RURAL ENTERPRISE

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"Pala-for Paragraphs," so a line. no advertising disguised as news.

MARKET ROAD FUND

About 30 miles of market road was built in Linn county last year and the county court expects to do better this year. An assault will be made on the market road fund in the legislature in the shape of a bill to allow that fund to be used on through state highways.

This market road fund is all that the farmers have seen of the roads they were promised when they were buncoed into voting for millions of state road bonds. They were promised roads over which their products could be hauled to the railroads. Then the whole fund was hogged for through roads from city to city.

The market road fund was assigned to give some of them relief and the highway commission tried to gobble it and fought for it in the courts, but the farmers won. Now the big scity interests are primed to fight for a change in the law so they can get hold of that fund.

Very few farmers are in the legislature and the grab may be accomplished.

Farmers are paying the bulk of the taxes but are getting the little end of the benefits from them.

LOBBYISTS

A newspaper lobbyist in the legislature writes: "The legal newspaper law and the the legal rate are the result of the work of our legislative lobbyist; the county court has been abandoned. Maybe son e proceedings are now being published only because of the activity of the lobbyists at the session two years ago, four years ago, and six years ago; an attempt is made at every session to do away with some publications, while few legislators ever suggest new publications. The profits to the newspapers - even to the smallest - from editorial association legislative activities pay many times over every year the small amount each newspaper is asked to contrib-

We will add that the legal rate is extortionate - a case of holding up ate as to be drawn into litigation. The publication of "the county court Medicine will do what we proceedings." meaning a list of billproceedings," meaning a list of bills allowed, is a big graft added to the caused by Catarrh. taxpayers' burdens. Lobbyists of every kind should be excluded from the F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio legislature and from congress. They always represent a small clique against the mass of the people.

CHILD LABOR

The Medford Mail-Tribung says that if the child labor amendment is approved "no child in the country will be allowed to work until after the 18th birthday."

Is there so much to be feared from the amendment that such an egre-gious falsehood as that is necessary in the campaign against it, on the theory that the end justifies the

If the amendment passes, congress will have power to forbid the employment of children under 18 in vocations which it believes dangerous.

There are states in which little children are driven to tasks that cripple their minds and bodies and make them mere machines during the few years they are allowed to live and send them to premature but welcome graves. There are taskmasters in those states who, with money coined from the blood of the innocent, control the legislatures and prevent the passage of humane law. The proposed amendment gives congress the power to say "Thou shalt not." That is all.

WATCH THE GASOMETER

The editor has received a lengthy letter from "The Knights of Electra," whoever they may be. We will quote a few passages from it to show the reader that he is some punkins.

"It gives us pleasure to inform you that the masses of your citizenry have designated you as one of the Cream and Produce Station most progressive and outstanding figuers in your community."

Here the editor paused in the reading long enough to get himself roped lest he buret from swelling with pride. Then he read further:

"We know your reputation for public enterprise and we know that it is men like yourself that do things that are really worth while."

The foregoing is sufficient to show the character of the effusion. Now lo you wonder that the editor walks vith his head above his shoulders and is shoulders above his hips, instead f meandering like Grandpa Monkey? If you hear of a few disastrous ut mysterious explosions in the tate, consider that this letter, fresh .rom the printing press in imitatior if a typewritten production, has een mailed to some hundreds or housands of people, some of whom lay have neglected to duly rope nemselves before imbibing its gas. The fellows who write "We know our reputation" to these hundred

thousands of people are as well osted on those reputations as a og is on algebra.

The communication is an entering edge for propaganda for an interitional exposition to be held in Oren. Such an exhibition would be good thing for the business interts and real estate men of Oregon nd would have the hearty support the Enterprise if its promoters ould show us a way to finance it ithout adding to the back-breaking ad of taxation in this state.

Finance the thing yourselves, ye nights of Electra, and you have our est wishes and efforts, and if the halo you have placed on this editor's ead has any value you are welcome to market it and devote to the tuse any price it may bring. But don't ask us to ask for state

We have a farmer for governot. but only a small proportion o farmers in the legislature. The mapagers of the dominant part announce that the plan to devote the major part of the coming se sion to "hitting the governor of the time will be given to publi-

id for it.

usiness.

If the payer of an income tax has nothing to be ashanied of he has nothing to fear from publicity If otherwise he ought to be exposed. Let there be light.

No; the grange is not out of politics. It couldn't be and be as patriotic as it is. It is out of artisan politics.

and robbing the person so unfortun- Hall's Catarrh



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(Continued)

After this they set forth again. It was no longer difficult to make Chimabahoi talk. His delight was almost childlike, resulting in a garrulity difficult at times to understand. But Croft realized that the little tribe, with the natives' melancholy sense of fatalism, had become convinced of its extinction, this conviction producing inertia. Apparently all attempts at cultivation had ceased, with all forethought for future generations.

When they emerged from the southern end of the forest, the little colony of huts came into view.

"The huts are deserted," Barbara observed. "Where is everybody?" "Dressing for dinner, perhaps," he suggested lightly. "Oh, lord! I am

dry. And they won't supply a whisky and soda! Oelestial life has its drawbacks." "I wonder what they wear?"

"Who? Gods?" "No. The natives-for dinner."

He gave a shout of laughter, causing Chimabahoi to jump with fright. "Oh, just a reed or two, maybe. What we may come to, yet." Barbara said no more.

VII

The cause of the deserted appearance of the place was soon clear. Chimabahoi led his guests around the western outskirts of the little settlement, toward the belt of verdure reaching down on that side almost to the lagoon. Here, in a large clearing used for council chamber, with carpet of moss, walls of lofty trees, roof frescoed with blue and green tracery, was assembled apparently the entire tribe.

Upon the white chief's appearance a wailing murmur arose, interspersed by the occasional frightened cry of a child. At a shout from their chief, they all fell upon their faces. Three times they raised their bodies, swaying backward, then down again to the earth. After the third obelsance they rose to their feet, eying the strangers curiously, fearfully.

While the old chief launched into a lengthy oration, and as she watched the varying expressions upon their faces, it dawned upon Barbara that these might be, henceforth, the only human beings in her life! This appalling probability shocked her, as she realized it, with almost the effect of a sudden, reeling blow. Shuddering, she turned from the small dusky bodies and looked at Croft's fine physique. His head was averted, his attention entirely engrossed by Chimabahol's gab-

bling speech. Conscious of mental nausea, like one drowning, she clutched at the only remaining link with life-the companion destined to the same fate. For the first time in her life she called him by name, grasping his arm:

Quickly he turned, in astonishment. "We may never see any other human beings!" she gasped.

With his usual swift penetration he understood, by the desperation in her voice and eyes, the overwhelming horrors raised by this thought. For a moment be hesitated; then, pulling her hand down into his, he clasped it close, saying nothing. At his reassuring touch the awful loneliness faded gradually, as the autumn mists when the sun breaks through.

A sudden outburst of exultant cries rent the air. The lengthy eulogy came to an end at last. The pathetic relief in every swarthy breast manifested itself in wild leaps and jubilant shouts.

Croft, like Mr. Micawber, was not slow in seizing an opportunity for eloquence. Raising his free hand to command silence, he glibly reeled off other duties assigned to him.

It was, he stated confidently, the rods' destre that he and his wife should live upon the Island to assist the tribe in the recovery of its strength and prosperity. This provoked more uproarious shouting.

"They would have you to cultivate again the taro plant, which now is as a weed; weave much tapestry for your huts from the reeds; dry the sliced kernels of the cocount; cultivate the cotton seed. Then, perchance, when we remove to other lands, we shall send great ships hither with wondrous gifts in return for the fruits of your toll" Further shouts arose. "The gods would have us to visit freely your habitations and show you how to prevent the pestilences which devour your

This program was vociferously acclaimed; but Croft's experience of natives was too wide to allow of reliance upon their momentary enthusiasm. Flashing a stern riance around, he awed them into silence.

"If all this is done peacefully," he continued, in threatening tones, "ye shall rest in safety. But if again your hands are lifted against us, your bodies shall be burned afresh with blue fire-devils! Your women shall be slain; your little ones thrown to the sharks! The wrath of your god will I bring down," waving his hand threateningly skyward, "and turn you into

the great white chief or his wife!" Fear overawed the natives' enthusiasm. They fell on their faces again, babbling incoherently of obedience and mercy. He motioned them to rise: then he drew back, satisfied. He had established comparative safety for them both, for the time being at all events, and explained the scene to Barbara, exultantly.

tortured slaves, if ever again ye molest

This introduction over, Chimabahoi now informed his guest of his privflege in choosing the great sacrifice to be offered up at the close of the feast. Should the great white chief decide upon human sacrifice- The old man waved toward the crowd of faces, watching in tense apprehension: "All are here, O Mighty Chief."

Upon this arose a chorus of dis sentient cries, mixed with shouts of "Meamaa! Meamaa!" The natives pressed forward in eager anxiety.

Chimabahol glanced up quickly. "Where is Meamaa? I see her not Where is Roowa, her husband? And Laalo, her son?"

A little black figure was thrust roughly forward. He glanced round, fearfully, uncertain whether to cry or prove the manhood of his five years. Deciding upon the former course, his eyes, in the act of screwing up, encountered those of the white girl watching him curiously; and he paused. gazing at her, his mouth open. She smiled. A wondering grin slowly overspread his small impish face, and he moved nearer, looking up at her with childish adoration.

For the first time Barbara felt the humanity behind the repulsive exterior of these folk. She held out her free hand. The little fellow came shyly toward it, but some one roughly pulled him back; and she remembered, with some amusement, that she was tabu!

Accompanied by much muttering and scuffling, a man whose face was distinctly more intelligent than that of many of his fellows, slowly advanced. Croft watched him closely.

"Roowa!" cried Chimabahoi, "where are Meamaa and thy babe, that they obeyed not the command to greet the great white chief?"

Many eager voices broke in, before he could reply.

"The babe is sick. O Chief!" "The scourge, O Chief! It is again in the house of Roowa! Let the great white chief save us from the scourge, at the Sacrifice of the Full Moon to-

night-" Roowa uttered a great cry, and fell on his knees before Croft, eyes wild, arms outstretched, babbling protesta-

tions and pitiful supplications. The white man fully realized the craftiness of these fellows, also the delicacy of his own position, with the necessity of causing no offense in this first action as overlord. His face set in its most determined, impenetrable lines; his eyes flashed round on all present, inspiring fear in the hearts of those upon whom they occasionally rested. Recognizing at last the man he sought, he motioned him forward. Larger than most, more brutal of

ountenance, Barbara quickly recognized her late pursuer.

"What is he called?" Croft demanded of Chimabahol.

"Babooma, O Greatest of Chiefs!" The two men regarded each other stlently; and in the look of the native Croft recognized hatred and defiance, in spite of the fear lurking in the bold eyes which met his own.

A dull murmur arose, in which his ear was quick to note hostility. The old chief's face was full of anxiety as he stepped forward, pulling his beard

"Few have so straight an aim ay Babcoma, Great Chief. He is of kin to my house. He will become chief in my stead. Many." he added in a low voice, "would have him now; for I am old and my heart is dead with my

"He hath not found favor in my sight," replied the gods' messenger frowning upon the wretch, whose expression of defiance was rapidly fading. "He hath raised his eyes and his hand to the white chief's wife!" he thundered, glaring feroclously at the

now trembling figure. Like a sudden breeze rippling over a group of poplars, a breath of fear swept across the listening crowd. Babooma began a stream of gabbling pro-

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test: he was unaware of the sinfulness of his action; he had not seen the great chief nor heard of his mission from the gods; it was the Vow. . .

Croft waved him away. "Thou knowest now. Take heed, over-bold one!" Then he turned to Roowa, still on his knees in despair. "Roowa," he asked, "thou lovest thy little ones?"

"A-aa! As myself, Mighty Chief!" The look in his eyes touched Barbara. It was another glimpse into a human soul, although as yet she understood nothing of his trouble.

"It is well. Take heart, Roowa! My will is not to offer up thy sick babe; but to go with thee now to thy hut, and, perchance, cure the child."

The joy which transfigured the native's face was indescribable. Upon the dismissal of the tribe, he led the visitors to his hut, incoherent in his excitement. As Croft had guessed, the child only suffered from fever, needing more air and cleanliness-the filth and stench being aboininable. Ordering those necessities, he produced from his pockets one of his fever antidotes, Meamaa watching him in terrified bewilderment; then he precipitately pushed Barbara out into the fresh air

The feast, to which they were now led, was spread upon the ground in an open space between the huts and the lagoon. Only the men squatted round to eat, the women-occupying a lower position-waited upon them, with the pleasant expectation of finishing their leavings.

At the end of the feast the pair became aware that all eyes were fastened on them. The sun had set. The sacrifice must be decided upon. An air of anxiety, of strained expectation, was manifest.

Croft's wits had not been slumbering. "Our gods have told me," he. informed Chimababol confidentially, "that thy god, Balhuaka, doth not hunger for the flesh of man this moon; neither doth he desire fish or bird to be offered unto him. He desireth to taste the dishes thou hast prepared for those who have salled here from the skies. All that we have left uneaten shalt thou collect. therefore, and offer unto him, It is food tabu to those sent by the gods: therefore doth he require it beyond all other food "

This distinct greediness seemed more in character with a peevish child than a celestial being; but to Chimabahoi it appeared natural enough. He communicated the decision to the tribe.

which showed vociferously its unmis takable relief.

The ambrodal remains were there fore gathered together and placed in receptacles of plaited reeds. Lighted reed torches were produced for everybody, and the procession set forth. headed by the old chief and the white visitors. Turning westward through the council chamber, they bore a little

inland to the sacred palm grove. Within a few moments the torches had formed two waving lines of light, as the natives divided upon either side of the central path. The bearers of the sacrifice advanced up the center and laid it upon the unlighted bonfire; the musicians squatted on the ground near the altar, beginning again their uncanny music.

The preliminary rites ceased, and Chimabahoi turned to Croft.

"Thon, O Great White Chief, shalt make the flames arise, straight and high! Thus shall we know that our sacrifice is accepted by our god."

The great white chief inclined his head. Stepping forward with the assurance of one used to guiding sacrificial flames from childhood, he advanced to the altar, Barbara watching him in astonishment. There he paused for a solemn moment-whether to give the effect of reversace, or to grasp some elusive memory, or from sheer joy in the situation, she could not tell. . . . Slowly, at last, he raised his arms, waving the flaring torch high above his head. Then he embarked upon a short display of physical drill, as if invoking the spirits of an unseen host. It impressed the natives into awestruck silence, while filling the girl with an almost irrepressible desire to laugh. After this performance, he bent slowly down and held his torch to the heap of dry sticks and leaves. Immedistely the fire caught on, crackling and fixaling, sending up leaping yellow dames and thick curling smoke into the

somber vault above. This instant and splendid configration was a sign of the offering being acceptable to Balhuaka. Another burst of excited incantation broke from the assembly, the musicians once more blowing upon their reeds and shells, The torches flared, the bonfire beliled forth thick gusts of flame and smoke, its rowr mingling with the music and

wild staging. At kast the flames reached the sacrifice and the air was filled with the smell of burning food.

A great shout went up. The god (Continued on page 5)



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