

# HALSEY ENTERPRISE

HALSEY, LINN COUNTY, ORE. ON NOV 26 1924

"Only a Few Days, and Thou Too—"



For Pride Goeth Before a Fall, and in a Few Days He Will Be in the Oven.

### Time for Neighborliness

The charities of the rich are indeed widespread, and to the heart really attuned to the spirit of Thanksgiving it seems a far more lovely thing to read of their gifts of clothing and food at their sitting at the bedside of the sick and sorrowing, than to pore through their fine social doings in the society column. Although the Bible tells us it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than a rich man to enter heaven, one feels inclined to believe that exceptions will be made. In truth, the rich and poor are very close at Thanksgiving time, and all the rest of us who can just scrape along try to do our level best by the friends and neighbors who are less well off.—Chicago, Daily News.

### His Last Picture



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## Our Plea Today

Let us be thankful—not only because  
Since last our universal thanks were told  
We have grown greater in the world's applause,  
And fortune's newer smiles surpass the old—  
Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers  
Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed,  
That they might fall upon us unawares,  
And bless us, as in greater need, we prayed.  
Let us be thankful for the loyal hand  
That love held out in welcome to our own,  
When love and only love could understand  
The need of touches we had never known.  
Let us be thankful for the longing eyes  
That gave their secret to us as they wept,  
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,  
Love's touch upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.  
And let us, too, be thankful that the tears  
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,  
That through them still, for all the coming years,  
We may look on the dead face of today.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## No Turkey, but Thanksgiving

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

Janet Thorn sat in the couch hammock on the shaded lanai and looked out across a purple blue sea to some far invisible shore. Somewhere beyond that misty horizon lay home. Not that home meant very much to Janet since the death of her only relative, an aunt. But, somehow, around Thanksgiving time a stranger in a strange land is likely to be homesick.

And this beautiful Hawaii, with all its glories, still had no adequate substitute to offer for the cold wintry skies and bleak harvested landscape, for the cranberry sauce and aroma of roasting turkey with which the national holiday is associated.

Therefore Janet sighed and found herself wishing that Jim Deming, the good-looking young principal of the school where she taught, were not engaged to the daughter of the island's wealthiest sugar planter.

If he hadn't been—oh, if only he hadn't been! Then the friendliness he had shown her since her arrival could have meant so much more to her—the forerunner, perhaps, of something so much more satisfying even than friendship!

Janet rose and, with an almost unconscious gesture, stretched out her arms toward the purple sea. "What does life hold for one?" she murmured wistfully.

"A trip to Hilo and the crater?"

Janet thought for an instant that someone had spoken, then realized that it was merely her own thought. That little lap within which represented a great longing as yet unfulfilled had taken this moment when loneliness surged within her and time hung heavy on her hands to prompt her. Why not use the emergency fund and take the trip to Hilo? Not that it would take the whole of it, at that, only, once the meager hoard were broken into, it would not again easily withstand temptation.

For Janet had decided to lay by each week out of her small salary a little contribution toward an amount to take her home should the occasion ever arise. To draw on what little she had already accumulated would be to put the goal still farther away.

Yet the psychological combination of the moment proved Janet's undoing. "I'm going to Hilo! I'm going to Hilo!" She sang the words, proudded madly on one foot, and turned indoors to get ready.

If that same little wicked demon within her whispered that she knew she was going to Hilo because Jim Deming had told her she ought to, she pretended not to hear. What influence ought he, engaged as he was to the haughty Gloria Tremans, to have on her life? Janet felt sorry for Jim. In fact, she had felt sorry ever since the day when Gloria had called for him at the school, had found him telling her about the wonders of Kilauea, and had peremptorily summoned him to her side with the most frigid of glances at Janet. Jim engaged to that Iceberg!

Two days later, seated luxuriously in the pasty automobile which runs to the crater of Kilauea for the benefit of tourists, Janet wondered why she was not happier. Here she was, temporarily seated in the lap of luxury,

hired though it was, about to see one of the world's greatest sights, the bubbling, restless lake of molten lava which is the crater of Kilauea. It must be because she was, in spite of the score or so of effervescent, gushing tourists, in reality alone. She had no one with whom to share the wonder. Then, as she stood on the very brink of the vast lava sea, she saw him—the man who had been so persistently in her thoughts. He was alone, and had withdrawn apparently from a second group of tourists whose automobile had, no doubt, preceded hers. He stood with arms folded, gazing down to the colorful depths below.

Where was Gloria? Janet's puzzled eyes searched the crowd in vain. Then, resolutely, she crossed over to him.

"It's my first visit, Mr. Deming," she said abruptly, "and I'm even more impressed than I had expected."

At the sound of her voice he turned and Janet found time to wonder at the look of surprise in his expression. "Janet! But what—why—"

"Yes," laughed Janet. "That's what I want to know! What are you doing here, and why are you not spending the holidays with—"

"My—er—former fiancée?" Jim gave a strange little laugh. "Miss Tremans and I are no longer engaged. In fact, the affair was broken off because of—"

Janet drew back. "I—I don't understand," she murmured.

"We had a—er—little disagreement. She accused me of being interested in you, too much so. Wait, don't look that way, Janet. I'm telling you this because—oh, Janet, my darling, it's true!"

The gathering darkness was cloaking the two of them as Jim drew nearer.

Janet's heart had leapt within her but she held herself sternly in check. "I—I—oh, can't you see that even if I cared, we couldn't accept this at the expense of another's happiness?"

Jim smiled grimly. "Don't worry. I have suspected for some time that Gloria was tired of me. You merely served as an excuse. And she saved me from doing what I should have had to have done in justice to her—and you!"

Some time later, Jim explained how he had reached the bungalow where Janet boarded just after she had left; how he had missed the steamer, but joined a party going over in their own



He Was Alone.

yacht; how he had planned to tell her everything at the very summit.  
"And now—no more homesickness."

## Here's to the Thankful Day



Oh, here's to Harvest Time, the end of the fall!  
The last month of autumn—the best of them all!  
The month of Thanksgiving, with turkeys and plums!  
The month before Christmas, when Santa Claus comes!  
I like old November, because it is not  
Too wet nor too dry, nor too cold nor too hot,  
Just jolly and sunny and full of good things.  
Oh, here's to Thanksgiving, with all that it brings!

Janet!" he admonished her tenderly after hearing her part of the story. "Our honeymoon shall be a trip to the States!"

Janet smiled. "It doesn't need turkey and cranberry sauce after all to make a Thanksgiving. This is the realiest Thanksgiving I ever had!"

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## Thanksgiving in the Holy Land

The average American has an idea that Thanksgiving is a national holiday peculiar to his country and celebrated because of proclamations issued by the President and by governors of states, whereas the feast of Thanksgiving is observed in many other countries. One of the many interesting observances of this feast is held by the Jews in Jerusalem, though it is celebrated in a very different manner from that we are accustomed to think of as Thanksgiving, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

While we here celebrate the day by discontinuing all business and giving up ourselves mostly to the Thanksgiving dinner, in the Far East the Thanksgiving is continued as a religious service for several days, though accompanied by much merry-making, during which all business is suspended. This ancient Hebrew people, clinging to the memory of their glorious past, drawn near to each other because of their common love for their peculiar traditions and for their "Torah"—their solace through the ages—gather in colonies at sites theirs by right through inheritance, though not granted them by the usurpers of their land. Driven through the centuries from country to country, persecuted for their religion and massacred by the injustice of radical prejudice, they now flock to their own country, selling all they possess to pay the voyage and come, to look upon the land where lived their patriarchs and prophets and to die and be buried on holy soil.

### Three Great Festivities.

The three greatest feasts in which the Jew remembers his past and fulfills in all the details possible the old Mosaic law in the land promised to Moses so many centuries ago, are the Passover, Tabernacles and Pentecost. It is at the Feast of Passover that he offers the Paschal sacrifice in the temple on Mount Sinai, since upon its site stands a gorgeous mosque, where only Islam bends the knee and bows the head in adoration to Allah and Mohammed. Yet there are times when the Jew in his own ancient land rejoices and is glad. With thanks to his God for the existence today of his race—still set apart—and with great festivity he commemorates God's wonderful preservation of this people and celebrates the remarkable events in their history. He is elated at the privilege of being able to celebrate his own feasts in the place where they were instituted, and this is entirely

possible at the Feast of Thanksgiving, for it is a festival for the synagogue and the home, and there are no obstacles in the Holy Land to the fulfilling of every letter of the law in regard to this celebration. Setting care and business aside, he dons his handsomest gowns and goes to the synagogue, which has also been decorated in festive attire, and with a thankful heart he enters into a service which is all joyousness.

### Celebrate in "Tabernacles."

The principal feature of this Feast of Thanksgiving is the dwelling in "tabernacles" or booths for seven days. Under a perfect blue sky, surrounded by the eternal hills round about Jerusalem, amid ancient olive trees, or in desolate stony fields of ruin stand the little Jewish colonies, and by each house its little "succa" for celebrating the feast. Each colony has its own synagogue, and here the rabbi leads the congregation in the songs of thanksgiving, while the women prepare the festive meal to be served within the green booth. Here the family meet in deep happiness because they have been able to fulfill the command of Moses their "law giver" once again, and in the Holy Land.

The Feast of Thanksgiving commemorates God's goodness in the past to the Israelites in the wilderness. Their long wandering in the journey to the Promised Land is symbolized by their residence by day in these booths for the space of a week. This festival is also called the Feast of Ingathering. This thought is illustrated by the plants in the "succa" and by the branch with which it is built; also by the palms and willows and lemons which are brought into the synagogue and rejoiced over.

### Pictureque Services.

All the services are exceedingly picturesque and all the customs are surrounded by symbolical tokens and figurative acts and parabolic speech. For this ancient people belong to a past age when man clung to symbols, and to an oriental crime where all speech is flowery and filled with imagery. In this land, sacred by its wonderful history, mystic by its strange traditions, ancient, because the birthplace of venerable religions, where the city walls inclose beloved ruins, and the barren stony hills speak sorrowfully of what has been and is no more, there is something peculiarly touching and appropriate in the continuance of these old-time customs.

The construction of these "tabernacles" furnishes a time of great amusement to young and old, for all members of the family take part in the rearing and decorating of this airy home within which the feast is to be celebrated. Some choose the large, open courtyard of the house for the site of this temporary residence, while others prefer to build it on the flat roof of the house.

Plowing stubble or sod land for wheat soon after harvest, or as soon as some green matter is up, is a recognized and safe practice season after season. In some tests, an actual difference of five bushels to the acre have been shown, in favor of early fall plowing. It opens the soil for moisture during the fall and winter, kills weeds, makes green manure of the sod, makes a firmer and better seedbed, and makes less work in the early spring, when planting season is on. It is also best when lime is to be applied for the next wheat crop it