

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Nov. 15, 1923

WHY THE HIGH PRICE?

Official statistics for 1922 show that consumers paid 22 1-2 billion dollars for farm products, exclusive of cotton, tobacco and live stock. Of this total the middle interests received 14 1-2 billions for getting it to the consumers and the farmers received 7 1-2 billions. Such a condition will break any industry.

The department of agriculture states that two million people left the farms last year because they could not make a living, and thousands more would no doubt have left if they had been able to sell or rent their land.

There are 33 1-2 millions of farm folks engaged in producing food for the nation and there are 19 millions of middle folks concerned in distribution of these products to the homes. The results are that the middle interest fix the price so low to the farmer that he cannot get cost of production on many of his products, while the price to the homes is so high that normal buying is greatly reduced.

If this keeps recurring long enough the increased number of city residents will reduce the price of their work and their products and the reduced supply of farm help will raise the price of farm work and products and even things up.

Some producers of special crops, such as wheat, loganberries and a few others in Oregon have been hard hit, but not enough to justify any general cry of "hard times." We do not hear any wails from owners of herds of properly tested Jersey or Holstein cows, and growers of diversified crops are prospering.

Col. Sudell, the leading auctioneer of this region, reports the most successful sales year in his experience. Bidders with cash have been plentiful and prices good.

The railroads all over the country and especially in Oregon, are carrying more freight, month after month, than ever before, and freight movements cannot be lively when business is dull.

We do not indorse the plea of some farmers for a loosening of the restraint on immigration of laborers. Relief from low prices will not come from overfilling the farm labor market. Wages for such labor, though too high compared with the price of wheat, are too ridiculously low compared with wages of trades in the cities and towns. If the cost of skilled labor and its products are to stay at their high level, wheat and other products and farm labor must come up to meet it, instead of going lower.

It takes as much brains and muscle to do a good job of plowing as to do a good job of hod carrying, and it ought to command as good pay.

The taxes have been heavier than last year, but there is less delinquency. "Every day, in every way," times "are getting better and better."

Don't knock, rejoice and be exceedingly glad.

Our Brownsville correspondent is right in thinking people ought to be "pretty sure of themselves" before leaving one creed for another. No doubt, however, these believers in modern divine healing feel quite as sure of themselves as Abraham did when he left the church of Ur, or Paul when he left the church of Rome, Wesley when he left the church of England or Roger William when he went out from the Puritan church and founded the Baptist denomination. It is a perpetual procession and

there are millions in it in every age of the world.

The Junction City Times referring to the promptness with which the vote was announced calls that the fastest city. Twenty or thirty years ago, when saloons and houses of vice flourished more in Oregon than they do today, railroad men used to say Junction City was the fastest town be-

tween San Francisco and Portland.

Monday was the fifth anniversary of the signing of the armistice. General Ludendorf, who had declared that the German army had not been defeated, wasn't celebrating this time.

Although it cannot be found in Webster's dictionary, the word "gotten" has gotten into increasingly general use and the Oregonian's "English Quiz" admits it as an English word.

HAVING SECURED THE EXCLUSIVE SALE of the Cherry City Milling company's feeds and flour, and a carload of feed being due Nov. 15, I announce the following prices:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Mhl Run, Molasses Feed, Capital Mixed Feed, Egg Builder, Soy Bean Meal, Fish Meal, Scratch, Bone Meal, Poultry Bone, Oat Groats, Eastern Shell, Oil Meal, Best Hard Wheat Flour, Valley Flour.

Keep these prices in mind
T. J. SKIRVIN HALSEY

CANDY. A Child May Eat Our Candy



without any injurious effects, for it is all fresh and made of the purest materials. The purity and freshness of our confectionery has always been our strong point, and it has always found ready favor with the candy eating public. Just try a box and be convinced, as it is the best candy made.

Clark's Confectionery

Winter!

Yes; it is almost here. That means **Heating Stoves**. See our new and complete line of Heaters.

We solicit your stove Repair business.
HILL & Co.

The BROWN MOUSE by Herbert Quick



Herbert Quick has been such a busy man in various lines of activity that he has found time to write books; but not only has he found the time, but has been very successful as a writer. The Brown Mouse has become a sort of textbook in agricultural colleges and has been widely read by teachers and farmers, probably, as any other story ever written. His "Vandemark's Folly" is one of the very successful books of the past two years and he seems to have scored even more heavily with his recent novel, "The Hawkens." The list of his novels and short stories is a long one and in general excellence would do credit to a person who had devoted all his time to literature.

This author was born on a farm near Steamboat Rock, Grundy county, Iowa. From farming he turned to school-teaching and while principal of a ward school in Mason City, studied law. After being admitted to the bar he practiced in Sioux City and first came into prominence as member and counsel for the Citizens' committee which prosecuted hoodlums. He was twice nominated and once elected mayor of Sioux City and later was nominated for supreme judge. He was once associate editor of LaFollette's Weekly at Madison, Wis., and later editor of Farm Loan Bureau, Washington, in 1918. During a part of the war he was chairman for the Far East of the American Red Cross, with the rank of colonel. Several years ago he moved to Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, and is now recognized as one of the leading citizens of that state.

"The Brown Mouse" is probably the greatest exemplification ever produced of the romance and fascination that can be made to attach to the occupations of teaching and farming. The story is so charmingly constructed that it pleases people of all classes and is relished by children as well as adults; and the practical ideas which it contains have awakened communities all over the world. The ideas have been adopted in hundreds of places as part of the regular school work and part of the legitimate advancement of farming science.

CHAPTER I
A Maiden's "Humph!"
Jim brought from his day's work all the fragrances of next year's meadows. He had been feeding the crops. All things have opposite poles, and the scents of the farm are no exception to the rule. Just now, Jim Irwin possessed in his clothes and person the olfactory pole opposite to the new-mown hay, the fragrant butter and the scented breath of the lowing kine—perspiration and top-dressing.
He was not quite so keenly conscious of this as was Jennie Woodruff. Had he been so, the glimmer of her white plume dress on the bench under the baseboard would not have drawn him back from the gate. He had come to the house to ask Colonel Woodruff about the farm work, and having received instructions to take a team and join in the road work next day, he had gone down the walk between the beds of four o'clocks and petunias to the lane.

Turning to latch the gate, he saw through the dusk the white dress under the tree and drawn by the greatest attraction known in nature, had reentered the Woodruff grounds and strolled back.

A brief hello betrayed old acquaintance, and that social equality which still persists in theory between the work people on the American farm and the family of the employer. A desultory murmur of voices ensued. Jim Irwin sat down on the bench—not too close, he it observed, to the plume skirt. . . . There came into the voices a note of deeper earnestness, betokening something quite aside from the rippling of the course of true love running smoothly. In the man's voice was a tone of protest and pleading.

"I know you are," said she, "but after all these years don't you think you should be at least preparing to be something more than that?"
"What can I do?" he pleaded. "I'm tied hand and foot. . . . I might have. . . ."
"You might have," said she, "but Jim, you haven't. . . . and I don't see any prospects. . . ."
"I have been writing for the farm papers," said Jim; "but . . ."
"But that doesn't get you anywhere, you know. . . . You're a great deal more able and intelligent than Ed, and see what a fine position he has in Chicago. . . ."
"There's mother, you know," said Jim gently.

"You can't do anything here," said Jennie. "You've been a farm-hand for fifteen years. . . . and you always will be unless you pull yourself loose. Even a girl can make a place for herself if she doesn't marry and leaves the farm. You're twenty-eight years old."
"It's all wrong!" said Jim gently. "The farm ought to be the place for the best sort of career—I love the soil!"
"I've been teaching for only two years, and they say I'll be nominated for county superintendent if I'll take it. Of course I won't—it seems silly—but if it were you, now, it would be a first step to a life that leads to something."

"Mother and I can live on my wages—and the garden and chickens, and the cow," said Jim. "After I received my teacher's certificate, I tried to work out some way of doing the same thing on a country teacher's wages. I couldn't. It doesn't seem right."
Jim rose and after pacing back and forth sat down again, a little closer to Jennie. Jennie moved away to the extreme end of the bench, and the shrinking away of Jim as if he had been repelled by some sort of negative magnetism showed either sensitiveness or temper.

"It seems as if it ought to be possible," said Jim, "for a man to do work on the farm, or in the rural schools, that would make him a livelhood. If he is only a field-hand, it ought to be possible for him to save money and buy a farm."
"Pa's land is worth two hundred dollars an acre," said Jennie. "Six months of your wages for an acre—even if you lived on nothing."
"No," he assented, "it can't be done, and the other thing can't, either. There ought to be such conditions that a teacher could make a living."
"They do," said Jennie. "If they can live at home during vacations, I do."
"But a man teaching in the country ought to be able to marry."
"Marry!" said Jennie, rather unfeelingly, I think. "You marry?" Then after remaining silent for nearly a

minute, she uttered the syllable—without the utterance of which this narrative would not have been written. "You marry! Humph!"
Jim Irwin rose from the bench tingling with the insult he found in her tone. They had been boy-and-girl sweethearts in the old days at the Woodruff schoolhouse down the road, and before the fateful time when Jennie went "off to school" and Jim began to support his mother. They had even kissed—and on Jim's side, lonely as was his life, cut off as it necessarily was from all companionship save that of his tiny home and his fellow-workers of the field, the tender little love-story was the sole romance of his life. Jennie's "Humph!" retired this romance from circulation, he felt. It showed contempt for the idea of his marrying. It relegated him to a sexless category with other defectives, and badged him with the celibacy of a sort of Twentieth-century monk, without the honor of the priestly vocation. From another girl it would have been bad enough, but from Jennie Woodruff—and especially on

that quiet summer night under the Linden—it was insupportable.
"Good night," said Jim—simply because he could not trust himself to say more.
"Good night," replied Jennie, and sat for a long time wondering just how deeply she had unintentionally wounded the feelings of her father's field-hand; deciding that if he was driven from her forever, it would solve the problem of terminating that old childish love affair which still persisted in occupying a suite of rooms all of its own in her memory; and finally repenting of the unpremeditated thrust which might easily have hurt too deeply so sensitive a man as Jim Irwin. But girls are not usually so made as to feel any very bitter remorse for their male victims, and so Jennie slept very well that night.

Jim Irwin was bony and rugged and homely, with a big mouth, and wide ears, and a form stooped with labor. He had fine, lambent, gentle eyes which lighted up his face when he smiled. He was not ugly. Jim Irwin possessed charm. That is why little Jennie Woodruff had asked him to help with her lessons, rather oftener than was necessary, in those old days in the Woodruff schoolhouse when Jennie wore her hair down her back.
But in spite of this homely charm of personality, Jim Irwin was set off from his fellows of the Woodruff neighborhood. He was different. In local parlance, he was an off ox. He was as odd as Dick's husband. He ran in a gang by himself. He had always liked to read, and had piles of literature in his attic room which was good, because it was cheap.
Very few people know that cheap literature is very likely to be good, because it is old and unprotected by copyright. Jim had Emerson, Thoreau, an Encyclopedia of English Literature, some editions of standard poets in paper covers, and a few Ruskins and Carlyles—all read to rags.

In fact, Jim had a good library of publications which can be obtained gratis, or very cheaply—and he knew their contents. He had a personal philosophy, which while it had cost him the world in which his fellows lived, had given him one of his own, in which he moved as lonely as a cloud, and as untouched of the life about him.
By every test of common life, he was a failure. His family history was a badge of failure. People despised a man who was so inconceivably smarter than they, and yet could do no better with himself than to work in the fields alongside the tramps and transients and hoboes. Scarcely for his mother and his cow and garden and flock of fowls and their wretched little rented house, he was a tramp himself.
His duties, his mother, and his dead father's status as an outcast took away his citizenship in Boyville, and drove him in upon himself, and, at first, upon his school books and later upon Emerson, Thoreau, Ruskin and the poets, and the agricultural reports and bulletins.

All this degraded—or exalted—him to the position of an intellectual farm-hand, with a sense of superiority and a feeling of degradation. It made Jennie Woodruff's "Humph!" potent to keep him awake that night, and send him to the road work with Colonel Woodruff's team next morning with hot eyes and a hotter heart.
(To be continued)

CLAIMS MISREPRESENTATION

Harry E. Nelson, adjutant of the American Legion in Oregon, writes from Portland:
"I was surprised to read an article in your paper of date of October 25th, relating to the recent American Legion national convention at San Francisco, in which you state that the Oregon and Oklahoma delegations voted solidly Ku Klux. This is not true.
The legion gave notice that it did not propose to act as a judge in determining the patriotic status of any body of citizens in relation to charges such as are often made against the klan. The legion in effect said: 'We condemn any individual, group or organization which promotes racial, creed or class hatreds.' This resolution was supported throughout by the Oregon delegation."
The Oklahoma and Oregon delegations were the only ones, we believe, which voted unanimously against a resolution denouncing the klan by name.

WHY OF COURSE.

She: After we are married, I shall be boss!
He: And before we are married—
She (interrupting): I shall be boss!

HE WAS AT HOME

Loud ringing of the telephone brought the man of the house on the run. A strange feminine voice hailed him. "Why don't you come home, you wretch?"
"Madam," replied he "I'll admit I'm a wretch. But for once I'm home. You have the wrong number."

CONGRATULATED
(Brownsville Times)

On the evening of November 9 about twenty-five business people and residents of this city drove out to Oren Stratton's old place to welcome him back to it and congratulate him on winning the suit and getting possession at once. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton moved in Saturday last in the evening. All responded to acting-toastmaster, E. E. White's invitation and congratulated Mr. Stratton on his coming to be one of us again. After all had been said, a lunch of coffee and doughnuts were served. At a late hour all left wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stratton many happy days in their new "old home."

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Templeton, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Kumbler, Mr. and Mrs. George McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Rebhan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cain, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Park, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. White, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Morse.

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We are making five-year loans on Linn county farms at 5% plus commission. Call on BEAM LAND CO., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore.

Amor A. Tussing

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Quarters of BEEF for canning purposes at canning prices. C. H. FALK C. L. FALK JR.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
of Hearing of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the final account of J. F. Schedler, as administrator of the estate of Mary E. Schedler, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 19th day of November, 1923, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.

Dated and first published Oct. 13, 1923. J. F. SCHEDLER, Administrator aforesaid, AMOR A. TUSSING, Atty. for Admr.