

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An independent—NOT a newspaper—published every Thursday by Wm. H. WHEELER

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MUST HELP THEMSELVES

Much froth and fury is exhibited when seekers after votes talk to farmers about the economic situation, and promises are made of impossible legislation that will restore the equilibrium that is presumed to have existed in the years of Adam's decadence, or among the early Christians, when the fisherman, the carpenter, the tent-maker and the physician and presumably the tiller of the soil "had all things common."

Laws are not going to cure the farmer's ills. They could not do it if they were made by farmers, and they surely will not when, as in the late lamented congress, there are 326 lawyers and a dozen or two of farmers in the lawmaking body.

When a plasterer commands \$12 for an eight-hour day and a farmer sells the product of a week of 14- or 16-hour days for no more there is something wrong that will not be righted by a tariff on wheat.

When the farmer sells for \$1 what the consumer pays \$3 or \$4 for there is injustice that will not be remedied by loaning the farmer money to live and pay interest on.

The farmer needs help to get out of debt, not to get deeper in. The politician and the money lender will not help him. They don't.

He must help himself. "The gods help him who helps himself."

He may help himself by co-operative selling, but in this it will require eternal vigilance to avoid being shorn by the same sharpers who are shearing him now.

There was a co-operative dairy men's association in western Oregon. It collapsed. Its manager had involved it in transaction which its members declared were ruinous. And that manager was found to be a stockholder in a rival concern!

The Dearborn (Mich.) Independent says:

The owner of the largest hop yard in the world at Independence, Oregon, obtained accurate inside information of the results achieved by the ring in the exploitation of the prune and apricot growers. He investigated the poultrymen's association, now beginning to wobble under the Sapiro plan. Other owners of large and productive hop yards likewise gated—and stayed out of the co-operative scheme.

Today the Sapiro plan is as dead in Oregon as it would be in Santa Clara valley, Cal., if the Californians could free themselves of its grip. The hopgrowers went still further and bought the crops of the Sapiro co-operatives at a better price than the managers of the co-operative associations were getting for their members' hops.

A more promising field for self help is illustrated in the following paragraphs from the Eugene Register:

Last year the owner of a 30-acre tract near Eugene marketed from his land a total of \$2000 worth of products with his own labor, bringing no outside help. This year he has harvested from approximately two acres a little better than eight tons of string beans and has some yet to pick. He has sold at the cannery a considerable quantity of carrots and beets. He has nine cows that will net him \$100 each in a year above cost of keep. That is the kind of cows to have.

Another small tract owner near Eugene grew and marketed from two acres \$2000 worth of vegetables and general garden "truck."

He marketed his products on the Eugene public market, which enabled him to get a fair price for them.

These are merely two scattering instances, but they are surely better reading than the copious tales of wreck and ruin on the farm that have been flooding the papers or the past few years.

Linn county is headquarters for the kind of cows referred to above. Only a short distance from the county line is O. A. C., the birthplace first of the 200-egg hen, then of the 200-egg flock and later of the 300 egg hen and flock. At our county seat is a pickle factory ready to contract for hundreds of acres of cucumbers, if of the right varieties, properly grown and properly harvested. The cannery at the same place could not get half the strawberries it wanted last year. Stenberg Bros. could not get all the evergreen blackberries they advertised for.

If there were no market of any kind for wheat the Linn farmers need not starve. Linn county may need not be freighted to other places to be turned into profitable dairy products.

Go to the county fair. Take the whole family. Keep your eyes and ears open. You may learn from others and others may learn from you along the lines of help as contrasted with the broken reed of government aid.

In Oklahoma, where for several years the K. K. K. has been able to impeach governors who would not do its bidding and oust them without much regard for evidence, Walton, the last one so expelled, has been nominated for the federal senate by the primaries of the dominant party and in the same way Mrs. Richardson, wife of another expelled governor, has been put up for governor after an anti-klan campaign.

Chicago had a murder a day during July. The daily average of 10 burglaries. Other crimes occurred in proportion.—Journal.

Well, Chicago is in the same state with Herrin.

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American Eagle Fire Insurance Co. Hey 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

MRS. MARY SMITH'S NAME

Controller General Curl rules that a married woman must use her husband's name in signing documents in his department—John Smith's wife must sign "Mrs. John Smith," not "Mrs. Mary Smith." He is reported as saying that the latter is not her legal name. We know that some strange birds get into public offices but did not know that such an ignoramus was controller general of the United States treasury.

The laws and court decisions permit a person to change his or her name at will, and the subject is not one of those which the constitution permits the federal government to meddle with in the states.

When application is made to a court to place a change of name on record the change has already been made and the object is to have means of proving it if the individual's identity is questioned.

It has been considered in most states that the direct income tax was one of the fairest of all methods of raising money for public purposes, everything considered, and that the inheritance tax was desirable to prevent the accumulation of vast estates and their perpetuation in the same families.—Albany Democrat.

The latter object was what the fathers aimed at when they placed a clause in the federal constitution prohibiting laws of entail. The inheritance tax is a good second to that constitutional inhibition.

Leaders of the three parties in the presidential race announce disapproval of the warmed-over K. K. K. but declare it not worth the trouble of opposition. Its meteoric career has passed its zenith and it is on the down grade.

Noise code signals, supposedly from Mars, have been picked up by radio stations. This may explain the whereabouts of some telegrapher who has left this earth and regarding whose destination there was uncertainty.

Candidates of all three parties favor the farmer, the laborer and world peace. Why not elect 'em all and be happy?

Fifty-eight people have been fined for causing forest fires. If you go camping totally extinguish

your campfire and look out for cigarettes. They are dangerous.

Joseph E. Cox

Mrs. L. M. Begley was at Portland last week at the funeral of her father, Joseph E. Cox, who died in that city Aug. 17, aged 78. Joseph E. Cox was born in Iowa. His first wife was Nancy E. Houghton, for whose family the town of Houghton, Clatsop county, Oregon, was named. After over 20 years, during which eight children were born, she died.

Mr. Cox later married Mrs. Ida Van Orden of Roseburg, who survives him.

Mr. Cox's children were Lillie May (Mrs. Begley), Joseph Lee, Mary (deceased), Bertha Mabel, Ernest (deceased), Albert, Earl (deceased) and Eula Isabel.

He also leaves nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, who reside in Trenton, N. J.

No sob of grief, no wild lament he tried to break the sabbath of the holy air. But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer

Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine. Miss Winifred Rose, proprietor of the Marinello parlors, listed in our Albany directory, was badly bruised and lacerated in an automobile collision on her way back to Albany from a visit with her parents at Independence last week Monday.

Suit has been brought by W. A. and J. J. Barrett to restrain the Albany bridge contractors from damaging their property east of the approach on this side of the Willamette. This action, it is believed, will lead to a determination of the legal rights of the parties.

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

According to Pyrites' advice Dinsdale continued afoot, walking beside his horse, his revolver ready to resent an ambush. A few miles brought them to the Rapid, which they crossed just below the forks. Pyrites' lust for testing the gravel could not be denied longer, and as their next march would take them up on to the divide, due east, Dinsdale was willing to call it a day's travel. They unpacked the burros and pitched their tent, and Pyrites fished out his pan, about a foot and a half in diameter, and shoveled some thirty pounds of dirt into it, and hurried to the rivulet. Dinsdale stood and watched him. Pyrites exclaimed something under his breath. "How does it pan out?" asked Dinsdale, with a flicker of interest. "About four or five colors." "What's that in money?" Pyrites, scratching his head, unwillingly admitted: "About a fifth of a cent." "Great Scott! If that's prospecting I'm through. Why, it costs me fifteen cents to fire one of my guns once!" cried Dinsdale in high disgust. Pyrites instantly regained his optimism. "The value of that pan simply proves there's gold everywhere in these hills. This ain't where we was aiming for anyway. I want to work close to the divide and locate a vein." "That will be more like it," mumbled



"About Four or Five Colors."

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



A Question That is Easily Answered is what to offer your lady friend in the way of refreshments. Just bring her here and treat her to some of our delicious ice cream. That she will like it goes without saying. Besides, she will appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity. Clark's Confectionery

and mounded higher. Digging out samples at short intervals and finding specks of gold in each he used up much of the morning. Pyrites was nowhere in sight. The sun was nearly overhead as he filled his pan from the topmost mound. Instead of hurrying down the ridge, however, he squared his shoulders to get the kinks out of his back and glanced curiously about the panorama of hills and ridges and melancholy woods. Their staring down at the fresh mound he muttered: "If you were all pure gold, friend dirt, I'd swap you in a second just to know what Jim Omaha looks like; just to know if he has reached Deadwood City yet." He mounted the ridge to where it was clear of trees. The sun had conquered the mists and the heavens shone blue. To all appearances it was a dead land. No smokes were to be seen, no habitations, no sounds of human voices. And yet there were Indians lurking in the deep gulches and, rumor persisted, there were organized horse thieves with rendezvous on the divide, while possibly other lone prospectors, like Pyrites, were seeking fortune in the winding depths below. He left his pan and pick while he reconnoitered the top of the ridge. He reached the crest only to discover another and higher ridge ahead. He descended into the shallow valley, between the two and followed it down for a fourth of a mile, proceeding slowly and watchful for Indian signs. He was surprised and keenly interested in turning a wooded bend to behold a long log cabin ahead. Beyond it were half a dozen open sheds and a round corral. He could detect no signs of life about the place. With a shrug of his shoulders he boldly advanced, telling himself: "If any one is there he must have seen me. I'm a lost prospector, trying to find old Iron Pyrites." The cabin door was closed and, what was unusual, blankets were hung over the small windows. These were lacking glass, but were partly blocked by strips of timber. He first examined the sheds and corrals. None contained horses. "They're ready to care for a heap of them when put to it," he thought as he advanced to the door and rapped smartly. As he had expected there was no response. There was a hole for a latchstring, but no rawhide thong was visible. He tried the door and felt the bar resist the pressure. "But they get in some way," he pondered. He stepped back and examined the windows and then returned to the door. Then he smiled at the artful simplicity of it. The hole in the door was never used for the latchstring, but merely to discourage a trespasser. At one side of the door and concealed by a strip of hanging bark was the thong. He seized it and tugged sharply. The bar rose inside and the door swung open. Six rough bunks were on each of the side walls. The chimney and fireplace were at the farther end with several kettles and frying pans. Near the door was a table. This arrangement made it necessary to bring the food the entire length of the room, an unnecessary inconvenience, he decided. Piled in one corner near the fireplace were seven saddles. Four of these did not look as if they had ever been used. The ashes in the fireplace were cold and no fire could have burned there for twenty-four hours. Tiptoeing back to the door he puzzled over the awkward position of the table. His

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