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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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HALSEY, Lin. Co. Ore., July 12, 1923

RAILROAD PENSIONERS

Once in a while we hear of some veteran railroad man whom we know being retired by the company on a pension. Mr. Boyd, who was agent at the Halsey station until less than two years ago, was one such.

The Southern Pacific pension system has been in operation twenty years, and in that time has paid in pensions \$4,762,127. This means that a considerable army of former railroad employees have had their cares lessened in their declining years and have been relieved from the gaunt specter of the wolf that so many people face with dread as old age comes on. The pensions are the reward of long, continued and faithful service, and are a blessing both to the receivers and the givers—more to the former than to the latter if Christ's dictum applies. The kind of service that brings a pension is the kind that is most profitable to the company.

May 20 last veterans from the company's lines all the way from this northwest country to Galveston and New York celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the system as well as the sixtieth of the beginning of the building of the Central Pacific and the fifty-fourth of the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

Of pensioners and their families, over 1000 sat at a banquet in four rooms of the Palace hotel, San Francisco. We reproduce in a supplement to this issue of the Enterprise a photograph of one of those rooms.

There are other extensive employers who pension their veterans, as Uncle Sam's military branch does, and state pensions for the aged and decrepit are quite extensively agitated.

Parties in the United States are no longer divided clearly and sharply upon issues in which the public has a vital and militant interest. If one party should flatly endorse prohibition and the other as flatly oppose it, there would be recreated before our eyes the spectacle of two great parties standing for something in which people are really interested and firing their followers with sincere zeal.—Eugene Register.

They will not do that. The difference between the two parties is that one is in and the other is out. Both contain advocates of both sides of every question of public policy. To take a decided stand would split the party that did it.

There is a chance for sympathizers with "political prisoners" to get up petitions in favor of a couple of I. W. W. who are breaking rock in Portland, one on a six-months sentence and one for half as long, for trampling on and cursing the American flag. Think of the cruelty of forcing an I. W. W. to work!

Senator Overman wants congress to provide farms for prisoners to work on. A convicted man was told when he arrived at the penitentiary that he might choose what trade he should learn there. He said: "I prefer to be a tin peddler." By all means make it nice for the gentle convict.

Secretary Work wants the Alaska forests in the interior department. Secretary Wallace wants them in the agricultural department. The mill men want them in the mills and the public will want them in the future. The public be—blessed.

All signs fail in a dry time. They ought to be pretty trustworthy now.

Who said Oregon was dry?

T. J. SKIRVIN
SEED MERCHANT
All kinds of Feed
New and second grain
sacks. Sack twine.
Clover seed. Chopping done to suit.
Prices right.

FLOUR
Golden Loaf.....\$2.00
White Mountain 2.15

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You have finished high school and, like all wide-awake graduates, are looking to college. The state of Oregon offers you the best of training and a collegiate degree in the leading pursuits and professions, as follows:

Engineering, Agriculture, Commerce, Forestry, Home Economics, Military Science and Tactics, Mining, Pharmacy, Vocational Education and Music.

Student life at the college is rich in opportunities for leadership and personal culture.

**FALL TERM OPENS
SEPTEMBER 28, 1923**

For information write to

THE REGISTRAR
Oregon Agricultural College
Corvallis

There was a costly fight in Montana last week. Both fighters got jolted some, but unfortunately not fatally. And a bank has suspended and Shelby city is bankrupt as a result.

Two years ago we were told that it would be two years before the Harrisburg bridge would be built. We are told the same now. We are credulous enough to believe that and more.

Let's find that fellow who predicted a long series of crop failures through drouth and turn him over to the Kuklux.

Louisiana is more humane than Montana. She prevented a bull fight in New Orleans.

That davenport that Bartoher & Rohrbaugh gave away went to Walter Kizer of Philomath.



**FISK
TIRES**

FOR SALE BY
FOOTE BROS.
HALSEY, OREGON

I. O. O. F.

WILDEV LODGE NO. 65.

Regular meeting next Saturday night.

**E. L. STIFF Furniture
Exchange**

Best and largest line of

Used Furniture,
Headquarters for Camping Outfits

Good used **FRUIT JARS** 50c a dozen while they last

422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

Death Wins a Race Stage Fails to Beat Train at Crossing.

A fatal collision of an auto stage with train No. 17 due here at 12:15 Saturday afternoon, occurred at Sprenger's station.

The locomotive struck the rear end of a Portland-San Francisco stage driven by Frank H. Ramsey of San Francisco, smashing it into scrap iron and injuring three passengers.

Mrs. Lorena Degner of Winemac, Wisc., had her abdomen torn open and a leg broken. She died in a Eugene hospital at 2:30 without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. L. McDonald of Oakland, Cal., suffered a skull fracture and both her legs were broken. She died.

Arthur Hickman of Portland was badly cut and bruised.

The driver and Chester Chapin of Fargo, N. D., escaped.

Other cars had stopped to await

the passing of the train but the stage driver shot past and endeavored to beat the train. He failed by a few feet.

The flyer which usually passes our noon train took the stage passengers to Eugene, the injured to a hospital and Ramsey to jail.

Sunday a man came along and stopped his car on the track at the same spot while he surveyed the scene of the wreck. He wanted to learn how a railroad train wrecks a car. He got what he wanted for while he was wandering around a train whistled for the crossing and he was unable to start his car in time to get it out of the way.

The train took off a front wheel and otherwise mugged up his car. He was Otto Rad of Portland.

Carlisle said the population of England was so many millions, "mostly fools." It seems as if his remarks would fit American auto drivers.

Ramsey is in jail at Albany on a charge of manslaughter.

Special Sale

Which Will End Saturday, July 21st

A special sale featuring certain lots of Men's Suits, Overcoats, Shoes, Boys' Clothing, Shirts, Socks and Ties at prices that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

While this sale is not on everything in the store, we have grouped lots of merchandise for this *Special Sale* and the prices are greatly reduced.

Come in now and make
your selection



**ALBANY
OREGON**

The Custard Cup

by
**Florence Bingham
Livingston**

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XIX

Twenty Minutes Later.

"My goodness, Uncle Jerry, you don't mean it!" Mrs. Penfield paused in her chopping of meat for the dressing.

"Yes, Car'line, I came in to tell you. I'm awful sorry, but—"

"But Christmas day!" she interrupted, struggling between hurt and bewilderment. "Not to take dinner with your own folks!"

"I would if I could. Wouldn't nothing please me better. But I got to go out of town. It's a sudden call. Business I got to see to! I may not be back for several days. Don't expect me till I come. I've got to hurry for my train. Good-by. Merry Christmas!"

Gloomily Mrs. Penfield stared after him. She still had no idea what sort of business he was trying out, as he expressed it; certainly she could not understand why any business whatever should call him out of town on the chief holiday of the whole year.

The rest of the dinner was gone for her, but she exerted herself, that the children might not notice. And they did not. Never before had they had so wonderful a feast. They would live on the memory of it for many days—rather more literally than anyone supposed at the time, too. Roast ducks and potato, gravy, squash, rice pudding with raisins! And all the time the tree waited for them to come back, beckoning to them with its soft, tinsel-hung boughs and gay festoons of popcorn and shells.

Lettie, slightly numb from repletion, hunched down on her table-box and fixed her black eyes solemnly on Mrs. Penfield's face.

"What're you thinking of, dear? Aren't you full?"

"Full!" Lettie left it at that, with

entire adequacy. "What I was thinking of was last year and the swell feed I got. I had some moldy bread and a piece of bologna that I fished out—"

"Oh, Lettie, Lettie!" broke in Mrs. Penfield compassionately. "I'll never be thankful enough that Crink found you."

"Neither'll I be, you bet your front doormat! Jimmy, it's great to live grand like this."

The next morning the sky was full of clouds. It was degrees colder, and the wind sent the ragged leaves of the pepper tree swirling around the driveway. Mrs. Penfield reflected that it was fortunate she had just laid in a supply of coal. Cornstalks and driftwood might serve as kindlings, but they made little impression on heating the house and that generous portion of out-of-doors which swept in through cracks and knot-holes.

It was a week of rain. Clothes could not be dried in the yard, so Crink carried them up to the loft as in the previous winter, except that the ascent was easier because of Uncle Jerry's stepladder. Certainly washings could not wait for fair weather, because immediate revenue was required. Crink had asked for a week's pay in advance, to finish the payment on the coal; therefore the family were dependent on the current income. Mrs. Penfield had never planned so closely before, but it had seemed safe.

The first time that Crink returned without the money for the laundry which he had just delivered, she was disappointed; the second time, she was alarmed. In each case the family had gone out of town to spend the holiday week; Crink had encountered a maid who informed him carelessly that he would get his pay the following week.

"Now, children, we just got to plan," said Mrs. Penfield, cheerfully.

Consequently they planned. Mrs.

HALSEY STATE BANK
Halsey, Oregon
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000.
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

Penfield took no further account of possible income during the week, and apportioned the supplies on hand to tide them through till the day after New Year's. She was reasonably sure that on that date she could depend upon a payment from Mrs. Weatherstone.

Mrs. Penfield was that commercial outcast, the cash customer, who receives only the most fleeting consideration from the storekeeper, whereas the customer who keeps him waiting for his money is the object of his earnest solicitude and accommodation. It seems that the less money one has, the more promptly one pays. It was probable that Mrs. Penfield might have opened an account at Mr. Drake's; but it was contrary to her prudent policy, and also distasteful to Crink's ideas of independence.

"Land, I'm glad I've read all them diet books," she said to herself. "I know now that if you go without food for a few days, you ain't starving—you're fasting. And it's terrible stylish, too. Besides, water is awful filling."

She drank two glasses before every meal. To her astonishment, she discovered that Lettie knew this trick as well as she did, having learned it by a far more harrowing means—not by reading, but by necessitous experience.

It looked as if she would be able to steer her household craft safely through the shallow waters, without appealing in any direction; but there was one thing which she had not counted on, and that was the cumulative power of hunger. Ravenous stomachs accept the limited ration for a time; then rise in gathered rebellion and demand their full feed, totally unlike their apathy under fasting.

It was not until New Year's day that this happened. Lunch consisted of a small allowance of cornbread.

"Can't I have some more, Penzie?" wheedled Thad.

Mrs. Penfield's eyes filled with the tears that had been close to the surface every time she had looked at her brave brood.

Lettie sprang to her feet. "You little dummy," she said affectionately, "taint no cornbread you want; it's water. I'll get you some."

She brought him another tumbler of water. He drank a few swallows obediently. He always did what Lettie told him to.

"Oh," he objected, making a wry face. "It's got some'n in it. Tastes like salty."

"You bet it's got some'n in it!" rejoined Lettie. "It'll make you want some more water—and then some more. You're going to get full 'fore I'm through with you. And after, you got a full feeling, you can't tell what gave it to you."

"Oh, children," began Mrs. Penfield, quickly. "Tonight we'll have a gr-g-ran—"

Her voice broke. With a swift movement she got up from the table and went back to the stove, rattling the dampers vigorously.

Crink also rose. "I got something to see to," he explained hurriedly. With the air of starting on a distant errand, he went out through the big front door.

Instantly, as if she had been waiting for some such circumstance, Lettie dashed out at the back door. She ran to the coop in which Bonnie Geraldine clucked away the days, and crumbled a reasonable lunch of cornbread through the slats. Reaching in her pocket for more, she turned to feed Fil Caesar.

Crink was there before her, digging into his pockets and spreading cornbread for the hungry little dog.

"I thought mebbe—mebbe Fil'd like some," he said softly.

Lettie nodded. "We can't tell him—'bout—'bout drinking water," she whispered. Her lips were unsteady, but she broke the cornbread with resolute fingers till Filbustler had eaten every crumb.

The day dragged through—and the night. The next morning, as early as permissible, Crink set out for relief, and brought back an enormous bundle from Mrs. Weatherstone's, as well as the pay for the two weeks. And the lunch that day far outdistanced the Christmas dinner in acceptability.

to all the little Penfields.

When Mrs. Penfield opened the bundle that Crink had brought, she was amazed to find that it did not contain white clothing as usual, but silks and embroideries, colored fabrics, a far more difficult washing. However, she



"I Can't Take It," Said Mrs. Penfield Firmly.

undertook it the following morning, the more readily because it was cloudy, with a slight wind. The delicate articles could be hung in the yard and would dry quickly.

The rents must be collected, since all the tenants who had been away for the holidays were now home again. Mrs. Penfield flew from one thing to another—washing, collecting rent, watching the silk curtains and embroideries on the line, changing them about that they might dry as quickly and evenly as possible. She must get to the bank before closing time.

In the midst of all this bustle, Gusie Bosley came in, bringing a small square package.

"Don't say you won't take it." She forestalled Mrs. Penfield's objection. "I've just got to leave it with you."

"I can't take it," said Mrs. Penfield firmly. "It makes me uneasy. You'd better rent a safety box. Ain't anything safe here if a burglar should take a notion to come. I'm sorry, but I don't feel like taking—"

"You needn't take it," interrupted Gusie Bosley. With a lightning movement, she reached through the open bedroom door and placed the package on the apple-box cupboard. "The responsibility's on my head. Thank you." She ran out of the house, well ahead of Mrs. Penfield, who followed, protesting, as soon as she had snatched up the package.

Displeased but conquered, she took the package back and dropped it in her old suitcase. She was in far too great a hurry to do anything else at the moment. It crossed her mind that Mrs. Bosley's nerves must be going back on her; but in that case, the safety box was the logical solution.

She hurried to the yard and quickly gathered the silken articles from the lines. She could not go downtown and leave them outside, even with the children watching them. As she came back, she glanced to see what time it was—caught her breath in dismay. The bank was closed!

Aghast, she stared blankly at the old alarm clock. It was never simple to read the discolored dial under the cracked glass, particularly because a leg was gone, and one had to turn one's head, mentally or actually, to compensate for the tilting. Otherwise, one might fall into error from long habit with normal clocks.

"How did I ever make such a blunder?" she gasped. "I'm twenty minutes behind, and I didn't know it. I must have read wrong when I looked last time. My goodness land, now I've



OUR ICE CREAM

Is made for the best of us. Remember, poor ice cream is not only not so delicious as ours, but it is positively dangerous and unhealthy. We absolutely guarantee that we do not violate the pure food laws, either in spirit or in letter, in compiling our ingredients for the manufacture of the best ice cream made.

Clark's Confectionery