

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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CRIME'S GOAL

"Self pity is the most despicable of
emotions," says Dr. Esther Pohl Love-
joy.

On the gallows at Salem last Fri-
day George Parker did not deny mur-
dering Sheriff Dunlap, yet he com-
plained that he did not have a fair
trial, signifying, not that he was not
guilty and did not deserve the penitentiary,
but that he believed there were
loopholes and quirks in the law
whereby he might have defeated the
object of that law.

No sane person who read the evi-
dence in the case doubts that Parker
deliberately took a human life in the
hope that he might thereby escape the
penalty due him for stealing an auto-
mobile.

Parker complained that he was un-
lucky, from the time he had been dis-
posed of by his parents. He died as
he lived, pitying himself.

The world is open before every
young man in America. He may
obey the laws, earn an honest living
and be a success, or he may whine
because he was not born to the
purple and may sink along the road
that leads to the gallows.

YOU MAY SAVE THE WORLD.

Suppose you cut out the coupon at
the bottom of columns 3 and 4, fourth
page. Suppose you fill it out and
mail it to the address therein. Sup-
pose, of all who vote on that peace
plan, there is a majority of one in its
favor, then that one vote might be
yours. Suppose, by reason of that
majority, that plan is forwarded un-
til in the long-drawn-out process of
time, it becomes the basis on which
the nations of the world combine to
outlaw war. In such an event you'd
have performed an act of more bene-
fit to the world than the life of the
greatest man in history!

Out of such small beginnings come
the greatest things in the universe.

Who knows what minute atomic
motion began the cycle that event-
ually sent the sun whirling through
the ages?

There was once a little lake or pond
in the mountains in Orleans county,
Vt., south of Memphremagog lake.

Little streams and springs flowed in-
to it and it in turn overflowed on its
southern border, forming a stream
which passed into the Passumpsic
river, which in turn empties into the
Connecticut and finally from the
state with the latter name into the
Atlantic ocean.

Some settlers north of the lake,
noting that the barrier on their side
of it was low, and wanting water, cut
a ditch through that barrier and
started a little stream from the pond
running their way. The soil on this
side was soft and sandy, whereas that
around the southern outlet was rocky.
In one night the banks and bottom of
the little ditch washed wider and
deeper, until with a rush the entire
lake swept down the valley and on
and on into lake Memphremagog.
The lake in the hills is no more. A
little stream flows north into the
Lawrence river, instead of south into
the Connecticut. Present residents
there never saw the lake. They know
of it, through the story handed down
by their ancestors, as "Runaway
pond," and cattle graze where once
the waters rolled.

Despise not the day of small
things.

Take care of the pennies and the
shillings will take care of themselves.
Study the peace plan. Record
your judgment and mail it.

Last week we mentioned some of
the ways in which automobiles pay
for the roads they use. Here is one
little item we omitted. The United
States government has collected
\$589,012,021 in taxes on automobiles,
tires and accessories while it has paid
\$264,782,216 on federal aid highways.
Thus the autos paid Uncle more than
twice what he spent on those roads.
Boil it down and you will probably
find that, instead of using the roads
without cost, the autos are more than
paying for the roads they use.

Two Johnsons' Hiram and Magnus,
are firing verbal broadsides against
one Calvin Coolidge, who appears like-
ly to be the republican candidate for
the presidency the coming fall.

Al Smith says he would rather be
a business man in New York than a
governor in Albany. Is Albany so
much drier than New York?

Mr. Tooze seems to believe that he
is the republican party in Oregon.
Maybe he is.

They're All Bobbed Alike

(By G. K. Walker)

"Yes, we have no old ladies."
That was written long ago,
"And it's hard to find the babies,"
Or phrases so and so.
It's true it's hard to find them;
Yes, they're really hard to find
If you only get behind them
And view them from behind.

Now, before my story's ended,
For I wish not to deceive,
And we have the old who're splen-
did,
And we wish not them to grieve,
And "we may have things and
others,"

As we've often heard it sung,
But we have our dear old mothers,
And we love them, every one.

When you seek a day of pleasure
And your head is in a whirl
And you have a day of leisure
And expect to meet your girl,
Oh, your heart is light and merry,
But we find it hard to find
That pretty little fairy
When we view her from behind.

We can see a dainty slipper
And an ankle trim and neat,
And it's where we were to meet
her,

In the park's best rustic seat,
We almost faint and smother—
To our dismay we find
That she's as old as mother,
But we viewed her from behind.

Can that be she, o'er yonder,
Over on the other side,
Attracted in all her splendor,
With her father by her side?
We hasten o'er to meet her,
But when close enough we find
That we do not have to greet her,
For we viewed her from behind.

At once we spy another
With her hair bobbed off so
neat;

In her hat a splendid feather—
My! Don't she look just sweet?
That surely must be Betty,
And we hasten up, to find
That she's not young nor pretty,
As we viewed her from behind.

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Springers
or
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Dairy Cows
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W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

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From 3 to 10 years. Write me for pa-
tterns. G. W. LAFLAR,
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of buying
Round Trip Tickets

The saving made on two trips by pur-
chasing "return" instead of "one-
way" tickets is approximately the cost
of one round trip ticket.

3 Trips for the price of 2

In addition to saving you money, the
train can be depended on to furnish you
with

Safe and Comfortable

service, irrespective of rain, snow, ice
and other unfavorable weather con-
ditions.

Ride the Train

Local Agent will gladly give you any
information you may wish regarding
fares and train schedules.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC
JOHN M. SCOTT
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager
Portland, Oregon
Southern Pacific

SITUATION IS PITIABLE
Oregon Methodist Bishop Appeals for
Aid for Starving German Children.
Bishop W. O. Shepard of Oregon,
with headquarters in Portland, is a
keen sympathizer with and supporter
of the efforts now in progress through-
out the state and nation to collect a
fund of money for the relief of starv-
ing German children, of whom there
are several millions. Bishop Shepard
is a member of the Oregon committee
which is endeavoring to raise \$100,000
in this state and is giving it his per-
sonal attention.

"I can readily appreciate the situa-
tion in Germany," said Bishop She-
pard. "With others, I made quite a
study of conditions in Europe, includ-
ing Germany, in 1920. It was then
apparent that just such a situation as
now exists would develop. That mil-
lions in Germany and elsewhere would
enter the winter without sufficient
food was news that did not surprise
me at all. It is a pitiable situation,
one which deserves deep sympathy
and response from those who are able
to help, for it should never be that
little ones who have had no possible
connection with what has happened
over there should suffer thus. They
are paying a terrible penalty for some-
thing they know nothing of. It all
goes to show how terrible is war."

All interested in the Linn county
budget are invited to meet at the
county courtroom Saturday, Jan. 26,
to discuss it with the levying board.

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Second st., opposite Halsey Garage
Short orders at all hours up to 11 p. m.
Square Meal, 50c
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DRAYMAN
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Amor A. Tussing
LAWYER AND NOTARY
HALSEY, OREGON

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Hay is worth just as much in storage as
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of loss by fire.
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EAGLE
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The
YELLOW PENCIL
with the **RED BAND**
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The
BROWN
MOUSE
By **HERBERT QUICK**
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(Continued)
CHAPTER XIV

A Minor Casts Half a Vote.
March came in like neither a lion
nor a lamb, but was scarcely a week
old before the wild ducks had begun to
score the sky above Bronson's slew
looking for open water and badly-
harvested cornfields. Wild geese, too,
honked from on high as if in wonder
that these great prairies on which their
forefathers had been wont fearlessly
to alight had been changed into a dis-
gusting expanse of farms. Colonel
Woodruff's hired man, Pete, stopped
Newton Bronson and Raymond Simms
as they tramped across the colonel's
pasture, gun in hand, trying to make
themselves believe that the shooting
was good.

"This ain't no country to hunt in,"
said he. "Did either of you fellows
ever have any real duck-shooting?"
"The mountings," said Raymond,
"air poor places for ducks."
"Not big enough water," suggested
Pete. "Some wood-ducks, I suppose?"
"Along the creeks and rivers, yes,
seh," said Raymond, "but nothing to
depend on."

"I've never been nowhere," said
Newton, "except once to Minnesota—
and—that wasn't in the shooting
season."
A year ago Newton would have
boasted of having "bummed" his way
to Fairbault. His hesitant speech was
a proof of the embarrassment his new
respectability sometimes inflicted upon
him.

"I used to shoot ducks for the mar-
ket at Spirit Lake," said Pete. "I know
Fred Gilbert just as well as I know
you. But that's all over, now. You've
got to go so far now to get decent
shooting where the farmers won't drive
you off, that it costs nine dollars to
send a postcard home."

"I think we'll have fine shooting on
the slew in a few days," said Newton.
"Humph!" scoffed Pete. "I give you
my word, if I hadn't promised the
colonel I'd stay with him another year,
I'd take a side-door Pullman for the
Sand Hills of Nebraska or the Devil's
lake country tomorrow—if I had a
gun."

"If it wasn't for a parcel of things
that keep me byeh," said Raymond,
"I'd like to go, too."
"The colonel," said Pete, "needs me.
He needs me in the election tomorrow.
What's the matter of your ol' man,
Newt? What for does he vote for that
Bonner, and throw down an old neigh-
bor?"

"I can't do anything with him!" ex-
claimed Newton irritably. "He's all
tangled up with Peterson and Bonner."
"Well," said Pete, "if he'd just stay
at home it would help some. If he
votes for Bonner, it'll be just about a
stand-off."

"He never misses a vote!" said
Newton despairingly.
"Can't you cripple him some way?"
asked Pete jocularly. "Darned funny
when a boy o' your age can't control
his father's vote! So long!"

"I wish I could vote!" grumbled
Newton. "I wish I could! We know
a lot more about the school, and Jim
Irwin bein' a good teacher than dad
does—and we can't vote. Why can't
folks vote when they are interested in
an election, and know about the is-
sues. It's tyranny that you and I
can't vote."

"I reckon," said Raymond, the con-
servative, "that the old-time people
that axed it thataway knowed best."
"Rats!" sneered Newton, the icono-
clast. "Why, Callista knows more
about the election of school director
than dad knows."
"That don't seem reasonable," pro-
tested Raymond. "She's prejudiced,
I reckon, in favor of Mr. Jim Irwin."
"Well, dad's prejudiced against him
—er, no, he ain't either. He likes
Jim. He's just prejudiced against
giving up his old notions. No, he
ain't neither—I guess he's only
prejudiced against seeming to give up
some old notions he seemed to have
once! And the kids in school would
be prejudiced right, anyhow!"

Newton was growning and in con-
vulsions. Horrible grimaces contorted
his face, his jaws were set, his arms
and legs drawn up, and his muscles
tense.

"What's the matter?" His father's
voice was stern as well as full of anx-
iety. "What's the matter, boy?"
"Oh!" cried Newton. "Oh! Oh!
Oh!"
"Newtie, Newtie!" cried his mother,
"where are you in pain? Tell mother,
Newtie!"
"Oh," groaned Newtie, relaxing. "I
feel awful!"
"What you been eating?" interro-
gated his father.
"Nothing," replied Newton.
"I saw you eatin' dinner," said his
father.
Again Newton was convulsed by
strong spasms, and again his groans
alied the hearts of his parents with

"Paw says he'll be on hand prompt,"
said Raymond. "But he had to be
p'swaded right much. Paw's proud—
and he can't read."
"Sometimes I think the more people
read the less sense they've got," said
Newton. "I wish I could be dad up!
I wish I could get snakebit, and make
him go for the doctor!"

The boys crossed the ridge to the
wooded valley in which nestled the
Simms cabin. They found Mrs. Simms
greatly exercised in her mind because
young McGeehee had been found play-
ing with some blue vitriol used by
Raymond in his school work on the
treatment of seed potatoes for scab.

"His hands was all blue with it,"
said she. "Do you reckon, Mr. New-
ton, that it'll pizen him?"
"Did he swallow any of it?" asked
Newton.

"Nah!" said McGeehee scornfully.
Newton reassured Mrs. Simms, and
went away pensive. Jim Irwin's meth-
ods had already accomplished much in
preparing Newton and Raymond for
citizenship. He had shown them the
fact that voting really has some re-
lation to life. At present, however,
the new wine in the old bottles was
causing Newton to forget his filial
duty, and his respect for his father.

He wished he could lock him up in
the barn so he couldn't go to the
school election. He wished he could
become ill—or poisoned with blue
vitriol or something—so his father
would be obliged to go for a doctor.
He wished—well, why couldn't he get
sick? Newton mended his pace, and
looked happier.

"I'll fix him!" said he to himself.
"What time's the election, Ez?"
asked Mrs. Bronson at breakfast.
"I'm goin' at four o'clock," said
Ezra. "And I don't want to hear any
more from any one"—looking at New-
ton—"about the election. It's none of
the business of the women an' boys."
Newton took this reproof in an un-
expectedly submissive spirit. In fact,
he exhibited his very best side to the
family that morning, like one going on
a long journey, or about to be married
off, or engaged in some deep dark
plot.

"I s'pose you're off trampin' the
slews at the sight of a flock of ducks
four miles off as usual?" stated Mr.
Bronson challengingly.
"I thought," said Newton, "that I'd
get a lot of raisin bait ready for the
pocket-gophers in the lower meadow.
They'll be throwing up their mounds
by the first of April."

"Not them," said Mr. Bronson, some-
what mollified, "not before May.
Where'd you get the raisin idee?"
"We learned it in school," answered
Newton. "Jim had me study a bulletin
on the control and eradication of
pocket-gophers. You use raisins with
strychnine in 'em—and it tells how."
"Some fool notion, I s'pose," said
Mr. Bronson, rising. "But go ahead
if you're careful about handlin' the
strychnine."

Newton spent the time from twelve-
thirty to half after two in watching
the clock; and twenty minutes to
three found him in the woodshed, pen-
knife in hand, a small vial of strychnine
crystal before him, a saucer of
raisins at his right hand, and another
exactly like it, partially filled with
gopher bait—raisins into which a minute
crystal of strychnine had been in-
serted on the point of the knife.

At three-thirty Newton went into
the house and lay down on the horse-
hair sofa, saying to his mother that he
felt kind o' funny and thought he'd lie
down a while. At three-forty he
heard his father's voice in the kitchen
and knew that his sire was preparing
to start for the scene of battle.

A groan issued from Newton's lips—a
gruesome groan. But his father's
voice from the kitchen door betrayed
no agitation. He was scolding the
horses as they stood tied to the hitch-
ing-post, in tones that showed no
knowledge of his son's distressed
mood.

"What's the matter?"
It was Newton's little sister who
asked the question. Even though re-
garded as a pure matter of make-
believe, such sounds were terrible.
"Oh, sister, sister!" howled Newton,
"run and tell 'em that brother's dy-
in'!"

Fanny disappeared in a manner
which expressed her balanced feelings
—she felt that her brother was mak-
ing believe, but for all that, something
awful was the matter. So she went
rather slowly to the kitchen door, and
casually remarked that Newton was
dying on the sofa in the sitting-room.
"You little fraud!" said her father.
"Why, Fanny!" said her mother—
and ran into the sitting-room—whence
in a moment, with a cry that was al-
most a scream, she summoned her hus-
band, who responded at the top of his
speed.

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vulsions. Horrible grimaces contorted
his face, his jaws were set, his arms
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