

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An independent—NOT neutral—news-
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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. 28, 1922

MR. PIERCE'S PROGRAM

Mr. Pierce at Lebanon Friday night made a speech in which he answered some of the sneering queries which have been hurled at him as to how he proposes to effect any reduction of the tax burden from which Oregonians, and especially Oregon farmers, are suffering.

He declares that about \$2,000,000 worth of property in the state escapes taxation. He will advocate legislation to make this produce its share of the state's burden.

He would have a severance tax levied on timber and minerals taken from government land in the state.

He favors a graduated state income tax, which would derive more of the income of the state from those best able to pay it. The howl that the levying of a higher percentage on incomes of \$100,000 than is paid on the \$400 income of the average farmer would drive enterprises from the state does not seem to scare him. In the first place, the \$100,000 fellow wouldn't go, and in the next place if he did the common people, from whom he derives his \$100,000, could spare him if he would and not miss a meal as a result.

He would have the state institutions exercise more economy. Perhaps this would be possible without lessening their efficiency. That is a moot point.

He proposes a state market commissioner. Whether such an official could cut down the spread between the price the farmer gets for his products and that paid by the consumer, which in many instances is three times as great as it was a few years ago, is doubtful. If he did not he probably would add to the tax burden instead of lessening it. We have too many commissions now. That is one cause of the H. C. L.

He wants a "truth-in-fabric" law and so do the Oregon consumers.

He is sound in supporting the market road law, the funds for which have been raided by the state commission, and the Roosevelt highway, which, like market roads and unlike the Pacific and Columbia highways, will help develop dormant resources. And he is sound in opposing any extension of the present program or any further issue of bonds.

He would raise the tax on gasoline, which is probably high enough now, and would raise the license fee on expensive cars.

There are points in this program which the Enterprise cannot endorse, but as a whole it "listens good."

Two men who were kidnapped by a shrouded and hooded mob at Mer Rouge, La., many months ago, were recovered last week from a lake where they had been sunk after having been beaten until their bones were broken. The K. K. K. is strong in that section and boasts that no jury can be got that will convict parties arrested for the murders. State troops are in charge and further investigation of the doings of the invisible empire is in progress. Enforcement of law is often lax, but if such outrages as these can be perpetrated and go unpunished the situation is worse than generally supposed.

There will never be peace and good will with Turkey while the Turkish government lasts. It recognizes no treaties as binding

when it has power to violate them. It treats woman as created simply for man's plaything; it deems it a virtue to murder those whose faith is different. The Turk remains, as ever, "the unspeakable Turk."

Will Hays explains that he has not restored Fatty Arbuckle to the movies. He only removed his ban. A protest against his return has gone up from women's societies and ministers. Fatty pleads that he was vindicated by his acquittal of the murder of Miss Rappa. If he were innocent of the manslaughter, which many doubt, the proved lewdness and liquor-guzzling of his life would be sufficient to deter parents from encouraging their children to embrace him as a hero while enjoying his slapstick acting. If he is permitted to earn an honest living with the hoe and shovel on a farm he will be given the chance to "make good" which he and Hays ask for.

County Commissioner Sharp of Lane county says the highway commission has let the building of 80 78 miles on the Goshen-Lowell road to the Warren Construction company for almost \$10,000 a mile when he, a contractor, would like to build it for \$3000 or \$4000 a mile, and that a bridge on the same road has been contracted for twice what it will cost to build it. Such instances as these, vouched for by so good an authority, confirm Mr. Pierce's assertion that the commission is extravagant with the people's money.

Wearing a lamp in his hat to protect him from being shot for a deer, Al Byers had his head blown off by a charge of shot fired by H. Martin, who was hunting deer with him at night on the Coquille river. Martin mistook the light for a deer's eye. Day or night, all the same, hunting is a dangerous sport.

Lane county proposes to profit by the budget system. Instead of adopting the county budget as presented by the officials, which is the usual course, the taxpayers' meeting voted for a cut of ten per cent. If the officials conform to this the taxpayers' budget meeting will for once have been something more than a farce.

F. A. Roberts of Eugene says a cougar jumped at his auto Friday night as he was returning from Roseburg and missing it chased it for half a mile. What he had in the bottle at the time is not reported.

They have been passing the governorship around among members of the defeated party in recent weeks. Probably Louie Reau of Eugene will be the last governor before Pierce.

If Mr. Pierce works any harder at making out his list of appointments than the politicians and the newspapers have done Hercules will have to take a back seat.

HALL'S FLORAL and MUSIC SHOP
Good service and prompt delivery

CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS
Albany Phone 166J

HALSEY Creamery & Produce Station
Cash paid for Cream, Poultry, Eggs and Veal. **M. H. SHOOK.**

I. O. O. F.
WILDEY LODGE NO. 65.
Regular meeting next Saturday night.

Amor A. Tussing
LAWYER AND NOTARY
BROWNVILLE, OREGON

Thirty-one teachers took the examinations which closed Saturday.

Albany-Brownsville Stage
Leaves postoffice corner in Halsey four times a day.
Calls at Shedd and Langert
Lv. Brownsville 7:20 a. m. and 3:20 p. m.
Halsey 7:50 3:50
Ar. Albany 8:35 4:35
Returning
Lv. Albany 9:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.
At Halsey 9:45 5:45
Brownsville 10:15 6:15
Fare, Halsey to Albany, 50c; to Brownsville, 35c

Jersey Heifer Calf
2½ months old
J. C. STANDISH,
Halsey, Oregon

WE DO DYEING
HUB CLEANING WORKS (Inc.)
DYERS CLEANERS
TAILORS HATTERS
Cor Fourth and Lyon sts.
Albany Oregon

E. C. Miller, Local Agent

FOR SALE
1 new Anker Holth
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. BYERLEY.

WINDOM & SON
Painters, Brownsville,
can make your OLD CARS look like NEW Bring them in Moderate prices.

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

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.

F. M. GRAY, Drayman.
All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269.9

WRIGHT & POOLE
LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS
HARRISBURG LEBANON
Phone 35 Phone 15
Branches at
Brownsville, Phone 37C15.
Halsey Phone 166, Frank Kirk, Mgr

N. C. LOWE
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
Quarters of BEEF for canning purposes at canning prices
W. F. CARTEER

FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeed by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement of the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good **CASH**

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.

HALSEY STATE BANK
Halsey, Oregon
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

START SOMETHING
If you would make progress start something worth while.
There is nothing you can start that will contribute more to your progress and happiness than a bank account.
Money in the bank creates confidence. "Confidence begets enthusiasm and enthusiasm conquers the world."
Start a Bank Account and keep it growing.
First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon
Where Savings are safe

Beasley's Christmas Party
By BOOTH TARKINGTON

IV.
Finding that I had still some leisure before me, I got a book from my room and repaired to the bench in the garden. But I did not read; I had but opened the book when my attention was arrested by sounds from the other side of the high fence—low and tremulous croonings of distinctly African derivation:
"Ah met mah stah in a-maw-nin'. She 'ux a-waggin' up de hill so slow! 'Stah, you mus' git a rastle in 'fo time, B'fo de hevnyly do's close—ix!"
It was the voice of an aged negro; and the simultaneous slight creaking of a small hub and axle seemed to indicate that he was pushing or pulling a child's wagon or perambulator up and down the walk from the kitchen door to the stable. Whiles, he proffered soothing music; over and over he repeated the chant, though with variations; encountering in turn his brother, his daughter, each of his parents, his uncle, his cousin, and his second-cousin, one after the other ascending the same slope with the same perilous leisure.
"Lay still, honey." He interrupted his injunction as to the second-cousin. "Des keep or a nappin' an' a-breavin' de fesh ale. Dass wha's go' meek you good an' well agin."
Then, here spoke the strangest voice that ever fell upon my ear; it was not like a child's, neither was it like a very old person's voice; it might have been a grasshopper's; it was so thin and little, and made of such tiny wavers and quavers and creakings.
"I want—" said this elfin voice, "I want—Bill—Hammersley!"
The shabby car which had passed my cousin's house was drawing up to the curb near Beasley's gate. Evidently the old negro saw it.
"Hi dar!" he exclaimed. "Look at dat! Hain' Bill a comin' yonnan des edzactly on de dot an' to de vey spot an' instink when you 'quah fo' 'im, honey? Dar come Mist Dave, right on de minute, an' you kin bet yo' las hunnud dollahs he got dat Bill Hammersley wif 'im! Come along, honey-chile! Ah's go' to pull you 'roun in de side yod fo' to meet 'em."
The small wagon creaked away, the chair resuming as it went.
Mr. Dowden jumped out of the car with a wave of his hand to the driver, Beasley himself, who drove through his open carriage-gates and down the drive on the other side of the house, where he was lost to my view.
Dowden, entering our own gate, nodded in a friendly fashion to me, and I advanced to meet him.
"Some day I want to take you over next door," he said cordially, as I came up. "You ought to know Beasley, especially as I hear you're doing some political reporting. Dave Beasley's going to be the next governor of this state, you know." He laughed, offered me a cigar, and we sat down together on the front steps.
"From all I hear," I rejoined, "you ought to know who'll get it." (It was said in town that Dowden would "come pretty near having the nomination in his pocket.")
"I expect you thought I shifted the subject pretty braky the other day?" He glanced at me quizzically from under the brim of his black felt hat. "I meant to tell you about that, but the opportunity didn't occur. You see—"
"I understand," I interrupted. "I've heard the story. You thought it might be embarrassing to Miss Apperthwaite."
"I expect I was pretty clumsy about it," said Dowden, cheerfully. "Well, well—" he flicked his cigar with a smothered ejaculation that was half a sigh and half a laugh; "it's a mighty strange case. Here they keep on living next door to each other, year after year, each going on alone when they might just as well—" He left the sentence unfinished, save for a vocal click of compassion. "They bow when they happen to meet, but they haven't exchanged a word since the night she sent him away, long ago." He shook his head, then his countenance cleared and he chuckled. "Well, sir, Dave's got something at home to keep him busy enough, these days, I expect."
"Do you mind telling me?" I inquired. "Is his name 'Simpledoria'?"
Mr. Dowden threw back his head and laughed loudly. "Lord, no! What on earth make you think that?"
I told him. It was my second success with this narrative; however, there was a difference: my former auditor listened with flushed and breathless excitement, whereas the present one laughed calmly throughout. Especially he laughed with a great laughter at the picture of Beasley's coming down at four in the morning to open the door for nothing on sea or land or in the waters under the earth. I gave account, as of the miraculous jumping contest, (though I did not

mention Miss Apperthwaite's having been with me), and of the elfin voice I had just now overheard demanding "Bill Hammersley."

"So I expect you must have decided," he chuckled, when I concluded, "that David Beasley has gone just plain insane."

"Not a bit of it. Nobody could look at him and not know better than that." "You're right there!" said Dowden, heartily. "And now I'll tell you all there is to it. You see, Dave grew up with a cousin of his named Hamilton Swift; they were boys together; went to the same school, and then to college. I don't believe there was ever a high word spoken between them. Nobody in this life ever got a quarrel out of Dave Beasley, and Hamilton Swift was a mighty good sort of a fellow, too. He went East to live, after they got out of college, yet they always managed to get together once a year, generally about Christmas time. You couldn't pass them on the street without hearing their laughter ringing out louder than the sleigh-bells, maybe over some old joke between them, or some fool thing they did, perhaps, when they were boys. But finally Hamilton Swift's business took him over to the other side of the water to live; and he married an English girl,



"Simpledoria is Supposed to Be Hamilton Swift, Jr., St. Bernard Dog."

an orphan without any kin. That was about seven years ago. Well, sir, this last summer he and his wife were taking a trip down in Switzerland, and they were both drowned—tipped over out of a rowboat in Lake Lucerne—and word came that Hamilton Swift's will appointed Dave guardian of the one child they had, a little boy—Hamilton Swift, Junior's, his name. He was sent across the ocean in charge of a doctor, and Dave went on to New York to meet him. He brought him home here the very day before you passed the house and saw poor Dave getting up at four in the morning to let that ghost in. And a mighty funny ghost Simpledoria is!"

"I begin to understand," I said, "and to feel pretty silly, too."
"Not at all," he rejoined, heartily. "That little chap's freaks would mystify anybody, especially with Dave hampering 'em on the ridiculous way he does. Hamilton Swift, Junior, is the curioziest child I ever saw—and the good Lord knows He made all children powerful mysterious! This poor little cuss has a complication of infirmities that have kept him on his back most of his life, never knowing other children, never playing, or anything; and he's got ideas and ways that I never saw the beat of! He was born sick, as I understand it—his bones and nerves and insides are all wrong, somehow—but it's supposed he gets a little better from year to year. He wears a pretty elaborate set of braces, and he's subject to attacks, too—I don't know the name for 'em—and loses what little voice he has sometimes, all but a whisper. He had one, I know, the day after Beasley brought him home, and that was probably the reason you thought Dave was carrying on all to himself about that jumping-match out in the back-yard. The boy must have been lying there in the little wagon they have for him, while Dave cut up shines with 'Bill Hammersley.' Of course, most children have make-believe friends and companions, especially if they haven't any brothers or sisters, but this lonely little feller's got his people worked out in his mind and materialized beyond any I ever heard of. Dave got well acquainted with 'em on the train on the way home, and they certainly are giving him a lively time. Ho, ho! Getting him up at four in the morning—"

Mr. Dowden's mirth overcame him for a moment; when he had mastered it, he continued: "Simpledoria—now where do you suppose he got that name?—well, anyway, Simpledoria is supposed to be Hamilton Swift, Junior's, St. Bernard dog. Beasley had to bathe him the other day, he told me! And Bill Hammersley is supposed to be a boy of Hamilton Swift, Junior's, own age, but very big and strong; he has rosy cheeks, and he can do more in athletics than a whole college track-

When a stranger sees a newspaper from your town he judges the town by it. It profits the town to have a good and prosperous-looking paper issue from it.
We want to make a better paper in Halsey. Don't you want us to? You can help us to do it—
By becoming a subscriber if you are not one.
By showing the Enterprise to your neighbor and inducing him to take it.
By keeping your subscription paid in advance.
By calling at the office or dropping a line through the mail when you can give us a news item.
By telling the man you trade with that you saw his advertisement in the Enterprise, if you did.