

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER
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No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., July 19, 1923

TO STOP A BIG FARM LEAK

According to statistics carefully
compiled by County Agent Heyman
the average cost of keeping and
caring for a dairy cow in this
county is \$125.68 a year, \$76 for
feed and \$49.68 for labor, at 30c
an hour. There are 20,000 dairy
animals in the county, of which
one-fourth are heifers under 2 or
bulls. Of the 15,000 cows one-
third yield an average of \$73.58,

so that the farmers keep these
5000 boarder cows at a loss of
\$250,500 a year, or \$52.10 each.
Cow testing has changed some
dairies from the loss column to the
profit column by making beef of
those animals which did not pay
their board.

The county agent is co-operating
with a number of dairymen who
hope to form a county-wide
association which, by making a
record of each cow's milk yield and
its fat content, will send to the
butcher the animals which are
causing this loss of a quarter of
a million dollars a year on the
farms of Linn county.

We have the best dairy climate
in the world in western Oregon.
We have as good soil in this valley
as lies out of doors. Even the
despised "white land" will pay
for tile draining in a few years and
produce crops that would astonish
a farmer from the most productive
section of the east. Ask O. A. C.
and you will be informed that this
has been done and how.

And the butter crop removes
less fertility from the soil than
any other. A dairy farm, with a
reasonable application of brains,
will never wear out. There are
farms in Linn county that are
managed that way.

SACRIFICE BY PROXY

Like the patriot who was willing
to sacrifice all his first wife's rela-
tions for his country's cause, Brit-
ain is willing to yield, in the in-
terest of her foreign trade, all that
her allies gained in the war.

Constantine, who had been fired
off the Greek throne by the allies,
was recalled by the Greeks. In
revenge for this the allies stood
aloof and allowed all that they
had promised Greece in Asia Minor
to be seized by the Turks. In-
cidentally Armenia, which had
been promised protection, was per-
mitted to fall into the same cruel
and blood-dripping hands.

Since then the allies, with Brit-
ain as ever in the lead, have re-
stored to the unspeakable Turk
practically all that they had taken
from him in the war.

Now that France, after waiting
four years for the reparations that
had been promised her, has made
a move to collect something by seiz-
ing the Ruhr country, Britain
after hemming and hawing around
for a year or so, has come into the
open and advised France to drop
what hold she has obtained.

Britain will bluster, but she will
hardly go to war over the issue,
and France is not likely to yield
without a fight.

People of Sheridan raised the
entire cost of the Chautauqua by
subscription this year and then
gave the course free to the public
during the week of July 4. Junc-
tion City proposes to give a free
Chautauqua next year under an
immense tent, and practically the
whole fund needed has already
been subscribed. If the course is
as valuable educationally as we
believe it to be this opens it up to
those who have the greatest need
of such education—those who feel
that they cannot afford to pay for
it.

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SEED MERCHANT
All kinds of Feed
New and second grain
sacks. Sack twine.
Clover seed. Chopping
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Prices right.
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Golden Loaf \$2.00
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Tactics, Mining, Pharmacy, Vo-
cational Education and Music.
Student life at the college is
rich in opportunities for lead-
ership and personal culture.
FALL TERM OPENS
SEPTEMBER 28, 1923
For information write to
THE REGISTRAR
Oregon Agricultural College
Corvallis

A nice plaything for children is
a rifle. Of course we always
didn't know it was loaded."
Marl Bem of Sweet Home, 9 years
old, had the end of his right fore-
finger shot off with one with which
he and his younger brother were
playing in bed last Thursday
morning.

People in this country have
played good Samaritan to many
in the near east, but the pharisaic
government has "passed by on the
other side" and avoided "entanglements" while Armenia was
drowned in blood.

Plant Now
your second crop of
Garden Peas
It's a fine time to sow
Winter Turnip Seed
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Good used FRUIT JARS 30c a dozen
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It is Estimated that 100,000 Negroes Have Left the Farm Districts of the
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—Journal of the American Bankers Association.

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Best sweets and soft drinks
at the
Best cuisine
Pleasant surroundings
Elite Confectionery
and Cafeteria
Efficient service
W. S. DUNCAN
Albany, Oregon

The Custard Cup
by
Florence Bingham
Livingston
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Crink came in at the big door. Crink
in the turned overcoat, pulling off his
shabby cap. Lettie and Thad in their
thin cotton, were dressed according to
the sunshine and the really mild tem-
perature; but Crink, coming in contact
with the outside world, was dressed
according to the calendar month of
January, nominally winter.
"This is Crink," said Mrs. Penfield,
proudly. "Crink, ain't it grand to see
Mrs. Weatherstone?"
"I should say!" Crink stepped for-
ward eagerly. "I want to thank you for
this here overcoat. Gee, it's a dandy! It
was pretty good last winter, but
now Penzie's turned it, ain't nobody
got better."
"You turned Geraldine's coat!" mur-
mured Mrs. Weatherstone. "Why, I
never should imagine it wasn't new."
Drawing on her glove, she became gra-
dually conversational. "Crink, my
dear, is it possible that you and Lettie
are twins? You're about the same
size, but your coloring is so different!"
"No, ma'am, we ain't twins. I'm most
ten, but I don't know how old Lettie is.
What would you say, Penzie?"
"I expect Lettie's younger," smiled
Mrs. Penfield. "Only a few months,
likely. And you know we're guessing
more or less 'bout your age, too. Proxi-
mate ages'll do very well for all three
of you. There's a heap of things more
important."
Mrs. Weatherstone paused with her
fingers on the clasp of the glove she
had been about to fasten. Her dark
eyes were full of inquiry, but her lips
were polite.
Mrs. Penfield answered her expres-
sion. "They weren't mine at all origi-
nally. I—I lost my own."
"Oh. But they are related?"
"Bless you, no. I just adopted 'em."
Mrs. Penfield waved her hand carelessly,
in a rather correct indication of the
vague beginnings which all three had
had.
"You—adopted—three children?" ex-
claimed Mrs. Weatherstone.
"Why, yes. It wasn't nothing. I
wanted to, and I could as well's not."
Mrs. Weatherstone, looking at the

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took the place of front porch.
"We'll all go out with you," shouted
Lettie. "And come again whenever
you can, won't you? It's been awful
intrusting, seeing you."
The three children trooped after her,
prodigal with entertaining comment,
delighted with the graciousness of her
response. After she had stepped into
the car, they stood watching, hand in
hand.
"Remember us to your daughters,
won't you?" beamed Lettie, in a clim-
actic ecstasy of politeness.
"Yes, thank you," returned Mrs.
Weatherstone, not to be outdone.
In the moment before the car start-
ed, she looked again at the three chil-
dren, in their made-over versions of
clothing that had come out of her
household. She was unwittingly re-
sponsible for the appearance which
these three eager mites of humanity
presented to their little world.
"May the Lord forgive me," she
thought, "for what I have done to the
innocent!"



The Envelope of Bills Was Gone.

In The Custard Cup the afternoon
continued to be unusual. To her in-
tense delight, Lettie was invited to
have supper with Mrs. Sanders—in-
vited with that spontaneous informal-
ity that is dear to the heart of every
youngster. The rest of the family were
at home, lingering around the table,
when an emergency call came from
Mrs. Enslow's. The baby had met
with an accident, painfully connected
with the hot stove.

Crink was dispatched to the drug
store for soothing remedies. Mrs. Pen-
field, agitated out of observance of
her customary after-supper regime,
was inveigled into permitting Thad to
hunt up his chum, Timmy Catterbox.
She left the table as it stood and hur-
ried to Mrs. Enslow's.

Half an hour later, when the baby
was relieved, Mrs. Penfield went back
to her interrupted routine. She
switched on the light and began clear-
ing the table—stopped in the act of
lifting a plate. Her eyes had fallen
on a chair overturned on the floor of
the living room. A slight thing, but it
had happened while she had been
gone. While all the family had been
gone!

Her heart stood still as she thought
of the money which she had failed to
deposit that afternoon. More than
two hundred dollars! It had totally
slipped her mind in the excitement of
the Enslow catastrophe. She dreaded
to look in the suitcase. Seconds passed
while she stared at the overturned
chair, paralyzed by dread. At last she
nerved herself to investigate. The
front door was still locked, but the
back door had been left open, that the
children might enter when they re-
turned.

She went into the bedroom. The
suitcase was on the floor. The rickety
old fasteners were undone.
The envelope of bills was gone. So
was Gussie Bosley's package.

Mrs. Penfield sank back on the floor
by the suitcase, faint and sick. Her
blood seemed to have stopped. The
room whirled. She was hanging over
a chasm . . . black ruin. . .
Crink came in.
"Where's Thad, Penzie? Ain't he
here?"

"Thad!" repeated Mrs. Penfield, still
in a daze.

"Yes. He'n Timmy were playing in
the Catterbox back yard, and Thad
came home for his spools. Timmy
waited for him till Mrs. Catterbox
called him in. He spoke to me outa
the window."

"My goodness! We must find him
right off. Time he went to bed, any-
how. It's most dark."

They went through the house, look-
ing in bunks on the chance that Thad
might be hiding, moving boxes behind
which no one could be concealed. They
searched in the back yard, in the
driveway. No Thad!

Mrs. Penfield was alarmed.
"Crink, we must find him. Must!"
"Cracky, yea," cried Crink. "We
couldn't live 'bout Thad."

They separated, each taking a side
of the driveway and ringing doorbells
in rotation. Some one was at home in
every flat—except the Bosley's, where
the windows were dark and the even-
ing paper was still on the steps. But
no one had seen Thad since he had
left Timmy Catterbox.
They went up and down the side-

walk outside The Custard Cup,
through all the yards once more,
through Number 47.

Lettie bounded in. She had known
that Crink had rung Mrs. Sanders'
bell, looking for Thad, but it had taken
a few minutes for this information to
turn into anxiety in her mind.
"Have they found him?" she de-
manded.

The silence answered her. They had
all loved Thad, but no one had re-
alized how large a place he held.

Mrs. Penfield stood in the middle of
the room, dazed, unable to see the next
move to make. Her face was chalky
white. Her brown eyes looked black;
they burned with a fierce fire. She
had totally forgotten the loss of the
money. She had not even mentioned
it to the children. What was money
compared with Thad, the baby that
she had loved as if it had been hers
by blood?

Lettie had never seen her idolized
Penzie look like that, had never seen
her withdrawn from the ways of
speech. A mighty impulse surged up
in the child to make her Penzie happy
again; and it was as if the rising tide
of that impulse lifted a recollection,
fallen in one corner of her brain, and
bore it to the surface. Her mind was
illumined with conviction.

"I'll get him, Penzie; I'll get him,"
she screamed, waving her arm wildly
and dashing toward the door.

Mrs. Penfield sprang forward and
caught the child by the shoulder. "You
stay right here, Lettie. Ain't no use
starting off at random. I'm going to
Mrs. Catterbox's to telephone the po-
lice, and—"

"Leggo!" cried Lettie, working her
lean shoulder madly in the effort to
free herself. "Leggo! I'll get him."

"Lettie—"

"Leggo! I gotta get him!"

The frail cotton tore under Mrs.
Penfield's grasp. Lettie had wrenched
herself loose.

"Don't you worry, Penzie, darling,"
she shrieked, as she darted toward the
door. "I know where he is. I'll get
him; I'll get him."

(To be continued)

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