

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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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 is
late and Thursday's mail is too late.

CHILDREN AT THE FAIR

"A little child shall lead them."
The Linn county fair this
year is to open with a bang!
Instead of being, as usual, an
off-day, the first day, Wednes-
day, Sept. 17, is to be the big-
gest day, and worthy of the
largest attendance.

Our farmer-governor will de-
liver an address, and many will
want to hear him talk. There
will be community singing and
other attractions. But the fea-
ture of importance for the day
and for the years to come will
be the exhibition of what is
correctly advertised as "Linn's
best crop, her boys and girls."

Two thousand children, from
every school in the county, are
expected to participate, appear-
ing in floats, in original make-
ups, in a grand parade, and it
will be worth going far to see.

Linn county has stood at the
head in boys' and girls' agri-
cultural and industrial club
work, and already the results
of that work can be seen in
better farming, better stock
raising, better home living con-
ditions, more comforts and
more contentment on some Linn
county farms.

A boy or girl who has taken
prizes for pig raising, calf rais-
ing, chicken raising or bread
raising, and found a cash profit
in it, is not likely at the first
opportunity to rush to the big
city and be engulfed among the
throng of commonplace, strugg-
ling counter-jumpers there.

Linn county's livestock, the
best on the coast, if not in the
world, in some features owes
some of its excellence to some
of the things that have been
learned in these juvenile clubs.
In all lines, not excluding the
lowly "spud," this county has
lowly "spud" this county has
samples of, the best that is be-
ing done, and those who are
doing that best are not whining
about the farmer being down-
trodden and asking the govern-
ment and the banks for help.
They are out from under the
hoofs that tread in the great
economic winepress. They are
helping themselves.

The United States depart-
ment of agriculture never did
a better stroke for the prosper-
ity of the farmers and the
country than when, years ago,
in a rural community in the
state of New York, it instituted
the school agricultural and in-
dustrial club movement.

Go to the fair on the 17th,
and see the "best crop."

A recent number of the Dear-
born, (Ohio) Independent de-
voted a page to the junior club
movement, from which we
quote, with some condensation:

Uncle Sam has adopted the
novel policy of teaching the old
through the young. When a
champion club boy of a certain
section produces a remarkable
crop of corn or potatoes, you
will find the elders of that com-
munity stealing his thunder
the following year by copying
his system of planting and
method of management. The
club demonstrations of children
in their teens have been more
effective in revolutionizing the
farming methods of a hide-
bound district than all the
"isms" and dogmas of science.
The juvenile "spud" farmers
of Garland Arkansas, organized

of Garland, Arkansas, organized
sociation. Ninety-eight boys
and girls planted one-eighth of
an acre of potatoes apiece.
They followed the planting,
tillage and harvest methods re-
commended by Uncle Sam. The
average yield was 220 bushels
to the acre. They bulked their
crops at marketing time, ship-
ping one carload to Kansas City,
while the remainder was sold
to the resort hotels at Hot
Springs. A net profit of seven-
ty-four cents a bushel was the
cash turnover of each young
grower. This demonstration
was epochal in popularizing
modern methods and co-oper-
ative marketing in Arkansas.

At Brookston, Ind., 113 club
boys rented a 102-acre cornfield,
bought purebred seed and cost-
ly fertilizers and prepared the
land in ideal fashion. Their
"dads" and their fathers' friends
scoffed and called the field
"folly acres." Harvest
time put the laughter on the
other side of the fence. The
average corn yield there is less
than 40 bushels to the acre. The
boys harvested over 80 bushels.
One of the boys raised corn on
an extra five acres and got 100
bushels per acre. The Brook-
stonians saw, believed and fol-
lowed suit and have become pre-
minent among Indiana corn
growers.

Fred Crow, a pig club boy at
Rocky Ford, Colorado, after
several years of club pig-rais-
ing, last year, at the age of 17,
raised and fattened 75 pure-
breds. At eight months they
averaged 270 pounds apiece.
At the Denver livestock show
he won two prizes for the best
carload of porkers. He sold his
hogs at 10 cents a pound and
realized a net profit of \$270—
Pretty good for a 17-year-old.

In Hartford county, Mary-
land, Roland Davis, a club boy,
has nine Jerseys which he has
raised, and at the county fair
his entries defeated those of
his father in all the classes.
This was one of the results of
a three-year campaign of seven
school clubs which imported 115
county and dairy pays there.

Three of these crack juvenile
farmers won the livestock judg-
es at the start. Another
result is that "boarder" cows
are disappearing from that

**Hall's Catarrh
Medicine** will do what we
claim for it—
aid your system of Catarrh or Deafness
caused by Catarrh.
Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

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"PLATES THAT FIT"
Crowns, bridge work and fillings. It will
pay you to get my prices on your dental work.
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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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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

ing honors of the United States
a co-operative marketing as-
sociation at the National dairy show. As
a result, all their expenses were
paid to London, England, where
they competed against the best
boy judges of Great Britain—
and won. During the current
year, three Illinois boys are
making the same trip, having
been selected as the best young
judges of America. The
chances are that this trio also
will show the British young-
sters how to pick the winners.

Louise Calloway of Griffin,
Georgia, from a small package
of pimiento seeds which she re-
ceived from the national depart-
ment of agriculture, established
a specialized pimiento garden.
Last season she sold in excess
of \$2,000 worth of pimiento pulp
to a canning factory of her
community, in addition to dis-
posing of considerable seed. She
will use the money to pay her
expenses through the home
economics course at the state
university.

Ewart Brownell of Brook-
field, Conn., has twelve Rhode
Island Red hens that produced
an average yield for one laying
season of 206 eggs a bird.
Young Brownell deposited in
the savings bank a profit of
\$5.47 above feed cost per fowl
—\$65.64 from twelve hens in a
year.

Here you have the names
and addresses of boys and girls
who have done these things.
Don't scoff. Emulate.

Wisconsin has no state debt,
her industries have quadrupled
in capitalization in the twelve
years her income tax has been
in force, her property tax is less
than that of any neighboring
state and there is no move there
to repeal that tax, yet Oregon
tax shirkers here point to Wis-
consin as having been ruined
by the income tax, just as they
say Oregon is being ruined.
Oregon industries are doing
very well, thank you. If this
is ruin, please ruin us some
more.

An editorial heading in last
week's Lebanon Express is
"Crime in the Press." Well,
there's lots of it and "open
confession is good for the soul."

We have a **Sawmill** 4 1/2 miles
south of Brownsville, on good road.
Will saw out your order for \$15.50
a thousand. Delivered Halsey, \$18.
Shannon & Martin, R. 2, Halsey.

The league of 54 nations,
wearied with our talk of a rival
"association of nations," our
futile six-nation naval pact,
our talk of a world court and of
a disarmament conference, have
settled down to a consideration
of those questions without us.
We may post an "observer" if
we wish.

Republican chiefs ought to be
pleased with Mr. La Follette.
They preach isolation and bene-
volent advice for Europe. Robert
is practicing isolation from
this party and he has al-
ways given them much benevo-
lent advice.

Four hundred new families
have settled in Oregon during
the last ten months, says W. C.
Ide of the Oregon state cham-
ber of commerce. Propagan-
dists against the income tax

SPECIAL SALE
Wear-Ever Baking Pan
Ever Handy
Regular price \$1.95 **98c**
Only 8 days, Sept. 12 to 20
New and complete
line of
Prices are right
**MULTNOMAH
TRUNKS AND BAGS**
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**Pay
Gravel**
by
**HUGH
PENDEXTER**
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(Continued)



The stranger walked with him to
the door and broke into "Joe Bowers
from Pike." He sang only two lines,
his attention being attracted by two men
approaching from the eating-house.
He stepped back inside the hall and in
a minute Pyrites and Dinsdale entered.
Dinsdale gave him a quick look and
observed the bandaged head, and
walked down to the Twenty-one table.
Pyrites, never given to gambling, hur-
ried to the short bar at the end of the
room, proclaiming his desire for strong
drink. Dinsdale watched the girl from
beneath half-lowered lids for a minute
or two and then threw down a green-
back.

"Pardon, M'sieu, but eet ees not for
a gambling man. Take your money."
"But I am not a gambling man,"
protested Dinsdale.
"You have se gambling look, M'sieu.
Pardon, if I mistake. Ze monte bank
will be running ver' soon."

The stranger laughed boisterously
and in response to Dinsdale's question-
ing glance announced:
"The young lady sees the same
brand on the two of us, mister. And
I've just tapped the monte bank. I'm
banker and dealer. House limit is
fifty. That doesn't interest me. And
monte is a slow game."

"Banker and dealer, both, eh?"
mused Dinsdale, smiling pleasantly.
"And what's your idea of a good
game?"
The stranger estimated Dinsdale
rather shrewdly, and with a drop of
the lids glanced at the two big belt-
guns.

"Color of the card. Five hundred
a guess."
"Get to your table. I'll help you
pass the time," said Dinsdale.
"La la! Oh, no! M'sieu is not se
gambling man!" trilled the Twenty-
one dealer.

Pyrites at the bar was taking his
second drink and talking volubly to
the patient bartender. A new deck
was brought to the monte table and
thoroughly shuffled.

"How did you tap the bank?" care-
lessly asked Dinsdale as he felt for
his money.
"Bet two thousand a card would
be red."
"Short and sweet. Red ought to be
some lucky," mused Dinsdale, produc-
ing a stack of greenbacks. "There's
five hundred. Give them a cut, please.
I call red."

Black came up. The stranger
smiled and remarked:
"When I'm in luck it sticks clear
through. Some paper money you're
toting. You ought to be the 'green-
back man' I've been hearing so much
about."
"Deal a card! Red," called Dins-
dale.

Black came up.
The dealer said, "I don't think
you've got enough of the green to last
till all these dark cards run out. But
of course the deal ends when either
color is exhausted."
"That wasn't specified, but let it
go—Red."

Red came up—a diamond. Dinsdale
swept in the money and asked:
"How did you hurt your head?"
"Think I'm a newspaper?" queried
the dealer, smiling frostily. "We're
playing at gambling."
"Red." A club showed.
Pyrites was showing the effect of

please copy.
The yearbook of the depart-
ment of agriculture for 1923 is
out. Its cover front is orna-
mented with the picture of a
man and pair of horses plowing

and he is turning his furrows
to the left.
LaFollette says he is 'neck and
neck' with Coolidge. Better look
out, Bob. You might get it in the
neck.

his hurried drinks and was now lean-
ing his back against the bar, glass in
hand, and beaming joyously on the
monte table. Impartially taking the
whole room into his confidence he
boasted of his discoveries and reached
the glass over his shoulder to be re-
filled. While he talked two dark and
two red cards showed.
"Red!" barked Dinsdale. He won.
"Red!" Again he won. "Een even,"
he said as the dealer waited for him
to name the color.
"And quitting?" sneered the dealer.
Dinsdale shook his head. "It's
slow. It tires me. Two thousand on
a single card. What say?"
The other stared up into the steady
eyes for a fraction of a minute, then
shrugged his shoulders and lightly
said:
"All in a lifetime. I'll go you."
He counted out two thousand dol-
lars in greenbacks.
With a dry laugh Dinsdale observed:
"They'll be calling you the 'green-
back man' next. But I'll be mighty
glad to get them. Never could get
enough greenbacks."
The stranger took the deck in his
left hand, poised thumb and finger
ready to deal a card. Dinsdale quiet-
ly informed him; "I couldn't help
seeing the bottom card. I'm sticking
to red."
And his hand fell to his side.
The stranger's eyes dilated until
they reminded Dinsdale of the yellow
orbs of Sitting Bull, the owl and
for a moment he seemed to hesitate.
Then he slowly turned the top card.
It was the ace of diamonds. With
his left hand Dinsdale pulled in the
money, his gaze never quitting the
set face across the table. Pyrites,
growing noisy at the bar, alone broke
the breathless silence of the room.
Leaning back and clasping his hands
before him the dealer said:
"I don't mind your winning. I'd
rather win, but it doesn't give me
heart trouble to lose. But I do mind
your telling me you know the bottom
card."
"I thought it right I should tell you,"
serenely returned Dinsdale, now stand-
ing erect, the money still clutched in
his left hand, his right hand hovering
over a gun.
"It was the same as saying I was
thinking of dealing the bottom card,"
continued the dealer, speaking very
slowly. "Now just to prove what kind
of a bluffer you are I'll bet fifteen
hundred, about my whole pile, that
you can't name the bottom card."
Ugly lines drew Dinsdale's face into
a snarl.
"Keep your hands away from that
deck," he sharply commanded. "I'll
take that bet, but some one besides
you must turn the deck over. Pick
whoever you please in this room."
"D—n you!" softly murmured the
dealer.
Pyrites advanced toward them,
shouting in a raucous voice:
There was an old woman, had three sons,
Joshua, James and John.
"Pick your mad!" snapped Dinsdale.
"I'll ask the young lady to turn the
deck over," called out the dealer in
a loud voice.
Josh was hung and James was drowned,
And John was lost and never was found.
bowed Pyrites.

"Excuse," coldly refused the French
girl.
"Here you, Paper Dolls! Turn this
deck over after this man has named
the card," hoarsely called the dealer
to Scissors.

And that was the end of the three sons,
Joshua, James and John.
Scissors timidly sidled to the table,
his eyes blinking nervously.
"The bottom card is the seven of
spades," spoke up Dinsdale.

Taking great care not to touch
the cards with his hands Scissors in-
serted the points of his scissors under
the deck and tipped the pack over.
Dinsdale had named it correctly. The
stranger pushed back his chair and
said:
"If you had offered me ten thou-
sand, or a million to name it, I couldn't
have done it."

There was an old woman, had three sons,
Joshua, James and John.
roared Pyrites, slapping a hand on the
dealer's shoulder and waving a hand
at Dinsdale.

The ferocity slowly left the stran-
ger's face. With a reckless laugh he
lifted his head and commenced sing-
ing:
"I used to love a gal there, and they called
her Sally Black."

"Hangtown and Spanish Dry Dig-
gings. Fall of 'fifty-one!" fejoiced
Pyrites. "But you ain't old enough
to have been out there at that sing-
ing."

"But a certain old man is, who still
sings those songs and taught them to
me," said the stranger. Springing to
his feet he said to Dinsdale, "You've
cleaned me out. Is there any fight-
ing blood between us? If so, we can
step outside."

"Shame for two young fellows to
spill blood," protested Pyrites. "Let
every one be happy."
Dinsdale voted for peace by saying:
"Don't take my talk too seriously.
You're a stranger to me. I was only
doing what you probably would have
done. If the house will join me?"
The house advanced as a man.

"I'm called Pete Dinsdale by those
who know me the longest," he con-
tinued as he and the stranger followed
the crowd to the bar. "Those who
know me the least call me 'greenback
man.'"
"My Black hills handle is 'Easy.'
'Easy come, easy go,' you know. I'm
glad we don't street-fight. I'd have
to kill you then. I'm a whale with
a gun."

"No am I," heartily retorted Dins-
dale. "I never met up with as good
a gun fighter as I am. Lucky both of
us prefer whisky. One or both would
sure be killed. If you're broke I'll
stake you."

"Thanks. I'm nearly broke, but not
enough so to take from the man who
won from me. When we meet again
I'm coming after your hide. I don't
want any favors standing between us.
Where'll I find you when I get re-
lined?"

"Deadwood City. San Juan Joe's
place. Come heavy loaded."
Their glasses traveled to them over
the heads of the first camera. While
he was drinking Dinsdale was con-
scious of someone tugging his arm.
turned impatiently and looked down
into Scissors' innocuous face.

"No pictures now, old man," he cur-
tly said. "But I'm remembering you
did me a favor. I owe you a rich
stake. I'll settle later."
"San Juan said to give it to you
the first time I caught you alone.
Guess you won't ever be alone, and
I've been waiting here away from my
business for two days," whispered
Scissors.

"All right. Hand over."
"It's in your right-hand pocket."
With that Scissors backed away.
Taking advantage of the bolterous
merriment Dinsdale fell back a few
steps and pulled a paper from his
coat pocket. He opened it and read:
"Everything o. k. Come back with
Scissors. Job ready very soon.—S.
J. J."

Dinsdale got Pyrites by the collar
and dragged him to one side.
"Are you too drunk to understand
plain English?" he asked.
(Continued on page 3)