

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., June 14, 1923

HOW TO SERVE GOD

Those who have been reading our serial story, "The Custard Cup," will not have failed to observe the noble character given Mrs. Penfield. Lacking in education, unable to use grammatical language, evidently not attending church or public reform movements nor able to dress for such occasions, she speaks by her actions words of the noblest philosophy uttered since Christ walked the earth.

Deprived of a comfortable home and loved ones, thrown upon her own resources, she toils at the washtub for her daily bread, but, filled with the Christ spirit, she shares her pittance with waifs picked up on the street, teaching them how to become good citizens. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

The only way a human being can serve God is by serving his creatures. We cannot feed him nor clothe him nor strengthen his arm for his work. Many have sung an old hymn containing the line:

"God's own arm hath need of thine"

without realizing the blasphemy of it. God's almighty arm does not lean upon feeble humanity for support. He who gives a drink of water to a thirsty child or dumb animal serves God more effectually than he who donates a pipe organ to a popular church. The widow's mite cheerfully given counts for more than all the abundance the wealthy may contribute.

The Enterprise is glad to publish so good a story, so full of uplifting ideas, as Mrs. Livingston's tale of doings in the San Francisco Custard Cup. It squares up to our ideal of fiction that elevates, not debases—fiction that can be taken into the nursery or the family without fear that one event or one emotion will be depicted in it in language that will leave a bad taste in the mouth.

OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

Civilization has not gone to the dogs, either of war or peace.

There are more outlawry and crimes of violence than there have been at some times, but they are on the decline.

The moving pictures are showing less of violence, lawlessness and "sex stuff" than in the past and more of instruction and wholesome sentiment.

The periodical literature of the country is exhibiting less of intimate surface anatomy and more of its illustrations—pietorial indecency is abating.

The churches of the country have largely increased their membership in the past twelve months. A wave of religion has rolled and is rolling over the whole United States and Canada, with manifestations of power such as had not been seen since the days of John Wesley.

The president of these United States has placed himself and his administration squarely in the van in the fight for the enforcement of national prohibition laws.

He is Yankee enough to attempt a trade with other nations of the world. If they will consent to a rum runner blockade by our navy twelve miles from the shore instead of three they may keep their liquor stocks on board, under seal, while in our ports.

John Barleycorn is still kicking—he always did have a kick—but it will do him little good. In six of the forty-eight states he thinks



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He can marshal a majority of votes in favor of his present dummy, fight wines and beer. But six states cannot repeal national prohibition, nor even change the Volstead law.

There are clouds in sight, but the sky is rosy with promise.

In the trial of the roadhouse cases in Multnomah county jurors strained at gnats and swallowed camels. "As a protest against the use of stool pigeons" they violated their oaths as jurors and also sinned against society by acquitting men who were proved guilty of violating the liquor laws and of conducting resorts where girls are debauched. With such beams in their own eyes they provoke contempt when they make such a to-do about a mote in a pigeon's.

S. M. Garland of Lebanon has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for the United States seat. In the state senate he has proved himself to be the kind of timber of which good lawmakers are made.

Sportsmen's organizations express fears that the game commission may be thrown into politics. It would take an awful jolt to put it in any deeper than it has been in the past.

Representative Herrick of Oklahoma became an ex-when election time came around, but it was not because he had made an ass of himself. Nature did that for him.

In future wars the side with the most money can make the most and worst gas and spill it upon its enemy and win. Allee same Melican politics.



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Divine Healing

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The Enterprise is inclined to the belief that all that are called miracles are the result of natural laws, no matter how mysterious and unintelligible those laws may be to us. There are plenty of people who are ready to claim, where their finite minds cannot find the cause for an effect which they have witnessed, that the Almighty, after making a law, is so inconsistent as to break it Himself.

What mystifies you is but his employment of his everlasting laws.

But we have no patience with the flippant scoffers who declare that such phenomena as occurred at the Price and Parrott and Dryer meetings at Albany, Brownsville, Halsey, Harrisburg and other places are faked. There have been wonderful healings accomplished, and very detailed circumstantial stories to the discredit of these revivalists have been faked and retailed and repeated by flippant scoffers. The editor of this paper has had positive proof of the absolute falsehood of some of these stories which are flippantly repeated by scoffers.

Whatever causes underlie these healing manifestations—and they have been exhibited of late all over the United States at least—we are convinced of the sincerity of Price and Parrott. They believe the healings have been wrought by divine power in answer to prayer.

We have had the promise of names of individuals who had been healed and who might be interviewed and their experience put into words for publication. We are forced thus far to be content with less definite proofs than we believe ultimately obtainable, but wonderful things have happened there can be no doubt. This week we cite one. The Ladies Home Journal for the current month says:

"John W. Sproul, an American soldier from Pittsburgh fell in the terrific drive at Chateau Thierry and was carried off the battlefield to a hospital. There were injuries from which he never recovered. The gas had affected his lungs and bronchial tubes. His voice was gone and he was from the day of the battle unable to speak above a whisper. They operated on him at Bar-le-Duc. There were more operations here in America, some fourteen in all, from Bar-le-Duc to Albuquerque and San Francisco. But all the skill of all the army surgeons was of no avail. John Sproul received a certificate of total disability from the army hospital at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. This was afterward augmented by the decision rendered at Mt. Alto Hospital, Washington, where he was detained under observation for ten days to make perfectly sure before he was again dismissed as totally disabled and granted a pension by the United States Government.

"This pension had been secured through the intervention of Mayor Babcock of Pittsburgh and influential Pennsylvania politicians whom he had interested. For John Sproul's case was known to all Pittsburgh. His disability was such that he was subject to spells of strangulation that were likely at any time to overtake him in the street, so that the mayor had him provided with a 'courtesy card' from the department of public safety, notifying whoever should pick him up that he was not drunk but ill and must be taken either home or to a hospital.

"In the many operations his throat muscles had been so cut away that he was unable to hold up his head, which fell forward uncontrolled on his breast.

"The Bosworth campaign had been in progress in Pittsburgh in 1920. But to his mother's urgings that he try spiritual healing John Sproul had always replied that it was 'fake stuff'. Mr. Bosworth returned for a second campaign in 1921. Sunday, October 15, John Sproul had passed a night of terrible agony. On Monday he walked into the kitchen. His wife had just put her weekly wash out on the line.

"'Elsie,' he said in his whisper, 'come, we'll go to that Christian Alliance tabernacle this afternoon'. Together they took in the wash, wet as it was, and started for the meeting. When at the close of the service the invitation for healing was given the young man leaned over to his wife. 'Elsie,' he said, 'I'm going up to the platform, and something tells me that when I come back I shall be well'.

"While he was being prayed with at the altar the worker used the phrase 'Praise the Lord'. Sproul, thinking it a command addressed to him, opened his mouth to whisper the words. And lo, he found himself uttering them out loud! Then he shouted 'Praise the Lord!' As he did so there ran through him like a streak of fire a burning sensation. And he

was perfectly well. From that moment he could raise his head and hold it normally, and he had his perfectly natural voice back again. His mother fell in a faint when he called her over the telephone.

"A few days later the government surgeons at Mt. Alto Hospital looked John Sproul over again and certified him perfectly cured. He returned his pension to the government and went back to his old position in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's offices."

A report of the meetings which closed a week ago Sunday night was kindly forwarded to this office by the Harrisburg Bulletin, which also published it, but arrived too late for our last issue. We give a portion of it at this late date, but what we seek especially to obtain is names and addresses of persons who were healed and what their diseases were, so that such of their neighbors as are also readers of the Enterprise may be able to verify the statements. The report of the meetings says:

"I. Morse Dryer and company closed a three weeks' campaign at Harrisburg Sunday evening. God wonderfully blessed in all these meetings.

"One feature of the success was attributed to the help and loyalty of the neighboring towns of Eugene, Junction City, Halsey, Brownsville, Albany, Corvallis and the country adjacent to Harrisburg were all well represented.

"There wasn't room at the altar for the people who were seeking Christ, but those who believe could always find a place.

"The first Sunday of the meetings there were twenty in the healing line and the last Sunday there were sixty-two. The fire fell, souls were saved and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the sick were healed.

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Sally Ann Bread at
Clark's Confectionery

The
Custard Cup

by

Florence Bingham
Livingston

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(Continued)

It was true that several high points had recently been reached by the Penfields. For one thing, Crink had been promoted in the grocery business, being paid now in a small amount of cold cash for his two-hour service in the late afternoon. He was also still on the inside ring in regard to bargains in vegetables, groceries and meat bones, and continued to bring in supplies that represented a sharp saving to the family. Crink had visions of being able to support the household before many years, and already he was swinging in and out of The Custard Cup with an engaging air of haste and responsibility.

Lettie also had distinguished herself by a week of flawless behavior. Whether it was because of greater effort, or because of fewer alluring temptations, no one knew; neither was anyone so unfeeling as to inquire. The glory of the achievement threw the lower rungs of the ladder into kindly shadow. At last Lettie had been arrayed in the pink sweater and the white hat of Turkish beaver and had gone to church. And again no one sought diligently for the motive—let it might be found. Many motives which result in creditable actions will undergo instant disintegration if they are exposed to the light, and no risk was run by any Penfield.

It is not to be supposed that Lettie, having won her victory, was inclined to underrate its value. For weeks the pink-and-white outfit had been the pinnacle of her hopes and the bitter element in her failures; but when it was hers by honest record, she carried off the situation with great nonchalance. Her black eyes glowed with deep fire; her face was irradiated; but her manner was set in the last notch of jauntiness.

"Jimmie!" she had cried, upon her return from church. "These togs sure beat the world for class. I didn't see anybody dressed niftier, and I got the swellest feelings inside me. Seems like there ain't nothing I couldn't do if I had the clo'es for it."

Mrs. Penfield smiled at this naive

confession of unchanging femininity. "Now that you've begun, I hope you'll keep right on wearing that sweater every Sunday. It was easy, after all, wasn't it?"

"Oh, dead easy!" confirmed Lettie, with a careless gesture that repudiated weary weeks of abortive endeavor. "There ain't nothing to this behaving stunt 'cept not getting riled."

"Lettie," sighed Mrs. Penfield, "what you got to learn is to behave in spite of getting riled."

"O Lord!" cried the child, rolling her eyes in dismay. "I'd rather dodge. And it works out just the same."

"You couldn't dodge all the time, Lettie; but if you want to try it for a spell, there ain't no objection. Now that you can wear your good clo'es, you got to go to Sunday school with Crink and Thad reg'lar. It'll be turrible good for you."

Of these more cheerful phases of two immediate problems—food supply and Lettie's training—Mrs. Penfield was thinking as she finished her sprinkling and starching and changed her dress. It was the first of December. She had been collecting the rents and had to make the deposit before the bank should close. Her list was complete except for the Bosleys. While she was debating whether she would call for their rent or let it go till they thought of it, as they surely would in a day or two, Gussie Bosley came in.

"Here's the rent," she said briefly. "I came near forgetting it again."

She was wearing a black satin gown, expensively simple. Around her



Around Her Neck Was a Long Chain of Wrought Gold.

neck was a long chain of wrought gold, set with jade. Mrs. Penfield threw her a second puzzled glance, finding it difficult to realize that this ultra young woman belonged in the exceedingly humble Custard Cup.

Gussie, catching the glance, preened herself saucily. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's very smart."

"Glad you think so. It's a simple little dress. I picked it up in San Francisco the other day."

"Well, if I found 'em lying around, I'd keep on picking," smiled Mrs. Penfield genially.

"It does for common, but what I'm dead gone on is this chain. Ain't it the swellest thing you ever glimpsed? A Chink friend of Frank's sent it to me."

"I don't wonder you're pleased. The Chinese are awful generous making gifts if they like folks, ain't they?" A slight flush came superfluously into Mrs. Bosley's cheeks. "Ye-yes, ain't they?"

There was a knocking at the back door. Mrs. Penfield excused herself. "It was the delivery man," she explained when she returned. "Uncle Jerry ordered a sack of sweet potatoes for me this morning. Didn't ask for nothing! He is the most thoughtful man!"

A hard look came into Gussie Bosley's eyes. "Lucky you're so well-satisfied," she snapped. Mrs. Penfield looked at her in astonishment. It had not once occurred to her that Frank Bosley's wife might not be in sympathy with his friendship for Uncle Jerry. Evidently she and Gussie were in agreement about its undesirability, but Gussie's attitude suggested a personal criticism.