HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., May 3, 1923

SAVE THE STRAW

"We must provide for increasing the water holding ability of ou soils," said C. G. Lang, horticultural specialist, at Fairmount grange last week Wednesday in a discussion of the fruit situation. If the graingrowers of Oregon had returned to the soil all the straw they have burned or permitted to rot in stacks, and all the stable manure they have thrown away, the need of water in Oregon soils during dry periods would not be so acute.

Decaying vegetable matter—humus—in the soil changes its mechanical condition materially and causes it to hold much more moisture ready for use when needed by the plant rootlets.

The most rapid way to restore these misused soils is by plowing under such green crops as can be induced to grow on them. If the crop plowed under is a legume, so much the better, for it, if inoculated with the appropriate bacteria, will take nitrogen from the air and leave it stored in the soil for succeeding crops.

The most expensive ingredient of commerical fertilizers is nitrogen.

The department of agriculture will furnish the proper nitrogen-gathering bacteria to inoculate the seed. Sharpers are advertising to do the same thing, for a good price, and some of them give worthless preparations for the farmer's good money.

When the government questioned the reasonableness of the big jump in the price of sugar the trust, which controls the bulk of that commodity, swore by all that was holy that the fixing of prices was entirely outside its reach. When communities in various parts of the country began to boycott sugar the price began to drop and seems to be still going down. What the trust said it couldn't do the housewives of America could. Use more honey and less sugar. No trust can corral all the bees. Everybody with a patch of ground can keep a few.

The laws passed by the Oregon and Washington legislatures prohibiting the use of milk, cream or butter in imitations of dairy products will be submitted to a referendum vote in each state. So will the income tax law in Oregon. Our farmers, as a class, can be depended on to vote to retain these laws. The one aims to prevent counterfeit products from masquerading as butter and the other to make those who receive the most income, and therefore are the best able, pay the most tax—and they are not the farmers.

The present financial policy of the government has been worked out along the most efficient line possible.—Albany Herald.

If Mr. Harding and Hoover and Mellon and the rest of them could only be made to believe that, they would cease devoting so much time and energy to efforts to improve the revenue laws and eliminate great leaks.

The moonshiners are doing the public a service' They are killing off the fools and undesirables with poison more rapid in its action, if not more deadly ultimately, than that which was dispensed by the few saloonkeepers who obeyed the law when we had the license system.

The twenty-third annual convention of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs will be at Medford May 21 to 24. There are 150 clubs, with about 10,000 members, and 200 are expected to attend.

T. J. SKIRVIN
SEED MERCHANT
All kinds of Feed
WOOL for Portland Woolen Mills. It will pay you to see me.
Clover Seed, Rape Seed and pasture mixtures. Chopping done to suit. Prices right.
Golden Loaf Flour
$2.15

To make advertising pay you must first have something that people want and then keep telling them about it. You may claim that home town advertisers are moved by a desire to help the home paper, and the publisher is grateful if they feel that way, though he believes advertising pays, aside from that. But why do the Southern Pacific company, the Mountain States Power company, the Blain Clothing company and such firms keep advertisments almost constantly in the Enterprise, Mountain States increasing its space one-third this week? Because it pays, in dollars and cents, to keep their offerings constantly before a prosperous people such as the Enterprise reaches in Halsey and the surrounding country.

At the annual Washington conference of social welfare workers at Spokane last Friday. Mrs. Henry Landes, president of the Seattle women's civic league and member of the Seattle city council, said: "Every school and church should be used to its full capacity for the benefit of the community. Dances in schools will save young people from the menace of the downtown dance halls and vicious motion pictures. I am a church member, a Congregationalist from New England, and yet I favor dances in the churches if need be."

Friends of the Enterprise have been co-operating with the editor very generously of late in the way of turning in local news items. Thanks. Only by your help can the paper be made as newsy as you and the publisher desire to have it.

A. Swyter in under arrest, after a prior conviction, on a booze charge.

The Brownsville school board has re-elected Principal Starr and chosen the full force of teachers, mostly holdovers.

The Brownsville Milling Co. shipped today
A full carload of Silver Spray
And Cream Loaf flour, we're pleased to say,
Which by this time is on the way
To Marshfield town upon Coos bay.
—Last week's Brownsville Times.

All of the 5030 refrigerator cars ordered by the Pacific Fruit Express company early in the year will be in the service of western shippers by August.

There's a sure cure for hunger at the *Elite Confectionery and Cafeteria*
Best sweets and soft drinks at the
Best cuisine Efficient service
Pleasant surroundings
W. S. DUNCAN
Albany, Oregon

Swing East Through
California
Then you can tell your Eastern friends about the great cities of San Franisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and California's world-famous national parks, golf conrses and seashore resorts.

You will also realize that cherished wish to see the wonder places of the Pacific Coast, and its beauty spots that cannot be duplicated.

Plan now to take advantage of
Back East Excursion Fares

May 15 to Sept. 15, and go both ways by the "Shasta Route." They afford a wide choice of routes, stopover privileges and convenient train service.

Ask your local ticket agent for further particulars or write

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agt.
Portland, Oregon

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Don't Chase Rainbows

WHEN WE WERE KIDS we chased rainbows. Somebody had told us they ended in a pot of glittering gold.

Today thousands of grownups are chasing rainbows, in the form of glittering fly-by-night investment propositions that promise everything and give nothing.

Invest Your Money at Home

Purchase a security like the 7% coupon notes of this company. Your money will always be safe, and it will earn dividends as regularly as the seasons.

Write for Investment literature.

Investment Department
Mountain States Power Company
Junction City

The Custard Cup

by

Florence Bingham Livingston

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(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII

Sobsuds.

It was a regular thing for Mrs. Penfield to be called to Number 41. Mrs. Sanders lived there, alone except for a roomer; and during the few months since she had come to The Custard Cup, she had summoned Mrs. Penfield several times when overwrought nerves had brought her to a climax of suffering. Her neighbors had little patience with these attacks. Because of the weeping and lamentations which were the outer symbols of her distress, they had nicknamed her Sobsuds. And she knew it.

Sensitive to an attitude which she interpreted as unsympathetic, Mrs. Sanders turned for comfort to Mrs. Penfield as the only one of her neighbors who could soothe her into equilibrium.

It was Monday, and Mrs. Penfield was in the midst of washing; but when the summons came, she made all haste to respond, her office being that of the physician who is called in an emergency.

She found Mrs. Sanders in her small living-room, pacing rapidly back and forth, beating the air with her clenched fists.

They exchanged no word of greeting. Mrs. Penfield entered casually, as if she had happened to think of it in passing. Mrs. Sanders gave her a glance of recognition, but said nothing.

"It's colder today," remarked Mrs. Penfield in a matter-of-fact tone. "Seems a mite like fall if you ain't in the sun. What do you say if I make us some tea to drink while we're chatting?"

Mrs. Sanders did not reply, but the taut muscles in her face relaxed the merest trifle. Mrs. Penfield went into the kitchen and poured boiling water over the hops she had brought. She found a tray and arranged her service daintily, as if the occasion were purely social. She was profoundly sorry for Mrs. Sanders, whose nerves, she understood, had been shattered by grief until at times they became uncontrollable. She filled a bag with hot water and went back.

"Keep your hands on this when you can," she advised briskly. "You can hold it in your lap while we're drinking this here tea. Yes, I know the tea's hot, but you can sip it. My, it tastes good, don't it?"

Mrs. Sanders finished her tea and put down the cup. "I'm sorry," she whispered, with quivering lips, "but I couldn't stay here by myself. I got to thinking and I— Oh!—" She sprang to her feet, tossing the hot-water bag to the floor, and took up her pacing again. She was a small woman, with a thin, white face and gray eyes that at the moment were burning with rebellion.

"Oh, I can't stand it; I can't stand it," she cried aloud, beating her hands together. "I get to thinking, and it—"

Mrs. Penfield had risen, too. "Yes, I know," she interrupted quietly. "It shuts off your breath, and your blood runs cold. It makes creation seem big and cruel and against you."

Mrs. Sanders wheeled and fixed her with a strange look, as if she could not believe that it was her neighbor who had spoken. "Yes, like that, but it's so much worse being by myself. It's different with you. You got the children. They keep you going."

"Yes, they keep me going."

"So you see what I mean. I'm all alone—all alone."

"Yes."

"All alone!" repeated Mrs. Sanders, her voice rising to a shriek. "Oh, it's awful. I never been alone before. I hain't told you how 'twas, but—two years ago—I lost my husband—my mother—then my brother. It left me alone—absolutely alone. I don't get over it. Sometimes—" Her words sank. "Sometimes I think I shall go crazy—that I may end it—"

Mrs. Penfield regarded her calmly. "Guess 'most of us feel that way, first or last. But it's only selfishness talking to us. Easiest thing we can do is to go."

Mrs. Sanders stopped in her pacing. The keenness of her astonishment drove the tension out of her bearing; she was suddenly limp from the shifting of emotion.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Penfield gave her a smile that had nothing in it of amusement. "I," she confirmed. "My dear, you didn't s'pose, did you, that the Lord had singled you out to see if He could break a string in your heart?"

"But you! I'd never thought as you—"

Mrs. Penfield's face settled into lines that Mrs. Sanders had not seen before—into the rigidity of forced control. "I don't speak of it," she said jerkily. "I can't. It hurts more. Ain't nobody here knows. . . . I had a pretty home once. My—my husband was a contractor; he had a fine income. We had th-three children." The words trailed into silence. Her brown eyes, with lengthened focus, were fixed on the wall beyond her hostess, as if she were seeing pictures out of a past that had receded but not grown dim.

Presently she went on, her voice lower, her breathing uneven, speaking more to herself than to another, so far was she withdrawn from the present. "We were happy—happy—until— There was an epidemic. The worst of it had passed. We had escaped; we thought we were safe. The relief from anxiety made us more thankful, happier, than ever. One night we—we had a jolly supper—the five of us, at the round table. There was green peas and custard pie. Little David loved to see it tr-tremble. . . . He was three. . . . His curls were like twists of sunshine, and his eyes were the deepest blue. . . . And Katherine and Bobby— They were all so well, rosy, full of laughter! But—that very night—first one and