

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
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position or changes.
"Title for Paragraphs" 5c a line.
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To Advertisers
Copy received before Tuesday is in
time for good position. Wednesday is
late and Thursday's mail is too late.

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

A VIGOROUS VETO

Men who were wounded or gassed
or otherwise wholly incapacitated
in the service of this country in
the world war ought to have all the
aid the rest of us can give them in
enabling them to overcome, as far as
may be, the disabilities they suffer.
This is not their due by law, but our
moral duty to unfortunate fellow
humans.

Next to them as our duty arising
from the war are the Armenians,
who took up arms for the cause. In
their struggle to make the world safe
for democracy—the Armenians ex-
posed themselves to a more horrid
fate than our brave men faced in the
trenches of Europe. Trusting in us
to make good our promise that their
nationality should be recognized and
made effective and the power of the
cruel Turk curbed, they fought their
fight.

The terms of the treaty of peace
proclaimed these things accomplish-
ed. The treaty limited the Turk and
gave the Armenians a home and a
nationality—on paper. And then the
United States, the keystone in the
arch which was to uphold right and
justice among nations, turned desert-
er and let the structure fall in ruin.
We permitted the Turks to treat the
treaty as "a scrap of paper" and to
spread slaughter and rapine among
our late allies. Men, women and
children were left dead in heaps. A
few escaped to Russia and were given
a place to dwell. A few more were
able to escape by water. Able bodied
men were seized and forced into the
army of their enemies. The larger
girls were carried off to serve the
lust of their persecutors. Those who
fled by sea—mothers and their babies—
have starved by thousands. American
people, not the American govern-
ment, which is run by politicians
for politicians, have given funds
that saved a few of the children
who survived when their mothers
perished from cold and hunger.
The government grudgingly gave a
pittance to the cause, but refused to
further turn a hand for the sufferers.
Under these circumstances and
with taxation the heaviest it ever has
been, our lawmakers sought to catch
the soldier vote by a bonus bill which
financiers reckon would add \$175 a
year to the tax burden of every fam-
ily in the land for twenty years to
come.

Mr. Coolidge vetoed the bill and
said, among other things:
"We must abandon our theory of
patriotism or abandon this bill."
"We owe no bonus to the ab-
bodied veterans. Their first duty
was to their country."
"Patriotism cannot be bought or
sold, and to attempt to pay money
for it offers it an indignity."
"The veterans themselves as a
whole do not want it and there is
no moral justification for it."
The graft in the administration
of funds for the relief of disabled
veterans is about the meanest, most
despicable graft ever exposed, but
the bonus graft for the benefit of
men as well able to take care of
themselves as any of us does not
grade much higher.
The position Mr. Coolidge attrib-
utes to "the veterans themselves, as
a whole," is that credited to Solomon
Binkus in his reply to George
Washington's reference to the in-
ability of the colonies to adequately
pay their soldiers, set down in last
week's installment of our serial
story, "In the Days of Poor Rich-
ard." Binkus said:
"I ain't fightin' ter pay. I'll hoe

an' dig, an' cook, an' guide for mon-
ey. But I won't fight no more for
money—partly 'cause I don't need it
—partly 'cause I'm fightin' fer my-
self. I got a little in my britches
pocket, but if I hadn't my ol' Marier
wouldn't let me go hungry."

Michigan appropriated \$20,000,
000 for bonuses to veterans and
widows. Mrs. Joan Piper, now a
writer on the Brooklyn Eagle,
whose husband was killed in the
war, felt about as Binkus and
Coolidge did on the subject. She
returned her \$400 to the state and
wrote, among other things:

In the long, long days that have
gone since that morning when I
watched my husband striding
across the brown prairies of Texas
to join his regiment the whole re-
alization of what war really
means has borne itself in upon
my heart. It would have been
too awful had it all come at once.
It would have crushed me. If I
had had this vision two years ago
I would never have applied for the
bonus. I return the money to my
state and trust it will divert it into
channels where it will do good.

The spirit which prompted Elmer
Piper to enlist has no price. The
long days that have merged
themselves into years when we
who wait have longed for the
touch of a vanished hand and the
sound of a voice that made life all
sunshine have no monetary value.

Both houses have passed the bon-
us over Coolidge's veto. The
vanity of the members was stung
because the president did not
crawl and cringe before them.
They declared that the straight-
forward language in which he told
the truth, as quoted above, was
insulting. In the words of Tues-
day's Oregonian:

Republicans were so anxious
not to lose large bunches of votes
that they dared not stand by their
president. The remarkable popu-
lar indorsement that has been
given President Coolidge in the
primaries is a vote that may well
give him confidence to defy the
Liliputian hosts in congress.

SHOCKING

The day before our primary elec-
tion was far from a dull one for
news. President Coolidge vetoed
the soldiers' bonus bill and shocked
congress with the most vigorous mes-
sage it had ever received.

The United States district court in
Chicago shocked Coolidge himself
and Philip Grossman, a dirty boot-
legger whose money had staved off
a jail sentence given him by Judge
Landis until, by misrepresentation,
he had got a presidential pardon.
The court set aside the pardon as
illegal and sent the criminal to jail
in spite of every effort his lawyers
could make to prevent it.

Federal prohibition officers shock-
ed New York by shutting up and
padlocking for a year nine gilded gin
palaces.

A lively day!

TOP-NOTCH JERSEY TREAT

The Jersey cow stands at the head
of the butter producing industry.

Oregon stands at the head in Jer-
sey breeding and in prize-winning
Jerseys in the United States.

Linn county leads in Jersey breed-
ing among the counties of the state
and has been called "the Jersey Isle
of America."

Consider these facts, if you are in-
terested in dairying, and you will see
that the privilege of attending the
Linn county Jersey picnic, at the
McConnel farm near Shedd, next
Saturday, is a rare one in the world.

An exchange says that in the east
red and white clover honey is
given first choice. That writer ap-
parently is unaware that honey bees
are unable to reach the nectar in a
red clover blossom. The bees know
it and do not try. The bumblebee
has a longer reach, and since his
race has multiplied on this coast it
is possible to raise the seed here,
which it was not a score or two of
years ago. The bumblebees distri-
bute the pollen. And now it is re-
ported that field mice are exterminat-
ing the bumblebees by destroying
their nests and larvae. Poison the
field mice and protect the clover seed
crop.

If the farmers all vote this fall
the oleo law referendum will be de-
feated and the two and a half million
pounds of bull butter now brought
into the state yearly will be shut
out. And if they all vote for the
new income tax law they need not
worry about the initiated repeal of
the old and defective one. If not
enough farmers vote the big tax
shirkers may continue to shirk.

Farmers buy 155,000,000 packages
of breakfast foods yearly, paying, in
each instance, 15 or 20 cents for food
worth a cent or two. Forehanded
farmers produce their own breakfast
food. If all would do so the farmers
would get more benefit therefrom
than they could from any farm relief
bill that is before congress if it be-
came a law.

Representatives Goin and McMa-
han made good records as assembly-
men from this county and if the
parties were nearly even in strength
they would be re-elected, no matter
how meritorious H. E. Tucker and
L. L. Swan, the republican nominees,
might be. Nothing is sure about
the result now.

The recall is working in Oregon.
It has become good policy for office
holders to be as considerate of the
good will of the voters after elec-
tion as before. Lane county last
week recalled two commissioners
and Multnomah three on account of
bridge and other deals.

There are now pending in congress
172 bills pertaining to railroads.
On other subjects the right of way
is similarly cluttered up. If the ma-
jority of these bills, with the men
who introduced them, and as
many more, could be eliminated,
the country would breathe easier.

A Portland paper tells us that
Vermont has gone solidly republican
since 1914. When did Vermont go
any other way since the republican
party was born?

As in the majority of states, so
in Oregon, Coolidge is the republican
choice for president. Hiram John-
son also ran.

The day after the primaries Mayor
Baker of Portland said he was "tired
of politics." There are others, Mr.
Baker.

The K. K. K. wasn't half as no-
ticeable after the votes were counted
as while they were being solicited.

The "M's" have it. Its McNary
vs. Miller for the senate.

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In the Days of Poor Richard
by IRVING BACHELLER

(Continued)
Solomon took the lightning hurlers
out of the packs and unwrapped them
and tried the springs above the ham-
mers. Earlier in the day he had
looked to the printing. Solomon gave
one to Jack and put the other two in
his pockets. Each examined his pis-
tols and adjusted them in his belt.
They started for the low-lying ridge
above the little valley of Rock creek.
It was now quite dark and looking
down through the thickets of hem-
lock they could see the freight of
the Indians and hear the wash of the
creek water. Suddenly a wild whoop-
ing among the red men, savage as the
howl of wolves on the trail of a
wounded bison, ran beyond them, far
out into the forest, and sent its echoes
traveling from hilltop to mountain
side. Then came a sound which no
man may hear without getting, as Sol-
omon was wont to say, "a sear on his
soul which he will carry beyond the
last cape." It was the death cry of a
captive. Solomon had heard it be-
fore. He knew what it meant. The
fire was taking hold and the smoke
had begun to smother him. Those
cries were like the stabbing of a knife
and the recollection of them like blood
stains.

They hurried down the slant, brush-
ing through the thicket, the sound of
their approach being covered by the
appalling cries of the victim and the
demon-like tumult of the drunken
braves. The two scouts were racked
with soul pain as they went on so
that they could scarcely hold their
peace and keep their feet from run-
ning. A new sense of the capacity for
evil in the heart of man entered the
mind of Jack. They had come close
to the frightful scene, when suddenly
a deep silence fell upon it. Thank
God, the victim had gone beyond the
reach of pain. Something had hap-
pened in his passing—perhaps the sav-
ages had thought it a sign from heav-
en. For a moment their clamor had
ceased. The two scouts could plainly
see the poor man behind a red veil
of flame. Suddenly the white leader
of the raiders approached the pyre,
limping on his wooden stump, with a
stick in his hand, and prodded the
face of the victim. It was his last
act. Solomon was taking aim. His
rifle spoke. Red Snout tumbled for-
ward into the fire. Then what a scur-
ry among the Indians! They van-
ished and so suddenly that Jack won-
dered where they had gone. Solomon
stood reloading the rifle barrel he had
just emptied. Then he said:
"Come on an' do as I do."

Solomon ran until they had come
near. Then he jumped from tree to
tree, stopping at each long enough to
survey the ground beyond it. This
was what he called "swapping cover."
From behind a tree near the fire he
shouted in the Indian tongue:
"Red men, you have made the Great
Spirit angry. He has sent the son of
the thunder to slay you with his
lightning."
No truer words had ever left the
lips of man. His hand rose and swung
back of his shoulder and shot forward.
The round missile sailed through the
freight and beyond it and sank into
Rock creek—a famous camping place
in the old time. Then a flash of white
light and a roar that shook the hills!
A blast of gravel and dust and debris
shot upward and pelted down upon the
earth. Bits of rock and wood and an
Indian's arm and foot fell in the fire-

light. A number of dusky figures scur-
ried out of the mouth of the cavern
and ran for their lives shouting pray-
ers to Manitou as they disappeared in
the darkness. Solomon pulled the em-
bers from around the feet of the vic-
tim.

"Now, by the good God A'mighty,
pears to me we got the skeer shifted
so the red man'll be the rabbit fer a
while an' I wouldn't wonder," said
Solomon, as he stood looking down
at the scene. "He ain't a-goin' to



like the look o' a pale face—not over-
ly much. Them Injuns that got away
'll never stop runnin' till they've
reached the middle o' next week."

He seized the foot of Red Snout and
pulled his head out of the fire.
"You ol' hellion!" Solomon ex-
claimed. "You dog o' the devil! Tumbled
into hell whar ye b'long at last,
didn't ye? Jack, you take that luther
bucket an' bring some water out o'
the creek an' put out this fire. The
ring on this 'ere ol' wooden leg is
wuth a hundred pounds."

Solomon took the hatchet from his
belt and hacked off the end of Red
Snout's wooden leg and put it in his
coat pocket, saying:

"From now on a white man can
walk in the bush without gettin' his
bones picked. Injuns is goin' to be
skeered o' us—a few an' I wouldn't
be surprised."

When Jack came back with the wa-
ter, Solomon poured it on the embers
and looked at the swollen form which
still seemed to be straining at the
green withes of moose wood.

"Nothin' kin be done fer him," said
the old scout. "He's gone away. I
tell ye, Jack, it g'n my soul a sweet
to hear him dyin'."

A moment of silence full of the sor-
row of the two men followed. Sol-
omon broke it by saying:
"That 'ere black pill o' mine went
right down into the stummick o' the
hill an' give it quite a puke—you best
to me."

They went to the cavern's mouth
and looked in.

"They's an awful mess in thar. I
don't keer to see it," said Solomon.

Near them they discovered a warrior
who had crawled out of that death
chamber in the rocks. He had been

(Continued on page 3)

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