	The
B	BROWN
N	AOUSE
-	é
By	HERBERT QUICK

PAGE 4

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

prior engagement."

former swain.

to be in demand."

burr oak , was guite an ovation-

those queer children from Tennessee,

sens, the Hamms and Colonel Wood-

ruff's hired man, Pete, whose other

Jim sat down between Bettina Han-

sen, a flaxen-haired young Brunhilde

of seventeen, and Calista Simms-

Jennie saw him do it, while listening to

Wilbur Smythe's account of the ex-

acting nature of the big law practice

he was building up-and would have

been glad to exchange places with

The repast drew to a close; and over

"He seems to be making an ad-

"Well, Wilbur," replied the colonel.

'you had the first shot at us. Suppose

we move over and see what's under

As they approached the group, they

"You think so, Ezra," said he, "and

heard Jim Irwin answering something

it seems reasonable that big cream-

eries like those at Omaha, Sloux City

Des Moines and the other centralized

points can make butter cheaper than

we would do here-but we've the fig-

ures that show that they aren't eco

"They can't make good butter, for

by the burr oak the crowd had grown

te a circle surrounding Jim Irwin.

dress," said Wilbur Smythe.

which Ezra Bronson had said.

was himself quite unaware.

ciation with him.

name is not recorded.

Bettina.

discussion."

nomical.'

me!"

(Continued) CHAPTER XV

The Glorious Fourth,

A good deall of water ran under the Woodruff district bridges in the weeks between the school election and the Fourth of July picnic at Eight-Mile grave. But few surface indications there were of any change in the little community in this annual gathering of friends and neighbors. Wilbur Smythe made the annual address, and was in rather finer fettle than usual as he paid his fervid tribute to the starry flag, and to this very place as the most favored spot in the best county of the greatest state in the most powerful, intellectual, freest and most progressive nation in the best possible

of worlds. Jim Irwin read the Declaration rather well, Jennie Woodruff thought, as she sat on the platform between Deacon Avery, the oldest settler in the district, and Mrs. Columbus Brown, the sole local representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Colonel Woodruff presided in his

Grand Army of the Republic uniform. The fresh northwest breeze made free with the oaks, elms, hickories and box elders of Eight-Mile grove, and the waters of Pickerel creek glimmered a hundred yards away, beyond the flitting figures of the boys who preferred to shoot off their own firecrackers and torpedoe's and nigger-chasers, rather than to listen to those of Wilbur Smythe. Still farther off could be heard the voice of a lone lemonade vender as he advertised ice-cold lemonade, made in the shade, with brand-new spade, by an old maid, as a guaranty that it was the blamedest, coldest lemonade ever sold.

Under the shallest trees a few incorrigible Marthas were spreading the snowy table-cloths on which would soon be placed the bountiful repasts stored in ponderous wicker baskets and hampers. It was a lovely day, in a lovely spot-a good example of the miniature forests which grew naturally from time immemorial in favored locations on the Iowa prairies-half a square mile of woodland, all about hich the green corn rows stood aslant in the cool breeze, waist-high and laid by."

fly. "Why can't they?" asked Olaf Hansen, the father of Bettina "Well," said Newton, "they have to have so much cream that they've got to ship it so far that it gets rotten on the way, and they have to renovate it with lime and other ingredients before they can churn it." "Well," said Raymond Simms, "J reckon they sell their butter fo' all it's wuth; an' they cain't get within from foah to seven cents a pound as much fo' it as the farmers' creameries in Wisconsin and Minnesota get fo' theirs."

JAN. 17. 1924 to organize one, but I've another proposition first. Let's get together and pool our cream. By that, I mean "I'm sorry," said Jim, "but I've a that we'll all sell to the same creamery, and get the best we can out of "Why, Jim !" protested Jennie. "I've the centralizers by the co-operative been counting on you. Don't desert method. We can save two cents a pound in that way, and we'll learn to "I'm awfully sorry," said Jim, "but poperate. When we have found I promised. I'll see you later." just how well we can hang together, One might have thought, judging by we'll be able to take up the co-operathe colonel's quizzical smile, that he tive creamery, with less danger of was pleased at Jennie's loss of her falling apart and failing."

"Who'll handle the pool?" inquired "We'll have to invite him longer Mr. Hansen.

ahead of time," said he. "He's getting "We'll handle it in the school," answered Jim. Jim seemed to be in demand-a fact

"School's about done," objected Mr that Jennie confirmed by observation. Bronson.

He received a dozen invitations as he "Won't the cream pool pretty near passed the groups seated on the grass pay the expenses of running the school all summer?" asked Bonner. one of them from Mrs. Cornelius

Bonner, who saw no particular point "We ought to run the school plant in advertising disgruntlement. The all the time," said Jim. "It's the only children ran to him and clung to his way to get full value of the investhands; young girls gave him sisterly ment. And we've corn-club work, pigsmiles and such trifles as chicken club work, poultry work and canning drumsticks, pieces of cake and like tidclub work which make it very desirabits. His passage to the numerous ble to keep in session with only a group at a square table under a big week's vacation. If you'll add the cream pool, it will make the school ovation of the significance of which he the hardest working crowd in the district and doing actual farm work, too. But Jennie-the daughter of a poli-I like Mr. Bonner's suggestion."

tician and a promising one herself-"Well," said Haakon Peterson, who Jennie sensed the fact that Jim Irwin had joined the group, "Ay tank we had won something from the people of better have a meeting of the board the Woodruff district in the way or and discuss it."

deference. Still he was the gangling. "Well, darn it." said Columbus Lincolnian, ill-dressed, over-stricken Brown, "I want in on this cream pool Jim Irwin of old, but Jennie had no -and I live outside the district !"

longer the feeling that one's standing "We'll let you in, Clumb," said the was somewhat compromised by assocolonel. "Sure!" said Pete. "We hain't no

He had begun to put on something more sense than to let any one in, more significant than clothes, some-Clumb. Come in, the water's fine. We thing which he had possessed all the ain't proud !" time, but which became valid only as

"Well," said Clumb, "if this feller is it was publicly apprehended. He was goin' to do school work of this kind. clearly the central figure of his group, want in the district, too." in which she recognized the Bronsons

"We'll come to that one of these days," said Jim. "The district is too small." the Simmses, the Talcotts, the Han-

Wilbur Smythe's car stopped at the distant gate and honked for him-a signal which broke up the party Hankon Peterson passed the word to the colonel and Mr. Bronson for a board meeting the next evening. The picnic broke up in a dispersion of staid married couples to their homes, and young folks in top buggies to dances and displays of fireworks in the surrounding villages.

Jim walked across the fields to his home-neither old nor young, having neither sweetheart with whom to dance nor farm to demand labor in its inexorable chores. He turned after crawling through a wire fence and looked longingly at Jennie as she was suavely assisted into the car by the frock-coated lawyer.

"You saw what he did?" said the colonel interrogatively, as he and his daughter sat on the Woodruff veranda that evening. "Who taught him the supreme wisdom of holding back his troops when they grew too wild for attack ?"

"He may lose them," said Jennie. "Not so," said the colonel. "Individuals of the Brown Mouse type always succeed when they find their environment. And I believe Jim has found his."

one thing." said Newton Bronson cock-"Well," said Jennie, "I wish his environment would find him some clothes. t's a shame the way he has to looking. He'd be nice-appearing if he was dressed anyway."



Want to Have a Talk With You." -1

given by County Superintendent Jennie to Jim, the dean, Professor Withers, and one or two others-and a wonderfully select and distinguished company it seemed to Jim. Jennie seized a moment's opportunity to say, "You did beautifully, Jim; everybody says so.'

"I failed!" said Jim. "You know I failed. I couldn't remember my speech. I can't stay here feasting. want to get out in the snow."

"You made the best address of the meeting; and you did it because you forgot your speech," insisted Jennie. "Does anybody else think so?"

"Why, Jim! You must learn to be lieve in what you have done. Even Con Bonner says it was the best. He says he didn't think you had it in ye! This advice from her to "believe in what you have done"-wasn't there something new in Jennie's attitude here? Wasn't his belief in what he was doing precisely the thing which had made him such a nuisance to the county superintendent? However, Jim couldn't stop to answer the question which popped up in his mind.

he asked. "He's delighted-silly !"

"Silly !" How wonderful it was to

be called "silly"-In that tone. "I shouldn't have forgotten the speech if it hadn't been for this darned boiled shirt and collar, and for wearing a cravat," urged Jim in extenua-

"You ought to 've worn them around the house for a week before coming." said Jennie. "Why didn't you ask my advice?"

"I will, next time, Jennie," said Jim. "I didn't suppose I needed a bittingrig-but I guess I did !"

Jennie ran away then to ask Nils Hansen and Bettina to join their dinner party. She had a sudden access of friendliness for the Hansens. Nils refused because he was going out to see the college herds fed; but at Jennie's urgent request, reinforced by pats and hugs, Bettina consented. Jennie was very happy, and proved herself a beaming hostess. The dean devoted himself to Bettina-and Jim found out afterward that this inquiring gentleman was getting at the mental processes of a specimen pupil in one of the new kind of rural schools,

any such sciences when I was gettin' my schoolin'

"And yet," said Jim, "some people want us to guide ourselves by the courses of study made before these sciences existed."

"I don't, by hokey !" said Hofmyer. "I'll be dag-goned if you ain't right. I wouldn't 'a' said so before I heard that speech-but I say so now."

Jim's face lighted up at this, the first convincing evidence that he had scored.

"I b'lleve, too," went on Mr. Hofmyer. "that your idee would please our folks. I've been the standpatter in our parts-mostly on English and -say German. What d'ye say to comin' down and teachin' our school? We've got a two-room affair, and I was made a committee of one to find a teacher.'

"I-I don't see how-" Jim stammered, all taken aback by this new breeze of recognition.

"We can't pay much," said Hofmyer "You have charge of the dis-cip-line in the whole school, and teach in Number Two room. Seventy-five dollars a month. Does it appeal to ye?" Appeal to him! And yet, how about the Simmses, Colonel Woodruff, the

Hansens and Newton Bronson, now just getting a firm start on the up-

ward path to usefulness and real happiness? How could he leave the little, crude, puny structure on which he had been working-on which he had been

merely practicing-for a year, and remove to the new field? "I'm afraid I can't." said Jim Irwin

"but-' "If you're only 'fraid you can't,'

said Mr. Hofmyer, "think it over. I've got your post office address on this program, and we'll write you a formal offer. We may spring them figures a

little. Think it over.' "You mustn't think," said Jim, "that

we've done all the things I mentioned in my talk, or that I haven't made any mistakes or failures."

"Your county superintendent didn't mention any failures," said Mr. Hofmyer.

"Did you talk with her about my work?" inquired Jim, suddenly very curious.) New Siles "M'h'm."

"Then I don't see why you want Jim went on. me.' "Why?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

"I had not supposed," said Jim,

"that she had a very high opinion of my work." "I didn't ask her about that," said

Mr. Hofmyer, "though I guess she thinks well of it. I asked her what you are tryin' to do, and what sort of a fellow you are. I was favorably im-

pressed; but she didn't mention any failures." "We haven't succeeded in adopting a successful system of selling our

cream," said Jim. "I believe we can do it, but we haven't." "Wal," said Mr. Hofmyer, "I d'know

as I'd call that a failure. The fact that you're tryin' of it shows you've got the right idees. We'll write ye, and mebbe pay your way down to look us over. We're a pretty good crowd, the neighbors think."

(To be continued)

Stop at the Crossing

There were one-third less' automobile accidents at railroad cross ings on the Southern Pacific in October this year than last, though there were more automobiles and more miles of railroad traffic, R. J. Clancy, assistant to gen.

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

South North No. 18, 11:37 a. m. No. 17, 12:15 p. m 24, 14:27 p. m. 23, 4.27 p. m.

22, 3:20 а. п. 21, 11:32 р. ш. Nos. 21 and 22 stop only if flagged. No. 14, due Halsey at 5:04 p. m., stops

to lei off passengers from south of Roseburg.

No. 23 runs to Cottage Grove only. No. 21 rnns to Eugene, thence Marshfield branch.

Passengers for south of Roseburg should take No. 17 to Engene and there transfer to No. 15.

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS

The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 10:50 to 11 a. m. and 12:15 o 12:30 p. m.]

Sunday mail goes out only on the north-bound 11:37 train:

Mail goes south once a day, closing at 11:05 a. m.; north twice, closing 11:25 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Mail stage for Brownsville, Crawfordsville and Sweet

Home leaves daily at 6:45 a. m.

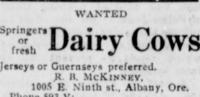
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Old papers for sale at 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.





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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the un-

J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop

in which he was only haif inclined to believe. He thanked Jim for his speech, and said it was "most suggestive and thought-provoking." and as the party broke up slipped into Jim's hand a check for the honorarium. It was not until then that Jim felt quite sure that he was actually to be paid. Mr. Hofmyer was waiting to give Jim the final convincing proof that he had produced an effect with his speech "Do you teach the kind of school you lay out in your talk?" he asked. "I try to," said Jim, "and I believe "Well," sald Mr. Hofmyer, "that's the kind of education I b'lieve in. I kep' school back in Pennsylvany fifty years ago, and I made the scholars measure things, and weigh things, and apply their studies as fur as I could." "All good teachers have always done that," said Jim. "Freebel, Pestalozzi, Colonel Parker-they all had the idea which is at the bottom of my work; learn to do by doing,' and connecting up the school with life.'

"What does Professor Withers say?"

They were passing down the rough board steps from the platform after the exercises had terminated in a rousing rendition of "America," when Jennie Woodruff, having slipped by everybody else to reach him, tapped Jim Irwin on the arm. He looked back at her over his shoulder with his slow gentle smile.

"Isn't your mother here, Jim?" she asked. "I've been looking all over the crowd and can't see her.'

"She isn't here," answered Jim. "I was in hopes that when she broke loose and went to your Christmas dinner she would stay loose-but she went home and settled back into her rut."

"Too bad," said Jennie. "She'd have had a nice time if she had come."

"Yes," said Jim, "I believe she would."

"I want help," said Jennie. "Our hamper is terribly heavy. Please!"

It was rather obvious to Mrs. Bonner that Jennie was throwing herself at Jim's head, but that was an article of the Bonner family creed since the decision which closed the hearing at the court house. It must be admitted that the young county superintendent found tasks which kept the schoolmaster very close to her side.

"Sit down, Jim," said Mrs. Woodruff, "you've earned a bite of what we've got. It's good enough, what there is of



Sorry," said Jim, "but I've "]'m. Prior Engagement,"

it and there's enough of it, such as it

"That's a fact. Olat," said Jim. "How do you kids know so darned

uch about it?" queried Pete. "Huh!" sniffed Bettina. "We've been reading about & and writing letters about it, and figuring percentages on it in school all winter. We've done arithmetic and geography and gram-

mar and I don't know what else on it." "Well, I'm agin' any schoolin'," said Pete, "that makes kids smarter in farmin' than their parents and their parents' hired men. Gl' me another swig o' that lemonade, Jim !"

"You see," said Jim to his audience. meanwhile pouring the lemonade, "the centralizer creamery is uneconomic in several ways. It has to pay excessive transportation charges. It has to pay excessive commissions to its cream buyers. It has to accept cream without proper inspection, and mixes the good with the bad. It makes such long shipments that the cream spoils in transit and lowers the quality of the butter. It can't make the best use of the buttermilk. All these losses and leaks the farmers have to stand. I can prove-and so can the six or eight pupils in the Woodruff school who have been working on the cream question this winter-that we could make at least six cents a pound on our butter if we had a co-operative creamery and all sent our cream to it." "Well," said Ezra Bronson, "let's start one."

"T'll go in," said Olaf Hansen. "Me, too," said Con Bonner.

There was a general chorus of asent. Jim had convinced his audience. "He's got the jury." said Wilbur

Smythe to Colonel Woodruff. "Yes," said the colonel. "and right here is where he rung into danger. Can he handle the crowd when it's with him?

"Well" said Jim. "I think we ought

"Oh, then you haven't heard the news," said the colonel. "Jim's going to have his first made-to-measure sult for Ames. It's all fixed."

"Who's making it?" asked Jennie. "Gustaf Paulsen, the Dane that's just opened a shop in town." "A Dane?" queried Jennie. "Isn't

he Bettina's uncle?" "Ratherly," said the colonel jocularly, "seeing as how Bettina's Mrs. Han-

sen's daughter."

Clothes are rather important, but the difference between a suit made by Atkins, the tailor, and one built by Gustaf Paulsen, the new Danish craftsman, could not be supposed to

be crucially important, even when designed for a very dear friend. And Jim was scarcely that-of course not! Why, then, did the county superintendent hastily run to her room, and cry' Why did she say to herself that the Hansens were very good people, and well-to-do, and it would be a fine thing for Jim and his mother-and then cry some more?

CHAPTER XVI

Jim Goes to Ames.

Jim had never felt more the upstart uneducated farm-hand than when he was introduced to that audience at Ames by Professor Withers, nor more completely disgraced than when he concluded his remarks. Even the applanse was to him a kindly effort on the part of the audience to comfort in his failure. His only solace him was the look in Jennie's eyes.

"Young man," said an old farmer who wore thick glasses and looked like a Dutch burgomaster, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"This is Mr. Hofmyer of Pottawatomie county," said the dean of the colloge.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Jim. "I can talk to you now."

"No," said Jennie. "I know Mr. Hofmyer will excuse you until after We have a little party for dinner. Mr. Irwin, and we shall be late if we don't hurry.

"Where can I see you after supper?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

Easy it was to satisfy Mr. Hofmyer : and Jim was carried off to a dinner

"M'h-m," grunted Mr. Hofmyer, "] hain't been able to see how Latin con nects up with a high-school kid's lifeunless he can find a Latin settlement som'eres and git a job clerkin' in a store."

"But it used to relate to life," said Jim, "the life of the people who made Greek and Latin a part of everybody else's education as well as their own. Latin and Greek were the only languages in which anything worth much was written, you know. But now"-Jim spread out his arms as if to take in the whole world-"science, the marvelous literature of our tongue in the ast three centuries! And to make a child learn Latin with all that, a thousand times richer than all the literature of Latin, lying unused before hfm !"

"Know any Latin?" asked Mr. Hofmy er

Jim blushed, as one caught in condemning what he knows nothing about. "I-I have studied the grammar, and read 'Caesar.'" he faltered, "but that isn't much. I had no teacher, and had to work pretty hard, and it didn'i go very well."

"I've had all the Latin they gave in the colleges of my time," said Mr. Hofmyer, "if I do talk dialect; and I'll agree with you so far as to say that it would have been a crime for me to neglect the chemistry, bacteriology, physics, engineering and other sciences that pertain to farmin'-if there'd been

eral manager of the Southera Pacific, says : "In October there were 127 grade crossing accidents involving automobiles, of which 54 tried to beat the train to the crossing, 27 ran into the train, 22 stalled on the track and wert struck by train, 22 ran through and broke down crossing gates lowered to prootect them, 1 skidded into train and 1 ran into a wigwag signal installed at the crossing to warn of approaching trainaccidents clearly of such character

as to indicate carelessness.

dersigned, administratrix of the estate of W. G. Carter, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate with the county clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the county judge has set Monday, the 11th day of February, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as the time, and the county courtroom of said county as the place, for hearing ob jections to said final account and the settlement of said estate.

IMARY I. CARTER, Administratrix. L. L. SWAN, Attqrney for Admx



Hay is worth just as much in storage a: 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.



Any Girl in Trouble

may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 565 Mayfalr avenue, Portland, Oregon.