

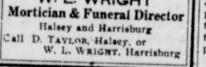
Dr. E. B. Bryan President of the University of Ohio, one of the leading educators of the United States and well known as a brilliant platform orator, has been secured as lecturer for the annual session of the Oregon State Teachers' Association in Portland, Dec. 27-29. Only accredited delegates have the right to speak and vote during the deliberations of the Council, though the meetings are open to all visiting teachers. Very appropriately, the chairman of the section on home economics, a Portland Polytechnic teacher is named Katherine Kooken. ---

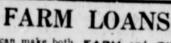
When Henry Ford came out for Coolidge he removed the biggest cloud of uncertainty from the sky of politicians of both parties. Fit or unfit, he as a candidate could have polled a heavy vote, and neither party could guess from which of them he would draw the more heavily.

With an olive branch in her extended hand, Soviet Russia cries "Kamerad" to Uncle Sam. Uacke replies: "Drop that dagger you are holding bchind you in the other hand and pay American citizens for the property of which you robbed them."

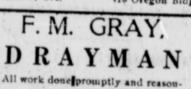
If Henry Ford had a crew of men drawing as much pay from him as our congressmen draw from us, and they frittered away as much time as the congressmen have this month and accomplished as little, how long would their jobs dast?

Henry Ford is too honest to be a successful office hunter.





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Jennie's office exceeded its seating capacity, and Jennie was in a flutter as the realization dawned upon her that this promised to be a bigger and more public affair than she had anticipated. At nine fifty-nine Raymond Simms opened the office door and there filed in enough children, large and small, to fill the room. In addition there re-

mained an overflow meeting in the hall, under the command of that distinguished military gentleman, Colonel Albert Woodruff.

"Say, Bill, come here," said the crooking his finger at the colonel. deputy sheriff.

"What you got here, Al!" said Bill, coming up the stairs, puffing. "Ain't it a little early for Sunday school picnics ?"

"This is a school fight in our district," said the colonel. "It's Jennie's baptism of fire, I reckon . . . and say, you're not using the courtroom, are you?"

"Nope," said Bill,

"Well, why not just slip around, then," said the colonel, "and tell Jennie she'd better adjourn to the big

Which suggestion was acted upon Instanter by Deputy Bill.

"But I can't, I can't," said Jennie to the courteous deputy sheriff. "I don't want all this publicity, and I don't want to go into the courtroom." "I hardly see," said Deputy Bill, "how you can avoid it. These people seem to have business with you, and they can't get into your office."

Jennie quailed. "All tight, all right !" said she. "But, shall I have to sit on the bench !"

"You will find it by far the most convenient place," said Deputy Bill. Was this the life to which public office had brought her? She was perched on the judicial bench, which Deputy Bill had dusted off for her, tipping a wink to the assemblage while doing it. And that crowd! To Jennie it was appalling. The school board under the lead of Wilbur Smythe took seats inside the railing. Jim Irwin, who had never been in a courtroom before, herded with the crowd.

She couldn't call the gathering to order. She had no idea as to the proper procedure. She sat there while the people gathered, stood about whispering and talking under their breathe," and finally became silent, all their eyes fixed on her, as she wished that the office of county superintendShould Say\_

get down among the people. It's the only way I have of getting the truth." She descended from the bench. shook hands with everybody near her, and sat down by the attorney's table. "Now," said she, "this is no formal proceeding and we will dispense with red tape. If we don't, I shall get all tangled up in it. Where's Mr. Irwin? Please come in here, Jim. Now, I know there's some feeling in these things-there always seems to be: but I have none. So I'll just hear why Mr. Bronson, Mr. Peterson and Mr. Bonner think that Mr. James E. Irwin isn't competent to hold a certificate."

Jennie was able to smile at them now, and everybody felt more at ease. save Jim Irwin, the members of the board and Wilbur Smythe. That individual arose, and talked down at Jennie

"I appear for the proponents here," said he, "and I desire to suggest certain principles of procedure which I take it belong indisputably to the conduct of this hearing."

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the county superintendent of the respond-

"A what?" exclaimed Jim. "Nobody here has a lawyer! "Well, what do you call Wilbur

Smythe?" queried Newton Bronson from the midst of the crowd. "He ain't lawyer enough to hurt!"

said the thing which the dramatists call A Voice.

There was a little tempest of laughter at Wilbur Smythe's expense, which was quelled by Jennie's rapping on the table. She was beginning to feel the mouth of the situation. "There is nothing in the school laws, as I remember them," said Jennie, "giving the parties any right to he represented by counsel. You may advise your clients all you please, but I'm not going to waste time in listening to speeches, or having a lot of lawyers examine witnesses.

"I protest," said Mr. Smythe. "Well, you may file your protest in riting," said Jennie. "I'm going to talk this matter over with these old friends and neighbors of mine. don't want you dipping into it, I say !" Jennie's voice was rising toward the scream-line, and Mr. Smythe recognized the hand of fate. There was a little wrangling, and a little protest from Con Bonner, but Jennie ruled with a rod of iron, and adhered to her ruling. When the bearing was

"we don't want our children brought up to be yust farmers. Suppose we move to town-where does the culture come in?"

C. L. Mary

The Chicago papers had a news item which covered the result of the examinations; but the great sensation of

the Woodruff district lay in the Sunday feature carried by one of them. It had a picture of Jim Irwin, and one of Jennie Woodruff-the latter authentic, and the former gleaned from the morgue, and apparently the portrait of a lumber-jack. There was also a very free treatment by the cartoonist of Mr. Simms carrying a rifle with the intention of shooting up the school board in case the decision went against the schoolmaster.

"When it became known," said the news story, "that the schoolmaster had bet his job on the proficiency of his school in studies supposed and alleged to have been studiously neglected, the excitement rose to fever heat. Local sports bet freely on the result, the odds being eight to five on General Proficiency against the field. The field was Jim Irwin and his school. And the way those rural kids rose in their might and ate up the textbooks was simply scandalous. When the fight was over, and the dead and wounded cared

for, the school board and the county superintendent were forced to admit that they wished the average school could do as well under a similar test.

"The local Mr. Dooley is Cornelius Bonner, a member of the 'board.' When asked for a statement of his views after the county superintendent had decided that her old sweetheart was to be allowed the priceless boon of earning forty dollars a month during the remainder of his contract, Mr. Bonner said, 'Aside from being licked, we're all right. But we'll get this guy yet, don't fall down and fergit that !"

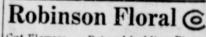
"The examinations tind to show,' said Mr. Bonner, when asked for his opinion on the result, "that in or-r-rder to larn anything you shud shtudy somethin' fise. But we'll git this guy vit !'

"Jins," said Colonel Woodruff, as they rode home together, "I'm just beginning to understand what you're driving at. And I like being a wildeyed reformer more and more."

(To be continued)

Night Station Agent Martin is coarding at the H. W. Chance home. His family remains at Newberg, where he has a farm.

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