

GLOBE ALBANY Sunday—Monday—Tuesday March 1—2—3 CECIL B. DeMILLE'S A GOLDEN BED Another triumph by the maker of "The Ten Commandments." Coming soon, Thomas Meighan's latest, Coming Through

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 4) Robert Allen is cutting wood for B. M. Bond. Lucas Wheeler and wife and Bryant called on the Halsey Wheelers Sunday. Miss Dorothy Chilcote of Albany spent the week end with Miss Altminer. Harrisburg's interest in the rock crusher at that city has been bought by the county. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wahl and daughter Wilma were Corvallis callers Saturday. Trula Miller of Brownsville and Warron Benedict of Hoquiam were married Feb. 13. George Finley was in Halsey Sunday, in transit between his big Crawfordville farm and Portland. Mrs. L. V. Chance has returned after a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Albany. Glenn Hill of Harrisburg was in Halsey Friday and was accompanied home by his mother for a few days visit. J. S. Nicewood offers prizes of \$1, 50c and 25c for the three best letters written by members of the high school civics class. Miss Ida Jackson, granddaughter of C. C. Jackson, who attended the Halsey high school last year, went to Washington and married. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. English and children went to Eugene Friday evening for a visit with the former's mother and to attend the opera given by the Brandon Comic Opera company. W. J. Lane's car was turned bottom side up near Mattoon, Ill., Feb. 9, in a collision with another car and he and his father-in-law were bruised and cut up more than was pleasant, but they were walking about with their bruises next day. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Straley and Mrs. Straley's mother, Mrs. Esther Rike, drove to Corvallis Saturday evening. Mrs. Rike returning to her work. Mr. and Mrs. Straley returned by Albany and called on Mrs. E. E. Gourley and the twins at the hospital. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cross drove to Hillsboro Friday evening for a weekend visit with the latter's parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Morrill. They were accompanied to New Era by Mr. Cross' mother, Mrs. E. A. P. LeFollette, and her husband, who were on their return trip to their home in eastern Oregon.

Soy Beans May Be Grown to Improve Thin Soils

Oats are not considered a big money crop, but they do furnish a variety of food, and they fit in the rotation program, where some spring-sown crop is called for. Some farms where from one-quarter to one-third the acreage was formerly given to oats are changing over to soy beans, and the system seems to be meeting with wide favor. Spring wheat may be utilized as nurse for clovers, or clovers and grasses may be sown during February or March on fall-sown wheat. With this shift of nurse crops soy beans may be profitably grown in greater areas, and may be utilized in a way that will give maximum feeding value and at the same time give some aid to our thinner soils. The right sort of farm management by the right sort of farmer really does pay.

FOR SALE

BALED HAY \$8 and \$10 a ton; also Colts and Work Horses cheap. Phone 119 J. D. Rede, 8 miles west of Halsey.

CUT FLOWERS AND SHEET MUSIC

HALL'S Floral and Music Shop Albany

So Big

(Continued from page 5)

have been offended at anything today. For in spite of her recent tragedy, her nineteen years, her loneliness, the terrifying thought of this new home to which she was going, among strangers, she was conscious of a warm thrill of elation, of excitement—of adventure! That was it. "The whole thing's just a grand adventure," Simeon Peake had said. Selina gave a little bounce of anticipation. She was doing a revolutionary and daring thing; a thing that the Vermont and now, fortunately, inaccessible Peakes would have regarded with horror. For equipment she had youth, curiosity, a steel-strong frame; one brown lady's-cloth, one wine-red cashmere; four hundred and ninety-seven dollars; and a gay, adventure-some spirit that was never to die, though it led her into curious places and she often found, at the end, only a trackless waste from which she had to retrace her steps, painfully. But always, to her, red and green cabbages were to be jade and Burgundy, chrysopeprase and porphyry. Life has no weapons against a woman like that. Klaas Pool was a school director. She was to live at his house. Perhaps she should not have said that about the cabbages. So now she drew herself up primly and tried to appear the school teacher, and succeeded in looking as severe as a white pansy. "Ahem!" (or nearly that). "You have three children, haven't you, Mr. Pool? They'll all be my pupils?" Klaas Pool ruminated on this. He concentrated so that a slight frown marred the serenity of his brow. In this double question of hers, an attempt to give the conversation a dignified turn, she had apparently created some difficulty for her host. He was trying to shake his head two ways at the same time. This gave it a rotary motion. Selina saw, with amazement, that he was attempting to nod negation and confirmation at once. "You mean you haven't—or they're not?—or—?" "I have got three children. All will not be your pupils." There was something final, unshakable in his delivery of this. "Geertje goes to school. Jozina goes to school. Roelf works by the farm." "How old is Roelf?" She was being school teacherly again. "Roelf is twelve." "Twelve! And no longer at school! But why not?" "Roelf he works by the farm." "Doesn't Roelf like school?" "But sure." "Don't you think he ought to go to school?" "But sure." Having begun, she could not go back. "Doesn't your wife want Roelf to go to school any more?" "Maartje? But sure." She gathered herself together; hurried herself behind the next question. "Then why doesn't he go to school, for pity's sake?" Klaas Pool's pale blue eyes were fixed on the spot between the horse's ears. His face was serene, placid, patient. "Roelf he works by the farm." Selina subsided, beaten. Dusk was coming on. The lake mist came drifting across the prairie and hung, a pearly haze, over the frost-kissed stubble and the leafless trees. It caught the last light in the sky and held it, giving to fields, trees, black earth, to the man seated stolidly beside the girl, and to the face of the girl herself an opalescent glow very wonderful to see. Selina, seeing it, opened her lips to exclaim again; and then, remembering, closed them. She had learned her first lesson in High Prairie.

The Klaas Pools lived in a typical High Prairie house. They had passed a score like it in the dusk. These sturdy Holland-Americans had built here in Illinois after the pattern of the squat houses that dot the lowlands about Amsterdam, Haarlem and Rotterdam. A row of pollards stood stolidly by the roadside. Yard and dwelling had a geometrical neatness like that of a toy house in a set of playthings. Peering down over the high wheel Selina waited for Klaas Pool to assist her in alighting. He seemed to have no such thought. Having jumped down, he was throwing empty crates and boxes out of the back of the wagon. So Selina, gathering her shawls and took about her, clambered down the side of the wheel and stood looking about her in the dim light, a very small figure in a very large world. Klaas had opened the barn door. Now he returned and slapped one of the horses smartly on the flank. The team trotted obediently off to the barn. He picked up her little hide-bound trunk. She took her satchel. The yard was quite dark now. As Klaas Pool opened the kitchen door the red mouth that was the open draught in the kitchen stove grinned a toothy welcome at them. A woman stood over the stove, a



Selina Stood Looking About Her in the Dim Light, a Very Small Figure in a Very Large World.

lark in her hand. The kitchen was clean, but disorderly, with the disorder that comes of pressure of work. There was a not unpleasant smell of cooking. Selina sniffed it hungrily. The woman turned to face them. Selina stared. This, she thought, must be some other—an old woman—his mother, perhaps. But: "Maartje, here is school teacher," said Klaas Pool. Selina put out her hand to meet the other woman's hand, rough, hard, calloused. Her own, touching it, was like satin against a pine board. Maartje smiled, and you saw her broken discolored teeth. She pushed back the sparse hair from her high forehead, fumbled a little, shyly, at the collar of her clean blue calico dress. "Pleased to meet you," Maartje said, primly. "Make you-welcome." Then, as Pool stamped out to the yard, slamming the door behind him, "Pool he could have come with you by the front way, too. Lay off your things." Selina began to remove the wrappings that swathed her—the muffler, the shawl, the cloak. Now she stood, a slim, inconspicuously elegant, little figure in that kitchen. The brown lady's-cloth was very tight and basqued above, very founced and bustled below. "My, how you are young!" cried Maartje. She moved nearer, as if impelled, and fingered the stuff of Selina's gown. And as she did this Selina suddenly saw that she, too, was young. The bad teeth, the thin hair, the careless dress, the littered kitchen, the harassed frown—above all these, standing out clearly, appeared the look of a girl. "Why, I do believe she's not more than twenty-eight!" Selina said to herself in a kind of panic. "I do believe she's not more than twenty-eight."

She had been aware of the two pig-tailed heads appearing and vanishing in the doorway of the next room. Evidently her hostess was distressed because the school teacher's formal entrance had not been made by way of parlor instead of kitchen. She followed Maartje Pool into the front room. Behind the stove, tittering, were two yellow-haired little girls. Geertje and Jozina, of course. Selina went over to them, smiling. "Which is Geertje?" she asked. "And which Jozina." But at this the titters became squeals. They retired behind the round black bulwark of the wood-burner, overcome. Selina's quick glance encompassed the room. In the window were a few hardy plants in pots on a green-painted wooden rack. There was a sofa with a wrinkled calico cover; three rocking chairs; some stark crayons of incredibly hard-featured Dutch ancestors on the wall. It was all neat, stiff, unlovely. But Selina had known too many years of boarding-house ugliness to be offended at this. Maartje had lighted a small glass-bowled lamp. A steep, uncarpeted stairway, inclosed, led off the sitting room. Up this Maartje Pool, talking, led the way to Selina's bedroom. Selina was to learn that the farm woman, often inarticulate through lack of companionship, becomes a torrent of talk when opportunity presents itself. A narrow, dim, close-smelling hallway, uncarpeted. At the end of it a door opening into the room that was to be Selina's. As its chill struck her to the marrow three objects caught her eyes. The bed, a huge and not unhandsome walnut mausoleum, reared its somber height almost to the room's top. The mattress of straw and cornhusks was unworthy of this edifice, but over it Mrs. Pool had mercifully placed a feather bed, stitched and quilted, so that Selina lay soft and warm through the winter. Along one wall stood a low chest so richly brown as to appear black. The front panel of this was curiously carved. Selina stooped before it and for the second time that day said: "How beautiful!" then looked quickly round at Maartje Pool as though fearful of finding her laughing as Klaas Pool had laughed. But Mrs. Pool's face reflected the glow in her own. She came over to Selina and stooped with her over the chest, holding the lamp so that its yellow flame lighted up the scrolls and tendrils of the carved surface. With one discolored forefinger she traced the bold flourishes on the panel. "See? How

it makes out letters?" Selina peered closer. "Why, sure enough! This first one's an S!" Maartje was kneeling before the chest now. "Sure an S. For Sophia. It is a Holland bride's chest. And here is K. And here is big D. It makes Sophia Kroon DeVries. It is anyways two hundred years. My mother she gave it to me when I was married, and her mother she gave it to her when she was married, and her mother gave it to her when she was married, and her—"

"I should think so!" exclaimed Selina, rather meaninglessly; but stemming the torrent. "What's in it? Anything? There ought to be bride's clothes in it, yellow with age." "It is!" cried Maartje Pool and gave a little bounce that imparted the lamp. "No!" The two on their knees sat smiling at each other, wide-eyed, like schoolgirls. "Here—wait." Maartje Pool thrust the lamp into Selina's hand, raised the lid of the chest, dived expertly into its depths amidst a great rustling of old newspapers and emerged red-faced with a Dutch basque and voluminous skirt of silk; an age-yellow cap whose wings, stiff with embroidery, stood out grandly on either side; a pair of wooden shoes, stained terracotta-like the sails of the Volendam fishing boats, and carved from toe to heel in a delicate and intricate pattern. A bridal gown, a bridal cap, bridal shoes. "Well!" said Selina, with the feeling of a little girl in a rich attic on a rainy day. She clasped her hands. "May I dress up in it sometime?" Maartje Pool, folding the garments hastily, looked shocked and horrified. "Never must anybody dress up in a bride's dress, only to get married. It brings bad luck." Then, as Selina stroked the stiff, silken folds of the skirt with a slim and caressing forefinger: "So you get married to a High Prairie Dutchman I let you wear it." At this absurdity they both laughed again. Selina thought that this school-teaching venture was starting out very well. She would have such things to tell her father—then she remembered. She shivered a little as she stood up now. There surged over her a great wave of longing for her father—for the theater treats, for his humorous philosophical drawl, for the Chicago streets, and the ugly Chicago houses; for Julie; for Miss Fister's school; for anything and any one that was accustomed, known, and therefore dear. She had a horrible premonition that she was going to cry, began to blink very fast, turned a little blindly in the dim light and caught sight of the room's third arresting object. A blue-black cylinder of tin sheeting, like a stove and yet unlike. It was polished like the length of pipe in the sitting-room below. Indeed, it was evidently a giant flower of this stem. "What's that?" demanded Selina, pointing.

Maartje Pool, depositing the lamp on the little wash-stand preparatory to leaving, smiled proudly. "Drum." "Drum?" "For heat your room." Selina touched it. It was icy. "When there is fire," Mrs. Pool added, hastily. Selina was to learn that his heating powers were mythical. Even when the stove in the sitting room was blazing away with a cheerful roar none of the glow communicated itself to the drum. It remained as coolly indifferent to the blasts breathed upon it as a girl hotly besieged by an unwelcome lover. "Maartje!" roared a voice from belowstairs. The voice of the hungry male. There was wafted up, too, a faint smell of scorching. Then came sounds of a bumping and thumping along the narrow stairway. "Og heden!" cried Maartje. In a panic, her hands high in air. She was off.

Left alone in her room Selina unlocked her trunk and took from it two photographs—one of a mild-looking man with his hat a little on one side, the other of a woman who might have been a twenty-five-year-old Selina, minus the courageous jaw-line. Looking about for a fitting place on which to stand these leather-framed treasures she considered the top of the chill drum, humorously, then actually placed them there, for lack of a better refuge, from which vantage point they regarded her with politely interested eyes. Perhaps they would put up a shelf for her. That would serve for her little stock of books and for the pictures as well. She was enjoying that little flush of exhilaration that comes to a woman, unpacking. She took out her neat pile of warm woolen underwear, her stout shoes. She shook out the crushed folds of the wine-colored cashmere. Now, if ever, she should have regretted its purchase. But she didn't. No one, she reflected, as she spread it rostrally on the bed, possessing wine-colored cashmere could be altogether downcast.

From below stairs came the hiss of frying. Selina washed in the chill water of the basin, took down her hair and coiled it again before the swimmily little mirror over the wash-stand. She adjusted the stretched white bands of the severe collar and patted the cuffs of the brown lady's-cloth. The tight basque was fastened with buttons from throat to waist. Her fine long head rose above this trying base with such grace and dignity as to render the stiff garment beautiful. It was a day of appalling bunchedness and equally appalling tightness in dress; of panniers,

galloons, plustrons, revers, bustled, all manner of lumpy bedevilment. That Selina could appear in this disgusting garment a creature still graceful, slim, and pliant was a sheer triumph of spirit over matter.

She blew out the light now and descended the steep wooden stairway to the unlighted parlor. The door between parlor and kitchen was closed. Selina sniffed sensitively. There was pork for supper. She was to learn that there was always pork for supper. She hesitated a moment there in the darkness. Then she opened the kitchen door. There swam out at her a haze of smoke, from which emerged round blue eyes, guttural talk, the smell of frying grease, of stable, of loam, and of woolen wash freshly brought in from the line. With an inrush of cold air that sent the blue haze into swirls the outer kitchen door opened. "A boy, his arm piled high with stove-wood, entered; a dark, handsome sullen boy who stared at Selina over the armband of wood. Selina stared back at him. There sprang to life between the boy of twelve and the woman of nineteen an electric current of feeling. "Roelf!" thought Selina; and even took a step toward him, inexplicably drawn. "Hurry then with that wood there!" fretted Maartje at the stove. The boy flung the armful into the box. Brushed his sleeve and coat-front mechanically, still looking at Selina.

Klaas Pool, already at table, thumped with his knife. "Sit down, teacher." Selina hesitated, looked at Maartje. Maartje was holding a frying pan aloft in one hand while with the other she thrust and poked a fresh stick of wood into the open-lidded stove. The two pigtailed seated themselves at the table, set with its red-checked cloth and bone-handled cutlery. Roelf flung his cap on a wall-hook and sat down. Only Selina and Maartje remained standing. "Sit down! Sit down!" Klaas Pool said again, jovially. "Well, how is cabbages?" He chuckled and winked. A duet of titters from the pigtailed. Maartje at the stove smiled; but a trifle grimly, one might have thought, watching her. Evidently Klaas had not hugged his joke in secret. Only the boy Roelf remained unsmiling. Even Selina, feeling the red mounting to her cheeks, smiled a little, nervously, and sat down with some suddenness.

(To be continued)

Production of Tobacco Small

Reduction Is Attributed to Decreased Plantings in All Growing Sections.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Production of all types of tobacco grown in the United States was smaller last year than in 1923, reports the United States Department of Agriculture. The total crop was 1,248,000,000 pounds as compared with 1,515,000,000 pounds in 1923. The cigar types show a cut of 24,000,000 pounds, and the types used for chewing, smoking, snuff, and export show a reduction of 248,000,000 pounds.

The reduced production is attributed to decreased plantings in practically all the important tobacco growing sections, and by decreased yields in many areas. The biggest decrease was in the Bright or fire-cured tobacco portions of Virginia and the Carolinas, where production of what are known as the Old Belt and New Belt type was 441,000,000 pounds or 152,000,000 pounds less than last year.

Of these two fire-cured types, the New Belt type showed the heaviest decline, production being placed at about 220,000,000 pounds as compared with 320,000,000 pounds last year. The department points out, however, that sales data in South Carolina are as yet incomplete and the production figures in that state may be raised several million pounds.

Production of Burley, which is the most important single type of tobacco, was 311,000,000 pounds or 15,775,000 pounds less than last year. Production of One-Sucker, air-cured type was under 31,000,000 pounds as compared with 51,000,000 last year. Decreased acreage of Clarksville and Hopkinsville types was partially offset by a somewhat better yield, production being placed at 106,000,000 pounds as compared with 96,000,000 pounds in 1923. Production of Henderson type shows a cut of 25 per cent, and of the Paducah type a reduction of 31 per cent. Total production of types used for cigars was 129,641,000 pounds as compared with 194,124,000 pounds in 1923. Production in the Connecticut valley was 4,832,000 pounds less than last year. Pennsylvania shows an increase of approximately 1,000,000 pounds, and Wisconsin a decrease of 11,432,000 pounds.

In 1925 higher yields will mean lower unit costs. Crop rotation not only helps the soil; it discourages insects. Business must do for farm marketing what science is doing for farm production. "The good die young," says a popular proverb. What an awful old singer Methusalem must have been!

TORRANCE Reconditioning Shop

Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station 212 East First St., Albany, near the skating rink. Phone:

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

North South No. 32, 3:20 a. m. No. 17, 12:09 p. m. 18, 10:48 a. m. 33, 7:11 p. m. 34, 4:25 p. m. 31, 11:34 p. m. No. 14, due Halsey at 5:02 p. m., stops to let off passengers from south of Eugene. Nos. 31 and 32 stop only if flagged. Nos. 31, 32, 33 and 34 run between Portland and Eugene only. Passengers for south of Roseburg should take No. 17 to Eugene and there transfer No. 15. Halsey-Brownsville stage meets trains 18, 17, 14, 34 and 33 in order named.

Paid-for Paragraphs

(5c a line) Lost—A Pinking Iron, about 6 inches long; semi-circle on one end. Robeta Vannice, Whole milk delivered, 8c quart Mrs. W. F. Carter.

Lost—In Halsey or Albany or on the train between the two places—An Eastern Star pin, Finder please leave at Enterprise office and receive reward.

Rhode Island red eggs, 50c a setting. P. J. Forster.

Old papers for sale at 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.

Alford Arrows

(By an Enterprise Reporter)

Mrs. J. H. Rickard is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Isom went to Albany Friday.

D. H. Sturtevant and family visited at E. D. Isom's Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Starnes visited her sister, Miss Hattie Damm, Friday.

Charles Warden of Rowland was an afternoon caller at Chester Curtis' Sunday.

Miss Catherine Pinneo, a student at the U. of O., visited Mrs. A. E. Whitbeck Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Melford Ingram of Silverton were week-end guests at the Lee Ingram home.

E. A. Starnes, A. E. Whitbeck and E. D. Isom attended an I. O. O. F. meeting at Brownsville Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Starnes and Mrs. D. I. Isom attended the funeral of Allie Elder at Shedd Tuesday of last week.

Guests at J. H. Rickard's Sunday were Rev. Mr. Tate and family of Peoria and M. C. and Jesse Jenks and wives of Tangent.

E. A. Starnes took his daughter Esther to Corvallis Friday. She was a delegate from the Shedd high school to the high school convention.

Dr. and Mrs. T. I. Marks drove to Corvallis Saturday afternoon and attended the educational exhibition at O. A. C. which they report was a most wonderful display of the work of the different departments of the college. The pharmacy building was especially interesting in that it contained a model drugstore, the different fixtures of which were donations of the numerous wholesale houses of the state and to be made a permanent part of the institution. The domestic science department was also very attractive, showing what can be accomplished along that line.

A. E. Foote was confined to his bed by a bad cold and sore throat the first of the week. J. H. Rike substituted for him in the garage.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

of administrator Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Nancy Palmer, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice, with the necessary vouchers, to the undersigned administrator at his place of residence at Halsey, in Linn County, Oregon. Dated and first published this 4th day of February, 1925. J. C. Bramwell, Administrator Aforesaid. A. A. Treasing, Atty. for Adm.