

**HALSEY ENTERPRISE**

An Independent—NOT neutral—newspaper, published every Thursday by Wm. H. WHEELER.

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**WHOM THE GODS HELP,**

"The gods help him who helps himself."

A young couple who are aiding in developing Oregon and fighting their own battle in life by digging a home out of a backwoods forest by hard work write, in a letter not intended for publication:

We are proud of your paper. We find more interesting reading in it than in most any other paper we get.

Such words are encouraging to one who has the task in hand of producing a newspaper in a little town of 839 people, but we propose to quote further from the letter, for the encouragement of every struggling Oregon farmer:

We are milking six cows now and getting about 180 pounds of milk. Two of them are heifers which have just freshened. We have one more heifer and a cow to freshen in a week or so. Then one of the cows we are milking will go dry. One cow that freshened last November has been giving about forty-four pounds of milk a day.

We have not fed any grain, but they have had all the good oat, wheat and vetch hay they wanted, and through the winter they had beets and ruta bagas. Now they are pasturing fall-sown grain. When they get that all pastured back we will have a green mow crop of vetch and rye for them.

These people started three or four years ago with very little stock, in a poor cabin, far from market, hemmed in by mountains, and for roads they had the promises with which the state was flooded in the road-bond campaign. Their dream goes to the railroad over a route which has received just enough attention from road builders to make it more difficult of navigation than it was then. They pay their road money in the shape of auto license fees, but they escape some of the gasoline tax for the roads are impassable, practically for the machine except in summer so it is not using the taxed fluid now. They hope to live long enough to get benefit from the road burden they carry.

They know the premium nature of the dairying business in western Oregon, and starting in a very small way they are increasing and improving their little herd and their acreage.

They are not waiting for help from congress, which would help the wheat farmer by artificially raising the price and thus benefiting Argentina and Russia and killing the chance for sales of America's wheat abroad. They are practicing a strong-arm method, not on a human hold-up victim, but on Nature, who likes to be so treated and yields treasures in return. They have not put their eggs all in one basket, however. They say:

The lettuce and peas are up and look nice. We intend to sell quite a few peas. Last year we got 8c a pound for them and at that price there is very good money in them.

In summer, when they can haul freight over the roads, it is worth from one to two cents a pound to take a load to market, so that at ordinary prices there are few crops that will stand the freight.

The wheat farmers of Oregon could raise all the grain crops these people do. Few of them could pasture the grain fields, before allowing the crop to grow to maturity, because few of them have the light, sandy loam our correspondents have, which is not seriously injured if

trampled by cattle when wet, but they could put that grain in silos, hauling it with broad-tire or caterpillar cars, and achieve the same results at slightly increased cost. Grain is not necessary to the best results in dairying if the right crops are grown and the proper proportion cured and fed dry. A cow could not hold enough green feed and silage for her needs, as a large part of it is water.

But dairying requires steady work, one cannot, like the exclusive grain farmer, gather a gang of transients at seed time and another at harvest, and have vacations half the year. Dairying is work, and "the gods help those who help themselves."

"You fellows don't make any money. You don't buy anything from me except overalls for yourselves and Mother Hubbards for your wives. You don't buy any furniture except the cheapest. You don't buy kitchen utensils except tinware. The only way I can make any money is by buying up mortgages on your farms and foreclosing on you, but I don't want to make money that way. I want to make money as a square merchant and I can't do it unless you fellows are making it."

This was the opening talk at a big cooperative meeting in California by one of the big merchants in Fresno and then he told the growers if they would organize right and dig in to help themselves, he would put every dollar he had in the world behind them.

Railroad managers will shed tears of sympathy (perhaps) over the report of the Willamette Valley transfer line, operating trucks out of Portland through this valley, and the Parker stage line of Salem, which runs busses also through the valley, as filed with the public service commission. The first-named company shows a net loss of \$1485 on its 1923 business and the latter a loss of \$628, of which the bill it failed to pay for advertising in the Enterprise is, we presume, a part.

There is a loud and asinine noise about money being diverted from useful industries into tax-free securities. We, the people, issued every dollar of these tax-free securities in exchange for a dollar which we needed and which we straightway put into circulation. If we had not made the obligations tax free we should have had to pay just so much more interest on our debt and should have collected it back in taxes on the paper. It is as broad as it is long, and the money is working all the time as hard as ever.

Since the oil drums have begun to

What are you going to do about that car? Don't wait till the spring rush. Have it ready for spring trips when you need it the most. Our shop equipment is among the best, which enables us to do your job the way it should be done. All Work Guaranteed. **ARROW GARAGE** GANSLE BROS.

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beat great fortunes have been made and lost. Perhaps we might find out who is getting the money RIGHT now.—Lebanon Express.

Easily answered, brother. Nobody is getting it right, for it isn't coming into our pockets. Anybody else who gets it, gets it wrong now.

A measure, initiated by the W. C. T. U., is likely to be on the ballot this fall making it unlawful to make, buy, sell or exhibit in a public place any cigaret. It may not win this year, but if the women keep after it, as they did after prohibition of liquor, they are bound to win some time.

The Herrin (Ill.) grand jury adjourned after filing 99 indictments. Perhaps they would have made it an even hundred if they had looked "on the hillside bleak and bare." There must be more than 99 guilty ones to produce such a smell as comes from Herrin.

Attorney General Daugherty is quoted by the dispatches as saying that Mrs. Stimson's charges against him are "false and untrue." One of those conditions is bad enough. If the charges were both they were awful.

Gaston B. Means was the most sensational witness in the ultra-sensational senate investigation of graft at Washington. It is to be hoped that by some means they'll find out what Means means.

Young Tooze seeks reinstatement as republican state chairman. Does the organization want to divert itself as favoring the carrying of an illegal pocket flask?

The Pierce recall petitions are reported for sale. Who'll bid a nickel?

How nicely "Tooze" rhymes with "booze!"

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be a thrifty traveler and ride the train

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JOHN M. SCOTT Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager Portland, Oregon

**Southern Pacific Lines**



In the Days of Poor Richard by IRVING BACHELLER

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(Continued) CHAPTER V

London and the Philosopher.

The str and prodigious reach of London had appalled the young man. The thought thrilled him that somewhere in the great crowd, of which he was now a part, were the two human beings he had come so far to see. He put on his best clothes and with the letter which had been carefully treasured—under his pillow at night and pinned to his pocket lining through the day—set out in a cab for the lodgings of Doctor Franklin. Through a maze of streets where people were "thick as the brush in the forests of Tryon county" he proceeded until after a journey of some thirty minutes the cab stopped at the corner of the famous American on Bloomsbury square. Doctor Franklin was in and would see him presently, so the liveried servant informed the young man after his card had been taken to the doctor's office. He was shown into a reception room and asked to wait, where others were waiting. An hour passed and the day was growing dusk when all the callers save Jack had been disposed of. Then Franklin entered. Jack remembered the strong, well-knit frame and kindly gray eyes of the philosopher. His thick hair, hanging below his collar, was now white. He was very grand in a suit of black Manchester velvet with white silk stockings and bright silver buckles on his shoes. There was a gentle dignity in his face when he took the boy's hand and said with a smile: "You are so big, Jack. You have built a six foot two inch man of that small lad I knew in Albany, and well finished, too—great thighs, heavy shoulders, a mustache, a noble brow, and shall I say the eye of Mars? It's a wonder what time and meat and bread and potatoes and air can accomplish. But perhaps industry and good reading have done some work on the job."

Jack blushed and answered: "It would be hard to fix the blame."

Franklin put his hand on the young man's shoulder and said:

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. You have excellent good taste. I congratulate you. Her pulchritude has a background of good character and she is alive with the spirit of the New World. I have given her no chance to forget you if that had been possible. Since I became the agent in England of yourself and sundry American provinces, I have seen her often, but never without longing for the gift of youth. How is my family?"

"They are well. I bring you letters."

"Come up to my office and we'll give an hour to the news."

When they were seated before the grate fire in the large, pleasant room above stairs whose windows looked out upon the square, the young man said:

"First I shall give you, sir, a letter from Major Washington. It was entrusted to a friend of mine who came on the same ship with me. He was arrested at Deal, but, fortunately, the letter was in my pocket."

"Arrested? Why?"

"I think, sir, the charge was that he had helped to tar and feather a British subject."

"Feathers and tar are poor arguments," the Doctor remarked as he broke the seal of the letter.

It was a long letter and Franklin sat for near half an hour thoughtfully reading and rereading it. By and by he folded and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so: "An angry man cannot even trust himself. I sent some letters to America on condition that they should be read by a committee of good men and treated in absolute confidence and returned to me. Certain members of that committee had so much gunpowder in their hearts it took fire and their prudence and my reputation have been seriously damaged, I fear. The contents of those letters are now probably known to you."

"Are they the Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver letters?"

"The same."

"I think they are known to every one in America that reads. We are indignant that these men born and raised among us should have said that a colony ought not to enjoy all the liberties of a parent state and that we should be subjected to coercive measures. They had expressed no such opinion save in these private letters. It looked like a base effort to curry favor with the English government."

"Yes, they were overworking the curry comb," said Franklin. "I had been protesting against an armed force in Boston. The government declared that our own best people were in favor of it. I, knowing better, denied the statement. To prove their claim, a distinguished baronet put the letters in my hands. He gave me leave to send them to America on condition that they should not be published. Of course, they proved nothing but the treachery of Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver. Now I seem to be tarred by the same stick."

Jack told him of his prospects and especially of the generosity of his friend Solomon Binkus and of the plight the latter was in.

"He must be a remarkable man," said Franklin. "With Preston's help he will be coming on to London in a day or so. If necessary you and I will go down there. We shall not neglect him. Have you any dinner clothes? They will be important to you."

"I thought, sir, that I should best wait until I had arrived here."

"You thought wisely. I shall introduce you to a good cloth mechanic. Go to him at once and get one suit for dinner and perhaps two for the street. It costs money to be a gentleman here. It's a fine art. While you are in London you'll have to get the uniform and fall in line and go through the evolutions or you will be a 'North American savage.' You shall meet the Hares in my house as soon as your clothes are ready. Ask the tailor to hurry up. They must be finished by Wednesday noon. You had better have lodgings near me. I will attend to that for you."

The Doctor sat down and wrote on a number of cards. "These will provide for cloth, linen, leather and hats," he said. "Let the bills be sent to me. Then you'll not be cheated. Come in tomorrow at half after two."

Jack bade the Doctor good night and drove to The Spread Eagle where,

(Continued on page 3)

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**Any Girl in Trouble** may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 563 Mayfair avenue, Portland, Oregon.