

RURAL ENTERPRISE An Independent-Not Neutral-Cow's paper, published every Wednesday, by Wm. H. WHEELER.

FARMER IS THE GOOSE

The farmer is the goose that lays the golden egg on which the implement combine and other industries producing articles used on the farm have grown fat.

A time is likely to come when many farm products will find a more direct and less costly route to the consumers.

A like improvement in the transfer of implements and machinery from factory to farm is suggested, but the probability is that if the farmers secure a little more for their products, and are able to resume a portion of the discontinued buying, that the manufacturers' trust, which the federal trade commission says exists and functions in spite of the laws against it, will make but little change in its methods, for the law has thus far been powerless against it.

The aluminum trust, federal investigators say, makes 100 per cent profit per year on its investment and arbitrarily dictates prices at which every piece of aluminum in the United States shall be sold.

THE LEGISLATURE

L. L. Swan expresses disgust with the self-seeking members of the legislature, and that means the majority. The same ground that "put it over" on the farmer and defeated the income tax is at Salem in full feather.

State market agent Spence has not only said disrespectful things of the marketing trust but has not been regular in his politics. Besides, he is a friend of the governor, and Portland wants his scalp.

The direct primary has inconvenienced the bosses and they will under mine it if they can.

Prior to the expiration of the Warren construction company's patent on its pavement, in 1920, the state highway commission declared that the patent would not hold water and let contracts for paving with Warrenite, instead of by processes declared equally good and warranted the contractors against damages for infringing of the patent.

Keep Seed Corn Dry

There is no danger in corn getting too dry to grow. Moisture is the great enemy of seed corn and when it is not possible to dry it out thoroughly in the barn or crib before freezing weather, artificial heat should be used.

Feed Molasses to Hogs

It seldom pays to feed molasses to hogs when it costs more per pound than corn. In fact some experiments at the Mississippi experiment station show that it requires from 1.8 to 1.9 pounds of molasses to equal 1 pound of corn when fed to pigs.

Farmer Who Hatches Early

The farmer who hatches eggs early does these things: Gets more chickens, because a larger proportion of the total hatch will live.

Gets more actual meat, because more chickens will live, and because they will weigh more at maturity than late-hatched birds will weigh.

Gets more eggs, because the early hatched pullets will lay eggs during the winter and the late-hatched ones will not.

Crop Production in 1924

Estimates made by the United States Department of Agriculture show that the 19 truck crops produced in this country this past year for table use and manufacture had a gross value to the growers of \$138,900,000. This is \$12,000,000 less than a 1923. Tomatoes were first in gross value, showing a total of \$55,000,000.

Andy Christianson of Harrisburg is a grievance against the county, went one fleeces of his wool were stolen in May. Henry Sylvester was arrested for the theft and the wool sold at the county jail.

The freeze damaged Propst's acre field of loganberries, near Ebanon, and the price of the fruit unsatisfactory anyway, so he is digging them up and removing the seven tons of wire on which they were trained.

The Rowena and Rialto groups of mines, in Lane and Linn counties, in the Blue River district, have consolidated under the name of Rowena.

Service. I keep six honest serving men, (They taught me All I Know): Their names are WHAT and WHY and HOW and WHERE and WHO and HOW can you distinguish a malarial mosquito? WHERE is Canberra? Zebrugga? WHO was the Millboy of the Sheashe? Are these "six men" serving you too? Give them an opportunity by trying WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.



COWS' CHATTER

"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Cow, "the way some talk about us!"

"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Brown-and-White Cow, "what do you mean by that?"

"I was thinking," began Mrs. Cow. "I do hope it didn't tire you," said Mrs. Brown-and-White Cow.

"No," said Mrs. Cow, "it didn't tire me at all. If it had tired me I would have stopped thinking."

"Sensible," said Mrs. Brown-and-White Cow. "But pray continue."

"I was thinking," continued Mrs. Cow, "of the time last spring when some children passed us one morning."

"They were evidently having a holiday, but they said:

"Just think, it is only 10 o'clock in the morning and those cows are lying down or sitting down and haven't a thing to do."

"They haven't any lessons to study and they haven't any examinations coming."

"They haven't any chores to do. They can enjoy scratching their chins under the fence or resting by the brook or choosing some lovely shade tree under which to lie. And all at 10 o'clock in the morning!"

"Still," said another child, "I'm glad I'm not a cow. They don't have such bounding joy as we do and they don't feel all excited and happy over their birthdays or over their school games."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Cow, "that was the way they were talking. First they envied us because they couldn't take off all the time we could in which to do nothing."

"Then they were glad they weren't cows, as they liked to have excitements which we miss, such as birthdays and so forth."

"But I thought to myself that they shouldn't talk about us and about our laziness."

"Maybe we are lazy. But we give milk twice a day and we make them



"They Haven't Any Lessons to Study."

feel strong and well so they can enjoy their parties and their birthdays and their games.

"Besides, if we had birthdays they wouldn't be able to have so many presents or such a fine cake, as some of the family money would have to be used for our birthday cakes."

"What if every cow had a birthday cake with candles! What an absurd thing that would be."

"And just suppose we all sat around and wished each other a moo-moo happy birthday!"

"What good would we do if we tried to do chores?"

"Suppose I should run up the street and do an errand in place of Lillian when she wanted to play, would it be of any use?"

"Not a bit of it. If I hurried up the street people would start after me."

"And if I did get as far as the store and then get inside they wouldn't wait on me or know what I wanted."

"So why shouldn't we sit still when we can't be of any use doing the things others can do?"

"We can't study for examinations as we don't go to school, and if we did go to school the teacher would have a dreadful time."

"I looked in the schoolhouse windows down the road once and I knew I could never sit in one of those silly little desks."

"I couldn't put up one leg (I haven't any arms) and say:

"Please, teacher, I know the answer to that question!"

"So I sit here as do all of us and we rest and we eat and we give people milk."

"We do our work well."

"But when we're not working or when we haven't anything to do we don't pretend to be busy when we know we're not!"

"Fine sentiments," said Mrs. Brown-and-White Cow.

"Well," said Mrs. Cow, "spring will soon be here again and people will see us lying down in the morning and will probably say how lazy we are."

"But let it not upset us."

"Oh no, moo moo," said the other cows, "we won't let it upset us."

"We will continue to do our own cow way," said Mrs. Cow.

"Our own cow way," repeated Mrs. Brown-and-White Cow.

"Our own cow way," said the other cows.

Sinners in Heaven

(Continued from page 3)

"Yes," she encouraged. "You—married him? Tell me everything; will you?"

"You understand?" The searching look never relaxed. "You do understand?"

The appeal in that passionate regard and question brought quick response.

"Dear," she replied, pulling her down on the couch by the fire, "I understand. You loved each other and acted in accordance with—honorable convictions. Is that enough? What more can I say?"

Barbara drew a breath of inexpressible relief. Holding fast to that sympathetic hand, she recounted with simple fervor the whole history. Nothing was omitted up to the present. When her voice ceased, there fell a long silence. From somewhere in the house came a merry laugh; an opening door let out a brief flood of dance music.

Then a piece of coal dropped into the fender, and Mrs. Field moved.

"Ah, my darling!" she cried. "It is bitter . . . I know . . . I know . . ."

"That was the first of many talks together during that Christmas season, which brought with it such acute memories."

On the afternoon of Boxing day, as the girl sat alone, Hugh suddenly appeared—a grave-faced Hugh, with the bewildered "doggy" look still in his eye. She rose to meet him, with some embarrassment.

"Mrs. Field's with the old people. She said you were alone," he blundered. In explanation, "Bab—I've missed you, old thing!"

The simple directness touched her. She, too, had been conscious of a gap in the surface of her life, among the old haunts of her childhood, which had added to her wretchedness. Impulsively, she gave him her other hand.

"I have missed you, too, Hughie!" Hugh clearly had something on his mind.

"I wanted to say," he blundered on, "to tell you—I was a rotter—that day! I've been thinking the deuce of a lot lately, Bab! And I wanted you just to know—you can count on me any time to—back you and Croft up, I mean."

It was clumsily expressed; but she understood what the effort cost him, and the genuine feeling behind it all.

Hugh looked at her diffidently, then away through the window, speaking quickly and huskily. "And I wanted you to know that if—later on, perhaps—you felt you could marry me, after all—he paused, glancing at her. "I shall always be there—just the same."

The eyes that met his were swimming in sudden tears. "My dear!" she cried. "But it can never be now—"

"You need not say anything, or bother about it," he said simply.

Impulsively she pressed his hands against her cheek; then he drew himself free. Hugh intensely disliked scenes. Having said what he wanted, he turned the subject. "Mrs. Field told me to have tea with you. She said there were loads of muffins! Let's sit on the hearth-rug and toast them, as we used to do."

So they sat together on the floor, toasting muffins, the barrier breaking down between them. Thus Mrs. Field found them on her return; and a certain look of relief crossed her face.

It was one of those days when everything goes wrong. The village "help" did not come; and Martha therefore considered herself too much overworked to complete any one job.

Lunch was late, the soup tepid, the potatoes were hard, coffee was lukewarm. The clogging of the well-oiled wheels of this small groove naturally resulted in "nerves" on the part of Mrs. Stockley. These, working up gradually, found relief in an explosion, when Barbara announced an afternoon's golf with Hugh. Surely there must be work of some sort for her to do in this tragedy of an un-"help"-ed household? This led to a heated argument, which took a sudden deflection down an unexpected channel.

"Of course, if you have renewed your engagement with Hugh—"

"I have not mother. I never can."

"And why can you never marry Hugh?" her mother asked testily. "Is it still because of that ridiculous infatuation? Barbara, I insist upon your forgetting such nonsense."

"You don't understand, mother. I can never forget."

"No," agreed Mrs. Stockley with some heat; "I do not understand; and I think it is time I did."

She turned to her sister, as usual, for support, which was speedily forthcoming.

"Barbara," began that worldly woman, her curiosity at last given legitimate rein, "how far did this infatuation go? What can you never forget?"

The girl looked at her, startled, at a momentary loss. Her sensitive face, an enemy to subterfuge, flushed angrily.

"Ah!" exclaimed her aunt meaningly. "I thought from the first, there was something wrong."

"What do you mean, Aunt Mary? There was nothing—wrong!"

"Then why maintain such mystery? Why are you afraid to talk of the matter—to tell the truth?"

A rush of loathing, contempt for all the suspicious minds about her, recklessness, which, in impulsive nature, has far-reaching effects, swept

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the girl away. After all, what did their feelings matter? What their opinions to the man whose memory she had tried in vain to shield from vulgar calumny? Barbara turned and faced the two women, tossing back the hair from her brow.

"You shall have the truth!" she cried, with suddenly blazing eyes. "This infatuation you talk about went—to the end. He returned my love. We became husband and wife."

VII

The silence was awful. A dormant volcano could not have seemed more vibrant with foreboding. The two women sat, bereft of speech, gazing blankly at the girl, who faced them fearlessly from the hearth-rug. From Mrs. Stockley's face every vestige of color had fled. She looked suddenly old; her features were haggard.

Then Barbara, as she had done twice before, held out her left hand.

"This," she said, breathing fast, "is my wedding ring. He was my husband."

The tension broke. Mrs. Stockley gasped, and her sister gave a snort of contemptuous laughter.

"Husband!" she mocked. "Pray—who was the priest? Where was the church? Or—had you a native registry office?"

The sarcasm was to the girl merely as the heat of an extra candle to one already enveloped in flames. She ignored the speaker, fixing her eyes upon her mother.

"Do you understand, mother?"

At that moment the sight of her mother's deathly face struck, like a blow, upon her heart. Her anger subsided as quickly as it had arisen; in its place a huge pity arose, making it suddenly imperative that the woman who had borne her should be saved the suffering of misconception.

Impulsively she moved forward, stretching out both hands.

"Mother?"

Mrs. Stockley rose slowly to her feet, ignoring the hands, still staring at her daughter as if she were some hideous snake seen in a corner of her comfortable room.

"You!" she muttered. "You—my daughter—you dare to face me with those—lies?"

The hands dropped and clenched at her sides. "They are not lies! It was impossible to get married according to English law. We therefore performed the ceremony for ourselves. We took the same vows—it was perfectly honorable."

Miss Davies broke in with another harsh laugh.

"Did he actually succeed in stuffing you with all that, to cloak your immorality?"

"Aunt Mary! How dare you—?"

"Oh! It's always the same! Haven't I dealt with hundreds of cases in my work which have been perfectly honorable? Fools! Dupes! You weak women believe anything!"

"You—you—!" Barbara choked, in her furious indignation.

"Immorality?" Mrs. Stockley caught at the word. "Immorality? In one of our family? My own daughter—?"

"You got off lightly," broke in her sister, watching the girl narrowly, through her lorgnette. "Without pay-

ing the price! Most girls are not so fortunate. But I suppose you took good care to prevent—"

"Yes!" cried her mother almost hysterically, "suppose there had been children?"

"There would have been," she replied with unnatural calm, her eyes burning in an ashen face. "That is why I was so ill at Singapore."

For a moment both women were again bereft of speech, Barbara turned to the fire and stood gazing into its depths.

"Ha!" gasped her aunt, at last. "I always thought there was something suspicious in that illness."

Then the girl flashed round, contempt ringing in her voice.

"Yes, Aunt Mary, you would! People like you would find something suspicious in—an archangel. Oh!" she cried passionately, "I know all the disgusting, vulgar gossip concerning Alan and myself! I knew it before I reached England. Now, I suppose, you will all purr in your self-righteousness, thinking how wise you were—"

"B-Barbara!" spluttered her dumfounded aunt.

"Oh, yes, you will! But"—turning blazing eyes upon Miss Davies' furious face—"you are all wrong! How can you tell what was right and what was not—out there? What do you all know of real, fundamental life? What experience have you had of—love, temptation—any problems—that you should dare—dare to judge? That you carry out your religious observances to the letter—but what about the spirit of it all?"

The two women were staggered by her furious flow of words.

"I understand," cried Mrs. Stockley, in weak impotent rage, "that you have disgraced our name! Sin cannot be excused. Whatever the man was—and thank heaven he is dead!

—you should have shown strength. You—you—are nothing but a—wanton!"

"Mother!" The girl recoiled, as if she had been struck, catching at a chair for support.

Her mother broke into a storm of hysterical weeping.

"Go!" she cried, between her sobs. "Leave the house! I—I refuse to own you! Go to your friends who—condone immorality—who encourage sin. . . . Join Jenny Grant—"

"Mother!" she cried again, with white lips. "You don't realize what you are saying—"

"I do! I do!—Go!" Weakly she stamped her foot, then sank into her chair, burying her face in her handkerchief.

A wild caricature of a laugh broke from Barbara's lips. She looked at her mother's shaking form, then at her aunt's rigid figure and hostile countenance.

"Very well," she said slowly, "I will go. . . . As if dazed, she put up her hand to her head, and gave

(Continued on page 6)

Finley McLain, a Harrisburg high school student, after 6 months in a hospital as a result of falling and injuring his right leg, has had the limb amputated.

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