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AMERICA'S POLICY

No "Entangling Alliances" With Starving Children

(Dearborn Independent)

At the foot of Mt. Ararat, scores of generations ago, civilization was born. Today, on the tableland of Armenia, where first the rainbow of promise glimpsed eternal hope to all mankind, a Christian race is dying while civilization looks on.

The Jews have raised their \$17,000,000 to care for Jews; the United States government has sent \$20,000,000 to care for Bolshevnik Russians. But the Christians of Armenia are still murdered by the Turks and killed by famine. Why are the Christian Armenians last to receive the help of the Christian world?

So scant has been the response—the Christian response—that an order has been issued for the near east relief to reduce all life-saving work 25 per cent!

Two visits, four weeks apart, were made to a family in one little town. There were 15 in the family on the first visit. Three were surviving on the second. The case is not unusual. Armenia's fate is in America's hands.

All members of the governing administration committee overseas contribute their services without compensation. Compensation for full-time service of orphanage directors, doctors, nurses and other workers is designed to cover only reasonable living expenses. No large salaries, either in America or overseas, are paid by near east relief. The economy of administration is due in large measure to the exceptional amount of volunteer unpaid service contributed and the free use of valuable land, buildings and other properties overseas.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued on page 3)

R. L. Wintiford and wife were in Eugene Thursday.

Rev. Leir Hostetler, a mute preacher, and his wife, from near Harrisburg, visited John LaRue last week.

Dalton Gibbs of the Shedd high school cut some wood and his hand with an ax last week. The hand is doing nicely.

Otto Smith and wife of Oregon City arrived Saturday for a visit with Mrs. Smith's grandmother, Mrs. D. F. Dean. They returned home Sunday afternoon.

The Halsey State bank opens a savings account to-day. One dollar or over opens an account, on which 4 per cent will be paid, compounded semi-annually.

Members of the missionary society and the ladies' aid of the Christian church held a well attended meeting Thursday and discussed the proposed addition to the church building.

A service in memory of departed civil war veterans was conducted by Rev. C. G. Morris at the Methodist church at Brownville and the flag was carried by four survivors of that war, J. F. Venner, L. D. Vidito, K. F. Barger and H. W. Vincent.

John Standish presented Mrs. Wheeler with a bouquet of roses, the most beautiful of which were sprays of a lovely cream-and-pink variety whose name he does not know. The plant climbs and spreads over the roof of his grandmother's home.

At the request of County Club agent Williamson, Miss Irene Quimby has placed on display in the window of the Koontz store some sample glasses of the canned fruit on which she and the canning club have drawn so many prizes at fairs.

Linn county day at the agricultural college, June 16, will include the wives and families. While the men are shown the crops the women will be shown through the home economics building, and the work therein explained and demonstrated to them.

The Enterprise has received an interesting story about a cat and blackbirds, but no author's name came with it. No well-ordered newspaper prints anonymous communications. The editor must know who is responsible, though the writer's name may be held in confidence by him.

Slowly but none the less surely that second coat of yellow paint crawls over the big Frum warehouse. The railroad company requires that all buildings erected on ground rented from it, as this is, shall be of the same hue as the depot buildings and Mr. Robnett has a big job in covering the building alone. Last week Mr. Frum's sign was painted in black.

The McCart and Grimes families seem to be running the Linn county Holstein calf club, as witness the following award of prizes at the show at Harrisburg: First class—Nina McCart, 1st; Paul McCart, 2nd; Edgar Grimes, 3rd; Ted McCart, 4th; Zena Grimes, 5th. Second class—Luella McCart, 1st; Edgar Grimes, 2nd; Ted McCart, 3rd; Dennis McCart, 4th; Lloyd Grimes, 5th. Some other youngsters would do well to emulate their example.

Mary seems to be quite attractive. Monday's Albany Democrat says: Three generations of the French family scaled Mary's peak yesterday. F. M. French, 70, his daughter, Mrs. R. W. Williams, 36, of Portland and her son George, 10 years of age, returned last night. Mr. French reports that no snow is to be found on the summit but there is considerable on the rim of the mountain. About 15 persons from various points were on the mountain during the day.

When the paving of the Pacific highway through Halsey was planned the idea was that the state would pay 60 per cent of the cost, the county 30 per cent and the city 10 per cent. Linn county has come so near the poorhouse since then that the county announced that it would be unable to pay for any of the Halsey paving and there was talk of stopping work at the city line and letting Halsey remain unpaved. Then some interests in the city wanted to follow the county's lead and refuse to pungle a cent. The city council has been sweating blood for a week or two over the situation but Monday night it was decided to pay the 10 per cent, the state having agreed to pay 90 per cent.

(Continued on page 3)

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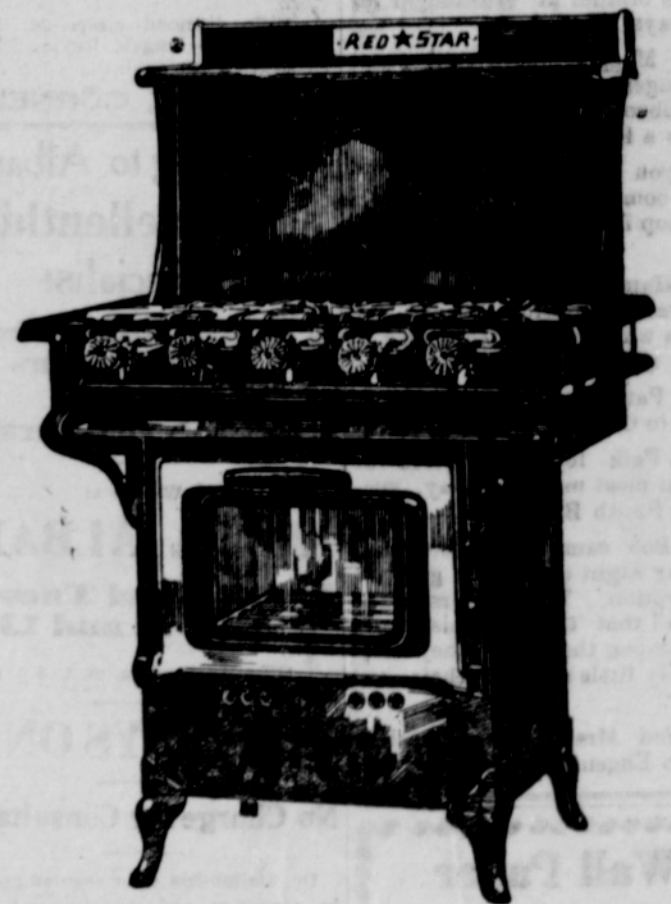
☛ If you have been drifting along—spending all, saving nothing—stop and think.

You must realize that it cannot go on forever. One's earning days are numbered. Now, while your earning power is the greatest, see to it that each payday pays SOMETHING toward your future INDEPENDENCE. We will welcome your account and help you save.

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Fictionized from the Selig-Rork-Freen National screen version of the famous play

By SCOOP CONLON

CHAPTER 8

As if to protest against the evil night, a storm swept in from sea and with the fury rose the anger of the mob. Wright's exultation was short. There was no mistaking the sounds of the mob as it surged toward his cottage—and Bruce led the mob-mad men.

Through a convenient window Wright leaped, and ran wildly to reach his high-powered automobile, but the racing mob had him cut off. Running for his life, the coward sought sanctuary in the little Church of the Rosary. He fell at the feet of Father Kelly and the Widow Wilton, who had been praying for Alice. The mob was at his heels, but Father Kelly was quicker. He faced Bruce and the enraged men on the steps of the church.

He expostulated with Bruce. "My son, to stain your hands with this man's blood will not right the wrong he has done!"

But Bruce had suffered enough torment to drive him temporarily insane. He refused to be cheated of his revenge. The mob cried loud for lynching, and surged forward. Father Kelly faced them unflinchingly, his hands raised above his head in protest.

"It is written, 'Thou shalt not kill,'" he commanded. "Vengeance belongs to God."

But with his words a merciless bullet sped on its way. The Widow Wilton had seen the village half-wit raise his pistol and she was in time. Throwing herself before Father Kelly she received the bullet in her bosom and crumpled at his feet. For the moment the mob was stunned. Bruce had his mother in his arms, Father Kelly aiding him.

When Kathleen Wilton opened her eyes on the world for the last time she found Vera and Father Kelly kneeling beside the bed. Father Kelly gazed down into her eyes with the kindness and his good works tempered with greater sympathy and tenderness.

She smiled and spoke: "Brian, I am happy. I have learned to kiss the cross."

She raised the crucifix of the rosary to her lips—and the gentle soul went home. Father Kelly knew that in giving her life for his her soul had reached its greatest heights, that her love for him had remained through all the years a thing divine. And if in his soul there was an answering cry of anguish then there were his deeds of kindness and his good works tempered with greater sympathy and tenderness.

Bruce, now insane, led the mob in pursuit of Wright, who, seeing the confusion, had escaped from the sanctuary. He gained his car and made a mad dash through the storm for the little bridge spanning the creek which led to the road out of the village. Baffled, Bruce made one final effort to catch the slipping, sliding car, but the bridge, undermined by the swollen creek, crashed under the weight of the car, and



Running for his life the coward sought sanctuary in the little Church of the Rosary. He fell at the feet of Father Kelly and the widow Wilton, who had been praying for Alice. The mob was at his heels. Eugenie Besserer, Lewis Stone and Wallace Berry in a dramatic scene from "The Rosary."

before Bruce's eyes Kenward Wright disappeared in the torrent. A wave of horror swept over him as he remembered Father Kelly's words: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!"

He found Father Kelly at the parish house. Bruce was exhausted by the terrible night.

"He is dead," he said, simply. A soft light broke over Father Kelly's face.

"But not by your hands, my son." Bruce started. "How—how is it possible for you to know that?" he asked. Father Kelly's faith was perfect.

"God works in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform," he replied, and at last Bruce understood. It was this faith shining in the eyes of Father Kelly that was to help Bruce bear the burden of his own great sorrow.

For when he slowly opened the bedroom door, scarcely daring, the stricken eyes of his loved one looked into his from where she knelt in prayer.

He followed her eyes to the halcyon bed—and there gazed with

anguished soul upon his dear mother, who slept peacefully, the rosary clasped in folded hands.

His mother had made the supreme sacrifice—and he had been too late. With a broken cry, the poor lad collapsed at the feet of Father Kelly.

Sunshine follows a storm. So time softened grief, and happiness returned to the little village. And, if the smile of Father Kelly over the new Church of the Rosary was saddened by the thought that only with pain and sacrifice are the greatest of our hearts' desires accomplished, he looked ahead to what greater good the new church might be to those who came after and thanked God for His goodness.

Once again over the long trail to the high cliffs overlooking the sea, where at a trying place a boy and girl had pledged their troth, a man and a woman went hand in hand.

In the solitude of God they stood silent. Once again, Bruce gazed Vera the rosary. And, with that sunset, was born eternal happiness for them until the sunset of life. (The end)