

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Oct. 26, 1922

FOR SHERIFF

The contest for the shrievalty in this county warms up as election day grows nearer. The republican candidates outnumber the democratic about four to one, but in this case numbers do not mean strength, for if the democrats should all vote for the democratic candidate and the republicans divide their votes evenly among the republican candidates the democrat would probably win.

Probably each candidate will receive a majority of the votes in his own town, for all are reputable, capable and popular men.

Mr. Dunlap, among the republicans, having the prestige of being already occupying the office, will probably derive some advantage from that fact. Having been a resident of the city of Albany only for the short time since he succeeded the late E. M. Kendall, the tendency referred to above of voters to prefer their own townsmen is not likely to give him the advantage from living in a large city that it would had he resided there longer.

Halsey will probably give a majority to Mr. Walton, who is now mayor of the city and has a record as deputy sheriff that will not be a handicap, but Halsey is too small a burg to turn a county election. Mr. Walton is reported running well in other parts of the county.

HUNTERS AND TRESPASSERS

In contrast to the objections of farmers to permitting hunting on their premises, stated in last week's Enterprise, a citizen indicts farmers for having the benefit of streets, sidewalks and street lights, which cost them nothing, for driving cattle through town which escape their drivers and trample front yards, sidewalks, etc., and think they should reciprocate by permitting hunting.

The trouble with reciprocity of that kind is that the farmer whose animals do the mischief may be financially irresponsible, so he cannot pay damages, and may have no desirable hunting grounds where the hunter could take his toll if permitted, and the vandal who ignores the farmer's right and damages his property may be one who never paid a cent towards city improvements.

It's a case of "every man for himself" on both sides. The groups cannot be held for the trespasses committed by individuals.

When the millennium comes, and every person does as he would be done by, all will be satisfied, and not sooner.

Conan Doyle, the romancer, gives us some more information on ectoplasm (not octoplasm, as the dispatches at first had it). It comes out in the shape of rods (bacteria, as it were) from the pores of a medium, whosometimes loses 12 or 15 pounds in weight in the process. One of the ways it works is to form puddles under the leg of a table and lift it despite all efforts to hold it down. He now says it that it sometimes increased in quantity by attracting excretions from the pores of other persons in the room. Now we can understand its power. The emanations from some people's pores are strong enough to lift any table in the world.

Lloyd George complains of people who "put party above the nation." That's just what ails

this nation, and it looks as though the reaction against it is likely to disintegrate the old parties.

Congressman Burton complains the League of Nations discusses relief contributions of several nations but says nothing of the larger sums given by the United States. What of it? The United States ignores the league; why should the league recognize the United States? It wasn't the United States that gave the bulk of those funds, either. They are contributed by private citizens as such.

If all the young children went to the public schools, and the money now coaxed, begged, wheedled and scared out of members of sectarian organizations for sectarian schools were paid to ministers whose families are now half starved, the creeds of those people would be more successfully advocated and their membership increased.

Straub on the School Bill

Against the claim of opponents of the school bill that there are 12,000 children in private schools Mr. Straub of Eugene says there are 8,768, including many who would not be affected if the bill became a law.

To the claim that there is a scarcity of public school teachers which would be accentuated by the proposed law he asked: "If the teachers in the private schools are competent why could they not teach in the public schools?"

He replies that a large majority of these private teachers are without certificates because they are incompetent.

The Oregon health exposition will be staged in the public auditorium in Portland October 26 to November 4. It is claimed that two hours spent in examining the wonderful displays will be a liberal education in what is being done for individual and community health. While something new the health exposition has back of it the same idea that is back of the county fair and livestock shows, only now people are realizing that a good strong healthy race of men is as important as good livestock.—Ex.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

Don't Surrender Your Rights!

OUR forefathers fought for their rights. Many of them gave their lives that we might enjoy freedom.

In the Declaration of Independence they recorded those truths that have so safely guided our democracy.

They have written that men are endowed by their Creator with certain "unalienable" rights, and "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

And now these rights are attacked! The School Monopoly Bill (called on the ballot Compulsory Education Bill) proposes that we surrender a God-given right—the right of parental control—the right of a parent to say in what school his or her own child shall be educated.

Maintain your right to control your child through the education you feel it is right to give it. Do not be led astray by fine phrases. Look into this dangerous bill. You will find the vital principle of "unalienable" rights is at stake.

Vote 315X NO on the School Monopoly Bill

Called on the ballot Compulsory Education Bill

This advertisement is paid for by the Non-Sectarian and Protestant Schools Committee.

Furniture Stoves Ranges, etc.

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Albany Furniture Exchange

415-421 West First Street, Albany, Oregon

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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(Continued)

He watched until the shadows had hidden them all. Then, straining upward, he tested his bonds. He tugged with the full strength of his arms, but there was not the play of an inch between his wrists. The Turners had done their work well. Not the slightest chance of escape lay in this quarter.

He wrenched himself to one side, then looked about him. The fields stretched even and distant on one side, but fifty yards away on the other. He listened; and the little night sounds reached him clearly. They had been sounds to rejoice in before—impulses to delightful fancies of a fawn stealing through the thickets, or some of the Little People in their scurried, remissive business of the night hours. But lying helpless at the edge of the forest, they were nothing to rejoice in now. He tried to shut his ears to them.

He rolled again to his back and tried to find peace for his spirit in the stars. There were millions of them. They were larger and more bright than any time he had ever seen them. They stood in their high places, wholly indifferent and impassive to all the strife and confusion of the world below them; and Bruce wished that he could partake of their spirit enough so that he could rise above the fear and bitterness that had begun to oppress him. But only the pines could talk to them. Only the tall trees, stretching upward toward them, could reach into their mysterious calm.

His eyes discerned a thin filament of cloud that had swept up from behind the ridges, and the sight recalled him to his own position with added force. The moonlight, soft as it was, had been a tremendous relief to him. At least, it would have enabled him to keep watch, and now he dreaded the fall of utter darkness more than he had ever dreaded anything in his life. It was an ancient instinct, coming straight from the young days of the world when nightfall brought the hunting creatures to the mouth of the cave, but he had never really experienced it before.

He watched with growing horror the slow extension of the clouds. Finally the moon swept under them.

The shadow fell around Bruce. For the first time he knew the age-old terror of the darkness. He no longer knew himself as one of a dominant breed, master of all the wild things in the world. He was simply a living creature in a grim and unconquered world, alone and helpless in the terror of the darkness.

The moonlight alternately grew and died as the moon passed in and out of the heavier cloud patches. Winds must have been blowing in the high lanes of the air, but there was no breath of them where Bruce lay. The forests were silent, and the little rustlings and stirrings that reached him from time to time only seemed to accentuate the quiet.

He speculated on how many hours had passed. He wondered if he could dare to hope that midnight had already gone by and, through some di-

vergence from wilderness customs, the grizzly had failed to return to his feast. It seemed endless hours since he had re-entered the empty rooms of Linda's home. A wave of hope crept through the whole hydraulic system of his veins. And then, as a sudden sound reached him from the forests at one side, that bright wave of hope turned black, receded and left only despair.

He heard the sound but dimly. In fact, except for his straining with every nerve alert, he might not have heard it at all. Nevertheless, distance alone had dimmed it; it had been a large sound to start with. So far had it come that only a scratch on the eardrums was left of it; but there was no chance to misunderstand it. It cracked out to him through the unfathomable silence, and all the elements by which he might recognize it were distinct. It was the noise of a heavy thicket being broken down and parted before an enormous body.

He listened, straining. Then he heard the sound again. Whoever came toward him had passed the heavy brush by now. The sounds that reached him were just faint and intermittent whispers—first of a twig cracking beneath a heavy foot, then the rattle of two pebbles knocked together. Long moments of utter silence would ensue between, in which he could hear the steady drum of his heart in his breast, and the long roll of his blood in his veins.

The limbs of a young fir tree rustled and whispered as something brushed against them. Leaves flicked together, and once a heavy limb popped like a distant small-calibered rifle, as a great weight broke it in two. Then, as if the gods of the wilderness were using all their ingenuity to torture him, the silence closed down deeper than ever before.

It lasted so long that he began to hope again. Perhaps the sounds had been made by a deer stealing on its way to feed in the pastures. Yet he knew the step had been too heavy for anything but the largest deer, and their way was to encircle a thicket rather than crash through it. It might have been the step of one of the small, black bears—a harmless and friendly wilderness dweller. Yet the impression lingered and strengthened that only some great hunter, a beast who feared neither other beasts nor men, had been steadily coming toward him through the forest.

At that instant the moon slipped under a particularly heavy fragment of cloud, and deep darkness settled over him. Even his white face was no longer discernible in the dusk. He lay scarcely breathing, trying to fight down his growing terror.

This silence could mean but one of two things. One of them was that the creature who had made the sounds had turned off on one of the many intersecting game trails that wind through the forest. This was his hope. The alternative was one of despair. It was simply that the creature had detected his presence and was stalking him in silence through the shadows.

He thought that the light would never come. He strained again at the ropes. The dark cloud swept on; and the moonlight, silver and bright, broke over the scene.

The forest stood once more in sharp silhouette against the sky. He studied with straining eyes the dark fringe of shadows one hundred feet distant.

Then he detected a strange variation in the dark border of shadows. It held his gaze, and its outlines slowly strengthened. So still it stood, so seemingly a natural shadow that some irregularly shaped tree had cast, that his eyes refused to recognize it. But in an instant more he knew the truth.

The shadow was that of a great beast that had stalked him clear to the border of the moonlight. The Killer had come for his dead.

(To be continued.)

Election campaign advertising crowds this week's installment of our story, "The Strength of the Pines," into small space, but the campaign will soon be over.