

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
 An independent—NOT neutral—news-
 paper, published every Thursday,
 by WM. H. and A. A. WHEELER.
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 and Local News Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance.
 Transient advertising, 25c an inch; per-
 manent advertising, 20c. No discount
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 In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line.
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug. 1, 1922

STATE STEAL STOPPED

The decision of Judges Kelly and Skipwith that the spending of market road funds on the state highways by the Oregon road commission is illegal is concurred in by the supreme court.

"Officials" are reported as saying that in this decision "Oregon's road building program received a severe blow."

It was the market road program and the hope of developing the state that received a severe blow when the money was stolen from the market road fund and put on state highways where there already were good railroads instead of being used in making roads to farms and mines that are yet inaccessible part or all of the year.

Probably if there had been no state commission and half as much money had been raised and spent by the counties on roads that were needed we should be paying less taxes today and thousands of immigrants would be helping to pay them from the income they would be deriving from products of land now inaccessible and undeveloped.

NOT A RELIGIOUS ISSUE

Olcott's mistake was to take the K. K. K. seriously.—Albany Democrat.

Can't agree with you. A lawless crowd that breaks into homes without shadow of legal right, drags citizens out in the night and flogs them or hangs them until near death and orders them to leave the community and never return cannot be taken too seriously. All this klan members are accused of doing, and, as governor, Olcott is right in demanding that the accusation be proved or disproved.

Nobody but the klansmen and their advocates claim that religious motives actuate Olcott. We do not know whether Olcott is a Catholic, a Mohammedan or a Jew, and do not care. His course thus far seems to be impartial, and for a klanman to claim that a fair investigation is directed against the order is to confess judgment.

When the war ended and commerce regained the seas Argentine beef and Australian beef and New Zealand beef not being hampered by an American protective tariff glutted the market and beat down the price.—Albany Herald.

We are glad to learn why it is that beef, fresh or canned, has become so wonderfully cheap. Have you noticed it? Isn't it wonderful?

It would surprise the average reader to learn just how many beggars there are among big business men. Every day the Times receives enough new copy with requests for free publication to fill a paper twice the size of the Times.—Junction City Times.

The money these people spend filling editors' waste baskets would buy a lot of advertising.

From the fact that water shippers are complaining that they have the carrying of only 7,000,000 pounds of our wool this year, the railroads having got the bulk of the traffic by reducing rates, it may be gathered that this part of the west is at least woolly, if not wild.

Fatty Arbuckle has found a way to make a living. He is going to Paris, where the only drawback to his favorite amusement is a law requiring those who appear on the stage to wear at least one article of clothing.

STRIKERS LOSE SENIORITY

Throughout the efforts to settle the shopmen's strike the Southern Pacific company has refused to be flattered or bullied into breaking its promise to men who remained at work and new men who took work that their seniority rights, acquired under the company's rules when they faced danger to give service, should not be taken from them.

The seniority rights are promised to secure continuous service and lessen the probability of just such events as this strike. The men were warned to return by a certain date or forfeit those rights. The company may be expected to keep its word. It appears that Mr. H. rdlog, for the general public relief and the reputation he might gain as a pacifier, would have had the railroad companies renege, and he found some of them willing.

Now comes word that all the railroad heads stand pat on seniority.

Southern Pacific also announces that it will not re-employ strikers known to have committed outrages against workers.

Desperately seeking an issue on which to base their organization and rake in initiation fees, the K. K. K. founders have dropped the plan of governing America by means of disguised night riders and are working for a world organization of Protestants—and more fees.

Some men are proud of queer things. A candidate for the legislature boasts of the length of his service in that body which has loaded Oregon with an overwhelming bonded debt and multiplied taxes until they are bankrupting farmers.

The non-partisan league in North Dakota has nominated a United States senator in the primaries, being helped in doing so by the wave of progressivism that the country feels, but has lost everything else by big majorities.

The creature who helps to supply intoxicants to a victim of the habit who wants to go straight but is too weak to resist the temptation is so contemptible that he would be honored if a decent man should spit on him.

Imperialism is as unpopular in America as in Germany. The "invisible empire" was badly beaten in the recall election in Jackson county.

Mr. Stanfield went back to Washington in plenty of time to vote on the final passage of the tariff bill—yes, away ahead of time.

Senator Reed of Missouri, democrat, fought Wilson and the league of nations to the bitter end. He was defeated for renomination this week.

Progressives show gains or triumphs in every republican state primary nowadays.

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Independent of Rain
 (Lebanon Express)

The Witman farm about five miles up the Santiam river from Lebanon supplies the largest amount of berries to the Lebanon cannery. Over thirty acres of loganberries, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries are in full bearing, about half being in strawberries. About fifteen acres are devoted to cantalopes, squashes and other fruits and vegetables used by the cannery. Five acres of potatoes also present a thrifty appearance.

Water is pumped from the Santiam at the rate of 300 gallons to the minute, and is carried in flume to the high points. The soil, being a sandy loam, similar to many of the irrigated districts east of the mountains, carries the water and holds moisture for long periods. The raspberry vines in the lower part of the field have made a wonderful growth this year, the new shoots averaging about ten feet in length.

From a ton and a half to two tons of berries per day have been going to the cannery. On account of scarcity of pickers, about four tons of berries dried up on the vines.

In looking over this farm, one can see a great future for this valley when the bulk of it is improved like the Witman ranch.

No Choice Between Tyrants
 (Senator Warren G. Harding in 1919)

In my private pursuits as a publisher, I am an employer of organized labor, having never known a controversy, and I believe most cordially in rational unionism. Organization and collective bargaining, under wise leadership, have done more to advance the cause of labor than all other agencies combined, and any one who thinks to destroy sane unionism, by legislation or otherwise, is blind to conditions firmly established, and is insensible to a public sentiment which is deliberate and abiding. But the advancement of unionism is one thing and the domination of organized labor is quite another. I subscribe to the first and oppose the latter. I do not believe in any class domination and the long fight to remove the combination of capital, now fairly won, is lost if labor domination is substituted in its stead.

I favor the anti-strike clause because it applies to a public service under government regulations in which congress exercises its power to limit the capital invested, fixes rates at which the public must be served, enacts the conditions under which service must be rendered, and finally, in the anti-strike clause, provides a capital tribunal for the adjustment of all labor grievances so that no interruption in transportation need be apprehended.

Ruth Evans of New York had a crop of golden hair that reached her waist. She was persuaded to have it bobbed. Then she repented and felt so bad about it that she committed suicide.

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GLORY AND THE SACRIFICE
 In Which the Gift and the Giver Tell Each a Separate Tale

By **ELEANOR PORTER**
 Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

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THE Hapgood twins were born in the great square house that set back from the road just on the outskirts of Fairtown. Their baby eyes had opened upon a world of faded portraits and soubert halfcloth furniture.

From babyhood to girlhood the charm of the old place grew upon them, so much so that the thought of leaving it for homes of their own became distasteful to them, and they looked with stent favor upon the occasional village youths who sauntered up the path presumably on courtship bent.

Rev. John Hapgood—a man who ruled himself and all about him with a rod of rigid old-school orthodoxy—died when the twins were twenty; and the frail little woman who, as his wife, had for thirty years lived and moved solely because he expected breath and motion of her, followed soon in his footsteps. And then the twins were left alone in the great square house on the hill.

Miss Tabitha and Miss Rachel were not the only children of the family. There had been a son—the first born, and four years their senior. The headstrong boy and the iron rule had clashed, and the boy, when sixteen years old, had fled, leaving no trace behind him.

If Rev. John Hapgood grieved for his wayward son the members of his household knew it not, save as they might place their own constructions on the added sternness to his eyes and the deepening lines about his mouth. "Paul," when it designated the graceless runaway, was a forbidden word in the family.

Years had since passed—years of peaceful mornings and placid afternoons, and Paul had never appeared. On the 10th of June, their thirty-fifth birthday, the place never had looked so lovely. A small table laid with spotless linen and gleaming silver stood beneath the largest apple tree.

Rachel came out of the house and sniffed the air joyfully.

"Delicious!" she murmured. "Somehow, the 10th of June is specially fine every year."

In careful, uplifted hands she bore a round frosted cake, always the chief treasure of the birthday feast. The cake was covered with the tiny colored candles so dear to the heart of a child. Miss Rachel always bought those candles at the village store, with the apology:

"I want them for Tabitha's birthday cake, you know. She thinks so much of pretty things."

Tabitha invariably made the cake and iced it, and as she dropped the bits of colored sugar into place she would explain to Huldy, who occasionally "helped" in the kitchen:

"I wouldn't miss the candy for the world—my sister thinks so much of it."

So each deceived herself with this pleasant bit of fiction, and yet had what she herself most wanted.

Rachel carefully placed the cake in the center of the table, feasted her eyes on its toothsome loveliness, then turned and hurried back to the house. The door had scarcely shut behind her when a small, ragged urchin darted in at the street gate, snatched the cake, and, at a sudden sound from the house, dashed out of sight behind a shrub close by.

The sound that had frightened the boy was the tapping of the heels of

Miss Tabitha's shoes along the back porch. The lady descended the steps, crossed the lawn and placed a saucer of pickles and a plate of dainty sandwiches on the table.

"Why, I thought Rachel brought the cake," she said aloud. "It must be in the house; there's other things to get, anyway. I'll go back."

Again the click of the door brought the small boy close to the table. Filling both hands with sandwiches, he slipped behind the shrub just as the ladies came out of the house together. Rachel carried a small tray laden with sauce and tarts; Tabitha, one with water and steaming tea. As they neared the table each almost dropped her burden.

"Why, where's my cake?"

"And my sandwiches?"

"It's burglars—robbers!" Rachel looked furtively over her shoulder. "And all your lovely cake!" almost sobbed Tabitha.

"It—It was yours, too," said the other with a catch in her voice. "Oh, dear! What can have happened to it?"

The sisters had long ago set their trays upon the ground and were now wringing their hands helplessly. Suddenly a small figure appeared before them holding out four sad crushed sandwiches and half of a crumbled cake.

"I'm sorry—awful sorry! I didn't think—I was so hungry. I'm afraid there ain't very much left," he added, with rueful eyes on the sandwiches.

"No, I should say not!" vouchsafed Rachel, her voice firm now that the size of the "burglar" was declared. Tabitha only gasped.

The small boy placed the food upon the empty plates, and Rachel's lips twitched as she saw that he clumsily tried to arrange it in an orderly fashion.

"There, ma'am—that looks pretty good!" he finally announced with some pride.

Tabitha made an involuntary gesture of aversion. Rachel laughed outright; then her face grew suddenly stern.

"Boy, what do you mean by such actions?" she demanded.

His eyes fell and his cheeks showed red through the tan.

"I was hungry."

"But didn't you know it was stealing?" she asked, her face softening.

"I didn't stop to think—it looked so good I couldn't help takin' it." He dug his bare toes in the grass for a moment in silence, then he raised his head with a jerk and stood squarely on both feet. "I hadn't got any money, but I'll work to pay for it—bringing wood in or somethin'."

"The dear child!" murmured two voices softly.

"I've got to find my folks, sometime, but I'll do the work first. Maybe an hour'll pay for it—most!"—He looked hopefully into Miss Rachel's face.

"Who are your folks?" she asked huskily.

By way of answer he handed out a soiled, crumpled envelope for her inspection, on which was written, "Rev. John Hapgood."

"Why—it's father!"

"What!" exclaimed Tabitha.

Her sister tore the note open with shaking fingers.

"It's from—Paul!" she breathed, hesitating a conscientious moment over the name. Then she turned her startled eyes on the boy, who was regarding her with lively interest.

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