

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An Independent-Not a News-
paper published every Thursday
by Wm. H. WHEELER

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for time or space; no charge for com-
position or changes.
"Paid for" paragraphs, 5c a line.
No advertising disguised as news.

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.

THE INCOME TAX

C. C. Chapman, head of the movement for the repeal at the November election of the state income-tax law, and Robert S. Howard, vice-president of the Ladd & Tilton bank, were in Halsey Friday in the interest of that campaign.

Mr. Chapman brought photographic copies of a large number of letters from capitalists who say they would have located pay-roll enterprises in Oregon but for the income tax, but he did not accept our published offer to advertise a list of them for 20c an inch, nor even consent to their publication free for them, or the most of them, are confidential and not to be made public—only to be shown where it is thought they will do the most good.

The men who have plenty of capital which they are willing to set at work against the income tax are, as capital is said to be, timid. There is one word which, above all others, they dislike to hear, and that word is "tax-shirker."

Mr. Chapman avows that there is to be no skulking or evading of the light in his activities in the campaign. He will not follow the tactics of Mr. Brownell. His work will be open and above-board. We fear this laudable stand of his will deprive his cause of many shekels, through the above-mentioned timidity, but we must commend him for it.

He thinks our reference to the \$1300 which his publication received for advertising the repeal campaign may have carried to some minds the idea that said advertising influenced his editorial course. Perhaps it did, but we wish to disclaim any such intention. No doubt the business offices of some newspapers are able to sway the editorial writers. We have no proof that such is the case with the Oregon Voter. But we have a decided belief that a contrary situation existed—that the editorial utterances of the Voter influenced the men who directed expenditures in that campaign.

We do not believe that those financiers would have paid so much for advertising in the Voter if it had opposed their cause. And we believe they were unwise. They were understood to be spending that money to make votes for their cause. Had they directed their energies and their funds to opponents, placing their literature in opposing publications, they could have reached more of the people they wanted to convert.

Christ, on earth, was criticized for associating with publicans and sinners, but he said he wanted to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. He was wise. Just so the campaigners of today, if they are wise, will do their advertising where it will reach the eyes of those sinners who, they fear, will vote the wrong way if not converted.

Mr. Chapman does not seek to defend himself against any personal aspersions. He devotes himself to the work in hand. The explanation given above is entirely without request or suggestion from him.

Mr. Howard was evidently very sincere in his argument and was putting all his powers into the voicing of what he believes is for the good of all Oregon.

The chief argument against the income tax is that it will drive capital and pay rolls away to other states or prevent them from coming to Oregon.

The Enterprise is still of the opin-

ion that any enterprise which takes excessive profits from our citizens, such as would subject it to a burdensome income tax, ought to be curbed in that or some other way, and that any other state to which it flies will in time apply a similar curb.

The man who stakes his all in the production of our bread and butter is entitled to as large a percentage of profit as the man who sells us gasoline or buys our prunes, potatoes, wool or wheat.

A square deal, if it were possible, would wrong nobody, but oh, what howls it would evoke from some!

A partial stagnation in lumbering is by some attributed to a fear of making so much profit as to be hard hit by the income tax. The Enterprise takes no stock in this. The foot and mouth disease stopped much building in California and the angered Japanese are buying less American lumber, which caused a slackening of the lumber industry, but the mills are fast coming back to normal.

Should the mills slacken in production Oregon has more than any other state of fine timber, and it will be a calamity to have its destruction delayed.

A few industries that have not been driven from Oregon by the income tax are mentioned by Hofer & Son in this week's bulletin, from which we quote several, as follows:

Ashland—\$132,000 subscribed for new tourist hotel.

Eugene—Building permits in June totaled \$208,000.

St. Helens—Lumber shipments last week of June totaled 3,500,000 feet.

Baker—Spokane capital erecting 25-ton ore mill at Gold Hill mines.

Coquille—Alpine paper company buys site to erect plant.

Woodburn—Work started on \$10,000 power plant.

Foster—Hydraulic mining plant going in on South Santiam.

Milton—Box factory, recently burned, again operating.

The amount of money which capitalists allege that they were about to invest in establishing industries in Oregon if the income-tax law had not been passed, added to what will be invested anyway, would have given this state a most amazing industrial boom, and we believe is greater than those same capitalists would have so invested if the state had offered them a big bonus instead of tax. Slangily expressed, we believe they are talking through their hats.

MISSING LINKS

The brand of spirits Conan Doyle consults and advertises, and the brand which the great and numerous American bootlegger dispensaries, severally produce some startling effects. Combined, their effects are still more hair raising. Marion and Roy Smith, J. Peterson and Fred Beck, all spiritualists and accustomed to seeing things, went prospecting from Kelso to a place called, appropriately to the succeeding events, the Spirit Lake country, traditionally reported by Indians to harbor a tribe of gorilla-like creatures known as "mountain devils."

What antidotes for snake bite the party carried is not reported, but they fled the region in the morning with hair on end and reported that they had been besieged all night by a band of thirty gorilla-like creatures who showered stones upon them and knocked one of them unconscious, in which condition he remained for several hours.

The voracious prospectors shot at the horrid creatures, wounding one and killing another, they report, but they failed to bring away the carcasses, the hide, or even a hair of the dead monster.

Add these missing links to the prehistoric amphibian reported last year in a secluded South American lake and the remains of men and monsters millions of years old that have been reported about once a week since in hundreds of locations all over the world, and to these add the beings Conan Doyle and his followers have seen seeing and even photographing, and you will have a museum worth going far to see.

The exclusion act, as it affects the Japanese, was entirely within the rights of this nation. If the Japanese don't like it that is their affair. The great rush of Nipponese to get into America before the act took effect showed that, whatever they may think of our laws, many of them like our location. All talk of that country going to war with the United States is bosh.

Not to be outdone by the Hawaiian and Japanese earthquake prophets, Prof. David Todd of Amherst college predicts that the weight of New York's skyscrapers and the relief of underground pressure by the world's oilwells will combine to produce a great earthquake. Put him on the same shelf with Mother Shipton.

Rev. Oren Van Loon of Detroit condemned the Ku Klux. He was kidnaped, held eleven days and released with the letters "K K K" branded between the shoulders. The Ku Klux say they did not do it. Of course not. They don't do things that way. They just happen.

La Follette has achieved something. He has made the republicans sit up and take notice. In Oregon they announce that they will fight him more than Davis.

Chicago mosquitoes beat the devil Friday night when they routed a Methodist camp meeting after his Satanic majesty had failed to do so. The congregation fled to the churches.

Alford Arrows

(Enterprise Correspondence)

Lee Ingram and A. E. Whitbeck were at the county seat one day last week.

Miss Hattie Dannen of Shed visited her sister, Mrs. E. A. Starnes, Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Ingram called on Mrs. A. E. Whitbeck Tuesday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. L. E. Bond and daughter Vera of Albany visited at the E. D. Isom home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Medford Ingram of Silverton called on Medford's uncle, Lee Ingram, Sunday, taking Miss Thelma home with them for a visit.

Jerse Jenks and family, Mrs. Floyd Jenks and daughter Jessie and Miss Volena Jenks of Tangent were Sunday evening callers at the J. H. Rickard home.

Lee Ingram and family went to Springfield Sunday to visit with relatives. Mrs. Ingram's sister, Mrs. C. P. Clover, accompanied them home for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Chester Curtis received word last week that her brother, Herbert Tandy of Elmira, is to undergo a surgical operation soon and the rest of the family are down with scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mercer and A. F. Robnett and family came down from Eugene Saturday evening and with E. D. Isom and family and Mrs. D. I. Isom drove to Cascadia Sunday to spend the day. Miss De Etta Robnett remained for a longer visit with her grandmother, while the others returned to Eugene in the evening.

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ALBERT FOOTE Prop.

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

An Appeal for Fair Play

Subscriptions to the Enterprise are due and payable in advance at the rate of \$1.50 a year. If it is not convenient for a subscriber to pay for a renewal promptly the publisher is willing to continue the paper a short time and wait for the money, but definite instructions to do so are desired, because—

Under our Oregon law a publisher cannot collect for such continuance unless he can prove that it was specifically ordered, hence advance payment is desirable.

Three people, one of them a schoolteacher, who might be presumed to know better and to have a higher conception of what constitutes fair play towards a fellow mortal, have been unkind or dishonest enough to refuse to pay for the Enterprise after it had been mailed to them for a year and regularly accepted from the postoffice by their without protest.

I do not wish to be thus defrauded very often and I do not wish to send the Enterprise to any person who does not desire it, though thankful for the privilege of sending it to all who will pay for it at \$1.50 a year.

Wm. H. WHEELER, Publisher.

Pay Grayel

(Continued from page 3)

but I was the one to pick her off her feet and ride with her. She'll be better off in the Colt woman's boarding house. 'A frontier woman with a rifle,' you called her."

"I must be poison," trilled Kitty the Schemer with an ugly side glance at San Juan.

"You must be very lovely. You look it," retorted Dinsdale. "But there are those who come here who are not. Now we'll be going, Lottie."

The girl obediently rose. San Juan Joe stepped between Dinsdale and the door and said:

"Not so fast. We'll discuss this a bit further."

"You'll get clear of that door, Joe, or we'll discuss it with guns," Dinsdale warned in a low voice.

"A bad man, eh?" politely asked the gambler.

"A mighty bad man when held back from a door he's set on going through."

It was difficult for the gambler to hate a man to the edge of death for being proof against the Schemer's lure. Dinsdale had been a good companion. He was a prepossessing young man and might easily interest good women and weak. The gambler gave him a high mark for being indifferent to Kitty. Because he believed he would never have cause for jealousy on Dinsdale's account, the gambler lacked heart for what he knew would end in the death of one, perhaps the two, of them.

The girl was of no interest to San Juan. He felt an immense relief in believing that the fickle Schemer could never make his heart ache by receiving any attentions from Dinsdale. He amazed the woman by quietly agreeing:

"Let it go at that, Pete."

And he stepped one side.

"You used up all your nerve and your fighting spirit in the canyon, I reckon," blazed Kitty the Schemer, now thoroughly enraged at Dinsdale, the gambler and herself.

San Juan did not mind her angry moods; he rather preferred them. When she was in a rage it was likely she had failed in some attempted conquest. He was not to be trapped into a fight to the death just to please the woman's vanity.

"Really, Kitty, the girl isn't worth two good men throwing down guns on each other. We know just about what the other can do. If we went through with this it would mean one dead man and probably two. Now look the kid over and say what I've said is true. And it's as he says; he saved her, not I."

"He might have let her choose for herself," insisted Kitty the Schemer.

"I want to go with Mr. Dinsdale," hastily cried Lottie, deeply frightened at the threatened tragedy, and yet not knowing just what all the argument was about.

"You've made a conquest," laughed Kitty the Schemer. "Look out, girl, I may decide to take him from you."

"You can't! You mustn't!" cried the girl as she drew Dinsdale into the hall after her. "Take me away! I'm scared of this place. I'm scared of that woman."

"You little fool," remarked Kitty the Schemer contemptuously as she drew her skirts about her to escape contact with Lottie Carl's coarse clothing and ran up the stairs.

San Juan Joe tried to laugh as he complained:

"D—n it, Dinsdale! But you've made bad blood between me and Kitty. Why the h—l couldn't you show your cards on the table before I made an ass of myself? Now she won't feel satisfied till you and I fight and one of us gets killed. And if I should be the one to drop she wouldn't be satisfied till she had her collar around your neck. The last is one good reason why you and I won't fight if I can help it."

"She's a bad woman!" denounced Lottie Carl.

"Hush, hush! You mustn't say that," Dinsdale corrected, pretending not to see San Juan Joe's twisted smile as he slowly rounted the stairs. "She lives her life and you will live yours. And we won't say anything more about it. Now we must buy you some shoes."

They rode down the street to a store exhibiting general merchandise. Lottie Carl was soon equipped with a pair of shoes such as she had never owned before. She still carried the gold dust but did not seem to sense its potentials, and her companion paid the bill.

On their way to Mrs. Colt's place Lottie Carl shyly thanked her new friend and said something about his being "mighty good to her." He gruffly repudiated the suggestion.

On entering the boarding house they were at once in the presence of Mrs. Colt. She scrutinized them keenly while Dinsdale was expressing his desire to procure a room and lodging. When he finished she snapped out:

"Married?"

"Lord, no! Lottie Carl is only a little girl," he cried, quailing beneath her fierce gaze.

"I'm seventeen," protested Lottie.

Dinsdale hurriedly gave her antecedents so far as he knew them and told of her escape from the canyon. The widow's nostrils dilated, and the light of battle shone in her eyes.

"The town's talking about you and that scallywag of a San Juan Joe," she said. "It must have been a gallus fight. I'd 'a' given a dozen ounces to have been along with old Ben." And she nodded vigorously toward a Sharps rifle in the corner. "When we come through it happened to be as quiet as a Pennsylvania Sunday school. I never had a crack at the varmint."

Suddenly her gaze wandered to Lottie Carl's new footgear, and she demanded:

"Where did you git them hussy-like contraptions?"

Again Dinsdale was quick to explain. The widow smiled grimly and conceded:

"Can't blame her as long as you picked 'em out for her. Who makes good for her keep?"

"I do."

"Why, I have money? Men in the street gave it to me!" excitedly interrupted Lottie Carl, and she held up the dust.

"She's to keep that, Mrs. Colt. I'll stand the shot. If I get wiped out—"

"Never mind your getting wiped out. It'll be nice if she can keep what she's got; but if you mean you're going to come here sparking her—"

(To be continued)

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