

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., Dec. 14, 1922

Summer and winter, day and night, Southern Pacific passenger trains of great length and freight trains more than half a mile long go whizzing through Halsey, indicating the biggest business enterprise of the country. Strikes do not stop 'em. Shortage of cars only brings about the expenditure of millions for new cars. The company proposes, as soon as possible, to be prepared to handle promptly all business that comes to it. People in this valley generally hope that there will be no unmerging and shaking up of the trackage used by the Southern Pacific.

The railroad shopmen's union in Portland has spent all the funds it had or could raise. The Journal says that nearly 200,000 shopmen are out of jobs because of the strike and some of their families are suffering. In most of the big strikes the strikers cut their noses off to spite their faces. The strike is usually a boomerang.

Relief for farmers has been given right of way over the ship subsidy bill by the senate. The farm bloc says: "You tickle me and maybe I'll tickle you, but you tickle me first."

Mrs. L. E. Walton is in charge of the sale of Red Cross seals here.

WE DO DYEING

HUB CLEANING WORKS (Inc.)

DYERS CLEANERS TAILORS HATTERS

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E. C. Miller, Local Agent

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All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 260.9

WINDOM & SON

Painters, Brownsville,

can make your OLD CARS look like NEW Bring them in Moderate prices.

W. J. Ribelin

Office 1st door south of school house Halsey, Oregon.

Dealer in Real Estate.

Handles Town and Country Property. Give him a call and see if he can fix you up.

We make a Specialty of Friendship, Engagement and Wedding Rings

F. M. FRENCH & SONS ALBANY OREG.

I. O. O. F.

WILDEV LODGE NO. 65,

Regular meeting next Saturday night.

Sketches and Scenic Illustrations

make appropriate Christmas gifts, so plan to present your friend with some. Samples may be seen at the Enterprise office or send for price list and sample.

JOHN K. STANDISH, HALSEY, ORE.

WHY NOT

Make This a Furniture Christmas?

at this year that will bring joy to the recipient not only this year but in the years to come? We mention just a few articles below that are always acceptable, but there are many more that will appeal to you:

Cedar Chests
Davenport Tables
Windsor Chairs
Sewing Cabinets.

Tea Wagons
Buffets
Lamps
Pedestals

Pictures
Rugs
Davenports
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Living Room Suites
Dining Room Suits
Spinnet Desks

Toyland for the Children--Coaster Wagons, Velocipedes, Kiddy Cars, Doll Buggies, Desks, Rockers, Chairs, Cradles, Beds, Small Cedar Chests and many other things to make the kiddies happy.

A cordial invitation is extended to you to make our store your headquarters when you are in Albany. Our rest room is at your service.

Fisher-Braden

The home of the Cheney Phonograph

Third and Broadalbin streets, Albany, Oregon.

Mrs. Margaret Johnson of Linn county has been released from the state insane asylum as cured.

E. L. STIFF Furniture Exchange

We have lots of good USED FURNITURE on hand and are getting more every day

9x12 Pabcolin Rugs, \$11
Beauty Banquet Ranges \$70 to \$92

Used ranges \$20 to \$40. Very good condition. All at bargain prices.

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The Shoe Doctor
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Lebanon's Reliable Funeral Director and Mortician
Large stock, fine equipment, including two good auto hearses. Prices most reasonable. Lady attendant.

Fresh and Cured Meats
All kinds of FISH in season
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Amor A. Tussing
LAWYER AND NOTARY
BROWNVILLE, OREGON

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the county court of Linn county, Oregon, as the administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased, late of Linn county, Oregon, and he has duly qualified as such. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the Lebanon National bank, in Lebanon, Oregon, duly certified as by law required, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1922.

Date of first publication, November 30th, 1922. Date of last publication December 28th, 1922.

Administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased.

N. M. NEWPORT, Attorney for Administrator.

Lebanon, Oregon.

A Summer Clime

for your

Winter Outing

That's

California

Like many others at this season of the year, you are thinking of a trip to a warmer clime.

California is just the place for your winter outing. Here the days are flooded with bright, warm sunshine. You may enjoy all outdoor recreations, or simply relax and rest in comfort under sunlit skies.

There are noted golf courses, polo fields, tennis courts, miles of splendid highways and countless places of scenic and romantic charm.

Go now and take advantage of Excellent Train Service and Through Sleeping Cars to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

LOW ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Now on Sale

See train schedules, sleeping car and railroad ticket agents, or write

JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
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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

During the shopmen's strike, Southern Pacific placed embargoes on livestock and perishables for but two periods of 28 and 44 hours respectively, and annulled no passenger trains. Union Pacific embargoed livestock and perishables at all California junctions for six days and were unable to move passenger trains for four days, on which Southern Pacific assisted them by handling their passengers to destination. For several days during the strike the Southern Pacific afforded the public the only means to move freight and passengers by rail out of California.

Congressman Magee asserts that legalizing wine and beer would "probably restore wholesome respect for the law." Of course, everyone remembers the wholesome respect in which the saloons always held the law in the old days.—Eugene Register.

The Southern Pacific company has authorized construction of freight and passenger train cars representing an investment of \$12,000,000 to be delivered in 1923 for use on the company's Pacific system.

John Wanamaker is dead, aged 85.

The

Strength

of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

CHAPTER XXXI

The furies almost immediately obscured the Killer's form, and Bruce turned his attention back to Linda.

"It's the end," he said quietly. "Why not here as well as anywhere else?"

The house on which was tied their scanty blankets was miles away by now: its tracks were obscured in the snow, and they could not find their way to any shelter that might be concealed among the ridges.

But before the question was finished, a strange note had come into his voice. It was as if his attention had been called from his words by something much more momentous. The truth was that it had been caught and held by a curious expression on the girl's face. All at once she sprang to her feet.

"Bruce!" she cried. "Perhaps there's a way yet. A long, long chance, but maybe a way yet. Get your rifle—Simon's is broken—and come with me."

Without waiting for him to rise she struck off into the storm, following the huge footprints of the bear. The man struggled with himself, summoned all that was left of his reserve supply of strength, and leaped up. He snatched his rifle from the ground where Simon had thrown it, and in an instant was beside her. Her cheeks were blazing.

"Maybe it just means further torture," she confessed to him. "But don't you want to make every effort we can to save ourselves? Don't you want to fight till the last breath?"

She glanced up and saw her answer in the growing strength of his face. Then his words spoke too. "As long as the slightest chance remains," he replied.

"And you'll forgive me if it comes to nothing?"

He smiled dimly. She took fresh heart when she saw he still had strength enough to smile. "You don't have to ask me that."

"A moment ago an idea came to me—it came so straight and sure it was as if a voice told me," she explained hurriedly. She didn't look at him again. She kept her eyes intent upon the great footprints in the snow. To miss them for a second meant, in that world of whirling snow, to lose them forever. "It was after the bear had killed Simon and had gone away. He acted exactly as if he thought of something and went out to do it—exactly as if he had a destination in view. Didn't you see—his anger seemed to die in him and he started off in the face of the storm. I've watched the ways of animals too long not to know that he had something in view. It wasn't food; he would have attacked the body of the horse, or even Simon's body. If he had just been running away or wandering, he would have gone with the wind, not against it. He was weakened from the fight—perhaps dying—and I think—"

He finished the sentence for her breathlessly. "That he's going toward shelter."

"Yes. You know, Bruce—the bears hibernate every year. That's my one

hope now—that the Killer has gone to some cave he knows about to hibernate until this storm is over. I think from the way he started off, so sure and so straight, that it's near. It would be dry and out of the storm, and if we could take it away from him we could make a fire that the snow wouldn't put out. It would mean life—and we could go on when the storm is over."

"You remember—we have only one cartridge."

"Yes, I know—I heard you fire. And it's only a thirty-thirty at that. It's a risk—as terrible a risk as we've yet run. But it's a chance."

They talked no more. Instead, they walked as fast as they could into the face of the storm. They walked much more swiftly than the bear, and they could tell by the appearance of the tracks that they were but a few yards behind him.

They soon became aware that they were mounting a low ridge. They left the underbrush and emerged into the open timber. And all at once Bruce, who now walked in front, paused with lifted hand, and pointed. Dim through the furies they made out the outline of the bear. And Linda's inspiration had come true.

There was a ledge of rocks just in front—a place such as the rattlesnake had loved in the blasting sun of summer—and a black hole yawned in its side. The aperture had been almost covered with the snow, and they saw that the great creature was scooping away the remainder of the white drift with his paw. As they waited, the opening grew steadily wider, revealing the mouth of a little cavern in the face of the rock.

"Shoot!" Linda whispered. "If he gets inside we won't be able to get him out."

But Bruce shook his head, then stole nearer. She understood; he had only one cartridge, and he must not take the risk of wounding the animal. The fire had to be centered on a vital place.

He walked steadily nearer until it seemed to Linda he would advance straight into reach of the terrible claws. The Killer turned his head and saw Bruce. Rage flamed again in his eyes. He half-turned about; then poised to charge.

The gun moved swiftly, easily, to the man's shoulder, his chin dropped down, his straight eyes gazed along the barrel. In spite of his wound never had human arms held more steady than his did then. And he marked the little space of gray squarely between the two reddening eyes.

The finger pressed back steadily against the trigger. The rifle cracked in the silence. And then there was a curious effect of tableau, a long second in which all three figures seemed to stand deathly still.

The bear leaped forward, and it seemed wholly impossible to Linda that Bruce could swerve aside in time to avoid the blow. She cried out in horror as the great paws whiplashed down in the place where Bruce had stood. But the man had been prepared for this very recoil, and he had sprung aside just as the claws raked past.

And the Killer would hunt no more in Trail's End. At the end of that loop he fell, his great body quivering strangely in the snow. The lead had gone straight home where it had been aimed, and the charge itself had been mostly muscular reflex. He lay still at last, a gray, mammoth figure that was majestic even in death.

No more would the deer shudder with terror at the sound of his heavy



He Marked the Little Space of Gray Squarely Between the Two Reddening Eyes.

step in the thicket. No more would the herds fly into stampede at the sight of his great shadow on the moonlit grass. The last of the Oregon grizzlies had gone the way of all his breed.

To Bruce and Linda, standing breathless and awed in the snow-furies, his death imaged the passing of an old order—the last stand that the forces of the wild had made against conquering man. But there was pathos in it, too. There was the symbol of mighty breeds humbled and destroyed.

But the pines were left. Those eternal symbols of the wilderness—and

(Continued on page 4)