

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An Independent—NOT neutral—newspaper, published every Thursday
By Wm. H. WHEELER

CARRYING WEAPONS.
The constitution and laws of the United States are in some cases treated with scant courtesy by lawmakers and officials in the states, and when Oregonians point to the disfranchisement of legal voters in the south in the present day or the ill-concealed addition in the program of the vets in New York as recently voiced by Governor Smith and others and by the metropolitan press, they may pertinently be told to look at home.

A general rule of law holds that improvements on land—buildings, fences and the like—are a part of the real estate, and Oregon authorities concur—excepting—
A homesteader's improvements, until he obtains title, belong, with the land, to the United States government and are untaxable by the state. But Oregon encourages settlers by a special statute declaring those improvements personal property and taxable by the state until title passes to the settler, when he returns to their status as real estate! High legal authorities have assured settlers that the statute could be upset, but it would cost more than to pay the illegal tax.

The federal constitution says that the right of citizens to carry arms for protection of their freedom shall never be infringed. A sane interpretation of the English language would hold an ordinance prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons such an infringement, for the proper place to carry small arms is not strapped on the outside of one's overcoat.

In Tillamook a few months ago a woman who had reason to fear violence carried a pistol. Peace officers declared that she would be protected and the authorities forbade her to carry the weapon. She laid it aside and when alone in her home was seized by two masked men who held her and burned her with a hot iron.

A move is on foot to have the carrying of pistols prohibited in Oregon. Nothing would suit the holdup men better. They would go armed, law or no law, and know that law-abiding citizens were at their mercy.

Portland voted a big bond is in for improvement of school facilities in accordance with a definite plan. The school board spent the money without much reference to the plan and asked for \$1,750,000 more for fireproof buildings without giving much light on its plans. Saturday the voters defeated the proposition; bureaucracy winces. The Oregonian remarks: "The conviction has spread that there is loose management and exaggerated incorporation of non-essentials."

Disgruntled K. K. K. members threaten to recall Governor Pierce. They voted for him when they were unable to nominate their fellow member, Charles Hall, and now he is governor himself and refuses to act as their rubber stamp. It will be a sad day for Oregon when a secret society which boasts that it is strong where the law is weak runs the government. We do not think that day is near.

Appeals for protection from mob violence have been sent by K. K. K. members in 21 New Jersey counties to the governor and other authorities. This is the order which proclaims: "Where the law is weak I am strong." What is strong where the law is weak? Lawlessness.

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Governor Smith of New York is in the field for the democratic presidential nomination. If he gets it the election will end his political career. The voters of this country are pro-union and prohibition.

A human skull and a number of bones from the body is a part of the discovery made by Kenneth Pence and Charlie Long several weeks ago when they explored one of the mounds on the old Rice homestead northeast of town. Of more interest, perhaps, than the skull and bones, are beads and an iron spear-point about a foot in length, an inch in breadth and an eighth of an inch in thickness.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

Now let some "scientist," wearing goggles and with a dozen letters after his name, tell us just how many thousands of years that iron spear-point has been in the ground. Then we'll know as much about it as we do about other alleged evidences of pre-Indian and prehistoric races in this country. How many of our readers remember the Cardiff giant?

See owners in this vicinity have received notice of the assessment of a dollar tax on each hive. This is in accordance with a new law just going into effect. So far as this paper can learn the law is not being very favorably accepted, and rather than submit to it some of the bee owners are intimating that they will destroy what hives they have.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

Many a hive of bees produces some honey beyond the needs of the little workers that does not yield \$1 worth, and the Bulletin's intimation that the tax would be a blow to the honey production is probably correct. Did the sugar trust have a hand in the making of Oregon laws? We were told that the last legislative session aimed to lessen the unfair tax burdens of the farmers.



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Co-operative Marketing Distribution as Important as Production.

C. E. Spence, state market agent, writes:
There is one way, and apparently only one present way, for the farmers of Oregon to make their industry permanently profitable, and that is by united effort—by operating as the big industries of our country operate. There is at present apparently only one way for the consumers of Oregon to buy food and other necessities at fair prices, and that is through the same means—strong co-operative organization.

The grovers receive but one-third of the average price paid by consumers—so states that United States Department of Agriculture.
Between the grower and the consumer are too many classes of marketers; too much duplicate distribution; too many middle profits, none of which add a dime of value to the products.

The business interests of the cities of the state, are realizing that the first fundamental for success—business life—is based on successful farming. They know they cannot prosper when the producers are going broke. Their success depends on the prosperity of the surrounding country, not on the profits of the broker. They are realizing that they must also co-operate with the farmers for their own interests.

The Portland chamber of commerce is raising \$800,000 to be devoted to three objects: (1) Development of a marketing plan which will bring to the farmer a larger proportion of the ultimate value of his products; (2) aiding in the settlement of the state's idle lands; (3) advertising our scenic attractions.

More attention must be given in the future to the economics of agriculture and to better marketing methods, without lessening efforts to promote efficient production, it is declared by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, in a contribution to the Banker-Farmer, the bulletin of the American Bankers Association Agricultural Commission. Under the direction of D. H. Otis, the commission is giving particular attention to co-operative farm marketing.

"When land was advancing rapidly in value the farmer could afford to take some of his profit in the increased value of his land," says Secretary Wallace. "We are past the period of advancing land values, and if agriculture is to be maintained, it must be on a basis which will yield a fair profit one year with another. So I have been studying the department with a view to strengthening our economic work."

"We have gotten into the habit of looking upon agricultural production as a sacred obligation, and so it is in one sense, but it is no more sacred or binding than the obligation to market crops without waste. If we do not do that we might as well not produce them," says Mr. Wallace.

He adds: "It is the purpose of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to inquire into everything which affects marketing and price, with the thought that we must serve the agriculture of the nation as thoroughly on the economic side as we have served it in the past on the productive side. As to working our way out of the depression, the first responsibility rests upon the individual farmer. If he is to get help he must help himself, both as an individual and by joining with other individuals in co-operative efforts. The government is under obligation to clear away any obstacles which do not give to the farmers, individually and collectively, a fair chance to help themselves. The farmer is entitled to exactly the same rights and the same opportunities that are enjoyed by other citizens. He is entitled to a square deal."

"It is not the obligation of the Government to give the farmer any privileges not given to others," Mr. Wallace continues. "If I understand the minds of the farmers of the United States, they are not asking for special privileges. All they are asking is that they may be assured of equal opportunities, of open and competitive markets, and the right to organize and market their products collectively, and to have the same access to the nation's money pool as other people have. Farmers can meet together, pass resolutions, make speeches, and go home feeling better for a time; but this sort of thing alone will not get them very far. The time has come when the farmers must themselves organize agriculture in a thoroughly businesslike way; adjust their production to the needs of consumption; stabilize their products and market them efficiently; study conditions agriculturally and industrially which influence the demand for and consumption of their crops; get a better understanding of the administration of the credit machinery; and employ trained men to do for them what they can not do for themselves."

That is to say, in substance, that agriculture must be put on a par with

efficiency of method with other Big Business.

It has been pointed out by the United States Department of Agriculture that insufficient business, and poor management are the outstanding reasons for the failure of many farmers' co-operative associations. Lack of capital, liberal extension of credit and dishonest management are the minor causes for the failure of 243 farmers' buying and selling associations since 1913. At the same time it was learned that out of 70 co-operative creameries, their average length of existence was a little over seven and one-half years.

The State Bank Division of the American Bankers Association is now compiling facts of successful co-operatives of all kinds and in all parts of the country, with the idea of building up a body of sound method and experience to serve as a trustworthy guide in the further development of the co-operative farm marketing movement.

On the ground of inharmony in the game commission, Governor Pierce has removed M. A. Lynch, Blaine Hallock, George H. Kelly and F. Ray Davis from the state game commission and appointed James Maloney of Pendleton, Harold Clifford of Prine City, Ben Dorris of Springfield and R. W. Price of Portland to the vacancies. I. N. Fleishner of Portland is the only holdover member.

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(Continued)
CHAPTER XVI

Lettie (the Inventor)
The young Penfields were in excellent Christmas was only a week off and it was no longer to be ignored. They had been carefully watching for signs of mystery, but the testimony of all three was flat and without hope. "I hadn't never had a Christmas," contributed Thad.

"I hadn't, neither," countered Lettie shortly, "and I'm twice as old as you—maybe more." We hadn't none of us had a Christmas.
"Yes, I had one," admitted Crink, proud of the fact and yet regretful to detract from the record of woe. "I was with Penzie last year, and we had a pretty good time, but there wasn't no tree. Seems as if," he added, with a sidelong glance at Lettie, "seems as if now there's three of us, we'd oughter have a tree." He had the greatest faith in Lettie, having seen her put through more than one scheme that gave little promise of success.

And immediately she caught the inevitable connection between three children and the spreading branches of a fir. She shook her black curls violently. "We gotta," she declared. "Yes, we gotta," echoed Crink, with strengthened hope.
"Boys, we're gonna," continued Lettie vehemently.
"Yes, we're gonna," chirped Crink. "We're gonna," piped Thad joyously.

"What's the big plan, children?" inquired Mrs. Penfield, coming in with a delicate blouse, freshly ironed, which she adjusted on a newspaper hanger tied to a line across the corner. "Christmas!" exploded Lettie. "Oh!" Mrs. Penfield rested her weight wearily on one foot and gave the children a look of troubled reflection.

"We want a tree, and presents, and—
and everything!"
"We want a tree and presents and—
everything!" explained Crink. "Oh, my dears!" The words were

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heavy with distress. Then Mrs. Penfield pulled herself together and became expansively optimistic. "I'll tell you what I thought. I been planning that we'd have a fine day, and I'm going to make us a grand bread pudding. Uncle Jerry brought us a whole sack of stale bread last night; he got it to a bakery cheap, and I'm tickled to death. I'm going to try out a lot of it in the oven, and I'll keep for weeks. We'll have bread pudding and codfish scullup and—"
"It would make stuffing," put in Crink eagerly.

"In some families it would, Crink, but we don't have nothing to stuff—except ourselves. But 'bout Christmas—I thought we'd play games and tell stories and teach Flibbust a new trick and pop some corn. You see, we'd have an awful busy day, just chuck full of pleasure."

Thad scrambled to his feet and approached her with reiteration. "We want a tree, Penzie. All of us wants one."
"Bless your sweet heart!" Mrs. Penfield caught him into her arms and kissed him; then set him down again. "Now, children, I'll tell you how 'bout a tree. This year we got a heap of things to buy. Ain't one of you got a decent shoe, and Crink's got to have a new suit, or he can't hold up his head in school. Yes, I know you'd go without, but you got to remember that Christmas is only one day, and life is three hundred and sixty-five of 'em a year. Besides, we'll have the best time—"

Crink took a turn. "I think, Penzie, mebbe I could rustle a tree."
"My dear, it ain't the tree; it's the things to go on it. And it takes a good while to save for extras."

With a spring, Lettie stepped up to the front line. "Get away, babies!" she commanded, with a scornful wave of her arm. "This is where we get down to business. Now, Penzie, darling, how much would it cost to get a tree and everything—you know—the whole shooting match?"
Mrs. Penfield considered. "You mean a tree and trimmings and presents—"

"Yes, and presents for everybody in the Custard Cup," supplemented Lettie. "Everything swell—a big party!"
"Why, Lettie, if you was to do it on a big scale like that and have everything grand, it'd take—I'm afraid it'd take a dollar."

Gravely Lettie reflected upon this huge block of solid finance, as yet unnegotiated. "If we'll raise a dollar," she stipulated slowly, "honest-to-goodness earn it, will you show us how to have a big blow-out Christmas—lots of presents and fixings—and strings of things all over the trees—and candles—and a big party?"
"I'll do that very thing, Lettie," promised Mrs. Penfield. "But—"

"It's as good as done," shouted Lettie. "Oh, Penzie, I love you harder all the time." She flew at Mrs. Penfield, strangled her for a moment with a thoroughness that was fortunately brief, and dashed through the big door into the driveway, to ventilate her exuberance in the open air.
Crink followed. "Say, Lettie," he inquired anxiously, "how you going to do it?"
She turned on him disdainfully.

"Landy patience, Crink, how do you expect I know?"
"Well," he returned, in deep disappointment, "you told her sure, just as if—"

"Golly, won't you never grow up, Crink? Don't you know you have to be sure of a thing first, and then you go ahead and do it afterward? I'm doing the sure part now, and pretty soon I'll think of a way of pulling it off. Trust me!"
Lettie's enterprise was complicated by the fact that she was still in the shadow of debt. She owed twenty cents on the replacing of Mr. Wopple's window. It had been a slow matter to accumulate the money to pay for her moment of impulsive violence, and never again would she be lacking in respect for a pane of glass. But now to raise a dollar—no, a dollar and twenty cents—in a week! In less time! There would be endless preparations to make, and the money would have to be in hand before the plans could begin. She could not allow herself more than three days. It was appalling. The window money had been raised by long, weary hours of solid labor; picking up wood, washing dishes, running errands. The rewards had been in reverse ratio to the intensity of efforts and had ranged from one cent up to a dime per job. The latter had been the insupportable limit.
It was painfully evident that these slow methods must be abandoned in favor of a gigantic financial run. Let-