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 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
 Telephone 145. Halsey, Oregon  
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 LAWYER AND NOTARY  
 BROWNSVILLE, OREGON

**Shoe Repair Shop**  
 Two doors north of the hotel.  
 Am prepared to do all kinds of  
 shoe repairing. Satisfaction  
 guaranteed.  
**JEWETT the COBBLER.**

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 GRADUATE  
 OPTOMETRIST  
 PRIVATE OFFICE  
 FOR EXAMINATIONS  
 PRICES REASONABLE  
 F. M. FRENCH & SONS  
 ALBANY OREG.

THE HALSEY ENTERPRISE  
 and the  
 OREGON FARMER  
 one year for \$1.65.

Halsey Items

R B Miller was in town Tuesday  
 with a meat wagon.

For Dental Work—Dr. E. W.  
 Barnum, Harrisburg, Oregon.  
 Phone or write for appointment.

Wanted—Sheep pasture and  
 some feeder hogs. I still have  
 three fresh cows for sale. R B  
 Mayberry.

Emil Helseth and wife from  
 Eugene arrived here Monday to  
 spend the week with W L Wells  
 and family.

J E Enos from Ferndale California  
 is visiting with his brother  
 Manuel Enos, between here and  
 Brownsville.

Harry Leeper and family from  
 Alpine came Saturday on a brief  
 visit.

W A Allen arrived Monday  
 night after quite an extended  
 visit in California. He was  
 accompanied by his sister, Mrs  
 W H Beene and her son Allen.

Last Monday while T P Patton  
 was under his automobile trying  
 to adjust something, from some  
 cause or other escaping gas from  
 his oil tank nearly asphyxiated  
 him. He managed to get away  
 so that by the next day he was  
 all right.

"Square Deal Sanderson" Is A  
 Fine Western Photoplay.

In "Square Deal Sanderson,"  
 Wm. S. Hart's newest Artcraft  
 picture, which will be shown at the  
 Rialto theatre next Thursday will  
 be found one of the strongest stories  
 ever employed for a scenario. It  
 was written by Chas. A. Seltzer  
 and pictured by Lambert Hillier.

It tells about a Westerner who  
 sees a horsethief shot in the back,  
 who afterwards kills his assailant.  
 A letter tells Square Deal Sanderson  
 that the thief is a brother of  
 Mary Bradford, owner of a ranch  
 in New Mexico, who writes that  
 she is beset by a man who is trying  
 to steal her property. Square  
 Deal goes to her rescue and poses  
 as her brother, whom she had not  
 seen from childhood. He saves  
 her, gets into and out of many  
 bad scrapes, but finally bests the  
 villain and his band and wins the  
 girl as his reward.

Ann Little plays the girl and of  
 course Bill Hart is the westerner  
 whose "handle" typifies his character.

This picture is said to be one of  
 Bill Hart's best photoplays, which  
 in the parlance of the day may be  
 said to be "going some."

C H Koontz was an Albany visitor  
 Wednesday.

Miss Florence Morgan of Portland  
 is spending the holidays at  
 her home.

Miss Blanche Forester spent  
 Christmas with her parents Mr.  
 and Mrs P J Forster

Mrs H W Steinke and children  
 left for Portland, Friday morning  
 where they will visit her aunt Mrs.  
 Dan Bellamy.

Bliss Byers from Independence,  
 arrived here Tuesday evening on  
 a visit to E C Miller and family.  
 Mrs Byers is Mrs Miller's sister.  
 Mrs D Taylor and son left  
 Wednesday morning on the Oregon  
 Electric for Portland. They  
 are expected back Friday evening.

Eldon Cross and wife are spending  
 the holidays with Mrs Cross'  
 parents at Hillsboro. And Jee-  
 Cross went as far as Portland  
 with them.

A son was born Saturday to Mr  
 and Mrs Euoch Cunningham of  
 Linton, Oregon. Mr Cunningham  
 is a son of Mrs G W Shaw of this  
 place and his wife is a daughter of  
 Mr and Mrs Pyburn.

Bend has a 95 mill tax to cheer  
 her up during the coming year;  
 Seio has a 77 mill tax; Halsey's  
 tax is 42 mills. Does that look  
 encouraging to you? If you have  
 property that is assessed at \$1000  
 your tax will be \$42. But cheer  
 up, the worst is yet to come.

In behalf of the committee on  
 the Christmas program, I wish to  
 thank all who were responsible for  
 the success of the Christmas enter-  
 tainment, and especially B S  
 Clark for his treat of oranges. I  
 also would urge all thinking of  
 taking the Bible examination to  
 be present that we may get a good  
 review. W H Robertson.

**Catarrah Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
 by local applications, as they cannot reach  
 the diseased portion of the ear. There is  
 only one way to cure catarrhal deafness,  
 and that is by a constitutional remedy.  
 Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an in-  
 flamed condition of the mucous lining of  
 the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is  
 inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-  
 perfect hearing, and when it is entirely  
 closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the  
 inflammation can be reduced and this tube  
 restored to its normal condition, hearing  
 will be destroyed forever. Many cases of  
 deafness are caused by catarrh, which is  
 an inflamed condition of the mucous sur-  
 face. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thro-  
 ugh the blood on the mucous surfaces of  
 the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for  
 any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot  
 be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Cir-  
 culars free. All Druggists. 75c.  
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

**"THE TOMBOY"**

By MINNIE M. TOWNSEND.

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
 "Whew, what a hit."

Across the length of a scrubby field,  
 John Blake, tired school teacher and  
 confirmed bachelor, watched a dirty  
 baseball go swinging on its way, from  
 the home plate of the Serry village  
 grounds, straight out over the field to  
 the main street. No—he held his  
 breath in consternation—straight into  
 the cellar window of the cottage be-  
 longing to the town's one constable.

It wasn't the beauty of a perfect  
 "Babe Ruth" home runner the pre-  
 tentious smashing of the afore-  
 said window, that called for the above e-  
 jaculation by the usually grouchy teacher,  
 but the fact that the young person at  
 the plate wore a pink skirt and neat  
 middie blouse and had curly dark hair  
 blowing provokingly from under the  
 boy's cap which she wore.

Under ordinary circumstances John  
 Blake would have called the guilty  
 person to task, as the field was a part  
 of the school property. But this was a  
 different case—a girl and apparently a  
 new comer to the village. He had never  
 seen a girl handle a bat in such a  
 fearless, businesslike way. Wavering  
 as to the proper course for him to  
 pursue, he watched her hurry across  
 the field, to his curiosity and the ire of  
 the constable's wife. She bravely  
 mounted the cottage steps and rang  
 the bell. The lady, who was subject to  
 neuralgia and was having an off day,  
 glared in anger.

"Humph! My man just fired that  
 winder last week. If you must play  
 ball near folks' houses why can't you  
 go easy. The idea of hittin' clear  
 across that field." The girl on the  
 steps below, smiled wistfully. "I'm  
 sorry, madam; you see it was a home  
 run," and added with a touch of pride,  
 "and these don't happen very often."  
 The old lady's eyes flashed.

"Well, it's nothin' to me, home runs  
 or—er—" She floundered hopelessly

until the girl put in softly, "Or tw-  
 bagger, perhaps."

The thin lips shut with a snap an-  
 then—"It will cost you fifty cents any-  
 way and I ought to charge you more  
 for my man's labor."

Suddenly a tall figure loomed up in  
 back of the girl and a slim white hand  
 thrust a crisp dollar bill out at the old  
 lady. "Believe me, madam," said the  
 cool voice of John Blake, "that hit  
 was easily worth a dollar."

A moment later the tomboy and John  
 Blake, who had been eavesdropping for  
 the first time in his life, were walk-  
 ing down the street together.

"Guess our neuralgic friend doesn't  
 appreciate the intricacies of our na-  
 tional game," he remarked kindly, and  
 was about to make himself more plain  
 when she answered easily, "Oh, but  
 cellar windows do not grow on trees,  
 sir. I thank you for helping me out  
 and I'll return the money at school, to-  
 morrow."

The young man had an uncomfor-  
 table feeling that the brown eyes under  
 the boyish cap were laughing at him  
 as the girl soberly bade him goodbye.  
 And if there was anything that nettled  
 him it was ridicule. What the joke  
 was he tried hard to fathom. He had  
 merely tried to be kind to a little  
 tomboy in a rather tight financial  
 position. He tried to salvage over his  
 wounded dignity, but next morning  
 found him groucher than ever and  
 much disposed to find the girl and  
 give her a belated reprimand. Casually  
 he glanced over the older classes, but  
 there was no sign of the brown-eyed  
 tomboy.

In his abstraction he almost forgot  
 the new teacher of the fourth grade.  
 He sornberly laid down the law until the  
 light died out of the young teacher's  
 eyes and she looked scared and a little  
 bewildered.

After school closed that day, Miss  
 Crane, fourth grade teacher, entered  
 the principal's office and waited humbly  
 until that official finished reading  
 a letter. Then she carefully drew a  
 crisp, new dollar bill from her pocket  
 and held it out.

"I—I want to return the money, Mr.  
 Blake, with thanks. I did not realize  
 that playing baseball was such a crime,  
 as I have always played with my  
 brothers, but I'm sorry, especially  
 about the window. Also I think, sir,  
 that I had better make another home  
 run—a final one. My resignation—"

The sedate young principal removed  
 his horn rimmed glasses and scanned  
 the face above him, but there was no  
 trace of mischievousness in the brown  
 eyes, only a dull hurt at this sudden  
 culmination of her first attempt of  
 teaching. He tried to vision the  
 fourth grade room without his particu-  
 lar acquisition and he could not seem  
 to place another teacher there. He  
 shook his head emphatically, "You  
 can't go this way, Miss Crane. Please  
 reconsider."

She shook her head. "I must, I never  
 could work under such an—antagonis-  
 tic feeling Mr. Blake."

Next to ridicule, the young man  
 hated to give in to anybody, but finally  
 he got on his feet and grinning in a  
 very boyishly sheepish manner, held  
 out his hand. "If you'll stay, Miss  
 Crane, I'll let you teach me the intri-  
 cacies of our national game."

suffice it to say that the pupils of  
 the fourth grade greeted their already  
 beloved teacher the following morning  
 and about 200 more mornings and then  
 they all acted as escorts to the car-  
 riage which conveyed Mr. and Mrs.  
 John Blake to the station, when they  
 left to learn the "intricacies of another  
 game," new to both.

**AUNT TIRZAH**

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)  
 Aunt Tirzah looked sharply over her  
 glasses, then leaned back with a sigh  
 on her couch chair.

"I don't understand you, Julie," she  
 said, "you never have been like this  
 before. If I were one of those un-  
 reasonable old women who just will  
 have their way, your objection would  
 be different. But I am not; your good  
 has always been my aim, and when I  
 ask you to accept Bob Burgess as a fu-  
 ture husband, it is because having  
 known the lad all his life, I consider  
 him the one most likely to make you  
 happy. Now that Bob is pressing  
 ahead so fast in his new profession  
 and in love with you, I can't see—  
 I really can't—why you should be so ob-  
 stinately against him."

"I am not against him, Aunt Tirzah,"  
 the girl answered wearily. "I don't  
 love Bob, that's all—a good reason  
 why I should not wish to marry him."  
 The old lady's black eyes snapped.  
 "Bob was well enough," she retort-  
 ed, "until that young lawyer came upon  
 the scene. Your Mr. Paul Webster  
 may be all right, but his prosperity at  
 least is not evident."

"Mr. Webster has his way to make,"  
 Julie quietly replied. "I think, Aunt  
 Tirzah, that you would like him if  
 you knew him better. I—"

A little smile came about her lips. "I  
 like him better all the time."

"So it seems," her Aunt dryly re-  
 sponded. "But your liking, like other  
 girls' liking, my dear, is largely fancy,  
 and admiration for the unknown."

"Doctor Bob has become an old story  
 to you, and you are ready for a new.  
 However," sternness touched the old  
 lady's sharp features, "the dream of  
 a lifetime cannot be so fancifully  
 turned aside. Bob Burgess and you  
 were made for each other, the plan of  
 your union was discussed when you  
 were both in the cradle. My dear,  
 my very will has been made just that  
 way—leaving all to you with the un-  
 derstanding that Bob's place in surgery  
 may be found, and that you and he  
 may continue on in this old Vance  
 place together."

Julie arose abruptly; tears were in  
 her soft eyes.

"That cannot be, Aunt," she said  
 hurriedly. "I am sorry."

"Paul Webster has dared talk love to  
 you?" the old lady angrily asked.

"Both Bob and Paul," the girl re-  
 plied, "have asked to marry me."  
 "And you—?" the question was  
 breathless.

"I asked Paul to give me time to  
 think," Julie said, "and I told Bob  
 no; but he would not take no for my  
 answer."

The invalid sank back with a sigh  
 of relief. "Wise Bob," she said; "now  
 listen, my girl, Bob, as my physician,  
 realizes that my heart is near the  
 end of its labor. He has been atten-  
 tive—kind. In the event that you do  
 not reconsider his request, all that I  
 have will go to him. I repeat, it is  
 your future alone that interests me,"  
 Aunt Tirzah rang for her maid. "Send  
 for Doctor Burgess," she directed.

The young physician was soon at her  
 side.

"The end is not yet, Bob," she said.  
 "However, I will tell you what I have  
 planned to do: In case Julia marries  
 you, I leave my fortune to her; in case  
 she does not—entirely to you."

The young man's face paled, then  
 he smiled confidently.

"Julie will not go against your wish,"  
 he said at last.

"But if she should?"

"I will then devote the money to the  
 purpose you desire," he replied.

That evening Aunt Tirzah sent for  
 Paul Webster to draw up her will. It  
 was not until after the funeral service  
 that the contents of the will were ex-  
 actly known. Aunt Tirzah had re-  
 quired no promise of secrecy from Bob  
 Burgess regarding their conversation  
 concerning the will, and he had con-  
 fided its import to Julie. The girl,  
 faithful and loving to her aunt until  
 the last, gave no sign of her own in-  
 tention in the matter. Now, as they  
 sat about the mahogany table in the li-  
 brary of Aunt Tirzah's father, the  
 girl's sad-eyed indifference left the  
 observant ones still in doubt. Paul  
 Webster, seated beside his senior-part-  
 ner, bent upon her constantly the com-  
 passion of his gaze. When the docu-  
 ment had been read all sat staring in  
 astonishment at each other, for Aunt  
 Tirzah left the bulk of her great es-  
 tates unreservedly to her "beloved  
 niece, Julie Dale Vance."

Still bewildered from the shock, Bob  
 Burgess sprang to his feet. "There  
 should be a clause," he said confusedly,  
 "to the effect that under such cir-  
 cumstances Julie was to wed me."

Slowly Paul Webster arose.

"Two weeks before Tirzah Vance  
 died," he said, "she sent for me to  
 draw up a will. In it, her niece, Miss  
 Julie Vance, was to become sole bene-  
 ficiary upon the condition that she ac-  
 cept the proposal of marriage which I  
 had recently made her. I could be no  
 party to the possibility of an arrange-  
 ment which might leave her niece  
 penniless.

"As Miss Tirzah could not be made  
 to listen to reason, I was obliged to  
 withdraw my services as solicitor.  
 Later and happily, it seems, she re-  
 considered, and sent for my partner  
 to act in my place."

The senior partner glanced about the  
 assembled group. "Which accounts,"  
 he added smilingly, "for the quaint sig-  
 nature on an accompanying note writ-  
 ten by my late client to myself."

"Tirzah," she signs herself—"after  
 King Solomon."

Historic Lies.

Two of the most famous lies relate  
 to the last hours of Nelson. Everyone  
 knows that the real signal at Trafal-  
 gar which he ordered was "Nelson ex-  
 pects every man to do his duty." The  
 other lie is about the coat he wore  
 on his quarter deck. He is reported to  
 have silenced the affectionate impor-  
 tunity of his officers, entreating  
 him to conceal the stars on his breast,  
 by saying, "In honor I gained them,  
 and in honor I will die with them."

This is the great style, but it is un-  
 true. Dr. Arnold heard the facts from  
 Sir Thomas Hardy. Nelson wore on  
 the day of battle the same coat which  
 he had worn for weeks, having the  
 order of the bath embroidered upon  
 it; and when his friend expressed  
 some apprehension of the badge, he  
 answered that he was aware of the  
 danger, but that it was "too late then  
 to shift his coat." The fabricated  
 saying is magnificent; why destroy

Nail 'Em Down.

On a first-class liner it is said about  
 3,000 pieces of glass and crockery are  
 broken on each voyage.

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 are found in the China prepara-  
 tions and have stood the test of a  
 thousand years to cure Catarrh,

Asthma, Lung Trouble, Cancer,  
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 vousness, Stomach, Liver and  
 Kidney troubles, also private ail-  
 ments of men and women. Con-  
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