

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An Independent-Not Neutral-Semi-Party Paper, published every Thursday By Wm. M. WHEELER

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EXCUSE THESE TEARS

It is saddening to hear that the great steel industry cannot get along with anything less than a twelve hour day, and still more saddening to learn from its head, Judge Gary, that unless the immigration bars are lowered, so that he can bring in more foreign workmen, the enterprise will suffer.

American workmen refuse to labor in a twelve-hour shop, and the foreigners imported become Americanized so quickly that a constant stream of immigrants, larger than the immigration laws permit, is necessary to keep the steel works supplied with these twelve-hour men.

Fifty years ago we were told that a protective tariff on steel products was necessary to save our infant steel industry from being ruined by foreign manufacturers who would send to this country products of cheap foreign labor. We were assured that the tariff would enable the American producer to pay the good wages that would make American workmen prosperous.

During all these years the tariff handicap upon imported products has benefited the steel industry, but until recently there has been no handicap on immigration of cheap foreign laborers to the steel works. Few Americans have worked there.

It is pitiful to see that infant, the steel trust, in such a strait. Americans won't work twelve-hour shifts, the government won't admit enough of the "cheap labor" we heard so much about from the steel magnates a few years ago, and there is actually a shortage of brawn at the steel works. Alack and alas!

Governor Smith has signed the bill repealing New York's prohibition law and issued a statement that is practically a challenge to Uncle Sam to meet him on the state rights issue. Federal officers and courts are enforcing the law in New York city and thus far the local police are helping. Meantime the Harding administration is enforcing prohibition, even on foreign ships in our harbors, in accordance with the decisions of our courts, and there is a possibility that this will be made the "paramount issue" in the next national campaign, in which case the mule will throw Bryan one way and tumble to defeat the other, for America votes dry.

The coming state editorial convention will see the strengthening of the movement to abolish the issuance of the voters' pre-election pamphlets, which is a great waste of money. But will the editorial lobbyists try to save that money for the state? Not much? They want it themselves, and they will work for a law requiring the publication of the matter in the newspapers at the state's expense.

India, Germany, Portugal and Great Britain ally themselves with the individual dope peddlers and declare, through their representatives in the league of nations, that opium eating is legitimate, and Siam, Japan, France, Germany, Portugal, Holland and Great Britain declare opium smoking also legitimate. China takes a more civilized ground, in opposition.

George Chamberlain has resigned from the shipping board and Bert Haney has his place. Will George run for a senatorship again? Will a duck swim?

Bryan objects to the theory that brutes were man's ancestors. The conduct of some men, however, lends force to that theory and to a belief in the influence of heredity.

Governor Pierce's talk of tax reduction was called bunk during the campaign. It couldn't be done—but he did it. He has lopped off a great many needless state expenses already. And at every stroke of his ax there has been a howl from those whose paper was curtailed.

The government has issued an order prohibiting smoking in federal buildings, including postoffices, primarily as a fire precaution but also because smoking is offensive to some whose business takes them into such places. Such an order was long overdue, but it is better late than never.

The Enterprise got up but little enthusiasm for either Pierce or Harding in their campaigns. It was from Missouri. But it has been shown. Both of them are cutting down extravagant public expenses.

Robert Page has been sent to the penitentiary from Vancouver, Wash., for from one to twenty years for getting so drunk that he killed a man with his auto. The full twenty years would be a mild penalty.

"State rights and booze!" will not make a winning democratic national slogan.

COUNTY OFFICIALS CURBED

(Portland Journal) Elective county officers will no longer have control of county expenditures. The decisions as to what can be spent or not spent will rest with a board of three commissioners appointed by the governor.

Every municipal corporation in the county must submit its budget of expense for the coming year to the commissioners by October 1. Failure of any levying board to comply makes it subject to a fine of \$50 a day for each day of delay. Any levying board that fails to attend hearings of the newly created commission must pay a fine of \$25 a day.

It decides how much money can be spent for the fire department, the police department, and in all other city departments. It is an autocratic body that can, if it desires, exercise complete control over all public expenditures now in the hands of elective officers.

The law is an emergency plan, applied because of the increase in tax rates.

The Idaho Power company, in a brief filed with the public service commission, voices its objection to providing electricity for pumping purposes to the Payette-Oregon slope irrigation district. The company alleges that the district already owes more than \$25,000 for power, and that there is no indication that the amount will be paid for some time. The public service commission recently ordered the power company to furnish electricity to the district.



FISK TIRES FOR SALE BY FOOTE BROS. HALSEY, OREGON

School Consolidation

Views and Plans Here and in Other Linn Districts

The Enterprise sent to the clerks of the school districts all or part of which were suggested as suitable for combination in a union high school district at Halsey a request for their views and those of the people of their districts on the subject.

Few of them have evinced a desire to come into the open and give the dear public a chance to throw bricks at them.

Under the law as it stands the Halsey school cannot continue to receive pupils from outlying districts, as it has done in the past, and the result will be that some, instead of living at home and going to this school, as heretofore, will go to other more distant cities and pay board and also be out of the parental control which they need, while others, on account of the expenses, will go without education beyond the eighth grade.

Some advocate of consolidation ought to give that side of the question for publication. Let in the light.

Dear Sir: Considerable is being said concerning a consolidated high school at Halsey.

No one blames the people of Halsey for inviting the surrounding community to consolidate with them in an undertaking to promote the efficiency of education.

No one should blame any one for accepting the invitation if they are willing to pay the price.

No one should blame any one for refusing to accept for the simple reason that we already pay a high school tax which must amount up into the thousands of dollars, besides an additional elementary school tax which is a drain upon many of the surrounding districts.

I see from statistics that the assessed valuation of one district is about \$300,000, so the elementary school tax costs that district about \$300 per year, and if you add to this the high school tax, which must be an equal amount, we can easily see that this one district pays around \$600 per year for the cause of education outside their own district. Then if we add to this the expenses of the institutions of higher learning, most of us will admit that education comes high now days.

Many are willing to pay the expenses of education because they knew just what they were doing when they voted for it. Others voted for such conditions and did not understand what they were doing, while others voted and did not care what the outcome would be.

No one should blame Halsey for wanting a thorough, well equipped standard high school.

Most everyone regrets that Halsey does not draw all the high school money paid by the surrounding country. Most everyone would be willing to consolidate if it was only to enable Halsey to obtain the money paid for high school purposes, but we realize that we would be subject to additional levies that might be voted at any time for all time to come.

So I will have to go on record as opposed to the consolidation not because I am unfriendly to the cause of education, nor unfriendly to the people of Halsey but because we, as a people, have already voted a grievous, unjust state of affairs.

Yours Sincerely O. G. Coldiron Clerk of Dist. No. 43

The people of Shindler, Bilyeu Dam Mount Pleasant and Jordan school districts are almost unanimous in favor of consolidating and building a new \$12,000 school house to succeed four rickety old ones. A consolidated high school there is also talked of.

At the school meeting in Brandon district (134) the subject was discussed and the sentiment appeared to be strongly against consolidation on the same grounds set forth by Mr. Coldiron.

Petitions asking that school districts Nos. 1, 96, 98 and 122 be annexed to district No. 4 at La-comb for a union high school have been filed with the county superintendent.—Lebanon Criterion.

School districts Nos. 110 and 114 have petitioned the boundary board for permission to withdraw from union high school district No. 1 at Crabtree. Crabtree is opposing on the ground that it would mean the dissolution of the district.—Lebanon Criterion.

Powell district, No. 51, at the only election when every voter cast a ballot, unanimously rejected a proposition to join the Brownsville high school district. It is understood that a proposal to join

Halsey would get but one vote there now. Perhaps the statement that there is but one pupil in the district who would attend high school explains the situation.

IT'S DRY ON THE WATER.

(Albany Herald)

The decision of two British steamship companies to abide strictly by the recent opinion of the supreme court in the matter of transporting liquor in American territorial waters doubtless foreshadows a general acceptance of the situation by foreign lines. The treasury's regulation goes into effect two weeks hence.

A strong suspicion has grown up lately that the frequent cry about American ships losing patronage on account of their aridity is not going to be supported by experience. American vessels are being patronized liberally this spring with prospects of a tremendous business during the summer.

Apparently the presence of liquor on the westbound trip of foreign ships will attract little patronage that would not travel on the same ship in any event. The board's experience lately would indicate that the voyager who thought of using board vessels will not change his mind merely on the prospect of a few days' contact with a bar.

George Laubner is laying in more wood. A carload of big black mill wood from Silverton came the latter part of the week.

A Modern Barber Shop Laundry sent Tuesdays Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing ABE'S PLACE

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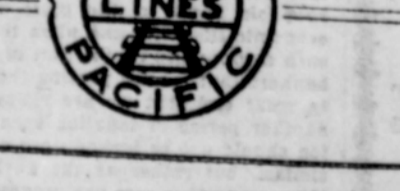
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The Custard Cup

by Florence Bingham Livingston

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(Continued) CHAPTER XIII Calamity Coal Oil.

The days of Lorene Percy's engagement had been stormy ones in her home, but through neighborly persuasion and intercession, Mrs. Percy had raised no permanent obstacle. Lorene's friends felt certain that her release from home rule was assured.

It was the evening before the marriage ceremony. All the little Penfields had long since retired to their sleeping-boxes; and that they might not be disturbed by the light, Mrs. Penfield was sewing in the kitchen. It was late and she was very tired. Twice she had gone to the back door to breathe in the fresh air and get thoroughly awake again. The moon was full; the sky was intensely blue except where quills of white cloud were laid across it; the back yard was filled with soft radiance that transformed the ugly clothes-poles into slender shafts of light.

"What a beautiful world it is!" she said to herself. "And we all go so fast that we don't have time to look at it the way it is. I wonder why we get fretted up over a lot of pesky details that we forget all about in a week, when the universe is calm and happy. Looks like we ain't in harmony with it. I wish I had time—No, I don't. What I wish is that I can stay awake and sew an overcoat."

Resolutely she went back to her chair and fitted sections of the coat together. Footsteps sounded on the board walk. There was a quick knock. The door opened.

"Oh, I knew something would happen. I just knew it would. And it has. Oh—oh!" Mrs. Penfield sprang to her feet. The voice was familiar, but she would hardly have recognized, without this evidence, the figure that confronted her.

"Lorene!" she gasped. "Look at me!" cried the girl. Her tragic tone emphasized her ludicrous appearance. Her face and hands were covered with fine soot, in flecks, in streaks; her fair hair was curiously darkened, as if a thin black veil had been drawn over it; her light blue house dress looked greasy and soiled.

"Why, my dear, I can see you've had a little accident," said Mrs. Penfield briskly, "but 'twon't take long to get you washed up again. I'll help you. Oil heater, I s'pose."

The girl nodded. "My—Mrs. Percy lighted it and put it in my room. I was going to pack. She said I'd take cold if the room wasn't warmed. And—and when I went in a few minutes later, I couldn't see. The air was full of black soot—everywhere—clouds of it. Oh, dear; oh, dear, what can I do?"

"Why, Lorene, I'll help. We—" "Mrs. Penzie," shrieked the girl, wringing her hands in distress, "you don't understand. Everything is ruined."

"Everything?" "Yes, everything. All my clothes! I had them all laid out, ready to pack—on the bed, the chairs. The clothes-press was open. They're all black, sticky, spo-olied." She threw herself on the wash bench and broke into wild sobbing. "Why, by the time I'd been in there two minutes—look at me!"

"Oh, my dear," begged Mrs. Penfield, "don't cry. We've got to think of something."

"We can't," wailed the girl. "There isn't anything to be-begin on. They were all there—everything I own in the world, everything I've been saving for all these months." She lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Penfield with streaming eyes. "Yes, I suppose they can be cleaned, but there isn't time before tomorrow. There isn't time to-morrow. Her voice broke. "Dick has his leave of absence and the tickets and all the de-details arranged. We can't put it off and—and we can't—I can't be m-m-married like this, can I?" She threw out her arms in a gesture of hopelessness.

Mrs. Penfield could not restrain a smile as she gazed at the forlorn bride-elect, huddled on the wash-bench, too abject to realize her own appearance at the moment or to care about it compared with the greater calamity at home.

"What can I do, Mrs. Penzie? I can't ask Dick to take me like this." "No, dear, you aren't going to." Mrs. Penfield put her hands on the girl's shoulders and gave her a gentle shake that was half reproof and half caress. "Grab your nerve, Lorene, and we'll work a way out of this. So long as there ain't nothing more vital in the path than soot and cinders, I predict you're going to be married tomorrow noon, as scheduled—and all fresh and dainty, too. You left your windows open, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, but—" "Then the air must be clear by this time. I'll turn out the lamp, and we'll go right over and see how things look." Things looked exactly as Lorene had represented. The swirling soot had settled—and very thoroughly, too. The care and forethought with which Lorene had gathered together all her possessions to be packed as swiftly as possible, had greatly heightened the disaster. Part of her outfit had been assembled for her trip; the rest was to have been sent to her new home. Two trunks stood open; the trays, half packed, had been lifted out and had suffered complete eclipse. Not even the bureau drawers were closed as usual.

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Mrs. Penfield went briskly around the room, collecting washable articles in a big clothes-bag. From the clothes-press Lorene brought out the form on which hung the beautiful suit in which she was to have been married. An hour before, it had been a delicate brown, with a narrow white vest. But even its cover had been taken off and folded. As Lorene looked at the sorry garment, her eyes filled again, her shoulders shook.

"Don't you care?" said Mrs. Penfield cheerfully. "We'll send it to the cleaner's the first thing in the morning, and like as not they'll cut their twenty-four-hour service to twelve. Then I'll send it to you by express. Now what do you think you'd better wear tomorrow? This white georgette is lovely, but you sure couldn't travel in it. My idea would be this." She lifted a gown of gray-blue silk figured in a misty pattern.

Lorene shook her head. "It isn't wash silk."

"I can wash it," affirmed Mrs. Penfield stoutly. "I can tell by the feeling of it." "The door opened a crack. The heavy