

# HALSEY ENTERPRISE

VOL. XII

HALSEY, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1924

NO. 22

## HALSEY HAPPENINGS AND COUNTY EVENTS

### Short Stories from Sundry Sources

Miss Dorothy Ternau came home from Portland Thursday.

Notice the new railroad timetable on the last column of page 4. It went into effect Sunday. Don't miss your train.

The Halsey State bank reelected its officers and directors last week.

Suspicion grows that D. F. Burge of Harrisburg was robbed and murdered, instead of committing suicide.

The Albany creamery did 15 per cent more business in 1923 than in 1922.

With a decree of divorce from Benjamin F. Comer granted to Cora Comer at Albany Thursday was an order prohibiting Benjamin from exhuming the body of their dead daughter at Lacombe.

Albany has adopted a billboard ordinance. A license fee of \$26 a year is charged those going into the billboard business and the size, etc., of billboards is regulated, with a billboard committee authorized to make modifications in particular cases.

It is thought the war department will permit the Harrisburg bridge to be built without a draw.

George Finley came up from Portland and took Saturday morning's stage for Holley.

Old man divorce lost ground with Dan Cupid during 1923 in Linn county according to a report from the clerk's office. The highest mark for weddings in three years was established, with a total of 234, 44 more than in 1922. In 1922 divorce suits entered numbered 54 and last year only 40 were filed.

Lester McKillip of Harrisburg, who began as a clerk there and has obtained a license from the state board of pharmacists, has opened a drug store there. That burg had been left without such a store.

Harry Bressler has come home from Lyons, where he has been section foreman since the first of the month.

H. E. Sveen and William Schaefer were guests of Marshal Rector at the city hotel Friday night. The young men are from North Dakota. They left there four months ago and from the coast shipped to Yokohama, sailing from there Dec. 12 and reaching Portland on the 28th. Then they started southward, intending to reach some California seaport in search for

further adventure. At Salem they got out of funds. Here they agreed at one restaurant to split wood for their breakfast and got supper at the other. They turned up all right in the morning and did the wood splitting, which gave them a good name here.

Mrs. E. E. Marsters left Saturday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Dwight Smith, at Klamath Falls. Mr. Marsters, who brought her to the train, favored the Enterprise office with a call.

Mrs. Blanche Sweet came down from Eugene Thursday to take her sister's place with her mother, Mrs. Forster, who continues to improve.

Mrs. Eliza Brandon went to Plainview last week Wednesday to the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Brandon, whose death was mentioned in our columns last week.

Mr. Isom, the Union oil man, was in town Friday.

Glenn Hill of Harrisburg was here Friday.

Fred Jackson came up from Salem Saturday, returning the same day. He is a guard at the state prison.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Stewart and granddaughters of Peoria were transacting business in Halsey Saturday.

Mrs. L. C. Merriam was in Albany Saturday.

(Continued from page 5)

## TH' OLE GROUCH

TH' GUY WHO DONT MOW HIS GRASS AN' KEEP HIS YARD CLEAN MAY BE A NICE FELLER PERSON'LY, BUT HE'S GOT SOMETHIN' T' LEARN 'BOUT BEIN' A GOOD CITIZEN



## My Unknown Friends

By Grace E. Hall

I know that somewhere you exist,  
And that you understand,  
Though I may never see your face,  
Nor grasp you by the hand;  
Though you may never speak one word  
In voicing thoughts we share,  
Yet I shall know, where'er I go,  
Your understanding rare.

I know, somehow, that you are touched  
Through sense of ear and eye,  
By plaintive, thrilling melody,  
By gorgeous sunset sky;  
That oft your heart is filled with pain  
That still is ecstasy,  
That, as by wine that's aged and fine  
You're thrilled by sky and sea.

I know, somehow, that in a crowd  
You oft are lone and drear,  
That few there be who know and see  
Life, as you find it, here;  
Not oft you meet with those whose souls  
Are en rapport quite true,  
And oh, the sting when others sing  
So out of tune with you!

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## Pull Together or Bust

(C. E. Spence, Market Agent)

The Portland Telegram laments that industries might go to California and Washington on account of the income tax, and urges its repeal at the next election. It forgets that industries do not pay income tax, but only the individual, but that California has a corporation tax which really taxes these industries. The people think for themselves these days, and they are not being frightened by the calamity howl of the city dailies. Junction City Times.

### Prevents Raindrop Beads.

To prevent raindrops of water from beading on glass, wipe off the glass with a piece of cloth wet with glycerin. The first few drops remain as drops spreading and showing a tendency to run, but as the drops increase in number they come into contact with each other and coalesce, forming a smooth, transparent film of water over the entire surface, which is no obstruction to vision.

### Highest Bridge in U. S.

It is claimed that the suspension bridge over the Snake river, near Twin Falls, in southern Idaho, is the highest in this country, if not in the world. The actual measurement is 345 feet from the floor of the bridge to the stream, and the length of the span is 688 feet. Aside from its extreme height, the bridge is of interest because, although materials had to be hauled a great distance, the structure was completed in four months.



Halsey Church of Christ

### Church Announcements

Church of Christ:  
Lon Chamlee, minister.  
Bible school, 10, W. H. Robertson, superintendent.  
Morning worship, 11. Lord's supper every Lord's day.  
Christian Endeavor, 6:30.  
Evening service, 7:30.  
The church without a bishop, in the country without a king.  
If you have no church home come and worship with us.

### Methodist:

Robert Parker, pastor.  
Sunday School, 10.  
Praying, 11.  
Intermediate League, 6:30.  
Epworth League, 6:30.  
Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30.  
Praying, 7:30.

### Merely a Stone.

The supposed skull of the Tertiary period found in Patagonia some time ago is merely a curiously shaped stone and of no scientific value, according to a committee of eminent scientists of the Buenos Aires and Laplatas museums of natural history, which has carefully examined it. At the time of its discovery great interest was excited because it was supposed to be the oldest trace of mankind in existence.

### Three Good Habits.

There are three habits which, but one condition be added, will give you everything in the world worth having, and beyond which the imagination of man cannot conjure forth a single addition or improvement. The habits are the work habit, the health habit and the study habit.—Elbert Hubbard.

## With the High School Classics

By MARGARET BOYD

(© by Margaret Boyd.)

"The seeming truth which cunning times put on To entrap the wisest."  
—The Merchant of Venice.

Little evil is done in the world by obvious untruth; the danger is from untruth that passes for truth. People do not willingly believe a lie. Early in life children ask of tales told them, "Is it true?" They continue to ask the same thing all their lives.

It is not, however, always easy to learn what is true. Some of the ancients said truth lived at the top of a very steep mountain; others said she lived at the bottom of a well. No matter which dwelling place was ascribed to her, all acknowledge that it was difficult to catch a glimpse of her. Whether we climb to truth by hard mental labor or dig for truth among the thoughts of other men, truth will never be found without work and inconvenience.

Emerson said: "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. That which you please, you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets, most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions."

When we look about us the earth seems flat. Hills and mountains seem to rest upon it as objects on a table. For centuries the wisest men believed the earth was flat and so taught their pupils. The seeming truth of the world's shape was disproved less than five centuries ago. When the truth of a simple physical fact, such as the earth's shape, was so hard to come at, it is small wonder that the truth of facts involving human actions and the truth of ideas and opinions is so difficult to learn.

We are wont to look upon history as truth; but Carlyle defined history as "a distillation of rumor," and Napoleon defined it as "a fable agreed upon." While Voltaire, writing upon one phase of history, pointed out: "So many hidden causes are associated at times with the apparent cause, so many unknown springs may be at work in the persecution of a man that it is impossible, centuries afterward, to discover the hidden source of the misfortune, even of distinguished men."

## BIG LOTTERY CRAZE IN 1777

Dealers in Every Class of Commodity in London Had Fantastic Gift Schemes.

The present revival of lotteries large and small reminds one of their ubiquity in the Eighteenth century. Not only were there the state lotteries with "potentiality of riches beyond the dreams of avarice," but shopkeepers of every rank ran their private ventures as an inducement to purchasers.

The Annual Register for 1777 speaks of lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery stay-makers, lottery gloves, lottery hat-makers, lottery tea merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery handkerchiefs, lottery bakers, lottery barbers (where a man for being shaved and paying 3 pence may stand a chance of getting £10), lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating houses (one in Wych street, Temple Bar, where if you call for 6 pennyworth of roast or boiled beef you receive a note of hand with a number which, if it turn out fortunate, may entitle the eater of the beef to 6 guineas), lottery oyster stalls (by which the fortunate may get 5 guineas for 3 pennyworth of oysters), and, to complete this curious catalogue, an old woman who keeps a sausage stall in one of the little alleys leading to Smithfield, wrote up in chalk "Lottery sausages, or 5 shillings to be gained for a farthing relish."—Manchester Guardian.

### Energy.

Energy set free by the transmutation of hydrogen atoms contained in a tumblerful of water would be sufficient to drive the most powerful steamship afloat from America to Europe and back, scientists say.

## With the High School Classics

By MARGARET BOYD

(© by Margaret Boyd.)

"And fencing's hard to be got at, by what I can make out."—Silas Marner. It is hard for us to realize the difficulties that attended fencing a garden or field before the days of wire fencing; yet one does not need to be very old to remember when the first woven-wire fences were put up.

Before the days of wire fencing, the common fencing materials were rails, boards, pickets, stumps, stone and hedges.

The most popular fences for inclosing fields before the days of wire fencing were rail fences; while board fences or picket fences were commonly used for inclosing gardens or lawns.

Building a rail fence was a matter of great skill and no little labor. The trees that were to be used for rails were first cut into logs of the desired length, and the logs were then split into rails. Oak and chestnut were the favorite woods for rails in the country where I grew up, but hickory and walnut and hard maple and the other hardwood trees were also used. Well-built rail fences would last for a half century or more, increasing in picturesqueness as they became weathered and overgrown with moss and lichen. Old rail fences were a favorite haunt of the striped chipmunk and the lizard and the fence corners of such fences were usually grown up with blackberries, sassafras, sumac and the like.

Up through Michigan, Ontario and other parts of the northern country one often sees stump fences—the weirdest possible objects especially in dim twilight. The stumps are usually great things several feet in diameter and are hauled out of the ground with several feet of root fringing them the whole way around. They are arranged on edge around the field, ordinarily with the bottom of the stump facing the road and the top of the stump facing the field and with the roots interlocking in the air like the tentacles of great octopuses.

Stone fences are commonly found in the hilly and mountainous sections of the eastern and southern states. They were built by farmers who knew of no other way to dispose of the stones that they picked up when clearing their fields, and grow higher from year to year as each plowing turns up more stones. They are very often overgrown with grapevines and poison ivy and Virginia creeper and briars and are the most picturesque of all fences when these plants wear their autumn colors.

(© by Margaret Boyd.)

"All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!"  
—Evangeline.

Peaceful patience is for the old or the philosophical. For the rest of humanity, patience is, indeed, a matter of constant anguish, a waiting for the hope deferred that "maketh the heart sick." So true is this that Thoreau, looking around at his acquaintances, expressed the belief that "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation."

Patience has merit, but no pleasures. There is no doubt that whatever we greatly desire will come to us if we have the patience to wait for it long enough; but it takes age or great philosophy to lead us to say with Burroughs:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;  
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

Most of us want what we want when we want it. When we are patient, it is because our only choice is between patience and impatience. We speak much of the patience of Job, but little of the anguish of that patience—the anguish that led him to curse the day of his birth, crying out, "Let the day perish wherein I was born"; the anguish expressed in his speech, "When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."

One of the great causes of misunderstanding between the old and the young is due to the fact that the old can be serenely patient and the young cannot. It was Holmes who told the tale of the farmer who refused to plant an apple orchard because the trees matured so slowly he might not reap the benefits of his toil. The farmer's father refused for the same reason; but the old grandfather picnicked the orchard and lived to drink cider made from its apples. It takes much of the "dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience" to bridge the gulf between the impatient young man and the patient grandfather.

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