

ALUMINUM WARE at prices that sell the goods rapidly.

If you need kitchen utensils you ought to have this peerless ware, and you may never again have a chance to get it at such bargains.

RANGES UP-TO-DATE kitchen cookers. It's a pleasure to use them.

OIL STOVES COOL and clean in hot weather. Use one on the porch or in a tent and keep the house cool. Oil is cheaper and more convenient fuel than wood.

PAINTS and OILS **FURNITURE**

GENERAL HARDWARE

LAWN MOWERS Our prices are made with the object of making sales

GARDEN HOSE

Comparison of prices invited.

HILL & CO

A PATRON OF THE ARTS

And a Loyal Patron She Was, Only the Art She Supported Was but Deception

By **ELEANOR PORTER**

Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

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MRS. LIVINGSTONE adored art—Art with a capital A, not the kind whose sign-manual is the milking-stool or a beribboned picture frame. The family had lived for some time in a shabby-geeat house on Beacon Hill, ever since, indeed, Mrs. Livingstone had insisted on her husband's leaving the town of his birth and moving to Boston—the center of Art (according to Mrs. Livingstone). Here she attended the Symphony concerts (on twenty-five cent tickets), and prattled knowingly of Mozart and Beethoven; and here she listened to Patti or Bernhardt from the third balcony of the Boston theatre.

To be sure, she occasionally read a novel or a book of poems a trifle less ancient in character, but never unless the world had rung with the author's praises for at least a score of years. The stamp of Time's approval was absolutely necessary to the aspirant after Mrs. Livingstone's approbation. Indeed, there was only one of the present-day celebrities who interested the good lady at all, but that one attracted with a power that compensated for any lack in the others.

Of course he was famous—he had been for thirty years. She called him the "Inimitable One," and set him up

forbidding aspect she had assumed, and looked mildly interested.

"A gentleman wishes to leave his house in your charge, madam. The house is advertised for sale, and from time to time parties may wish to see it. He would like it to be in the care of someone who will understand how to show it to the best advantage, you see."

Mrs. Livingstone's back straightened, and her chin rose perceptibly. Had she come to this—a common caretaker? And yet—there was Mabel. Something must certainly be done.

"Who is this man?" she asked aggressively; and then she almost started from her chair as the name fell from the other's lips—it was that borne by the Inimitable One.

"That man!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "That famous creature with the world at his feet!"

The stout gentleman opposite smiled and his little eyes narrowed to mere slits of light. He had counted on this. His employer was indeed famous—very famous, though perhaps not in the way this good lady supposed. It was not the first time he had traded on this convenient similarity of names.

"I thought, madam, we had made no mistake. I was sure you would deem it a privilege. And as for us, your keen appreciative sense of the fitness of things will—er—will make it a favor to us if you comply with our request," said he, floundering in helpless confusion for a moment.

But Mrs. Livingstone did not notice. She went through the rest of that interview in a dazed, ecstatic wonder. She only knew at its conclusion that she was to go up to Vermont to care for his house, to live in the rooms that he had lived in, to rest where he had rested, to walk where he had walked, to see what he had seen. And she was to receive pay—money for this blissful privilege. Incredible!

It did not take Mrs. Livingstone long to make all necessary arrangements.

As they stepped from the train to the platform at the little country station, Mrs. Livingstone looked about her with awed interest. He had been here! The jouncing yellow stage coach became a hallowed golden chariot, and the ride to the house a sacred pilgrimage.

"Only think, Mabel, He walked here, and sat here," said the woman adoringly, suiting the action to the word and sinking into a great Morris chair. Mabel sniffed her disdain.

"I presume so; but I should like to know where he ate—maybe he left something!"

Mrs. Livingstone rose in despairing resignation.

The next few days were a dream of bliss to Mrs. Livingstone. The house was a handsome mansion set well back from the street, and surrounded by beautiful grounds which were kept in order by a man who came two or three times a week to attend to them. Mrs. Livingstone had but herself and Mabel to care for, and she performed the work of the house as a high-priestess might have attended upon the altars of her gods. It was on the fifth day that a growing wonder in the mind of Mrs. Livingstone found voice.

"Mabel, there isn't one of His works in the house—not one. I've been everywhere!" said the woman plaintively.

"Well, mother," laughed the girl saucily, "that's the most sensible thing I ever knew of the man. I don't wonder he didn't want them round—I shouldn't!"

"Mabel!"

"Well, I shouldn't!" And Mabel laughed wickedly while her mother sighed at the outspoken heresy. It was plain that Mabel had no soul.

Mrs. Livingstone was furthermore surprised at her idol's taste in art; some of the pictures on the wall were a distinct shock to her.

The house was to be sold completely furnished, with the exception of the books and pictures. The price was high, and there were but few prospec-



"Isn't This House Owned by a Very Famous Man?"

In her heart and groveled joyfully at his feet. She bought each of his books when published, whether she had shoes to her feet or clothes to her back.

Mrs. Livingstone's husband was only an ordinary being who knew nothing whatever of Art; and it was a relief to her—and perhaps to him, poor man—when he departed this life, and left her to an artistic widowhood with anything but an artistic income—if size counts in Art. But one must eat, and one must wear clothes (in chilly, civilized Boston, at least), and Mrs. Livingstone suddenly realized that something must be done toward supplying these necessities of life for herself and her young daughter, Mabel.

It was at about this time that there came a sharp ring at the doorbell, and a stout man with small, but very bright black eyes asked to see Mrs. Livingstone.

"I have come, my dear madam, on a matter of business," said he suavely; "and though I am a stranger to you, you certainly are not one to me. I said 'business,' madam, yet I and the one for whom I am speaking are so anxious that you should look favorably upon our proposition that I had almost said that I had come to ask a favor."

Mrs. Livingstone relaxed from the

live purchasers. Occasionally people came to see the property; such Mrs. Livingstone conducted about the house with reverent impressiveness.

"It is something to buy a house owned by so famous a man," she insinuated gently one day, after vainly trying to awaken a proper enthusiasm in a prim little woman who was talking of purchasing.

"Indeed!" replied the other, frigidly. "Do you think so? I must confess it is somewhat of a drawback to me." And from that time Mrs. Livingstone wore an injured air—the young mother's baby had been snubbed—grievously snubbed.

Toward the last of the summer a wild plan entered Mrs. Livingstone's brain; and after some days of trembling consideration, she determined to carry it out. The morning mail bore a letter from her to the Inimitable One through his publishers. She had learned that he was to be in Boston, and she had written to beg him to come up to his old home and see if it was being cared for to his satisfaction. The moments dragged as though weighted with lead until the answer came. When at last it was in her hands, she twisted a hairpin under the flap of the envelope and tore out the letter with shaking fingers.

It was from the Inimitable One's private secretary. The Inimitable One did not understand her letter—he was the owner of no house in Vermont; there was doubtless some mistake. That was all. The communication was wholly enigmatic.

The letter fluttered to the floor, and Mrs. Livingstone's dazed eyes rested on the gardener in the lawn below. In a moment she was at his side.

"Peter, isn't this house owned by a very famous man?"

"Indeed it is, ma'am."

"Who is he?" she demanded shortly, holding her breath until that familiar name borne by the Inimitable One passed the other's lips.

"Well, Peter, isn't he the writer? What does he do for a living?" she faltered, still mystified.

"Do? He fights, ma'am. He's the big prizefighter that won—" He was talking to empty air. The woman had fled.

Halsey Meat Market

Dealer in

Fresh and Cured Meats

30 days' credit

FALK BROS., Props.

FOR SALE

Oak Wood, \$4 per cord

One-half mile west of Nixon station on the Oregon Electric.

H. A. RENNINGER, Route 1, Halsey.

FOR SALE

2 Shorthorn Bulls

Old enough for service. Eligible for registry. Bedrock prices.

C. L. Falk sr. Route 2, Halsey.

Farmers, Attention

Before you breed your mares see

Zimmerman's Shire Stallion

At Halsey Fridays

E. L. Stiff

FURNITURE EXCHANGE

RED STAR Oil Stoves \$30 to \$75

Other Oil Stoves **\$15 up**

Everything at bargain prices.

422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

F. M. GRAY,

Drayman.

All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269.9

WRIGHT & POOLE

LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS

HARRISBURG LEBANON

Phone 35 Phone 15

Branches at Brownsville, Phone 37C15. Halsey Phone 166, Frank Kirk, Mgr

FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement of the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good **CASH**

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. George Starr is confined to her bed.

J. E. True is building an addition to his barn.

Mrs. Roberts and daughter, from Tacoma, have been visiting Mrs. M. E. Bassett.

The F. H. Porter family expect to return to Halsey for the summer about the 1st of July.

The Shedd and Harrisburg bands furnished music for the pioneer picnic at Brownsville.

Charles Poole got the prize for best decorated baby buggy at the Lebanon strawberry fair.

The Brownsville pioneer picnic this year was freer from sideshows, fakers and gambling games than it had been for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Standish and son Clinton of Brownsville were Halsey visitors Sunday.

A. J. Hill and wife and Mrs. J. J. Corcoran and her grandson, Billy Kirk, went Tuesday to the Portland rose show.

Mrs. Rose Carter, sister of Mrs. Stewart of the confectionery, was here from her home at Wells, Oregon, for the week end.

Mrs. Philo Starr, who has been in a Corvallis hospital since Easter, was visited Sunday by her son George. She is still seriously ill.

W. A. Davenport came over from Brownsville Monday and took train for Monmouth, where he is to be a schoolboy again for a while.

It is expected that by the time this issue of the Enterprise is out the paving of the road between Tangent and Albany will have begun.

Sterling H. Goin of Jefferson is a democratic candidate for the assembly. If he can win on that ticket this year he will be going some.

W. J. Ribelin of Halsey was one of two survivors of the Rogue river war who were honored among pioneers at the Brownsville picnic. The other was Joseph Yates.

Miss Crystal Templeton of Brownsville took Saturday's train for Eugene, where she will attend the U. of O. summer school. Her father, W. C. Templeton, brought her over.

By error the name of Will Price was included in the published list of Halsey farmers refusing to sign the Canada thistle pledge. In fact, at that time Mr. Price had not had an opportunity to sign.

Mr. Bollman of the Brownsville woolen mills and stores was in hard luck last week. A \$30,000 hotel near Portland which belonged to him was burned and the Albany and Eugene papers changed his name to Bowman.

The Big Brothers Farm at Lebanon will have 100 boys this year. Last year there were 82. The boys are picked up wherever needy ones are found. They are dressed in new suits, if necessary, and every effort is made during their summer on the farm to start them on the right road and send them out with ambition and good ideals.

O. A. Stevenson and wife and three children, from Bertrand, Neb., arrived at Brownsville Monday, took in the picnic and visited Mrs. Stevenson's mother, Mrs. Ackley. Thursday afternoon they came over to Halsey and are stopping at P. J. Forster's, Mrs. Forster being Mrs. Stevenson's sister. They may locate here if they find property to their liking.

The foolish wives of Halsey ought to see to see the show at the Rialto tomorrow night because they may learn something there. The other 99 per cent of Halsey wives also would enjoy the play. All the men might go along to learn the difference between foolish wives and the kind they are acquainted with. So the house will probably be better filled than it was last week.

Miss Gertrude Porter, a student of Rose Coursen-Reed of Portland, left that city Sunday with the octet of the Women's Advertising club to sing for its national convention at San Diego. The octet stopped at Ashland to give a concert under the management of Walter Jenkins. Before her departure several pleasant affairs were given honoring Miss Porter by the Forbes Presbyterian church, where she is a soprano soloist, and by the young people of the First Congregational church. On her return from California she will spend part of the summer in Halsey.

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GLOBE THEATER

ALBANY, OREGON

SATURDAY — SUNDAY

"THE QUEEN OF THE TURF"

The greatest racing picture ever produced, and taken on a regular racetrack

COMEDY NEWS

Prices, 10c and 30c

I. H. C. Farm Machinery

Deering and McCormick Binders

The standard makes of the world

Get repairs now

New Windmill at **G. W. Mornhinweg** bargain

Implement store, Halsey, Oregon



We sell

the Claxtonola

Come in and hear it play

All phonograph records and needles.

The Best Dish for children, as well as grown people, during summer time is a heaping plate of pure, rich ice cream. Nothing so cool and nourishing.

Cold drinks Lunches

Stewart & Price Confectionery

If your farm will be for rent this fall get in touch with me. I have several good farmers wanting to rent farms. Fire insurance; farm loans.

Jay W. Moore, Realtor.

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.

Automobile Insurance

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

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

Our Exclusive Field

THE ENTERPRISE does not carry advertisements to as many homes as are reached by some papers that are published in larger cities than Halsey, but it carries them into a list of homes that cannot be reached by any other publication or combination of publications.

Its circulation is largely in the homes of prosperous farmers in the fertile Willamette valley—farmers whose trade is worth white to advertisers. Wise business firms, whose shrewd management has made them prosperous, advertise in its columns because it pays them to do so. If it did not they would not keep it up for years, as many of them have done.

The local newspaper that is watched for every week and eagerly read when it arrives carries the advertiser's message more effectively than any circular or any metropolitan publication could do. And in these modern days, when the announcements are changed frequently, they constitute as interesting news as social gossip and are read in the homes with as much avidity.

The quantity of local news which we publish is evidence of the cordial co-operation of the people of the community. Without that it would be impossible to make the Enterprise as good a local newspaper as it is.

The publishers are gratified by this attitude of the people toward their venture and are thankful for their help. We hope to deserve and receive a continuation of these evidences of good will. Tell us the news and we will tell it to all our readers.