

Look out for "The Lady"

"We're meant to live somehow—ain't we?—even when our 'earts is busted! Oh, Gawd! it's you as puts the strength in our 'earts to cry an' forget. An' somehow when it's all too much to to bear we live, don't we?"

There'll be a tear in your eye when

NORMA TALMADGE

lives that part for you

GLOBE ALBANY

Sun.—Mon.—Tues.

May 31—June 1—2

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)

Melba Neal was at Corvallis Friday.

The school cleared about \$12 at Monday night's entertainment.

The Oakplain school had a picnic in Albertson grove Friday.

Frank Hadley was taking medical treatment in Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cummings are home from their trip to Hood River.

Mrs. Martin Cummings had as a Sunday visitor V. C. Jones and family of Benton county.

Frank Workinger and wife and children were dinner guests at Arch Handley's in Albany Sunday.

J. W. Clark's father, M. S. K. Clark of Klamath Falls, went home Saturday, after an extended visit here.

Mrs. Dethman of Hood River is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Koch.

H. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. D. H. Sturtevant visited Albany Thursday.

There are live evangelistic meetings in progress at the Harrisburg Methodist church each evening at 8 and Sunday at 2:30. A good musical program at each service.

Mrs. J. S. McMahan, Mrs. C. P. Moody, Mrs. B. M. Bond, T. J. Skirvin and Frank Porter attended the grand lodge of Oddfellows and Rebekahs at Portland last week.

A flock of 250 sheep and lambs that were driven through Halsey yesterday were being taken from H. C. Davis' farm to the Ben T. Sudell farm to pasture.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Freerksen, Mr. Jim Tate, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. H. Freerksen of Shedd took a trip to Dallas Sunday.

C. L. Falk sr. is able to be down town, but does not feel very spry yet after his bone-breaking runaway team episode.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dethman and children from Hood River are visiting Mrs. Dethman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Koch.

Special services at the Methodist church at Harrisburg are being conducted each evening at 8 o'clock and Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. A. Mersdorf of Seattle is evangelist and Miss Mildred Cole of Albany is soloist and song leader. Bring your friends and neighbors and enjoy a good time.

Other attractions were numerous last week and the Standard Bearers' entertainment at the opera house Thursday night was not very largely attended, but those who went got fine satisfaction for their time and the small admission fee. Mrs. Shetwell and her co-workers surely did their part. Methodists were conspicuous among those present. Receipts were about \$18.

Their Name Was Legion

(Continued from page 3)

to watch with something of amused interest as a car lurched over a hill, bore down upon him, then, in a swirl of dust, passed him on the way to town.

"Bull Franniston," mused Rogers as he eyed the dust-hazed form of the man at the wheel. "Sure is hurrying. Guess he must be beating it into town to find out how bad he got whipped in the election."

Soon, however, three more machines roared past, and he once more resumed his journey, wondering slightly the cause of four racing machines, each loaded to its limit. But only for a moment; then the throbbing of other engines from the rear caused him again to stand aside.

In straight succession three blustered by, nor did the occupants seem to heed his waving signals as he strove to flag them. At last, however, in obedience to his frantic appeals, an overloaded vehicle came to a skidding stop, and Rogers laughing, ran toward it.

"Just had to flag you," he apologized. "So many blamed machines passing, I can't keep 'em the road."

"Well hurry up—" The driver was playing with the hand throttle. "This thing's to big too miss."

"Thing?" Rogers stared. "What thing? What's happened?"

"What's happened?" The man at the wheel stared blankly at him, as Rogers caught the windshield and clung precariously to a footing on the running board as the machine started again. "Don't you know? Oh! That's what's happened!"

"Oh? You mean over there where they've been drilling?"

"Where else do you suppose?"

"I—I don't know." A sudden excitement had swept cool thoughts from the brain of Bart Rogers. "Do you really mean it? They've struck oil over there—your mean the derrick over by my place?"

"You're Rogers, aren't you?" the driver looked at him with a new interest. "How much land have you got?"

"A hundred and sixty?"

"What do you want for it?"

"I—I don't know. Tell me about the oil. There isn't any joke about this, is there?"

"Joke? Of course not. 'Bull' Franniston brought the word. The well came in about an hour ago—it's a gusher. From what he said, it'll run 10,000 barrels a day."

Bart Rogers could only repeat the shouted announcement of the driver. Ten thousand barrels a day—and the well was less than a half mile from his division fence! That meant—

What did it mean? What couldn't it mean? Oil pools are not selective things; they extend for miles, and this Bart Rogers knew. As the chugging motor car whizzed away the last mile, the shouting driver told him of the possible wealth which lay for him in the future. Then the car turned the last bend in the road—

And there before him Bart Rogers saw a dream come true. The sun was just setting, and silhouetted against it was the oil derrick, a black, skeleton-like thing, spraying toward the sky a spouting stream of ebony white, disintegrating and drifting with the wind, caught the sheen of the dying sun and burst into myriad rainbows. A floating mass of colors—such was that spray which flew high from the gushing well—colors which seemed to wipe out for Bart Rogers his colorless past, and commingle into a painting of happiness for the future. Nearer and nearer they came, to the derrick and the thronging persons about it; then Bart, unable to hold himself longer, leaped from the running board of the car as the machine wallowed in a mud-hole and raced toward the derrick.

"Will it last?" It seemed to be the only question he could think of as he forced his way toward the drillers.

"Will it—"

"Last?" They looked at him with scornful eyes. "Of course it'll last. It's just the beginning! This country's going to be a madhouse of money inside of three months. That's oil, and it's high grade!"

Bart Rogers turned away, pale with the realization of what had happened, trembling with the excitement of it, throbbing with the knowledge that his troubles and the troubles of the man who awaited him in the little cabin over the hill were over.

"Rich!" he gasped, and there was an instinctive reverence in the tone. "Rich! Rich!"

He swerved away now, running, plunging through the irrigation ditch in water to his armpits, then, dripping, scrambled onward, neither realizing his wetness nor caring. A half-mile away lay a little cabin, just visible

when he reached the top of the hill, a cabin where the rays of the setting sun had blazed the windows to ruddy gold, as though in prophecy, and where awaited the man to whom Bart Rogers longed most of all to give the news of happiness and of wealth.

"I've got to be careful with him," he said to himself. "Got to break it easy—mustn't get him too excited. Better not tell him the whole truth—better let it grow day by day—yes, that's it—better just tell him that they've brought in oil enough so that we won't have to worry—"

Then, through sheer will power, he restrained himself to a walk so that his own excitement might not betray the true importance of his message. Then his eyes beaming what his lips could not say, he forced himself to a leisurely pace and approached the house.

"Hello, Dad!" It was the usual evening greeting. Placing his hand upon the shoulder of the slumped figure, he waited, as he always had waited, in the vain hope that this might be the night where there would come an answer, when some faint vocal sound would tell of a return of speech—and a chance for recovery. But there was only silence. As usual, Bart patted the shoulder, lovingly, meaningly, and turning, groped through the gathering darkness for the lamp.

"Got a little news today, Dad," he chatted, as he shook the old oil burner and scraped the wick with the burning match. "They brought in some oil over at the derrick. Don't think it amounts to so much, but whatever it is, it boosts the price of our land. Anything that looks like oil, you know, means money. Of course, it may amount to a lot, and then it may amount to nothing, so I guess we shouldn't get excited about it." He wiped the chimney and adjusted it, set the lamp upon a table. Then he went to the chair which always awaited him; the one beside the big, comfortable one where rested the invalid.

"Yep, Dad, whatever it is, we're bound to come out ahead. Oh, and he allowed a bit of his enthusiasm to roll forth in a laugh. "We're going to get there yet, you and I. Just wait and see. I—" He stopped. His outstretched hand had touched the placid

one of his father. It was cold—ghastly cold. Suddenly trembling, he rose, and faced the form in the chair. "Dad!" he called. "Dad!" But the faint reflected rays of the lamp showed no answering light in the set stare of the eyes. The mouth was dropped and drawn. The features were fixed. Again Bart Rogers called in a voice that bore a note of agony. Feverishly he grasped the icy hands and rubbed them—hoping against hope. He buried his head against the chest where as a tousle-headed boy he often had rested, praying—hoping—But Bart Rogers' father was dead.

Fowls Need Protein to Keep on Producing Eggs

Many farm flocks get little or no protein in the winter and as a result are overfat and make a poor production. Farm hens are often given a whole carcass to feed in one month and no meat the next. As a result they are thrown out of condition and often are poisoned by spoiled meat.

There are three ways in which animal protein can be secured. A steady supply is essential. Rabbits or dead farm animals when available can be cooked and ground or chopped up, dried and put in a box where hens can eat when they want. Skim milk or buttermilk can be put to no more profitable use on the farm than in producing winter eggs. Where a box of meat or a supply of milk are available all of the time, it may not be necessary to put meat scraps in the mash, but if there is a shortage of these it will pay to buy meat scraps.

In God's Purpose

In no case does origin determine value. From the religious point of view, the dignity and worth of man lie in any case in God's purpose concerning him, and that purpose is not affected by the particular method of his working.—Henry Churchill King.

Much Difference

There is as much difference between self-reliance and self-conceit as there is between the North and South poles—all the difference in the world!

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.

Card of Thanks

We desire to thank our many friends for their kindness in our sad bereavement and for the many beautiful floral offerings received.

Mrs. J. W. Hussey and family,
Mrs. R. C. Powers,
Mrs. Ed. Kincaid,
Mr. H. H. Hussey.

In Memoriam

We wish to express the sympathy and gratitude of the church to the family, for the inspiration we have received from the Christian life and fellowship of Brother John W. Hussey.

In the capacity of Sunday school superintendent, choir leader and all works of the church he was likened unto the man whom the Lord gave the five talents in the 25th chapter of the book of Matthew.

"His Lord said unto him, well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

May the memory of his faithful and cheering words serve as a beacon light to bring others into the kingdom of the Lord.

(B. M. Bond,
Comm. Mrs. Sidney J. Smith,
Mrs. John C. Standish.)

Tongue Twisters

Sassy Susie said she saw Silly Sally selling sausage sandwiches Saturday.

The two twisted their triceps till their tummies turned topsy-turvy.

Tilly told Tom to take Theresa to the theater.

Tommy told Tilly to take "Tinker" to the.

Deep Soil for Orchard

Plant an orchard in deep soil on a high site. Avoid slopes too steep to get over easily with a spraying outfit. Plant clean healthy trees; you would not buy a diseased fruit tree? Choose a few varieties adapted to your section, then cultivate low-growing crops among them until they are of bearing age. Protect the trees from insects and from disease by spraying.

Carnival Dance Saturday Night

at
TUMBLE INN

Bigger and better than the last one, and that one was a hummer.

TOLOWA ROYALTIES Inc.

A Dividend Payer

Organized May, 1923

Dividend June 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend July 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend Aug 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend Sept 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend Oct 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend Nov 15, 1923	1.00
Dividend Dec 15, 1923	1.00
Extra dividend Dec. 25, 1923	1.00
Dividend Jan. 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Feb. 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend March 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend April 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend May 15, 1924	1.00
Extra dividend May 31, 1924	1.00
Dividend June 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend July 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Aug 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Sept 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Oct 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Nov 15, 1924	1.00
Dividend Dec 15, 1924	1.00
Extra dividend Dec. 25, 1924	1.00
Dividend Jan. 15, 1925	1.00
Dividend Feb. 15, 1925	1.00
Dividend March 16, 1925	1.00
Dividend April 15, 1925	1.00
Dividend May 15, 1925	1.00
Total dividends to date	39.00

Tolowa Royalties, Inc., pays at the rate of 20 per cent per annum. For full information write or phone

ALLAN B. KIRK CO.,
626 Yeon Building Main 0180
Portland, Or, or
C. P. STAFFORD, Halsey

TORRANCE

Reconditioning Shop

Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station

22 East First St. Albany, near the skating rink.
Phone 5

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)

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

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

Obituary

John William Hussey was born March 5, 1869, at Stenberry, Mo., where he spent his boyhood days. April 28, 2892, he was united in marriage to Emma Alice Waterman, who is left to mourn the sad death of her husband.

In 1900 the family moved to Deslacs, N. D., where they lived until October, 1924, when they moved to Halsey, Ore.

Besides his wife, eight children are left, John W. of Sacramento, Cal.; Edward of Minot, North Dakota; George, Harry and Richard of Halsey; Mrs. J. C. Green of Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. O. F. Brooks of St. Paul, Minn., and Miss Hope Hussey of Halsey. The oldest daughter, Mrs. Nellie C. Forney, passed from this life May 22, 1915. There are also living one brother, Hallie Hussey of Nampa, Idaho, and two sisters, Mrs. Dora Kincaid of Davenport, Nebr., and Mrs. R. C. Powers of Grants Pass.

Mr. Hussey began the religious life when 16 years of age. He became superintendent of a Sunday school when 23 and with the exception of short intervals of time has been superintendent in Sunday school work for thirty-three years, and for the last few months he has held that office in the Halsey Methodist Sunday school.

He united with the Methodist church after coming to Halsey and in all lines of the church's and in all lines of the church's of faithfulness and zeal that is scarcely ever excelled. He was one who had inquired for the old paths and exemplified the holy life. Communion with the Lord was his chief joy.

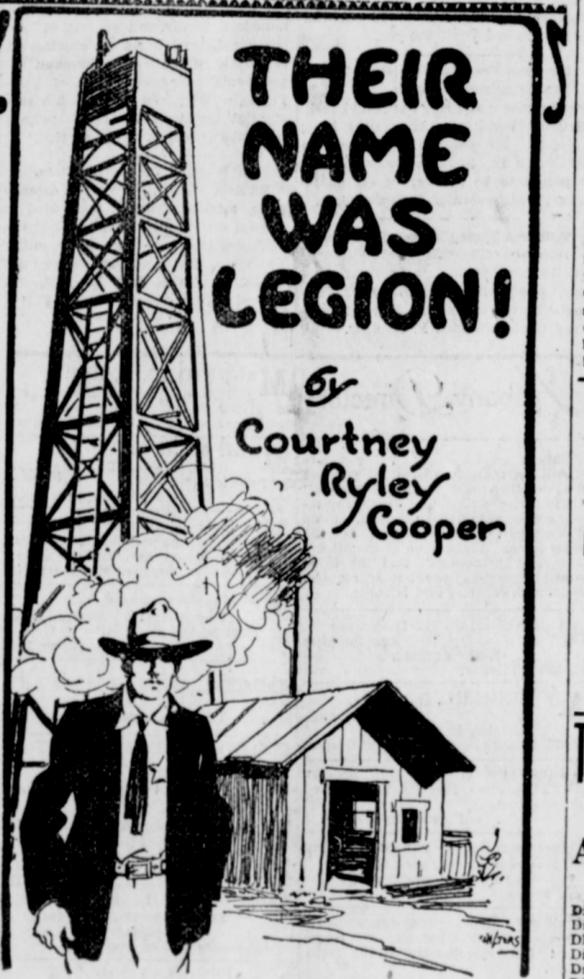
As a neighbor and a man of the community, he no less did his part, and during the short stay in this community he endeared himself in a very remarkable way. Why one so useful and so needed has been taken we do not understand but we are certain that his life and works will continue to live and bear fruit in this community.

The funeral was held at the local Methodist church, Friday, May 22, conducted by the pastor, Robert I. Parker, assisted by Theodore Mitzner, pastor of the Methodist church at Harrisburg. The text was "Prepare to meet thy God" and the scripture reading was Rev. 21. The choir sang some of Mr. Hussey's favorite songs.

The immense floral offering was an expression of the community's sympathy for the bereaved family and an evidence of the appreciation for the life and works of this good man.

Miss Irene Quimby was one of the Brownsville graduates.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wilbur of Portland visited the latter's sister, Mrs. O. W. Frum, and family Thursday.



THE irresistible story of an ex-service man and his pals of the American Legion who were called upon to preserve peace and uphold law in a wild, over-populated oil town in the West. Very thrilling in some of its characteristics and very pleasing in the fine love story which runs through it. Mr. Cooper has caught the romance and atmosphere of an oil boom. The story will compare favorably with his vivid tales of the mining camps and with his other specialty, circus stories.

Will Be Printed in Its Entirety in
THE RURAL ENTERPRISE

A Popular Refreshment

One that is relished at all times by young and old alike is our ice cream. It is made from pure, unadulterated cream and flavored with pure fruit flavors. Try some whenever you can. There is no more wholesome or delicious refreshment on earth. Parties and families supplied in any quantity.

Clark's Confectionery