

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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SAVE THE STRAW

A farmer who was asked how he raised so much better crops than his neighbors replied: "With brains, sir."

There are people who think farming can be successfully done without brains, but they are mistaken.

It requires fully as much intelligence to make the highest success on a farm as in the courts, in the pulpit or in a counting house.

In as simple a matter as spreading straw back on the soil which produced it or applying stable manure, success or failure depends as much upon brains as in computing the interest on a note or elucidating a knotty point of law.

Spread the straw from five acres on one and plow it in and you are likely to have a crop failure. The straw will not decay quickly and it will hold the soil open to the drying air in dry weather so that even with Oregon's reputation for thirteen months of rain in a year plants will perish of drought.

But if we return an ordinary crop or two of straw to the ground it came from, spreading it evenly in the fall, and plow it in after it has been soaked and softened by rains, it will decay rapidly and will increase the capacity of a clayey soil to hold moisture.

Such treatment would help to return the average Oregon wheat crop, now twelve or fourteen bushels, to the thirty or forty bushels of fifty years ago. It would not add very greatly to the plant food, though it would do so to some extent, its most important effect being to improve the mechanical condition of the earth.

Crops taken from a field are formed largely of three constituents, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. To return the two latter to the land from which wheat has been continually removed, phosphatic and potash fertilizers may be economically purchased in the markets, but nitrogen can be more advantageously procured by raising legumes—pod-producing plants, like peas, beans, vetch and the clovers.

The air is full of nitrogen which other plants have no means of capturing, but on the roots of legumes microbes are able to fix nitrogen from the air which enters the soil and comes in contact with them. A different microscopic family is required by each of these legumes, and if these bacteria are not in the soil the plant will not flourish. This is the cause of the failure of many an attempt to raise a clover crop.

Our department of agriculture propagates these nitrogen-fixing organisms and seed inoculated with them can be procured from the department or from our own O. A. C.

Land plaster and lime are beneficial on some soils, but not because they are plant foods. They are not. They help to unlock for plants food that is in the soil, and they improve the mechanical condition of the earth, as does decaying straw or other vegetable matter.

Overcropped and run-down soils can be restored to their original productiveness, but it will take more than one season and must be done "with brains, sir."

Since the above was written the following has been received from the Oregon agricultural college:

If your clover or alfalfa fails to catch examine the roots of the plant for nodules. The failure may be due to lack of inoculation. The inoculation with cultures will not take the place of lime in sour



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soils. Bacterial cultures for inoculating the legumes may be had at low cost from the department of bacteriology, Oregon Agricultural college, Corvallis, Oregon.

A lot of people do not use their brains in crossing streets, running automobiles, handling machinery, etc.—Exchange.

How can they use what they haven't? The information that "Oregon's tax burden is one of the lowest in the United States" is consoling. Misery loves company.

Britain is squinting at that chip that soviet Russia carries on her shoulder.

Schools and Movies

A report has just been made public by Clarence Arthur Perry, chairman of the National Committee for Better Films, which shows conclusions based upon the returns to a questionnaire which was filled out by 17,000 boys and 20,000 girls in the high schools of 70 cities and towns.

"I do not like comedies in which the principal characters spend a great deal of time bombarding each other with pies and cakes," is the kind of remark that appeared over and over. Pictures that were no true to life were next in disfavor. "I don't like pictures in which the worthy but poor man, against impossible conditions, wins the hand of the young millonairess," illustrates this type of criticism.

The girls were outspoken about the prevalence of murder and shooting on the screen. What the boys object to much more than the girls was the mushy kind of thing: "I don't like stories where they are always hugging and kissing during the whole show". Ten per cent of the boys' objections and eleven per cent of the girls' were against pictures of "vamps and such like" and pictures "that are vile and that you have to be ashamed of."

Seventy per cent of both the boys and the girls reported from one to two books which they had been led to read as the result of seeing motion pictures. In the vast majority of cases the book named was the novel or historical narrative upon which the film drama was based; 28,000 young people read 47,000 books as the direct result of going to the movies.

One-third of the girls and 88 per cent of the boys reported pictures which had stimulated a greater interest in school work.

Three quarters of the students of both sexes believed pictures illustrating the various trades and professions would help them in their choice of an occupation.

About one-half of the boys' at-

tendances at picture shows are with friends, one-quarter of them are alone, a little over an eighth with parents, and about the same proportion with other members of the family. With the girls over a half of the visits to the movies are with friends, slightly over one-fifth are with parents, slightly less are with other members of the family, and one out of 14 are with no escort at all. The New England and southern young people go less with parents or the family than those in the other sections, and the southern boy has the record for going to the movies all by his "lonesome."

Swing East Through

California

Then you can tell your Eastern friends about the great cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and California's world-famous national parks, golf courses 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



The Man Without a Job and the Man in Business

John Wanamaker said: "The difference between the clerk who spends all of his salary and the clerk who saves part of his is the difference, in ten years, between the owner of a business and the man out of a job."

HERE IS A FORECAST by a great merchant of what the next ten years may mean to you. Wanamaker owed his first fame and fortune to the fact that he knew how to save and invest his dollars safely.

Follow the example of big men who have amassed great fortunes. They all started in a small way. But they made their money work for them by investing it.

Invest your saved dollars in our 7% Coupon Cold Notes. Make them earn. Be one of our increasing army of home shareholders and share in the earnings of a growing business.

A Ten-Dollar Bill will start you today.

Investment Department

Mountain States Power Company

Junction City.

The Custard Cup

by Florence Bingham Livingston

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(Continued)

There are times when Truth is an inconsiderate master. Follow him faithfully, cheerfully, wholeheartedly; and all of a sudden he leads you into an impasse, points a malicious finger at you, and shouts: "Now what are you going to do?"

Through the instrumentality of Lettie, Mrs. Penfield was confronted by difficulty. Evasion was no part of her policy; neither would it have withstood the unerring instinct before her. Playing for time, she replaced the cover on the saucepan and smiled lazily. "Why, Lettie, evidently you got the wrong idea 'bout feelings. You can't divide the world into folks that you like and folks that you don't. They're all the time hopping back and forth over the line, from bad to good, and from good to bad. Way 'tis with me. I like 'most ev'rybody I know."

"And what do you do with the others?" persisted Lettie mercilessly. "Why, I—I don't do nothing 't all. I'm willing they should live, 'cause I expect the Lord knows what he made 'em for, even if I can't see it. They don't never bother me, Lettie. I don't scarcely pay much real 'tention, 'cause 'tain't worth while."

Lettie looked at her solemnly. "I get you," she said briefly.

The worst of it was that she did. In unaccustomed silence she drew in the advice with the implications that clung to it, incubated it diligently, and in a few hours developed a product which she was able to use most effectively.

As soon as she had wiped the lunch dishes, she set out on a project planned in the morning and persisting in spite of Mrs. Penfield's at-



tering inflammable material of all descriptions. And certainly she enjoyed it. On this particular day she had discovered a pile of cornstalks that had been discarded as no longer useful—or even amusing to cows. It was part of Lettie's business to intercept the process of natural disintegration whenever possible. She believed thoroughly that the vegetable world should be wiped out by fire, and in her immediate locality she was raking the earth fairly clean of plant life that was not thought much of by its growers.

An enthusiastic co-worker was Filbuster Caesar Penfield, the family pup. As Lettie dragged a heavy company of cornstalks around the house, he followed after, plunging at the long, rustling leaves, barking at this imagined prey, charging with a force that severed the more brittle sections and sent them flying. Flying where? Why, over the walk, into the side yard of Mr. Josiah Wopple. This piece of trespassing was the easier because there was no fence to interfere, the boundary being marked only by a few old posts.

Returning from the second trip, Lettie found results well under way. Mr. Wopple, with a highly injured expression, was ostentatiously sweeping tatters of corn tissue, together with a great deal of soil, across the community walk into Mrs. Penfield's yard. When he saw Lettie, he paused and glowered at her. Lettie stopped short and glowered back. And she did it well, too; glowering was a specialty with her on similar occasions.

"You'd better be careful," he said. "I ain't goin' to have my yard all littered up."

"I didn't do it," she returned. "Filbuster did it."

This was the way they usually began, gradually working up to a temperature that is dangerous to body and soul.

"If you was my child, I'd learn you to do some'n 'ides trapsin'—"

"You shut up," advised Lettie tersely. Her pale cheeks grew a shade whiter. With a jerk she grasped her cornstalks more firmly and dashed with them to the back yard. Filbuster, thinking this meant the end of a conversation to which he had listened with manifest disapproval, pounced eagerly upon the rustling mass and detached portions for immediate distribution.

But Lettie had merely cleared the decks. Unencumbered, she turned to her protagonist.

"What's afixing you, anyhow?" she demanded in disgust. "We hain't done you no harm."



Lettie Glowered Back.