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ALBANY, OREGON

Halsey Items

Mrs D M Bond and Leon Palmer are sick with colds or la-grippe.

C E Gulliford and wife returned last Friday from a brief visit in Portland.

Mrs Dr Bollman of Dallas came last Thursday for a visit with Mrs D Taylor and other friends. She returned Monday.

Last Friday night there was a double header basket ball game between the Monroe High School boys and girls and the Halsey High School boys and girls. The scores were, girls 27 to 18 in favor of Halsey; boys 16 to 14 in favor of Halsey. After the games were over a reception was given at the school house, followed by a lunch. Games were played and a general good time was enjoyed.

The money market is a little tight at this time, but it is not hard to raise the Dough if you use **THOMPSON'S BEST FLOUR.**

Dr and Mrs T I Marks were Shedd visitors Monday.

Rev Cook was a business caller in Brownsville Saturday.

W F Carter was an Albany caller Tuesday.

G W Mornhinweg made a business trip out east of Brownsville Wednesday.

Lyman Marsters left today for Salem to attend the Willamette University.

Geo A Cressy of Hermiston, was a business caller in Halsey Wednesday.

Honey—Reduced 25 per cent while it lasts. Also some fine male calves for sale. NT Sneed, Halsey. 1-27 tf.

Mrs Chas Standish, who had been visiting at Corvallis, stopped Tuesday on her way home to Brownsville, to visit Mrs M J Quick.

Monday night some one broke into the District 51 school house 3 miles east of Halsey and stole a 50 or 60 dollar phonograph a fountain pen and a pair of shoes. No clue was left except a number of burnt matches on the floor.

Next Monday at 10 a m at the city hall there will be a mass meeting to be addressed by J D Mickle, Dairy and Food Commissioner. At Brownsville another meeting will be held at 1:30 p m, and one at Shedd at 8 p m. All dairymen and everybody else who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

Monday forenoon Grant Taylor left two good sized bundles containing towels and outing flannels at Ernest Gourley's mail box, and before he was ready to get it some body else had beaten him to it and taken one of the packages away. He has no clew to the robber except some small tracks to and from the mail box.

The Woman's Study Club held a most enjoyable meeting on last Thursday afternoon at the home of the president, Mrs G W Mornhinweg. An interesting talk on Italian Art was given by Mrs B M Bond, featuring the paintings, "The Last Supper," and several of the Madonnas. Mrs Templeton gave a review of the American artist, Maxfield Parrish, illustrated with numerous reproductions in color. Mrs D H Sturtevant was an honor guest. The hostess was assisted in serving refreshments by Mrs Stafford. The next meeting of the club will be with Mrs Gulliford, Feb 3d, at which time Mrs Kitchen and Mrs Sidney Smith will have charge of the lesson, which has to do with the culinary art. Members are requested to respond to roll call with a favorite recipe.

Mrs Frick and infant child from Hillsboro, came last week for an extended visit with her sister, Mrs Minnie Cross.

Basket Ball Game.

If you want to see a real game of basket ball, be at the hall by 8 o'clock Saturday night, Jan 29.

The Halsey Athletic Club vs The University of Oregon Indians. This is an organization of University Fraternity Men and the game will be a hummer. Admission 25 cents.

Drive For Road Bonds.

On Tuesday, representative men from Halsey, Harrisburg and Shedd met with the Albany committee, J M Hawkins, chairman, for the purpose of coming to a decision in regard to the purchase of the bonds for grading the road from Driver's Crossing via Shedd and Halsey to Harrisburg.

There are \$75,000 worth of bonds that have been authorized to be issued and it has been estimated it will take from 73,000 to \$75,000 to grade the above portion of the Pacific highway.

D Taylor, E B Penland and H C Davis are getting subscriptions for the bonds. It is a foregone conclusion that if the highway is graded between Driver's Crossing via Shedd and Halsey and Harrisburg this year the bonds will have to be taken by people living some where near the above mentioned road, and the applications state that the money is to be used for grading this particular sector of the Pacific Highway only.

It is hoped that all subscriptions for the bonds will be in by Monday, Jan 31.

The bonds are subscribed for under the following rules for payment: One tenth down and the rest on April 1st, or one tenth down and 40 per cent on April 1st, and 50 per cent on July 1st, with 5 per cent additional for accrued interest.

The bonds will be issued April 1st. Subscriptions are taken at the Bank.

The situation is this: \$75,000 worth of road bonds sold by Jan. 31st means the Pacific Highway will be graded this year from Driver's Crossing to Harrisburg via Shedd and Halsey. No bonds, no road this year. Which shall it be?

CROSSED WIRES

By MARY C. BRIGGS.

Up on the avenue, in Williamstown's finest residence, an angry man strode from the dimly lighted library into the reception room, impatiently snatched his coat from the wall, upsetting the telephone as he did so, and then turned to an equally angry girl who had followed him out from the library.

Down town in the stuffy telephone exchange a smile lighted the face of the tired operator as she noted that the light under 174 accompanied the buzzing, and her hand instinctively started the plug toward 256 as she called pleasantly into the receiver.

But instead of hearing Beth Williams' voice calling the anticipated number, she was amazed to hear Don Emerson shout wrathfully in a voice hardly recognizable as his, so choked was it with rage and anger:

"Remember, Beth, this is just what I have been trying to avoid, but since you have assumed such an absurd attitude I have no alternative left but to leave you. Just remember I'm not the kind of a man to take a thing like this calmly, and if you ever want me, you'll have to send for me. I'll not bother you. Believe me, I'll not come around begging."

"Certainly," interrupted Beth's voice icily. "Don't come until I send for you." Then, meaningly, almost sarcastically, "Until I do!" And the little operator pictured the way the dark eyes looked across at Don Emerson, level, cold, even as her voice.

A door slammed violently; there was a little hush; then a heart-broken sob. With a start the little operator realized that she was "listening in," and she broke the connection.

The days passed. At first the 174 line on the switchboard lighted often, but the request never came for 256. But the little operator wasn't deceived. She knew that the broken sob was far more significant of the true state of affairs than the hard, level voice, and so she waited for the 256 call.

As the days dragged into weeks, and the weeks into months, it worried the little operator to notice Beth's pale, drawn face. Couldn't Don see? How could a man be so obstinate when— But then one day she met Don looking as miserable and wretched as Beth herself, and it was then that she decided to take matters into her own hands.

After reaching this decision, the little operator seemed to take an unusual interest in the lights of the 174 line, and to make sure that they were in good working order it often became necessary for her to, well—er, "listen in." She was rewarded one night when Beth was in conversation with Elalre Ellis. Immediately she called 256, and when Don reached the phone he heard only the impersonal, "Hold the line, please." The plug down in the telephone exchange rapidly changed positions, and then Don heard Elalre's voice saying, "—and if he is going to be so unreasonable, I'd just forget him, and Phil's crazy about you—"

"Don't talk such nonsense," Beth's voice interrupted. "I'd rather stay at home than go with anybody else," and then something happened to the wires, for Don heard no more. He had heard enough, however, to keep him thinking all that day and the next, and the following night when Bill Chisholm called to persuade him to complete a four-some for the coming dance he was ready for him.

After thus thoroughly testing the lights of the 174 line the little operator decided that the 256 line needed her attention, and so it happened that one night Beth also was asked to hold the line a minute. What she heard in 30 seconds was sufficient, however. Big Bill's voice booming over the wire. "And don't you know the best way to get her back is to make her think you don't care. Just you appear at that dance with another girl and Beth will be at your feet."

"Who wants his girl at his feet, I don't," snapped Don. "Not while I have arms! Aw, you mean all right, old man, but it's different with me. Why, I've never even seen a girl except Beth, and never will." But Beth held the line no longer.

The night of the dance came, and the little operator sitting before the quiet board, thought of the two lonely people brooding alone up on the avenue while their friends made merry at the club house. Now, she decided, was the time for something more drastic than mixing the wires, so calling 256, in a voice as nearly like Beth's as she could assume, she stammered tearfully, "Don, I—er," and followed this enlightening remark by a heartbroken sob, the duplicate of Beth's own on that first night. Then she broke the connection.

In about three minutes she was rewarded by the sigh of Don's car purring toward the avenue.

At 11:30 that night a call came from the 256 line, and without stopping to ask for the number wanted, the little operator connected with 174, then settled back in her chair and smiled happily to herself as she thought of the good night message passing over the wires beneath her hands.

HALO DUE TO MISCONCEPTION

Explanation of Luminous Circle About the Heads of Saints is Somewhat Humorous.

For centuries it has been an almost universal practice among artists to paint halos above the heads of the saints in their pictures. Some characters have been so depicted, even though not officially canonized or previous to that ceremony, when the artist wished to indicate special spiritual qualities or holiness, as, for instance, in the case of Joan of Arc.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries there was a great activity in the building of churches and cathedrals, and it was a common practice to erect around the outside of the buildings statues of the saints, which were placed just under the eaves. As the images became discolored by the rain which fell upon the roofs and then poured over them, the authorities, as a means of protection, placed over the heads of the figures wooden disks of a size sufficient to protect them. Giotto, the great artist, began to paint holy pictures when only a country boy, and in his ignorance assumed that the disks were essential parts of the images of the saints. Hence his earliest paintings represent each sacred figure wearing over the head something that looks like the bottom of a tub. Later on he idealized this into a mere circle, dark at first, but growing more luminous with each production, until finally he developed the circle of light that has come down unchanged through generations of painters as the badge of sanctity.—New York Post.

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