

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

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No advertising disguised as news.

To Advertisers
Copy received before Tuesday is in
time for good position. Wednesday
late and Thursday's mail is too late.

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

THE CATTLE PLAGUE

There is no cause for a panic
here over the foot and mouth
disease. There is danger and
need for the utmost caution.

During the week the malady
has appeared in several addi-
tional herds, one of them out-
side Los Angeles county, to
which it had been thus far con-
fined. This was in a herd of
1000 hogs in San Bernardino
county, 50 miles from the line
between the two counties, and
the federal authorities in con-
trol of the fight extended the
quarantined zone to include
that fifty miles of territory
with Los Angeles.

Those hogs were being fed on
Los Angeles garbage, and
though the material was being
first boiled, its shipment has
been forbidden.

The heaviest items of expense
in the war on the disease are
payment for slaughtered ani-
mals and salaries of the army
of men employed. When an
animal is found to be affected
the entire herd is slaughtered
and buried deep in the ground.

If, 50,000 years from now
the beings evolved by that time
from the present human race
should find the petrified bones
of one of these herds, they may
wonder what cataclysm of na-
ture caused their death, just as
we wonder today when we find
the remains of dinosaurs, sa-
ber-toothed tigers, blubbering
boos and men lying together
deep under ground.

The United States govern-
ment, the state of California,
Oregon and other states are
spending much money in the
fight against the plague and
Los Angeles county has spent
\$200,000 and is getting short of
ready cash, but, note this dif-
ference from any county in
this neighborhood: Los Angeles
county has \$40,000,000 in time
deposits in San Francisco
banks.

The plague affects business in
other states, but it is a terrible
blow to California. A corres-
pondent in a letter to the En-
terprise from San Bernardino
county says: "The disease has
tied everything up in this coun-
ty. It stops the picking and
packing of oranges and that
throws thousands out of em-
ployment. They cannot go east
by auto (because of embargo on
the Arizona line) and many
have not money to go by rail.

"After February things be-
gan to lag. The boom was
over. Some went east, others
to the mountains and more to
farms. Real estate went down.
Now it is foot and mouth dis-
ease. Building goes on. Many
houses are full, but apartments
are emptying out."

The Oregon livestock sani-
tary board has issued the order
below:
"All sheep shearers, farm la-
borers, dairy laborers, farm and
ranch and stock-yard help in
general coming from California
into Oregon, unless able to fur-
nish affidavit evidence that
they have not been in any dis-
trict infected with foot and
mouth disease, shall be required
to either discard, wash in boil-
ing water, or subject all of their
clothing to a formalin solution
bath and their shoes and shear-
ing equipment to official disin-
fection. Certificates of disin-
fection shall be required of all
farm laborers coming from
California."

Roy Ford and family of Jack-
son, Mont., on their way home
from a visit to Marysville, Cal.,
camped in Halsey Monday night.
They were inspected and fumig-
ated at the state line and required
to produce proof that they had not
been in infected sections in the
golden state.

Mr. Ford says that the Yuba
valley, the banner peach section of
the coast, has been saved from one
cause of worry. Growers were
concerned lest the foot and mouth
embargo should prevent the mar-
keting of their peach crop, but a
frost came and destroyed the
peaches and now they have no
seed of a market.

A large army of those stranded
in that state are families who have
come in autos to pick and pack
fruit. The plague has cut off the
expected employment. Many of
them are penniless. If they could
get enough gasoline to take them
to the Arizona line, there they
would be stopped on the desert.
Only railroad trains are allowed
to pass. These people have no
money for railroad fares. They
are hungry and penniless among
strangers.

THE UNCUT MELON

John M. Scott, assistant passen-
ger traffic manager for the Souther-
n Pacific, as part of a compre-
hensive plan to "sell" the state's
myriad advantages to Europeans,
says the company has brought five
of its European representatives to
the Pacific coast to gain first-hand
information of Oregon and other
states served by the Southern Pa-
cific. The visitors spent several
days in Oregon after an extensive
visit to other Pacific coast cities
and resorts.

Southern Pacific literature refers
to Oregon as "the one uncut melon"
among the states of the union,
because its natural resources
have hardly been scratched on
their surface by development.

This situation explains why
Senator McNary is able to report
that more funds have been received
by Oregon for the building of
public roads, the improvement of
rivers and harbors—main arteries
of commerce to the markets of the
world for its products—and the
development of agricultural indus-
try through the reclamation of its
arid, swamp and cut-over lands
than any other state during the
seven years of his service. The
situation warranted it and he got
it.

The Benton Courier is a new
Corvallis weekly, handsomely
printed, full of news and pro-
gressive. Its linotype operator
and proof reader are rare birds
for Oregon, for they appear to
know something about rules of
capitalization and punctuation,
judging from the copies we
have seen, the Independent bids
fair to be a success.

The loudest squealing about
the uselessness of the senate
investigation which has stirred
up so much mud in Washington
comes from those who have
seen hit the hardest, if we may
except Mr. Fall, who seems to
have "crawled into his hole and
pulled the hole in after him."

We want the law adminis-
tered by its friends. R. L.
Chandler, candidate for the re-
publican nomination for sheriff,
is a friend of prohibition. A
man who straddles the fence on
that question may jump off on
either side after the voting is
done.

We will have a chance to vote
for the repeal of the law pro-
viding the death penalty for
murderers. Some people have a
heap more sympathy for murder-
ers than for their victim. We
do not hang half enough of
them. Many men who ought to
have been hanged are out commit-
ting more murders.

The Harrisburg Bulletin an-
nounces that "speeders and
wreckless drivers will be held
to account." Wreckless drivers
are the kind we prefer here in
Halsey. Too many are so reck-
less that they cause wrecks.

Frank A. Vanderlip, whose
last promise was to reveal rot-
tenness that would outdo the
stench from Teapot Dome.
Daugherty and Forbes, is sud-
denly singularly silent.

**American Eagle
Fire Insurance Co.**

Hay is worth just as much in storage as
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.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Any Girl in Trouble

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



*In the
Days
of Poor
Richard*
by
**IRVING
BACHELLER**

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(Continued)
CHAPTER XVI

The Great Ailly.

The Selectmen of Boston, seeing the
city threatened with destruction, had
made terms with Washington for the
British army. It was to be allowed
peaceably to abandon the city and
withdraw in its fleet of one hundred
and fifty vessels. The American army
was now well organized and in high
spirit. Washington waited on Dor-
chester Heights for the evacuation of
Boston to be completed. Meanwhile,
a large force was sent to New York to
assist in the defense of that city. Jack
and Solomon went with it. On ac-
count of their physical condition,
horses were provided for them, and on
their arrival each was to have a leave
of two weeks, "for repairs," as Solo-
mon put it. They went up to Albany
for a rest and a visit and returned
eager for the work which awaited
them.

They spent a spring and summer of
heavy toil in building defenses and
training recruits. The country was
afame with excitement. Rhode Island
and Connecticut declared for inde-
pendence. The fire ran across their
borders and down the seaboard. Other
colonies were making or discussing
like declarations. John Adams, on his
way to congress, told of the defeat of
the Northern army in Canada and how
it was heading southward "laden with
vermin, diseased, scattered, dispirited,
unclad, unfed, disgraced." Colonies
were ignoring the older order of
things, electing their own assemblies
and enacting their own laws. The
Tory provincial assemblies were un-
able to get men enough together to
make a pretense of doing business.

In June, by a narrow margin, the
congress declared for independence,
on the motion of Richard Henry Lee
of Virginia. A declaration was drafted
and soon adopted by all the provincial
congresses. It was engrossed on
parchment and signed by the delegates
of the thirteen states on the second
of August. Jack went to that mem-
orable scene as an aid to John Adams,
who was then the head of the war
board.

In August, Howe had moved a part
of his army from Halifax to Staten
Island and offensive operations were
daily expected in Washington's army.
Jack hurried to his regiment, then in
camp with others on the heights back
of Brooklyn. The troops there were
not ready for a strong attack. General
Greene, who was in command of the
division, had suddenly fallen ill. Jack
crossed the river the night of his ar-

rival with a message to General Wash-
ington. The latter returned with the
young colonel to survey the situation.
They found Solomon at headquarters.
He had discovered British scouts in
the wooded country near Gravesend.
He and Jack were detailed to keep
watch of that part of the island and
its shores with horses posted at con-
venient points so that, if necessary,
they could make quick reports.

Next day, far beyond the outposts
in the bush, they tied their horses in
the little stable near Remsen's cabin
on the south road and went on afoot
through the bush. Suddenly Solomon
stopped and lifted his hand and lis-
tened. Then he dropped and put his
ear to the ground. He beckoned to
Jack, who crept near him.

"Somebody's nigh us afore an' be-
hind," he whispered. "We better hide
till dark comes. You crawl into that
ol' hollow log. I'll nose myself under
a brushpile."

They were in a burnt slash where
the soft timber had been cut some
time before. The land was covered
with a thick, spotty growth of poplar
and wild cherry and brush heaps and
logs halfrotted. The piece of timber
to which Solomon had referred was
the base log of a giant hemlock aban-
doned, no doubt, because, when cut, it
was found to be a shell. It was open
only at the butt end. Its opening was
covered by an immense cobweb. Jack
brushed it away and crept backward
into the shell. He observed that many
black hairs were caught upon the
rough sides of this singular chamber.
Through the winter it must have been
the den of a black bear. As soon as
he had settled down, with his face
some two feet from the sunlight air of
the outer world, Jack observed that the
industrious spider had begun again to
throw his silvery veil over the great
hole in the log's end.

He watched the process. First the
outer lines of the structure were woven
across the edges of the opening and
made fast at points around its imper-
fect circle. Then the weaver dropped
to opposite points, unreeing his sien-
der rope behind him and making it
taut and fast. He was no slow and
clumsy workman. He knew his task
and rushed about, rapidly strength-
ening his structure with parallel lines,
having a common center, until his
silken floor was in place again and
ready for the death dance of flies and
bees and wasps. Soon a bumble bee
was kicking and quivering like a
stricken ox on its surface. The spider
rushed upon him and buried his knives
in the back and sides of his prey. The

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young man's observation of this in-
teresting process was interrupted by
the sound of voices and the tread of
feet. They were British voices.
"They came this way. I saw them
when they turned," a voice was say-
ing. "If I had been a little closer, I
could have potted both men with one
bullet."
"Why didn't you take a shot any-
how?" another asked.
"I was creeping up, trying to get
closer. They have had to hide or run
upon the heels of our people."
A number of men were now sitting
on the very log in which Jack was hid-
den. The young scout saw the legs of
a man standing opposite the open end
of the log. Then these memorable
words were spoken:

"This log is good cover for a man
to hide in, but nobody is hid in it.
There's a big spider's web over the
opening."
There was more talk, in which it
came out that nine thousand men were
crossing to Gravesend.
"Come on, boys, going back,"

woods.
"That's a warnin' fer ol' Joe Thrash-
er," Solomon whispered. "He'll go out
an' wake up the folks on his road an'
start 'em movin'."
They landed and Solomon hid his
canoe in a thicket.

Before midnight they reached Rem-
sen's barn and about two o'clock en-
tered the camp on lathering horses. As
they dismounted, looking back from
the heights of Brooklyn toward the
southeast, they could see a great light
from many fires, the flames of which
were leaping into the sky.

"Guess the farmers have set their
wheat stacks afire," said Solomon.
"They're all scared an' started fer
town."

General Washington was with his
forces some miles north of the other
shore of the river. A messenger was
sent for him. Next day the com-
mander in chief found his Long Island
brigades in a condition of disorder and
panic. Squads and companies, eager
for a fight, were prowling through the
bush in the south like hunters after

For Congress,
W. C. Hawley
Republican Candidate for Renomination

A native son of Oregon who is
CLEAN, CAPABLE, EXPERIENCED,
FAITHFUL, SUCCESSFUL.
Read his record of success-
ful service, steady achievement, in-
creasing usefulness and wise statesmanship in voters' pamphlet.
(Paid adv. by Ronald C. Glover)

said one of the party. Whereupon they
went away.

Dusk was falling. Jack waited for
a move from Solomon. In a few min-
utes he heard a stir in the brush.
Then he could dimly see the face of
his friend beyond the spider's web.
"Come on, my son," the latter whis-
pered.

With a feeling of real regret, Jack
rent the veil of the spider and came
out of his hiding place. He brushed the
silken threads from his hair and brow
as he whispered:

"That old spider saved me—good
luck to him!"

"We'll keep close together," Solomon
whispered. "We got to push right on
an' work 'round 'em. If anyone gits
in our way, he'll have to change
worlds sudden, that's all. We mus'
git to them hosses 'fore midnight."

Darkness had fallen, but the moon
was rising when they set out. Solo-
mon led the way, with that long, loose
stride of his. Their moccasin feet
were about as noiseless as a cat's. On
and on they went until Solomon
stopped suddenly and stood listening
and peering into the dark bush beyond.
Jack could hear and see nothing. Solo-
mon turned and took a new direction
without a word and moving with the
stealth of a hunted Indian. Jack fol-
lowed closely. Soon they were sinking
to their knees in a mossy tamarack
swamp, but a few minutes of hard
travel brought them to the shore of a
pond.

"Wait here till I git the canoe," Solo-
mon whispered.

The latter crept into a thicket and
soon Jack could hear him cautiously
shoving his canoe into the water. A
little later the young man sat in the
middle of the shell of birch bark while
Solomon knelt in its stern with his
paddle. Silently he pushed through
the lilled margin of the pond into clear
water. The moon was hidden behind
the woods. The still surface of the
pond was now a glossy, dark plane be-
tween two starry deeps—one above,
the other beneath. In the shadow of
the forest, near the far shore, Solo-
mon stopped and lifted his voice in the
long, weird cry of the great hush owl.
This he repeated three times, when
there came an answer out of the

game. A number of the new Connec-
ticut boys had deserted. Some of them
had been captured and brought back.
In speaking of the matter, Washington
said:

"We must be tolerant. These lads
are timid. They have been dragged
from the tender scenes of domestic life.
They are unused to the restraints of
war. We must not be too severe."

Jack heard the commander in chief
when he spoke these words.



"The man has a great heart in him,
as every great man must," he wrote
to his father. "I am beginning to love
him. I can see that these thousands
in the army are going to be bound to
him by an affection like that of a son
for a father. With men like Wash-
ington and Franklin to lead us, how
can we fail?"

The next night Sir Henry Clinton
got around the Americans and turned
their left flank. Smallwood's com-
mand and that of Colonel Jack Irons
were almost destroyed, twenty-two
hundred having been killed or taken.
Jack had his left arm shot through

What are you going to do about that car?
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