

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An Independent—NOT neutral—news
paper, published every Thursday
By Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance.
Advertising, 20c an inch; no discount
for time or space; no charge for com-
position or changes.
In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line.
No advertising disguised as news.

Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 except
Mondays and Friday forenoons.

CAN HELP THEMSELVES

"The gods help those who help themselves." If this proverb is true many a farmer may secure the help of the gods by changing his tactics instead of looking for the government to do something for him. Many a man who is raising wheat and losing money could cultivate fewer acres and do it better, and make a profit.

F. E. Price, soil specialist at O. A. C., says that one-third of the 351,000 tons of grain straw produced each year in western and southern Oregon is burned. The nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, and sulphur in each ton is worth \$3.64 at the price paid for commercial fertilizer but that is only a part of the waste. O. R. Daugherty, near Molalla, has in ten years increased the yield of wheat five bushels per acre. With a machine of his own make two men and four horses in four days spread over 23 acres the straw from a fifty-acre field. The improved mechanical condition of the soil where the straw has been spread had no small part in increasing the yield. And, being mellower, the soil was easier to work. Mr. Price says a manure spreader that will do the work can be had for \$45.

An Oregonian correspondent some time ago scoffed advice which had been given to wheat farmers to produce some other crop if wheat does not pay. He declared that many wheat farmers are on land that would not produce any other crop. They must, then, be on mighty poor land.

The Eastern Oregon wheat-growers who the correspondent says is so badly stuck with one crop land need not swallow the mournful tale. Land that will produce winter wheat will produce winter oats and vetch which make A-1 hay or silage. If the hot summer dries up the green feed there is no reason why a dairy herd cannot be fed all the succulent feed they need from a silo filled during the growing season. The vetch, too, will capture from the air enough nitrogen to replace that which has been carried off in continuous crops of wheat.

With good tested dairy cows a man would make a profit where wheat alone would send him to the poor-house. But he can't gather in a few tramps at seed time and put in his crop and another crew of them at harvest, and garner it and have a vacation the rest of the year. He will need to be on the job twelve months in the year. The gods don't promise to help him who does not help himself.

Seven different agencies are now co-operating ineffectively in New York to stop indecency on the stage. The one agency of public opinion could do it ever night, but public opinion in New York looks the other way.—Eugene Register.

On the contrary, all the evidence we have is to the effect that everything in New York looks directly towards the stage if the price of admission is available, and the more ground there is for complaint the harder it strains its eyes.

They have a girl justice of the peace at Vancouver who has married

200 couples in a year. She never took a dose of her own medicine.

A reduction in the number of accidents to autos at railroad crossings is likely to result from a decision rendered in the case of the Southern Pacific crossing three miles south of Plainview. A level grade the whole width of the railroad right of way is ordered, with not more than 5 per cent of grade at the approaches. Lives and property might have been saved if this order had been made long ago and made to apply to every crossing in the state, as it probably will be.

O. A. C. SHORT COURSES

Intensive practical instruction in agricultural specialties varying from one week to 20 weeks, as follows:
General agriculture.....Jan. 2-March 19
Horticulture.....Jan. 2-March 19
Dairy Manufacturing.....Jan. 7-Feb. 2
Herdsmen and Cow Testers.....Jan. 2-June 12
Farm Mechanics, Tractors, Trucks etc.....Jan. 2-March 19
Farm Mechanics (one week).....Feb. 18-Feb. 23
Third Annual Cannery School.....Feb. 4 to Feb. 23
Land Classification and Appraisal.....Jan. 7-Jan. 12

Agricultural Economic Conference.....Jan. 21-25
For further information regarding any course address
The REGISTRAR
OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
Corvallis, Oregon.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Linn county, Oregon will hold the regular examination of applicants for state certificates at Albany, Oregon, as follows:
Beginning Wednesday, December 19, 1923, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, December 22, 1923, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday Forenoon
U. S. History, Writing (Penmanship), Music, Drawing.

Wednesday Afternoon
Physiology, Reading, Manual Training, Composition, Domestic Science, Methods in reading, Course of Study for Drawing, Methods in Arithmetic.

Thursday Forenoon
Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography, Mechanical Drawing, Domestic Art, Course of Study for Domestic Art.

Thursday Afternoon
Grammar, Geography, Stenography, American Literature, Physics, Typewriting, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.

Friday Forenoon
Theory and Practice, Orthography (Spelling), Physical Geography, English Literature, Chemistry.

Friday Afternoon
School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government.

Saturday Forenoon
Geometry, Botany.

Saturday Afternoon
General History Bookkeeping.

Why Pay More?
You can't buy more
Every worthwhile feature to be found on any electric cleaner is a part of the BEE-VAC. Machines thirteen years in service are proof of its durability. The most rigid tests will prove its thoroughness as a cleaner. Let us show you the new
BEE-VAC
ELECTRIC CLEANER
now only
\$39.75
See the new features, the improved brush arrangement—the useful "ball and socket" grip and the method of increasing cleaning suction. You save \$15.00 to \$25.00 when you buy a BEE-VAC.

Victor Records
Cedar Chests
BARTCHER & ROHRBAUGH
ALBANY

Christmas Candy For every \$1.50 paid on subscription account before December 23 the Enterprise will give, free, an order good at the Ross candy factory in Albany for a fifty-cent box of candy.
Wm. H. WHEELER, Publisher.
Halsey, Oregon.

HALSEY STATE BANK
Halsey, Oregon
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

EGG MASH FISH MEAL
OYSTER SHELL MILL RUN
BRAN BARLEY
STOCK MOLASSES
Hens that are worth feeding are worth feeding well. Buy your poultry and stock feed here.
O. W. FRUM

The Candy Girl,
or rather the girl who likes candy, is everywhere. Her opposite would be hard to find. And if she gets her candy from us she knows that she gets the best confectionery in town. That is why, when you tell her you will buy her a box of candy, she always says "Be sure and get it at Clark's."
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.
HILF & Co.

There's a sure cure for hunger at the
Best sweets and soft drinks at the
Best cuisine Pleasant surroundings
Efficient service
W. S. DUNCAN
Albany, Oregon

HALSEY GARAGE
First Class Auto Repairing
Fisk and Gates tires and tubes. Complete line of automobile accessories Ford parts. Willard battery service
When in need of anything for the automobile give us a call, as our prices are right and service is prompt.
Trouble calls and wreck jobs given prompt attention.
HALSEY GARAGE
Telephone 16x5
FOOTE BROS. Props.

American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.
Hay is worth just as much in storage as you might get for it in case of fire. The American Eagle Fire Insurance company will pay you 85% of the cash value in case of loss by fire.
C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

The BROWN MOUSE
By HERBERT QUICK
(Copyright by The Bobbe-Merrill Company)

(Continued)
CHAPTER VI

Jim Talks the Weather Cold.
"Going to the rally, James?" Jim had finished his supper, and yearned for a long evening in his attic den with his cheap literature. But as the district schoolmaster he was to some extent responsible for the protection of the school property, and felt some sense of duty as to exhibiting an interest in public affairs.
"I guess I'll have to go, mother," he replied regretfully. "I want to see Mr. Woodruff about borrowing his Babcock milk tester, and I'll go that way. I guess I'll go on to the meeting."
He kissed his mother when he went—a habit from which he never deviated, and another of those personal peculiarities which had marked him as different from the other boys of the neighborhood. His mother urged his overcoat upon him in vain—for Jim's overcoat was distinctly a bad one, while his best suit, now worn every day as a concession to his scholastic position, still looked passably well after several weeks of schoolroom duty. It seemed more logical to assume that the weather was milder than it really was, on that sharp October evening, and appear at his best, albeit rather aware of the cold. Jennie was at home, and he was likely to see and be seen of her.
"You can borrow that tester," said the colonel, "and the cows that go with it, if you can use 'em. They ain't earning their keep here. But how does the milk tester fit into the curriculum of the school? A decoration?"
"We want to make a few tests of the cows in the neighborhood," answered Jim. "Just another of my fool notions."
"All right," said the colonel. "Take it along. Going to the speakin'?"
"Certainly, he's going," said Jennie, entering. "This is my meeting, Jim."
"Surely, I'm going," assented Jim. "And I think I'll run along."
"I wish we had room for you in the car," said the colonel. "But I'm going around by Bronson's to pick up the speaker, and I'll have a chuck-up load."
"Not so much of a load as you think," said Jennie. "I'm going with Jim. The walk will do me good."
Any candidate warm to her voting population just before election; but Jennie had a special kindness for Jim. He was no longer a farm hand. The fact that he was coming to be a center of disturbance in the district, and that she quite failed to understand how his eccentric behavior could be harmonized with those principles of teaching which she had imbibed at the state normal school in itself lifted him nearer to equality with her. A public nuisance is really more respectable than a nonentity.
She gave Jim a thrill as she passed through the gate that he opened for her. White moonlight on her white furs suggested purity, exaltation, the essence of womanhood—things far finer in the woman of twenty-seven than the glamour thrown over him by the school girl of sixteen.
Jim gave her no thrill; for he looked gaunt and angular in his skimpy, ready-made suit, too short in legs and sleeves, and too thin for the season. Yet, as they walked along, Jim grew upon her. He strode on with immense strides, made slow to accommodate her shorter steps, and embarrassing her by his entire absence of effort to keep step. For all that, he lifted his face to the stars, and he pointed out the great open spaces in the Milky Way, wondering at their emptiness and at the fact that no telescope can find stars in them.
They stopped and looked. Jim laid his hand on the shoulders of her white fur collar.
"What's the use of political meetings," said Jim, "when you and I can stand here and think our way out, even beyond the limits of our universe?"
"A wonderful journey," said she, not quite understanding his mood, "but while we roam beyond the Milky Way, we aren't getting any votes for me for county superintendent."
Jim said nothing. He was quite re-established on the earth.
"Don't you want me to be elected, Jim?"
Jim seemed to ponder this for some time—a period of taking the matter under advisement which caused Jennie to drop his arm and busy herself with her skirts.
"Yes," said Jim, at last; "of course I do."
Nothing more was said until they reached the schoolhouse door.
"Well," said Jennie rather indig-

nantly, "I'm glad there are plenty of voters who are more enthusiastic about me than you seem to be!"

More interesting to a keen observer than the speeches were the unusual things in the room itself. On the blackboards, with problems in arithmetic, were calculations as to the feeding value of various rations for live stock, records of laying hens and computation as to the excess of value in eggs produced over the cost of feed.

Pinned to the wall were market reports on all sorts of farm products, and especially numerous were the statistics on the prices of cream and butter. There were files of farm papers piled about, and racks of agricultural bulletins. In one corner of the room was a typewriting machine, and in another a sewing machine. Parts of an old telephone were scattered about on the teacher's desk. A model of a piggy stood on a shelf, done in cardboard.

Instead of the usual collection of text-books in the desk, there were hectograph copies of exercises, reading lessons, arithmetical tables and essays on various matters relating to agriculture, all of which were accounted for by two or three hand-made hectographs—a very fair sort of printing plant—lying on a table.

The members of the school board were there, looking on these evidences of innovation with wonder and more or less disfavor. Things were disorderly. The text-books recently adopted by the board against some popular protest had evidently been pitched, neck and crop, out of the school by the man whom Bonner had termed a dub. It was a sort of contempt for the powers that be.

Colonel Woodruff was in the chair. After the speechifying was over, and the stereotyped, though rather illogical, appeal had been made for voters of the one party to cast the straight ticket, and for those of the other faction to scratch, the colonel rose to adjourn the meeting.

Newton Bronson, safely concealed behind taller people, called out, "Jim Irwin! speech!"

There was a giggle, a slight sensation, and many voices joined in the call for the new schoolmaster.

Colonel Woodruff felt the unwisdom of ignoring the demand. Probably he relied upon Jim's discretion and expected a declination.

Jim arose, seedy and lank, and the voices ceased, save for another suppressed titter.

"I don't know," said Jim, "whether this call upon me is a joke or not. If it is, it isn't a practical one, for I can't talk. I don't care much about parties or politics. I don't know whether I'm a Democrat, a Republican or a Populist."

This caused a real sensation. The nerve of the fellow! Really, it must in justice be said, Jim was losing himself in a desire to tell his true feelings. He forgot all about Jennie and her candidacy—about everything except his real, true feelings. This proves that he was no politician.
"I don't see much in this county campaign that interests me," he went on—and Jennie Woodruff reddened, while her seasoned father covered his mouth with his hand to conceal a smile. "The politicians come out into the farming districts every campaign and get us hayseeds for anything they want. They always have got us. They've got us again! They give us clodhoppers the glad hand, a cheap cigar, and a cheaper smile after election; and that's all. I know it, you all know it, they know it. I don't blame them so very much. The trouble is we don't ask them to do anything better."

"I want a new kind of rural school; but I don't see any prospect, no matter how this election goes, for any change in them. We in the Woodruff district will have to work out our own salvation. Our political ring never'll do anything but the old things. They don't want to, and they haven't sense enough to do it if they did. That's all—and I don't suppose I should have said as much as I have!"

There was stark silence for a moment when he sat down, and then as many cheers for Jim as for the principal speaker of the evening, cheers mingled with titters and catcalls. Jim felt as if he had made an ass of himself. And as he walked out of the door, the future county superintendent passed by him in high displeasure, and walked home with someone else. Jim found the weather much colder than it had been while coming. He really needed an Eskimo's fur suit.

CHAPTER VII

New Wine and Old Bottles.

In the little strip of forest which divided the sown from the sown wandered two boys in earnest converse. They seemed to be Boy Trappers, and from their backloads of steel-traps one of them might have been Frank Merriwell, and the other Dead-Shot Dick. The boy who resembled Frank Merriwell was Raymond Stims. The other, whose overalls were fringed, who wore a cartridge belt about his person, and carried hatchet, revolver, and a long knife with a deerfoot handle, and who so studiously looked like Dead-Shot-Dick, was our old friend of the road gang, Newton Bronson. Newton put down his load, and sat upon a stump to rest.

Raymond Stims was dimly conscious of a change in Newton since the day when they met and helped select Colonel Woodruff's next year's seed corn. Newton's mother had a mother's confidence that Newton was now a good boy, who had been led