

Evangelistic Meetings begin Friday, April 7 Christian Church

You Can Solder Aluminum. Aluminum can be soldered—with difficulty. The difficulty lies in the fact the metal oxidizes as soon as exposed to the air; also that the soldering iron is cooled very quickly, because of the great rapidity with which the heat is dissipated.

Changing Colors of Birds. The color of birds may be changed to white by keeping them in a white room, surrounded by white objects and attended by persons dressed in white, says a naturalist. However, the third or fourth generation is necessary before the bird's feathers are all white.

Tycer & Elmore will have New Spring Millinery at the Koontz Co. Store

Friday, March 31 and Saturday, April 1

Get a KIDDIE KOOP for the Baby

Genuine Trimble Kiddie Koop

complete with Mattress, Net, Wheels, etc.

Special for a short time, only \$20

Send us your baby's name and birthday (if less than a year old) together with your name and address, and we will send the baby something nice.

Save money by buying your house furnishings of us.

BARTSCHER & ROHRBAUGH

The Albany Furniture Exchange

415-421 West First st., Albany, Oregon

Be Honest With Yourself

If you have been drifting along—spending all, saving nothing—stop and think.

You must realize that it cannot go on forever. One's earning days are numbered. Now, while your earning power is the greatest, see to it that each payday pays SOMETHING toward your future INDEPENDENCE.

We will welcome your account and help you save.

The First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon

Where Savings are safe Four per cent and no worry.

The Candy Girl

or rather the girl who likes candy, is everywhere; her opposite would be hard to find. And if she gets her candy from us she knows she gets the best confectionery in town. That is why when you tell her you will buy her a box of candy she always says: "Be sure and get it at Stewart & Price's."

Stewart & Price Confectionery

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

J. W. MOORE

Real Estate and Insurance

THE HALSEY STATE BANK

HALSEY, OREGON

Capital and Surplus \$35,000

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit We invite your banking business

C. H. KOONTZ, Pres. D. TAYLOR, Vice-Pres. B. M. BOND, Cashier

Over 2100 dogs are licensed in this county.

The Brownsville pioneer picnic is dated for June 14, 15 and 16.

Hillard Ackerman and wife were over from Brownsville Sunday.

J. C. Bramwell and wife were in Halsey Sunday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Shelton of Brownsville visited the Wheeler home here Sunday.

The Skirvins visited Tagent Sunday. So did John Porter and wife and Karl Bramwell.

M. C. Gaines and J. L. Bilyeu of Scio have filed claims of \$108 and \$8 respectively for damage done to sheep by dogs.

What is supposed to have been a lynx killed a calf belonging to two McQueen boys at Holley and escaped from dogs which followed its tracks.

Mary A. Brock, administratrix of the estate of Clarence T. Brock, is suing to have any claims of Samuel Siegel and others against the estate either validated or invalidated.

The fifth successive series of revival meetings began this week at Brownsville. This time the Methodist church is the scene and A. D. George and wife, singing evangelists of note, are taking part.

The Oakville poultry club composed of E. P. Cunningham leader, Royal Spaulding president, Arthur Gray vice-president, John Graybill secretary, Kenneth Hamilton, Arthur St. John.

Jesse Hinman, since buying the Brownsville times, has picked up enough of the printer's trade so that he and Poittu are doing all the work of the office, and there's a good deal of it to do, too, but Hinman is getting fat on it.

Mrs. Mary Conklin of Seranton, Pa., aunt of Jesse R. Hinman of the Brownsville Times, arrived on Saturday's train and was met by her nephew and whisked over to Brownsville.

A. W. Lynd, who married Ed th daughter of Lester Walker and wife of Brownsville, has sailed on a two-months' cruise from Astoria to China as wireless operator on a Scandinavian liner.

For once the railroad has scored against the auto truck. When the Linn county court barred trucks weighing more than two tons, loaded, from the highways Standard Oil put stations at Brownsville, Scio and such small places and oil will go thither by rail.

The Christian church got such a response to a one-inch advertisement in the Enterprise two weeks ago that it takes three times as much space this week. Advertisements bring results to a theater, a church or a merchant's store.

Brownsville has some boys who have started on the road to the penitentiary. Some of them broke into both confectionery stores the Thursday night and stole two dollars from Starr's and some bottled soda water from Gustavson's.

The Linn County Holstein Breeders' association met at Albany Saturday and elected C. R. Evans president, J. P. Stearns vice-president and George McCart secretary-treasurer. To encourage boys' and girls' judging of stock \$25 was voted.

Joseph Hume, Mayor White and Henry Blakely, representing the municipal government of Brownsville, were in the city today consulting with the county court regarding the procuring of gravel for use by the city of Brownsville. —Saturday's Albany Herald.

A petition has been sent to President Harding, signed by Governor Olcott and the mayors and other public officers of Oregon, including Mayor Walton of Halsey, inviting him to be present at the opening of the rose festival at Portland, June 9, which is classed as representative of Oregon in general. The invitation and signatures make two bound books of about 500 pages each.

Louis A. Jones, the clerk who has made so many friends at the Woodworth drugstore in Albany in the past eight years, died last Thursday. In January Mr. Jones was operated on for appendicitis and came very near dying, but he rallied. He and Miss Martha Sexauer, who was his fiancée, were married and he went to the home of her parents to reside while a home he had purchased was being remodeled, but her careful nursing was unavailing to save his life.

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and those who wish to become aviators may enroll themselves for the course at once.

"I speak to you in a crisis of the university's life, as well as that of the nation, and the warning I utter has been made necessary by what took place yesterday and today. Yesterday morning, a student in the junior class enlisted as a private in the United States regular army. Far be it from me to deplore his course in so doing; he spoke to me about it, and in such a way that I felt I had no right to dissuade him. I told him that it would be preferable for college men to wait until they could go as officers, and aside from the fact of a greater prestige, I urged that men of education could perhaps be more useful in that capacity. He replied that if he were useful enough as a private a commission might in time come his way, and as I say, I did not feel at liberty to attempt dissuasion. He left to join a regiment to which he had been assigned, and many of you were at the station to bid him farewell.

But enthusiasm may be too contagious; even a great and inspiring motive may work for harm, and the university must not become a desert. In the twenty-four hours since that young man went to join the army last night, one hundred and eleven of our young men students have left our walls; eighty-four of them went off together at three o'clock to catch an east-bound train at the junction and enlist for the navy at Newport. We are, I say, in danger of a stampede.

He spoke on, but Dora was not listening; she had become obsessed by an idea which seemed to be carrying her to the border of tragedy. When the crowd poured forth from the building she went with it mechanically, and paused in the dark outside. She spoke to a girl whom she did not know.

"I beg your pardon—"

"Yes?"

"I wanted to ask: Do you know who was the student Doctor Crovis spoke of? I mean the one that was cheering last night when he went away to be a private in the United States army. Did you happen to hear his name?"

"Yes, he was a Junior."

"Who was it?"

"Ramsey Milholland."



She lifted a wet face. "No, No! He Went in Bitterness Because I Told Him To, in My Own Bitterness!"

to, in my own bitterness! I've killed him! Long ago, when he wasn't much more than a child, I heard he'd said that some day he'd 'show' me, and now he's done it!"

Fred whistled low and long when she had disappeared. "Girls!" he murmured to himself. "Some girls, anyhow—they will be girls! You can't tell 'em what's what, and you can't change 'em, either!"

Then, as more urgent matters again occupied his attention, he went on at an ardent and lively gait to attend his class in map-making.

(To be continued.)

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

A. Whitbeck was in Eugene Friday.

Mrs. B. M. Bond went to Eugene Saturday.

Miss Ethel Bray, teacher in our school, went to Albany for the week end.

W. J. Lane and wife of Brownsville drove thru Halsey Sunday, going north.

Ted Wittner got home Friday from Willamette university to spend the spring vacation.

Mesdames Jangs Drinkard, P. J. True and George Hayes, Misses Gertrude McKern and Lila Dudley and Messrs. Adrian Goodbrod and Harry Commons were at the county seat Friday.

A letter had been received from Congressman Hawley before the postmaster election here promising to give due weight to such an expression of the preference of the patrons of the office, so it is pretty certain that Mr. Bramwell will be the next postmaster. All of candidates were men of pleasing personality and popular in the community.

A. A. Tussing and wife of Brownsville have become grandparents. The youngster is the

government under the sun, but mostly curs and the allies, you bet, and going to run the earth by revolution and representatives of unskilled labor immigrants, nobody that can read or write allowed to vote, except Linski. Tommie Hopper says he knows all about Linski: he never did a day's work in his life—too busy trying to get the workmen stirred up against the people that exploit 'em! Tommie says he had a big crowd to hear him, though, and took up quite a little money for a 'cause' or something. Well, let him holler! I guess we can attend to him when we get back from over yonder. By George, old Ram, I'm gettin' kind of floppy in the gills!" He administered a resounding slap to his comrade's shoulder. "It certainly looks as if our big days were walking toward us!"

He was right. The portentous days came on apace, and each one brought a new and greater portent. The faces of men lost a driven look besetting them in the days of badgered waiting, and instead of that heavy apprehension one saw the look men's faces must have worn in 1776 and 1861, and the history of the old days grew clearer in the new. The President went to the congress, and the true indictment he made there reached scolding Potsdam with an unspoken prophecy somewhat chilling even to Potsdam, one guesses—and then through an April night went almost quietly the steady word: we were at war with Germany.

The bugles sounded across the continent; drums and fifes played up and down the city streets and in town and village squares and through the countryside. Faintly in all ears there was a multitudinous noise like distant hoarse cheering . . . and a sound like that was what Dora Yocum heard, one night, as she sat lonely in her room. The bugles and fifes and drums had been heard about the streets of the college town, that day, and she thought she must die of them, they hurt her so, and now to be haunted by this imaginary cheering—

She started. Was it imaginary?

She went downstairs and stood upon the steps of the dormitory in the open air. No; the cheering was real and loud. It came from the direction of the railway station, and the night air surged and beat with it.

Below her stood the aged janitor of the building, listening. "What's the cheering for?" she asked, remembering grimly that the janitor was one of her acquaintances who had not yet stopped "speaking" to her. "What's the matter?"

"It's a good matter," the old man answered. "I guess there must be a



big crowd of 'em down there. One of our students enlisted today, and they're givin' him a send-off. Listen to 'em, how they do cheer. He's the first one to go."

She went back to her room, shivering, and spent the next day in bed with an aching head. She rose in the evening, however—a handbill had been slid under her door at five o'clock, calling a "Mass Meeting" of the university at eight, and she felt it her duty to go; but when she got to the great hall she found a seat in the dimmest corner, farthest from the rostrum.

The president of the university addressed the tumultuous many hundreds before him, for tumultuous they were until he quieted them. He talked to them soberly of patriotism, and called upon them for "deliberation and a little patience." There was danger of a stampede he said, and he and the rest of the faculty were in a measure responsible to their fathers and mothers for them.

"You must keep your heads," he said. "God knows, I do not seek to judge your duty in this gravest moment of your lives, nor assume to tell you what you must or must not do. But by hurrying into service now, without careful thought or consideration, you may impair the extent of your possible usefulness to the very cause you are so anxious to serve. Hundreds of you are taking technical courses which should be completed—at least to the end of the term in June. Instructors from the United States army are already on the way here, and military training will be begun at once for all who are physically eligible and of acceptable age. A special course will be given in preparation for flying,