

RURAL ENTERPRISE An Independent—Not Neutral—News Paper, published every Wednesday, by Wm. H. WHEELER

HELPING THEMSELVES

The government investigators may help the farmers enough to offset the cost of their investigation, or they may add to the burden by costing more than they are worth.

They recommend financial aid, which in rare instances may be a help, but which often leads only deeper and deeper into the mire.

"Oh, no," they were told, "that would be speculating. We don't lend you money to speculate with."

"Then why do you lend money to the brokers who buy our grain and hold it for the spring rise?"

"That is his regular business. The farmer's business was to raise grain; the broker's to make a profit."

Since then the farmer has been given slightly better treatment in the matter of loans, but loans will not cure the farmer's ills. He needs to get out of debt, not in despair.

Since 1910, with the kind of "help" that has been afforded, the mortgage debt on farms in this country has trebled in amount, being now \$4,000,000,000—a little matter of \$820,000,000 a year if interest, costs and commissions average 8 per cent, for the crop to pay, in addition to cost of production, before the farmer has anything toward family expenses or for the use of the unmortgaged portion of his land.

Another recommendation is cooperative marketing. We recently pointed to the difference between this country, where union labor cooperates against the farmer, increasing the cost of whatever it produces for his use, and England, where labor has cooperated to reduce the cost of household supplies and consequently of its own products.

When wheat jiggles around the 92 mark it is a good time to sell, if the speculators haven't got your grain—and your goat—before then.

Mr. Anderson thinks Clear Lake can give us cheaper light and power. Here's hoping.

The squabble at Salem resembles a numerous pack of hounds worrying a big bear. The dominant party, and Portland's representa-

tives especially, propose to "hit the governor," as ordered by the bosses during the last campaign, whether anything else is accomplished or not.

Our railroads are attending to their own business, and are surprisingly efficient.

Mr. Swan's bill, as announced before he left Albany for Salem, proposes a tax that would make freight trucks pay for the wear they inflict on highways, and pay more on paved roads than on others that cost less.

That the development of Oregon's resources is in its infancy is strikingly evidenced by the fact that more than half of the enormous railroad freight business originating in the state is forest products.

The county is going to run rock crushers now on material to be used in market road extension when it can be hauled. Some of that rock is needed on roads that were in good condition last fall.

CHILD LABOR

A correspondent writes: "Every state now has full power to make its own laws regarding child labor. There are good laws and bad ones, and five states with no restrictions at all. All children need protection, but the children in those five states need it worst of all."

"Thousands of children less than ten years old are at work. Children less than six years old, working all day long, are discovered from time to time by investigators of the national child labor committee."

"While more than a million children are working, far more than a million men and women are unemployed. Setting the children free will give work to men and women who are now idle."

The child labor amendment will probably not be ratified this year, but in other years, if the question is made an issue in elections, it may be.

Products of underpaid child labor are free to come to Oregon to beat down the price of home products. Congress passed an act to prevent this, but the court declared it unconstitutional.

Congress tried again, but the supreme court, with a minority dissenting, again ruled it out. Hence the submission of the amendment.

We are paying taxes to educate any children who were tardily rescued from drudgery by moving here from child-labor states. With untrained minds and bodies they are struggling through the lower grades when they ought to be in high school.

We do not begrudge the cost of such education as these unfortunates are capable of assimilating, but we begrudge their late askmasters the funds wrung from their little bodies and now devoted to propaganda against the amendment.

Vanishing Forests Oregon contains more timber than any other state.

Timber is Oregon's greatest readily available asset.

Oregon's timber supply is being carried away so fast that it constitutes more than half the railroad freight leaving the state.

The day is coming when Oregon's forests will be gone, as are those of other states once famous for their timber.

Where the lumberman has taken the timber, in most cases, there remains only a blackened, stump-covered waste.

If an income tax, or a severance tax, or anything else legitimate, can keep additional exploiters out of our forests let us have it in the interest of that posterity who will have some of our present state bonds to redeem.

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She'll Accept Your Gift Gladly if it's a box of our delicious candy. It is as wholesome as it is delicious, and after tasting it you'll want more.

Clark's Confectionery



ROADS OUT OF POLITICS

We can readily believe L. L. Swan's denial of the charge that his auto truck bill was prompted by the railroad company.

Times have changed since a railroad company was the most powerful factor in coast politics, railroad commissions were its creatures and tools and Jim Fisk, in the east, when quizzed about the disposition of a large sum from the funds of was the head could snap his fingers at his questioners and say: "I put it where it would do the most good."

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Harrisburg is wisely considering paying its pavements from curb to curb and paving along the Pacific highway from its 16-foot strip to both curbs.

Personal quarrels among the "higher-ups" at Salem are burning up the taxpayers' money.

he repeated, bewildered. "I thought you disliked him."

She looked silently into his agitated face. It was evident that the truth was still far from his grasp.

"Hughie," she said very quietly, "it was impossible to write. We were not married during the trip—not until we had been on the island for—over a year."

He gazed at her, speechless, his bewilderment gradually changing to dismay and dawning horror.

"On the island? For a year?" he echoed. "But—how on earth could you get married?" Suddenly the blood rushed to his temples and the horror grew and deepened. He caught her arm, gripping it fiercely. "You—my God! Barbara! you don't mean that you—you, of all people—and Croft—"

Abruptly he swung her arm free, his face blazing as she had never seen it. "The swine! the—rotten swine!" he choked, at a loss for words. "I trusted him. He gave me his word—"

"And he kept it," she cried quickly. He faced her, something nearer to a sneer than she had ever seen curling his good-natured lips. "In what way? By betraying the greatest trust one man can put in another? By dragging you down—"

"Be quiet, Hugh!" The anger in her voice silenced him. He turned away, dazed. Sinking upon the couch, he covered his face with his hands.

The girl was trembling with indignation. Her back to the room, she struggled with the hot anger seething within until her woman's understanding won the victory. Then she turned round.

"It was my doing," she said. "Your—doing?" He sprang to his feet and walked about agitatedly. "What do you mean? You were not the sort of girl to encourage—For God's sake, explain everything!"

"He kept his word to you," she repeated. "He saved my life at the risk of his own. In every possible way he looked after my safety and comfort: nobody could have done more. Although he—cared—all the time, I never even guessed it! He—he thought I—belonged to you." She paused, shading her eyes.

"Then—"

"Months went by, and no rescue came. Then—I—oh, Hughie, I couldn't help it—I realized—I loved him, and—he—knew it, too. . . . We meant to wait—and tell you. But months passed again, and—the position became impossible. You can't understand here. But there we had to face facts—quite differently from ordinary standpoints—to make our own laws. He left the decision to me. . . . At

be you think a boy wouldn't think of his appearance and whether he wore old clothes or nice ones.

Maybe boys don't like to dress and fuss and all that sort of thing, but Tommy didn't like the feeling that he hadn't any better shoes to wear.

His Sunday shoes were beginning to show a little wear and his everyday ones were so dreadful.

He felt everyone looked at them. He felt he looked poor and he felt as though in some way people pitied him, and though he was only a little boy he hated that.

And he felt they thought somehow it was his mother's fault for getting sick and his father's for being out of work for a while.

He knew it was not. His mother didn't enjoy being sick or taking horrid medicine. And his father didn't enjoy not having work.

He looked very miserable sitting around the house or going out and then coming back again and saying to Tommy's mother: "No luck this time. It's a hard time of the year."

Yes, there were a number of reasons why Tommy wanted shoes.

Then he could wear his Sunday ones for every day and his new ones for Sunday. And if, on the muddy spring days, he should wear the very old pair it wouldn't matter then, for he could say, "I just thought I'd wear this old pair so I could have some fun."

They would know he had a better pair and it would be all right.

It was Christmas morning and Tommy awoke with a start. He heard his father shouting out Christmas greetings to everyone and all the family were wide awake and joyful.

"Mother feels better than she has for weeks," Tommy heard his father telling his older brother and sister, "and last night Mr. Brown told me he had a job for me!"

Oh, how happy Tommy felt, but even greater than all the family rejoicing, it seemed to him at that moment, was the fact that Santa Claus had called the night before, even though he had had to do so much already. And there were candy bags and oranges and mittens and a beautiful, shiny, splendid pair of new shoes with a piece of paper sticking out of one, upon which was written, "Tommy's new shoes, from Santa."

Sinners in Heaven (Continued from page 3)

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HALSEY STATE BANK Halsey, Oregon CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000 Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

last, after months again of struggle and—uncertainty—I became convinced that it would be right to make our own marriage, too."

Her words went into silence. A faint relief replaced the look of horror in Hugh's face. To an essentially clean-living British sportsman, the idea of wantonness between the girl he loved and the man he had trusted was unbearable.

This was Hugh's first plunge into such complications: he was utterly lost, adrift from every mooring.

Barbara, watching him, half held out her hand.

"You must not think hardly of Alan," she appealed wistfully. "If he had not behaved honorably, I should not have—loved him—as I did. Surely you believe that, Hugh?"

"Mechanically he took her hand. "Oh, lord!" he ejaculated. "What a mess it all is!"

"It's hell for me!" she exclaimed, a bitter agony in her voice that startled him. He looked at her strangely, amazed. This tragic-eyed woman who had suffered so much, learning to love with such fierce intensity, was far removed from his old girlish companion.

He felt in a turmoil: full of pity for her, though still half incredulous, chaotically uncertain of his feelings toward Croft. Dropping her hand, he picked up the photograph once more. Then the full realization of his own loss—to be faced for the second time—surged up in his heart, as he looked at the pictured face. He put it down hurriedly, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"It's a—d—d world now for us both, Bab! I—Ed better go—it has rather bowled me over—" He turned away, stumbling a little. "It—will be such a blow to the old people," he muttered huskily.

The girl watched him, helplessly, with aching heart. As he reached the door, she caught the suspicious glint of misery in his eyes which seemed to break down all barriers. Her defensive attitude melted into sympathy, as ice melts at the touch of hot coals. In her impulsive way she ran to him and seized the lapels of his tweed coat.

"Hughie!" she cried, tears raining unheeded down her cheeks. "Forgive me! I couldn't help it. It—it breaks my heart to hurt you like this."

His hands closed upon her arms, but he could not speak.

"I—couldn't bear to—betray your trust," she sobbed. "Believe me, Hughie, I tried not to—I tried to keep loyal to you—"

"Oh!" he interrupted vehemently, "don't make it harder. Do you suppose I should have wanted you to marry me from—duty? out of loyalty?" He

paused, regarding her thoughtfully for a moment. "There's one thing, Bab—" "Yes!"

"When you tell—your mother or anybody of—things—being over between us, don't mention your marriage! They won't understand, and it will be rough for you."

She threw back her head, with something of Alan's old arrogance, and drew away.

"I know you mean that kindly, Hugh; but it's impossible! It would seem as if I were ashamed. It would be implying that our convictions were wrong."

"People are not overcharitable about here, as you know," he urged. "You may both have acted according to your convictions, and they may have been right; but all the same it was—unorthodox, and— They will simply throw mud at you and—especially—him! Bab," he came back to her, speaking with unusual insistence, "I can't bear to think of you facing that! For my sake, as well as your own—and—his, don't tell them."

She remained silent. The truth of his words, as applied to Alan, struck her forcibly. The contemplation of his name suffering calumny had already, that morning, proved unbearable.

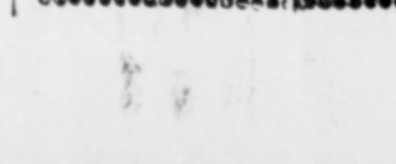
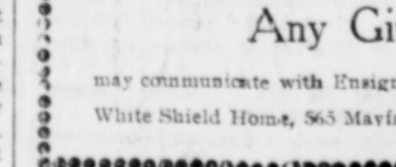
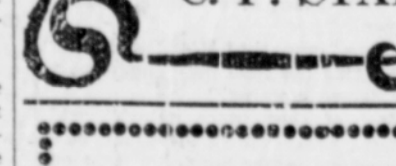
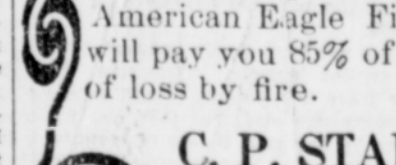
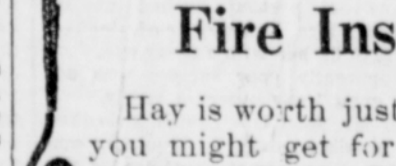
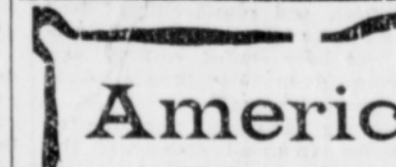
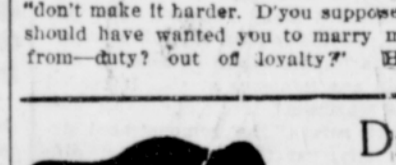
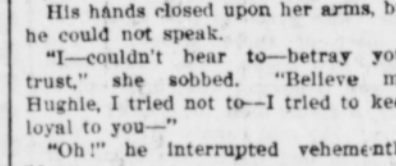
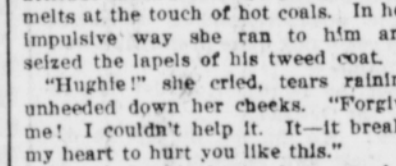
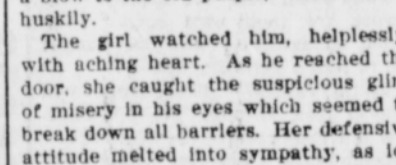
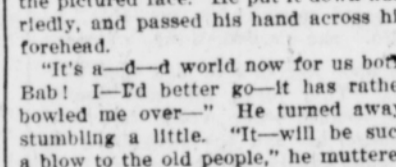
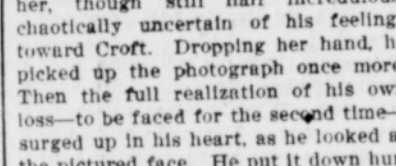
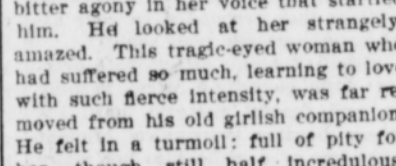
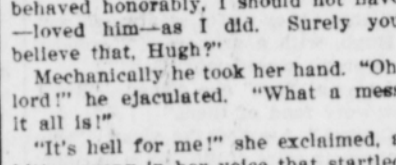
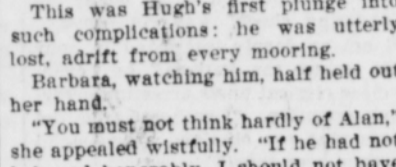
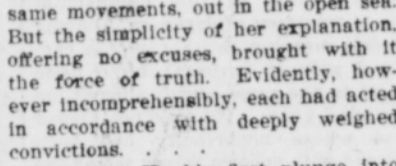
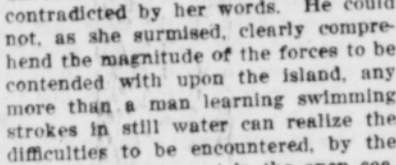
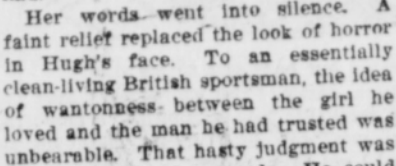
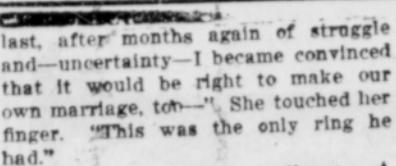
"It would be an awful trouble to your mother and my old people," he added, with his usual thoughtfulness. "They will be upset, as it is. And—they couldn't understand."

She suddenly turned and caught his shoulders.

"Hughie! do you?" she asked earnestly. "Ah! you must! I can't lose—your faith, too."

Then he acted in a manner that as—

(Continued on page 6)



The Right Frame It is of vital importance that the frame of your glasses set properly on your nose. We have the Oxford, Princeton, Shur-On, Iwintex and numerous other styles. You may make the selection, but let us do the adjusting.



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