

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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OUR PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS

President Harding was ill when he passed through Oregon Saturday and people in towns south of here were disappointed when he failed to appear as the train passed. His trouble was then attributed to ptomaines from crab meat or from canned goods eaten in Alaska. Arrived in San Francisco the more serious symptom of a weakened heart was announced. By Monday evening pneumonia had been added to the list and he was a pretty sick man, though he and Mrs. Harding and physicians give out optimistic prognostications on Tuesday, when this page is closed.

Let us hope the outcome may justify them.

DON'T DIG UP LOGANS

Don't dig up your loganberry vines. Many have lost their crops of the fruit this year, but they need not do so every year. The logan is a luscious, juicy fruit and grows to greater perfection in the Willamette valley than anywhere else. It is slightly more acid than the American taste prefers. People who consume 100 pounds a piece of sugar every year, as the Americans do, have "a sweet tooth." A young man says he knows at least one who is all sweet. When it was proposed, a few years ago, to put the hardy, productive, everywhere-present Oregon evergreen blackberry on the market it was objected to as too sweet. But the experiment was tried and the demand for the sweet fruit was such that the one-time pasture pest has been planted in gardens and fields all over western Oregon. Yet those who shipped a car of fresh logans east this year got good returns, and more may go that way hereafter.

When growers got 15c a pound for loganberries canners who were short-sighted enough to pay it killed the market by asking a price that would not mean a loss to them and then were unable to unload at all.

There was a good and growing demand for loganberry juice in the east and south. It has a sprightly flavor all its own. It is still being called for, but in vain. The 15-cent price closed the juice works. Good management and fair prices may restore the market and develop it so that there will be a demand for all the loganberries we can produce and harvest.

Senator-elect Magnus Johnson thinks a revolution threatens as a result of the agricultural depression. Woodrow Wilson thinks religious depression contains the same threat. The I. W. W. think the revolution will come because "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." Cousins of Michigan think it will be caused by prohibition. Jefferson Davis once thought it would come because of the abolition movement. We have always been threatened with revolutions but we haven't had any since that which started in 1776.

Rebellious Oregon farmers at the last election—rebellious against government by party—put dirt farmers in the governor's chair and some of the legislative seats. Now they threaten to make a United States senator and to put Henry Ford's name on one or more tickets. Henry isn't a dirt farmer, but he has made the most popular wagon, and he has made it in the most popular way.

Hyphenate parties have not cut much of a figure in national elec-

tion returns. They usually try to harmonize irreconcilable elements. The feet of their images are part of iron and part of clay. What cohesion can be expected between the 90-cent wheatgrower and the \$12-a-day bricklayer in a farmer-labor party?

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE

A nation-wide straw ballot indicates that Henry Ford is the choice of the people, without regard to party, for president.

A similar ballot four years ago would have revealed Herbert Hoover in the same light.

The republican and democratic leaders are as much afraid of Ford now as they were of Hoover then. Each party then was afraid that if its party did not nominate the popular idol the opposition would, and would elect him.

Mr. Hoover removed the cause of their fears by announcing that he belonged to the republican party. Then the democrats could not run him for the office and the republicans would not. Nobody without a string on him could have their nomination. The bosses had no assurance that Hoover would not favor the league of nations, and with a president favoring it nothing could keep the American people out of it after the smoke screen of their campaign of falsehood had blown away. They could not maintain that screen indefinitely. It cost them \$4,000,000 to keep it up until election, \$1,600,000 of which they had to borrow, and they had the deuce of a time for a year or two raising money to repay the loan.

The prime objection to Ford is that he is impractical. No such objection could be raised against Hoover. He has been for a decade the most practical man before the American public. He does things, and he beats no tom toms.

Nobody before the American public—nor anywhere else—has shown himself more practical than Henry Ford in building automobiles or in running a little railroad. But he sponsored an impractical effort to induce Emperor William to call off the dogs of war. That fact is held up against him. His object, however, was certainly a good one, and perhaps it was better to try and fail than not to try at all.

But the same objection applies to President Harding. He has tried to put a stop to war and has failed. His partisans proclaim his failures as successes, but they are not.

He came into the presidential contest handicapped by the blind opposition of the reactionary gang in control of his party to the only scheme that had ever seemed to promise the elimination of great wars—the League of Nations. He must needs offer us a substitute, and he promised us an "association"—not a "league"—of nations, which should prevent war. He has been unable to take a step in that direction. The Washington conference is proclaimed as his triumph. What did it do? It resulted in an agreement for the reduction of the number of battleships, after battleships had proved to be more of an impediment than a help to the nation owning them. In the face of modern methods the battleship had become a back number and the nations were only too willing to agree to scrap some of them.

Mr. Harding has been unable to make an agreement to lessen the number of armed men in the world, or the forces, which will be the front of any offensive in the next war. In fact, the nations are feverishly rushing the construction of



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(Continued)

"You see, yesterday I got hold of one of his dope fiends that was willing to squeal on him, so last night we put it through as smooth as silk. The feller bought the stuff with money we could have identified in Slam. One of our own men was within witnessing distance, too. Some of the very powder you were guarding yesterday, Carline, is one of our choicest exhibits today. We sure got Bosley; darn it all, we got him!"

"I s'pose," said Mrs. Penfield slowly, "that Mrs. Bosley's been honoring me with her packages of counterfeit money and dope, but seems as if it wasn't very clever—"

"Clever!" Jerry Winston took the word out of her mouth. "She was the life of the ring in the beginning, but lately she'd lost her nerve, and Bosley's had the devil's own time to keep her from breaking away. She didn't care if Bosley got caught, so long as she'd cleared her skirts. If the house was going to be searched, the goods weren't going to be there. See? Ain't any of these folks so clever that they don't do something foolish 'fore they're through."

"Poor thing!" commiserated Mrs. Penfield. "I wonder what'll become of her."

"Well, I can tell you. She'll get a chance to think it over. We got her last night, too. She was staging an exit of her own, but we trailed her to Sixteenth street station, just in time to see her getting on the local for the mole. That gave her two chances: To go on to San Francisco or come back on a through train. We telegraphed the police on the other side to watch the ferry; then we waited for the Shasta limited—and there she was! Gee, I was glad. The more of the trick I could help to turn, the surer I'd be of building up a reputation. Well, sir, the little lady went right up through the roof of the sleepers first off; then she came down and melted into tears. Some confession we got out of her! That's how I got hold of a lot of things I been telling you. Seems 'twas you tipped her off that she'd better get out of town."

"I! Why, I didn't see her last evening!"

He laughed. "No, but you telephoned the police from Mrs. Catterbox's and she told Mrs. Bosley as a piece of neighborly gossip. I came around to hunt up Mrs. Gussie and was just in time to catch a glimpse of her taking a taxi. I'd ha' caught her at the station if the darned engine of the car I'd rented hadn't stalled on me a block away. Golly, I was mad!"

"I'm sorry for 'em both," declared Mrs. Penfield thoughtfully. "Folks that mix up their lives that way ain't really grown up. But, oh, Uncle Jerry, I can't be thankful 'nough that I'm going to get that money back. You can't imagine what a weight it lifts. It was a small matter compared with Thad, but—"

"Thad! What's the matter with Thad?" he reiterated.

Briefly she told him.

He shook his head. "If you want to raise that Little kid, Carline, you'll have to train some of the recklessness out of her. She had a narrow escape. Our men raided that Everidge street house last night, hunting for the plant, and the woman tried to get away. They shot at her. She—she ain't expected to live."

There, there, Carline, don't get white over danger that's past. It ain't likely to happen again. Prob'ly Thad came in and saw Bosley take the money, and Bosley wasn't running any chances of being told on till he could get out of town. Then some of his cronies would have turned Thad loose again—only we stopped the plan by calling a halt on all their doings. Cracky, I got to be going. I want to see if I can't land a job somewhere on the strength of this."

The doorbell rang sharply. Mrs. Penfield found a knot of her neighbors



"What's the Matter With Thad?"

in the driveway, discussing the newspaper accounts of the raid and the arrest of five suspects. Eagerly they invited her into their comparison of exciting events, feeling sure that through Jerry Winston's intimacy with Frank Bosley she would have many interesting details to contribute. But when she merely listened and added nothing, they were surprised, incredulous, even resentful.

From hour to hour further items were unearthed, dragged into the small community, and shared generously in an impromptu council of all the tenants. The Bosleys had not been popular; their downfall had therefore a satisfying element that lent peculiar piquancy to everybody's version. Blood was a-tingle with keenest stimulation; the air was cloudy with exclamations.

Nor was there any perceptible diminution the next day—or the next. And scarcely had the driveway gossip thinned a trifle when Mrs. Penfield's thoughts were given a vastly different turn.

Mr. Crashaw came to interview her. He had seen Mrs. Weatherstone; he had seen the hangings. He offered Mrs. Penfield a hundred dollars in cash and a small block of stock in his laundry association in exchange for her formula and a certain amount of supervision until its use should be mastered in the various laundries of which he had charge.

"It will mean," he told her, "about a thousand dollars a year—more, as the business grows—but you can be assured of that amount."

It seemed a fortune to Mrs. Penfield. She had difficulty in tempering her impetuous delight into a seemly business attitude. To have a steady income, aside from her usual earnings, would mean a different life for the children.

After Mr. Crashaw had gone, she began to plan exactly what that life should be. For one thing, she would surely be justified in giving up the management of The Custard Cup, which was rapidly precluding other duties. With significant juxtaposition, the fact that Mrs. Sanders was leav-

ing her flat, flashed into her mind. Mrs. Sanders was going to live with a cousin in Sonoma county and help take care of a large family of children. Mrs. Penfield could rent that flat. It would be the pleasantest because a friend had lived in it. There would be conveniences, a more satisfactory number of rooms. She would keep up her laundry work, but under far easier conditions. There would be school books, clothes, plenty to eat, a fund slowly growing in the bank. Oh, everything would be different—and safer. Perhaps Uncle Jerry would—

She broached the subject to him as he came around the house from a flying trip to the loft—Uncle Jerry with the new position with a private detective bureau, and with twinkles more lively than ever in his kindly eyes.

"We could give you a room, Uncle Jerry. We could take the dining room for—"

The color came up in his bronzed face. "Well, I—I don't know, Carline," he stammered. "It's bully of you to think of it, but—but I hope I can't—that is—well, we'll talk it over." He tramped rapidly out of the alley.

"Well, I sure wonder what he means," thought Mrs. Penfield in surprise.

She watched. Uncle Jerry went up Miss Hagwood's steps. "Oh-h-h!" she breathed. She ceased to wonder.

CHAPTER XXI

A Chance for Another.

"Mrs. Penfield!"
"Yes, come right in, Mrs. Wopple. I only got to finish washing out this—"

"Oh, I can't stop, Mrs. Penfield. I just heard this here 'story 'bout your movin'."

"Yes," said Mrs. Penfield happily. "I'm going to move tomorrow into Mrs. Sanders' flat. Ain't it fine?"

Mrs. Wopple shook her head in bewilderment. "I don't know. Seems like you're playin' a trick on us somehow—you been so kinder poor and low-down and ev'rything. Josiah says he don't think it's fair for folks that've been poor to suddenly come into money. 'Stead of lookin' down on 'em, he's got to all of a sudden look up and—"

"Oh," laughed Mrs. Penfield, "tell him not to twist his neck on 'count of me. I ain't coming up very far."

"It's quite a change," sniffed Mrs. Wopple. "Why, you're goin' to be as good as any of us, ain't you?"

Mrs. Penfield's brown eyes danced. "I wouldn't go so far's to claim that. But I'm glad to have more rooms for the children, and things more home-like. It's wonderful to have an income. Didn't seem as if there was any way for it to happen."

"Folks say it's from a laundry," suggested Mrs. Wopple.

"Yes—a formula I'd worked out for washing colored clothes and silks and—"

"I put starch in the water," insisted Mrs. Wopple eagerly.

Mrs. Penfield smiled. "Tisn't starch. It's a mixture I never heard of anybody's using."

"It's strange how smart you was, and didn't any of us s'pect it," remarked Mrs. Wopple tartly. "Ma, I think of lots of things, but of course I never tried to sell 'em. Josiah earnin' big money the way he does, I don't have to."

"No, surely not," agreed Mrs. Penfield, genially.

Mrs. Wopple turned to go. "Wgill, I'll run in just as soon's you get your apple boxes moved. I'll want to see how you're gettin' on. And say, Mrs. Penfield, even if your stock goes up, you won't never forget what close neighbors we been, will you?"

"No, Mrs. Wopple, never," promised Mrs. Penfield warmly.

Amusedly she admitted to herself that Mrs. Wopple had not been far wrong about the apple boxes, which had served the family for multifarious purposes during the months that were past. It was different now—or would be tomorrow. Mrs. Penfield had decided to purchase a few pieces of furniture, to be paid for in installments and to form the nucleus of a real home, real in appearance as well as in spirit.

She was about to set forth on this errand when a man in livery turned



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military airships in a hope each to become stronger—more frightful—in this respect than the other.

The land forces of Great Britain, France and Germany are less now than before the war, while those of the United States and Russia have been increased. The figure in this country was 86,500 in 1913 and last year it was 187,000.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Ford have each failed in efforts to prevent war. And Mr. Harding's failure has been the bigger of the two, for Mr. Ford moved only as a private citizen and Mr. Harding as the representative of the most powerful of nations.

Mr. Ford has tried, and aside from the peace move, he has accomplished. He pays the highest wages in his line of business, but he retains no employee who is not worth all he pays. Perhaps he could, as president, reduce the public service to the same basis. If this were done the government of the United States would not cost the people one-third of what it does now. And the service rendered by officials would be far more efficient.

The probability is that Harding will be renominated. He has been a good president, under the circumstances, and tried to the extent of his ability to improve the service given the people by their employes—the officeholders.

But the uncertainty of the situation is trying to the nerves of professional politicians. They would sleep better nights if they knew the answer to a few puzzles:

Will Ford run for president? What party will run him, one of the old ones or a new one? Could he get a dangerous number of electoral votes if he ran independently of any party? Where will Hiram Johnson be?

Al Smith?
McAdoo?
Etc, etc, etc.?

The automobile industry was first among eight industries surveyed in prevention of accidents by the national safety council—Chicago Dispatch.

The above applies to the factories. Now let the safety survey council investigate the fools and a few others who drive automobiles and that industry will be found at the head of the list of accidents not prevented.

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