

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Lion Co., Ore., Aug. 17, 1922

RAILROAD BOLSHEVISTS

The railroad shopmen's strike seems as futile today as it did a couple of weeks ago when we so designated it. The railroad shops are not full-handed yet, but are filling up.

The strikers have agreed to surrender practically all of their contentions except those regarding seniority if they can get their jobs back. The companies refuse to yield on this point, even at the solicitation of President Harding, because to do so would be to break faith with the old hands who stayed with them and the new men who have been put at work. These men were promised seniority in preference to strikers, who had forfeited it. In the past such promises have sometimes been violated and new employees had no redress from the injustice. These rights are:

Men who have been in the employ of the railroad the longest time are given first choice of the better positions.

When reductions in the working force are made, junior men are laid-off first, and the senior men last.

After men have been laid off, they are taken back in the order of seniority, and no new labor is employed until former employees, who so wish, have been returned to their positions.

Every man in America has a right to quit a job when he chooses. A strike is a conspiracy to quit jobs in mass. But that conspiracy gives the striker no legal right he did not have without it. The astonishing theory, set up by the unions, that strikers are still employees and entitled to employees' rights, is denied by the federal railroad labor board.

Shops and trains and yards have been shot into and bombed, during this strike, and people killed or maimed, and armed guards have been employed.

Now sympathetic railroad unions are striking in some sections. They object to working where there are armed guards. In some cases the armed guards have been taken off and strikes averted. It is presumed that in these cases the unions have promised that violence shall cease, though they had claimed that the offenders were outside sympathizers whom they could neither identify nor control. They also claim that equipment is dangerously defective, owing to incompetent shop work. Their fellow strikers must be free to shoot and throw bombs without danger from guards. They have a right, if they see defects, to point them out, and in the case of a locomotive the engineer is required to examine his engine and see that it is in order before using it. The companies say that the objection to equipment is simple lying propaganda.

Some of the railroad unions have come largely under the control of communistic foreigners and some of the unions frankly avow their preference for government ownership. These extremists think they can again coerce the government, as they did when the country was at grips with Germany. The railroad executives believe that if left to themselves, with proper protection against violence, they can overcome the present obstacles and continue to give the public the service it needs.

The employe who thinks he has become so necessary to the business that it cannot get along without him is apt to discover, if a test comes, that he is mistaken.

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So with the railroad unions. Their demands may be met, to avoid inconvenience, but there is a limit. When that limit is reached they will learn that if all their members should drop dead the country would still get along some way.

At the beginning of the world war the German clown prince was reported to have said: "I like war; it's good fun." Other people had done all the suffering for it then. Now the tables are turned and he is not half so fond of war. County Klingle Nathan A. Baker of Los Angeles has had a similar experience. As leader of the Inglewood raid in April he was doubtless very brave and self-confident but, like the clown, he is out now, and when in his trial a girl member of the raided family testified to the outrageous conduct of the masked raiders, he fainted and court had to take a recess.

An automobile in which a bottle of alcoholic liquor is carried is forfeited to the government. In Oregon hereafter prohibition officers who seize such cars announce that anybody claiming an interest in them will have to go to court with the claim and if it is not found good will be prosecuted for fraud. The law is gradually being cinched up tighter and tighter.

The state highway commission is very reluctant to keep its hands off the market road funds. Ordered to do so by Judges Kelly and Skipworth, whose decision was sustained by the state supreme court, it has filed a petition for a rehearing by the latter tribunal. If it is possible by any means to

prevent the farmers from getting the promised market roads it will be prevented.

Somebody wants tariff questions to be handled by experts. But no living man is a tariff expert and no two agree on a tariff schedule or ever will.

Sheriff Nelson of Clatsop county was charged with being a whiskyite

and winking at bootlegging. He has been recalled and a prohibitionist elected. The female vote was heavy. It is the same female vote that will prevent the weakening of the Volstead act by permitting the sale of wine and beer. The women of America won't have it. That's all.

The senate has agreed to pass the tariff bill next Saturday. Not one senator is satisfied with it, but there is no probability that they could agree if they should discuss it another three years and they want to try something else. What it really means is an enigma that they will leave to the courts until the law is tinkered up again.

A pirate has been making such inroads in the booze-smuggling fleet that brings liquid lightning to the Atlantic coast that the smugglers ask federal protection. Why shouldn't Uncle Sam, who is engaged in bootlegging at sea himself, fly to the assistance of his fellow-booze-sellers?

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The Strength Of The Pines

by **Edison Marshall**
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**



CHAPTER II

Before the gray dawn came over the land Bruce Duncan had started westward. He had no self-amusement at the lightning decision. He was only strangely and deeply exultant.

The reasons why went too deep within him to be easily seen. In the first place, it was adventure—and Bruce's life had not been very adventurous heretofore. Then there was a sense of immeasurable relief at his sudden and unexpected freedom from the financial problems his father had left. He would have no more consultations with impatient creditors, no more would he strive to gather together the ruins of the business, and attempt to salvage the small remaining fragments of his father's fortune. He had no plans, he didn't know which way to turn. All at once, through the message that Barney had brought him, he had seen a clear trail ahead. It was something to do, something at last that mattered.

Finally there remained the eminent fact that this was an answer to his dream. He was going toward Linda, at last. The girl had been the one living creature in his memory that he had cared for and who cared for him—the one person whose interest in him was real. Linda, the little "spitfire" of his boyhood, had suddenly become the one reality in his world, and as he thought of her, his memory reviewed the few impressions he had retained of his childhood.

First was the Square house—the orphanage—where the Woman had turned him, over to the nurse in charge. Sometimes, when tobacco smoke was heavy upon him, Bruce could catch a very dim and fleeting glimpse of the Woman's face. It was only a glimpse, only the faintest blur in half-tone, and then quite gone. Yet he never gave up trying.

The few times that her memory-picture did come to him, it brought a number of things with it. One of them was a great and overwhelming realization of some terrible tragedy and terror the nature of which he could not even guess.

"She's been through fire," the nurse told the doctor when he came in and the door had closed behind the Woman. Bruce did remember these words, because many years elapsed before he completely puzzled them out. The nurse hadn't meant such fires as swept through the far-spread ever-green forests of the Northwest. It was some other, dread fire that seared the spirit and burned the bloom out of the face and all the gentle lights out of the eyes. It did, however, leave certain lights, but they were such that their remembrance brought no pleasure to Bruce. They were just a wild glare, a fixed, strange brightness as of great fear or insanity.

The Woman had kissed him and gone quickly; and he had been too young to remember if she had carried any sort of bundle close to her breast. Yet, the man considered, there must have been such a bundle—otherwise he couldn't possibly account for Linda. And there were no doubts about her, at all.

Of course he had no memories of

her that first day, nor for the first years. But all later memories of the Square house always included her. She must have been nearly four years younger than himself; thus when he was taken to the house she was only an infant. But thereafter, the nurses put them together often; and when Linda was able to talk, she called him something that sounded like Bvoovaboo. She called him that so often that for a long time he couldn't be sure that wasn't his real name. Now, in manhood, he interpreted.

"Brother Bruce, of course. Linda was of course a sister."

Linda had been homely; even a small boy could notice that. Besides, Linda was nearly six when Bruce had left for good; and he was then at an age in which impressions begin to be lasting. Her hair was quite blond then, and her features rather irregular. But there had been a light in her eyes! By his word, there had been!

She had been angry at him times in plenty—over some childish game—and he remembered how that light had grown and brightened. She had flung at him too. He laughed at the memory of her sudden, explosive ferocity—the way her hands had smacked against his cheeks, and her sharp little nails had scratched him "Little Spitfire," he sometimes called her; but no one else could call her anything but Linda. For Bruce had been an able little fighter, even in those days.

He was fond of drawing pictures. This was nothing in itself; many little boys are fond of drawing pictures. Nor were his unusually good. Their strangeness lay in his subjects. He liked to draw animals in particular—the animals he read about in school and in such books as were brought to him. And sometimes he drew Indians and cowboys. And one day—when he wasn't half watching what he was doing—he drew something quite different.

Perhaps he wouldn't have looked at it twice, if the teacher hadn't stepped up behind him and taken it out of his hands. It was "geography" then, not "drawing," and he should have been "paying attention." And he had every reason to think that the teacher would crumple up his picture and send him to the cloak-room for punishment.

But she did no such thing. When her eyes glanced down, her fingers slowly straightened. Then she looked again—carefully.

"What is this, Bruce?" she asked, "What have you been drawing?" "I—I don't know," the child answered. He looked and for an instant let his thoughts go wandering here and there. "Those are trees," he said. A word caught at his throat and he blurted it out. "Pines! Pine trees, growing on a mountain."

"Not had for a six-year-old boy," the teacher commented. "But where, Bruce, have you ever seen or heard of such pines?" But Bruce did not know.

Another puzzling adventure that stuck in Bruce's memory had happened only a few months after his arrival at the Square house, when a man had taken him home on trial with the idea of adoption.

All the incidents and details of the