

Attention, Mr. Farmer: A WARNING!

A drove of men will call on you to sell, or to get your order on the "dotted line" for, farm machinery, etc.

Who pays these men?

Answer: *You, Mr. Farmer.*

Wake up! and buy your machinery where you get the best results and save money.

Cut out such expense. **WE DO.**

HILL & CO Halsey, Oregon
Moline Farm Bureau Distributors

This is the time to clean up and paint up. We are putting in a large stock of best

PAINTS and OILS

We have increased our stock of **FURNITURE, Linoleums and kindred goods.**

GENERAL HARDWARE

LAWN MOWERS GARDEN HOSE

Our prices are made with the object of making sales

HILL & CO.

I. L. PATTERSON Grange inforces Him for Governor

The grange eschews politics, but Isaac Lee Patterson has the endorsement of the Polk county range, of which he is a member, for the republican nomination for governor. Such a support is significant. The farmers are getting tired of having the laws made and executed almost entirely by lawyers and professional politicians. Mr. Patterson is a farmer, though a score of years ago he was collector of the port of Portland, filling that position for eight years. He reduced the force and increased its efficiency. While the business of the port more than doubled, he reduced its expenses \$6500 a year. When a politician asked that a friend be appointed to succeed a man just discharged Mr. Patterson said the place was to remain vacant.

"That's — poor politics," was the reply. "I have had an idea that what was good business was, in the end, good politics," replied Patterson. "If he becomes governor he probably will not call any \$2,000,000 special sessions of the legislature."

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

J. W. Evans was on the grand jury the past week.

Albany's city council joins in the war on the Canada thistle.

Mrs. W. J. Ribelin has been ill for several weeks, but is improving.

The product of the Brownsville woolen mills will be all wool and no shoddy.

The Brownsville baseball team is getting in the habit of beating everything in sight.

Olaf Nelson is with Joseph Hume in the purchase of the Brownsville theater.

Do you know why Smith left home? Go to the Rialto Saturday night and you can find out.

The infant class in English at our high school principal's home is progressing splendidly.

The W. F. M. S. of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Eliza Brandon tomorrow afternoon.

Mrs. F. E. Young of Albany visited Mrs. D. S. McWilliams from Tuesday to Friday last week.

Mrs. Fred Taylor arrived from Corvallis Monday for a visit at her paternal home, J. C. Standish's.

The H. S. Winkleman family has moved from Mrs. Umstead's house into the Wells house, adjoining.

The Standard Oil company's new \$15,000 distributing station at Brownsville is under construction.

Mrs. Umstead has gone for a visit with her daughter in Corvallis, after which she will return to California.

Miss Gertrude McKern is helping Mrs. Fred Sprenger of Sueda while that lady is kept pretty busy with poultry.

William T. Cochran of Albany, who was born near Brownsville, will celebrate his 71st birthday next Saturday.

Among those in Albany from Halsey were George Maxwell and wife, Miss Jeanie Collins, Raymond Van Atta and Mrs. John Salash. — Thursday's Democrat.

The Hammond Lumber company has the contract to furnish the Albany schools with 300 cords of slab-wood for about \$3 a cord, the next lowest bid was more than \$2 a cord higher.

All 1921 county warrants to the middle of September have been paid and as the delinquent taxes come in the balance will be paid. This year's warrants are being paid about as fast as presented.

Mrs. Fred Schepman of Creswell arrived here Thursday and with Mrs. D. S. McWilliams and Mrs. Hugh Cummings of Albany went to Corvallis the next day with Charles Mornhinweg as chauffeur.

M. M. Peterson of Lebanon travels through the country painting signs. His wife accompanies him. They have been spending a few days in Halsey and numerous samples of the gentleman's work here attest his artistic skill.

In the 54 precincts in Linn county there are registered 3,806 male republicans and 2,487 female republicans; 2,244 male democrats and 1,387 female democrats; 71 male prohibitionists and 144 female prohibitionists; 166 male socialists and 57 female socialists, and 332 miscellaneous, including independent.

T. A. Powell and wife have bought and moved into Mrs. Florence Stewart's ten-acre place east of town, coming from Brownsville. The Mayberrys, who occupied the property, are remaining at Halsey until they can get satisfactory quarters in Eugene, a difficult thing to do in that liveliest town on the coast.

Mrs. W. H. Robertson went to Eugene Wednesday evening to attend the recital given by the schools of music and oratory of the Eugene Bible university at the First Christian church. Her daughter Donna, who is a pupil at the school of music, was heard in a piano solo, "The Nightingale," by Liszt.

A high-school junior gossips: The seniors are trying to pick a fuss with the junior class now. The juniors don't know what it is about, but the so-called uppers are spying around at night and even come to the play practice and peep through the keyholes and knotholes to see the big play. As Josh Bingham says: "The longer they go to school the less they know."

(Continued on page 4)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- John Smith..... Kenneth Cross
- Gen. Billetdoux..... Preston Newton
- Count von Guggenheim..... John Standish
- Major Duncombe..... Clarence McKern
- Robert Walton..... Wayne Robertson
- Mrs. John Smith..... Louise Robnett
- Miss Smith..... Wilmetta Forster
- Mrs. Billetdoux..... Anna Heinrich
- Rose Walton..... Pearl Pehrsson
- Julia..... Janet Boggs
- Elsie..... Delma Wahl
- Lavinia Daly..... Mearle Straley

Why Smith Left Home

A 3-act Comedy
By the Junior Class of the Halsey High School
at May 6
RIALTO HALL
Children 25c Adults 35c
Reserved Seats 45c
Tickets at Stewart & Price's



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

By SCOOP CONLON CHAPTER 4

Two clean-minded young lovers faced their first great trial—and one failed, for Bruce, in jealous anger, doubted.

"Why are you here?" cried the boy. His words took the form of accusation, although the anguish of jealousy that racked his soul was apparent in his storm-lashed face. "Bruce, I can't tell you why I came here," Vera replied, imploring, hoping for her lover's belief in her. "If you love me, you'll trust me!"

"Why should I trust you if you can't explain your presence here?" he stormed.

When his threats were of no avail he lashed her with scorn. "What would you think of my sister if you found her here like this?" he demanded.

"Don't—don't, Bruce!" cried the girl, distraught. "You don't know what you are saying."

It was to Alice's credit that she made an attempt to confront her brother with the truth, but Wright quickly disposed of her via the back door. With all the insouciance of the devil incarnate he sauntered into the living room before Bruce's outraged eyes.

The phonograph record was still running. Stepping to the machine, the suave Wright mildly inquired: "Why, Vera, why didn't you turn off the phonograph?"

His very intimacy convinced Bruce, who accepted the evil he saw in Wright's eyes as the truth. As the stricken girl realized the compromising circumstantial evidence with a woman's swift instinct, consternation seized her. She cried out to Wright:

"Kenward—until this moment you did not know I was here. Please—please tell him the truth."

But Wright answered only with an unpleasant smile. Bruce's face reflected the torment of his soul as he scorned the precious object of his love and hastened from the room. Vera, the innocent victim, sacrificed on the altar of selfishness, frantically followed him. Outside she flung herself in his path. Drawing the rosary from her pocket, she held it before his eyes.

"I swear by this rosary you gave me, I am innocent," she cried. But her words only served to infuriate her lover.

"All your words of love—all your caresses have been lies," he replied roughly. "Go back to him—but not with this rosary"—and tearing it from her grasp, he rushed away. The broken girl, wracked in torment of spirit, fell in the pathway.

Spring had gone. Broken were the dreams of yesterday. Gentle Vera had a cross to bear and she bore it nobly. In the privacy of her bedroom she tenderly laid away her trousseau until the day that faith would bring happiness. She still



Bruce, his jealousy aroused, doubted. "Why are you here?" he cried, his words taking the form of accusation. "Bruce, I can't tell you why I came here," Vera replied, hoping for her lover's belief in her. "If you love me, you'll trust me." Robert Gordon and Jane Novak in a scene from "The Rosary."

kissed Bruce's picture. And she remained adamant to even Father Kelly, who sought to bring the young lovers together.

With the secret conspiracy between Kenward Wright and the pirate MacTavish, Sandy Bay was soon mystified by an unseen foe. The fishermen's nets were found cut and the fish thrown overboard while the fleet lay in dock. Strange evils, thought the three village wisemen on the porch of the parish house. "If it's MacTavish at sea," said Abrahamson, "I can't understand the strange doings ashore."

"Now, there's Bruce," added Capt. Mather, deeply worried—"a-courting Vera, when sudden-like—he stops callin' and starts to pacin' up and down in front of the house every night like a ghost!" Isaac shivered. He didn't like ghosts.

"Evil thought, Captain," replied Father Kelly. "They can destroy the happiness of an entire household, yea, of a whole community—for thoughts are things!"

As they thrashed it out, Bruce came with real news. The truth was known. Wright had joined MacTavish and the two fascals had started to erect a rival cannery on the marshland. Instantly the old seadog's fighting blood was aroused.

"Arm the men," he shouted; "either MacTavish goes or Father Kelly can officiate at my funeral!"

(To be continued.)



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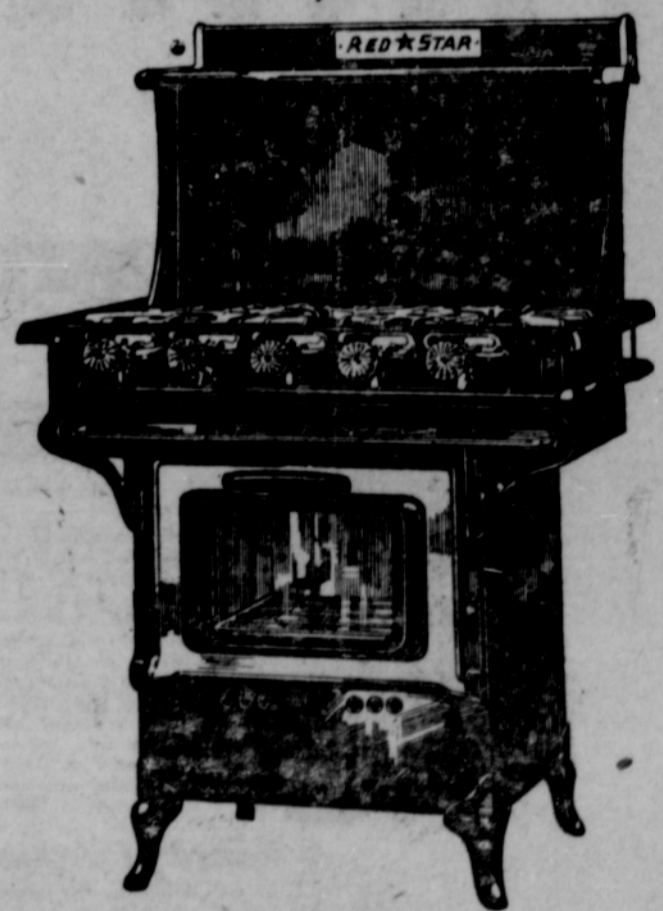
If you have been drifting along—spending all, saving nothing—stop and think.

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.

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