

been taking care of the sick and up to now no harm has come to me.

"Yours respectfully,  
"BIM KELSO."  
"A man's heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps," said Cartwright. "For three days I have felt that He was leading me."

"I begin to think that He has been leading me," Samson declared. "Bim Kelso is the person I seek."  
"I would have gone but my wife took on so I couldn't get away," said Cartwright.

"I'll come back some day soon and you and I will pry the devil out of her with the crowbar of God's truth and mercy," Cartwright assured him as he and Samson took the road to the north.

On their way to the Honey creek settlement the lion-hearted minister told of swimming through flooded rivers, getting lost on the plains and suffering for food and water, of lying down to rest at night in wet clothes with no shelter but the woods, of hand-to-hand fights with rowdies who endeavored to sell drink or create a disturbance at his meetings. Such was the zeal for righteousness woven by many hands into the fabric of the West. A little before sundown they reached the settlement.

Samson asked a man in the road if he knew where they could find the nurse Bim Kelso.

"Do ye mean that angel o' God in a white dress that takes keer o' the sick?" the man asked.

"I guess that would be Bim," said Samson.

"She's over in yon' house," the other answered, pointing with his pipe to a cabin some twenty rods beyond them. "Thar's two children sick thar an' the mammy dead an' buried in the ground."

"Is the plague getting worse?" Cartwright asked.

"No, I reckon it's better. Nobody has come down since the day before yesterday. Thar's the doctor comin' He kin tell ye."

A bearded man of middle age was approaching them in the saddle.

"I am Peter Cartwright—the preacher sent of God to comfort the sick and bury the dead," said Samson's companion.

"We welcome you, but if you stop here you will have to stay until the epidemic is over."

"That I am prepared to do."  
"Then I shall take you where you can find entertainment, such as it is."

"First, this man wishes to speak to Miss Kelso, the nurse," said Cartwright. "He is a friend of hers."

"You can see her but only at a distance," the doctor answered. "I must keep you at least twenty feet away from her. Come with me."

They proceeded to the stricken house. The doctor entered and presently Bim came out. Her eyes filled with tears and for a moment she could not speak.

"Why didn't you let me know of your troubles?" Samson asked.

"Early last summer I wrote a long letter to you," she answered.

"It didn't reach me. One day in June the stage was robbed of its mail down in Tazewell county. Your letter was probably on that stage."

"Harry's death was the last blow. I came out here to get away from my troubles—perhaps to die. I didn't care."

"Harry is not dead," said Samson.

Her right hand touched her forehead; her lips fell apart; her eyes took on a look of tragic earnestness.

"Not dead!" she whispered.

"He is alive and well."

(Continued)

**Apples For sale.** Gather them yourself. 25c a box, at my orchard at the ferry, Harrisburg, Ore.  
C. L. MORRIS.

**Amor A. Tussing**

LAWYER AND NOTARY

BROWNSVILLE, OREGON

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**Dress Shoes a Speciality**

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## WEARER SHOULD BE CHOOSER

No Reason Why Woman Cannot Have Any Kind of Trimming She Likes—Individuality Need Not Be Sacrificed.

Ways of embellishing clothes and of adding to simple frocks touches that bring them into an entirely new realm are as important as the clothes themselves; oftentimes more so, asserts a prominent fashion authority.

A great many women like little or no trimming on their clothes; others enjoy bits of color, ribbons and laces.



This Delightful Dotted Crepe Dress is Charming With Its Flowing Sleeves and the Fichu of White.

This is more or less a matter of taste, and it would be making rather a strong statement to say that one is good taste and the other bad.

Things of this sort depend greatly on individual temperament. There is no reason why a woman should not have any kind of trimming she likes, especially in these days when so many kinds are offered and all are so rich in suggestion.

Because one woman likes her clothes plain and of severe simplicity is no reason why another should sacrifice her individuality by copying her.

**Fussiness Threatens to Become Vogue.**

There is a faint deal of unnecessary criticism of women's taste in clothes. Never were they more comfortable, hygienic, prettier or more sensible than now. But there is a cloud looming on the horizon, heavy with the suggestion of the fussiness of Victorian days, when dress probably was at its worst. This cloud, however, may be one of commercialism—that is, dressmakers and manufacturers endeavoring to increase business by establishing altogether new styles.

They have, however, one very potent fact to contend with, which is that women themselves make the fashions, and, during the last few years more than ever before, have shown their ability to do so, as well as their independence in dress. They have been most discriminating in the selections of the styles they would accept.

Sleeves are worthy of an article all to themselves. Although a great deal has been written about sleeves the surface of the subject has only been scratched. Artists in the dressmaking world apparently are putting forth every effort to work out new ideas in arm covering. During the long time that arms were left wholly or partially uncovered each dressmaker apparently had hidden away in the recesses of his or her mind an infinite number of ideas on this subject, which grew to immense proportions through suppression.

**Novelty in Fringe Sleeve.**

Now we have sleeves of the Mandarin type, sleeves that are slightly flowing and have in turn wide, flowing cuffs, straight, loose sleeves of bright color set into somber-hued frocks, others that fit to a deep armhole and fall away from the arm, leaving it bare, and that are caught in again at the wrist. But more striking than any of these are the long sleeves of fringe which Patou has brought out. These take their place in the novelty class, but are interesting as one of the many strange things being done to this part of dress.

The Parisienne is tying her sash in a new way; that is, wrapping it around her body, giving it a twist at either side by slipping the ends through the belt and bringing them back to be fastened in a loose knot in the front.

Nothing very novel about this, you will think, but it is really a pleasing change from the monotony of the way women have been tying string belts or wide sashes.

It must be said that in a simple matter such as this very little originality has been shown. It would seem that hundreds of different ways of knotting a sash might have been thought

of, in countries where the sash always has played an important part in native dress the way in which it is tied is significant of many things.

**Loath to Adopt High Collar.**

Writing of high collars is about as discouraging as designing them. During the last two years much time has been spent on both. Still, nobody has taken to high collars with any amount of enthusiasm; in fact, they rarely are seen.

But collars of the type referred to and which are somewhat of a compromise between the high and low collar, have been in evidence of late. Sometimes the turnover part is much more exaggerated, like a wide Eton collar. These are quite becoming and are likely to enjoy considerable popularity among the younger women.

Contemplation of collars in general gives one a feeling of surprise that there has not been more change. Women must consider the monotonous neckline so long in evidence very becoming, otherwise they would have accepted some of the many things offered them. It would seem that the time is about ripe for some changes in this direction.

**Creating Fringe Effects.**

Fringes of self material are featured prominently on many of the autumn clothes. Both cloth and crepe frocks have a novel fringe trimming achieved by running rows of hemstitching along cascading panels, the sleeves, or even the bottom of the skirts, and slashing the hemstitching to form fringe, which, of course, leaves a picot edge on each strand of the material. Such a treatment is used on the French dress.

It seems impossible to get away from fringe in one form or another. All of the great dressmakers still are using it. A model from Douillet has fringe applied to a back tunic and a tuft of it on the short ends of a belt knotted in the front.

On this model we see another form of trimming which sprang into prominence this summer; that is the embroidery pattern made by perforations. As in most perforated cloths, a bright, contrasting lining is used. Here the dress is of black and the lining revealed through the large eyelets is bright red.

**Long Capes That Match Dresses.**

Long capes that hang as part of a dress or that match the dress, but are detachable, are among the new fashions. A model in which a cape is made to appear as part of the frock while really detachable is of frock cloth, the cape having a lining of rust-colored taffeta. As it falls from the shoulders, a cascading effect is given at either side, thus revealing the contrasting lining.

Designing clothes is approaching more and more the imminence of a fine art. The sources from which designers gather the ideas that go into dress are as interesting as they are varied.

America is showing a growing interest in costume design, and it is a question as to whether, in time, this growing interest will not tend to make us rival Paris in fashion supremacy. Little by little we are relying on the ability of our own designers to create distinctive modes with less dependence on what they are wearing in Paris, and the time may not be far distant when the world will look with respect and concern to see what America is wearing.

The director of one of our great American fashion academies, when in-



Canton Crepe, Cascading Panels of Silk Hemstitched at Narrow Intervals and Slashed to Form Fringe.

terviewed recently, had much to say in praise of the ability of the young American designer.

A successful costume designer must be responsive to the motifs and ideas to be found in the dress and arts of ancient times. The classic Greek dress is perhaps richer in suggestion than the costume of other ancients. This is because of the beauty that the Greeks obtained through simplicity.

J. C. Bramwell was at Brownsville Monday.

## Sunset at Newport

(Essay by a Halsey High School Pupil.)

The sun was slowly sinking toward the restless sea. Fleecy white clouds were swiftly moving across the sapphire sky. The sea itself was of a deep green color, its innumerable waves capped with white foam.

A small sailboat lent a bit of color to the background as a breeze, springing up, caught the limp sail and, filling it out, sent the little boat along at an ever increasing speed.

The sun was sinking near and nearer. It seemed to pause, a glorious red ball of fire. The sea changed to a dull coppery mass, glowing under the reflection of the sun. The clouds turned to fiery tongues of flames, flashing across the sky. Then the sun was swallowed by the sea, whereupon the sky and sea changed their colors for a more leaden hue. Twilight came, and far off toward the northern coast cape Fo ulweather light-house flashed out its beacon. Twilight passed into night and no sound broke the silence save for the lapping of the waves on the beach and the occasional cry of a seafowl.

## The Coming of a Summer Night

(By Frost Bass, Sophomore)

Night time was fast approaching. Feathery clouds were turned together into a most wonderful pastel with delicate tints that nature alone could paint. The sun had just set, leaving a purplish tinge above the range of western mountains.

The birds sang their evening warble. The melody of the meadow lark joined with the song of the thrush. Far across the fields came the evening calls of the pheasant and quail. From a nearby brook, murmuring and babbling water whitened on the rocks in the rapids.

Darkness came on. Fireflies darted hither and thither like a myriad of sparks. Stars appeared, one by one, until the sky was covered with them. The moon peered over the eastern mountains and night time was upon us.

**Not Always So.**

"If you're right, what the other fellow thinks doesn't matter," says an exchange. Tell that to the motorist who has run foul of the traffic cop.—Boston Transcript.

**Welsh Mining Superstition.**

Among Welsh miners it is a superstition that when a new man is taken on at a mine he is never to be permitted to go down with the first shift. He must go down with the last shift, otherwise misfortune will follow.

## LYCEUM COURSE

The first entertainment of the Meneley System De Luxe Entertainment Course will be held in Halsey Nov. 2. It will be a musical entertainment of the highest order given by the Eugene Page Trio.

The citizens' committee promoting these entertainments met at the council chamber Friday evening and elected B. S. Clark assistant chairman and J. W. Moore assistant secretary to co-operate with the Ladies' Study club.

These entertainments are not given as a money-making proposition, and the committee has set the following prices to cover expenses only:

Adults, season tickets, 4 shows	\$2.00
Students above 6th grade	1.50
Children of school age	1.00
Adults single tickets	.60
Children	.30

Tickets for these high class entertainments will be on sale Thursday at Clark's confectionery. Reserve seats will be 50c extra for season ticket, 15c extra for single tickets.

Most of the towns of the valley have held Chautauques during the summer which, as entertainments, are but very little if any better than the shows coming to Halsey this winter, and most of you know what you have to pay to attend a Chautauqua. It is to be hoped that the people of this community will show their appreciation of the committee's efforts to have "something doing in Halsey." If this venture succeeds well, we might have a Chautauqua next summer.

**Pie Social and Candy Sale**  
Saturday evening, Oct. 22, City Hall  
For the benefit of the piano fund of the Intermediate Leaguers of the Methodist Church.  
**EVERYONE INVITED**

**ARCHIE CORNELIUS** Watchmaker and Jeweler  
Expert workmanship. Watches and clocks a specialty.  
Halsey, Oregon.

## Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

An Albany Farm Bureau is proposed.

Harvey Chingman journeyed to Albany Friday.

The farm bureau wants a county road and drainage engineer of ability.

The guarantors of last spring's chautauqua course at Harrisburg lost \$200 on it.

Mrs. C. P. Stafford of Halsey journeyed to Albany Friday for regular vocal lesson.

Bert Clark from the "sweet shop" of Halsey made a flying trip to Albany Friday.

Mrs. M. B. Southern and daughter, Mrs. George Hayes, returned last Friday from a trip to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robertson and daughter of Brownsville were Halsey callers last Friday morning.

Mrs. J. J. Corcoran and little grandson of Halsey were passengers to Portland Saturday on a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Marcella Kirk.

Mrs. M. O. Edwards of Brownsville left for Walla Walla, Wash., Saturday, via Halsey. During her absence Mr. Edwards' sister, Miss Alice Edwards, will remain with the family.

Travis Martin and A. Anderson of Brownsville took the train for Portland last Saturday morning. Mr. Anderson is the baker for the Dawson bakery of Brownsville and is on his way to visit his sick wife, as his family are located in Portland.

Mrs. J. Wellington Cook Jr. and child of Brownsville left last Friday, via Halsey, for Portland to visit relatives before going to Dallas to join her husband, who preceded her.

Wayne Thoms of Scio sent some alpaca and jaguar furs from Bolivia, where he has been doing engineering work, and they were placed on exhibition in the window of the Blain clothing company.

There will be no Linn county exhibit at the Portland livestock show, but the Lakeview Pig club, the Scio Goat club, the Scio Sheep club and the Shorthorn and Jersey clubs at Shedd are expected to send exhibits, either helped by the county or at their own expense.

The state highway commission's bulletin on roads says: Albany to Junction City—Either west or east side routes can be traveled. The east side route is most desirable for through traffic, as it is several miles shorter.

The Enterprise printers make some errors, but they do not make them all. Here is what the Albany Herald credits its Brownsville correspondent with saying about S. P. Barger: Barger has been a member of the local Baptist church since he came here in 1773. He came to Oregon from Virginia in the year 1863.

Mrs. Morganti and children of Brownsville came over Friday morning and took train for Oregon, Cal., where they expect to locate for a time. Mr. Morganti was the foreman of the Warren Construction Co. at Brownsville during the laying of the pavement his year.

A little hombre with a big revolver attempted to rob Mrs. Joseph Nemic at Scio, the Tribune reports, but was so nervous that he dropped his gun twice and the second time picked it up and fled. Evidently he wasn't Roy Gardner, who is proclaimed by wiseacres in forty towns to be hiding near their homes.

A paved road from Albany to Lebanon will be built with the state paying one-third of the expense and the proposed road district two-thirds, according to an agreement between the state highway commission and Albany and Lebanon business men and the county court.

At the Muddy creek bridge near Alford station Friday morning, to avoid a collision with some reckless speeders going south, Mr. Kretz, the Harrisburg delivery man for the Standard Oil company, ran his heavy tank truck into the ditch just in time to save the lives of himself and the two fools on the other car. The latter went on without a halt and Kretz had a half-day's work unloading and getting his car righted up and back into the road.

The Albany Democrat is using its new Duplex press, which prints both sides of the sheet at one run