

GLOBE ALBANY Sunday—Monday—Tuesday April 19—20—21 Richard Barthelmess in CLASSMATES the greatest achievement of his career "MURDOCK" the famous White Mahatma 8 days, starting Friday April 24

Halsey Happenings (Continued from page 1)

W. M. Burbank proposes to wreck the old Henry barn and put up a concrete garage; also build a new and larger eating house.

One week from today is clean-up day, appointed by the city council at Monday evening's meeting. Nothing else but routine business was done.

Some children playing around an auto Sunday started it and it ran over and killed 2-year-old Robert Schimmelpennig at his home two miles south of Albany on the highway.

If you have heard the music sent out by Walker's old-time orchestra of Forest Grove you may be glad to know that the Walkers will play at Tumble Inn a week from tonight. Ben Sudtoll keeps putting on attractive programs there.

Sheriff Richards is after delinquent taxpayers of two or three years ago, under an act passed at the last legislative session. In cases where certificates of delinquency have not been issued all penalties will be waived if payment is made this month.

H. C. Davis, Mrs. Hugh Loeper, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Davis of Shedd and Mrs. Eltha Turner attended the dedication of a new Christian church at Turner easter Sunday. The church was built and donated to the sect by Mrs. C. A. Davis of Turner and cost about \$40,000.

W. H. Campbell and wife and brother James visited at J. P. Templeton's last week. W. H., who is a former Halseyite, was on the way to California and Arizona, looking for a climate suitable to asthma patients.

At C. F. Morse's Wednesday at dinner were Mrs. Morse's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, their daughter, Mrs. Clara McCoy and Miss Lilla McCoy, all of Brownsville and Oral Davidson of Harrisburg.

M. Arnold of Lebanon sued the veterans' bureau for benefits of his war risk insurance on the ground that he was permanently and totally disabled while serving with the field artillery in France. On the first ballot it is reported that the jury was evenly divided. After 20 hours it reported a disagreement, though Arnold's friends were said to have won all but 2 of the jurymen in that time.

So Big

(Continued from page 5)

Capper, soft-spoken, ironic, in his shiny boots and his hat always a little on one side. Fervus DeJong, a blue-shirted giant with strong tender hands and little fine golden hairs on the backs of them. In strange contrast to these was the patient, tireless figure of Maartje Pool standing in the doorway of Roelf's little shed, her arms tucked in her apron for warmth. "You make fun, huh?" she said, wistfully, "you and Roelf. You make fun." And Roelf, the dark vivid boy, misunderstood. Roelf, the genius. He was always one of the company.

Oh, Selma DeJong never was lonely on these winter evenings before her fire.

She and Dirk sat there one fine sharp evening in early April. It was Saturday. Of late Dirk had not always come to the farm for the week-end. Eugene and Paula Arnold had been home for the Easter holidays. Julie Arnold had invited Dirk to the gay parties at the Prairie avenue house. He had even spent two entire

FOR SALE

Oat and Vetch Baled Hay Also dry fir and ash 16-inch Wood Ira A. Miner.

luxury of the Prairie avenue house his farm bedroom seemed almost startlingly stark and bare.

Selma frankly enjoyed Dirk's somewhat fragmentary accounts of these visits; extracted from them as much vicarious pleasure as he had had in the reality—more, probably.

"Now, tell me what you had to eat," she would say, sociably, like a child. "What did you have for dinner, for example? Was it grand? Julie tells me they have a butler now. Well! I can't wait till I hear Aug Hempel on the subject."

He would tell her of the grandeur of the Arnold menage. She would interrupt and exclaim: "Mayonnaise! On fruit! Oh, I don't believe I'd like that. You did! Well, I'll have it for you next week when you come home. I'll get the recipe from Julie."

He didn't think he'd be home next week. One of the fellows he'd met at the Arnolds' had invited him to their place out north, on the lake. He had a boat.

"That'll be lovely!" Selma exclaimed, after an almost unnoticeable moment of silence—silence with panic in it. "I'll try not to fuss and be worried like an old hen every minute of the time I think you're on the water. . . . Now, do go on, Sobig. First fruit with mayonnaise, h'm? What kind of soup?"

He was not a naturally talkative person. There was nothing surly about his silence. It was a taciturn streak inherited from his Dutch ancestry. This time, though, he was more volatile than usual. "Paula . . ." came again and again into his conversation. "Paula . . . Paula." and again "Paula." He did not seem conscious of the repetition, but Selma's quick ear caught it.

"I haven't seen her," Selma said, "since she went away to school the first year. She must be—let's see—she's a year older than you are. She's nineteen going on twenty. Last time I saw her I thought she was a dark scrawny little thing. Too bad she didn't inherit Julie's lovely gold coloring and good looks. Instead of Eugene, who doesn't need 'em."

"She isn't!" said Dirk, hotly. "She's dark and slim and sort of—uh—sensual"—Selma started visibly, and raised her hand quickly to her mouth to hide a smile—"like Cleopatra. Her eyes are big and kind of slanting—not squinty I don't mean, but slanting up a little at the corners. Out out, kind of, so that they look bigger than most people's."

"My eyes used to be considered rather fine," said Selma, mischievously; but he did not hear.

OLD-TIME DANCE AT Tumble Inn

Wednesday Evening, April 22

Music by Walker Brothers, old-time players, the best in the west

Thousands of people have heard them over the Oregonian radio in the past two years

Everybody is going

Come and have a good time at Tumble Inn

Wednesday evening

"She makes all the other girls look sort of blowzy." He was silent a moment. Selma was silent, too, and it was not a happy silence. Dirk spoke again, suddenly, as though continuing aloud a train of thought, "—all but her hands."

Selma made her voice sound natural, not sharply inquisitive. "What's the matter with her hands, Dirk?"

He pondered a moment, his brows knitted. At last, slowly, "Well, I don't know. They're brown, and awfully thin and sort of—grabby. I mean it makes me nervous to watch them. And when the rest of her is cool they're hot when you touch them."

He looked at his mother's hands that were busy with some sewing. The stuff on which she was working was a bit of satin ribbon; part of a hood intended to grace the head of Geertje Pool Vander Slide's second baby. She had difficulty in keeping her rough fingers from catching on the soft surface of the satin. Manual work, water, sun, and wind had tanned those hands, hardened them, enlarged the knuckles, spread them, roughened them. Yet how sure they were, and strong, and cool and reliable—and tender. Suddenly, looking at them, Dirk said, "Now your hands. I love your hands, Mother."

She put down her work hastily, yet quietly, so that the sudden rush of happy grateful tears in her eyes should not sully the pink satin ribbon. She was flushed, like a girl. "Do you, Sobig?" she said.

After a moment she took up her sewing again. Her face looked young, eager, fresh, like the face of the girl who had found cabbages so beautiful that night when she bounced along the rutty Halsted road with Klaas Pool, many years ago. It came into her face, that look, when she was happy, exhilarated, excited. That was why those who loved her and brought that look into her face thought her beautiful, while those who did not love her never saw the

look and consequently considered her a plain woman.

There was another silence between the two. Then: "Mother, what would you think of my going east next fall, to take a course in architecture?"

"Would you like that, Dirk?"

"Yes, I think so—yes."

"Then I'd like it better than anything in the world. I—it makes me happy just to think of it."

"It would—cost an awful lot."

"I'll manage. I'll manage. . . . What made you decide on architecture?"

"I don't know, exactly. The new buildings at the university—Gothic, you know—are such a contrast to the old. Then Paula and I were talking the other day. She hates their house on Prairie—terrible old lumpy gray stone pile, with the black of the I. C. trains all over it. She wants her father to build north—an Italian villa or French chateau. Something of that sort. So many of her friends are moving to the North shore, away from these hideous South-side and North-side Chicago houses with their stoops, and their bay windows, and their terrible turrets. Ugh!"

"Well, now, do you know," Selma remonstrated mildly, "I like 'em. I suppose I'm wrong, but to me they seem sort of natural and solid and unpretentious, like the clothes that old August Hempel wears, so square-cut and baggy. Those houses look dignified to me, and fitting. They may be ugly—probably are—but, anyway, they're not ridiculous. They have a certain rugged grandeur. They're Chicago. Those French and Italian gimcrack things—they're incongruous. It's as if Abraham Lincoln were to appear suddenly in pink satin knee breeches and buckled shoes, and lace ruffles at the wrists."

(To be continued)

The bull in the China shop has nothing on the scrub bull in the good herd when it comes to destroying profits.

He saves 53 cents a ton who hauls his manure direct to the fields, the Ohio agricultural experiment station has found.

Better gardens and home butchering and canning may save more money for the farmer than raising food to sell cheap.

The best way to meet the dairy cow's mineral needs is to apply lime and phosphorus, in the form of ground limestone and acid phosphate, to the soil, and thereby grow more high mineral roughages, such as clover and alfalfa.

TORRANCE Reconditioning Shop

Raybestos Hi-Speed Brake Service Station

212 East First St. Albany, near the skating rink Phone . . .

Halsey Railroad Time

Table with columns for North and South routes, listing train numbers and times for various stations like No. 32, No. 17, No. 14, etc.

Outgoing Mail

At the Halsey postoffice mails close going north at 11:50 a. m. and 5:20 p. m. Going south, 11:10 a. m. and 5:20 p. m. To Brownsville, 6:20 a. m. and 12 m. Morning stage to Brownsville goes on to Crawfordsville, Holley and Sweet Home.

Paid-for Paragraphs

(5c a line) Yew fence and anchor posts. C. E. Quimoy, care A. W. Dykstra. Carnival—May 1, I. O. O. F. Hall. Big time for everybody. All you have ever seen at a carnival, and more, too. Old papers for sale at 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.

Baseball at Harrisburg

At Harrisburg Friday the Halsey girls were defeated, 11 to 89. The Halsey boys beat Harrisburg 4 to 3. The ninth inning began with that score and was exciting, but Halsey was able to hold it down. Palmer made 2 of Halsey's 4 points, Corbin 1 and Leon 1. Norton struck out 7. The innings stood: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Halsey 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-4 Harrisburg 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0-3

World's Record Held at Halsey

During the Everding park shooting tournament of the Rose City Gun Club, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Drinkard were in Portland, returning Sunday. Jim made a world record at the shoot, when he made 81 targets straight, trapped from the tower. The former record was 67, held by Ben Trenkman

Samuel M. Nagle, who kept a general merchandise store in Halsey, going from here to Sheridan in 1900, died at the latter place a week ago Saturday aged 72. Mr. Nagle spent 30 years of his life as a school teacher before coming to Oregon. He is best remembered as the leader of a amoufsmale quartet.

Washington University Crew Wins. Oakland, Cal.—The University of Washington rowing crew defeated the University of California varsity here in the annual three-mile race. The northerners led the entire distance and crossed the line almost 10 lengths ahead of the Bears. By the victory, the Huskies will represent the coast in the Poughkeepsie regatta.

Kid McCoy is Now in Prison. San Quentin, Cal.—"Kid McCoy," once dapper beau brummel of the prize ring, known to few by his real name, Norman Selby, is now convict No. 40,716. The ex-fighter must serve an indeterminate term for manslaughter, as a result of the death in Los Angeles of Mrs. Theresa Mors.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS Notice is hereby given that, in accordance with chapter 214 of the general laws of Oregon for 1925 and an order of the county court of Linn county, Oregon, issued in accordance therewith, all interest, penalties and costs which have been or may be incurred on all taxes levied in Linn county, Oregon, on the tax rolls for the years 1921, 1922 and 1923, will be remitted if such delinquent taxes are paid on or before May 1, 1925. This does not apply to any tax upon which a certificate of delinquency has been issued. Frank Richards, Sheriff of Linn county, Oregon.

Table for HALSEY STATE BANK showing RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. government securities, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock, Surplus fund, Demand deposits, etc.

State of Oregon, county of Linn, ss. I, B. M. Bond, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. Correct—Attest: C. H. Koontz, D. Taylor, L. D. Taylor, Directors. Amos A. Tussiaff, Notary Public. My commission expires 3-12-28.

The Enterprise one year for one dollar

The Paper will Stop Coming at the end of the term unless the subscription is renewed. The money will be used in making a better paper for the subscriber during the life of the subscription, not in improving it for the benefit of somebody else the next year.

Cutting Out Waste Credit is waste. Bookkeeping and collecting consume time, and time is money. Some debtors die, some move away, some go bankrupt and some are downright dishonest persons. Those who pay \$1.50 cover these losses.

Any Linn County Farmer not now taking the Enterprise can have it on trial

25 weeks for 25 cents

and it will stop coming to him when the time expires unless he orders it continued. One or two copies might not give a fair idea of the work the paper is doing, but after 25 weeks' acquaintance subscriber can decide whether or not it is worth \$1 a year.

We pay cash to school pupils who procure these trial subscriptions from farmers in Linn county. Write or call for particulars.

Those who have farmed fifty years have learned something every year. None of us knows it all. Every Linn county farmer is invited to tell the Enterprise of any worth-while experience. Some of these make suggestions worth more to you than several years' subscriptions.

The Enterprise will continue to improve as fast as receipts from its patrons make improvement possible.

Linn County Farm Features will continue to be given prominence. Every farmer can learn something from some other farmer under similar conditions of soil and climate that it will be profitable for him to know.

In Other Lines The weekly discussion of the international Sunday school lesson will appear regularly. The paper will also carry more than twice as much local news and good-natured gossip as can be found elsewhere

Oregon news in brief paragraphs Brief statements of important world events Daddy's evening fairy tales

Join the Lucky Dollar Class

Have a share in making a better paper in Halsey—a credit to the community