

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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IT'S HERE TO STAY

Prohibition is here to stay. And we have a president who has taken his stand for enforcement of the law, and his course so far in the presidential office leads to a belief that he will stick.

New York elected Al Smith governor on a wet platform, understood if not expressed. And the New York legislature, by a majority of one vote, passed a repeal of the state prohibitory law. Smith had presidential aspirations, but they have gone glimmering. If he signs the repeal bill the dyes will defeat him if he runs, and if he does not sign the wets will do the same. So he shakes the presidential bee out of his bonnet and looks longingly at a senatorship. Perhaps New York is wet enough to give him that if he signs, or dry enough to do so if he does not. He is in a dilemma and says he will take till the last day of May to think it over.

Now comes President Harding with a speech that raises the old, dead and buried state rights theory to plague the democratic managers. The Portland Oregonian comments:

The whisky rebellion in New York has its chief significance in the disclosure of the fact that New York, after long observation to the contrary, has not yet learned that it is not the government of the United States or the whole people thereof. By withdrawal of state co-operation the wet forces hope that federal enforcement will be overwhelmed.

Yet prohibition is embodied in the constitution of the United States, and the elected officers of New York, before taking office, must subscribe to an oath to support the self-same constitution. It is no less the duty of an officer of the law to suppress violation of federal law committed within his local jurisdiction than it is to suppress violation of state law. Convivance of community and officials to make no move against open violation of federal prohibition is whisky rebellion, no less.

We have no faith in New York's ability to run the country exactly to its own liking. And there is no recession in the national dry sentiment.

Harding gives the platform makers a chance to choose between the union, dry, and disunion, wet, and they are hunting for a way to dodge the issue.

It looks as though the president would be able to relegate the league of nations issue to the background in the campaign, and that issue contains the greatest menace his party expected to face.

CUSTOMS TARIFF BUNK

The customs tariff has nothing to do with the high price of sugar. To reduce it would not reduce the price of sweets. We know this because the sugar barons say so, the government investigators say so; even President Harding says so. Therefore it's so. "When mother says a thing's so it's so if it ain't so."

The tariff, with a magic wand, produces income that nobody pays. All we need do is to keep pulling at our bootstraps and we shall lift ourselves to the seventh heaven.

In Canada it is different. Sugar dropped a cent a pound in retail price there a week ago Monday and the refiners declare that a reduction in the tariff did it, says a Winnipeg dispatch.

And the Portland Journal says: When greedy profiteers threatened to skyrocket the price of sugar in Italy as they have in the United States, the Italian cabinet without hesitation suspended the tariff on foreign sugar "until further orders." The price of sugar did not rise, it dropped!

ONLY A BOGEY

The publicity committee of the K. K. K. in Albany announces that one of the main objects of the order is to preserve religious freedom and specifies the Roman Catholic church as one of the menaces it proposes to meet. A great deal of energy has been wasted in fighting that bogey in America, and much more will be, but the bogey is all wind.

There has never been any danger since the United States was founded that any faction seeking "God in the constitution," Sunday laws or union of church and state would dominate the nation, though in some municipalities and in some states bigots have been able to make laws.

There is a Ford-for-president organization at work. If Henry is with it he is a rarity among political aspirants, for instead of declaring his calling and election sure, as they usually do, he proclaims that "The financial and partisan political interests would not permit my election." But then, Henry has a habit of going contrary to custom. He made the biggest fortune in the world by paying high wages and selling his products low, instead of vice versa, like the other seekers after wealth.

May 15, 1922, the city of Detroit, Mich., took over its street railway system. Since then a 5 cent fare has been in force and the year's business has paid expenses, paid \$1,200,000 on the purchase price and put \$1,000,000 in a sinking fund and provided \$1,000,000 profit besides. Perhaps the fact that Detroit is the home of Henry Ford, the efficiency champion of the world, has had an influence on the city.

The breeding places of the weather have been found. Next thing is to isolate the germ and kill it.—Boston Traveler.

After reading recent weather reports from the east that murderous desire does not surprise us. Come out to Oregon, brother, and you and the weather man can dwell together in harmony.

There are not many cities on the Pacific coast where expenses have been held down as they have been held down in Eugene.—Eugene Register.

And not many where so many immigrants have located and so many homes been built in the last few years.

Most of those who condemn "Darwinism" do not know what it is. Darwin did not say your grandfather was a monkey. Perhaps he wasn't, and you needn't be if you investigate a windmill before fighting it.

If every law defier who starts a hunger strike in the hope of getting out of jail were permitted to starve himself to death without hindrance there would never be a second crop of them.

The newspapers announce that Jess Willard, the prizefighter, "has come back." Now if he will only stay back—away back where he belongs!



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Boosting Sugar

We know that the big sugar barons tried to induce the Cuban sugar growers to limit their crop to 24 million tons. We know that it was through General Crowder, representative of the American government in Cuba, that the attempt was made. The Cuban growers were told that if they did not limit their crop as requested the duty on Cuban sugar imported into America would be increased. The Cuban growers refused. The duty on Cuban sugar importation was nearly doubled.

Here is proof of the power of the sugar kings. They controlled the American representative in Cuba. They controlled congress, forcing that body to double the duty on Cuban raw sugar when Cuban growers rejected their demand to limit the Cuban sugar crop.—Capital Review.

Ninety per cent of all the automobiles in the world are owned in the United States. Who says times are hard in this country?

The trust has 200,000,000 pounds of sugar in warehouses at Chicago and is receiving eight carloads daily.

The annual conference of county and city health officers will be at the Portland hotel, Portland, June 11 and 12.

Left Over

The contents of this column from here down were in type for last week's paper but were left over for want of room:

The Albany Chautauqua probably will be held the week preceding the Fourth of July, according to present arrangements.

Dr. Clarence W. Greene of the Teachers' college, Columbia university, New York city, has accepted the office of president of Albany college. The annual Jersey picnic for the members of the Linn County Jersey Cattle club will be held at the J. G. Holt farm near Gilkey station on May 19.

Twenty-four market roads have been designated by the Linn county court upon which the state and county market roads funds will be expended. A total of \$88,582.66 is available for this work.

The meeting of the Study club was at the home of Mrs. D. S. McWilliams Wednesday afternoon. After a short musical program the new officers took charge. Mrs. D. Taylor, Mrs. W. H. Beene and Miss Melba Neal were guests. Mrs. L. E. Walton assisted Mrs. McWilliams in entertaining.

Brownsville students of primitive life in Oregon were thrilled this week when Mrs. East and her brother discovered on the edge of the hills north of town one of the heaviest and largest paleoliths ever seen in this section of the country. The implement is in the form of a huge crude war club or mace, and has deep grooves around it for the thong or cord with which it must have been used by prehistoric Oregonians. It is made of native rock and has a good cutting edge. Near the place of its discovery prehistoric walls and remnants of an old rock fort exist.

Last week a cloudburst created a flood that swept away half the city of Hot Springs, Ark. Fire broke out and, fanned by a roaring gale, added to the horror. A score or more of lives were lost. Property loss, \$2,000,000.

His Death Warrant

(Portland Oregonian)

The legislature of New York by a majority of one the other day repealed the state law for enforcement of prohibition, and at last accounts the sagacious mind of Governor Smith was in a whirl as to whether to sign.

The country isn't wet, as New York thinks, but only damp, with occasional wet spots like New York. Only a metropolis on a political jag would so stupidly misinterpret the thought of the nation. It is dry to stay. When Governor Smith puts his name to that repeal bill he signs his death warrant as a presidential candidate.

Movie Education

The fact that more children attend the movies than are enrolled in the schools is thought to prove that pictures are a more natural means of imparting information than textbooks and the spoken word. Thomas A. Edison says:

I have made a good many experiments in the line of teaching children by other methods than books. In an experiment with a lot of pictures to teach children chemistry I got twelve children and asked them to write down what they had learned from the pictures. I was amazed that such a complicated subject as chemistry was readily grasped by them to a large extent through pictures. The parts of the pictures they did not understand I did over again until they finally understood the entire picture.

It is my opinion that in twenty years children will be taught through pictures and not through books.

The motion picture is the most powerful avenue of influencing people, and will increase from year to year.

FORTY-TWO BELLS FOR CHURCH

A famous firm of bellmakers at Croyden, England, is casting the 42 bells for John D. Rockefeller's church in New York. In making a carillon each bell after being cast must be carefully tuned before it is set in place.

The Custard Cup

by
Florence Bingham Livingston

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(Continued)

Mrs. Penfield, sitting on the end of the wash bench, watched her gravely, thoughtfully.

"This is a serious matter Lettie. Do you realize that you have destroyed property?"

"I didn't mean to do that, Penzie. I meant—"

"Yes, you intended to injure a human being. That is far more serious."

"Oh, not really injure!" protested Lettie. "And besides, didn't he hit Eli Caesar?" she added hotly.

Mrs. Penfield sighed. "Come here, Lettie; I want to tell you something. I haven't told you how it makes me feel when you lose your temper and do these awful things. I keep my feelings inside me, but I get 'em just the same. And if you keep on like this, you'll get me going, too. Had you ever thought of that? Now, when things don't go the way I want 'em to—like this afternoon, for instance—if I got mad as you do, and struck out at everything 'round, do you know what it would mean to you?"

Lettie's face whitened; the color dropped out of her lips; her black eyes grew wild with fright. "You mean—you'd send me away?" The words came slowly out of her terror.

"Wouldn't I—if I acted the way you act?"

Lettie's body swayed. Her lids fluttered. In the few weeks that she had been in this house, she had attached herself to Mrs. Penfield with a doglike devotion. All the rich affection in her nature, held in check for want of an outlet, had poured out to this woman who had fed and clothed and loved her. Lettie idolized her; she would have walked straight to destruction for her if occasion had offered. She would not have shrunk from the high, spectacular deed of sacrifice; but the more difficult, humble matter of controlling her own temper, had been too much for her to compass. Yet not once had it occurred to her that she might be jeopardizing this new home, that there might be an end to the patience that had borne with her.

"O Penzie!" She threw herself into Mrs. Penfield's lap and burst into wild sobbing.

Mrs. Penfield drew her closer. "Dear child, I didn't say I was going to send you away. I merely said I should if I acted the way you do. Don't you see you expect me to be patient, but you ain't willing to be patient yourself? You're willing I should do lots of things for you, but you ain't willing to do this one thing for me. All is Lettie, we got to pull together—or not 't all. I'll help you if you'll help me."

"O Penzie," sobbed the child, "I'll do anything—anything—if you'll only keep me. Honest, I will. I'll work."

"Now Lettie, if you get mad again, fore you do anything 't all, will you remember to say, 'Excuse me, I got an engagement in the kitchen?'"

Lettie gulped and capitulated. "Yes'm," she promised. "I'll bet I won't want to! But, by jingoes, I'll do it."

CHAPTER X

The Back-Yard Code.

One of the hardest things that Lettie was ever called upon to do was to apologize to Mr. Wopple. In her chastened mood she submitted to this item of penance, but the mere phys-

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ical doing of it came near being beyond her. The words, half out of her mouth, seemed to turn and slip back down her throat. Difficulty was made the more difficult by Mr. Wopple's supercilious satisfaction in the humiliation of his small antagonist.

"Darn it all!" burst out Lettie in exasperation. "Stop smiling till I get through doing it, can't you?"

"Serve you right to suffer a little," he cackled. "Mebbe it'll learn you better next time."

"Shut up!" stormed Lettie. "I you don't shut—" She stopped. She had recalled something that made it impossible to go on. "Excuse me," she muttered. "I got an engagement—"

Black curls flying, she dashed into the kitchen, whence presently issued muffled sounds as of a tem-tom in the distance. When Lettie reappeared, she was holding her right arm as though it ached, and her lips were drawn into a firm line that fairly pressed out their color.

"Now, Mr. Wopple," she said, squeezing out the words as if she hated every one of them. "I apologize"—she breathed more freely—"for everything I done and said this afternoon. Will you please to overlook it?"

This formula, which was the frank result of collaboration, had been persistently rehearsed before a limited audience; otherwise it would probably never have withstood Lettie's heavy distaste for its general sentiment.

Nor was Mr. Wopple's acceptance characterized by that gracious magnanimity which would have eased the tension of the interview; rather, it was prickly as with little hooks, from which hung various taunts and comments and admonitions not calculated to increase meekness. Lettie felt her temperature rising swiftly. Something must be done. Her legs being at the moment far fresher than her right arm, she discarded the thought of the gong and took to her heels, clipping through The Custard Cup to the freer air of the street. And let no one think it is always a coward that runs; flight is frequently only the more active form of courage.

Somewhat later Mrs. Penfield came out into the yard, with the purpose of interviewing her neighbor. "Mr. Wopple," she called, in the tone one uses to find out whether a person is sleeping or not.

Mr. Wopple was not. He appeared in his back door, his small eyes peering cautiously to take in the lay of the land.

Mrs. Penfield, standing scrupulously within the boundaries of her own yard, crooked her forefinger in brief authority. "I want to talk to you."

He came slowly down the steps. He was slightly stiff from rheumatism. Lettie's treatment had not contributed to limberness of joints or muscles.

Mrs. Penfield went straight to the point. "What's your idea 'bout Lettie?" Mr. Wopple was relieved. He had feared criticism; to be approached for advice was therefore doubly acceptable.

"Well, my idea is," he said in a high, thin voice, "my idea is that she belongs in a reform school."

"Um! On what grounds?" Mrs. Penfield's voice was low and pleasant. "On the grounds of being a nuisance."

She smiled. "It's your idea, then, to put all human nuisances into reform schools?"

Mr. Wopple glanced at her sharply, and a dull red crept up under his sallow skin—gratuitously, because Mrs. Penfield's question had been wholly impersonal.

"That's my idea with young 'uns," he confirmed.

"With young ones? What would you do with the old ones?" Her lips curved in amusement.