

**GLOBE ALBANY PRESENTS**  
 Sunday—Monday—Tuesday  
 May 17—18—19

**THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**  
 with Elaine Hammerstein  
 Phyllis Haver

Watch for the tornado

**Halsey Happenings**

(Continued from page 1)

Glenn Chance and family visited in Shedd Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were at W. F. White's at dinner Sunday.

Fred Sprenger and wife and son spent Sunday at J. C. Porter's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wahl spent Saturday night at Corvallis.

Mrs. J. S. McMahan went to Portland the last of the week for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Workinger were in Corvallis and Albany Monday.

P. H. Freerksen attended the monthly creamery meeting in Albany Thursday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Veatch were at Cottage Grove Friday at the funeral of "Bob" Veatch.

Mrs. Albert Miller spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. Florence Leeper, in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bateman of Brownsville and John Edwards were at W. H. Chance's Sunday.

Mrs. M. M. Ward has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. David Froman, at Albany, since Thursday.

The county has the road from Lebanon to Cascadia in good condition for the expected rush of summer travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox of Albany spent Sunday and Monday at W. A. Muller's. Mrs. Fox is Mrs. Muller's mother.

Two or three million rainbow trout eggs will be placed soon or have been placed in the new Roaring River hatchery.

Mrs. O. W. Frum and Ruth, Mesdames Frank Gray and E. E. Gormley and Georgina Clark visited Albany Saturday.

Hill & Co. have a new advertisement this week. Clean up and paint up. Look at the artistic fittings and arrangements in the Hill store. Then go home and follow the example.

A thief picked the lock on Mrs. Ringo's garage and carried off her spotlight. Other spotlights have been stolen hereabout. The thief may take one too many and get into the spotlight in a courtroom.

All the banks in the county contribute to a fund for prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the three best exhibits of corn at the county fair. Linn county had the finest showing of corn that was at any fair in the state last year.

Farmers called for rain. Some said it was not enough. Then came a downpour Sunday morning that probably satisfied them. During the succeeding night they got more satisfaction.



**Defy the Thermometer**

When the mercury soars and your temperature begins to make you uncomfortable there is one effective method of relief—"eat good ice cream." As long as it is made of pure ingredients it will never harm you. Eat as much as your nature craves. It's the one great tonic for hot days.

Clark's Confectionery

**So Big**

(Continued from page 3)

Even Dirk could see that Dallas' canvas was almost insultingly superior to that of the men and women about her. Beneath the flesh on her canvas there were muscles, and beneath those muscles blood and bone. You felt she had a surgeon's knowledge of anatomy. It was after eleven when they emerged from the Art Institute doorway and stood a moment together at the top of the broad steps surveying the world that lay before them. Dallas said nothing. Suddenly the beauty of the night rushed up and over-



They Had Sandwiches and Coffee at an All-Night One-Arm Luncheon.

whelmed Dirk. Gorgeousness and lawdiness; color and bloom. At the right the white tower of the Wrigley building rose wraithlike against a background of purple sky. Just this side of it a swarm of Impish electric lights grinned their message in scarlet and white. In white;

then blackness, while you waited against your will. In red:

**THE FAIR**  
Blackness again. Then, in a burst of both colors, in bigger letters, and in a blaze that hurtled itself at your eyeballs, momentarily shutting out tower, sky and street:

**SAVE MONEY**  
Straight ahead the hut of the Adams street L station in midair was Venetian bridge, with the black canal of asphalt flowing sluggishly beneath. The reflection of cafeteria and cigar-shop windows on either side were slender shafts of light along the canal. An enchanting sight.

"Nice," said Dallas. A long breath. She was a part of all this.

"Yes." He felt an outsider. "Want a sandwich? Are you hungry?"

"I'm starved."

They had sandwiches and coffee at an all-night one-arm lunch room because Dallas said her face was too dirty for a restaurant and she didn't want to bother to wash it. She was more than ordinarily companionable that night; a little tired; less buoyant and independent than usual. This gave her a little air of helplessness—of fatigue—that aroused all his tenderness. Her smile gave him a warm rush of pure happiness—until he saw her smile in exactly the same way at the pimply young man who lorded it over the shining nickel coffee container, as she told him that his coffee was grand.

**Chapter XV**

The things that had mattered so vitally didn't seem to be important, somehow, now. The people who had seemed so desirable had become suddenly insignificant. The games he had played appeared silly games. He was seeing things through Dallas O'Mara's wise, beauty-loving eyes. Strangely enough, he did not realize that this girl saw life from much the same angle as that at which his mother regarded it. In the last few years his mother had often offended him by her attitude toward these rich and powerful friends of his—their ways, their games, their amusements, their manners. And her way of living in turn offended him. On his rare visits to the farm it seemed to him there was always some drab dejected female in the kitchen or living room or on the porch—a woman

with broken teeth and comic shoes and tragic eyes—drinking great draughts of coffee and telling her woes to Selma—Salrey Gampish ladies smelling unpleasantly of peppermint and perspiration and poverty. "And he ain't had a lick of work since November—" "You don't say! That's terrible!" He wished she wouldn't.

Sometimes old Aug Hempel drove out there and Dirk would come upon the two snickering wickedly together about something that he knew concerned the North Shore crowd.

It had been years since Selma had said, sociably, "What did they have for dinner, Dirk? H'm?"

"Well—soup—"

"Nothing before the soup?"

"Oh, yeh. Some kind of a—one of those canape things, you know. Caviare."

"My! Caviare!"

Sometimes Selma giggled like a naughty girl at things that Dirk had taken quite seriously. The fox hunts, for example: Lake Forest had taken to fox hunting, and the Tippecanoe crowd kept kennels. Dirk had learned to ride—pretty well. An Englishman—a certain Captain Stokes-Beatty—had initiated the North Shore into the mysteries of fox hunting. Huntin'. The North Shore learned to say nec'sry and conservat'ry. Captain Stokes-Beatty was a tall, bow-legged, and somewhat horse-faced young man, remote in manner. The nice Farnham girl seemed fated to marry him. Paula had had a hunt breakfast at Stormwood and it had been very successful, though the American men had balked a little at the deviled kidneys. The food had been patterned as far as possible after the pale flabby vlands served at English hunt breakfasts and ruined in an atmosphere of lukewarm steam. The women were slim and perfectly tailored but wore their hunting clothes a trifle uneasily and self-consciously like girls in their first low-cut party dresses. Most of the men had turned stubborn on the subject of pink coats, but Captain Stokes-Beatty wore his handsomely. The fox—a worried and somewhat dejected-looking animal—had been shipped in a crate from the South and on being released had a way of sitting sociably in an Illinois corn field instead of leaping feely to cover. At the finish you had a feeling of guilt, as though you had killed a cockroach.

Dirk had told Selma about it, feeling rather magnificent. A fox hunt.

"A fox hunt! What for?"

"For! Why, what's any fox hunt for?"

"I can't imagine. They used to be for the purpose of ridding a fox-infested country of a nuisance. Have the foxes been bothering 'em out in Lake Forest?"

"Now, mother, don't be funny." He told her about the breakfast.

"Well, but it's so silly, Dirk. It's smart to copy from another country the things that that country does better than we do. England does gardens and woodfires and dogs and tweeds and walking shoes and pipes and leisure better than we do. But those luke-warm steamy breakfasts of theirs! It's because they haven't gas, most of them. No Kansas or Nebraska farmer's wife would stand for one of their kitchens—not for a minute. And the hired man would balk at such bacon." She giggled.

"Oh, well, if you're going to talk like that."

But Dallas O'Mara felt much the same about these things. Dallas, it appeared, had been something of a fad with the North Shore society crowd after she had painted Mrs. Robinson Gilman's portrait. She had been invited to dinners and luncheons and dances, but their doings, she told Dirk, had bored her.

"They're nice," she said, "but they don't have much fun. They're all trying to be something they're not. And that's such hard work. The women were always explaining that they lived in Chicago because their husband's business was here. They all do things pretty well—dance or paint or ride or write or sing—but not well enough. They're professional amateurs, trying to express something they don't feel; or that they don't feel strongly enough to make it worth while expressing."

She admitted, though, that they did appreciate the things that other people did well. Visiting and acknowledged writers, painters, lecturers, heroes, they entertained lavishly and hospitably in their Florentine or English or Spanish or French palaces on the North side of Chicago, Ill. Especially foreign notables of this description.

Since 1918 these had descended upon Chicago (and all America) like a plague of locusts, starting usually in New York and sweeping westward, devouring the pleasant verdure of greenbacks and chirping as they came. Returning to Europe, bursting with profits and spleen, they thriflily wrote of what they had seen and the result was more clever than amiable; bearing, too, the taint of bad taste.

North Shore hostesses vied for the honor of entertaining these notables. Paula—pretty, clever, moneyed, shrewd—often emerged from these contests the winner. Her latest catch was Emile Goguet—Gen. Emile Goguet, hero of Champagne—Goguet of the stiff white beard, the empty left coat-sleeve, and the score of medals. He was coming to America ostensibly to be the guest of the American division which, with Goguet's French troops, had turned the German onslaught at Champagne, but really, it was whispered, to cement friendly relations between his country and a somewhat diffident United States.

(To be continued)

**Paid-for Paragraphs**

(5c a line)  
Gooseberries for sale. No Sunday business. E. Russ.  
Three miles east of Halsey.

For sale—Buckwheat, 4c a pound. G. G. Hockensmith, R. 1.

**Card of Thanks**

We want to thank all our friends and neighbors who so kindly paid Tracy's hospital bill. Words cannot express our appreciation. Sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zellmer and children.

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

Application for water rights on the North Santiam river filed by Robert Simpson of Salem will be protested by Salem authorities. The city officers charge that the filings made by Mr. Simpson, if approved by the state engineer, would interfere with water rights previously acquired by the municipality.

**BRIEF GENERAL NEWS**

Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles was reelected at the municipal primary.

The navy department has awarded a contract for erection of a mooring mast for dirigibles at Pearl harbor, Hawaii.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, observed his 89th birthday at his home in Danville, Ill.

Sam E. Amidon, Democratic national committeeman from Kansas, died suddenly of heart disease in his office at Wichita.

Secretary Work has announced an annual reduction of \$555,000 in operating expenses of the general land office through its reorganization.

Senator Lenroot, republican, of Wisconsin will seek congressional investigation of the recent failure of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad.

The results of the Honolulu war games were said by war and navy department officials to have illustrated dramatically the deficiencies of the island defenses.

**Spokane Gets Northwest Greeters**

Portland, Or.—Spokane was selected as the city in which the 1926 convention of the Northwest Greeters will be held, following a spirited contest between delegations from that city and Vancouver, B. C., at the closing session of the Greeters' convention, held here. Following the custom of electing principal officers from the city in which the next convention will be held, Harry F. Goetz of Spokane, was named president.

**Tobacco Referendum Petition Ready**

Portland, Or.—With between 14,000 and 16,000 signatures gathered to their petitions invoking the referendum on the cigarette and tobacco taxing law the tobaccoists of Portland have called their circulators off the streets and will be ready to file their checked and verified demand for the referendum of that act with the secretary of state this week.

**The desire to kill something has been handed down to us. Cain seems to have started the ball rolling, and we have been at it ever since. With our present civilization we ought to get it out of our system; otherwise we may take a notion to demand an open season on game wardens.— Junction City Time.**

**Roland Marks was home over Sunday.**

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Clive P. Stafford as executor of the last will and testament of Rose Ann Price, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 1st day of June, 1925, at 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 thereto in writing and contest the same.

Dated and first published April 29, 1925.  
Clive P. Stafford,  
Executor Aforesaid.

Amor A. Tussing, Atty. for Exr.

**ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE of appointment**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned by an order of the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, has been appointed administratrix of the estate of Bert M. Wilson, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at her place of residence at Albany, in Linn county, Oregon. Dated and first published this 6th day of May, 1925.

Alwilda Wilson,  
Administratrix Aforesaid.

Amor A. Tussing, Atty. for Admx.

**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.

**California Alien Land Law Upheld**

Washington, D. C.—The provision of the alien land law of California imposing the burden of proving that their posing upon aliens ineligible to citizenship purchase of agricultural land was not for the purpose of defeating that statute was sustained by the supreme court.

Agent the city hall, the municipal fathers are advised to read the advertisement of Hill & Co.

**TORRANCE**  
 Reconditioning Shop  
 Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station  
 212 East First st. Albany, near the skati - R 1.  
 Phone -

**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 Crawfordville, Holley and Sweet Home.

**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 will know 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

Have You a Friend to whom you send the Enterprise after you have read it? If you mail the 52 numbers of the year it will cost \$1.04 in postage, under the new rates, besides the trouble of wrapping and mailing. For \$1 in advance the publisher will send it one year to any address in the United States or the Philippine islands.