



Fictionized from the Selig-Rork-First National screen version of the famous play

This story, specially written for The Halsey Enterprise, is the fictionized version of the Selig-Rork production, 'The Rosary,' released by Associated First National. The original story was written by the screen by Bernard McConville, and inspired by the theme of the stage play by Edward E. Ross.

By SCOOP CONLON CHAPTER I.

The fishing village of Sandy Bay reposed in its seclusion, an Eden made possible by man's faith in man. Looking down upon the peaceful scenes of daily life in the peaceful community was the little Church of The Rosary, atop a hill, from whence its cross was a beacon of faith and hope to guide the fishermen at sea.

For many years the affairs of the village had been settled on the front porch of the parish house. Four men represented Sandy Bay. Each forgot self and creed, thinking only of the welfare of their beloved home. One was a kindly priest, one a rough sea captain, one a Hebrew merchant and one the grand old man of the village, the founder of its chief support, a prosperous cannery.

On the porch of the little parish house there were always four comfortable chairs. But with the opening of our story, one chair was empty. And it was with this empty chair that Father Kelly, Captain Mather and Isaac Abrahamson were gravely concerned. Ichabod Wright, the grand old man of Sandy Bay, had passed to the Great Beyond. His life had been one long era of peace and prosperity for the village. The three remaining village fathers thought of the community's loss with grief. They had gathered to discuss with considerable concern what might happen when Kenward Wright, a scapegrace nephew, would come into his inheritance, what effect it might have upon the peace of Sandy Bay.

These three men were as far apart in origin as it is possible to be, yet they laid aside all selfish aims to abide in the perfect brotherhood of man.

Captain Mather, a retired sea captain, had all the propensities for swearing that is usually attributed to the old "sea dog." He carried into his private life all the dogged fighting qualities earned by conflict with the sea. He was aggressive and blunt in his dealings with men, but there was an honest, sympathetic nature beneath the brusque exterior.

Isaac Abrahamson was the leading merchant of the community. It was his generous hand that had tided the village over many difficulties. As far apart from Captain Mather as day is from night, nevertheless he and the doughy mariner were "friendly enemies." Both had the greatest respect, love and veneration for Father Brian Kelly, shepherd of Sandy Bay.

Their love for the kindly priest was shared by the entire community. Father Kelly gave so much to the needy that he had little left for himself. Few indeed there were who had not known his kindly aid in material as well as spiritual troubles.

Perhaps the best story of his character was the redemption of Skeeters, a wayward stranger lad who had sought to rob the parish house one night. Father Kelly had apprehended the youth in the act. "Sure, lad," he said, "why do you come in through the window when the doors are left unlocked that anyone may enter?"

And thus he sought to turn the boy from evil ways. Instead of turning him over to the pursuing constable he protected, clothed and fed him. Such deeds were a constant marvel to Captain Mather.

With but one of the triumvirate did the coming of Kenward Wright find favor and that was with bluff old Captain Mather. The scapegrace had once showered attentions on the Captain's lovely daughter, Vera, the apple of his eye, and he was not a little hopeful that their friendship would soon be renewed.

Father Kelly and Isaac Abrahamson were far more canny. They knew the truth of Wright's spendthrift ways of living and they did not welcome his return to the village.



Captain Mather is intensely proud of his position as executor of the Wright estate, the richest in the little fishing village of Sandy Bay. His daughter, Vera, who sings "The Rosary" every Sunday morning, prepares her dad for church. In the film version, Captain Mather is played by Bert Woodruff, and Vera by Jane Novak.

"What a shame, that young spendthrift will get Ichabod's fortune," said Isaac, complaining. "He will waste it in wild living."

"Old Captain Mather flared up. "When he was a-courtin' my daughter, Vera, she liked him," he shouted.

"That don't mean anything," argued Isaac, "a slick young feller like him can fool girls, but he can't fool me."

Kindly Father Kelly could not think ill of any human being, however, without giving them a chance. But he needed more than his usual persuasive peaceful methods to soothe the "friendly enemies" during this heated argument which was only disrupted when the good priest's unexpected guest of the night before put in an appearance.

A night's sleep and an outfit of clothes lent Skeeters sufficient air to pass muster as a law-abiding citizen, and the "friendly enemies" forgot their squabbles long enough to pass judgment on—and marvel at—this latest example of Father Kelly's Christian benevolence.

The coming of Kenward Wright was destined to disrupt the lives of two young people who were living symbols of the good and peaceful life of Sandy Bay—Vera Mather, daughter of the old captain, and her sweetheart, Bruce Wilton, superintendent of the cannery, who had risen from small beginnings to the high esteem of the late Ichabod Wright.

Loverlike, Bruce feared the coming of the worldly Wright, but Vera reassured him that nothing could mar their happiness.

Bruce Wilton had a sister, a sweet but foolish little girl, Alice Wilton, who was "superior" to the village of Sandy Bay. She got her latest fashions and modern ideas from the nearby "metropolis" of Bellows Falls.

So, when the good Father Kelly endeavored to put Skeeters in the young lady's good graces, she put the young man in his place, like the spoiled child she was. On the Sunday morning of Kenward Wright's expected arrival the village was agog with gossip.

At the humble Wilton cottage silly little Alice, primed and preened, and was all arrayed in her Sunday best long before Bruce and her mother were ready.

She was so vexed at their seeming delay that she aired her impatience. Bruce chided her gently, for she was but a child, and he loved his little sister dearly.

When she had repented, together they teased their mother when she placed fresh flowers below the portrait of Father Kelly. Even this momentous Sunday morn, the thoughtful act was not forgotten.

"Every Sunday morning, mother!" said Bruce, laughing.

"Sure, children," replied the gentle soul, "it is little enough that we can do to repay Father Kelly for his help and kindness when father ran away and left us to struggle alone."

In the home of Captain Mather, preparations were also being made. The old "sea dog" was all toggled out because he was not a little proud in the fact that he had been chosen executor of the Wright estate. He sounded out his daughter in the hopes that she would continue to look upon the prospective heir with favor, but Vera was evasive.

"Daddy," she said, "you know what folks say about Kenward, and before the irascible old man could reply she lightly kissed him on the forehead, and fled to meet her waiting sweetheart.

The old captain was rather disconcerted when Bruce called to take Vera to church. His desires had little chance of being realized.

"I'll remember you in my prayers, daddy dear," promised the gentle maid, as she waved goodbye.

"Better save 'em for somebody else," advised the captain. "I'm such a water logged old hulk the devil couldn't use me for kindling wood."

As lovers ever do, Vera and Bruce took the longest way to church. Well could the captain entertain fears. Bruce, too, feared the coming of Wright and he hastened to tell Vera of his love.

When they had carved their initials in a heart, upon an ancient cypress tree, at their trysting place high upon the cliffs of Sandy Bay, Bruce turned to Vera, with a rosary in his hand. It was his beloved mother's.

"You are like this rosary, Vera," he said, with all his soul shining in his eyes, "a symbol of purity and a noble spirit. Will you take it as a token of our love?" And thus the pure-minded lad and lass plighted their troth.

some one had had a frolic.—Democ... The Risto was well filled last Friday night with well-pleased people.

Miss Nina Kump is slowly recovering from a lengthy siege of stomach trouble. Maple logs are being shipped from Brownsville to a furniture factory in Eugene.

John McNeil, who has been partially paralyzed for months, is still as helpless as ever. Miss Lena Keene of Brownsville has been chosen the queen of the May at Moonmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Standish of Brownsville visited friends in Halsey Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Standish ran Tom Miller's farm and picture show at Brownsville while he was away.

The building went with the stock and good will in the sale of the Cross & White hardware store to H. H. & Co.

O. W. Frum and his wife and daughter, Miss Mary Smith and others filled the Frum car on a trip to the county seat Thursday.

Because the roads are better with the coming of spring the county court has raised the permitted weight of a truck and its load on unpaved roads from two tons to three.

It is understood that George Tetzie's wife had tried to persuade him to do no more boxing, and that he said this match should be the last. He wanted to win the stakes as well as the renown. The woman's intuition proved the best.

The usual program was varied at Plainview the other day. Instead of a teacher being complained of for punishing a pupil it was Ted Russell, the teacher, who complained that he was beaten by J. P. Huff, a school director, and had him arrested.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Frum and daughters, accompanied by Mrs. Ringo, attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary Kirk at Brownsville Friday. Miss Ruth remained for the week end with her grandmother, Mrs. Frum.

Residents of the western part of Albany complain of dogs that howl at night and steal eatables left on porches by delivery men. And the Democrat's heading over an item about it shows that those "dog-don't do all the howling. It reads: "Victims Howl."

The Cascadia road district has not yet even been delimited. Much must be done before a vote can be taken on levying a tax to build the road, and then, taxes are so very unpopular this year that the measure is likely to be lost and the building of a macadamized highway from Albany over the Cascades postponed until "a more convenient season."

Getting into line with the current fashions, Dever has a walking ghost. The ghost is persistent. A man committed suicide in a house there years ago. The house was torn down and a new one built, yet Mr. Ghost carried on in such an unearthly manner that a family named Crenshaw had to move out. They went in the night as people sometimes do.

Herbert Wilson, once a Brownsville Baptist preacher, now in jail at Los Angeles awaiting trial for a million-dollar robbery, shot and killed Herbert R. Cox, an alleged accomplice, last Sunday, when an attempted jail break was frustrated. Where he got the pistol is a mystery. Also where he got \$1000 which he paid a turnkey to leave a door unlocked, saws which he had procured mysteriously had also been taken from him. It is charged that he killed Cox because the latter was likely to turn state's evidence against him. His brother Frank was also arrested, charged with complicity in the attempted jail delivery.

According to the Times, Mr. Bowman announces that \$45,000 worth of improvements are to be made at the Brownsville woolen mills. Three new buildings are among these, an office building, a dyehouse and a storeroom. He expects the mill to be running by August 1. The ditch that furnishes water for power for the woolen mill and flour mill and for the pumps at the city water works has filled up badly and it is that that it will cost \$1500 or \$2000 to clean it out. An effort is being made to have the city issue bonds and do this work on the ditch, to do away with \$50 a month which it is paying for electricity to run the pumps.

The county last Thursday sold \$50,000 of county road bonds to the Ladd & Tilton bank of Portland. There remains \$60,000 worth to be disposed of. The money goes to the market roads.

The Shedd schoolhouse was broken into last week end by malcreants who shattered the library window. The pencil sharpener was broken down, several plants destroyed in the high school room and the violins moved from room 2 to the hall. It looked as though

(Continued on page 4)

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Jots and Tittles (Continued from page 1) Eldon Cross last week acquired a beautiful poison oak complexion. The Murphy Seed company the other day got a big order for seeds from Newberg, near Portland, written on the blank of a Portland seed house. That's significant. The county last Thursday sold \$50,000 of county road bonds to the Ladd & Tilton bank of Portland. There remains \$60,000 worth to be disposed of. The money goes to the market roads. The Shedd schoolhouse was broken into last week end by malcreants who shattered the library window. The pencil sharpener was broken down, several plants destroyed in the high school room and the violins moved from room 2 to the hall. It looked as though