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POOR UNFORTUNATES!

The number of persons who suffer under false accusations in this world is pathetic.

By the Versailles treaty Germany promised, if the cases were left to her, to bring to trial the junkers and war lords responsible for many outrages committed in violation of all rules of warfare in occupied Belgian and French territory. And then she tried them and found them all guiltless except a couple of underlings whom the officials could afford to condemn. Perhaps the Belgians and French poisoned their own wells and destroyed their own orchards, as strikers in this country often claim that employers damage their own property to have something of which to accuse the strikers.

The Turkish troops are accused of having burned the homes of Christians in Smyrna, but they virtuously deny it, saying the Christians set their own homes on fire!

The "trials" at Herrin, Ill., of men accused of murdering thirty or forty strikebreakers in cold blood have been acquitted by a jury of their fellows. Every one of them could produce as many witnesses as desired to prove an alibi. They marched to the mines in hundreds, buying all the pistols there were on sale, and having the price charged to their union, but were peaceable angels. The strikers surrendered and were marched out and murdered by somebody unknown. The poor, injured, slandered strikers didn't do it. It was done by some unknown person who had no grudge against them, just for fun.

And at Medford, too, the alibi was wonderful. The accused klansmen were able to prove any kind of an alibi, or that they never had been klansmen. Anything that was needed in the way of evidence on these lines was produced to order when wanted.

The Portland Oregonian remarks:

Disagreement of the jury which tried William Z. Foster for criminal syndicalism is an omen to all who understand its bearing on the perpetuity of the American form of government.

There is a general resemblance between the lack of definite result in Foster's trial and the results of several other recent trials of like character. Such were the trials of the I. W. W. who murdered members of the American Legion at Centralia; of the perpetrators of the Herrin massacre; of Hendricks, the I. W. W. agitator, at Tillamook. The same idea ran through the case for the defense in each instance—that the accused were champions of a class which suffers wrong at the hands of a government.

This entire propaganda and the theory by which it is justified is of foreign origin. Its sole basis of fact is the system of class privilege that prevailed in the once despotically governed countries of Europe. The doctrines of socialism were born of those conditions and are an attack on them.

There are no classes in this country in the foreign sense. Each man's own merits, efforts, ability decide in which class he shall stand. The way upward is wide open; so is the way downward for those who are incapable of holding the position in which they were born. The way is also open to amend any defects and injustices in our government, and it is not the way of war between classes; it is the way of the ballot, of laws made by the people's representatives, of amendment to the constitution as that instrument provides. What was formerly true of Europe is a base slander when said of America.

A lot of girls have been trying to see which could dance the longest, and the record is over two days and nights. Any one of the

fair contestants would think it inhuman to ask her to do housework eight hours at a stretch, probably.

WILL HARDING SEE IT?

We got a lot of (mis)information about Mr. Pierce's plans, before he took the gubernatorial office, from newswriters who knew almost everything except the truth.

The same class of writers have been telling us all about Mr. Harding's plans, desires and intentions with reference to the next presidential campaign. Probably newspaper readers who have read none of this sort of stuff have a clearer understanding of the situation than those who have cluttered up their mental garrets with it.

But there was one United Press dispatch which came from Washington last Thursday that suggested startling possibilities. It asserted that President Harding intended to right-about-face on the subject of the "scrapped" league of nations. He was to advocate the entry of the United States into the league, with variations in its constitution!

Should this, by a miracle, prove true there would be, on the face of things, no doubt of a second term.

Such a stand would not tend to placate the Johnsons and Borahs, nor, probably, would anything else. Let them go their erratic way. The main gun of the democratic campaign would be spiked, for that gun is advocacy of the league of nations. The majority of the American people wanted their nation in the league. They probably do now. The stampede from that standpoint in 1920 was not a decision against the league, as Lodge and his followers proclaim. Other issues were injected which turned the tide.

Membership of the United States in the league is the fond dream of a war-weary and blood-soaked world. Every nation would be willing to grant material concessions to that end.

The league is accomplishing much good and preventing much bloodshed, but with the most powerful nation of all holding aloof there still is the threat of the most horrible war of all time, the crash of doom to civilization.

With a workable plan for joining the league in its platform the republican party would be invincible in 1924.

But the Washington promise is too good to be possible of fulfillment.

Employment is increasing and wages are on a rise in about every industry except on farms. Prices of farm products remain so low that higher wages cannot be paid. And yet rivers of ink are being shed in discussing "why boys leave the farm." They will keep on leaving until shortage of farm labor leads to shortage of food. Then farm prices will rise to their proper level. It will be a slow and painful process, but it will come.

The supreme court ought to have power to declare an act of congress unconstitutional only by a unanimous vote. Congress is presumed to represent the will of the people and its action ought to stand as long as any member of the highest court believes it constitutional.

Berlin alienists have examined the ex-crown prince, Frederick William, and pronounce him a victim of dementia. Sensible people had the same opinion of him during and after the big war.

CURBING THE SPENDERS.

In all recent years extravagance has been great in all federal departments at Washington. Mr. Harding called in "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes and worked out a budget which the spenders don't like. And congress provided a controller-general of the treasury, to hold office for ten years and to be responsible only to congress. J. R. McCarl of Nebraska is the man, and he appears to have a backbone.

Secretary Denby of the navy ordered the pay of an underling increased. Mr. McCarl said "No". Denby raised a howl and McCarl again said "No". Now Denby appeals to the attorney-general for an opinion. Perhaps he will take the case to the supreme court, where a bare majority can set aside an act of congress.

When Governor Pierce refused to call the emergency board to dish out money for a deficiency the Northwest Tourist association did not waste time fighting for the grab. And, which is more, it has paid its bills.

Denby better not, either.

Too Late Locals.

The following paragraphs, intended for last week's Enterprise, reached the office after the press had started:

O. W. Frum and family called at the Armstrong home Sunday and Mrs. Frum took some snap shots of the chickens.

Helen Armstrong and Donna Robertson returned Sunday evening to take up their school work at Eugene after a week's vacation.

L. H. Armstrong and wife had dinner at the George Workenger home Sunday.

Mrs. L. H. Armstrong went to the courthouse city Monday to see a physician.

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By Florence Brigham Livingston
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(Continued)

CHAPTER IV

Uncle Jerry.

Many times Mrs. Penfield had speculated about the identity of the man who had been searching for her—who had even traced her to The Custard Cup and then failed to find her. Several days had passed since Thad's report, and she had heard nothing further; neither had she the slightest clue, except that it must have been someone out of her girlhood, out of the past from which she had supposed herself cut off by the severing of all close ties. That past was filled with painful memories.

It was not an unmix joy to know that a previous acquaintance might be near and that at any moment she might be called upon to talk casually of those years which were buried deep in her heart. The very sound of her maiden name had stirred life-like recollections into renewed life, into the power of shooting like darts of agony through the commonplaces of daily routine.

Inevitably, since imagination is a more vivid artist than reality, she had exaggerated the possibilities of the encounter, anticipating them with a dread which she was far from feeling when that encounter actually occurred. She even answered the ring of the bell with the serene conviction that a neighbor was calling.

"Good morning," she called brightly, as she rolled aside the big door.

A man stood on the warped board that took the place of front steps. He was about fifty years old, rugged, weather-beaten, giving the impression of out-of-doors and hard work, incessantly combined.

He said nothing. Hat in hand, he regarded Mrs. Penfield with a smile of inexplicable significance, which somehow checked the rest of her usual greeting—the part about coming right in. Her brown eyes blinked in question.

"Am I supposed to know you?" she inquired at last.

"I was hoping you'd guess me," he returned, in a deep voice that filled the narrow alley.

Mrs. Penfield shook her head.

"Then I'll tell you," he said, in evident disappointment. "I'm your Uncle Jerry."

"My Uncle Jerry! I didn't know I had one."

He laughed. "Wasn't James Winston your father?"

"Yes," Her eyes widened.

"I'm his youngest brother, John Jeremiah Winston."

Mrs. Penfield extended her hands.

"Come right in. I didn't know I had a near relative in the world. I'm tickled to death."

Jerry Winston entered, walking slowly. As he sat down, he caught his hand against his side with a grimace of pain. "Tree fell on me," he explained presently. "Lumber camp in Oregon! It was my finish for that kind of life, but I was lucky to get off so easy."

They sat in silence for several moments, each absorbed in thoughts which the presence of the other had roused. It was the first time since his boyhood that Jerry Winston had been face to face with a member of his own family. He had cut himself off voluntarily, called by the freer life of the western woods. Mrs. Penfield had never seen him before. During her childhood he had been mentioned only at rare intervals, and then with the reserve that hides all wanderers as behind a curtain of tacit criticism.

Jerry Winston cleared his throat. "It's mighty little I got to tell you 'bout myself," he began. "Lor, it makes me lonesome to think of the life I've had to give up. Seems like I could smell 'em when I was a youngster, and finally I couldn't stand it any longer. That's why I ran away. But that wasn't why I didn't keep in touch," he added quickly. "No, sir, that was 'cause the family didn't forgive me for not staying home and going into the store, as they'd planned. So naturally I—"

He finished the sentence with a wave of his hand.

"And now you're living near here?" He hesitated. "Yes, a few blocks over," he replied vaguely. "I don't know whether I shall hang 'round or not. Depends!"

Her fine eyes grew deep with sympathy.



It Was Gussie Bosley in the Smartest of Hats.

pathy. "Do you mean you can't find anything to—do?"

"I'm trying out one or two things," he answered shortly.

This time the evasion was unmistakable. Mrs. Penfield was sorry she had pressed the matter. "I do hope you'll stay," she said. "It has been lonely. There ain't nobody left—nobody."

He looked at her keenly, pityingly.

"Nobody?"

She shook her head. "Neither of my family nor—I had a few years of happiness, and then—" She broke off, her lip quivering.

"Say, Carline, that's tough," he put in awkwardly. "Looks like your old uncle might as much as dropped you a line, but I guess he wasn't realizing—"

"What's that? Somebody coming?"

"Yes," She breathed more easily.

A complaining tenant would be a relief from the tension of a painful reminiscence.

"No, I can't come in, Mrs. Penfield. It was Gussie Bosley, in the smartest of hats, carrying the smartest of bags, drawing on the freshest of gloves as she talked. 'I'm going downtown.'"

"You always are," commented Mrs. Penfield, laughing.

"Yeh, I had a lot." Mrs. Bosley smiled good-naturedly. "I've left a card on my door, telling anybody that calls to come here."

"All right."

"And if anybody does come, will you please say I've gone to Sacramento and won't be back for a couple of days?"

Mrs. Penfield's eyes grew wide.

"Sure I will," she said slowly. "If you'll do your part."

"My part! What do you mean?"

"I mean if you'll go to Sacramento,"

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