

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., May 31, 1923

LINN IN THE VAN

The recent shipment from Lebanon to Petaluma, Cal., of 4000 cockerels to be used for breeding illustrates a fact that many have, as yet, failed to fully grasp—that Oregon stands at the head on this coast in the production of the best poultry.

Our agricultural college has bred strains of both white Leghorns and barred Rocks that have taken and hold the world's records for heavy laying, and now Petaluma, heretofore the hen metropolis of the coast, sends to Oregon, and to Linn county, for breeding males by the carload.

Brownville, also in Linn county, has the most famous walnut tree in the state. Nurserymen have cut many grafts from it for propagation and large numbers of seedlings from it are being raised on Oregon farms. We do not swallow whole the statement of a Portland Journal writer that Oregon eclipses California in walnut production. That would be more than "going some." But who shall say, in these days of wonders, that this state may not some day, with a tree adapted to her soil and climate, take the laurels from the golden state in walnut growing, just as she boasts the famous Santa Clara valley in quality of cherries?

Linn county stands high in the production of blooded horses and cattle. Frank Porter has been shipping young red polled bulls from Halsey as far as southern California. Holsteins from this county have gone in carloads to distant points, and Jersey experts from the east have dubbed Linn county "The Jersey Isle of America."

Several Oregon towns ship eggs in carload lots, and they top the New York market.

Tillamook cheese has a reputation such as cheesemakers in other parts of the country strive to attain.

In many ways the Willamette valley in possibilities of production from the soil is unsurpassed.

ECONOMY, MY BOY

Dry authorities at Washington sent a new man to investigate road houses around Portland. With two women he made the rounds and procured evidence of booze selling, of wild women's ways and of traps in which unsophisticated girls are caught. Half a dozen houses were raided and keepers arrested. Good work! But—

Some of Portland's aristocrats were found enjoying forbidden delights. Then crash! came an order from Washington dismissing the investigator who had learned too much.

Portland friends of law telegraphed to know why.

The answer came: "Lack of funds."

There are just enough funds to pay the salaries of those who do nothing to hurt anybody's feelings.

Greece and Turkey were showing their teeth and saying "Gr-r-r." Britain and France were not saying "Sick 'em!" Germany didn't care a darn. Then last Friday Turk and Hellene kissed and made up.

Yamhill Pomona instructs delegates to the state grange at Newport, July 5, to support the severance tax on timber and the income tax. If enough farmers vote those taxes will be sustained.

Secretary of War Weeks says the standing army of the United States is 45th among nations and too small to be of any use. Yet it is costing the people as much as they want to pay.



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 Leaf Flour \$2.15

C. R. Evans Writes

Pacific Limited, Nev., May 22.
Halsey Enterprise:—I am pleased to write you that Mrs. Evans and myself left Albany for Cleveland, O., on the morning of the 19th by way of San Francisco, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Council Bluffs and Chicago. We shall return by St. Paul, Glacier National Park and Spokane.

We are having a very pleasant trip, even San Francisco showing us some good weather.

Today we are passing through Nevada by the American Canyon route. This takes us over a very high plateau, some 4000 feet in elevation. Some portions have been irrigated and produce the most luxurious growth of alfalfa I have ever seen. Otherwise there is produced rather an unique appearance to a webfoot. We are approaching the Humboldt river, and from descriptions we have read we expect some excellent scenery. So far I have seen nothing that beats Oregon, taking it all together.

Mrs. Evans and myself are both enjoying ourselves and have splendid appetites, much to the profit of the cafes and dining car services.

We expect to stop at Salt Lake, Colorado Springs, Chicago and several other places before reaching home about the 20th of June.
C. R. EVANS.

Two hundred minors per year have been married at Vancouver, Wash., in the past three years.

The city of Seaside has presented \$100 to the widow of P. J. McNeil, a life guard who lost his life in attempting a rescue on the water at that city.

Southern Pacific, on May 1, had only 14.6 per cent of its locomotives in need of heavy repairs, only 4.9 per cent of freight cars on line were in bad order, and during March the average miles per car per day was 42.9, a remarkably high average. It is hardly to be expected that Southern Pacific can secure an average load of 30 tons per car, owing to the large amount of light weight perishable freight such as fruit and vegetables, and the small amount of heavy commodities such as coal, iron, etc. loaded on the company's lines. The company is beating its former records in this respect and in March, 1922, secured an average car load of 27.9 tons.

Barber Shop & Baths

First-Class Work

Agent for Eugene Steam Laundry Sent Tuesdays.

J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop.

Electric Motor

Half horsepower. \$25

Halsey Enterprise



FISK TIRES

FOR SALE BY
FOOTE BROS.
HALSEY, OREGON



"You Needn't Tell Anything If You Don't Want To."

Does the fastest. What I like about Dick Chase is that he keeps his head. The love 'tween those two young people has grown naturally and steadily.

The Custard Cup

by
Florence Bingham
Livingston

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XI

Due to the neighbors.
"Mrs. Penfield, be you there? I've brought back that half a yeast cake I owed you."

"Come right in, Mrs. Wopple. How are things going with you?"
"Pretty fair," Mrs. Wopple smoothed her afternoon gown complacently. "I had a heavy day. I been cleaning the best silver. I got so much, it makes my arm ache."

Mrs. Penfield could not decide whether it was good to have these many riches or bad to suffer for them, so she made no comment.

"I don't clean the kitchen silver regular," continued her caller. "I just keep the sandoap handy. The other gets cleaned once a month. I keep house methodical."

"Ain't it fine you can?" remarked Mrs. Penfield genially.

"It's 'cause I plan," sniffed Mrs. Wopple. A shrewd gleam came into her eyes. "I understand the Bosleys had a quarrel this mornin'. I was told you was there, Mrs. Penfield."

"Oh, Mrs. Bosley called me in to see 'bout the kitchen chimney. It don't draw. She thought mebbe—"

"Mrs. Catterbox says they fit like wild animals. She heard 'em. Wasn't you there when it happened?"

"Mr. Bosley came in while I was there," admitted Mrs. Penfield.

"Well, I must say they got nerve, to fight 'fore outsiders," snapped Mrs. Wopple, who had rigid ideas about the privacy of this domestic privilege.

"I s'pose you tried to interfere, Mrs. Penfield."

"Me? Land, no. I never interfere. I believe that all family fights are private, even if they're held in public. I don't scurvy think they knew I was there—and I wasn't, very long."

"I'll bet it was 'instructin'," said Mrs. Wopple enviously. "But you needn't tell anything if you don't want to. Mrs. Bosley told Mrs. Catterbox a lot; said he struck her and she wouldn't stand it forever. Some say they're talkin' of goin' to Seattle."

"Oh, are they?"

Mrs. Wopple, highly dissatisfied with the outcome of this excursion into neighborhood news, tried once more. "Mrs. Percy run in this mornin'. She's awful low in the dumps. She says she'll break up here if Lorene gets married."

"If! Ain't Lorene going to be married next week?"

"S the talk. But, as Mrs. Percy says, there ain't nothin' sure till it happens. It's easy seen she ain't struck with that young Chase. She don't believe he's much in love. Says he's just as calm as vegetable soup. He tends to business just as steady as if he'd never heard of love, and he gives right in to all Lorene's notions. He ain't impetuous 'nough to suit Mrs. Percy."

Mrs. Penfield was amused. "That red-hot unreasonableness never made any hit with me. My observation is: the lover that pursues the hardest,

ly, and if stands tall times the chance to last."

Mrs. Wopple bridled with faded coquetry. "Me, I don't know nothin' 'bout that slow kind. Josiah was awful eager."

A vision of Mr. Josiah Wopple—with the smacking gait and the crafty, peering eyes—flashed into Mrs. Penfield's mind. She prodded her imagination to picture the restless impetuosity of his younger days, but found herself lacking in the requisite visualization.

"There's all kinds of courtin'," she said, with polite vagueness. "Yes, yes, Lettie! I'm in the bedroom."

Mrs. Wopple rose hastily. "I'll be goin' if that heathen young'un's comin' in. You got a big job to civilize her. Run over when you can, Mrs. Penfield; you ain't very neighborly. I got a brand-new dress to show you, and I'm embroderin' a beautiful table cover. I know you'll like to see 'em."

"Yes, thank you. I'd just love to see 'em. I'll be in as soon's I can get a minute."

"O Pensie," cried Lettie, when the caller had gone. "I got the swiftest pickings." Proudly she exhibited an old pasteboard box well filled with ink bottles, each containing a small residue—India ink, red, black. "Ain't it grand? I guess it was a school or some'n—mebbe a fuller that draws these here pictures in the paper."

Mrs. Penfield surveyed this charming find with some dubiousness. "We hadn't got any immediate call for ink. Lettie. And, honest, dear, I hate to see you so set on prouvin'."

Lettie gazed at her reproachfully. "I've always brung in things. I told you I would when you said you'd keep 'em."

"Yes, dear, but there are lots of things that would suit me better. You've got to get over this habit. In January you must go to school and learn things out of books, so you can grow up smart."

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Lettie, in dismay. "I'll bet I can't never sit still. I wish they taught school by running. And look here, Pensie, you just give these here ink bottles another up-and-down. They're grand, and I'll be switched if I can't think of some'n to do with 'em."

Mrs. Penfield, washing potatoes for supper, decided to accept ink bottles with polite graciousness. "Put 'em on the lower shelf in the cupboard, Lettie. Sometime we'll play an ink game. I'll show you how." She put the potatoes in the oven and regulated the drafts.

"Mrs. Penfield," called a voice, the owner of which was nowhere visible. "Mrs. Penfield, can you come over?"

"That's Mrs. Catterbox," said Mrs. Penfield. "Something's happened. You watch the fire, Lettie, the way I've showed you."

"She dashed through the house, toward the driveway. She was used to these calls out of the atmosphere and had become very accurate in distinguishing one voice from another. Tenants of The Custard Cup were prone to shrill their crises and their demands in the direction of Number 47 without taking the trouble to send their bodies with their voices."

It seemed that Mrs. Catterbox had become exasperated because her very young son Timmy, when sent upon errands, was in the habit of losing whatever he had gone after. Today Mrs. Catterbox had sent him to the corner drug store for ten postage stamps and had charged him, with particular vehemence, not to lose them. Timmy thought he wouldn't. For once he would prove his trustworthiness. He had therefore immediately affixed the ten stamps to the rough material of his coat sleeve, and that by means of the mullage for such purposes provided.

There was no denying that Timmy had come home with the stamps. Further, there was no denying that no one could readily get them off. Mrs. Catterbox had tried gentle pulling, and had even snipped the outer fuzz of the goods; but there her ingenuity had failed. It was left to Mrs. Penfield to direct Timmy of the garment and immerse the stamps, face down, in water, which presently dissipated the cohesion.

"They'll be worth money when they dry," she said pleasantly, "and you can stick 'em with mullage or white of egg."

But on her way home her mind was full of perplexity. "I wish there was two of me—or something," she thought. "Land knows I'm glad to do anything I can, but I got a house to keep and three children to support. It's goin' to take me day and night

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HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000

Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited



Who Wouldn't Smile Happily

upon opening a box of these delicious candies? The wonderful assortment, various flavors and tempting appearance of these "lumps of delight" win to us all lovers of good sweets and judges of confectionary excellence. Try them once and see if we exaggerate the perfection of these goods.

Sally Ann Bread at
Clark's Confectionery

her a whole fowl; but when she had been found lavishing sympathy upon this maimed specimen, the owner had bestowed it upon her with relieved carelessness.

And Lettie had accepted it eagerly. The half of a person's kingdom was as much as she was expected, and that half considerably battered and tattered. The time had not yet come when Lettie would wonder why she was living; so far her brief years had been filled with a desperate struggle to keep that life existent without regard to its purpose, and until recently there had never been anything but the merest scraps to do it with.

"Awk! Awk!" complained the chicken.

"Shut up, both of you," advised Lettie sharply. "My lady patience, ain't you both the limit? Keep still, now, can't you? Don't you know want two legs again?"

"Hello, spittin'. Where's your Uncle Jerry?"

The child's black eyes flashed on she looked up. Instinctively she

liked Frank Bosley, and the feeling was constantly being strengthened by his treatment of her as a superfluous thread in the fabric of humanity.

She made no reply.

"Where's your Uncle Jerry?" he repeated.

"I don't know," declared Lettie briefly, tying the bandage into a hard knot.

"Is he at home?"

"Didn't I tell you I didn't know where he was?" inquired Lettie tartly. He shrugged his shoulders in a way that discredited anything that Lettie Penfield might say.

She glared at him, started to speak, then paused. A plan was springing into being in her mind. She would do something for Pensie. More than once she had seen Pensie's face grow sad and troubled when this man and Uncle Jerry went out of The Custard Cup together, and her lightning intuition had told her that Pensie disapproved of the friendship between the two men. Now here was a chance to show Frank Bosley how the family felt toward him. Then perhaps he would let Uncle Jerry alone. Pensie would be delighted.

"You'd better go home," began Lettie directly. She tied a string to the wall leg of the chicken and fastened the other end to a nail on the outside wall of the kitchen.

Frank Bosley laughed—not so much in amusement as in icy defiance. "Winston!" he called, with his eyes on the left. "Hoo-hoo! Winston!"

Lettie turned on him. "What d'you mean? Didn't I tell you he was'n here?"

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