, but the administration has taken the position of a mere looker-on. That part of the world should be its principal field of action in carrying out its pledges, but it [the United States government] has stood aloof while the nations with which it should have co-operated and to which it has abandoned the task of restoring peace and of preserving civilization have drifted apart through conflicts of national interest which this nation, by reason of its detached, disinterested position, might have brought to a compromise. The consequence has been that one of the defeated nations sullenly refuses to perform its obligations on the plea of inability, another has been dismembered and two of the fragments have been drifting to bankruptcy, and a third now insolently defies the victors. In doing nothing to prevent this waste of the fruits of victory the administration did not "meet the full duty of America."

Fred Edwards, a Virginia millionaire, says that Attorney-general Daugherty told him that according to the Newberry decision, he might spend all the money he pleased to yet a nomination for United States senator. So he spent \$36,000 where the state law made the limit \$75 in each county, or \$4125 for the state. A judge disfranchised him for three years. Now he has appealed. The Newberry case will go down into history as one whose influence reached every corner of the country.

Errors were discovered in the California vote as first reported the correction of which gives prohibition a heavy majority. When California goes dry and stays dry there is not much hope for the wets in the country.

Just wise the party had got Poindexter tamed so he would eat from their hands the people deprived them of the reward for all that labor by retiring him to private life.

If you don't believe the farmers are getting their mad up, look at the solid democratic delegation from republican Linn county in house and senate.

One K. K. K. victory is in prospect. K. K. Kubli of Portland is slated for speaker of the Oregon assembly.

Local Election Figures

The following two paragraphs were intended for last week's Enterprise but were unwittingly side-tracked. Some readers may find them of interest at this date:

In the Halsey city election Clark got 97 votes for mayor, Cross 118 for recorder, Taylor 117 for treasurer, Bramwell 84 and Rector 81 for marshal, and for three councilmen Zimmerman got 81, Mornhinweg 63, Frum 75, Moore 50, Chance 47 and Hill, who was known to be ineligible because he had not resided in the city a year,

Halsey gave Olcott 151, Pierce 173; Curl (for senator) 187, Garland 158; Childs (for representative) 130, Goin 152, Acheson 169, McMahan 188. Childs came in at the tail of the ticket; Dunlap (for sheriff) 148, Richards 17, Templeton 27, Walton 82, Moore 56; Thoms (for county commissioner) 113, Zimmerman 119. Bert Clark got practically all the votes for justice of the peace.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

The Strength of the Pines
By Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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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 Mrs. Ross, summoning him temporarily 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, and 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 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, and 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 and the family with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, were 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 had landed 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 feat, the brute strikes down Hudson, wounds him on his way to Hudson, shoots and kills 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.
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 arm has been murdered by Dave, and at a command, after securely binding the desperado, Linda leaves them alone.
CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Bruce finds a note, presumably from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turner.
CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap and is made prisoner.
CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to rescue the blood-feud, the man, bound up, decides to leave him, bound up, a pasture on the spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten 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 says, "The girl is confident he will go to Bruce, and she follows him."
CHAPTER XXIII.—Near sunrise, in correct, Simon visiting his helpless enemy, to gloat over him. With the Killer as usual, smiting at Bruce's body, Linda, on horseback, arrives, wounds the animal, and carries her lover away.

His anger was in itself a significant thing. In the long, easy-going summer days, Blacktail had almost forgotten what anger was like. He had been content to roam over the ridges, cropping the leaves and grass, avoiding danger and growing fat. But all at once this kind of existence had fallen on him. He felt that he wanted only one thing—not food or drink, or safety—but a good, slashing, hooking, hoof-carving battle with another buck of his own species. An unwanted crossness had come upon him, and his soft eyes burned with a blue fire. He remembered the does, too—with a sudden leap of his blood—and wondered where they were keeping themselves. Being only a beast he did not know that this new belligerent spirit was just as much a sign of fall as the soft blush that was coming on the leaves. The simple fact was that fall means the beginning of the rut—the wild mating days when the bucks battle among themselves and choose their harems of does.
He had rather liked his appearance as he saw himself, in the water of the spring. The last of the velvet had been rubbed from his horns, and the twelve times (six on each horn) were as hard and almost as sharp as so many bayonet points.
As the morning dawned, the change in the face of nature became ever more manifest. The leaves of the shrubbery began to change in color. The wind out of the north had a keener, more biting quality, and the birds were having some sort of exciting debate in the tree tops.
The birds are always a scurried, nervous, rather rattle-brained outfit, and seem wholly incapable of making a decision about anything without hours of argument and discussion. Their days are simply filled with one excitement after another, and they tell more scandal in an hour than the old ladies in a resort manage in the entire summer. This slow transformation in the color of the leaves, and to mention the chill of the frost through their scanty feathers, had created a sensation from one end of birdland to another. And there was only one thing about it. That was to wait until the darkness closed down again, then start away toward the path of the sun in search of their winter resorts in the south.
The Little People in the forest of ferns beneath were not such gay birds, and they did not have such high-flying ideas as these feathered folk in the branches. They didn't talk such foolishness and small talk down to dark. They didn't wear gay clothes that weren't a particle of good to them in cold weather. You can imagine them as being good, substantial, middle-class people, much more sober-minded, tending, strictly to business and working hard, and among other things they saw no need of fitting down to southern resorts for the cold season. These people—being mostly ground squirrels and gophers and chipmunks and rabbits—had not been fitted by nature for wide travel and had made all arrangements for a pleasant winter at home. Yet could almost see a smile on the fat face of a plump little gopher when he came out and found the frost upon the ground; for he knew that for months past he had been putting away a ton for just this season. In the snows that would follow he would simply retire into the farthest recesses of his burrow and let the winds whistle vainly above him.
The larger creatures, however, were less complacent. The wolves—if animals have any powers of foresight whatever—knew that or by hard days, not luscious nuts and roots, were in store for them. There would be many days of hunger once the snow came over the land. The black bear saw the signs and began a desperate effort to lay up as many extra pounds of fat as possible before the snow broke. He would have need of the extra flesh. The time was coming when all sources of food would be cut off by the snow, and he would have to seek the security of hibernation. He had already chosen an underground abode for himself and there he could doze away in the cold-trance through the winter months, subsisting on the supplies of fat that he had stored next to his furry hide. The greatest of all the bears, the Killer, knew that some such fate awaited him also. But he looked forward to it with wretched spirit. He was master of the forest, and perhaps he did not like to yield even to the spirit of winter. His savagery grew upon him every day, and his dislike for men had turned to a veritable hatred. But he had found them off. When he crossed the trail again, he would not wait to strike. They were apt to slip away from him in this case and sting him unmercifully with bullets. The thing to do was charge quickly and strike with all his power. The three minor wounds he had received—two from pistol bullets and one from Bruce's rifle—had not lessened his strength at all. They did, however, serve to keep his blood heat at night.
The flowers and the grasses were dying; the moths that paid calls on the flowers had laid their eggs, and had pounce forth—just beyond the distant mountains. There is nothing so thoroughly unreliable as autumn. It may linger until it is almost time to come again; and again one short bow and usher To Bruce and Linda, get home in Trail's End, these fall