

of water rights in the Tumalo district came up recently in connection with the discussion as to the amount to be assessed on the bond issue which the district voted to pay for improvements now being made. The board, acting on the recommendation of Engineer C. M. Redfield, found that holders of contract form 60, or those who had already purchased their lands before the rights were first adjudicated, had 75 per cent water rights, and those holding contract form 64, who purchased the land after the state took charge, had 50 per cent rights.

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ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of W. G. Carter, deceased, by the county court of Linn county, Oregon, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present same to the undersigned at his residence in Halsey, Oregon, duly verified and with proper vouchers as by law required within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published this 1st day of February, 1923. MARY I. CARTER, L. L. SWAN, Administratrix. Attorney for Administratrix.

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

An independent—NOT neutral—newspaper, 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., Feb. 15, 1923

The editor's office hours are from 10 to 5 every week day except Monday, when he is liable to be away all day. For the rest of the time he is in or out, day or night, (often in at night,) as the business requires.

SNAILLIKE LAWMAKING

Mr. Harding went over to the senate chamber and told the Solons there that failure to accomplish anything was a mark of impotence, whereupon Mr. Harrison, who wants to be a Moses and head the now headless democracy, said the resident had insulted the senate.

Mr. Pierce told our legislators that they had spent nearly the whole session with very little result, and they had enough sense to see that the coat fitted them—all except Johnson, who voiced a growl.

It looks as though the lawmakers of Oregon are less like jackasses than those of the nation.

If three-fourths or more of the lawmakers could be eliminated from the game it might be speeded up a little, but with several hundred jawsmiths ready to talk, each of whom has a recognized right to talk on every subject that comes up, it is a wonder that any laws at all are passed, and it is no wonder that not even the courts can tell the meaning of those that are passed.

COAL WILL BE MINED

The Germans complain that French troops in possession of the Ruhr valley do not submit quietly to be spat upon by members of the "super-race." They have not tortured, crucified and ravished the natives, as the Germans did when they overran parts of Belgium and France, nor have they destroyed towns, factories and mines nor poisoned wells. But they have memories, and it is not to be wondered at if they are sometimes rude. They have provocation for their raid. The Germans had none.

As to the tie-up of railroads and mines, the German workmen who go on strike cause some delay in operation and lose their jobs. The French will soon find men to run trains and to mine coal.

The Germans are cutting off their own noses to spite their faces. No other nation will come to help them unless it be Russia, and if she comes the world will again blaze with war.

France is advised to await international conferences on reparations. She has already waited and suffered through several years of procrastination. Germany protested that she could not produce the promised coal and timber. France did not believe the right kind of an effort was being made. It probably was not. She took charge of the mines and offered to co-operate peacefully in working them. The offer was refused.

NOT A SCHOOL PARTY

Halsey, Ore., Feb. 9, 1923. In order to correct an error before the damage might be done, I want to say that Halsey Enterprise, Feb. 8, has in it an article that is untrue. This article says that a man was taken home drunk from a school party. None of the school authorities had anything to do with it. No school student was in any connected with the giving of it. However, high school students were invited and did attend. HENRY F. ENGLISH, Principal.

The foregoing appeared in the Albany Democrat. The item in the Enterprise which is complained of was strictly true except that it called a party given by the alumni

to the pupils of the school a "school party." There is a difference of opinion as to whether or not that was a proper appellation, but, school party or not, this paper had no intention of conveying the idea that the Halsey school was responsible for what occurred there.

We hear of a "wenie" party or a candy party, but the "wenies" or the candy are not responsible for what occurs there.

But—

Prof. English has been criticized for not attending that party in the role of a chaperone.

There are parents and guardians who shirk their duty and let the young people run wild if they will, and then blame the teachers, who have no authority outside the schoolroom. Within those bounds teachers have enough to do, without devoting the whole 24 hours to the youngsters, and the worst of the teachers' troubles are due to the criminal negligence of parents outside of school hours.

Mr. Harding wanted the rivers and harbors appropriation kept kept down to the budget recommendation of \$27,000,000. Senators and congressmen with pet projects to retain votes at home added items until the bill carried \$50,000,000, and they consolidated this with the naval appropriations bill, which Harding could hardly afford to veto, and in effect asked him what he was going to do about it. Now he has taken their breath—and their pork—away by instructing the war department, which has charge of rivers and harbors, to expend \$27,000,000 of the amount and put the balance back into the treasury. Pretty shrewd old guy, that Harding.

There was a horrible massacre of men who went or remained to work in mines at Herrin, Ill., in time of strike, and though some men have been tried none have been convicted. The officials there were so apathetic that pressure from the state was necessary to even bring anybody to trial. The Enterprise feels justified in declaring, from the reports, that justices have failed. The Scio Tribune disagrees. We are sorry but not repentant.

Saturday, the Oregon senate passed a bill providing that tax levies next year must be 10 per cent less than this and referred to committee, after two readings, a compromise consolidation bill that has the approval of Governor Pierce, Pardonier Upton, president of the senate, cast the only vote against the tax reduction bill. Governor Pierce's prod seems to have stirred the lawmakers a bit.

The Portland Federation of Women's Clubs denounces some of Ritner's pardons and the saturation of crime that accompanies the frequent annulment of the penalties of crime. Well, His Excellency will probably never be in a position to grant any more pardons.

A bill for sterilization of the insane and of epileptics, feeble-minded people, habitual criminals, moral degenerates and sexual perverts has passed the Oregon senate. The latter class should include seducers and should be strictly enforced.

Turkey warned foreign warships to keep out of Smyrna harbor. Instead, more went in. Now Turkey has mined the entrance. How will they get out if they want to? Remember the Maine!

H. H. Southall of Lyons has been sent to the state insane asylum.

Wood for Sale

Those wishing fir wood, old growth or second growth, for next winter, please order to

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Periwinkle House

by
OPIE READ
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. H. LIVINGSTONE

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Supposing you were a young man who had served in a war and escaped its perils and that the future were foretold with promise, excepting that fate had called upon you to execute a grim and terrible purpose, the circumstances being that during the conflict, an outlaw operating under the semi-sanction of guerrilla warfare had raided your horse and murdered your father, and then, hanging his body to a tree, had insolently pinned a card to it bearing the outlaw's name! Would not you likely do as Virgil Drace did—swear a solemn vow to find that outlaw, hang him as high as Haman, and decorate his corpse with your own card? Then, while you were settling about to execute that vow, suppose you met a fascinating girl with whom you fell in love and had the satisfaction of finding your affection sincerely reciprocated. Then, supposing it developed that the girl was the daughter of the man upon whom you had sworn to wreak vengeance. What would you do? Is it not a satisfactory way upon which to leave an intensely interesting story of romance, especially when the incidents occurred in the South following the Civil war, the young man a northern officer, the girl a beautiful, fiery southerner, and all the other characteristics and episodes of the South and that turbulent period which marked the days of reconstruction? Would it not be more absorbing if, as in this case, the author were one of the greatest of American novelists? You will find this stirring romance worked out in the most charming way in "Periwinkle House," by Opie Read.

No man in the United States has written as many stories as Opie Read, and no author has had a larger number of readers. He was born in a small town in Tennessee in 1853, followed newspaper work for awhile in Kentucky, and then moved to Little Rock, Ark., where he edited the Arkansas Gazette from 1881 to 1883. He was next on the staff of the Cleveland (O.) Leader and then returned to Little Rock, where he established the Arkansas Traveler, a humorous paper which attracted the attention of the entire English-speaking world. Mr. Read furnished most of the material that went into the publication. He conducted it from 1883 to 1891 and then moved to Chicago, where he has since resided, engaged in literary work. It is doubtful if Opie Read himself could recall the titles of all the books he has written, without referring to a list. One or more of them is in nearly every home where fiction is indulged in throughout the land. They form a conspicuous part of the fiction section of every public library, and are carried in stock by every enterprising book dealer. During late years he has been less prolific, due to the fact that he has not had the leisure for writing, for he has become one of the most sought after lecturers, and his time is practically filled with Chautauques, Lyceums and special platform engagements. In this work he has covered practically the entire nation and has visited some sections several times, for there always is a demand for his return.

CHAPTER I

Out upon the sheen of the mighty river the pine-torch flames fell in rippling streams, and the full moon, peeping over the tall timber, made mouths at herself in the wrinkled mirror of food. On the steamboat

toward the upper deck.

Admiring eyes were bent upon him; and one lady turned to her partner and said:

"Oh, please, Colonel, tell me who he is."

The Colonel placed his right hand on the bosom of his ruffled shirt and bowed. "Miss Lucy," he said, "it would be one of the satisfactions of my life to gratify your more than natural curiosity, but that pleasure is denied me. I can't tell you who he is."

And then—because the Colonel had sighed his own sentimental distress in the presence of Miss Lucy and because her curiosity concerning the young stranger stirred a jealous qualm—he added: "He looks like a Yankee to me."

The young man was a Yankee. And because he was journeying to the South upon a grim and terrible mission, the gayeties of the ballroom had grated upon him and he had sought the solitude of the upper deck. Yet it was this moment that Fate chose to bring him face to face with one who was to change the whole course of his life.

For as he turned into a long passageway, a flame with light but no sound, there suddenly entered at the far end a girl thrilling in liveness and almost barbaric in dress. In swift unconsciousness of him she approached, a great handful of roses in red glare hiding her features. She lowered her hand; he caught full view of her face; and it seemed to him that his heart ceased to beat, like a pendulum caught and halted, then thrown again into motion. She did not look at him as he slowly passed her. He gazed into her eyes as she bent them upon the roses held out in front of her; and then he wheeled about to follow her. She turned into a cross-passage, was gone; he ran to the entrance, but she had vanished.

In the young man's heart was a struggle to call her, but there was no appropriate word; and then sobered, the Yankee smiled at himself. But the smile did not balm his delicious wounds, and he continued his search into the ballroom. There were many handsome women, belles of proud villages, but to none did he give a second glance. Again he passed out toward the upper deck.

For a time he stood gazing down upon the never-solved mystery of night on the Mississippi. The fiddles were going again, and he heard slithered feet whispering over the floor, but it seemed to him that this scene of gaiety was forced, like a melancholy laugh; it reminded him of a book of poems in tatters, of a love-letter in faded ink.

Built about one of the smokestacks was a shanty of boards called the "dog house." Turning a corner of the shanty, the young man stumbled against some one; a man growled in resentment.

"I beg your pardon!"

"I should say you do!" A young fellow of unusual height and of humorous slowness came forth out of the shadow. The boat was landing, and a turpentine-torch on the shore revealed him, pale and long of face, with collar cut low and chin standing high.

"Yes, sir," he added, "and although it may not be necessary on this occasion, yet if you knew who I am, you would apologize some more."

"Ah, you don't say!" replied the Yankee, smiling. "And as you seem to be fond of the music of apology, will you please tell me who you are?"

"I can do that easy enough, but I don't wish to frighten you."

"You are considerate. But the fact is I rather enjoy the sensation of fright."

"Then tremble: I am Liberty Shottles."

"What, you don't mean that you are really Liberty Shottles?"

"I swear it."

"Well, well! And now will you please enlighten me as to who Liberty Shottles is? And why do you suppose that people who have heard of you, tremble in your presence? What have you done?"

"Sir, modesty puts a clamp on me."

"And now would you mind telling me your name?"

"Not at all. My name is Virgil Drace."

"You don't say? Well, well! But I never heard of you, either." Now they laughed, the joyous and unsuspecting mirth of youth. They stood looking

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