

**HALSEY ENTERPRISE**

An Independent—NOT Neutral—Newspaper published every Thursday by Wm. H. WHEELER

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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**

We have been treated to a great deal of windy talk and distortion of facts about the surtax and the income tax by the opponents of those measures.

Let us preface our present remarks on these subjects by a few statements regarding the position of the Enterprise towards public men who are discussed in connection with them.

Mr. Mellon is criticised for favoring a reduction of the surtax. We do not agree with him on that question, neither do we agree with those who attack his integrity. The fact that a man has enough brains and ambition to succeed in business is not sufficient reason for barring him from public office, and until more evidence is adduced of crookedness on Mellon's part than Couzens or anybody else has made public we shall respect his American right to be considered innocent until proved guilty.

Coolidge has proved a safe and sane president and his clashes with the most inefficient congress in our history have but increased our respect for him. As the cards are stacked today, he will probably remain in the white house another four years.

But we believe Mellon and Coolidge have both been mistaken in regard to the surtax. The Topeka (Kan.) Capital quotes some figures which confirm this opinion. It says:

Taxable incomes of 1922 were 21 1/3 billion dollars, as compared with 19 1/2 billion for 1921. The revenue from these incomes was 141 million dollars more than from the incomes of 1921. It happens, therefore, and this is born out by the still greater returns this year from 1923 incomes, that the secretary (Mellon) was premature in his conclusion from the falling off after 1920 that high surtaxes would produce less and less revenue as time went on.

And in regard to the income tax much falsehood is being peddled. Its opponents are the people who can afford to spend money for what they want, and they are spending it.

They tell us with tears in their eyes that Wisconsin has been ruined and all worth-while industries driven out of that state by its income tax. To this the governor of Wisconsin replies:

The charge that Wisconsin industries are moving to Michigan, or any other state, does not contain a single element of truth. Moreover, taxes in Wisconsin are lower than in any of her neighboring states except Illinois. Wisconsin has not a single dollar of indebtedness. No bonds are issued by the state, and we pay as we go. Wisconsin has had the income tax law since 1911 and still has forged ahead both in the number of industries and amount of capital invested in same. Six leading industries in Wisconsin increased from \$242,000,000 in 1914 to \$827,438,000 in 1919.

The official argument for the income tax which will appear in the voters' pamphlet at the coming election says:

Those who are opposed to an income tax ask the voters of Oregon to repeal the present law and oppose any income tax law in Oregon until the other Pacific coast states have enacted such a law; but if the voters of the other Pacific states were to do likewise, there never would be an income tax law in any of the Pacific states. Perhaps that is the purpose of those who oppose the income tax law.

This is an illogical position in view of the fact that 15 states now have

an income tax law. And the following states are contemplating the enactment of income tax laws: Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Washington, Idaho and Michigan.

Hofar & Sons, publishers of the Manufacturer and Industrial Review, Salem, last week mentioned, among other evidences of prosperity in Oregon under the income tax, the following:

Portland—New site secured for soap factory, 60x200 feet. Portland announces \$200,000 new buildings past week. Northwestern Electric Company to spend \$1,750,000 on improvements.

The Dalles—Libby, McNeil & Libby cannery reached record peak when 8,000 cans of fruit were prepared in one day.

Cottage Grove—Woodward sawmill to resume work.

Marshfield banks, with new one in field, show increase of \$165,527.91 or six months period between Dec. 31, 1923, and June 30, 1924.

Stayton—New flax plant to be in operation soon.

Forest Grove—Business of Western Oregon Packing Corporation's cannery shows marked increase over previous years.

Coquille—Alpine Paper Mfg. Company purchases ten-acre tract for proposed paper plant.

Sutherlin—Canning factory to start within 15 days, new machinery being installed.

Wallowa—Bowman-Hicks sawmill resumes cutting with greatly enlarged plant.

If anybody intends to exploit the consumers to such an extent that he will get an income so big as to make the tax on it burdensome, let him go to some other state. Good riddance!

It is McNary or Miller for the federal senate this year. McNary is the inside trader, with a record of accomplishment in the position. He is sound on prohibition, but he voted against the league of nations. Miller stands for prohibition and for league membership. If enough like him should be elected, we might partially retrieve the good reputation in the world which we lost when we deserted the most promising movement for universal peace the world ever knew.

LaFollette is "the only wet candidate for president," says Dr. Clarence True Wilson. If this is true and becomes generally known the race will be between Coolidge and Davis, with Davis handicapped by the suspicion that he is slightly wet, or at least damp. Gompers and the beer wing of union labor might vote for LaFollette, but the majority of American voters are for prohibition before anything else.

**FORNINSTE THE GOVERNMENT**

LaFollette and his followers are on the same platform as the Irishman who washed ashore from a wreck and did not know where he was. Walking inland he met a man and his first inquiry was:

"Is there a government here?" "Yes," was the reply. "I'm agin it," said Pat.

John W. Davis is reported to look anxiously on the "light wine and beer" plea, to offset which fact, perhaps, he stated as one reason for preferring Mr. Bryan as running mate, the fact that the latter is bone dry.

A. M. Hagen of Bridal Veil paid \$15 fine at Albany for going too fast with his car and announced that in future he would avoid Linn county. That will make life just so much safer here.

Opponents of the income tax declare it does not lessen other taxes. Before election day they probably will be telling us it adds to them.

Coolidge, Davis, Dawes and Bryan are good American names, from stock within the British empire. LaFollette, with his French name, has workers in Oregon named Zhomercian, Kroner, Von Schultz, etc., in the state committee, but his running

mate bears the old American name of Wheeler.

The Albany Democrat took a straw vote on the candidates for president and it came out astonishingly near even. It was Coolidge 176, Davis 165 and LaFollette 157. A vote like that in the country would throw the election into the house of representatives which might, if it chose, elect John Hick of Hickville.

The new road over the Cascades may go up the middle fork of the Santiam and leave the old wagon road company with their gold brick still on their hands.

LaFollette's supporters are doing the liveliest political work that is in progress in Oregon just now.

Working the vegetable patch will give you pleasant exercise and a good return in health and produce.

Sudan grass makes splendid pasture for all classes of live stock during the hot dry weather of July and August.

Potatoes do best in a warm, rich, deep sandy loam. They require a lot of moisture and should have good, well-drained soil.

Watch the growing flowers in the annual garden and border and if they are too thick thin them out. You will be repaid in quality flower.

It seems to be true that acid phosphate scattered over the manure in the stable and in the heap will help prevent fly breeding.

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

We have a **Sawmill** 3/4 miles south of Brownsville, on good road. Will saw out your order for \$15.00 a thousand. Delivered Halsey, \$18. Shannon & Martin, R. 2, Halsey.

Most farmers do not know how easy it is to advertise and sell surplus products of good quality.

Some people insist that the cornfield is the best germination tester, but it's likely to be pretty expensive.

In the shifts of crop production, the wise plan usually is to find out which way the crowd is headed and go the other way.

Sudan grass has been gaining much popularity as a summer hay crop. It makes very good hay and horses do well on it.

Cultivate your garden throughout the summer because, once you let the garden go to weeds, you will become discouraged and more apt to neglect it.

**RUPTURE** expert coming to

**ALBANY** Will give free demonstration Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 11 and 12, at **HOTEL ALBANY**, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. **TWO DAYS ONLY**

On above date the noted rupture appliance expert, C. F. Redlich, will give a free demonstration.

You will at once realize the difference between his highly efficient, absolutely sanitary appliance and the inefficient, uncomfortable, smelly and thoroughly unsanitary elastic web trusses with their bulky, plainly visible pads and their abominable chafing leg straps or the various mail order steel or wire trusses which never fit right. All of their unsanitary devices make your rupture steadily worse instead of better, as you well know. Mr. Redlich's appliances, scientifically fitted by an expert in person, will give security and comfort for years to come, not only to those with recent and small ruptures but also to old, neglected cases. They are by far the cheapest in the long run.

Many ruptures are now healed by the improved mechanical methods which formerly necessitated operations; but do not delay. Children should never carry a rupture into manhood or womanhood, as they can be easily restored to a normal condition by a proper mechanical method. These clean and sanitary devices will here be most appreciated.

It will not cost you anything to be shown, and a visit may mean a great deal to you and those dependent on you.

Home Office 335 Boston Block Minneapolis, Minn.

For Grain Sacks and Twine see **O. W. FRUM** New and best grade of **Second Sacks** on hand Market prices paid for any kind of **GRAIN AND HAY**

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**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**

**HALSEY GARAGE** We have a stock of **Boyce-Ite** the Super-Fuel Ingredient. This chemical, mixed with the gasoline, cleans the motor of carbon, produces a better running motor and increases the miles per gallon. Absolutely guaranteed. Come to our shop and let us explain this new fuel more fully **HALSEY GARAGE** ALBERT FOOTE Prop.

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

**Pay Gravel** by **HUGH PENDEXTER** COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO (Continued)

Dinsdale surveyed him for a minute and would have departed had not a flap at the rear been raised to admit a man. Before the canvas fell back in place Dinsdale glimpsed a door, and for the first time realized there was a wooden annex to the tent. Second glance told him the newcomer was Iron Pyrites, the peripatetic prospector. Pyrites was raising absent-mindedly at the busy scene and did not sense Dinsdale's approach until the latter's hand touched his shoulder. "Be in town to outfit for the great trip, eh?" greeted Dinsdale. "Joey's friend!" exclaimed Pyrites, thrusting out a hand. "Joey's shooting friend! Yes, stree! The big trip he what's coming next. One big strike and I'm going back East. Joey's all right. He's my friend and partner, but he don't have enough sense, not enough faith. Just been talking to him. He shows no more interest than if I was talking about buying and selling eggs. "Why, man, I know several big prospects that oughter make him give this outfit away and hoot for joy; and he don't give a hang. There's gold back near where I met you fellows on the road. Heaps of it! No five and ten cents to a pan, but dollars to a pan! sounds big? It is big. Then there's silver indications near Bear Butte, right under our noses. There's oceans of silver there. I know it. Why, man alive! Just me and my burro have traced out five miles of silver ledge. Hit on it by accident. Hunting gold and found a nugget that was almost pure silver. Washed down from some vein up in the hills. "That was enough for old Iron Pyrites. When I've developed the tunnels and drifts I'll take out ore that'll run two hundred ounces to the ton! Two hundred dollars to the ton! A small mill, at the least, will reduce twenty-five tons a day. Five thousand dollars! A small custom-smelter will turn out—well, we'll say a thousand-ounce brick a day. Good lord! And I can't get Joey halred up about it!" "Then you'll go after silver next?" prompted Dinsdale. Pyrites scratched his nose and wrinkled his brows. "I'm a gold miner," he finally decided. "Silver's good. I always like to feel I've got a good silver ledge back of me for a rainy day. Mebbe I'll take one more whack at the gold before getting that silver. It's safe. No one else will find it. Going in to see Joey?" "I dropped in to see him, but he's busy—" "He's running the private games in there and sitting in a big one. Uses the house for the private games. Perhaps you'd better wait if you ain't hunting for a big game. His good nature just now is like a gash-ven, wide at the surface and tapering away to nothing underneath. Every time he gets back from a trip he's crazy for a live one." "Maybe I'm feeling hungry for a big game," said Dinsdale. Pyrites darted a quick glance and wrinkled his weather face in a grin. "Young blood! Always the same. Excitement even if they have to play against their own money. Rather take in five dollars on a pair of jacks than to locate a bonanza mine. Well, if you're keen to be skinned all you got to do is to pass through the door and tell the haliboy to hand your name and business. I never touch cards. I don't like taking risks." "There wouldn't be any Deadwood City if it wasn't for a man's love of risks," lightly responded Dinsdale. He passed under the canvas flap and through the narrow door. There was a long hall with several doors on each side. No voices were to be heard—gold dust was doing all the talking. As Dinsdale stood irresolute a Chinaman emerged from a door at the end of the hall, carrying a tray of glasses. On discovering Dinsdale he glided forward, his stolid face demanding the intruder's business. Dinsdale found pencil and paper in his pocket and wrote: "I'm hankering for action." Signaling it, he directed the servant to give it to San Juan. The Chinaman entered a room on the left and closed the door behind him. Fully a minute passed—then the servant reappeared and beckoned for Dinsdale to approach. San Juan Joe and three men were seated at a table. A glance told Dinsdale two things: it was a case of tiger eat tiger, for each of the strangers wore the facial brand of the professional gambler. San Juan rose and shook hands coldly. He was no longer the philosophical traveling companion, but an opponent. He greeted Dinsdale with a few laconic words, and added: "Your message says you're gunning for action." "Feel sort of hungry for it," confessed Dinsdale. "Well try to accommodate you. This is 'French Curly,' this is Blitz, this is 'Big George.' You know what he's after," San Juan introduced. Then to Dinsdale: "We're playing a bit stiff"; and he pulled up a chair for him. "It's the only way," agreed Dinsdale as he seated himself and briefly studied the impassive faces of the strangers. French Curly held his gaze the longest. The man was dying of consumption and had death written in his sunken cheeks. He was notorious for his malignance and would go to his death and a nameless grave venomous to his last breath. He lived only for the night and the table. Deprived of cards and his day was done. "What are we playing for?" he asked, his voice scarcely audible; and to show he was in proper form he dropped a heavy bag on the table. Dinsdale drew a thick package of greenbacks from an inside pocket, as fresh looking as if direct from the government press, and placed it before him. The quartette flashed their hawk gaze over the unaccustomed sight of paper money, and French Curly's bloodless lips drew back like a famished animal's. "There's three thousand in that heap. Call it table stakes and make it brief," said Dinsdale. The four nodded their approval and reinforced their table cash. No further talk was indulged in, pantomime and chips sufficing. Dinsdale played a winner at the first, then began to meet with reverses. French Curly's lips became fixed in a snarl of triumph as the greenbacks began their travels, and his breath became choked and disagreeable to hear. At midnight the last of Dinsdale's table stakes were swept away by Curly. "That lets me out for the evening," said Dinsdale, rising. "Enjoyed myself very much. Suppose I can have my revenge?" "That's what we're here for," said San Juan Joe, beginning to discard the cold department of the table. He called the haliboy and after refreshments had been served told Dinsdale: "I'd like to have a word with you in private. You gentlemen will excuse me."

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