

Below are a few sample sentences from the story of The Brown Mouse

Every teacher, every pupil, every parent of a pupil in the rural schools, ought to read this story. Subscribers will find it in the Enterprise soon. Those who do not subscribe, instead of paying \$2 for the book, can get the complete story in the Enterprise by paying only 50 cents for a four-months' subscription, and the publisher agrees to discontinue the paper at the end of the four months unless the subscriber sends in a renewal.

"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 livelihood. 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.

The grading gang laughed. Newton grinned even while in the fell clutch of circumstance. Ponto tried to smell the chauffeur's trousers, and what had been a laugh became a roar. Caution and mercy departed from the chauffeur's mood; he drew back his fist to strike the boy—and found it caught by the hard hand of Jim Irwin.

"You're too angry to punish this boy," said Jim gently, "even if you had the right to punish him at all!"

The chauffeur, however, unhesitatingly released Newton, and furiously delivered a blow meant for Jim's jaw, which miscarried by a foot. In reply, Jim countered with an awkward



Jim Countered With an Awkward Upper Cut.

swinging uppercut. It landed fairly on the point of the jaw. The chauffeur staggered and slowly toppled over into the soft earth which had caused so much of the rumpus.

"Oh, cut it out," said a fat man in the rear of the car, who had hitherto manifested small interest in anything save Ponto. "Get in, and let's be on our way!"

Colonel Woodruff, waving toward him in his runabout, held up by the traffic blockade, asked what was going on here, and the chauffeur, rising groggily, climbed into the car; and the meeting dissolved.

"Good work, Jim," said Cornelius Bonner. "I didn't think 'twas in ye!" "It's beastly," said Jim, reddening. "I didn't know, either."

The deadlocked members of the board had been so long at loggerheads that their relations had awayed back to something like amity. Jim had scarcely entered when Con Bonner addressed the chair.

"Mr. President," said he, "we have wid us 'nigh, a young man who nades no introduction to an audience in this place, Mr. Jim Irwin. He thinks we're bullheaded mules, and that all the schools are bad. At the proper time I shall move that we hire him fr teacher; and pinding that motion, I move that he be given the floor. Ye've all heard of Mr. Irwin's ability as a white hope, and I know he'll be listened to wid respect."

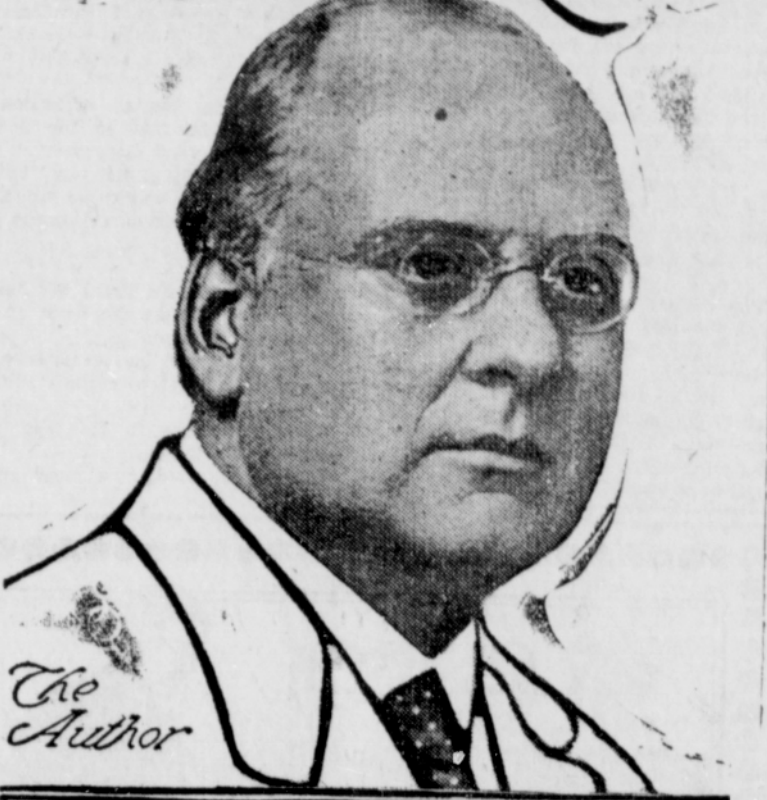
"We have had the privilege of list'nin'," said Con Bonner, rising, "to a great speech, Mr. President. Makin' a good spache is one thing, and teaching a good school is another, but in order to bring this matter before the board, I nominate Mr. James E. Irwin, the Boy Orator of the Woodruff district, and the new white hope, fr the job of teacher of this school, and I move that when he shall have received a majority of the votes of this board, the secretary and presidint be instructed to enter into a contract with him fr the comin' year."

The president followed usage when he said: "If there's no objection, it will be so ordered. Prepare the ballots for a vote on the election of teacher, Mr. Secretary."

There was no surprise in view of the nomination of Jim Irwin by the blarneying Bonner when the Secretary smoothed out the first ballot, and read: "James E. Irwin, one." But when the next slip came forth, "James E. Irwin, two," the board of directors of the Woodruff Independent district were stunned at the slowly dawning knowledge that they had made an election! Before they had rallied, the secretary drew from the box the third and last ballot, and read, "James E. Irwin, three."

"Move we adjourn," said Peterson. "No 'bjection 'tis so ordered!" said Mr. Bronson.

The BROWN MOUSE by Herbert Quick



The Author

WHEN Herbert Quick writes a story it is the time for everyone to sit up and take notice; for he is one of the most versatile and entertaining geniuses in this country. Farmer, schoolmaster, lawyer, editor, public servant, social worker and novelist, he has had a great round of experiences and has worked many of them into his stories. Born in Grundy county, Iowa, he has been mayor of Sioux City, nominee for supreme judge, editor of Farm and Fireside, member of the Federal Farm Loan bureau and several other national commissions, and during the war, had the rank of colonel conferred upon him by the Red Cross.

In "The Brown Mouse," Mr. Quick has taken his inspiration from the Scotch scientist who crossed Japanese waltzing mice with the common white breed and among other hybrids got a brown individual that was different from anything else in the world. Unlike its domesticated parents, it was wild; it ran away, bit, gnawed, scratched and raised hob generally.

Jim Irwin, the hero of the tale, is a brown mouse. His peddling father was a waltzing mouse, no good except to jump from one spot to another for no valid reason. His mother was a white mouse, having had all her color washed out in one way or another. Like the brown mouse which refuses to act according to the rules of heredity, Jim had ideas of his own and did many surprising things. He completely woke up a sleepy farming community and showed it what a touch of genius can do.

This Charming Tale Will Run as a Serial in the Enterprise, beginning Nov. 15

If you are interested in cow testing and want to interest your neighbor in it, get him to read "The Brown Mouse."

Every school pupil who belongs to an agricultural or industrial club ought to read Herbert Quick's story.

Every parent who wants his children to grow up with respect for the dignity of the farmer's calling, and with an ambition to make it a success, will enjoy the story.

Every schoolteacher will enjoy it.

"Any job's as big as the man who holds it down," said Farmer Woodruff. Are you big enough to make your job grow? The brown mouse was.

Send me 50c

and I will send the Enterprise four months, containing the complete story of "The Brown Mouse," besides its ordinary quota of local and state news, editorials and, far from the least, advertisements that will tell you how to save money and properly satisfy many needs. I will send it to you or to any address you may name, and will discontinue it at the end of the four months unless the subscription is renewed.

This story is copyrighted by the Bobbs-Merrill company. I have obtained the right to publish it in Halsey, for I believe it will benefit our schools.

Wm. H. WHEELER Publisher Enterprise, Halsey, Oregon

"I voted for him," replied Bronson, "because he fought for my boy this afternoon. I didn't want it stuck into him too hard. I wanted him to have one vote."

"An' I wanted him to have wan vote, too," said Bonner. "I thought meself the only dang fool on the board—an' he made a spache that alrned wan vote—but fr the love of hivin, that dub fr a teacher! What come over you, Haakon—you voted fr him, too!"

"Ay wanted him to have one vote, too," said Peterson.

"Jennie," said Colonel Woodruff, after the party had broken up, "I'm losing the best hand I ever had, and I've been sorry."

"I'm glad he's leaving you," said Jennie. "He ought to do something except work in the field for wages."

"I've had no idea he could make good as a teacher—and what is there in it if he does?"

"What has he lost if he doesn't?" rejoined Jennie. "And why can't he make good?"

"The school board's against him, for one thing," replied the colonel. "They'll fire him if they get a chance. They're the laughing-stock of the country for hiring him by mistake, and they're irritated. But after seeing him perform tonight, I wonder if he can't make good."

"If he could feel like anything but an underling, he'd succeed," said Jennie.

"That's his heredity," stated the colonel, whose live stock operations were based on heredity. "Jim's a scrub, I suppose; but he acts as if he might turn out to be a Brown Mouse."

"What do you mean, pa," scoffed Jennie—"a Brown Mouse?"

"A fellow in Edinburgh," said the colonel, "crossed the Japanese waltzing mouse with the common white mouse. Jim's peddling father was a waltzing mouse, no good except to jump from one spot to another for no good reason. Jim's mother is an albino of a woman, with all the color washed out in one way or another. Jim ought to be a mongrel, and I've always considered him one. But the Edinburgh fellow every once in a while got out of his variously-colored, waltzing and albino hybrids, a brown mouse. It wasn't a common house mouse, either, but a wild mouse unlike any he had ever seen. It ran away, and bit and gnawed and raised hob. It was what we breeders call a Mendelian segregation of genetic factors that had been in the waltzers and albinos all the time—their original wild ancestor of the woods and fields. If Jim turns out to be a brown mouse, he may be a bigger man than any of us. Anyhow, I'm for him."

"What we came for, Mr. Irwin, is to object to the way the teachin's being done—corn and wheat, and hogs and the like, instead of the learnin' schools was made to teach, and can see as 't the whole district can see 't it's easier for a man that's been a farm-hand to teach farm-hand knowledge, than the learnin' schools was set up to teach; but if so be he hasn't the book education to do the right thing, we think he should get out and give a real teacher a chance."

"What am I neglecting?" asked Jim mildly.

Mrs. Bonner seemed unprepared for the question, and sat for an instant

mute. Mrs. Peterson interposed her attack while Mrs. Bonner might be recovering her wind.

"We people that have had a hard time," she said in a precise way which seemed to show that she knew exactly what she wanted, "don't want our children taught about nothing but work. We want our children to learn nice things, and go to high school, and after a while to the Juniversity."

"Aren't your children happy in school, Mrs. Peterson?"

"I don't send them to school to be happy, Yim," replied Mrs. Peterson, calling him by the name most familiarly known to all of them; "I send them to learn to be nigner people than their father and mother. That's what America means!"

"They'll be higher people—higher than their parents—higher than their teacher—they'll be efficient farmers, and efficient farmers' wives. They'll be happy, because they will know how to use more brains in farming than any lawyer or doctor or merchant can possibly use in his business."

"It's a fine thing," said Mrs. Bonner, coming to the aid of her fellow soldiers, "to work hard for a lifetime, an'

raise nothing but a family of farmers! A fine thing!"

"They will be farmers anyhow," cried Jim, "in spite of your efforts—ninety out of every hundred of them! And of the other ten, nine will be wage-earners in the cities, and wish to God they were back on the farm; and the hundredth one will succeed in the city."

The guns of Mrs. Bonner and Mrs. Peterson were silenced for a moment, and Mrs. Bronson, after gazing about at the typewriter, the hectograph, the exhibits of weed seeds, the Babcock milk tester, and the other unscholastic equipment, pointed to the list of words, and the arithmetic problems on the board.

"Do you get them words from the speller?" she asked.

"No," said he, "we get them from a lesson on seed wheat."

"Did them examples come out of an arithmetic book?" cross-examined she.

"No," said Jim, "we used problems we made ourselves. We were figuring profits and losses on your cows, Mrs. Bronson."

"Ezra Bronson," said Mrs. Bronson loftily, "don't need any help in telling what's a good cow. He was farming before you was born!"

"Like fun, he don't need help! He's going to dry old Cherry off and fatten her for beef; and he can make more money on the cream by beefing about three more of 'em. The Babcock test shows they're just boarding on us without paying their board!"

The delegation of matrons ruffled like a group of startled hens at this interposition, which was Newton Bronson's effective seizing of the opportunity to issue a progress bulletin in the research work on the Bronson dairy herd.

"Newton!" said his mother, "don't interrupt me when I'm talking to the teacher!"

"Well, then," said Newton, "don't tell the teacher that pa knew which cows were good and which were poor. If any one in this district wants to know about their cows they'll have to come to this shop. And I can tell you that it'll pay 'em to come, too, if they're going to make anything selling cream. Wait until we get out our reports on the herds, ma!"

The women were rather stampered by this onslaught of the irregular troops—especially Mrs. Bronson. She felt a flutter of pride in her son, but it was strongly mingled with a motherly desire to spank him. The deputaton rose, with a unanimous feeling that they had been scored upon.

"Cows!" scoffed Mrs. Peterson. "If we love you in this job, Mr. Irwin, our children will know nothing but cows and hens and soils and grains—and where will the culture come in?"

"Culture!" exclaimed Jim. "Why—why, after ten years of the sort of school I would give you if I were a—But you should read the whole story, which will soon appear as a serial in the Enterprise."



"We Object to the Way the Teachin's Being Done."

The Brown Mouse

By HERBERT QUICK

Did you ever hear of a mouse that did any good? Neither have we; but it appears that there is a brown one which has a great faculty for stirring up things in mouse society; and when a human is born with some of the characteristics of this little animal, he always manages to make a stir in his circles.

If you are a farmer you are going to revel in this story, for, along with some very delightful romance, it carries a number of ideas that are sure to be valuable in your business. If you are a town person it carries some ideas that will greatly interest you, and you will be charmed by its love story. Read about Jim Irwin, the human brown mouse, who dared to aspire to the affections of the queen mouse of his district.

New Serial Story Starting in

Halsey Enterprise beginning Nov. 15

ARE YOU a brown mouse? Have you a touch of that lunacy called genius, which gives you extraordinary ideas and makes you do things better or at least different from the average run of people? If so, you are a Mendelian segregation of genetic factors (not meaning to call names) which scientists say produces the brown mouse and other odd things in the animal creation. Read

The Brown Mouse

By HERBERT QUICK

Here is one of the most original stories in the world; a novel as entertaining as it is instructive; a regular thought-awakener containing action, romance, humor, real character studies and a love interest. It is not about mice but about people, their problems, ambitions, emotions and affections. The author simply had a happy thought when he took a brown mouse and applied its characteristics to a human.

Follow the Story Serially in this paper, beginning Nov. 15

(Continued in column 5)