

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

The Harrisburg sawmill will resume operations within a few days.

The bankers of Linn county met at Albany and formed a county bankers' association.

Albany retail merchants representing 30 firms have organized with Ben Barcher chairman and W. A. Eastburn secretary for protection and co-operation. The association will act as an auxiliary to the chamber of commerce.

George Maxwell and wife and Mrs. J. C. Standish visited the county seat Thursday.

Charles Standish brought Mrs. O. P. Harvey over from Brownsville Friday morning and she visited at the J. C. Standish home before taking the noon train for her home at Glendale.

Mrs. S. J. Holloway has had a radio installed in her country home which is furnishing fine entertainment for the members of the household as well as for the neighbors who gather there during the evenings. Several [other] sets are giving excellent satisfaction.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

Benjamin Irvine of Lebanon, Indian war veteran, died at his home Sunday, aged 94.

Dr. and Mrs. T. I. Marks visited their son Roland in Corvallis Sunday.

There were no people from this vicinity on the new grand jury, selected Monday.

Soia has a new license ordinance relating to dance halls, making the holder of the license responsible for the conduct of persons at the hall.

The Brownsville creamery has a new 800-pound churn.

Jesse Pound of Los Angeles, visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. J. D. Woods of Shedd, didn't monkey with a buzz-saw, but with a working tractor, and lost a finger.

Mrs. W. L. Wells went to Albany on the Monday noon train, intending to go from there to Eugene, where her daughter, Mrs. Helseth, is ill.

Among Halseyites seen at the county seat Monday were Mayor Clark, George Taylor, W. F. Carter, T. J. Skirvin, Mrs. G. F. Schroll and Miss Grace Robinson.

Miss Mona Bond came home from Monmouth Saturday to see her mother, who is ill with the grip.

The infant daughter born to Tom Ardry and wife Saturday was dead and was buried Sunday at Pine Grove.

Mrs. Charles Poole of Lebanon visited at the Henry Brook home over the week end.

The Armstrong family are among the grip sufferers. W. P. Wahl is doing their chores. (Continued on page 4)

HALL'S FLORAL and MUSIC SHOP
Good service and prompt delivery on
CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS
Albany Phone 1647

Public Sales
We have purchased 122,000 PAIRS
U. S. Army Moccasins last
SHOES.

sizes 5 1/2 to 12, which was the entire surplus stock of one of the largest U. S. government shoe contractors.
This shoe is guaranteed 100 per cent solid leather; color, dark tan; bellows tongue; dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is \$6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy, we can offer same to the public at

\$2.95

Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

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HALSEY ENTERPRISE

An independent—NOT neutral—news-paper, published every Thursday.
By W. H. and A. A. WHEELER.
Wm. H. Wheeler, Editor,
Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, Business Manager
and Local News Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance.
Transient advertising, 25c an inch; permanent advertising, 20c. No discount for time or space.
In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line. No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Mch. 8, 1923

OUR SCHOOL COURSES

The local branch of the state teachers' organization declares that the school system is likely to be more efficient in the hands of professional educators than in those of the public generally or the legislature, whereto one wonders if those legislators, educated as they have been by professional teachers, ought not to have been made competent for the mooted task.

The department of superintendence of the national education association's annual convention at Chicago on the last day of last month declared that modern education is less than 50 per cent efficient.

It seems to old-fashioned people that that percentage might be raised by going back to the three R's and teaching "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetick" a little more fully before putting the pupil into foreign languages.

The attempts of some graduates to spell words and compose sentences in English are pitiful.

BLESS THE VETO

Governor Pierce, in the interest of economy, has vetoed the bill giving Multnomah county another judge. If the present judges would work as hard as a non-union laborer they would not need more help. Vetoes do more good than lawmaking, and cost but a small fraction of what they do, even at \$8 a day for legislators. The Eugene Register remarks:

The total compensation of the legislators was \$14,855.20 and the compensation of the legislators' clerks and stenographers was \$44,260. For every dollar of pay that was received by the legislators who fought, bled and died for the welfare of Oregon a little better than three dollars was received by the clerks and stenographers who chewed gum and rattled typewriters for these same legislators.

FRENCH ARE COMPETENT

Germany now protests that she cannot restrain the population of the Ruhr valley from lawlessness in the face of the occupation of the region by the French troops. The French may reply as the American in charge of troops at Vera Cruz a few years ago did.

A Mexican officer sent word to the city that the Americans would better evacuate, as he feared he would be unable to restrain his men from making an attack, so great was their indignation at the American occupation. The answer came back:

"If you can't keep your men out of Vera Cruz I can."

And they stayed out.

NO-TO-BAC

The Enterprise received this week an offer, accompanied by a check in advance, of \$8.50 worth of advertising from a big tobacco house. The offer has been declined and the check returned. We do not believe we can make the community or the world one bit better by advertising tobacco.

The suggestion comes: "Take the money; you need it, and the tobacco will be used just the same, whether you advertise it or not. You will not be increasing the use of it."

Then why does the tobacco company offer the \$8.50? Is it doing this just to help the Halsey Enterprise?

It will take an explanation and a diagram to give us vision of such a mind at the head of the tobacco industry as would be charitable and generous enough to do that.

The ex-kaiser talked of sending his new wife to a palace he owned on the island of Corfu, Greece, and said he wished he might be permitted to go there himself. Greece replies that the palace was confiscated a long time ago and is now occupied by 1000 Greek orphans. And any one of those orphans is more deserving of it, shelter than either William or Hermine.

Governor Pierce has vetoed the bill giving Multnomah county another judge. He thinks the present judges could handle all the business that comes to them if they worked as hard as most of us have to. Vetoes are of more actual benefit than lawmaking, and they cost but a small fraction of what it does, if the lawmakers do get only \$3 a day.

Those who were sure the income tax bill, if passed, would ruin Oregon are equally sure, now that it has become a law, that it is unconstitutional and cannot ruin anything.

They have personal liberty in North Dakota. The legislature refused to pass a law requiring every citizen to wash his feet once a week. Just the state for Huck Finn.

W. F. M. S.

The W. F. M. S. spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Douglas Taylor.

After an interesting discussion of Mexico and South America, in honor of the hostess, whose birthday occurred on that date, an offering was given by each lady of as many cents as she was years of age. As a result \$8.30 was added to the treasury.

At the close of the afternoon a luncheon of creamed chicken, pickles, salad, angel cake and punch was served.

The hostess was assisted in serving by her sister, Miss Anna Drinkard, and Miss Beulah Miller. Present were Mesdames W. A. Carey, Vannice, Hazel Wallace, B. M. Miller, E. B. Penland, N. T. Enead, W. H. Boone, C. H. Koontz, O. W. Bond, F. M. Gray, H. Zimmerman, Frank Hadley, G. W. Mornhinweg, D. L. Sturtevant, Sidney Smith, A. W. Foote, M. B. Southern and D. S. McWilliams and Misses Nettie Spencer, Anna Drinkard and Beulah Miller and the hostess.

Woodworth's

Essential Minerals

for Cows

10-lb. pkg. for \$3.25

Your cow will make you mighty good interest on this small investment.

Give her a chance.

Woodworth Drug Co.

ALBANY OREGON

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



A Sidewalk Chat.

"Why, Mrs. Blank, I hardly knew you with glasses on, but they are becoming to you."

"Do you think so? I know I feel better and better every day since wearing them."

Mead & Albro,
Optometrists ALBANY

HATS AND CAPS for Spring

Time to pack away the winter hat. Spring is in the air and it's time for that new headgear.

This week in our windows we are displaying all that is new in hats and caps, including the new premier light shades and the staple darker colors. Be one of the first to come in and let us show you these hats and caps.



ALBANY

OREGON

Periwinkle House



by
OPIE READ

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. H. LIVINGSTONE

CHAPTER IV

Now more than ever was Drace resolved to find where the girl lived, to find old Steppo, too. What would he do when he found them? He was bent on revenge upon his father's murderers, on solving the secret of that buried money; yet he was in love with that arch-scoffed daughter. Or was he? He must find her, make sure. And he said as much to Shottle.

"There are some things that can't be done by mere determination," said Shottle, his mind on filling a flush. "No, but judgment ought to be the master and director of determination. I tell you what we'll do. This afternoon we'll take the French quarter by streets and knock at every door."

That afternoon they set out on their quest. But the scheme of knocking at every door soon seemed foolish and impertinent. They decided to halt only in front of habitations that seemed to invite inquiry, consult their instinct; but as repeated failure blunted instinct dull, hope became a critic, without creative adventure, and advised a return to the hotel. Then they thought that night would be a fitter time. They might catch sight of the girl or Boyce at the theater.

They went to one, and from a stage box gazed through rented glasses at every face. Not there. They went out, walked a short distance, talking not of disappointment but of hope, and turned into a narrow and dimly lighted street. Suddenly there broke the noise of a rising tumult, yells and



Some One Gave Him an Old Carbine and Another Gave Drace a Cavalry Saber.

gunshots. And over walls and from dark recesses came pouring excited men. Drace and Shottle found themselves in the midst of a mob, surging toward another mob rushing into an open space where torches discovered a band of executioners hanging some poor wretch to the limb of a tree. Where there were no houses, the garden walls were too high to offer a means of escape, and as they could not fight their way back, Drace and Shottle were swept onward. Torches flared, and all sorts of weapons were

the sharp scream of a woman caught and held him for a moment. He glanced hurriedly about; at various windows were lights and silhouetted figures of onlookers. But as if drawn by some lodestone instinct his eyes went to a second-story window just beyond the tree; and there, in the strong light of a lamp just behind her, he saw again the face of the barbaric rose maid, Nadine la Vitte.

Instantly he whirled and strove to fight his way to a gate which he saw in the wall before the house. But now came a new cry and a scramble for safety. A troop of United States cavalry came sweeping the thoroughfare from curb to curb, their drawn sabers flashing, the aroused anger of Uncle Sam rebuking a riot. Not to run was to be trampled to death, but Drace stood an instant to look about for Shottle. He could not find him, however, and he had to seek his own safety, for the cavalry were near, spreading out upon the sidewalk.

With divers others, he stood not upon the order of his going but ran back down the street and then hurried down a side street out of the path of the troopers. There he waited until the tumult had subsided—perhaps an hour. Then he made his way back to the scene of the riot.

The house at the window of which he thought he had glimpsed the face of Nadine la Vitte was now dark. But in spite of the curious glances of sundry loiterers, Drace took a careful survey of it and of the three oak trees in front—even felt their bark to familiarize himself with them. At the corner he sought the name of the street, on the lamp, but the glass had been broken, leaving only a red "L" and the fragments and "e." But no matter—he would know where to turn, would know the house when abreast of it.

Now Drace hastened toward the St. Charles. The streets were quiet. But a wagon rattled by, and he saw that it was filled with wounded men. He thought of Shottle and his spirit was oppressed with sorrow. Shottle's escape must have been impossible, and tomorrow they would take his body, throw it into some cozy hole and cover it with mud.

In the lobby of the St. Charles men stood in groups, talking of the fall in the price of cotton. The riot, which to Drace had meant so much, was not even known, so accustomed was the town to scenes of violence. Drace asked the clerk if Shottle had come in. No; his key was in the box. Then Drace thought that surely Liberty must be dead or wounded, hauled away to suffer. He went forth again, to the department of police, to the cavalry barracks, but nothing could he learn. Then in his room he sat sorrowing over his friend and yet thrilled with a selfish happiness, for he had found the barbaric rosemaid. He went to bed, tossed, slept, dreamed in a mingling of distress and gladness, and awoke. Shottle was standing in the room.

"Thank the Lord!" cried Drace, and sprang out of bed.

"That's what I say, friend Virgil. But you will please address me as Colonel Shottle. I am a free man. Here!"

He held forth an envelope; opening it, Drace took out a hundred-dollar banknote.

"What does this mean, Lib?"

"I am Colonel Shottle, sir, and not Lib."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel; but what does this mean?"

Shottle sat down and crossed his long legs. He took out a cigar and lighted it.

"Virgil, I fought as long as I thought it was of advantage. The old carbine I had wouldn't shoot, and I want to tell you that mauling darky heads with a piece of iron is hard work. I looked about for you but couldn't find you, and knowing that you knew how to take care of yourself, I began to sniff for a way to get out, found a hole in a wall, ducked through and scooted. That was all natural enough. Anybody could have done that. But now comes the inspirational part. I got around into Royal street and met a steamboat captain who asked me to have a drink, and I needed it, for I had been hard at work."

"So I went in with him. And then up I hops to a gambling house with the money you'd paid me for info-

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for a box of Clark's candy. Get her a box today of those dainty, luscious chocolates and richly blended bonbons. Every morsel is purity personified, yet the flavors are unmatchably delicious. Put up in attractive boxes to suit your wishes. Get some today and you will wish you had done it sooner.

Soft Drinks, also.

Clark's Confectionery