

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An Independent—NOT neutral—news-
paper, published every Thursday
By Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance.
Advertising, 20c an inch; no discount
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position or changes.
In "Paid-for Paragraphs" 5c a line.
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Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 except
Mondays and Friday forenoons.

COOLIDGE IS DRY

About the time Pinchot delivered his blast against the administration for not putting the right men into prohibition enforcement the Burns detective agency was preparing to do what it has since accomplished—pull off some of the most startling raids and seizures in the whole story of bootlegging.

Simultaneously there came from the south, the east, the great lake regions, and our own northwest, reports of the arrest of groups of prominent citizens of both sexes and the seizure of startlingly large stores of contraband.

Mr. Coolidge must have known of the work the detectives were engaged in. It must have been financed from the president's secret service fund. Publicly appointed law enforcement officials were known and watched by the liquor ring and found it difficult to get evidence, but the private detectives posing as bootleggers got the evidence and the culprits and the booze.

There is a possibility that the convention which is likely to nominate Coolidge for the next term will go on record for the retention and enforcement of the Volstead law. Then, if the vets succeed in keeping the democratic convention non-committal on the subject there will be such a clear-cut wet and dry campaign that no tard party will have a show—and the drays are in the majority.

If the republican convention side-steps the liquor issue and the democratic platform calls for entrance into the league of nations the elephant may fail to carry his load to the goal.

People who peer into the future and attempt to tell what is coming take a long chance on being discredited. When we were having some unusually cool weather some time ago certain "scientists" who claimed familiar knowledge of occurrences or in the sun told us he was loafing on his job and our weather would grow colder and colder until 1925, when the summer season would come pretty near being winter. Now that we have had one of the finest falls ever known these "scientists" tell us the sun has reformed, maybe it won't freeze us up after all. That's science!

The D'Autremont boys have been indicted for the Siskiyou tunnel murders, but they haven't been placed on trial. They are arrested once in every day or two, almost anywhere between the north and south poles, and turned loose because "they ain't they." We haven't yet heard about them from Hades nor through Conan Doyle's co-representatives in the other direction. The lines of communication are not working very well.

The Oklahoma senate, which voted to impeach and oust Governor Walton, thus making Mr. Trapp governor in fact, then divided on a bill to require secret societies to file lists of their members with the secretary of state. There were the lucky number of 23 klansmen who voted on this, and the equally lucky number of 13 opposed. Now Mr. Trapp calls on the legislature to make the bill a law. Perhaps the klan will impeach him, too, when he will be the sixth impeached governor of the klan-ruled state.

Portland had a \$6000 fire Tuesday evening which the fire department says started from a cigarette stub carelessly thrown away. Bad odors, stained fingers, tobacco spittle and numbed intellect and

conscience are not the only evils chargeable to the weed.

The people who vote govern the state and nation. Those who don't sit back and growl.

**Thanksgiving
—Then
and Now**

IN THESE days of rush and hustle, the advent of Thanksgiving serves most of all to remind us of what wondrous changes time has wrought. The Thanksgivings of our fathers and those of today are no more alike than the minuet and the fox trot, the dances that well typify the era of the present and the past. About the only thing left to us from out of the old days is the Thanksgiving turkey, and even this bird is not now held sacred and necessary for this festival.

The very mention of the word Thanksgiving brings to the mind a picture that modern conditions have turned to the wall. It is a picture of the time when life was simple in its pleasures and robust in its strength; when people were really folks; when the race and rivalry of life did not extend their office hours over the entire day. That state of things has now passed away. It has followed in the wake and the trail of the pioneers and the other figures of the American national life that was but is not.

In the old days there were tippetts and mitt'n's, things that hang in memory's closet on the same nail as the high stock, men's shawls and daguerrotypes. Gone are the marvelous tippetts that went round and round the neck until a person was swathed like a mummy of ancient Egypt. Gone, too, are the mitt'n's knit at home in colors of sunset and sunrise blue, those cozy ancestors of gloves. As for the bootjack, in these days of luxury and ready-made shoes it is as unknown as any creature of the prehistoric age.



No longer does Thanksgiving bring the real mince pie, that culinary triumph of every well-regulated household, with its wonderful fruity flavor, that cunningly combined the qualities of solidity and crispness, a pie that even if dangerous to health made a danger well worth facing and putting down. Compared with the bakery-built substitute of today the mince pie of those days was a vintage pie, as far above its modern rival as a vintage wine is above the grocery wine for cooking use. Its existence was the splendid testimonial to the physical traits of the men and women of the era in which it flourished.

Even the plum pudding, that carnival of richness, is disappearing from the stage. It is giving way to ice cream, that molycoddle of digestion that invites to slow eating and deliberate enjoyment.

The Thanksgiving stage is now set with new scenes and new characters. There is the cabaret and terrapin, and football and the theater. There is the social function in place of the family festival; and in the evening hours the elaborate entertainment in the gilded ballroom, in place of the homely dance to the strains of the fiddle and the bow and the ministrations of the merry, squeaking fiddler. Truly, the coming of this holiday and its observance well measures the distance that the nation has gone from its life and its habits in the days when Thanksgiving day was young.

Application for licenses have been mailed to all owners of motor vehicles in the state and they are urged to apply early so that they may get their licenses by January 1st.

**Why suffer from headache?
Have your eyes examined**
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JEWELERS—OPTICIANS
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A Modern Barber Shop
Laundry sent Tuesdays
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ABE'S PLACE

**COOLIDGE ASKS NATION TO OBSERVE
"GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY" ON DEC. 2**

**THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON**

Dear Best Belief,
151 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Sections 1 -

It is with a good deal of satisfaction that I commend your proposal to observe an International Golden Rule Dinner Sunday, on the second of December, 1923. I feel sure that this suggestion will meet with very widespread approval and will bring more closely to mind the charitable requirements of those who are prosperous to those who are in adversity. It suggests not only a practical method for help, but the highest expression of sympathy by sharing for a time the privations of others.

Cordially yours,

The plans for the observance of Golden Rule Sunday call upon the people of America to serve a menu in their homes similar to that served in the orphanages in the near east, the difference in cost of the orphanage menu and the ordinary meal to be contributed to orphanage work overseas. The observance is very appropriately fixed for the Sunday following Thanksgiving. Having on Thursday partaken from well-laden tables as a token of rejoicing in the prosperity of America, it is fitting that on the following Sunday people give special consideration to the needs and distress of those who are less highly favored.

**For Next Sunday
Eat Refugee Dinner and
Help the Starving**

How many comfortably fed, clothed and housed Americans will sit down to a Sunday dinner of rice, corn grits and soup—typical orphan fare—on December 2, as a practical test of the golden rule?

The question is asked today by Charles V. Vickrey, general secretary of Near East Relief, who is in charge of the plans for the general observance throughout the United States of "Golden Rule Sunday." In an interview, Mr. Vickrey said:

"If American people will renounce for one meal the food they are accustomed to eat, and contribute the difference in cost to the support of starving children in the near east, the situation in Greece, Armenia and Palestine will become infinitely more real to them."

"I have recently returned from several months in those countries. Armenia is a name to conjure with there. Bitter reproaches are heard against nearly every other country, but none against us. That is because people realize that Americans have gone to them with a helping hand and a square deal, rather than with the mailed fist."

"America could well have afforded to have spent every penny of her relief funds as a long-sighted, cold-blooded business proposition. The good will that has resulted from relief work in the near east is of incalculable value. When these orphans we are caring for today grow to manhood, they will become the leaders of their nations and their eyes will turn toward America."

"At least a million persons in the near east would not be alive today had it not been for American aid. Even today, 100,000 persons are being cared for day to day by the Near East Relief, mostly women and children who would probably perish in a few days or weeks if the work ceased."

"Our workers are now concentrating not only on the physical care of our 50,000 orphans, but on their industrial training as well. At the age of 16, when an orphan leaves our care, he is equipped to enter some useful trade or business. In Narareth there are boys working in our carpenter shop a few feet from the spot where Christ toiled. In Macedonia, hundreds of Greek orphans are learning farming in the atmosphere where Paul spent many years in establishing the first European churches."

"Five dollars a month provides food and physical necessities for an orphan, and \$100 a year provides for his education as well. The observance of Golden Rule Sunday by a million American families will provide enough funds for thousands of orphans."

"When people break bread together, they become friends. On this International Golden Rule Sunday people of all nations figuratively will gather around the same table, partaking of the same food representing the menu which the unfortunate children of the near east hope. By the benevolence of the West, to eat 365 days in the year. But even this simple menu the orphans cannot have unless the rest of the world practices the Golden Rule."

ON THE STROKE OF 12

At the stroke of midnight by the parish clock a certain man fell asleep and dreamed a dream. He ran to sea, served on board ship for a long time, and just escaping with his life, swam to a desert island. No rescue arriving, he began to abandon hope, when at last a ship hove in sight and took him on board. He became a ringleader in a successful mutiny. He was arrested and tried, condemned to death, and led off to execution; but at the eleventh hour, when the noose was round his neck, and he was expecting death at any moment, he awoke with a start, and heard—the last of the twelve strokes of the clock.

LET'S GO TO ITALY

Some fifty years ago a citizen of Milan, Italy, left a legacy to provide for an annual award of money prizes for domestic servants who could prove the longest service in one place and with the same family. This year the prizes went to two women, each of whom had lived in the same place for not less than forty years, and one of whom had been in the service of one family for sixty-five years.

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ELECTRIC CLEANER
now only
\$39.75

See the new features, the improved brush arrangement—the useful "ball and socket" grip and the method of increasing cleaning action. You save \$15.00 to \$25.00 when you buy a BEE-VAC.

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ALBANY

The Candy Girl,
or rather the girl who likes candy, is everywhere. Her opposite would be hard to find. And if she gets her candy from us she knows that she gets the best confectionery in town. That is why, when you tell her you will buy her a box of candy, she always says: "Be sure and get it at Clark's."

Clark's Confectionery

The BROWN MOUSE
by **Herbert Quick**

(Continued)
CHAPTER III
What is a Brown Mouse?

Immediately upon the accidental election of Jim Irwin to the position of teacher of the Woodruff school, he developed habits somewhat like a ghost's or a bandit's. That is, he walked of nights and on rainy days.

On fine days, he worked in Colonel Woodruff's fields as of yore. Jim's salary was to be just \$360 for nine months' work in the Woodruff school, and he was to find himself—and his mother. Therefore, he had to indulge in his loose habits of night walking and roaming about after hours only, or on holidays and in foul weather.

The Simms family, being from the "mountings" of Tennessee, were rather startled one night, when Jim Irwin, homely, stooped and errandless, silently appeared in their family circle about the front door. They had lived where it was the custom to give a whoop from the big road before one passed through the pail's and up to the house. Otherwise, how was one to know whether the visitor was friend or foe?

From force of habit, Old Man Simms started for his gun-rack at Jim's ap-

pearance, but the Lincolnian smile and the low slow speech, so much like his own in some respects, ended that.

"Stranger," said Mr. Simms, after greetings had been exchanged, "you're right welcome, but in my kentry you'd find it dangerous to walk in this way."

"How so?" queried Jim Irwin.

"You'd more'n likely get shot up some," replied Mr. Simms, "unless you whooped from the big road."

"I didn't know that," replied Jim. "I'm ignorant of the customs of other countries. Would you rather I'd whoop from the big road—nobody else will."

"I reckon," replied Mr. Simms, "that we'll all have to accommodate ourselves to the ways hyeh."

Evidently Jim was the Simms' first caller since they had settled on the little brushy tract whose hills and trees reminded them of their mountains. Low hills, to be sure, with only a footing of rocks where the creek had cut through, and not many trees, but down in the creek bed, with the oaks, elms and box-elders arching overhead, the Simmses could imagine themselves beside some run falling into the French Broad, or the Holston. The creek bed was a withdrawing room in which to retire from the eternal black soil and level cornfields of Iowa.

The soil was so poor, in comparison with those black uplands, that the owner of the old wood-lot could find no renter but it was better than the soil in the mountains, and suited the lonesome Simmses much more than a better farm would have done. They were not of the Iowa people anyhow, not understood, not their equals—they were "pore," and expected to stay "pore"—while the Iowa people all seemed to be either well-to-do, or expecting to become so.

Jim Irwin asked Old Man Simms about the fishing in the creek, and whether there was any duck shooting

spring and fall.

"We git right smart of these little panfish," said Mr. Simms, "an' Callista done shot two butterball ducks about 'later-plantin' time."

Callista blushed—but this stranger, so much like themselves, could not see the rosy suffusion. The allusion gave him a chance to look about him at the family. There was a boy of sixteen, a girl—the duck-shooting Callista—youngeer than Raymond—a girl of eleven, named Virginia, but called Jinnie—and a smaller lad who rejoiced in the name of McGeehee, but was mercifully called Buddy.

Callista squirmed for something to say. "Raymond runs a line o' traps when the fur's prime," she volunteered.

Then came a long talk on traps and trapping, shooting, hunting and the joys of the mountings—during which Jim noted the ignorance and poverty of the girls was not decent according to local standards; for while Callista wore a skirt hurriedly slipped on, Jim was quite sure—and not without evidence to support his views—that she had been wearing when he arrived the same regimentals now displayed by Jinnie—a pair of ragged blue overalls. Evidently the Simmses were wearing what they had and not what they desired. The father was faded, patched, gray and earthy, and the boys looked better than the rest solely because we expect boys to be torn and patched. Mrs. Simms was invisible except as a gray blur beyond the rain-barrel, in the midst of which her pipe glowed with a regular ebb and flow of embers.

On the next rainy day Jim called again and secured the services of Raymond to help him select seed corn. He was going to teach the school next winter, and he wanted to have a seed-corn frolic the first day, instead of waiting until the last—and you had to get seed corn while it was on the stalk, if you got the best.

No Simms could refuse a favor to the fellow who was so much like themselves, and who was so greatly interested in trapping, hunting and the Tennessee mountains—so Raymond went with Jim, and with Newt Bronson and five more they selected Colonel Woodruff's seed corn for the next year, under the colonel's personal superintendence.

In the evening they looked the grain over on the Woodruff lawn, and the colonel talked about corn and corn selection. They had supper at half past six, and Jennie waited on them—having assisted her mother in the cooking. It was quite a festival.

Jim Irwin was the least conspicuous person in the gathering, but the colonel, who was a seasoned politician, observed that the farm hand had become a fisher of men, and was angling for the souls of these boys, and their interest in the school. Jim was careful not to flush the covey, but every boy received from the next winter's teacher some confidential hint as to plans, and some suggestion that Jim was relying on the aid and comfort of that particular boy.

Newt Bronson, especially, was leaned on as a strong staff and a very present help in time of trouble. As for Raymond Simms, it was clearly best to leave him alone. All this talk of corn selection and related things was new to him, and he drank it in thirstily. He had an inestimable advantage over Newt in that he was starved, while Newt was surfeited with "advantages" for which he had no use.

"Jennie," said Colonel Woodruff, after the party had broken up, "I'm losing the best hand I ever had, and I've been softy."

"I'm glad he's leaving you," said Jennie. "He ought to do something except work in the field for wages."

"I've had no idea he could make good as a teacher—and what is there in it if he does?"

"What has he lost if he doesn't?" rejoined Jennie. "And why can't he make good?"

"The school board's against him, for one thing," replied the colonel. "They'll fire him if they get a chance. They're