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SLUSH FUNDS

It was not in any spirit of cap-
tious obstinacy that the state
grange continued its legal fight to
compel the opponents of the in-
come tax to produce their books
for inspection, even after the filing
of their report with the secretary
of state.

In the campaign the defendant
was able to flout the law, which
was passed with the object of com-
pelling the financial backers of a
political fight to reveal to the
voters, during the progress of that
fight, their identity and the use
they make of money in that fight,
that the people, when voting, may
act in the light of such publicity.

In this case the skulkers, by
legal quibbles, were able to stave
off the revelation of their identity
until the issue at the polls had
been decided.

It was to brush away these
legal quibbles, and to get a
decision on the constitutionality
of the law, which had been made
the ground of an appeal, that the
grange continued its fight.

The law was passed to compel
politicians to do their fighting in
the open. It was a blow at "hole-
in-the-corner" politics. It was a
blow at "invisible government."
It was a blow at Newberryism. It
was a stroke for a square deal in
politics, to the end that govern-
ment shall be by the consent of the
governed, and not by the chican-
ery of tricksters working in the
dark.

CO-OPERATION.

Board of trade speculators con-
tinue to declare that co-operative
selling by farmers is not practical
and will result in failure.

The American Federation of Labor,
when in session in Portland recently
when in session in Portland recently
declared: "It costs more to sell our
products than it does to produce them."

There are 19,000,000 people engag-
ed in getting the products from 33,
000,000 producers in this country to
the consumers, and according to the
federation the nineteen get more for
their share in the enterprise than the
thirty-three get for theirs.

This undue proportion of the pro-
ceeds is not evenly distributed among
the nineteen. The speculators get
more of it than the freight handlers,
per person. Can you see why the
speculator wants the present arrange-
ment continued and tries to convince
the rest of the people that it cannot
be improved upon?

The organization of co-operation is
a slow process, but it is under way.
The wheat pool of 1922 is just closing
up that phase of co-operative selling.
Its final settlement nets 2 cents a
bushel more than had been hoped for.
The 1923 deliveries are 25 per cent
more already than the total deliveries
in 1922. Three million dollars have
been advanced by the co-operative or-
ganization, thus far, for initial pay-
ments on the 1923 crop. The claim
of the speculator is sufficiently re-
futed by the statements above.

State Market Agent Spence states
that there is agitation for co-opera-
tive organizations to handle many
different products in many different
localities of the state and that he ex-
pects the movement to go ahead far
more rapidly next year.

John Bilsonger of Chicago is not
a vulgar pot hunter. He is a
noble sportsman. But poetic jus-
tice overtook him the other day.
He shot and wounded a brant. In
response to its cries other brant, to-
gether with a few redhead ducks
attacked him with their bills with

such good effect that he went to a
hospital. It was fine sport to
maim a bird, but when the birds
attacked him, why, that was cru-
elty to animals.

The league to defeat the income
tax took in subscriptions of \$14,335 52
and spent \$14,519.73, or \$184.21 on
deficit account. The Oregon Voter
got \$1,092 of the money, which did not
get \$1092 of the money which did not
lessen its enthusiasm in the campaign
to defeat the tax. In proportion to
service the Oregonian was scandalously
underpaid, receiving only \$264.60.
The list of contributors is lengthy.
Most of them were Portland business
firms. The wheat farmer, whose
woes in case the law passed were pro-
claimed by representatives of Port-
land's interests, is conspicuous for
his absence from the list. Perhaps,
in view of the loss he must sustain
through the tax on his enormous in-
come, he thought he couldn't afford to
contribute. The law will probably be
kept in the courts for a long time by
attacks on its constitutionality.

The expense of running the govern-
ment of Oregon, including interest on
debts, was \$35.31 per capita last
year, against \$5.82 in 1917, when we
were not paying interest on a big
bond output. In the latter year the
state owed 66c per head and last
\$48.12. A family of five, of aver-
age wealth, thus owes \$240.60 of the
state debt, besides its share of the na-
tional debt. "Blessed are the poor."

It cost \$14,519.73 to fight the in-
come tax in the referendum and meet
defeat. C. C. Chapman of the Or-
egon Voter is going to try to show
that he is worth the thousand or so
of that amount that went to him.
He'll try an initiative to repeal the
law. Perhaps, in order to win this
time, his backers will raise the fund
to an even \$15,000—and perhaps they'll
catch the farmers napping.

Governor Walton was found
guilty by the Oklahoma senate
and removed. No matter what
the evidence, any other outcome
would have been a miracle. It's a
habit with the Oklahomans. He
is not the first governor they have
"fired," but the fifth.

We have all heard of the Price
healings, but here's another one.
A Berlin dispatch appears in the
Oregonian under the caption:
"Price Cures German Thirst for
Beer." That almost amounts to
curing the incurable.

"Coroner F. J. Stewart said that
the former soldier had died from al-
cohol poisoning following an autopsy,"
says a Portland paper. Can't they
refer the autopsy until the subject is
dead in that city?

It is reported that when Magnus
Johnson raises his voice he uses a
derriek.

Another barred rock hen has made
a 300-egg record at O. A. C. Of
twelve with this record four are bar-
red rocks and eight Leghorns and
Oregon.

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means
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complete line
of Heaters
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The BROWN MOUSE
by Herbert Quick
(Continued)
Colonel Woodruff's gray perchons
seemed to feel the unrest of their
driver, for they fretted and actually
executed a clumsy prance as Jim
Irwin pulled them up at the end of
the turnpike across Bronson's Slew—a
peat-marsh which annually offered
the men of the Woodruff district the
opportunity to hold the male equiv-
alent of a sewing circle while working
out their road taxes. Columbus
Brown, the pathmaster, prided him-
self on the Bronson Slew turnpike as
his greatest triumph in road engineer-
ing. The work consisted in hauling,
dragging and carrying gravel out on
the low fill which carried the road
across the marsh, and then watching
it slowly settle until the next summer.
"Haul gravel from the east gravel-
bed, Jim," called Columbus Brown
from the lowest spot in the middle
of the turnpike. "Take Newt here to
help load."

Jim smiled his habitual slow, gentle
smile at Newton Bronson, seventeen,
under-sized, tobacco-stained, profane
and proud of the fact that he had once
beaten his way from Des Moines to
Fairbault on freight trains. A source
of anxiety to his father, and the sub-
ject of many predictions that he
would come to no good end, Newton
was out on the road work because he
was likely to be of little use on the
farm. Clearly, Newton was on the
downward road in a double sense—
and yet, Jim Irwin rather liked him.
"The fellers have put up a job on
you, Jim," volunteered Newton, as
they began filling the wagon with
gravel.
"Of what sort of job?" asked Jim.
"They're hounding you for teach-
er," replied Newton.
"Since when has the position of
teacher been an elective office?" asked
Jim.
"Sure, it ain't elective," answered
Newton. "But they say that with as
many brains as you've got sloshing
around loose in the neighborhood,
you're a candidate that can break the
deadlock in the school board."

Jim shoveled on silently
and by example urged Newton to earn
the money credited to his father's as-
sessment for the day's work.
A slide of earth just then brought
down a sweet-clover plant growing
rankly beside the top of the pit. Jim
Irwin pulled it loose from its anchor-
age, and after looking attentively at
the roots, laid the whole plant on the
bank for safety.
"Ever hear of the use of nitrates
to enrich the soil?"
"Aln't that the stuff the old man
used on the lawn last spring?"
"Yess," said Jim. "Your father used
some on his lawn. We don't put it on
our fields in Iowa—not yet; but if it
weren't for those white specks on the
clover-roots, we should be obliged to
do so—as they do back east."

"How do them white specks keep
us from needin' nitrates?"
"Yess, a long story," said Jim. "You
see, before there were any plants big
enough to be visible—if there had
been any one to see them—the world
was full of little plants so small that

there may be billions of them in one
of these little white specks. They
knew how to take the nitrates from
the air—"

"Air!" ejaculated Newton. "Nitrates
in the air! You're crazy!"
"No," said Jim. "There are tons of
nitrogen in the air that press down on
your head—but the big plants can't
get it through their leaves, or their
roots. They never had to learn, be-
cause the little plants—bacteria—lo-
cated on those roots and tapped them
for the sap they needed—began to get
their board and lodgings off the big
plants. And in payment for their hotel
bills, the little plants took nitrogen
out of the air for both themselves and
their hosts."

"What d'ye mean by 'bots'?"
"Their hotel-keepers—the big plants.
And now the plants that have the
hotel roots for the bacteria furnish
nitrogen not only for themselves, but
for the crops that follow. Corn can't
get nitrogen out of the air; but
clover can—and that's why we ought
to plow down clover before a crop of
corn."

"Gee!" said Newt. "If you could get
to teach our school, I'd go again."
"It would interfere with your pool
playing."
"Your business is that o' yours?"
interrogated Newt defiantly.
"Well, get busy with that shovel,"
suggested Jim, who had been working
steadily, driving out upon the fill oc-
casionally to unload. On his return
from dumping the next load, Newton
seemed, in a superior way, quite
amiably disposed toward his workfel-
low—rather the habitual thing in the
neighborhood.

"I'll work my old man to vote for
you for teacher," said he.
"Those school directors," replied
Jim, "have become so bulldozed that
they'll never vote for any one except
the applicants they've been voting for."

"The old man says he will have
Prue Foster again, or he'll give the
school a darned long vacation, unless
Peterson and Bonner join on some one
else. That would beat Prue, of
course."

"And Con Bonner won't vote for
any one but Maggie Gilmartin," added
Jim.
"Yess," supplied Newton, "Haakon
Peterson says he'll stick to Herman
Paulson until the Hot Springs freeze
over."

"And there you are," said Jim. "You
tell your father for me that I think
he's a mere mule—and that the whole
district thinks the same."

"All right," said Newt. "I'll tell him
that while I'm working him to vote
for you."



Jim Countered With an Awkward Upper Cut.

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, unhesitat-
ingly released Newton, and furiously
delivered a blow meant for Jim's jaw,
which miscarried by a foot. In reply,
Jim countered with an awkward