

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

An independent—NOT neutral—news-paper, published every Thursday, by WM. H. and A. A. WHEELER.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance. Transient advertising, 15c an inch; permanent advertising, 25c. No discount for time or space.

ASKILLFUL MARINER

At last the irresistible logic of facts has convinced President Harding that the United States has such an interest in the affairs of Europe as demands that he help to save it from ruin.

The biggest man in the republican party today is Hoover, judged by his works, but he makes very little noise and is not in the newspapers as much as many others, who are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Harding sticks to his appointees as Wilson did to his, and in the case of Dougherty, whom the Herin type of labor unionists tried to oust through impeachment, he has been vindicated by the refusal of the accusing rabble to produce their evidence before the investigating commission.

While foreign nations, the South American republics, our own poli-

at harmony, why not get the predictors and the producers of weather to try for a little harmony there?

The wets are trying to get the Volstead act changed to permit 7-per-cent beer and 15-per-cent vinous and distilled liquors. They waste their breath, strong as it is.

Fatty Arbuckle pleads with Will Hays to let him appear in the movies again, Hays is not the court of last resort. That is the American public.

The fellow who didn't do his Christmas shopping early will be picking around among the leavings until Saturday night.

America has notified the European powers of an intention to intervene in their affairs, but only economically.

WE DO DYEING

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E. C. Miller, Local Agent

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N. C. LOWE Lebanon's Reliable Funeral Director and Mortician

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Fresh and Cured Meats

All kinds of FISH in season Quarters of BEEF for canning purposes at canning prices W. F. CARTER

A Modern Barber Shop Laundry sent Tuesdays

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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. J. M. RINGO, Administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased. N. M. NEWPORT, Attorney for Administrator, Lebanon, Oregon.

Santa Fetched Him



Courtesy Eastman Kodak Co.

The Evergreen Tree

By Christopher G. Hazard (©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE servants had retired and left the old lady alone. She sat before the decorated and lighted tree that was burdened with gifts that seemed to have no destinations. For Mrs. Stone was long past the wanting of gifts and no companions, young or old, sat with her, because she wished to be alone with her memories.

The next day, when the servants dismantled the evergreen tree, it was found that every gift was marked with a name, and they were busy that Christmas morning in distributing new happiness about the neighborhood.

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.—Philippians 3:8-11.

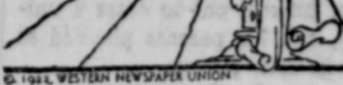
So Many Ravens. The Lord never had so many ravens as he has this morning.—T. De Witt Talmage.

God is Known Everywhere. In Judah is God known; His name is great in Israel.—Psalm 78:1.

The senate adopted McNary's resolution that the secretary of war distribute army supplies and take charge of sanitary conditions at fire-stricken Astoria.

A Christmas Eye In Camp

By F. H. Sweet



HALF a dozen unshaven, red-shirted miners were gathered about the dingy counter of Bilger's, the one store in camp. It was Christmas eve, and they wanted something extra for their dinner on the morrow—just to keep them in mind of the day, they said. But there was little novelty in the forlorn remnant of cans upon the shelves, or in the half-empty barrels and boxes under the counter and massed in the corners of the room.

This brought the entire group of Christmas hunters into a compact, envious circle; and while they were anxiously debating the pro and con—especially the con—of a division of spoils, the door opened quietly and a stoop-shouldered, watery-eyed man entered.

"Have you got any toys?" he asked, hesitatingly.

The storekeeper stared, and unaccountably, as though by preconcerted arrangement, the group around the canned representatives from Cape Cod turned and stared also.

"Any—what?" the storekeeper asked blankly.

"Toys," the man repeated looking at the encircling faces with abashed embarrassment—"things to play with, I mean, like children have at Christmas. You see," with a curious mingling of apology and pride in his voice, "my little ten-year-old boy came in on the stage just now—clean from his grandma's, back to Missouri. I've been sendin' for him these two years, but couldn't seem to get to it till I struck a vein last month."

He lurched heavily against the counter. His watery eyes began to fill, partly through his condition and partly from some long dormant tenderness which was beginning to reawaken.

"The boy's consider'ble childish," he went on, rousing himself a little at the consciousness of being listened to by men who usually passed him without recognition, "an' likes things to play with. So, bein' it's Christmas, an' he jest comin', why, I thought mebbe I'd better hunt some toys."

"Of course," cried Dobson, the sheriff, heartily; and "Of course," "Of course," came promptly from others of the group.

And then they looked about the store inquiringly, eagerly, in search of something that would please a ten-year-old boy who was childish. But there was a little they saw; only huge miners' boots, pyramids of picks and shovels and blankets, barrels of flour and beans and pork; and on the shelves, tobacco and canned goods, and a small assortment of earthen and tinware; and then, at the far end of the store, a bar for the accommodation of those who were thirsty.

There were no dry and fancy goods and notions upon the shelves, no show-cases upon the counter, no display in the one dingy window. Such things would begin to make their appearance only with the coming of the first woman, and that was not yet.

"Rather a slim show for playthings, Dobson," said the owner of the cranberries, after a fruitless search with his eyes from one end of the store to the other. Don't s'pose a pack o' playin' cards would do?" as his gaze paused hopefully on an extensive assortment of that popular article.

"They has pictures on 'em."

"Wouldn't do at all," answered Dobson decidedly. "They ain't moral; an' the first kid who patronizes us has got to be brought up moral. Say, you," to the watery-eyed man, who was edging towards the bar at the far end of the store—"none o' that!"

"None o' what?" asked the man querulously. "I ain't steppin' on your toes."

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.

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There ain't no call to interfere between 'ther an' son," dropping his voice to an easy, familiar tone, and placing a hand encouragingly upon the tremulous shoulder, "so long as the father makes a good deal; but when he dumps,"—his voice was still soft, but he steely glint returned to his eyes—"then me an' my friends step in. Sabe? Bein' the first kid in camp, we've constituted ourselves his guardian—just like every man in the place will do soon's they hear of his bein' here."

He turned back to his companions. The watery-eyed man, after one long, wistful farewell glance toward the bar, resumed his fruitless search of the goods. There was nothing now to divide his attention; he knew the men with whom he had to deal, and realized that henceforth the bar was to be as far removed from him as though a wall of granite intervened. But, to his credit be it said, even with the realization came a new firmness to his eyes.

"What's that on the top shelf?" he asked suddenly.

"That? Oh, that is—I dunno," hesitated the storekeeper, as he took down the object in question and examined it critically. "It got in with some goods a year ago, an' has been up there ever since."

"Why, you chump!" cried the cranberry owner derisively, "not to know a jumpin' jack when you see one! I've bought lots of 'em to home for the children. See!" and he pulled a string which sent the acrobat tumbling up over the top of his red pole. "Just the thing for a kid."

"Just the thing," repeated the watery-eyed man, drawing a small bag of gold dust from his pocket: "it'll make the boy laugh."

As he was going out, the owner of the cranberries stepped to his side.

"Here, take this along with you," he said, relinquishing the can to which he had been clinging so fondly. "It'll help to make out a Christmas for the boy."

"And this, too." "And this," added the owner of the sardines and the owner of the baked beans; and then Sheriff Dobson pushed before them and slipped something bright and heavy into the hand which held the jumping-jack.

"It's a nest-egg for the kid," he said gravely. "Now you better go home an' fill up his stockin'; an' to-morrow you can tell him Merry Christmas from us all."

GOING WAY OF THE BUFFALO

Vast Herds of Wild Game That Once Roamed South Africa Veil'd Are Disappearing.

South Africa is no longer the sportsman's paradise. The great herds of game that roamed the veldt have been decimated to the verge of extinction. Because of this, Dr. William T. Hornaday, chief crusader for the protection of wild life in America, has espoused the cause of another continent, and is pleading for more intelligent game laws in the land where Roosevelt shot his lion. Unless such laws intervene, he declares, the day is soon to come when the last of several beautiful species will fall prey to man. And the last of uglier but most interesting ones, as the white rhinoceros.

One cannot repress a sigh at such a thought. America witnessed the passing of the bison, saw the last

passenger pigeon in migration, and even now regards the dwindling prong-horn herd. The disappearance of game is a penalty of settlement, for obviously the same acres will not give food and shelter to man and the beasts. What has happened in America, much as we regret to admit it, must happen on the veldt—in spite of all that Doctor Hornaday and his colleagues may say or do. It is the natural law, against which enacted statutes cannot hope to strive.—Baltimore American.

CONSTANTLY ADDING COLORS

Dyers, Up to a Recent Date, Have Developed Some Fourteen Hundred Varying Shades.

"How many colors do you suppose there are?" a manufacturer of woolsens asked the reporter.

"Three primaries, red, yellow and blue, and three secondaries, orange, green and purple," replied the reporter promptly. "Or, if you want the colors of the spectrum, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet."

But he was away off, as this authority soon showed. In the first installment of the "color index" of the Society of Dyers and Colorists at Bradford, England, about 1,400 colors are displayed, and there were 1,000 colors given in the German work on the same subject in its edition of 1914. To the trained eye, which acquires a perception of gradations that would make the most refined musical ear seem elementary by comparison, no two of these colors are alike. The dyes are those of dye-makers all over the world, including 29 in the United States and 32 each in Great Britain and Germany.—Wall Street Journal.

SURE POPULARITY

"Do you think this is the day of the young man in politics?"

"Youth has its advantages," replied Senator Sorghum. "There wouldn't be a doubt about my reelection if I could jump in and pitch a winning game for our local baseball team."

The house demands an international conference on limitation of the construction of aircraft, submarines and small naval craft, without which the Harding arms limitation treaties would be futile.

FOR SALE

1 new Anker Holtz Cream Separator

Capacity 650. Will sell at 15 per cent discount. See it at the creamery. Also about 75 Rock and Red Pullets, commencing to lay. L. W. BURLLEY.

HALSEY Creamery & Produce Station

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I. O. O. F.

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