

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., June 28, 1923

THE COSTLIEST WEED

The weed that costs the people of the United States the most is not cockle, sorrel, red sorrel nor wild mustard. It is tobacco. Subtract all that the growers get for it (which is but a negligible fraction) from what the consumers pay and the same stubborn fact remains.

Every one of us knows families who pay more for tobacco than for bread. But let that go. They have a right to spend their own money for what gives them the most pleasure. What we have in mind now is the millions of dollars of loss every year through fires caused by the carelessness of smokers. Forest supervisors are convinced that a large percentage of the enormously destructive forest fires every year are caused by dumpings from pipes and by cigar and cigaret stubs. The next generation will come in for the most of this economic loss.

At Bend, the other day, 16-year-old Charles Branch saw a fuse on fire attached to a bundle of sticks of dynamite on a truck on which six persons were riding. He seized the thing and ran, but before he could throw it it exploded and the young hero was taken to a hospital, maimed and lacerated almost beyond recognition, but with a possibility of living, badly scarred and minus one eye. And it is believed that a cigaret caused that fire.

The Salt Lake schoolhouse, between Lebanon and Laomb, was burned last Thursday morning. School had closed in the beginning of June. It is supposed that some tramp forced his way in and slept there and was careless with cigarets.

Saturday's daily Journal said: "J. J. Anderson twice set fire to the Euclid hotel, 587 Washington street, by throwing cigarets out of the window, according to charges made against him today."

Astoria is being rebuilt after having been almost totally destroyed by a fire believed to have originated from a discarded cigaret stub.

A large percentage of the fires which destroy so many millions of dollars' worth of property in our cities and towns and fields every year are attributed by the news reports to careless smokers.

Take a ride in a smoking car and you will see burning matches and cigar and cigaret stubs tossed out of the windows. Some of these start costly fires, notwithstanding all the care which the railroad companies take to keep the right of way clear of inflammable rubbish.

If the use of tobacco brightened intellect, strengthened muscles and gave better tone to nerves, and if the trust furnished it free instead of extracting great wealth from it, it would still be very expensive to the public—the most costly of all weeds.

Since man must kill for food, the thing that should distinguish him from the lower orders of killers is that he kill only upon occasion and as humanely as possible.—Oregonian.

The butcher in the slaughter house can do all his killing humanely. The shooter of wild game cannot. He will wound some animals and they will suffer.

Leon Trotsky, Russian war minister, sighs for "more metal in our characters." We should say, though, that Trotsky has all the brass he needs.—Eugene Register.

Still, a few ounces of lead might improve him.

T. J. SKIRVIN
SEED MERCHANT
All kinds of Feed!
WOOL for Port-
land Wool-
en Mills. will pay
you to see me.
Clover Seed, Rape
Seed and pasture mix-
tures. Chopping done
to suit. Prices right.
Golden Loaf Flour
\$2.15

During the month of April the number of foreign birds imported into the United States under permits from the biological survey of the department of agriculture amounted to more than 17,500, of which approximately 14,000 were canaries.

Geel how that does promote agriculture! it does the farmer as much good as our \$300,000-a-year game commission. Hope he is duly grateful for what he profits by the 90 per cent of the total taxes of the country which he pays.

No; that duck won't swim. Chamberlain says he is out of politics to stay. He wants to make a few dollars for the possible rainy day. There's money to be made in crooked politics, but he seems to have practiced the straight kind.

A juror who violates his oath by voting to acquit a bootlegger or other proved criminal because he does not approve of the methods of the state in procuring some of the evidence is an undesirable citizen.

J. B. Couey has been elected a school director at Scio. Let us hope that every day, in every way, Mr. Couey and the schools will keep getting better and better.



FISK
TIRES
FOR SALE BY
FOOTE BROS.
HALSEY, OREGON

WRIGHT & POOLE
LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS
HARRISBURG LEBANON
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Branches at
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Halsey Phone 166, Frank Kirk, Mgr

DELBERT STARR
Funeral Director and Li-
censed Embalmer
Efficient Service. Motor Hearse.
Lady Attendants.
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Fresh and Cured Meats
Quarters of **BEEF** for canning
purposes at canning prices
C. H. FALK

Barber Shop & Baths
First-Class Work
Agent for Eugene Steam Laundry
Sut Tuesdays.
J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop.

I. O. O. F.
WILDEY LODGE 180. 65.
Regular meeting next: Saturday
night.

Men's and Young Men's
SUITS
Now is the time to buy your new suit.
The fourth of July is rapidly approaching.
Make your selection while our stocks are
quite complete.

Young Men's Suits.....	\$22.50 and up
Whipcord Suits.....	30.00 and up
Men's Suits.....	25.00 and up

ALBANY OREGON
BLAIN CLOTHING CO.



The Custard Cup
by
Florence Bingham Livingston
COPYRIGHT BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

"Get outa here! I ain't going to bother—"
"Holy Jimnety!" cried the child, with a flare of anger. "Can't you talk sense? I'm telling you straight—"
"Jack," called Mr. Abbott, "put this kid out."
"Oh! Oh!" screamed Lettie. "Don't you dare—"
In a blinding gust of rage at the threatened indignity, she clenched her fists and pounded the frail old desk till the papers rustled and the inkwell rocked against its metal holder. A wrathful red had surged into her cheeks; her narrow chest jumped up and down in agony.

"Don't you dare! Just have a heart. Listen till I— Oh, let me alone. Don't you dare; don't you—"
Shrieking, protesting, lashing out with her lean, angry arms, Miss Penfield was being forcibly ejected from the office of the Wideawake Advertising agency. The boy Jack, with unconcealed relish, had grasped the child by a thin elbow and was guiding her to the door. Not without difficulty, however! He was able to control the general direction, but not without picturesque zigzagging. Lettie, alternating shouts of entreaty and defiance, was executing a series of contortions about the fulcrum of her own elbow which would have given suggestions to a vaudeville dancer in search of innovations.

"You don't know boys," screamed Lettie. "Legs! dern you! You don't know boys. They'd rather work a truck than eat. They—"
"Shut up, you wild Indian," advised the boy called Jack.
"Shut up, yourself," retorted Lettie. "You don't know boys! You don't know—"
She stopped, abruptly conscious that she was addressing a closed door and a sidewalk empty of life except for a pattering Alredale, obviously not interested in advertising.

Stiffing with anger, panic-stricken by failure, Lettie dashed down the street, into a vacant lot where there was a sprawling live-oak tree. With small brown fists she began beating the rough trunk. Wild sobs shook her thin frame. Tears rolled down her face; anger dried them on her hot cheeks, only to replace them by a new flood.
With savage delight in her own suffering, she beat the gnarled bark till the blood came and her muscles

ached. Then her arms dropped; she slumped into a heap on the ground—no longer a will-driven human being, full of fight and fierceness, but a forlorn little girl, hopeless and heart-broken. With all the gathered longing of a hard, dreary childhood, she had set her mind on these holidays as upon some idealized heights of bliss. And now it was to be as it had always been: no tree, no presents, no party, no games, no anything!

Next week she would prow through various streets in the early dusk, stopping now and then before a window to watch somebody else's Christmas tree, spreading its branches between parted curtains, dotted with lighted candles that gleamed on tinsel and gay red bells—just as she had done last year—and year before—and year before! Perhaps, as had happened once, she would find a church party. She would climb up on a fence and look in at the window—at groups and groups of children waiting for Santa Claus to give them presents from the big tree with its deep, soft boughs and chains of tinsel and glitter. Inside—outside! What a difference! And she, Lettie, would be outside, clinging to a fence, looking in upon good times that had never been hers. Outside—always, always outside!

Her body shook with sobs. Her thin fingers twisted in the dry grass and the sharp oak leaves. . . . Something cold touched her burning cheek. She squirmed away. The cold touch followed. She reached to push it from her, and her fingers fell on the soft ears of a dog. With a wild cry Lettie sat up and threw her arms around the shaggy creature. He licked her face.

Separator Bargain
A Viking Separator,
used but a short time; 350 pounds capacity
\$25
Drop in and examine it.

Murphy's SEED STORE
Albany

A Question That is Easily Answered
is what to offer your lady friend in the way of refreshments. Just bring her here and treat her to some of our delicious ice cream. That she will like it goes without saying. Besides, she will appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity.

Sally Ann Bread at Clark's Confectionery

He was a wise dog, a dog of family, and he had seen small people suffer before, so he knew exactly what to do. He continued to lick—and Lettie continued to hug. He had offered his sympathy and she took it with greed, and felt vastly better. Her tears were checked.
"You see," she said aloud, her voice breaking over a dry sob, "it works. That makes it hard to stand. It works." Her lip quivered, but she was not going to cry before this new friend, who was giving her the stiffest kind of advice with a wagging tail, tempered by a heartening look out of soft big eyes.
Lettie patted him more absently, more and more dreamily, her thoughts



Lettie Patted Him More Absently.

withdrawing into the seclusion of anxious meditation. She scarcely noticed when he left her, at the call of his own master. . . . But his brief sympathy had given her courage. She contemplated the shattered items of her ambitious plan. That was one trouble. She had been too ambitious, hoping to make many dollars. . . .

Out of the chaos a new thought took shape, beckoned with promise, sent Lettie flying down the street again, back to The Custard Cup. She peeted through the driveway and into Number 47. With a flash of black curls she whirled into the bedroom, seized her invention from behind the sleeping-box, and was off again, racing along through the driveway and up the street, running, running, balancing the long pole with plunging compensations.

"I gotta have that tree," she repeated over and over, half sobbing still. "I gotta. I promised. Oh, Penzie, I'm gonna."
She reached the Wideawake office utterly breathless and frenzied by the inward struggle between hope and despair. Her curls whirled across her face as she dashed through the door, through the gate in the counter, past the astonished Jack, and brought up at the desk. The long pole wavered uncertainly above the head of Mr. Abbott, who dropped his pencil and jerked back in instinctive reaction.

"Here!" panted Lettie through dry lips. "Here 'tis! See—for yourself. You can have it—and the whole scheme—make as many's you wanta—for a dollar. Whole thing—a dollar!"
Mr. Abbott stared at the child in speechless amazement, his eyes uneasily following the imminent gyrations of the long stick. Lettie, watching him with eagle gaze and seeing no signs of success, clutched desperately for further leverage. Perhaps apology! That was often what people required of her. Certainly if an apology or two would turn the scales, it was not a time for personal reserve.

"Excuse me—for getting mad," she gasped out. "I gotta beastly temper. To home I— I found it out, but you— you didn't have anything to pound— quick 'nough. And excuse me for using your desk. If you'd had a gong, you know—"
"Holy smoke!" interrupted Mr. Abbott, with some faint indications of plunging into another pocket of good nature. "Don't have heart failure or jim-jammies or anything—not in my office. Sit down, sister, and grab on to yourself. Let's see if we can find out what 'sylum you come out of."

With a humpy sigh Lettie flopped into a chair; and having collected a modest supply of breath, she launched into a demonstration of her model. At the end of the stick were two arcs of wire which closed upon the card. The arcs were held together by a wire loop, which could be released by two arms, also of wire, that ran down the handle within reach of the operator.
The contrivance was crudely made. The wires were far from even, and they were clamped to the long stick

with carpet tacks; but as Lettie triumphantly and repeatedly pointed out, "it worked." Mr. Abbott himself worked it a number of times, not rapidly but with undeniable results. Lettie watched him in agonized suspense. He shook his head. "I don't see how it'd save anything. It might in some sections where the steps are high, but—"
"Oh, sir," cried Lettie, "boys would just love—"
"Shaw!" interrupted Mr. Abbott. "Point is—"
He paused, thinking. "It's 'most Christmas," he began presently.

Lettie came out of her chair. "Cracky, ain't it?"
He looked at her keenly. "I got a boy that's crazy over machinery. Did you say a dollar?"
She nodded. "I—I'm sorry to—to ask so much," she stammered, now thoroughly humbled, "but I—I gotta have—"
He said nothing. But presently he drew out an old wallet with a pleasant bulge and extracted from it a green bill, which he slowly unfolded. It was a dollar bill. Lettie's wide eyes fastened on it with unfeigned transfusion. It was the key to fairyland, the thing she had hoped for, worked for, fought for; but now that it lay before her, she was held in the awe of unreality. Her breath stopped; her body grew rigid except for the spasm of muscles in her throat; a mist wam before her eyes.

"Here you are, sister." He passed over the bill.
Lettie took it in a daze. She tried to speak. "Tha-ank—" Her voice bumped up and down; her thin chest heaved. In an agony of emotion she clutched the bill and stumbled out of the office. Never before had she owned a dollar; a tenth part of it was the largest sum that had ever come into her hands, and that had been immediately swallowed up by the Wopple-window debt.

"Oh, Penzie," she cried, as she burst into the kitchen, "I got it; I got it. Jiminy, ain't you glad?"
"Depends on what you got, dear," returned Mrs. Penfield, grown cautious through much experience.
Lettie held up her tanned fist, so tightly clenched that the bones showed white under the bloodless skin. Slowly, triumphantly, she opened it.

"Now we can have the tree and the party and fun—and ev'rything, can't we?" she shouted. "Gosh, I thought I'd never pull it off."
"Lettie, den," sighed Mrs. Penfield, "we got to do something 'bout your language."
Lettie grinned. "Not 'fore Christmas, have we?"

"I expect we wouldn't have time 'fore Christmas," smiled Mrs. Penfield, "but we got to get at it by New Year's."
Lettie reverted to matters of more moment. "And now, Penzie, you'll do what you promised and show me how to buy a big, big Christmas? We got money 'nough now, haven't we?"
"Oh, plenty. All we got to do is to plan, and we'll get right at it."

CHAPTER XVII
Dimes, Limited.
"The reason some folks have to have so much money," explained Mrs. Penfield, "is, they don't know how to plan. Land, they'd be 'sprised to know how little money they could live on if they'd only mix their brains with it."
It was admitted at Number 47 that funds were ample for the project in hand, but the young Miss Penfield was dismayed to find her capital diminished from one dollar to eighty cents, the intervening twenty being required to liquidate the final payment on the Wopple window. It seemed that one could not face a holiday in the right attitude if one were in debt, and Lettie could not be spared to earn further money before the festive day. However, Crink brought in five cents, returns from an errand, and Thad jubilantly contributed one penny, gross proceeds from two hours of chicken-fending from the Chatterbox garden. Total, eighty-six cents!

Mrs. Penfield knew a place in the country where a tree could be had for nothing. But it would take two car-fares and return; also Crink and the family hatchet. Twenty cents was segregated for the enterprise.
The next morning an important expedition set forth from The Custard Cup. Mrs. Penfield went along as guide, but the motive force was Lettie, who bore the badge of authority in a small purse containing sixty-six cents in negotiable form. She was easily the happiest child in the whole city. Her feet pressed the rainbow path of Promise; her fingers held the wand of Possibility; her starved life was suddenly illumined with the light of joy, dazzling by contrast, scarcely to be believed, permeating her being with a feeling of unreality.

The Penfields had a long walk, but the morning was beautiful, bright and crisp, with a bracing quality that emphasized the cheerful spirit of the season. There had been rain a few days before, washing the haze from the hills, giving greener life to lawns and trees. The streets were bustling with activity. Expressmen and delivery boys were busier than usual, running up steps and ringing doorbells with

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New **Thrashing Machine** Self Feeder
Wind Stacker
Priced to sell quickly
Phone 2-7 CHANCY SICKELS, Halsey.

\$6.50 buys square oak extension
Dining Table
almost new
Washer and
Wringer
Inquire of ENTERPRISE