

## HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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

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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Nov. 30, 1922

Chicago is the headquarters of the grain gamblers who are fighting the Capper anti-futures bill in the courts and there the Masons are fighting Mayor Thompson on the ground that he will not permit them to run gambling games but gives permission to other societies. Predicting what Thompson will do in any future case is a gamble.

A bond for \$2000 to guarantee the costs of the Hall-Olcott recount has been declared forfeited by Judge Kelly and Olcott's attorneys are to be paid from it. If Mr. Hall had to pay it would seem like an awfully dead horse, but Mr. Hall sidestepped payment of about all the costs of his recount.

The widening of the allowed legal alcoholic content of beer and the levying of a tax on the beverage is proposed as a revenue raiser to accompany the federal bonus bill. Mr. Volstead says he would not object to 2 per cent of alcohol in drinks, instead of half of 1 per cent as at present.

A new law prohibits barbers from shaving or cutting hair on Sunday, but so far men are not prohibited from using safety razors, or any other kind, on that day. Salesmen for safety razors did not logroll against that new law.

Some men think there are too many women's clubs.—Junction City Times.

There are the rolling pin, the old-fashioned potato masher, the broomstick and many others—too many.

A foreign news headline in an Albany paper tells of a "conclave for Balkin States." Just add a "g" to the third word and it'll describe some of the states all right.

Evangelist Price has not been anointing the sick in Albany more than a month, so the papers haven't yet learned not to spell the word "anoint."

Congress met in extra session Monday noon, with the ship subsidy bill as the probable subject of the first squabble.

## New School Building Needed

(High School Yeslah)

Halsey needs a larger high school, in a different location. In this building there are but two high school rooms. In each of these, one of the two teachers must hold six classes every day. How can the fifty students have a study room when there are but two rooms and a class is reciting in each of them, during all but two periods a day? Perhaps you who have not attended or visited the high school do not know how hard it is to center one's mind on a lesson, while a class is reciting or performing experiments in either general science or physics.

Besides the lack of room, the teacher, as well as the students, are interrupted by the shrill whistle of trains, which threatens to burst our ear drums. This causes all recitations to be suspended for one whole minute, at the very least, every time a train goes rumbling through. Let's figure this now, and find out about how much time is really lost by the interference of trains. There are never less than four trains a day and there are one-hundred and eighty school days in a year. One minute for every train, four times a day for one-hundred and eighty days is about seven-hundred and twenty minutes or twelve hours, isn't it?

There should also be a larger cloak-room. If there were, there would not be a jam of hurrying students in the hall every noon and recess, and there would be room for hooks upon the wall upon which to hang wraps.

If a new high school were built, in a place more removed from the railroad track, with a study room and more class rooms, it would not only improve school conditions, but it would also show that Halsey was interested in helping to educate her young people who are someday to take their place in the world.

## THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

A sketch of the Molly Maguires in the Albany Democrat of Nov. 19 is awry in its Chronology where it states that the organization of that band of cutthroat miners occurred in 1876.

The Mollires were a statewide union of anthracite coal miners practicing the tactics of the modern I. W. W. and the Herrin murderer.

If a mine boss gave offense he was tried (without his knowledge) by the Molly council and if condemned to death members from some far-away branch, who would be strangers in the community, would be sent to execute the decree and disappear from the locality.

The present editor of the Enterprise wrote the first report that was published of the last of the Molly murders, the one which led to the breaking up of the gang.

It was in the fall of 1875 that word came to Mauch Chunk, Pa., the county seat of Carbon county, that John P. Jones, a boss in a mine, had been killed between that city and Nesquehoning. This editor went on a special railroad engine with officials who were rushed to the scene.

Two strangers had been seen the previous day hanging around the mouth of the mine where Jones was employed, but for some reason he had gone home by the way of another tunnel. On the day of the murder the strangers resumed their vigil. When Jones appeared they followed him along the footpath leading to his home. People in different parts of the valley saw them. They shot him in the back and he fell. Turning him over where he lay, they shot him twice more, to make sure of their job, and disappeared in the scrubby woods.

When the officials arrived the woods were full of Irish sympathizers with the fugitives and of Welshmen who carried shotguns and sought vengeance.

The murderers fell into the hands of officers and thus their lives were spared for the gallows. They were rushed to the courthouse at Mauch Chunk, where armed infantry and artillery prevented a jail delivery.

McPharland, a Pinkerton detective who had joined the Mollires and learned their secrets, gave testimony at the trial that led to the breaking up of the Molly Maguires.

The murderers of Jones were convicted on the testimony of eye-witnesses and hanged, the first of many Molly Maguire slayers to meet justice, and the last, we believe.

Wilbur Everett, who has been attending school in Yakima, Wash., returned home Monday night.

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Charles Falk brought a blushing bride home from Portland last week. When he procured the license in that city he affirmed that he was of legal age and probably nobody will doubt his word. The

bride was Mrs. Kester and she speaks English best through an interpreter, but no doubt will soon acquire the tongue. "It is not good for man to be alone," Luck to the couple!

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## The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XXVIII

To Simon, the night had seemingly ended in triumph, after all. It had looked dark for a while. The bolt of lightning, setting fire to the pine, had deranged all of his plans. His men had been thrown from their horses, the blazing pine tree had left them exposed to fire from the house, and they had not yet caught their mounts and rallied. Young Bill and himself, however, had tied their horses before the lightning had struck and had lingered in the thickets in front of the house for just such a chance as had been given them.

He had not understood why Bruce had not opened fire on the fleeing Turners. He wondered if his enemy were out of ammunition. The tragedy of the Sentinel Pine had had no meaning for him; and he had held his rifle cocked and ready for the instant that Bruce had shown himself.

Young Bill had heard his little exultant gasp when Linda and Bruce had come out into the firelight. Plainly they had kept track of all the attacking party that had been visible, and supposed that all their enemies had gone. He felt the movement of Simon's strong arms as he raised the rifle. Those arms were never steadier. In the darkness the younger man could not see his face, but his own fancy pictured it with entire clearness. The eyes were narrowed and red, the lips set deep about the bloodhound lips, and mercy was as far from him as from the Killer who hunted on the distant ridge.

But Simon didn't fire at once. The two were coming steadily toward him, and the nearer they were the better his chance of success in the unsteady light. He sat as breathless, as wholly free from telltale motion as a puma who waits in ambush for an approaching deer. He meant to take careful aim. It was his big chance, and he intended to make the most of it.

The two had halted beside the ruined pine, but for a moment Simon held his fire. They stood rather close together; he wanted to wait until Bruce offered a clear target. And at that instant Bruce had drawn the leather wallet from the tree.

Curiously alone stayed Simon's finger as Bruce had opened it. He saw the gleam of the white paper in the dim light; and then he understood.

Simon was a man of rigid, unwavering self-control; and his usual way was to look a long time between the sights before he fired. Yet the sight of that document—the missing Folger-Ross agreement on which had hung victory or defeat—sent a violent impulse through all his nervous system. For the first time in his memory his reflexes got away from him.

It had meant too much; and his finger pressed back involuntarily against the trigger. He had not taken his usual deliberate aim, although he had seen Bruce's figure clearly between the sights the instant before he fired. Simon was a rifleman, bred in the bone, and he had no reason to think that the hasty aim meant a complete miss. He did realize, however, the difficulties of night shooting—a realization that all men who have lingered after dusk in the duck blind experience sooner or later—and he looked up over his sights to see the result of his shot. His self-control had completely returned to him; and he was perfectly cold about the whole matter.

From the first second he knew he had not completely missed. He raised his rifle to shoot again.

But Bruce's body was no longer revealed. Linda stood in the way. It looked as if she had deliberately thrown her own body as a shield between.

Simon spoke then—a single, terrible oath of hatred and jealousy. But in a second more he saw his triumph. Bruce swayed, reeled and fell in Linda's arms, and he saw her half-drag him into the house.

He stood shivering, but not from the cold that the storm had brought. "Come on," he ordered Young Bill. "I think we've downed him for good, but we've got to get that paper."

But Simon did not see all things clearly. He had little real knowledge of the little drama that had followed his shot from ambush.

Human nature is full of odd quirks and twists, and among other things, symptoms are misleading. There is an accepted way for men to act when they are struck with a rifle bullet. They are expected to reel, to throw their arms wide, and usually to cry out. The only trouble with these actions, as men who have been in bat-

tled fields know very well, is that they do not usually happen in real life.

Bruce, with Linda's eyes upon him, took one rather long, troubled breath. And he did look somewhat puzzled. Then he looked down at his shoulder. "I'm hit, Linda," he said in a quiet way. "I think just a scratch."

The tremendous shock of any kind of wound from a thirty-four caliber bullet had not seemingly affected him outwardly at all. Some hours were to pass before he completely understood. The truth was that the shock of that rifle bullet, ordinarily striking below of a half-ton, had cost him for the moment an ability to make any logical interpretation of events. The girl moved swiftly, yet without giving an impression of leaping, and stood very close and in front of him. In one lightning movement she had made of her own body a shield for him, in case the assassin in the covert should shoot again.

Her arms went about and seized his shoulders. "Stagger," she whispered quickly. "Pretend to fall. It's the one chance to save you."

He dispelled the mists in his own brain and obeyed her. He swayed, and her arms went about him. Then he fell forward.

Her strong arms encircled his waist and with all her magnificent young strength she dragged him to the door. It was noticeable, however—to all eyes except Bruce's—that she kept her own body as much as she could between him and the ambush. In an instant they were in the darkened room. Bruce stood up, once more wholly master of himself.

"You're not hurt bad?" she asked quickly.

"No. Just a deep scratch in the arm muscle near the shoulder. Bullet just must have grazed me. But it's bleeding pretty bad."

"Then there's no time to be lost." He—hands in her eagerness went again to his shoulder. "Don't you see—he'll be here in a minute. We'll steal out the back door and try to ride down to the courts before they can overtake us."

In one instant he had grasped the idea; and he laughed softly in the gloom. "I know. I'll snatch two blankets and the food. You get the horse."

She sprang out the kitchen door and he hurried into the bedrooms. He snatched two of the warmest blankets from the beds and hurried them over his shoulder. He hooked the camp ax on his belt, then hastened into the little kitchen. He took up the little sack containing a few pounds of jerked venison, spilled out a few pieces for Elmina, and carried it—with a few pounds of flour—out to meet Linda. The horse still stood saddled, and with deft hands they tied on their supplies and fastened the blankets in a long roll in front of the saddle.

"Get on," she whispered. "I'll get up behind you."

She spoke in the utter darkness; he felt her breath against his cheek. Then the lightning came dimly and showed him her face.

"No, Linda," he replied quietly. "You are going alone."

She cut him off with a despairing cry. "Oh, please, Bruce—I won't! I'll stay here, then."

"Don't you see?" he demanded. "You can make it out without me. I'm wounded and bleeding, and can't tell how long I can keep up. We've only got one horse, and without me to weigh him down you can get down to the courts."

"And leave you here to be murdered? Oh, don't waste the precious seconds any more. I won't go without you. I mean it. If you stay here, I do, too. Believe me if you ever believed anything."

Once more the lightning revealed her face, and on it the determination of a zealot. He knew that she spoke the truth. He climbed with some difficulty into the saddle. A moment more and she swung up behind him.

The entire operation had taken an astonishingly short period of time. Bruce had worked like mad, wholly disregarding his injured arm. Just beyond, Simon with ready rifle was creeping toward the house.

"Which way?" Bruce asked.

"The out-trail—around the mountain," she whispered. "Simon will overtake us on the other—he's got a magnificent horse. On the mountain trail we'll have a better chance to keep out of his sight."

She spoke hurriedly, yet conveyed her message with entire clearness. They knew what they had to face, these two, Simon and whoever of the clan was with him would lose no time in springing in pursuit. They each had a strong horse, they knew the trails, they carried long-range rifles and would open fire at the first glimpse of the fugitives. Bruce was wounded; slight as the injury was, it would seriously handicap them in such a test as this. Their one chance was to keep to the remote trails, to lurk unseen in the thickets, and try to break through to safety. And they knew that only by the doubtful mercy of the forest gods could they ever succeed.

Linda took the reins and pulled out of the trail, then encircled a heavy wall of brush. She did not wish to take the risk of Simon seeing their forms in the dimming lightning and opening fire so soon. Then she turned back into the trail and headed into the storm.

Simon had clear enough memory of the rifle fire that Linda had opened upon the clan to wish to approach

(Continued on page 6)