

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By W. E. WHEELER.

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A HILLY MESS.

General Wood was understood to have lost his campaign for the presidential nomination four years ago by spending too much money. It appears now that he refused a million dollars more when Jake Hamm, oil king, who was afterward killed by a paramour, offered to contribute that amount in exchange for a promise of the post of secretary of the interior.

Hamm later boasted that his million would give the nomination to Harding and that he (Hamm) would get the desired position. This might be true without Harding's knowing anything about it. No charge of corrupt politics was ever made to stick to him.

When Jake's immoral chickens came home to roost and he was buried under turf and infamy the way was open for Fall and he finally fell so low that he went from one to another of his friends seeking one who would confirm his lie about the source of his wealth and finally got McLean, the publisher, to do the job. He is the most dangerous refuge a man can seek. Once in a while he wins out, but he plays against stacked cards. In the majority of cases, as the good old book says, the refuge of lies falls. The stories of Fall and McLean are now in the garbage dump, with their reputations.

Harding thought well of Daugherty and made him attorney general. Much cry was made by Daugherty's office about enriching big trusts but very little was gathered. The all quo turned attention to Daugherty and evidence came out against him in many other directions. Most of the evidence comes from people of questionable reputations, but if his deals were crooked, they were naturally conducted mainly with crooks. He may be a saint but such doubt has been thrown upon his reputation that Mr. Coolidge, but as he is to interfere with his predecessor's appointments, has been forced to fire him for the sake of the good name of the American government.

Congressional investigation has stirred up a sea of mud and perhaps produced an indictment or two which may drag along in the courts awhile and die. The mud will settle and we shall start along again in the same old rut.

Thursday night about 9 o'clock the country store of L. W. Halgate, near Waterloo, was robbed of \$15 by three masked men who tied him and his wife and struck the lady over the head with a revolver when she screamed. We don't hang enough murderers, we don't sentence convicted offenders to sufficiently severe penalties and we pardon or parole them too soon and too often. Our sympathy for "poor, misguided" crooks comes back violently on our own heads, "We" being the people who haven't been convicted.

About every third act of Congress or the legislature that is of any importance is declared unconstitutional by the courts. If the majority of the law makers were farmers, instead of lawyers, could they do worse?

We Oregonians are richer than we knew. The state income tax yields about a million and a half of dollars, instead of a million and a quarter, as expected.

Almost daily the Portland Oregonian tells of new industrial plants in Oregon, and in the editorial columns declares that the income tax is driving industries out of the state. The

theory seems to be that taxes ought to come from those who haven't incomes, instead of from those who have.

The hysterical howl about high surtaxes driving the funds of the wealthy into tax-exempt bonds emanates from those same wealthy people and their satellites. We, the people, who got that money for our bonds and used it in public improvements which were badly needed, can stand by if the lenders can. We can let the bankers and tradesmen to whom we lent it.

We have too many congressmen and senators and too many laws and maybe too many salaries. The way to reduce taxation is to reduce expenditures, not to seek more sources of revenue. How much have the people invested, in dollars and cents, or any other way, from the money this congress has cost?

All reports show that tenants or even owners having good sized farms

are largely employing family labor on the land, are more prosperous and successful than farm operators without families.—Exchange.

Now, but not as prosperous as where similar families work half as hard in the highly paid industries.

At first Dr. Secretary Fall and a few of his friends speculated and that afforded amusement to the rest. Now so many have been added to the numbers that a majority seem to be calling to the senate to stop investigating and go to lawmaking.

If there is any devility that our congressmen and cabinet members haven't perpetrated, don't remind them of it or they'll forthwith make the list complete. See reports of senate investigation.

The principal objections of United States senators to the "Black peace plan" seems to be that it is a peace plan.

A lot of parties in Washington are fighting pro home policies—for the public home—after same dogs.

The Good Old 5-cent Loaf

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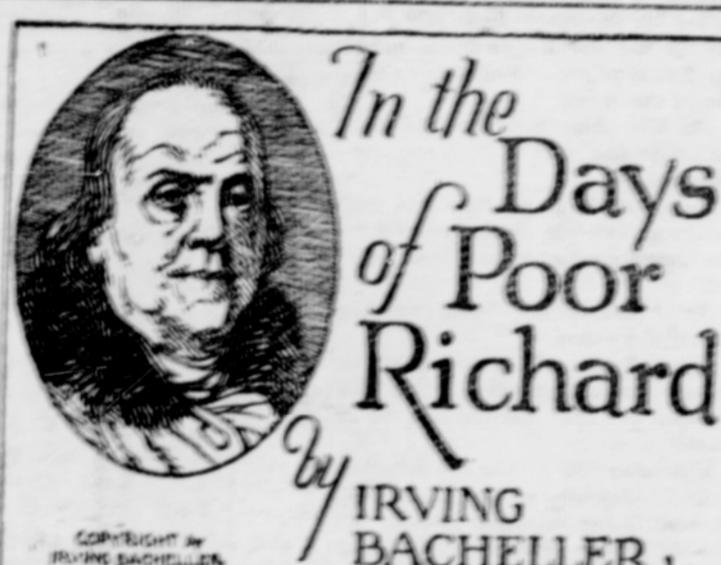
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[Continued]

CHAPTER X

The Lady of the Hidden Face.
Next morning at ten, the door boy at the lodgings informed Jack that a lady was waiting to see him in the parlor. The lady was deeply veiled. She did not speak, but arose as he entered the room and handed him a note. She was tall and erect with a fine carriage. Her silence was impressive, her costume admirable.

The note in a simple unbinding to the young man was as follows:

"You will find Margaret waiting in a coach at eleven today at the corner of Halley street and Twickenham road."

The veiled lady walked to the door and turned and stood looking at him.

Her attitude said clearly: "Well, what is your answer?"

"I will be there at eleven," said the young man.

The veiled lady nodded as if to indicate that her mission was ended, and withdrew.

Jack was thrilled by the information but wondered why it was so wrapped in mystery. Not ten minutes had passed after the departure of the veiled lady when a messenger came with a note from Sir Benjamin Hare in a cordial tone. It invited Jack to breakfast at the Almack club at twelve-thirty. The young man returned his acceptance by the same messenger, and in his best morning suit went to meet Margaret. A car conveyed him to the corner named.

There was the coach with shades drawn low, waiting. A footman stood near it. The door was opened and he saw Margaret looking out at him and shaking her hand.

"See what a gay thing I am!" she said when the greetings over, he sat by her side and the coach was

young lady who is quite alive."

"Our time is short and I have much to say," said Jack. "I am to breakfast with your father at the Almack club at twelve-thirty."

She clasped her hands and said with a laughing face, "I knew he would ask you!"

"Margaret, I want to take you to America with the approval of your father, if possible, and without it, if necessary."

"I think you will get his approval," said the girl with enthusiasm. "He has heart all about the fund. He says every one he met of the court party last evening was speaking of it. They agree that the old general needed that lesson. Jack, how proud I am of you!"

She pressed his hand in both of hers.

"I couldn't help knowing how to shoot," he answered. "And I would not be worthy to touch this fat hand of yours if I had failed to return an insult."

"Although he is a friend of the general, my father was pleased," she went on. "He calls you a good sport at young man of high spirit who is not to be pugged with, that is what he said. Now, Jack, if you do not stick too hard on principles—if you can yield only a little, I am sure he will let me be married."

"I am eager to hear what he may say now," said Jack. "Whatever it may be, let us stick together and go to America and be happy. It would be a dark world without you. May I see you tomorrow?"

"At the same hour and place," she answered.

They talked of the home they would have in Philadelphia and planned the garden. Jack having sold off the site he had bought with great care and a clear view. They spent an hour which left his abundant happiness to many a long year and when they parted soon after twelve o'clock, Jack hurried away to keep his appointment.

Sir Benjamin received the young man with a warm greeting and friendly words. Their breakfast was served in a small room where they were alone together, and when they were seated the butler observed:

"I have heard of the duel. It has set some of the best tongues in England wagging in praise of the Yankee boy. One would scarcely have expected that."

"No, I was prepared to run for my life—not that I planned to do my great damage," said Jack.

"You can shoot straight—that is evident. They call you a good fellow of that bullet swift, accurate and merciful. Your behavior has pleased some very eminent people. The blustering talk of the general excited no sympathy here. In London, strangers are not likely to be treated as you were."

"If I did not believe that I should be leaving it," said Jack. "I should not like to take up dueling for an amusement, as some men have done in France."

"You are a well-built man inside and out," Sir Benjamin answered. "You might have a great future in England I speak admiringly."

Their talk had taken a turn quite unexpected. It flattered the young man. He blushed and answered:

"Sir Benjamin, I have no great faith in my talents."

"On terms which I would call easy, you could have fame, honor and riches, I would say."

"At present I want only your daughter. As far as the rest, I shall make myself content with what may naturally come to me."

"And let me name the terms on which I should be glad to welcome you to my family."

"What are the terms?"

"Loyalty to your king and a will to understand and assist his plans."

"I could not follow him unless he will change his plans."

The butler put down his fork and looked up at the young man. "Do you really mean what you say?" he demanded. "Is it so difficult for you to do your duty as a British subject?"

"Sir Benjamin, always I have been taught that it is the duty of a British subject to resist oppression. The plans of the king are oppressive. I cannot talk with them. I have Margaret as I have my life but I must keep myself worthy of her. If I could think in well of my conduct, it is because I have principles that are inviolable."

"At least I hope you would promise me not to take up arms against the king."

"Please don't ask me to do that. It would grieve me to fight against England. I hope it may never be, but I would rather fight than submit to tyranny."

The butler made no reply to this declaration so firmly made. A new look came into his face. Indignation and resentment were there, but he did not forget the duty of a host. He began to speak of other things. The butler went on as he had in an atmosphere of cool politeness.

When they were out upon the street together, Sir Benjamin turned to him and said:

"Now that we are on neutral ground, I want to say that you Americans are a stiff-necked lot of people. You do not like any other breed of men. I am done with you. My way cannot be yours. Let me part as friends and gentlemen owing to past. I may possibly with a sense of regret. I shall never forget your services to my wife and daughter."

"I was sorry to hear that," he said.

"I was sure you would not know how to pull these ropes of intrigue I have heard all about them. I could not help that you know, and be a

good man."

"I have no time to give up all

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