

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An independent—NOT neutral—newspaper, published every Thursday, by WM. H. and A. A. WHEELER. Wm. H. Wheeler, Editor, Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, Business Manager and Local News Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance. Transient advertising, 25c an inch; permanent advertising, 20c. No discount for time or space. In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line. No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Nov. 23, 1922

THE ADMINISTRATION

President Harding started out with two popular men in his cabinet. Herbert Hoover was and probably is the most admired and respected man in the United States.

Charles Evans Hughes had been defeated in a race for the presidency, but his ability and integrity as a jurist still held the esteem of Americans. He is a baby in political strife but a giant on the bench. And when political exigencies caused his party to call him to the defense of Newberry he "put his foot in it."

Mr. Mellon, head of the treasury, is undoubtedly an astute financier, but no secretary of the treasury can do justice to the office and retain popularity.

Mr. Dougherty, at the head of the law department, was not very well known when he was chosen, but he is certainly well known now. He has arrived at the distinction of having his impeachment demanded by a celebrated crank, as Mr. Wilson's was by another.

Whether or not the courts will uphold the injunctions be procured against strike rioting and murder remains to be seen. They probably will. He was the cabinet member concerned, who declared bootlegging on the high seas on American vessels illegal, and thus far the courts have sustained him there.

The president, himself, is more particularly on trial before the court of American public opinion than any of his cabinet members, and the growing power of the "farm bloc," which he first decried against and then coddled, and of the progressive movement in his party, which he at first opposed but now pays court to, have demonstrated that he is not a great swayer of popular opinion. He bows before the blast and then moves with it.

On the question of the modification of the Volstead law, he is on the fence. It is not yet apparent on which side events will make it politic to drop.

His greatest complaint against his party is that it will not follow his leadership, and the party's complaint is that he does not more emphatically assert and exert that leadership.

No Moses is apparent who is capable of leading either party today. Perhaps Mr. Harding is the nearest approach to one that the public has yet discovered.

Jack Britton, the prize fighter, offers \$10,000 to anyone who will cure him of insomnia. Perhaps he could get Sikki to put him to sleep.

Secretary Hughes put his moral influence behind a defense of Newberry.—New York World.

And he lost the most of it there.

Ajax defied the lightning, Newberry dodged it. He has resigned.

HALL'S FLORAL and MUSIC SHOP
Cut Flowers
New Phonograph Records
Thanks-giving and Rolls
Albany Phone 1661

A Modern Barber Shop
Laundry sent Tuesdays
Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing
ABE'S PLACE

WARMED OVER

The following paragraphs were intended for last week's issue:

The national farm bureau asks permission to help defend in court the national law prohibiting the buying and selling of grain for future delivery, which the Chicago grain gamblers are attacking as unconstitutional.

There was a big bonfire when lightning fired half a million barrels of oil in the Humble oil fields in Texas Monday.

The federal supreme court has decided that Japanese are ineligible to naturalization under the statute limiting it to "free white persons and those of African descent."

District Attorney Lee Woolwine of Los Angeles, who prosecuted the Inglewood Klu Klux mob, wrote a resignation from office the other day. Then he heard that there was a movement for his recall, and declared that he would stick to the office and fight it out to the end.

L. L. Haskin and wife, the Brownsville photographers, have made stereopticon slides of Linn county flowers in tints and colors and gave an exhibition in the Brownsville Methodist church Friday night.

W. M. Davidson and wife brought Mrs. Clara McCoy of Corvallis over Monday to take the train for home after a week-end visit with them at Brownsville.

Cut Your Feed Bill

Moisten your feed and hay with Stock Molasses and water (1 pint of molasses to 1 gallon of water). Stock will relish even straw when prepared in this way.

Ask any of the big feeders if you have never tried it. They will convince you.

Mr. Sargent uses it in the feed for his prize-winning hogs.

Dick Noble uses it for his dairy herd. Heretofore the price of molasses has made it as expensive a feed as any other, but this fall it has been more reasonable, and just now we have a Special Offer which we feel sure will interest our customers. Through an error in shipping a carload of 60 barrels has fallen into our hands at a price which will enable us to sell it at less than the Portland wholesale price and freight added.

The price is \$8.30 for a barrel of 500 lbs. net weight or \$16.60 cwt. This is cheaper than mill run.

REMEMBER—There are only 60 barrels and they will not last long at this price. We will receive phone orders and fill them in their turn. Phone 84

MURPHY'S SEED STORE
HARRISBURG, OREGON

WE FIX 'EM STRINGS AND ALL
C. A. STIMSON
The Shoe Doctor
(New location) 316 W. 2d St., Albany, opp. Hamilton's Store.

C. C. BRYANT
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Cusick Bank Building,
Albany, Oregon.

WRIGHT & POOLE
LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS
HARRISBURG LEBANON
Phone 35 Phone 15

Branches at
Brownsville, Phone 47C15.
Halsey Phone 166, Frank Kirk, Mgr.

Statement of American Legion

The American Legion deploras the lack of fair mindedness on the part of citizens of Brownsville in the case of J. R. Hinman. The legion feels that Mr. Hinman has not been given the right of every citizen of the United States—that of being considered innocent until proved guilty before a jury.

A Radio Success

Kenneth Stone removed his home-made radio outfit from the Curry home, on the H. C. Davis farm, where so many people had "listened in" on doings all over the coast and farther away, to Junction City, and Halsey has no radio-receiver, but Ross Curry declares he will have one next summer, probably.

At Junction City, where Ken-

eth is learning typesetting in the Times office, he was told that conditions were such that he would not be able to hear outside stations. Nevertheless, he set up his apparatus, merely running the ground wire a few inches into the earth, and in the first evening he heard from more than forty stations. If that young chap lives the world will hear from him yet.

Cozy and Comfortable
Via the Shasta route to
To
Sunny California

Your comfort is the first consideration of Southern Pacific employes, who have built up an enviable reputation for courteous and efficient service.

Equipment of Southern Pacific trains is modern in appointments and contains all the features conducive to comfort and luxury.

Observation cars and sleeping cars with sections, drawing rooms and compartments facilitate the enjoyment of scenery. They afford privacy, rest, sleep, relaxation and pleasure. Exc. Linn meals, tastily prepared and served in attractive dining cars, appeal to the most fastidious.

For LOW ROUND TRIP FARES, Train Schedules, Sleeping Car Reservations and beautiful folders ask railroad ticket agents or write

JOHN M. SCOTT,
G. P. A., Portland, Or.



RUGS

You will find a large and complete assortment of rugs of all kinds—

Wilton
Velvet
Linoleum

Axminster
Brussels
Congoleum

in all sizes at our store. Give

Furniture for Xmas

this year. Reserve it now. We sell on the easy payment plan.

BARTCHER & ROHRBAUGH
415-421 West First Street, Albany, Oregon



There are two kinds of sweets, the kind you can be sure contains the finest quality of ingredients and the doubtful kind. Cast doubt aside and deal at Clark's.

the Claxtonola

Come in and hear it play
All phonograph records and needles.

Clark's Confectionery

Do you want a **Fairbanks-Morse Scale for \$21.50?** You can get it at the

MORNHINWEG STORE. Call and see them

Don't forget we sell **PLOWS, HARROWS, DISCS, CREAM SEPARATORS**, in fact, everything in the implement line. Special prices on **DRILLS** while they last. Ref. Seal **BATTERIES**. Fresh stock. Call and get prices on implements. The store for quality and promptness

G. W. Mornhinweg

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

(Continued)

He went back to his chair beside Linda, and the two sat listening. They had never known a more quiet night. They listened in vain for the little night sounds that usually come stealing, so hushed and tremulous, from the forest. And they both started, ever so slightly, when they heard a distant rumble of thunder.

"It's going to storm," Linda told him.

"Yes. A thunderstorm—rather unusual in the fall, isn't it?"

"Almost unknown. It's growing cold, too."

They waited a breathless minute, then the thunder-spoke again. It was immeasurably nearer. It was as if it had leaped toward them, through the darkness, with incredible speed in the minute that intervened. The last echo of the sound was not dead when they heard it a third time.

The storm swept toward them and increased in fury. On a distant hillside the strange file that was the Turners halted, then gathered around Simon. Already the lightning made vivid, white washes in the sky and illumined—for a breathless instant—the long sweep of the ridge above them. "We'll make good targets in the lightning," Old Bill said.

"Ride on," Simon ordered. "You know a man can't find a target in the hundredth of a second of a lightning flash. We're not going to turn back now."

They rode on. Far away they heard the whine and roar of wind, and in a moment it was upon them. The forest was no longer silent. The peal of the thunder was almost continuous.

The breaking of the storm seemed to rock the Folger house on its foundation. Both Linda and Bruce leaped to their feet; but they felt a little tingle of awe when they saw that old Elmira still sat sewing. It was as if the calm that dwelt in the Sentinel Pine outside had come down to abide in her. No force that the world possessed could ever take it from her.

They heard the rumble and creak of the trees as the wind smote them, and the flame of the lamp danced wildly, filling the room with flickering shadows. Bruce straightened, and the lines of his face set deep. He glanced once more at the rifle in his hands.

"Linda," he said, "put out that fire. If there's going to be an attack, we'd have a better chance if the room was in darkness. We can shoot through the door then."

She obeyed at once, knocking the burning sticks apart and drenching them with water. She took off the glass shade of the lamp, and the little gusts of wind that crept in the cracks of the windows immediately extinguished the flame. The darkness dropped down. Then Bruce opened the door.

The whole wilderness world struggled in the grasp of the storm. The scene was such that no mortal memory could possibly forget. They saw it in great, vivid glimpses in the intermittent flashes of the lightning, and the world seemed no longer that which they had come to know. Chaos was upon it. The tall tops of the trees wagged back and forth in frenzied signals; their branches smote and rubbed together. And just without their door the Sentinel Pine stood with top lifted to the fury of the storm.

A strange awe swept over Bruce. A moment later he was to behold a sight that for the moment would make him completely forget the existence of the great tree; but for an instant he poised at the brink of a profound and far-reaching discovery. There was a great lesson for him in that dark, towering figure that the lightning revealed. Its great limbs moved and spoke; its top swayed back and forth, yet still it held its high place as Sentinel of the Forest, impassive, patient, talking through the murk of clouds to the stars that burned beyond.

"See," Linda said. "The Turners are coming." It was true. Bruce dropped his eyes. Even now the clan had spread out in a great wing and was bearing down upon the house. The lightning showed them in strange, vivid flashes. Bruce nodded slowly.

"I see," he answered. "I'm ready." Then shoot them, quick—when the lightning shows them," she whispered in his ear. "They're in range now." Her hand seized his arm. "What are you waiting for?" He turned to her sternly. "Have you forgotten we only have five shells?" he asked. "Go back to Elmira." Her eyes met his, and she tried to smile into them. "Forgive me, Bruce—it's hard—to be

calm." But at once she understood why he was waiting. The flashes of lightning offered no opportunity for an accurate shot. Bruce meant to conserve his little supply of shells until the moment of utmost need. The clan drew nearer. They were riding slowly, with ready rifles. And ever the storm increased in fury. The thunder was so close that it no longer gave the impression of being merely sound. It was a veritable explosion just above their heads. The first drops of rain fell one by one on the roof.

Bruce's eyes sought for Simon's figure. To Simon he owed the greatest debt, and to lay Simon low might mean to dishearten the whole clan. But although the attackers were in fair range now, scarcely two hundred yards away, he could not identify him. They drew closer. He raised his gun, waiting for a chance to fire. And at that instant a resistless force hurled him to the floor.

There was the sense of vast catastrophe, a great rocking and shuddering that was lost in billowing waves of sound; and then a frantic effort to recall his wandering faculties. A blinding light cut the darkness in twain; it smote his eyeballs as if with a physical blow; and summoning all his powers of will he sprang to his feet.

There was only darkness at first; and he did not understand. But it was scarcely less duration than the flash of lightning. A red flame suddenly leaped into the air, roared and grew and spread as if scattered by the wind itself. And Bruce's breath caught in a sob of wonder.

The Sentinel Pine, that ancient friend and counselor that stood not over one hundred feet from the house, had been struck by a lightning bolt. Its trunk had been cleft open as if by a giant's ax, and the flame was already springing through its balsam-laden branches.

CHAPTER XXVII

Bruce stood as if entranced, gazing with awed face at the flaming tree. There was little danger of the house itself catching fire. The wind blew the flame in the opposite direction; besides, the rains were beating on the roof. The fire in the great tree itself, however, was too well started to be extinguished at once by any kind of rainfall; but it did burn with less fierceness.

Dimly he felt the girl's hand grasping at his arm. Her fingers pressed until he felt pain. His eyes lowered to hers. The sight of that passion-drawn face—recalling in an instant the scene beside the camp fire his first night at Trail's End—called him to himself. "Shoot, you fool!" she stormed at him. "The tree's lit up the whole countryside, and you can't miss. Shoot them before they run away."

He glanced quickly out. The clan that had drawn within sixty yards of the house at the time the lightning struck had been thrown into confusion. Their horses had been knocked down by the force of the bolt and were fleeing, riderless, away. The men followed them, shouting, plainly revealed in the light from the burning tree. The great torch beside the house had completely turned the tables. And Linda spoke true; they offered the best of targets.

Again the girl's eyes were lurid with between the lids. Her lips were drawn, and her breathing was strange. He looked at her calmly.

"No, Linda. I can't—"

"You can't!" she cried. "You cow-



"You Can't!" She Cried. "You Coward—You Traitor! Kill—Kill Them While They're Time."

ard—you traitor! Kill—kill—kill them while there's time!" She saw the resolve in his face, and she snatched the rifle from his hands. She hurried it to her shoulder and three times fired blindly toward the retreating Turners.

At that instant Bruce seemed to come to life. His thoughts had been clear ever since the tree had been struck; his vision was straighter and more far-reaching than ever in his life before, but now his muscles weakened, too. He sprang toward the girl and snatched the rifle from her hand. She fought for it, and he held her with a strong arm.

"Wait—wait, Linda," he said gently. "You've wasted three cartridges now. There are only two left. And we may