

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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WOMAN'S WORK.

What is woman's work? A few years ago a man who thought himself the greatest, ablest and most powerful man in the world was wont to assert that woman's place in life was "kinder, kirche und kucken"—children, church and cooking. He had an unconcealed contempt for women outside of those spheres. Today he is a refugee in one of the few monarchies existing. Its monarch is a woman. She forbade him to leave his retreat and he declares that he cares not, for he knows no other place that could afford him a safe retreat. The allied nations demand his surrender for trial for high offenses against mankind, but the same woman refuses this request. The late "all-highest" is content that the country which he deserted grants him the empty title "Prince of Prussia."

The idea of the inferiority and subservience of women to men, an idea which came westward with migrating humanity to be dissipated by western light, still prevails in vast regions of the orient, its birthplace, but on our side of the world we find women doing everything that men can do and some things that they can't. Men can't bear children.

Many of us who survive from a past generation remember the birth of the W. C. T. U. We can remember with what ribald hilarity the first reports of the "praying women" in Ohio were greeted throughout the country. That was a very small start, but, like a grain of mustard seed, it grew until the fowls (and fowls) of the air were mightily affected by it.

The first praying band seemed as insignificant as a pebble in the ocean but the wavelets set in motion by that pebble have extended to the farthest confines of the world. Prohibition which they were so visionary as to hope for, has become not only the law but a part of the "fundamental law of the greatest nation on earth. It is preached and predicted in the most rum-cursed countries, and who shall tell what the end will be?

Meantime "woman's sphere" has broadened. Grudgingly but inevitably women are being granted equal rights with men in one activity after another. In the courts, in politics, in churches, women are coming to stand on an equality with men. Even in Turkey, the "new woman" movement has a foothold.

It is fitting that the first of Laura Miller's seventy-two sketches of small town women who have achieved marked success which appears in this issue of The Enterprise should be one dealing with Georgia Hopley. She is one of the seven in the second generation of W. C. T. U. Hopleys of Ohio who have made their mark in the world. Bucyrus was often in the news dispatches in the natal and swaddling days of the W. C. T. U. and the "prohibition agent, constructive information bureau, prohibition unit," of the treasury department at Washington has on her cards the words: "Home address, Bucyrus, Ohio."

Read the articles "Mary Succeeds on Main Street," as they appear in The Enterprise from week to week. You will find them full of human interest.

The republican form of government grows more fashionable daily. The republicans carried the Gracian elections the other day. Then they suggested that King George take a walk. He walked. Now Greece is a republic once more. That was a contagious

example the Americans set nearly a century and a half ago.

Who said wheat sowing was to be reduced to raise the price? More winter wheat has been sown this fall in the northwest country than ever before.

It is said the German government proposes to announce that it is bankrupt. That would not be news. It would be an old story.

Will wonders never cease? The Oklahoma senate passed a bill, 27 to 11, making it illegal to wear a mask in public.

Hiram Johnson has a campaign manager, but his name is Dennis already—Bruce Dennis.

In North Dakota Hiram also ran.

Two and a half million pounds of butter is shipped from Oregon yearly. The western Oregon climate is not excelled for dairying.

"Do Rats Talk to Each Other?" Asks Mr. M. Batty, R. I.

"I got five cakes of Rat-Snap and three pieces around feed store. Got about half a dozen dead rats a day for two solid weeks. Suddenly, they got fewer. Now we haven't any. Wh- told them about Rat-Snap? Rats dry up and leave no smell. Three sizes: 35c, 65c, \$1.25.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Mary Succeeds on Main Street
By LAURA MILLER
© 1923, by Laura Miller

THE WOMAN PRO OFFICER

Back in 1875-4 when the first prohibition movement swept America, Mrs. Georgianna Hopley went out with the Bucyrus group to clean up that Ohio town. Her husband, John Hopley, was editor of the Bucyrus Journal. Of their children seven are now active newspaper men and women.

The eighth, Georgia Hopley, has graduated from newspaper work into a job that combines the ambitions of both mother and father. She writes on the letterhead of the United States Treasury department and signs "General Prohibition Agent, Constructive Information Bureau, Prohibition Unit," and with a flash of humor recently added, "That's all."

She is said to have been the first woman in Ohio to enter active newspaper work. In 1900 Governor Nash appointed her representative of Ohio women at the Paris exposition. She remained abroad for many months and has since made frequent trips to England and France. As women have become more and more active in politics she has given much of her time to political public campaigns.

Whatever else Miss Hopley's business cards say they always have in the lower left-hand corner, Home Address, Bucyrus, Ohio. "It isn't civic pride alone that makes up my loyalty to the old home town," she insists. "Bucyrus is always on the map!"
A large part of her work for the prohibition unit consists in public speaking. Reporters who have followed her meetings are astonished in commenting on the fact that she is broad-minded, with all her enthusiasm for prohibition. She comes with official power, they say, but she is content to let the question rest with the public. She is spending her time just "telling folks about it." She tells them what the enforcement forces are doing. She tells them what great obstacles have been thrown in the way. She pictures those which are used maliciously and those used by the uninformed and the unintelligent.
Controlling the malicious wet forces isn't the part of the job that this skilled newspaper woman is interested in. Education of those who are uninformed and indifferent carries to Georgia Hopley the thrill of being as practical as a shoe-selling campaign and as idealistic as the dreams of her mother.

A PAINFUL EXPERIMENT

Having his Christmas joke, Harry Simpkins changed the road sign just a little, to more perfectly express his holiday sentiment. The reading had been, "Go Slow, School Ahead," but when Harry left it the wording ran, "Go Slow To School Ahead." But afterwards the teacher taught Harry that this was too much—C. G. Hazard.
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union)

RAT-SNAP KILLS RATS
Better Than Traps For Rats
Writes Adams Drug Co., Texas
They say: "RAT-SNAP is doing the work and the rat undertakers are as busy as pop-corn on a hot stove." Dry it on your rats.
RAT-SNAP is a "money-back" guaranteed sure killer. Comes ready for use; no mixing with other foods. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Rats dry up and leave no smell.
Three sizes: 35c for one room; 65c for house or chicken yard; \$1.25 for barns and outbuildings. Start killing rats today.
Sold and Guaranteed by
RINGO DRUG STORE

DANCE! will be held in the
NELSON MOTOR CO. HALL
South **Brownsville**
CHRISTMAS EVE, DEC. 24
Music by the famous O. A. C. Band-Orchestra
A good floor, and a good time assured
OLAF NELSON, Manager

"But I couldn't get the exact number."
"Why," said Raymond, "we could find six hundred dairy cows in this neighborhood, within an hour's drive."
"Six hundred!" scoffed Newton. "You're crazy! In an hour's drive?"
"I mean an hour's drive each way," said Raymond.
"I believe we could," said Jim. "And after we find how far we will have to go to get enough cows, if half of them patronized the creamery, we'll work over the savings the business would make, if we could get the prices for butter paid the Wisconsin co-operative creameries, as compared with what the centralizers pay us, on a basis of the last six months. Who's in possession of that correspondence with the Wisconsin creameries?"
"I have it," said Raymond. "I'm hectographing a lot of arithmetic problems from it."
"How do you do, Mr. Irwin!" It was the superintendent who spoke.
Jim's brain whirled little prismatic clouds before his vision, as he rose and shook Jennie's extended hand.
"Let me give you a chair," said he.
"Oh, no, thank you!" she returned. "I'll just make myself at home. I know my way about in this schoolhouse, you know!"
She smiled at the children, and went about looking at their work—which was not noticeably disturbed, by reason of the fact that visitors were much more frequent now than ever before, and were no ruder. Certainly, Jennie Woodruff was no novelty, since they had known her all their lives. Most of the embarrassment was Jim's. He rose to the occasion, however, went through the routine of the closing day, and dismissed the flock, not omitting making an engagement with a group of boys for that evening to come back and work on the formalin treatment for smut in seed grains, and the blue-vitriol treatment for seed potatoes.
"We hadn't time for these things," said he to the county superintendent. "In the regular class work—and it's getting time to take them up if we are to clean out the smut in next year's crop."
They repeated Whittier's Corn Song in concert, and school was out.
Since that Christmas afternoon when Jennie had undertaken to follow Mr. Peterson's advice and line Jim Irwin up, Jim had gone through an inward transformation. He had made up his mind that he would marry Jennie Woodruff. He saw her through clouds of rose and pink; but she looked at him as at a foolish man who was making trouble for her, chasing rainbows at her expense, and deeply vexing her. She was in a cold official frame of mind.
"Jim," she said, "I want you to give up this sort of teaching. Can't you see it's all wrong?"
"No," answered Jim, in much the manner of a man who has been stabbed by his sweetheart. "I can't see that it's wrong. It's the only sort I can do. What do you see wrong in it?"
"Oh, I can see some very wonderful things in it," said Jennie, "but it can't be done in the Woodruff district. It may be correct in theory, but it won't work in practice."
"Jennie," said he, "when a thing won't work, it isn't correct in theory. But my theory is correct, and it works."
"But the school board are against it."
"The school board elected me. They stood by and saw the contract signed," said Jim, "and—yes, Jennie, I know I am dealing in sophistry! I got the school by a sort of shell-game, which the board worked on themselves. But that doesn't prove that the district is against me. I believe the people are for me, now, Jennie. I really do!"
Jennie rose and walked to the rear of the room and back, twice. When she spoke, there was decision in her tone—and Jim felt that it was hostile decision.
"As an officer," she said rather grandly, "my relations with the district are with the school board on the one hand, and with your competency as a teacher on the other."
"Has it come to that?" asked Jim.
"Well, I have rather expected it."
His tone was weary. The Lincolnian droop in his great, sad, mournful mouth accentuated the resemblance to the Martyr President. Possibly his feelings were not entirely different from those experienced by Lincoln at some crisis of doubt, misunderstanding and depression.
"If you can't change your methods," said Jennie, "I suggest that you resign."
"Are you to be called upon to suggest that?" asked Jim.

"A formal complaint against you for incompetency," she replied, "has been lodged in my office, signed by the three directors. I shall be obliged to take notice of it."
"And do you think," queried Jim, "that my abandonment of the things in which I believe in the face of this attack would prove to your mind that I am competent? Or would it show me incompetent?"
Jennie was silent.
"I guess," said Jim, "that we'll have to stand or fall on things as they are."
Jennie had drawn on her gloves, and stood ready for departure.
"Unless you resign before the twenty-fifth," said she, "I shall hear



"Unless You Resign I Shall Hear the Petition for Your Removal."

the petition for your removal on that date. I bid you good evening!"
"Incompetency!" The disgraceful word, representing everything he had always despised, rang through Jim's mind as he walked home. He could think of nothing else as he sat at the simple supper which he could scarcely taste. Incompetent! He was incompetent. He picked up a pen, and began writing. He wrote, "To the Honorable the Board of Education of the Independent District of ————"
And he heard a tap at the door. His mother admitted Colonel Woodruff.
"Good evening, Colonel," said Jim.
"Take a chair, won't you?"
"No," replied the colonel. "I thought I'd see if you and the boys at the schoolhouse can't tell me something about the smut in my wheat. I heard you were going to work on that tonight."
"I had forgotten!" said Jim.
"I wondered if you hadn't," said the colonel, "and so I came by for you. I was waiting up the road. Come on, and ride up with me."
The colonel had always been friendly, but there was a new note in his manner tonight. He was almost deferential. He worked with the class on the problem of smut. He offered to aid the boys in every possible way in their campaign against scab in potatoes. He suggested some tests which would show the real value of the treatment. The boys were in a glow of pride at this co-operation with Colonel Woodruff. This was real work! Jim and the colonel went away together. It had been a great evening.
"Jim," said the colonel, "can these kids spell?"
"I think," said Jim, "that they can outspell any school about here."
"Good," said the colonel. "How are they about arithmetic and the other branches? Have you sort of kept them up to the course of study?"
"I have carried them in a course parallel to the textbooks," said Jim, "and covering the same ground. But it has been vocational work, you know—related to life."
"Well," said the colonel, "if I were you, I'd put them over a rapid review of the textbooks for a few days—say between now and the twenty-fifth."
"What for?"
"Oh, nothing—just to please me. And say, Jim, I glanced over a communication you have started to the more or less Honorable Board of Education."
"Yes?"
"Well, don't finish it. . . . And say, Jim, I think I'll give myself the luxury of being a wild-eyed reformer for once."
"Yes," said Jim, dazed.
"And if you think, Jim, that you've got no friends, just remember that I'm for you."
"Thank you, Colonel."
"And we'll show them they're in a horse race."
"I don't see . . ." said Jim.
"You're not supposed to see," said