

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

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OUR BIGGEST INDUSTRY

The Southern Pacific is essentially a Pacific coast institution, and now its main office is to be moved from New York to San Francisco.

The Southern Pacific company employs more labor and pays more for it than any other industrial establishment on this coast.

It transacts more business than any other. All day and all night its cars may be seen and heard at short intervals in Halsey or anywhere else along thousands of miles of track. The Halsey citizen is a good sleeper who awakes in the night and is asleep again without hearing a dozen passenger cars or a freight train more than half a mile long pass through.

The company pays more taxes than anybody else.

The charges it may make for fares and freight are controlled by government commissioners who try also to fix the wages it shall pay, though they have found themselves unable to enforce their wage decrees. Labor unions, however, attend to that for them.

With all its handicaps, the management has succeeded in getting such loyal co-operation from its employees that its efficiency in the handling and hauling of freight at low cost has set a record for the world.

The New York Commercial in a recent issue said:

The Southern Pacific company is pushing through a development and expansion program of greater extent than is any other railroad system in North America, and that means in the world.

IS ANTICHRIST HERE?

Disbelief in the immaculate conception and other miracles has received the O K of a modern church, and that church Presbyterian! The moderators' council of the New York presbytery retained one pastor and licensed a new one who avowed their disbelief in the miracles.

In the same city ex-pastor Brown, excommunicated for heresy, comes back and occupies the pulpit, with the consent of his successor and the congregation, and in defiance of the interdiction of the bishop.

Are these some of the signs certain Adventists ought to have waited for instead of announcing that the end of the world would come some months ago?

Oh, yes! Oregon, too, has cyclones. One blew off several roofs and gashed a couple of boys with broken glass when it blew in a window of the schoolhouse at Condon last week. It wasn't much to brag of, compared with what they have in the east, but it is the worst we can do, it seems.

Opponents of the income tax do not claim that it is just, but say: "Let us keep the unjust system in the hope of inducing tax shirkers to bring their money here and establish pay rolls. Let us do evil that good may come."

Reforestation encounters two obstacles: Apathy of some regarding the needs of the population 100 years hence and confidence of others that American ingenuity would find a substitute if there were no wood.

Every collision between an automobile and a railroad train at a crossing is the fault of the man at the wheel of the auto. He need not get in the way of a train if he is duly careful.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner. Copyrighted by Western Newspaper Union

DRESSING-UP

Brenda had come to play with Jane. They had played "house" first. Jane had a splendid room in which she could play with her friends, and today because it had been rainy for several days in succession her mother had said they could dress up in her clothes—all except her best party frock.



"How Do You Do, Mrs. McIntosh?" friends of their mothers came. Jane was hostess.

"Oh, how do you do, my dear," she said to Brenda who had said in a low voice:

"I'm Mrs. Campbell now." "How do you do, my dear Mrs. Campbell," Jane repeated. "I'm so glad you could come. Such wretched weather we've been having. I do hope you brought your music."

"You're always so good about singing, and your friends so love to hear you."

"That's so good of you to say so, my dear."

"I mean it—every word of it. As I wrote to my husband—you know he's abroad just now? Oh, didn't you know it? Well, he's in Europe. Yes, just in Europe—no special place at all."

"You see he's an artist. Yes, he paints such beautiful pictures. And they hang so many pictures in Europe that he leaves all his work there."

"But as I was saying, I wrote to my husband, and I said: 'I do hope dear Mrs. Campbell will bring her music to my party. It will make such a difference.'

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Phelan. And are your dear little girls well? Such charming little girls. So pretty mannered. Ah, I wish my girls were as good as yours. Mine gets into trouble all the time."

"As I say so often. If there's trouble to be found, that child finds it."

"I'm Mrs. McIntosh now," Brenda said.

"How do you do, Mrs. McIntosh?" I hear your daughter is going to be married. Do you approve of the match?"

"I wish he had more money, but then they love each other," Mrs. McIntosh answered in Brenda's best take-off voice.

"Oh, well," said Jane, in her best hostess manner, "you'll enjoy the wedding. They are so exciting."

Brenda trailed out of the room and changed her costume now. Jane went too and picked out a second-best evening dress of her mother's.

How they did love to lean up against all the pretty clothes and almost fondle them. There weren't very many. Jane's mother only had a small wardrobe but it was very interesting—so entirely different from Jane's own clothes.

"I shall give a ball now," Brenda said. But just then the clock struck five.

"Brenda, would you like to stay for supper?"

"My mother said I could if I was invited. I asked her to make sure before I left."

"Just a moment then," Jane said. And with Brenda a little behind her, Jane went into her mother's room and said in a loud whisper:

"Mother, may Brenda stay for supper? Her mother says it's all right if she's invited."

Jane's mother smiled and said: "I suppose so. She seems to know you're asking me though I have told you, dear," her mother added in a low voice, "that you must not let your guests know you're doing this. It makes it inconvenient, sometimes. But she can stay tonight."

Jane bounded out of the room. Brenda was right by the door. "Yes, you can stay, Brenda, though mother says next time I mustn't let you know I'm going to ask you. Never mind, though, you can stay tonight anyway."

So Brenda stayed and after supper they ended up with Blind Man's Buff. It was such fun to play it in the hall where they could jump over the lower part of the bannisters when the one who was "it" came up the stairs after the one not blindfolded.

And it was particularly nice to have a little game before bedtime.

A few school pupils have been at home with chickenpox.

International S. S. Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

Lesson for April 26

STEPHEN, THE FIRST MARTYR

LESSON TEXT—Acts 6:1-7; 6:9. GOLDEN TEXT—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2:10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Brave Man. JUNIOR TOPIC—Stephen, the First Martyr.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Stephen a Christian Hero. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Character and Message of Stephen.

I. Stephen the Deacon (6:1-8). The early church was threatened with disruption over suspected partiality in the distribution of alms. Thus we see that as soon as the church had relief from external troubles, difficulties arose from within. A congregational meeting was called, and the case was placed before the church, which was instructed to select seven Spirit-filled men of good reputation to administer the temporalities of the church, thus giving the apostles the necessary time for prayer and the ministry of God's word.

II. Stephen Before the Council (6:9-15). The success of this movement soon came to be noted by the enemies of Christ.

1. Disputing With Stephen (vv. 9-10). Certain foreign-speaking Jews took the lead in this controversy. Perhaps the fact that Stephen was a Greek Jew provoked them to act. He was more than a match for them while the debate was carried along the lines of reason and Scripture. Beaten along these lines they had him arrested and brought before the council.

2. Charged With Blasphemy (vv. 11-14). They trumped up this charge and endeavored to support it by secretly finding and inducing men to perjure themselves in their testimony. Stephen showed in his preaching that God's purpose is progressive, and that the policy instituted by Moses should be superseded by the new faith since it was the culmination of what Moses began. He showed that the old dispensation would be superseded by the new, and that the church would come out into the liberty of Christ. Christianity did not destroy Judaism but caused it to blossom forth into the glory of the new order.

3. Stephen's Face Transfigured (v. 15). He was so completely filled with Christ that as he saw the angry mob and realized how soon he would be violently deaf with and pass into the presence of the Lord, his face shone as the face of an angel. It was the glory of Christ shining through him.

III. Stephen's Defense (7:1-53). In refuting their charge he showed by the history of God's dealing with the Jews that they had always resisted Him. Therefore their attitude was because of their unwillingness to move forward with the divine purpose. As indicated by Dr. Stifter, four points stand out in his defense:

1. God's dealing with the Jews showed progress. The end was not reached by a single leap, but by gradual stages.

2. The temple was not the only holy place. God appeared at different places and at different times.

3. Israel invariably opposed God as He tried to lead them on.

4. He showed his loyalty to Moses by constantly referring to him.

IV. Stephen Stoned (7:54-60). His words were too much for them so they gashed upon him with their teeth.

1. He Looked Steadfastly Into Heaven (v. 55). Instead of looking about upon his murderers in their raging fury, he looked up to heaven. This was the secret of his calm. If he had looked about him, he might have been afraid.

2. He Saw the Glory of God (v. 55). A vision of God's glory can only be seen by those who are loyal to Him, even unto death.

3. He Saw Jesus Standing on the Right Hand of God (vv. 55-56). The fact that Jesus was standing shows that He was actually interested in the suffering of His faithful witness.

4. They Cast Him Out of the City and Stoned Him (vv. 58-59).

5. His Prayer (v. 60). He knelt down, and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." How like the prayer of Jesus on the cross! Christ so completely filled him that he could thus act.

6. He Fell Asleep (v. 60). The Christian's death is only a sleep. This sublime scene must have vitally affected Saul, who was consenting unto his death.

Worth Remembering Over and over again we need to comfort and strengthen ourselves with the remembrance that there is a very wonderful, enduring quality to the things that are good and clean and sound and honest.

Prayer for the Day Let each new day bring to our lips the prayer: "Make me sane, and sweet, and strong for all the day holds of care and contradiction, of toil and trouble."

So Big

"Notion."

"You don't like it? The work?" "I like it well enough, only—well, you see we leave the university architectural course thinking we're all going to be Stanford Whites or Cass Gilberts, tossing off a Woolworth building and making ourselves famous overnight. I've spent all yesterday and today planning a drygoods box that's going up on the corner of Milwaukee avenue and Ashland, west."

"And ten years from now?" "Ten years from now maybe they'll let me do the plans for the drygoods box all alone."

"Why don't you drop it?" "He was startled. 'Drop it! How do you mean?'"

"Chuck it. Do something that will bring you quick results. This isn't an age of waiting. Suppose, twenty years from now, you do plan a grand Gothic office building to grace this new and glorified Michigan boulevard they're always shouting about! You'll be a middle-aged man living in a middle-class house in a middle-class suburb with a middle-class wife."

"Maybe"—slightly nettled. "They turned in at the gates of Stormwood. A final turn of the drive. An avenue of trees. A house, massive, pillared, porticoed. The door opened as they drew up at the entrance. A maid in cap and apron stood in the doorway. A man appeared at the side of the car, coming seemingly from nowhere, greeted Paula civilly and drove the car off. The glow of an open fire in the hall welcomed them. 'He'll bring up your bag,' said Paula. 'How're the babies, Anna? Has Mr. Storm got here?'"

"He telephoned, Mrs. Storm. He says he won't be out till late—maybe ten or after. Anyway, you're not to wait dinner."

Paula, from being the limp, expert, fearless driver of the high-powered roadster was now suddenly very much the mistress of the house, quietly observant, giving an order with a lift of the eyebrow or a nod of the head. Would Dirk like to go to his room at once? Dinner at seven-thirty. He couldn't dress. Just as he liked. Everything was very informal here. They roughed it. (Dirk had counted thirteen servants by noon next day and hadn't been near the kitchen.)

He decided to bathe and change into dinner clothes and was glad of this when he found Paula in black chiffon before the fire in the great beamed room she had called the library. Dirk thought she looked very beautiful in that diaphanous stuff, with the pearls. Her heart-shaped face, with its large eyes that shined a little at the corners; her long slim throat; her dark hair piled high and away from her little ears. He decided not to mention it.

Dirk told himself that Paula had known her husband would not be home until ten and had deliberately planned a tete-a-tete meal. He would not, therefore, confess himself a little nettled when Paula said, "I've asked the Emerys in for dinner; and we'll have a game of bridge afterward. Phil Emery, you know, the Third. He used to have it on his visiting card, like royalty."

The Emerys were drygoods; had been drygoods for sixty years; were accounted Chicago aristocracy; preferred England; rode to hounds in pink coats along Chicago's prim and staid suburban prairies. They had a vast estate on the lake near Stormwood. They arrived a trifle late. Dirk had seen pictures of old Phillip Emery ("Phillip the First," he thought, with an inward grin) and decided, looking at the rather anemic third edition, that the stock was running a little thin. The dinner was delicious but surprisingly simple; little more than Sellenus would have given him, Dirk thought, had he come home to the farm this week-end. The talk was desultory and rather dull. And this chap had millions, Dirk said to himself. Millions. No scratching in an architect's office for this lad.

At bridge after dinner Phillip the Third proved to be sufficiently the son of his father to win from Dirk more money than he could conveniently afford to lose.

Theodore Storm came in at ten and stood watching them. When the guests had left the three sat before the fire. "Something to drink?" Storm asked Dirk. Dirk refused but Storm mixed a stiff highball for himself, and then another. The whisky brought no flush to his large white impassive face. He talked almost not at all. Dirk, naturally silent, was loquacious by comparison. But while there was nothing heavy, unavital about Dirk's silence, this man's was oppressive, irritating. His paunch, his large white hands, his great white face gave the effect of bleached bloodless bulk. "I don't see how she stands him," Dirk thought. Husband and wife seemed to be on terms of polite friendliness. Storm excused himself and took himself off with a word about being tired, and seeing them in the morning.

After he had gone: "He likes you," said Paula.

"Important," said Dirk, "if true." "But it is important. He can help you a lot."

"Help me how? I don't want—" "But I do. I want you to be successful. I want you to be. You can be. You've got it written all over you. In the way you stand, and talk, and don't talk. In the way you look at people. In something in the way you carry yourself. It's what they call force, I suppose. Anyway, you've got it."

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

Immigration and Markets In our issue of April 8 we said: "The efforts made by city chambers of commerce, and successfully, to bring hundreds of new settlers into Oregon are really efforts to increase production of the crops the city consumes and thus keep prices down." The Oregon Voter of April 11 said: "Oregon's agricultural development is far ahead of its industrial development and far, far ahead of its home markets."

Bringing in the thieves, Bringing in the thieves, Sheriffs come rejoicing, Bringing in the thieves. "They shall not take away my personal liberty. I'll drink a little stimulant when I like. This is pure whisky, aged in the wood with the original label on it." The coroner says it wasn't. Willamette valley flax and Oregon-manufactured linen may yet be as important factors in world trade as the looms of Lancashire. —Corvallis Courier.

Lillian Stodd is home for the summer.

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Any Girl in Trouble may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair avenue, Portland, Oregon. The wisest girls keep out of trouble