

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An independent—NOT neutral—news paper published every Thursday by Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance. Advertising, 20c an inch; no discount for time or space; no charge for composition or changes. In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 50¢ a line. No advertising disguised as news.

Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 except Mondays and Friday forenoons.

DAIRYING

Dairying is one of several specialties for which western Oregon's soil and climate are especially adapted.

There are dairymen in this section who have been unqualifiedly successful, and there are others who have as unqualifiedly failed to make it pay.

It requires much more brain power and brain exertion to make a successful dairyman than it does to make a successful hodcarrier and yet the hod-carriers' wages today are several times as large as those of any dairy employe or the average return realized by dairy owners.

The report of the dairy committee of the January O. A. C. agricultural conference says: "The minimum dairy herd should be 10 cows, and for more economical production the number could safely be increased to more than 25."

Yet one man with half a dozen Halsey, and making and selling butter from them, says that they pay.

Another, with a large herd on a large farm, declares: "There's no money in it"

Given the natural advantages found in western Oregon, very much depends on the man. He must be able to learn, he must exert himself to learn, and he must make use of the knowledge acquired. The kind of cow and the process of manufacture which gave our great-grandfather a good return for his labor would land the dairyman of today in the poor-house.

Following are a few paragraphs from the summary of the report of the dairy committee referred to above:

Leguminous hay (composed wholly or in part of peas, vetch, clover, etc.) only should be raised and fed to dairy cows.

The quality must be improved by greater care in harvesting and curing.

The average dairy farmer buys too much feed for his cows. Some buy as much as 40 per cent of all their feed.

The bulk of the grain ration should be produced on the farm.

A large number of dairymen are very poor feeders.

Increase the boys' and girls' club work. An increase of from 10 to 15 cows in the average size of herd would decrease labor and overhead cost per cow. It would result in the production of more cream, necessitating more frequent delivery, which would result in the cream reaching the creamery in much better condition.

There seems to be an almost unlimited demand in the markets adjacent to Oregon for high-scoring butter. A very small proportion of the butter produced in this state can be classed as better than average.

In 1910 consumption of butter fat in Oregon exceeded production by 4,000,000 pounds. In 1920 production exceeded consumption by 2,250,000 pounds. Yet Washington, Oregon and California produce only 87 per cent of the dairy products they consume.

If Oregon dairymen bring this product up to the standard of that which sells best there is no limit to the demand awaiting it outside the state at a profitable price, and there will be none for years to come.

Raise your own feed. Raise the protein-carrying varieties of hay. Raise your own grain. An O. A. C. crop report says that doubling the corn acreage of Oregon would cut out the annual importation of 1500 to 2000 cars of corn, and adds: Oregon livestock owners are learning the value of growing their own feed as largely as possible. This means more barley in most counties, more alfalfa, more

clover, peas, vetch and permanent pasture in western Oregon.

If your cream does not bring the top price learn why. Don't take it for granted that you are being discriminated against, but see if something in your handling of your product, unsuspected by you, is not cutting down your receipts.

The writer of this once made butter far off in the woods, on a homestead, where the shipping of cream would have been too expensive. He used a cream separator and twice a week he churned and packed his butter nine miles, over mountains, to the route of a mail stage which took it 23 miles farther to town. A hotel received it and paid the top price. There came a time when he received several cents a pound below the top. He made a horseback trip of 32 miles to learn the cause. "It tasted of the boxes," he was told. He stopped in town and had a tinsmith make six tin boxes of different sizes, suitable to varying sized churnings, to fit inside the wooden shipping boxes, and he always got the top price after that. It paid him to spend three days and make the round trip of 64 miles to learn what was the matter.

If Jake Hamon promised a million dollars for the last republican campaign and then only pungled up half that amount that fact might account for one-third of the \$1,500,000 deficit which the brethren of the order of the sacred elephant were scurrying around to raise a year or two later.

LaFollette has issued an ultimatum to the republican convention. Like that which Austria sent to Serbia a few years ago, it is carefully drawn to insure its rejection and the alternative is war. Envision the remainder of the parallel.

S. H. Goin and A. K. McFarland seek the democratic nomination to succeed themselves at Salem. They and the senator from this county, Sam Garland of Lebanon, did good work and much of it in the last legislature.

It might be true economy for Lane county to leave its jail door unlocked, so prisoners would not muss things up digging through a brick wall when they want to take a walk.

Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN IN MONTANA

Out between Plentywood and Panhandle was born the first vocational congress for girls. From Plentywood, 400 miles as the crow flies, to Montana State college, at Bozeman, girls make their way November after November, to satisfy the longing question: "What shall I do?" Others along the South Dakota line come 300 miles. Sometimes rail and auto bus connections are so poor that it takes three days each way for the trip, but they make it, these Montana high school girls, for what they find in the congress.

It may be just accident, but I don't happen to know of a single Montana girl drifting around the big cities hunting just any sort of a job. The first United States congresswoman, yes. The assistant director of a great bureau in the United States Department of Labor, yes. But drifters, no.

The personal story of Una B. Herrick may throw light on the willingness of Montana girls to make good in their own state. Widowed, left with a family and without money in New York, she decided first to leave New York. "Oh," she says, "I loved New York—I do yet! But my idea was and is that a woman can find a greater field of usefulness, more return in money, more friends and a sadder sort of happiness in a small community."

Teaching, studying and "waiting my chance," she has come to be dean of women's work and social dean of the Montana Woman's college. The vocational congress came because Mrs. Herrick recognized the inspiration from knowledge of what other women are doing, that gets automatically pooled in big cities, and felt the shut-outness of Montana girls from this knowledge and inspiration. It was the old affair of bringing the mountain to Mahomet. Each fall distinguished business and professional women take their accumulated experience to the Montana girls. The impression one carries away, according to one of these visitors, is that all the value of the congress pales beside the value of the by-products now established—standards of dress, of conduct, of community recreation, and of democracy—shared by the girls themselves from year to year.

For herself—"No, I don't go back to New York every year now, like I used to. I'm more apt to go over to the west coast when I have a vacation. I look out across this country—anywhere this side of St. Paul—with a feeling of knowing every one I meet; of having the right to be a working woman; of being at home; of proprietorship. That's the feeling the West gives us."

Helen Armstrong was home from Eugene over the week end.

Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE YARDS

"Main Street can't train girls to earn a living," is a plaint that runs through thousands of letters, in one warding or another, from girls who seek careers. True, it is that courses in biology, in art, in medicine, are not to be found at any crossroads. But suppose a fury of desire to paint people—or to cut them up and remold them nearer to good health's desire—doesn't drive Mary off Main Street? Shall she forsake family and friends and all the comfortable, homely things one grows up with, for a casual career? If one's just the average girl, may not the little home town job, where a conscientious worker learns something of everything, help out if the great test comes?

Let me tell you the story of Mary Marshall of Marshalltown, Ind. It was early in 1919. War brides were hurrying to meet transports from France. Fathers in khaki were losing their look born of horrors as they gazed upon miraculous little sons that recalled their own before-the-war selves.

Mary Marshall, nee Hopkins, had just come to Washington for a job that would support herself and John, Jr. She and John, Sr., had run the railroad and village telegraph office until 1918. Then she had abruptly become Mrs. Marshall and sole operator. She was a competent worker, evidently. And she knew she was releasing not merely a man, but her man for war service. When John, Jr., arrived she gave up work and lived with Father and Mother Marshall.

The day Mary came to me—I was running Uncle Sam's employment office in Washington just then—I tried to send her back to Marshalltown. She had a home. She had a baby to take care of. And she was—so I told her—practically untrained. Hadn't she come straight from the corner of Main Street and Railroad Avenue?

Mary Marshall wouldn't go back to Marshalltown. After a generous portion of stupidity on my part and of shyness on hers, the story came out. John, Sr., was in a Washington hospital, shell-shocked. His chances for sanity lay in seeing Mary and John, Jr., every day. A job was found for Mary as correspondence clerk in the telegraph division of the United States Railroad administration. It was no charity job, either. "There isn't anything she didn't learn something about in that little dump of an office in the railroad yards," her chief said later. "She's all to the good."

For obvious reasons, Mary Marshall and Marshalltown aren't her real name and address. But the story is real to the core.

Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

BEAUTY IMPORTED

Main Street is stupid. Main Street is blind. Main Street drives out youth and joy and vision. So says in substance the creator of a now famous book. So say the girls who try to escape from humdrum lives by escaping to the city, each from her particular gray corner of her especially hateful Main Street sort of town.

Down in Kentucky there are some folk who reverse this process. Humdrum gray lives there? Yes, indeed! Escape both wise and necessary if the Kentucky mountain folk are to grow into Americans with their fair chance at life, liberty and pursuit of happiness? Absolutely. Urge 'em all to move to Louisville, St. Louis or Chicago? By no means! Let's bring instead, the best that Any Place has discovered to these mountains and mountain people! So say the interested folks down there in Kentucky.

This story is of a gracious woman at what she calls her "life's sunset period, with wonderful real lights out over the mountains to the east and the blue grass of the north. There are equally high colors in the lives of 225 mountain boys, who range from fifteen to thirty-five years of age, and from the A B C to the eighth grade certificate. It is pioneer work. No woman has ever lived with these boys, and I live a very thrilling life at old well-known Berea college.

Perhaps one must have known Laura Drake Gill of Boston and New York, magazine writer and one-time college dean, personally, to sense how much charm and richness of fine experience she is contributing to the "thrilling" pulsing life of Berea on the edge of the mountain country.

What every woman may know, Miss Gill feels, is that no Main Street is too isolated for the joie de vivre, as the French gallantly phrase the joy of living, to come in, that many of the good community organizations are eager to be of service, and that all they lack is a hearty invitation from some one who wants more of the beauty of life imported into her town and who will get her fellow citizens to help distribute it.

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With the High School Classics By MARGARET BOYD (© by Margaret Boyd.) "This is a slight unmeritable mart, Meant to be bent on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?" —Julius Caesar. "During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small," writes Goethe, "I came upon this thought: In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity, also, the addition of some sort of pattern." This figure is less forceful now than it was during Goethe's day, when everyone was thoroughly familiar with weaving and most homes had a loom in some corner or in the attic. Then everyone knew that a web was any finished piece of weaving, whether a strip of rag carpet, a blanket, a tablecloth, a length of towelling, or a pattern of dress goods. Then everyone knew that when a weaver began a web, he first of all fastened the threads that were to run lengthwise of the web to the warp beam of his loom—and they knew that he called these threads the chain or the warp of the web. They knew, too, that the width of the web was determined by the number of threads fastened to the warp beam—so many threads for cloth a foot wide; twice as many for cloth two feet wide; and three times as many for cloth a yard wide. They knew, too, that when the warp threads were in place, the weaver began to cast back and forth, from one side of the loom to the other, over one warp thread and under the next, a shuttle containing the thread that was to run crosswise of the web, the woof thread. They knew that the closer together the woof threads were crowded, the finer the cloth. Nowadays few people know much of weaving, and the comparison is but meaningless words unless one knows what web and warp and woof are. That understood, the comparison becomes one of the most forceful in all literature, and one sees the unmeritable man and the brilliant man in their true relation to each other and to the universe. The slight unmeritable man that make up the warp of the world are quite as essential as the showier poets, artists, musicians, statesmen, inventors, business executives, and others who make up the woof. Devils and Sins. When devils will their blackest sin, put on, they do suggest at first with heavenly shows.—Shakespeare.