

RURAL ENTERPRISE
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by Wm. H. WHEELER

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CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

Last week the Washington and Oregon legislatures were reported to be unfavorable to the ratification of the child labor amendment to the federal constitution. And then the members of those bodies began to hear from the voters. What voters? The women, who in theory are one-half of the constituencies our lawmakers are supposed to represent.

Women's organizations are speaking in no uncertain terms in favor of the amendment. Legislators take notice, not merely because they will want the votes of those women by and by but also because it is their duty to voice in their acts the desires of their constituents rather than their personal predilections. Otherwise ours would not be a representative government. The Portland Journal aptly remarks:

The factory masters of the East and South say the child labor amendment must not pass because it would prevent children from working on the farm. With what exceeding love the mill-owners suddenly embrace the farmer. Though it takes twice as much wheat to buy a wagon or a plow or a yard of cotton or a pair of overalls as formerly, the hearts of those New England and Southern mill-owners do so bleed for the farmer's children. No child labor law ever passed interfered with farm work. There is a rigid child labor law in Oregon, but it interferes with no farmer's plans. The child labor law formerly passed by congress bothered no farmer. Nor will any child labor law congress may pass meddle in the slightest with farm life. Farmers are constantly buncoed, but never was there effort to palm off such bunco on them as is this latest humbug.

FARMERS AND TAXES

Governor Pierce in his message says: Income tax returns reveal that during 1923 a net income of \$160,000,000 was made by individuals and corporations in Oregon. After all exemptions were deducted, there remained more than \$70,000,000 upon which incomes taxes were assessed for 1923. The records further disclose that 25,000 income taxpayers in Oregon enjoyed in 1923 a net income of \$67,000,000. They paid in property tax \$327,035. The property tax was less than one-half of 1 per cent of their net income, and 3,190 taxpayers, with incomes a little less than \$11,000,000 net, paid \$6,380,000 in property tax, or almost 60 per cent of their income.

Practically one-half of the real property in Oregon today will not rent for more than enough to pay the taxes levied against it. Slowly but surely, the unequal distribution of the government is confiscating the property of many people in this state. Re-adjustment must be made.

If some of the people who enjoy the big incomes were governor, we should not hear that kind of talk in the governor's message. A man who paid the tax on one of those big incomes and then contributed to the \$40,000 fund that defeated the income tax would be thinking of those outlays instead of considering the burdens of the farmers. And some of those incomes were taken from the farmer for transferring his \$1 worth of produce to the consumer at \$3. It happens that a farmer is governor of Oregon.

The legislature is in session. The members know why they are in Salem. One thing is to "hit the governor." That was a slogan of the campaign in which they were elected.

What right has a farmer to be governor, anyway, when there are enough lawyers to go around?

These legislators were elected when the income tax and the oleomargar-

ine act were defeated.

The men of big incomes and no taxes agreed with Tom Kay that the taxes are not too high. They say "Turn the screws; you may be able to squeeze a little more fat out of the farmers."

The annual convention of county judges and commissioners at Portland last week by a good majority denounced the bill to deprive the outlying farmers of the benefit of the market road fund and turn the money over to the state highway commission. If the state board has bitten off more than it can chew it is not the duty of the farmers to add the surplus to their already too heavy load.

Tombstone, Ariz., wants somebody to establish a sanitarium there. As a name for it we suggest "Tombstone Rest."

Wealth is not happiness, but happiness is the greatest wealth.

Where the Sharks Get Sustenance

'The Farmer Feedeth All and is Between the Millstones

(Portland Journal)

There are still plenty of people to be fed. They demand food, and somebody has to produce it. The farmer's trouble is not merely that some of his markets have been taken from him. One of the very great difficulties is that he does not get a sufficient profit from what he produces, because far too much of that profit goes to the distributors.

The report of the department of agriculture for 1922 shows that the farm value of standard crops produced in the United States, exclusive of livestock, products of animals, cotton and tobacco, was \$7,500,000,000. It has been estimated that the consumers paid for that part of the crop consumed in America \$22,500,000,000. Where then, the farmers got \$7,500,000,000 for their crops, the American people paid \$22,500,000,000 for part of it and the difference went to the cost of distribution.

There are approximately 34,000,000 people on farms. There are 19,000,000 men distributing their products. In short, every two farmers must support another man who is on the distributing end of the game and who is getting the major portion of the profits.

Can there be a better argument for cooperative marketing? Can the farmer ever expect to get a fair price for his product so long as he has nothing to say about the price and as long as the distributor takes the big profit?

You are now beginning to think of 1925. It's also time to think of your eyes. Perhaps they need glasses to brighten up the **NEW YEAR**



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MELLY'S IDEA

Melly had an idea. She didn't know whether it was a good idea or a very poor idea, but she had it in any case and she thought she would tell all the family about it.

"It was the day before New Year's day that she told them. They all listened most attentively when she told them she had a fine idea, a new idea she felt sure.

"Let's have it," they all said. So Melly began to explain. She told them that she thought it would be a fine idea to make some New Year resolutions.

Every one seemed rather amused when Melly said this. She had always said before that New Year resolutions were not such a good idea because they were so easy to break as soon as the New Year had begun.

"I suggest," she said, "that each of us promise the other not to tell the same old jokes over and over again. Maybe visitors have not heard them, but the family has had to listen to the same ones so many times that it would be nice if we could all think up some new funny things to say and let the old ones have a year's rest."

"I won't tell my old favorite about the fishes and Mother will promise not to tell her old favorite about Mr. Shakespeare and Brother will promise not to tell his favorite about the two Scotchmen, and Auntie will promise not to tell her old favorite about the old Irishman, and we'll all promise not to tell the old, old ones."

"Every time we have any one for dinner we all tell the same old stories, and we have to be polite to each other and try to laugh."

"But if we didn't tell them for a whole year, then, next year, they might sound quite new and funny to us again."

So every one agreed after a time. At first it seemed so hard to give the old favorites a year's rest.

"Well, on New Year's day a number of callers came and they all talked



She Thought It Would Be a Fine Idea.

about the weather, and many of the older ones said that calling on New Year's day was really dying out, and that it was a great pity.

Melly wished she had been able to persuade others to make promises such as they all had made, but still it would be a great rest to escape the family jokes for a year.

And then there began to be silences and they all seemed to feel uneasy in their chairs. Yet they wanted to entertain their callers, but they just couldn't think of anything to say with the jokes all put aside for a whole year.

Another pause came in the conversation. Once more the weather was talked about.

The next pause that came was longer than the first, and another followed that was longer still.

Then Melly's mother spoke up in a very firm voice:

"I wonder," she said, but she didn't look at any of the members of the family. "If any of you ever heard of the joke about Mr. Shakespeare?"

All the callers said they hadn't. And she told her joke.

The family joined in the laughter, and when there seemed to be another pause, up spoke Melly's brother saying:

"That story Mother just told reminds me of one about two Scotchmen."

And he told his story.

Before long Melly's Auntie said: "I've had many a good laugh about the old Irishman," and she told her story.

"Next didn't Melly's father tell the story which had always been his favorite about the city man and the farmer, and before Melly knew what was happening she was telling her joke about the fishes."

Well, they all laughed, and the callers stayed a long time as though they enjoyed themselves very much, though there had been a time, just a little while before, when they had begun to murmur about going home soon and other calls they must make.

When all had left each member of the family looked at each other—and they all laughed.

"We're sorry, Melly," they all said. "But I told mine, too," Melly admitted.

"I guess," she ended, "we'd better make different resolutions for the New Year, the old jokes are too useful."

Watch that Salem bear garden.



THE DOLLS' PARTY

Pam had been given a beautiful doll for Christmas. Two of her little friends had been given dolls, too. And Pam had been given a wonderful trunk for her doll's clothes. Her father had made the trunk.

It was what people called a wardrobe trunk because all of the doll's clothes could be hung up or put into drawers just as though in a wardrobe. It was a splendid trunk.

And she had also been given a lovely set of pink dishes by Santa Claus. On New Year's day her mother had told her she could have a party. Her mother had made her new doll a pretty new party dress to wear.

It was really and truly a party dress with ribbons and lace and lots of trimming.

Pam invited her two best friends to come and bring their dolls.

At three o'clock they arrived. They dressed and undressed their dolls, and the dolls didn't seem to mind in the least.

They played shopping and house-keeping and going-away-on-a-visit, and all sorts of lovely games.

Then the dolls were dressed once again in their best party clothes, and Pam brought out the little pink dishes upon which were little buttons and empty spoons, and the dolls had a very delicious make-believe tea.

They all sat up by the pink dishes, and they all behaved beautifully and were a great credit to their mothers.



A Great Credit to Their Mothers.

For their mothers had only had them a very short time and hadn't had much time to train them.

But they behaved so well that each mother was proud of her doll child. Each mother sat back of her doll, and when Pam would say:

"Miss Doll, will you have some more chicken salad?" the doll's mother would bend the doll forward so as to make a little bow, and the doll's little voice, which of course was the make-believe voice of the doll:

"Thank you, very much, Miss Pam, I would greatly enjoy a little more chicken salad."

So the doll was given two more buttons upon her little pink plate.

"And will you have some more cocoa?" Pam asked the other doll guest, and the other doll guest's mother bent her forward and answered for her:

"Thank you so much. It is really delicious."

None of the dolls fell over on their plates, as sometimes badly-behaved dolls do.

And none of them spoke out of turn or forgot to say "Thank you," or "I'm much obliged," or "This is so good. Won't you tell me how you make such nice cake?"

It was such a beautiful party for the New Year. Everything was so new—in addition to the year being a new one.

The china was new. The dolls were new. The party dresses were new.

And the manners were so perfect they seemed new, too.

After the dolls had finished eating, the three mothers had a delicious supper which Pam's mother made.

And as a great surprise Pam's mother gave the children some dishes she had been given when she was a little girl and which she had saved all these years.

They were so pretty and old-fashioned, and they were really quite good-sized.

They all thought they were really beautiful.

After a time the dolls were dressed in their coats and hats to be taken home, and each doll shook hands very politely with Pam and Pam's mother and Pam's doll.

Of course they had to be helped a little, but none of them put their hands behind their backs, saying: "No, I don't want to."

They said nothing like that. They spoke in polite, squeaky little voices about the nice time they had had and how much they thanked Pam.

They asked Pam to come and see them soon and bring her doll, too, and Pam and Pam's doll said they would be very happy to do so.

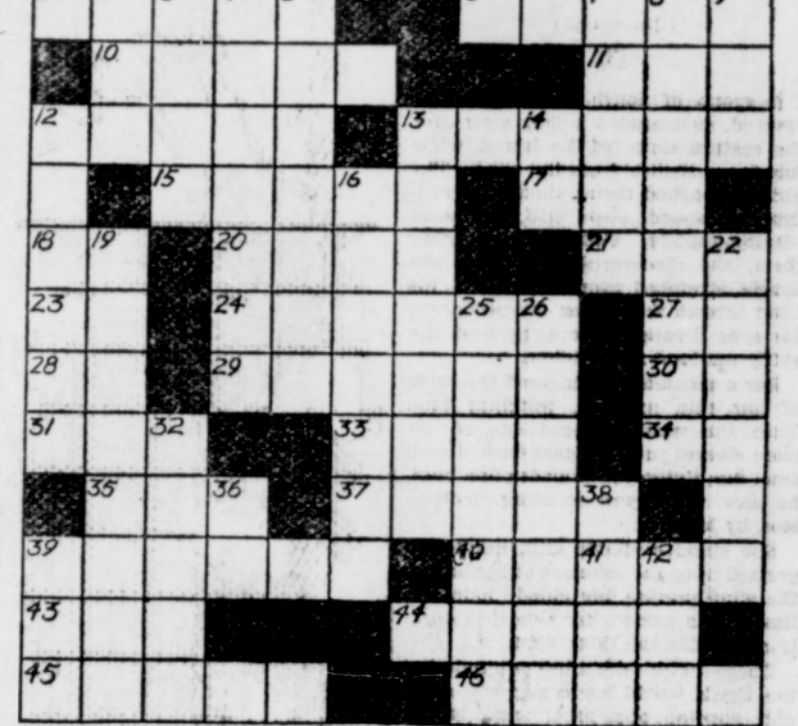
It was a beautiful party. Dolls, after all, when they tried, could behave as nicely as grownups any day—perhaps, most particularly, on New Year's day.

Mrs. C. B. Evans returned Friday from Wallula.

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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 6
"THE HUMDINGER"

Not so beautiful, but a bear for hard words, is the Humdinger. No. 26 Vertical is the only real stumper, though, because it's only in the big dictionary. The interlock with simpler words makes the solution possible for even the inexperienced.



- Horizontal.
- 1—Reproductive body
 - 6—Body of assistants
 - 10—Detect by olfactory nerves
 - 11—To regret
 - 12—Not fresh
 - 13—A flower (var. spelling)
 - 15—Stiffness
 - 17—2100
 - 18—Indo-Chinese dialect
 - 20—Vessel for flowers
 - 21—Consumed
 - 23—Man's title
 - 24—Ensnare
 - 27—Not out
 - 28—Man's nickname
 - 30—Turbulent
 - 31—A point
 - 33—Weakens
 - 34—Greek letter
 - 35—Sling for head
 - 37—Pertaining to the beam
 - 38—Section of a wall
 - 40—Condition
 - 43—Exist
 - 44—Set of steps
 - 46—A disinfectant
 - 48—A scornful grimace
- Vertical.
- 2—Attention to be quiet
 - 3—Persian philosopher and poet
 - 4—To live again
 - 5—Handsome
 - 7—Fragrance
 - 8—Purpose
 - 9—Fated to die
 - 12—Botanical term
 - 13—In front of the mouth
 - 14—Printer's measure
 - 16—Bone formation
 - 19—Regular
 - 22—One suffering from boredom
 - 25—Infest
 - 26—Chemical term; an organic base
 - 32—The skeleton
 - 36—Exist
 - 38—First name of southern poet
 - 39—Clum
 - 42—Small mound

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Puzzle No. 5.

C	O	N	T	A	M	I	N	A	T	E
A	R	E	E	C	O	D				
L	E	W	D	N	L	I	E	U		
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S	U	N		O		I	D	A		
S	E	N	S	A	T	I	O	N	A	L
S	E	N								

Linn county's second director in the Pacific Coast Poultry organization is J. L. McFarland, L. E. Arnold of Lebanon holds over another year.

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