

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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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., Jan. 4, 1923

FARM BLOC POWERFUL

With a "farm bloc" in congress, the agriculturists of the country are receiving respectful consideration from the politicians.

The labor unions have been announcing that they have gained and are to gain so much by union with farmers' organizations that their prospect of dominating national legislation has brightened.

Now we are told in the Washington dispatches that "big industries of the country and farm organizations have joined hand in a determined drive to procure such relaxation of the immigration law as will relieve the present shortage of common labor."

There can be no question that in many industries wages are too high for the prosperity of the country. There is unwarranted profiteering between producer and consumer—greater than ever known before. But that is not the only cause of the H. C. L. Another is the labor cost of production, which has doubled since the prosperous days before the war.

Not only is the farmer compelled to pay exorbitant wages in many cases, but after he has secured the high-priced help he is likely to find it no more than half as efficient as formerly. This multiplies by four the labor cost of producing crops.

There is plenty of foreign help to be had to produce farm crops at approximately the old cost, if the bars were let down, and if the farm and manufacturing interests combine there is nothing they cannot obtain from congress.

A more reasonable attitude on the part of the more radical labor unions, and less I. W. W.ism on the part of farm laborers would improve the prospects of both of them.

Already in this country are more than a million radio receivers, representing three or four million radio listeners, and perhaps the most progressive and revolutionary development is the broadcasting of college work. Forty-seven colleges and universities are broadcasting educational and musical programs. This opens to the ambitious youth who is financially unable to take a college course a door to education that has always heretofore been closed.

The president is this country's representative in dealing with foreign affairs and therefore it is logical his judgment should prevail. It is better to give the president a free hand in such matters and then hold him accountable. Congress cannot successfully operate as the state department.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

How funny that kind of sentiment would have looked in a republican paper when a democrat was president or would look in a democratic paper now!

The state highway commission, cutting \$170,000 from its contemplated expense account, announces that rather than reduce pay it will "cut force and double the work." Pity it didn't do that some years ago.

Ex-President Howard of the American farm bureau says that "adjustment of prices would solve the farm problem" and newspapers are quoting that as something new!

Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo of the Seio Tribune issued a handsome card of new year's greetings, printed in gold.

THE ALBANY HEALINGS
How the Subject Appears to A Skeptic

Editor Enterprise: When a white man appeared before a gathering of natives in Africa and, while talking to them, calmly removed his glass eye and then replaced it again, they acclaimed him as a god. When I see a phenomenon that I cannot explain I am not inclined to declare it supernatural. I am willing to confess that I do not know.

There have been some wonderful things done at the Price meetings in Albany and elsewhere. Some claim that they are supernatural demonstrations of divine power, others that they are quackery. I confess my inability to account for them, but no student of human nature can suspect Dr. Price of trickery. He believes that he heals through divine power, or that divine power heals through him. One thing is certain. There have been many remarkable recoveries from disease. We have no science today that accounts for them.

Some Christians declare that it is the work of the devil. There were those, too, in the time of Christ, who said: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils." For myself, I say that if the devil performed the undoubted cures of which I have knowledge he is a pretty fine old fellow—much better than I have been told he was.

A. M. Steder, a Roman Catholic, writes a great many words to express a very few ideas in the Albany Democrat, demanding scientific proof that the cures are the work of Christ. Yet he offers no such proof when he tells us that he saw a leper cured at Lourdes. We must accept his miracle on faith but he wants scientific proof of others.

He offers auto-suggestion and hypnotism as explanation of the healings—except those he cites within his own church. But he can no more prove his theory of the Albany healings than the believers in divine healing can prove theirs.

The facts stand. Mrs. Cochell of Brownsville, for instance, had a large goiter. The soreness disappeared when she was anointed, and the troublesome enlargement is reported to have entirely subsided since then. Hundreds of like cases stand. Permanent cures were effected. How, I do not undertake to say.

Mr. Steder has faith to believe that God cured his leper. If he had scientific proof, his faith would be gone displaced by knowledge. Faith can exist only where knowledge is lacking. What we know, we do not believe, and what we believe, we do not know.

If Steder has not scientific proof of auto-suggestion or hypnotism he has no right to charge them, lest he bring a false accusation.

I do not know, nor does Mr. Steder, what power healed the sick at Albany. Neither of us has scientific proof that it was divine, nor that it was not.

No angels have made an appearance to enlighten us. Mr. Steder would better not "rush in where angels fear to tread." Open-Minded Reader

A. M. Steder continues to write to the Albany Democrat, making his own arbitrary rules of evidence and then proving whatever he chooses by those rules. He claims that cures by Christ are universal, perfect and lasting. We have the record that when Christ healed a blind man the healing was not perfect, for he said: "I see men as trees walking."

When he forgave the woman caught in sin he recognized the possibility of his relapse, for he cautioned her: "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

Mr. Steder's church cures sin with a pardon, but the cure is not lasting. The offender sins again and comes and gets another pardon. According to Mr. Steder's rule, those pardons do not come from God, but from man. How much, then, are they worth? Christ said to the healed: "They faith hath healed thee." If the

faith wavers, may not its results decrease? Dr. Price teaches that faith is necessary in producing the healings, and that if the faith wavers, so will the healings.

A 1927 fair company has been incorporated in Portland.

Albany-Brownsville Stage
Leaves postoffice corner in Halsey four times a day.
Calls at Shedd and Taugent

Lv. Brownsville 7:20 a. m. and 3:20 p. m.	Halsey 7:50 3:50	Ar. Albany 8:35 4:35
Lv. Albany 11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.	Ar. Halsey 11:45 5:45	Brownsville 12:15 6:15

Fare, Halsey to Albany, 50c; to Brownsville, 35c

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DYERS CLEANERS
TAILORS HATTERS
Cor Fourth and Lyon sts.
Albany Oregon

E. C. Miller, Local Agent

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.

F. M. GRAY,
Drayman.

All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269.9

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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.

NOTICE OF HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Ralph H. Reeves as administrator of the estate of A. M. Reeves, deceased, has been filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, and that the 5th day of February, 1923, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed as the time and the court house, at Albany, Oregon, as the place for hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in such estate may appear and file objections thereto and contest the same.

RALPH H. REEVES
Administrator of the above named estate, Lebanon, Oregon.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased, will on and after January 15, 1923, sell at private sale all of the stock of drugs and merchandise in the drug store formerly owned by W. A. Ringo, in Halsey, Linn county, Oregon, said sale to be either for cash in hand or a substantial part thereof in hand and the balance on such time and with such security as may be satisfactory to the undersigned.

The inventory of the said stock may be seen and examined at the store or at the Lebanon national bank, in Lebanon, Oregon, and offers for said stock will be received by the undersigned at the Lebanon national bank at any time up to January 13, 1923, or thereafter until satisfactory sale is concluded.

Dated this 2nd day of January, 1923.

J. M. RINGO,
Administrator of estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased.

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.

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



Autumn trilled the last leaves behind her flying brown robes one night; we woke to a flurry of snow next morning; and it was winter. Down town, along the side walks, the merchants set lines of poles, covered them with evergreen, and ran streamers of green overhanging to encourage the festive shopping. Salvation Army Santa Clauses stamped their feet and rang bells on the corners, and pink-faced children fixed their noses immovably to display windows. For them, the season of seasons, the time of times, was at hand.

To a certain new reporter on the Dispatch the stir and gaiety of the streets meant little more than that the days had come when it was night in the afternoon, and that he was given fewer political assignments. This was annoying, because Beasley's candidacy for the governorship had given me a personal interest in the political situation. The nominating convention of his party would meet in the spring; the nomination was certain to carry the election also, and thus far Beasley showed more strength than any other man in the field. "Things are looking his way," said Dowden. "He's always worked hard for the party; not on the stump, of course," he laughed; "but the boys understand there are more important things than speechmaking. His record in congress gave him the confidence of everybody in the state, and, besides that, people always trust a quiet man. I tell you if nothing happens he'll get it."

"I'm for Beasley," another politician explained, in an interview, "because he's Dave Beasley! Yes, sir, I'm for him. You know the boys say if a man is only for you, in this state, there isn't much in it and he may go back on it; but if he's for you, he means it. Well, I'm for Beasley!"

There were other candidates, of course; none of them formidable; but I was surprised to learn of the existence of a small but energetic faction opposing our friend in Wainwright, his own town. ("What are you surprised about?" inquired Dowden. "Don't you know what our folks are like, yet? If St. Paul lived in Wainwright, do you suppose he could run for constable without some of his near neighbors getting out to try and down him?")



The Head and Front (and Backbone, Too), of the Opposition to Beasley Was a Close-Fisted, Hard-Knuckled, Risen-From-the-Soil Sort of Man, One Named Simeon Peck.

Peck's name had the other day; he said our candidate ought to be a farmer, a man of the common people, and when I asked him where he'd find anybody more a man of the common people than Beasley, he said Beasley was too much of a society man to suit him! The idea of Dave as a society man was too much for me, and I laughed in Sim Peck's face, but that didn't stop Sim Peck! "Just look at the style he lives in," he yelled. "Ain't he fairly lapped in luxury? Look at that big house he lives in! Look at the way he goes around in that big car of his—and a nigger to drive him, half the time!" I had to holler again, and, of course, that made Sam twice as mad as he started out to be; and he went off swearing he'd show me, before the campaign was over. The only trouble was and Grist and that crowd could give us would be by finding out something against Dave, and they can't do that because there isn't anything to find out."

I shared his confidence on this latter score, but was somewhat less sanguine on some others. There were only two newspapers of any political influence in Wainwright, the Dispatch and the Journal, both operated in the interest of Beasley's party, and neither had "come out" for him. The gossip I heard about our off-keel me to think that each was waiting to see what headway Sim Peck and his faction would make; the Journal especially. I knew, had some inclination to coquette with Peck, Grist, and Com-

peck. Altogether, their faction was not entirely to be despised.

Thus, my thoughts were a great deal more occupied with Beasley's chances than with the holiday spirit that now, with furs and bells and wreathing mists of snow, breathed good cheer over the town. So little, indeed, had this spirit touched me, that, one evening when one of my colleagues, standing before the grate-fire in the reporter's room, yawned and said he'd be glad when tomorrow was over, I asked him what was the particular trouble with tomorrow.

"Christmas," he explained, languidly. "Always so tedious. Like Sunday."

"It makes me homesick," said another, a melancholy little man who was forever bragging of his native Duluth.

"Christmas," I repeated—"tomorrow!"

It was Christmas eve, and I had not known it! I leaned back in my chair in a sudden loneliness, what pictures coming before me of long-ago Christmas eves at home!—old Christmas eves when there was a Tree. . . .

My name was called; the night city editor had an assignment for me. "Go up to Sim Peck's, on Madison street," he said. "He thinks he's got something on David Beasley, but won't say any more over the telephone. See what there is in it."

I picked up my hat and coat, and left the office at a speed which must have given my superior the highest conception of my journalistic zeal. At a telephone station on the next corner I called up Mrs. Apperthwaite's house and asked for Mr. Dowden.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, when his voice responded.

"Playing bridge," he answered. "Are you going out anywhere?"

"No. What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you later. I may want to see you tonight before I go back to the office."

"All right. I'll be at home all the evening."

I hung up the receiver and made off on my errand.

Down town the streets were crowded with the package-laden people, bending heads and shoulders to the bitter wind, which swept a blinding, sleet-like snow horizontally against them. At corners it struck so tumultuous a blow upon the chest of the pedestrians that for a moment it would halt them, and you could hear them gasping half-smothered "Ahs" like bathers in a heavy surf. Yet there was a gaiety in this eager gale; the crowds pressed anxiously, yet happily, up and down the street in their generous search for things to give away. It was not the rich who struggled through the storm tonight; these were people who carried their own bundles home. You saw them: toilers and saviors, tired mothers and fathers, worn with the grinding thrift of all the year, but now for this one night careless of how hard-saved the money, reckless of everything but the joy of giving it to bring the children joy on the one great tomorrow. So they bent their heads to the freezing wind, their arms laden with daring bundles and their hearts uplifted with the tremulous happiness of giving more than they could afford. Meanwhile, Mr. Simeon Peck, honest man, had chosen this season to work hard if he might to the greatest of his fellow-men.

I found Mr. Peck waiting for me at his house. There were four other men with him, one of whom I recognized as Grist, a squat young man with slippery-looking black hair and a lambrequin mustache. They were donning their coats and hats in the hall when I arrived.

"From the Dispatch, hey?" Mr. Peck gave me greeting, as he wound a knit comforter about his neck.

"That's good. We'd most give you up. That he's Mr. Grist, and Mr. Henry P. Cullip, and Mr. Gus Schumeyer—three men that feel the same way about Dave Beasley that I do. That other young fellow," he waved a mittened hand to the fourth man—"he's from the Journal. Likely you're acquainted."

The young man from the Journal was unknown to me; moreover, I was far from overjoyed at his presence in the group.

"I've got you newspaper men here," continued Mr. Peck, "because I'm going to show you some'n' about Dave Beasley that'll open a good many folks' eyes when it's in print."

"Well, what is it?" I asked, rather sheepishly.

"Just hold your horses a little bit," he returned. "Grist and me knows, and so do Mr. Cullip and Mr. Schumeyer. And I'm going to take them and you two reporters to look at it. All right? Then come on."

He threw open the door, stooped to the gas that took him by the throat, and led the way out into the storm.

"What is he up to?" I gasped to the Journal man as we followed in a straggling line.

"I don't know any more than you do," he returned. "I think he's got something that'll quack Beasley. Peck's an old fool, but he's just possible he's got hold of something. Nearly everybody has one thing, at least, that they don't want found out. It may be a good story. Lord, what a night!"

I pushed ahead to the leader's side. "See here, Mr. Peck," I began, but he cut me off.

"You listen to me, young man! I'm giving you some news for your paper."

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