

him, I said.

"As if he were a god," Mirabeau answered. "Yes, it is true and it is right. Has he not, like Jove, hurled the lightning of Heaven in his right hand? Is he not an unpunished Prometheus? Is he not breaking the scepter of a tyrant?"

"Going back to his home where in the kindness of his heart he had asked me to live, he endeavored, modestly, to explain the evidences of high regard which were being showered upon him.

"It happens that my understanding and small control of a mysterious and violent force of nature has appealed to the imaginations of these people," he said. "I am the only man who has used thunderbolts for his playthings. Then, too, I am speaking for a new world to an old one. Just at present I am the voice of Human Liberty. I represent the hunger of the spirit of man. It is very strong here. You have not traveled so far in France without seeing thousands of beggars. They are everywhere. But you do not know that when a child comes in a poor family, the father and mother go to prison pour mois de nourrice. It is a pity that the poor cannot keep their children at home. This old kingdom is a suffering Verdurus, growing hotter year by year, with discontent. You will presently hear its voices."

There was a dinner that evening at Franklin's house, at which the Marquis de Mirabeau, M. Turgot, the Madame de Brillon, the Abbe Raynal and the Comte and Comtesse d'Haudetot, Colonel Irons and three other American gentlemen were present. The Madame de Brillon was first to arrive. She entered with a careless, jaunty air and ran to meet Franklin and caught his hand and gave him a double kiss on each cheek and one on his forehead and called him "papa."

"At table she sat between me and Doctor Franklin," Jack writes. "She frequently locked her hand in the doctor's and smiled sweetly as she looked into his eyes. I wonder what the poor, simple, hard-working Deborah Franklin would have thought of these familiarities. Yet here, I am told, no one thinks ill of that kind of thing. The best women of France seem to treat their favorites with like tokens of regard. Now and then she spread her arms across the backs of our chairs, as if she would have us feel that her affection was wide enough for both.

"She assured me that all the women of France were in love with le grand savant.

"Franklin, hearing the compliment, remarked: 'It is because they pity my age and infirmities. First we pity, then embrace, as the great Mr. Pope has written.'

"We think it a compliment that the greatest intellect in the world is willing to allow itself to be, in a way, captured by the charms of women," Madame Brillon declared.

"As the dinner proceeded the Abbe Raynal asked the doctor if it was true that there were signs of degeneracy in the average male American.

"Let the facts before us be my answer," said Franklin. "There are at this table four Frenchmen and four Americans. Let these gentlemen stand up."

"The Frenchmen were undersized, the Abbe himself being a mere shrimp of a man. The Americans, Carmichael, Harmer, Humphries and myself, were big men, the shortest being six feet tall. The contrast raised a laugh among the ladies. Then said Franklin in his kindest tones:

"My dear Abbe, I am aware that manhood is not a matter of feet and inches. I only assure you that these are average Americans and that they are pretty well filled with brain and spirit."

"The Abbe spoke of a certain printed story on which he had based his judgment.

"Franklin laughed and answered: 'I know that is a fable, because I wrote it myself one day, long ago, when we were short of news.'

The guests having departed, Franklin asked the young man to sit down for a talk by the fireside. The doctor spoke of the women of France, saying:

"You will not understand them or me unless you remind yourself that we are in Europe and that it is the eighteenth century. Here the clocks are lagging. Time moves slowly. With the poor it stands still. They know not the thing we call progress."

"Those who have money seem to be very busy having fun," I said.

"There is no morning to their day," he went on. "Their dawn is noontime. Our kind of people have had longer days and have used them wisely. So we have pushed on ahead of this European caravan. Our fathers in New England made a great discovery."

"What was it?" I asked.

"That righteousness was not a joke; that Christianity was not a solemn plaything for one day in the week, but a real, practical, working proposition for every day in the year; that the main support of the structure is industry; that its most vital commandment is this, 'six days shalt thou labor'; that no amount of wealth can excuse a man from this duty. Everyone worked. There was no idleness and therefore little poverty. The days were all for labor and the nights for rest. The wheels of progress were greased and moving.

"And our love of learning helped to push them along," I suggested.

"True. Our people have been mostly like you and me," he went on. "We long for knowledge of the truth. We build schools and libraries and colleges. We have pushed on out of the eighteenth century into a new time.

There you were born. Now you have stepped a hundred years backward into Europe. You are astonished, and this brings me to my point. Here I am with a great task on my hands. It is to enlist the sympathy and help of France. I must take things, not as I could wish them to be, but as I find them. At this court women are all powerful. It has long been a maxim here that a diplomatist must stand well with the ladies. Even though he is venerable, he must be gallant, and I do not use the word in a shady sense. The ladies are not so bad as you would think them. They are playthings. To them, life is not as we know it, filled with realities. It is a beautiful drama of rich costumes and painted scenes and ingenious words, all set in the atmosphere of romance. The players only pretend to believe each other. In the salon I am one of these players. I have to be.

"Mirabeau seemed to mean what he said," was my answer.

"Yes. He is one of those who often speak from the heart. All these players love the note of sincerity when they hear it. In the salon it is out of key, but away from the ladies the men are often living and not playing. Mirabeau, Condorcet, Turgot and others have heard the call of Human Liberty. Often they come to this house and speak out with a strong candor."

"I suppose that this great drama of despotism in France will end in a tragedy whose climax will consume the stage and half the players," I ventured to say.

"That is a theme, Jack, on which you and I must be silent," Franklin answered. "We must hold our mouths as with a bride."

"For a moment he sat looking sadly into the glowing coals on the grate. Franklin loved to talk, but no one could better keep his own counsel.

"At heart I am no revolutionist," he said presently. "I believe in purifying—not in breaking down. I would to God that I could have convinced the British of their error. Mainly I am with the prophet who says:

"Stand in the old ways. View the ancient paths. Consider them well and be not among those who are given to change."

"I wait for a moment thinking of the cruelties I had witnessed, and asking myself if it had been really worth while. Franklin interrupted my thoughts.

"I wish we could discover a plan which would induce and compel nations to settle their differences without cutting each other's throats. When will human wisdom be sufficient to see the advantage of this?"

"He told me the thrilling details of his success in France; how he had won the kingdom for an ally and secured loans and the help of a fleet and army then on the sea.

"And you will not be surprised to learn that the British have been sounding me to see if we would be base enough to abandon our ally," he laughed.

"In a moment he added:

"Come, it is late and you must write a letter to the heart of England before you lie down to rest."

"Often thereafter he spoke of Margaret as 'the heart of England.'"

(To be continued)

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street, Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and all plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-1.

Albany Electric Store, Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco Light products 202 Second. **GLENN WILLARD**. **WM. HOEHLICH**.

Auto Electric Service—Rechargeable A & B batteries—WILLARD storage battery. Phone 23. 119-121 W. Second st. H. D. Preston—J. C. Cochran.

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. **MRS. BLOUNT**.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS at **WOODWORTH'S**

Davenport Music company offers Piano-case organ, good as new. Estey organ, good as new. Used Pianos.

Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Elite Cafeteria and confectionery Home cooking. Pleasant surroundings. Courteous, efficient service. We make our own candies. **W. S. DUNCAN**.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. **Woodworth Drug Company**, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. **W. H. HULBERT**.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories. Repairs. **KIRK-POLAK MOTOR CO.**

Fortmiller Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves ranges. Funeral directors. 427-423 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

FULLER GROCERY, 235 Lyon (Successor to Stenberg Bros.) Groceries Fruits Produce. Phone 263R.

F. W. SEXAUER, auto and general painter. Get my estimate. 201 E. First street.

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery. Everything in the line of eats. Opposite Postoffice.

Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon. Master Dyers and Cleaners. Made-To-Measure Clothes.

If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio. 333 West First street, Albany.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

MARINELLO PARLORS (A beauty aid for every need) St. Francis Hotel. Prop., **INGA HAUGE**.

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. **ALBANY STATE BANK**. Under government supervision.

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 290.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the **WINCHESTER STORE** 122 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Builders' and shelf hardware, garden tools, crockery and glassware. New Stock. New low prices.

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Huppobile cars, Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

Albany Directory—Continued

HALLS'

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Was This a very Ancient Wall?

(Portland Oregonian)

Stone walls and other fortifications may have existed on the isles of the Willamette sea. Dr. John B. Horner, director of historical research in the Oregon Agricultural College, told the Ladies' Nature club at Corvallis, in an address on the stone wall across Peterson's butte, near Lebanon, Oregon.


"These islands, which we now call hills and buttes, were here long before there was a Willamette river," he said. "When the sea disappeared they were of a certainty occupied by primitive races that left evidences of their handicraft in stone.

"The Peterson wall was originally of uniform height. It was evidently about 3½ feet high when built. Sections of it have been so well preserved that here and there one can walk along the top with comparative ease.

"The wall, which is about 600 feet long, appears to have been a stone fence. It extends across a portion of the sag between the twin summits of Peterson's butte. Along this stretch rock was plentiful and the labor of construction comparatively light, but at the point where rock became scarce and transportation difficult the wall ended. Any experienced farmer will tell you that the wall is not of natural origin. And farmers are the real philosophers of the soil. Sea shells are collected far up the trail, indicating that long before the wall stood between the twin summits Peterson's Butte was one of the isles of the deep Willamette sea.

"The following are, therefore, incidents in the history of Peterson's butte; Washed by the sea, carpeted with grass, beautified with flowers, mantled with forests, roamed by wild animals, and occupied by man. And then comes the story of the stone wall which is gradually emerging from the mists of tradition."

JUNE 5, 1924 HALSEY ENTERPRISE PAGE 5



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Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

© 1919, by Laura Miller

EVEN MAGAZINE EDITORS DON'T ALL LIVE IN NEW YORK!

Martha Van Rensselaer was recently named as one of the twelve greatest American women. Born of parents who desired above all things to educate their children well, Miss Van Rensselaer became a teacher almost without conscious choice. As county school commissioner she added an interest in the life problems of rural women. A job had become a career.

In 1900 she was appointed by Cornell university for development of extension work with rural women. A department of home economics in the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell with Miss Van Rensselaer in charge followed. The department has become a "professional school," a small college in itself.

Mr. Hoover appointed Miss Van Rensselaer chief of the home conservation division of the United States food administration. The American Home Economics association made her its president. A woman's magazine sought her out to be "home-making editor."

With all personality boiled out in the telling, that is the story of one woman who had only a school teacher's position in an "up-state" town as a starting point.

What made Miss Van Rensselaer a woman to be listed in "Who's Who"? In what way has she differed from thousands of teachers who, in their own embittered phrase, "Never got anywhere?"

Isn't it fairly easy to read between the lines?

Martha Van Rensselaer, the girl, used to the full the gift her family had to convey. They loved education. Their daughter made education her life work.

She developed early the ability to manage people. Women county school commissioners were not so common in Atlantic coast states a quarter of a century ago but that office-holding is significant.

She was intellectually alert. Not many people were seeing the differences between life in city and country as problems that demanded help from public schools. Still fewer had a practical program. Martha Van Rensselaer evolved both.

She was feminine. She directed—one may easily imagine—all her fine woman instincts, not into antagonism to men, as so many intellectual women have done, but into a constructive service for other women and girls.

"I would develop more opportunities for women outside the cities," she writes. "There is much work undone and many women overtaxed in farm life because home equipment, social life and remuneration are not enough to hold the average girl at the seat of production."

Wrong View.

We make provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.—Addison.

It begins to look as if the United States, after all, may soon "adhere to" the world court—or in plain English become a member. The senate, which long scorned and flouted the proposal, has been hearing from the country.—Albany Democrat.

Halsey Happenings etc.

(Continued from page 1)

Miss Mary La Rue was in Albany Saturday.

Joe Pittman went to Roseburg Thursday.

Mrs. Freeland goes to Ione for her vacation.

J. C. Walton and J. C. Bramwell drove to Albany Saturday.

Miss Lillian Warmoth took the train here for Corvallis Friday.

Rev. Robert Parker and family drove to Creswell Decoration day.

Charles Gibson returned from a business trip to Portland Thursday.

Mrs. Bessie Quimby spent Friday with her friend, Mrs. A. E. Foote.

L. E. Gormley came down Friday from Eugene, where he has employment.

Edgar Enger of Brownsville and his sister Gladys were passengers to Eugene Thursday.

Mrs. J. W. Manrose, formerly of Halsey, but now of Portland, and children, Frank and Jessie, were visiting Mrs. W. H. McMahan and other friends Friday.

M. Russ was in town Friday with ripe red raspberries. The fruit is smaller on account of the drought, but it is also sweeter.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Miller and daughter Gardie, Miss Beulah Miller and Mrs. M. D. Brandon drove to Portland Monday. From there Mrs. Brandon continued to her home at St. Johns, Wash.

The Portland Bridge company got the Harrisburg bridge contract at the figures named last week and promises to try to complete the job this year. If this spell of weather holds out, the company will not be able to blame the rain if it fails.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Sturgis of Rex drove down Sunday for a short visit with G. F. Schroll and family. Not to be outdone, the Schrolls accompanied them on their return home for a week's visit at Rex and in Portland.

C. C. Jackson and wife and son G. E. Jackson and Miss Ida Jackson returned Friday from a nine-days auto trip to eastern Oregon by way of Klamath Falls. Mrs. G. E. Jackson and children, who have been visiting for some time at Silver Lake, returned home with them.

Professor J. S. Landers, president of the normal at Monmouth, left for his home Friday, after making the commencement address here Thursday night. He stated that there were 1000 students enrolled at summer school at Monmouth, besides branch schools at Ashland and Pendleton, and an eight-room building in use at Corvallis and two at Salem.

(Continued on page 4)