

GLOBE ALBANY
 Sunday and Monday
 March 8-9
THOMAS MEIGHAN
 in
COMING THROUGH
 Meighan's latest and by far his greatest picture
 Soon coming,
Barbara Frietchie
 the greatest romance of American history

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)
John Wolfe, Brownsville pioneer died yesterday.

Wade Collins caught a 51 pound beaver near Lebanon the other day.
L. V. Chance was a Brownsville visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chancy Sickels visited relatives in Corvallis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Maxwell of Drain were visiting relatives in Halsey Sunday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mornhinweg Feb. 26 in Portland.

George Fruit is building a house, and some of his grange brothers, and neighbors donated their help one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chancy Sickels and Mrs. Veatch attended grange at Brownsville last Saturday.

Clinton Morse and daughter Shirley and Curtis Veatch and daughter Wanda and Bessie Smith were in Eugene Saturday.

The Albany Herald did not fall down in service when it ceased to have a future to hope for. Its last issue was one of its best and new-iest.

County Surveyor Leonard thinks our present designated market road, 45 in number, can be completed (rocked) in two years. But that will come far from giving us a road to every man's door.

Mrs. Eliza Brandon got home last week from Burbank, Cal., and good weather came at the same time. Mrs. Brandon prefers good old Oregon to the glorious climate of the bear state.

Republican House leaders agreed on the selection of Representative Hawley of Oregon as chairman of the republican caucus. He will succeed Representative Anderson of Minnesota, who retires from congress March 4.

There were three fatalities in Oregon due to industrial accidents during the week ending February 26, according to a report prepared at the offices of the state industrial accident commission. A total of 589 accidents was reported.

Upper Willamette river traffic, as checked on tonnage passing through the locks and canal at Oregon City, increased encouragingly during February as compared with business in January, according to figures reported by the lock keeper.

A bonfire of leaves is willful waste of that which belongs to the soil.

Ideas gained at the fairs last year will be of no use unless you put them to work this year.

So Big

(Continued from page 4)

store near the High Prairie station. Farmer families for miles around were there. The new church organ—that time-hallowed pretext for sociability—was the excuse for this gathering. There was a small admission charge. Adam Ooms had given them the hall. The three musicians were playing without fee. The women were to bring supper packed in boxes or baskets, these to be raffled off to the highest bidder whose privilege it then was to sup with the fair whose basket he had bought. Hot coffee could be had at 20 much the cup. All the proceeds were to be devoted to the organ. Maartje had packed her own basket at noon and had driven off at four with Klaas and the children. She was to serve on one of those bustling committees whose duties ranged from coffee making to dish washing. Klaas and Roelf were to be pressed into service. Jakob Hoogendunk would convey Selma to the festivities when his chores were done. Selma's lunch basket was to be a separate and distinct affair, offered at auction with those of the Katrinas and Linas and Sophias of High Prairie. Not a little apprehensive, she was to pack this basket herself. Maartje, departing, had left copious but disjointed instructions.

Maartje's own basket was of gigantic proportions and staggering content. Her sandwiches were cubic blocks; her pickles clubs of cucumber; her pies vast plateaus.

The basket provided for Selma, while not quite so large, still was of appalling size as Selma contemplated it. She decided, suddenly, that she would have none of it. In her trunk she had a cardboard box such as shoes come in. Certainly this should hold enough lunch for two, she thought. She was a little nervous about the whole thing; rather dreaded the prospect of eating her supper with a High Prairie swain unknown to her. Suppose no one should bid for her box! she resolved to fill it after her own pattern, disregarding Maartje's heavy provender.

She had the kitchen to herself. Jakob was in the fields or out-houses. The house was deliciously quiet. Selma rummaged for the shoe box, lined it with a sheet of tissue paper, oiled up her sleeves, got out mixing bowl, flour, pans. Cup cakes were her ambition. She baked six of them. They came out a beautiful brown but somewhat leaden. Still, anything was better than a wedge of soggy pie, she told herself. She bottled eggs very hard, halved them, devilled their yolks, filled the whites neatly with this mixture and clapped the halves together again, skewering them with a toothpick. Then she rolled each egg separately in tissue paper twisted at the ends. Daintiness, she had decided, should be the keynote of her supper box. The food neatly packed she wrapped the box in paper and tied it with a gay red ribbon yielded by her trunk. At the last moment she whipped over the yard, twisted a brush of evergreen from the tree at the side of the house, and tucked this into the knot of ribbon atop the box. She stepped back and thought the effect enchanting.

She was waiting in her red cashmere and her cloak and hood when Hoogendunk called for her. They were late arrivals.

Selma, balancing her box carefully, opened the door that led to the wooden stairway. The hall was on the second floor. The clamor that struck her ears had the effect of a physical blow. She hesitated a moment, and if there had been any means of returning to the Pool farm, short of walking five miles in the snow, she would have taken it. Up the stairs and into the din. Evidently the auctioning of supper baskets was even now in progress. The auctioneer was Adam Ooms who himself had once been the High Prairie school teacher. A fox-faced little man, bald, fidgety, the village clown with a solid foundation of shrewdness under his clowning and a tart layer of malice over it.

High and shrill came his voice. "What am I bid! What am I bid!



"What Am I Bid! Thirty Cent! Shame on You, Gentlemen!"

Thirty cents! Thirty-five! Shame on you, gentlemen. What am I bid! Who'll make it forty?"

Selma felt a little thrill of excitement. She looked about for a place on which to lay her wraps, espied a box that appeared empty, rolled her cloak, muffler, and hood into a neat bundle and, about to cast it into the box, saw, upturned to her from its depths, the round pink faces of the sleeping Kuyper twins, aged six months. Oh, dear! In desperation Selma placed her bundle on the floor in a corner, smoothed down the red cashmere, snatched up her lunch box and made for the doorway with the childish eagerness of one out of the crowd to be in it. She wondered where Maartje and Klaas Pool were in this close-packed roomful; and Roelf. In the doorway she found that broad black-coated backs shut off sight and ingress. She had written her name neatly on her lunch box. Now she was at a loss to find a way to reach Adam Ooms. She eyed the great-shouldered expanse just ahead of her. In desperation she decided to dig into it with a corner of her box. She dug, viciously. The back winced. Its owner turned. "Here! What—"

Selma looked up into the wrathful face of Pervus DeJong. Pervus DeJong looked down into the startled eyes of Selma Peake. Large enough eyes at any time; enormous now in her fright at what she had done. "I'm sorry! I'm—sorry. I thought if I could—there's no way of getting my lunch box up there—such a crowd—"

A slim, appealing, lovely little figure in the wine-red cashmere, amidst all those burly bosoms, and over-heated bodies, and flushed faces. His gaze left her reluctantly, settled on the lunch box, became, if possible, more bewildered. "That? Lunch box?"

"Yes. For the raffle. I'm the school teacher. Selma Peake."

He nodded. "I saw you in church Sunday."

"You did! I didn't think you. . . . Did you?"

"Wait here. I'll come back. Wait here."

He took the shoe box. She waited. He plowed his way through the crowd like a juggernaut, reached Adam Ooms' platform and placed the box inconspicuously next a colossal hamper that was one of a dozen grouped awaiting Adam's attention. When he had made his way back to Selma he again said, "Wait," and plunged down the wooden stairway. Selma waited. She had ceased to feel distressed at her inability to find the Pools in the crowd, a-tiptoe though she was. When presently he came back he had in his hand an empty wooden soap box. This he up-ended in the doorway just behind the crowd stationed there. Selma mounted it; found her head a little above the level of his. She could survey the room from end to end. There were the Pools. She waved to Maartje; smiled at Roelf. He made as though to come toward her; did come part way, and was restrained by Maartje catching at his coat tail.

Adam Ooms' gavel (a wooden potato masher) crashed for silence. "Ladies!" (Crash) "And gents!" (Crash) "Gents! Look what basket we've got here!"

Look indeed. A great hamper, grown so plerotic that it could no longer wear its cover. Its contents belled into a mound smoothly covered with a fine white cloth whose glistening surface proclaimed its dampness. A Himalaya among hampers. You knew that under that snowy crust lay gold that was fowl done crisply, succulently; emeralds in the form of sherkins; rubies that melted into strawberry preserves; cakes frosted like diamonds; to say nothing of such semi-precious jewels as potato salad; cheeses; sour cream to be spread on rye bread and butter; coffee cakes; crullers.

Crash! "The Widow Paarlberg's basket, ladies—and gents: The Widow

Paarlberg! I don't know what's in it. You don't know what's in it. We don't have to know what's in it. Who has eaten Widow Paarlberg's chicken once don't have to know. Who has eaten Widow Paarlberg's cake once don't have to know. What am I bid on Widow Paarlberg's basket! What am I bid! Whatmibidwhatmibidwhatmibid!" (Crash)!

The widow herself, very handsome in black silk, her gold neck-chain rising and falling richly with the little flurry that now agitated her broad bosom, was seated in a chair against the wall not five feet from the auctioneer's stand. She bridled now, blushed, cast down her eyes, cast up her eyes, succeeded in looking as unconscious as a complaisant Turkish slave girl on the block.

Adam Ooms' glance swept the hall until it reached the tall figure towering in the doorway—reached it, and rested there. His gimlet eyes seemed to bore their way into Pervus DeJong's steady stare. He raised his right arm aloft, brandishing the potato masher. The whole room fixed its gaze on the blond head in the doorway. "Speak up! Young men of High Prairie! Heh, you, Pervus DeJong! Whatmibidwhatmibidwhatmibid!" "Fifty cents!" The bid came from Gerrit Pon at the other end of the hall. A dashed offer, as a start, in this district where one dollar often represented the profits on a whole load of market truck brought to the city.

Crash! I'm the potato masher. "Fifty cents I'm bid. Who'll make it seventy-five? Who'll make it seventy-five?"

"Sixty!" Johannes Ambuhl, a widower, his age more than the sum of his bid.

"Seventy!" Gerrit Pon.

Adam Ooms whispered it—hissed it. "S-s-seventy. Ladies and gents, I wouldn't repeat out loud such a figger. I would be ashamed. Look at this basket, gents, and then you can say . . . s-seventy!"

"Seventy-five!" the cautious Ambuhl.

Scarlet, flooding her face, belied the widow's outward air of composure. Pervus DeJong, standing beside Selma, viewed the proceedings with an air of detachment. High Prairie was looking at him expectantly, openly. The widow

determined effort to improve the poultry flocks by the eradication of the same disease from feathered live stock and by culling out the poor producers.

Increasing Returns. The work of poultry improvement through these means was started the past summer in one township by a representative of the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, and a poultry expert from the college of agriculture, the county paying all their expenses except salaries. The culling of the first 40 flocks revealed that the average farmer, in spite of a popular impression to the contrary, was losing money on his chickens. It was found that of these flocks a little more than 40 per cent had tuberculosis. This condition is looked upon as a plausible explanation of the fact that 22 per cent of the hogs shipped from the county are found to have the disease, as hogs are particularly susceptible to the avian type of tuberculosis.

At the same time that the prevalence of tuberculosis was disclosed among the poultry flocks, other conditions were revealed which help to account for the poor results obtained. Among them are poor stock or culls, improper feeding, having pullets hatched too late in the spring, and keeping old birds. The conclusion has been reached that it is advisable to keep the poultry flock fenced in away from contact with other live stock on the farm.

Handling Gumbo Soil. The best plan of handling heavy gumbo soil which is well drained, is to seed it to alfalfa and leave it in a crop like alfalfa, which requires no cultivation, for as long periods as possible. Heaviness of the soil can also be improved by growing sweet clover and by adding manure or some other form of organic matter. The incorporation of organic matter is a much more practical method of improving it than the application of lime, says L. E. Call, head of the agronomy department, Kansas State Agricultural college.

FOR SALE. Baled Hay. \$8 and \$10 a ton; also Colts and Work Horses cheap. Phone 11x J. D. Rede, 8 miles west of Halsey.

brought a minger eighty five cents, besides doubtless winning him the esteem of that profitable store customer, the Widow Paarlberg. Goris Von Vuuren came forward to claim his prize amidst shouting, clapping, laughter. The great hamper was handed down to him.

(To be continued)
Improvement in All Industries

Campaign for Eradication of Tuberculosis Is Given Credit for Stimulus.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farmers of Hillsdale county, Mich., demonstrated their practical foresight when in 1921 they decided to rid the entire county of bovine tuberculosis. It was the first county in the country to be put on this free list, the work being done in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture and the Michigan College of Agriculture. Instead of sinking into their feather bed of laurels, the people of this community have gone ahead with other improvements, stimulated by the good results of their big venture in disease eradication which has increased their returns from dairy products and breeding stock.

Economic Benefits. Once the county had been freed of tuberculosis in its cattle herds, the economic benefits were so satisfactory that the farmers were stimulated to search for other ways of increasing the returns from their live stock. Next to the securing of healthy stock, the improvement in the quality of the animals appealed to them as being a logical step toward the realization of a better live stock industry. As a result there has been a noticeable increase in the quality of dairy stock through the use of better blood and the elimination of poor producers through keeping production records.

The most recent move, which may be said to have had its origin in the campaign against bovine tuberculosis, is a

SPECIAL DANCE AT Tumble Inn
 2 1-2 miles north of Albany, on the highway
SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 7
 featuring the
Colonial Novelty Entertainers
 of San Francisco. 9 MUSICIANS playing 14 different instruments. Over 300 people enjoyed their
 Gentlemen, \$1.10 | last appearance here | | Ladies free

TORRANCE
Reconditioning Shop
 Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station
 212 East First St. Albany, near the skating R. C.
 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)
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.

The U. of O. school of business has 500 students, journalism 227, and medicine 209, while there are only 68 in the school of law. If half those would-be journalists become as well posted in orthography and punctuation as one needed to be to enter a printing office 50 years ago they will do well. And note that more than three times as many want to be doctors as aspire to the legal profession!

Bert Clark must be heavily supplied with candy just now or the community must have been getting well sweetened up at his place. He has just received, as a premium based on the size of a purchase, a 27-piece set of the well-known Community silverware and it looks fine.

The windup of the legislative session sees little good accomplished for the people, altho some of the politicians are apparently well satisfied with the punishment given the governor. Pierce was about as helpless as a babe when it came to putting over his ideas, and how best to swat the governor was the main consideration of senate and house.—Corvallis Courier.

A Modern Barber Shop
 Laundry sent Tuesdays
 Agency Hub Cleaning Works
ABE'S PLACE
F. M. GRAY,
DRAYMAN
 All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone 769

NOTICE
 of Hearing of Final Account
 Notice is hereby given that the final account of W. A. Allen as executor and Lena Beene as executrix of the last will and testament of Emma C. Allen, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 6th day of April, 1925, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections in writing and contest the same.
 Dated and first published March 4, 1925.
 W. A. Allen, Executor Aforesaid.
 Lena Beene, Executrix Aforesaid.
 Amos A. Tassing, Atty. for Exr. and Exrx.

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. Tassing, Atty. for Admr.

There's a sure cure for hunger at the
 Best sweets and soft drinks at the
 Best cuisine Pleasant surroundings Efficient service
W. S. DUNCAN
 Albany, Oregon



She'll Be Thankful to You
 for a box of Clark's candy. Get her a box of those dainty, luscious, exquisitely flavored chocolates and richly blended bon bons. Every box is purity personified, yet the flavors are unmatchably delicious. Put up in attractive boxes to suit your wishes. Get some today and you'll wish you had done it sooner.
Clark's Confectionery

CUT FLOWERS AND SHEET MUSIC
HALL'S Floral and Music Shop Albany