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Beasley's Christmas Party

(By Booth Tarkington)
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(Continued.)

"Look out!" The Journal reporter
twitched his sleeve. "Ladies present."
"Where?" said I.

He leaned nearer me and spoke in
a low tone.

"Just behind us. She followed us
over from your boarding house. She's
been standing around near us all
along. I supposed she was Dowden's
daughter, probably."

"He hasn't any daughter," I said,
and stepped back to the hooded
figure I had been too absorbed in our
quest to notice.

It was Miss Apperthwaite.

She had thrown a loose cloak over
her head and shoulders; but enveloped
in it as she was, and crested and
pauled with white, I knew her at
once. There was no mistaking her,
even in a blizzard.

She caught my hand with a strong,
quick pressure, and bending her head
to mine, said in a soft whisper, close
to my ear:

"I heard everything that man said
in our hallway. You left the library
door open when you called Mr. Dow-
den out."

"So," I returned, maliciously, "you
—you couldn't help following!"

She released my hand—gently, to
my surprise.

"Hush," she whispered. "He's say-
ing something."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said
Beasley again—and stopped again.

Dowden's voice sounded hysterically
in my right ear. (Miss Apperthwaite
had whispered in my left.) "The only
speech he's ever made in his life—
and he's stuck!"

But Beasley wasn't: he was only

deliberating.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began—
"Mr. and Mrs. Hunchberg, Colonel
Hunchberg and Aunt Cooley Hunch-
berg, Miss Molanna, Miss Queen, and
Miss Marble Hunchberg, Mr. Noble,
Mr. Tom, and Mr. Grandee Hunchberg,

Mr. Corley Linbridge, and Master
Hammersley:—You see before you to-
night, in my person, merely the rep-
resentative of your real host, Mister
Swift. Mister Swift has expressed a
wish that there should be a speech,
and has deputed me to make it. He
requests that the subject he has as-
signed me should be treated in as dis-
tinguished a manner as is possible—con-
sidering the orator. Ladies and
gentlemen—he took a sip of water—
"I will now address you upon the fol-
lowing subject: 'Why We Call Christ-
mas Time the Best Time.'"

"Christmas time is the best time be-
cause it is the kindest time. Nobody
ever felt very happy without feeling
very kind, and nobody ever felt very
kind without feeling at least a little
happy. So, of course, either way
about, the happiest time is the kindest
time—that's this time. The most
beautiful things our eyes can see are
the stars; and for that reason, and in
remembrance of One star, we set
candles on the Tree to be stars in the
house. So we make Christmas time
a time of stars indoors; and they
shine warmly against the cold out-
doors that is like the cold of other
seasons not so kind. We set our hun-
dred candles on the Tree and keep
them bright throughout the Christ-
mas time, for while they shine upon
us we have light to see this life, not
as a battle, but as the march of a
mighty Fellowship! Ladies and gen-
tlemen, I thank you!"

He bowed to right and left, as to an
audience politely applauding, and
lifting the table and its burden, with-

JAN 11, 1923

HALESY ENTERPRISE

PAGE 3



"You Lead the Way," Cried the Child;
"You and Mrs. Hunchberg."

hilarating measures. Hamilton Swift,
Junior, towed by the beaming old mam-
my, followed in his wagon, his thin
little arm uplifted and his fingers
curled as if they held a trusted hand.
When they reached the door, old
Bob rose, turned in after them, and,
still fiddling, played the procession and
himself down the hall.

And so they marched away, and we
were left staring into the empty
room.

"My soul!" said the Journal re-
porter, gasping. "And he did all that—
just to please a little sick kid!"

"I can't figure it out," murmured
Sim Peck, piteously.

"I can," said the Journal reporter.
"This story will be all over town to-
morrow. He glanced at me, and I
nodded. 'It'll be all over town,' he
continued, 'though not in any of the
papers—and I don't believe it's going
to hurt Dave Beasley's chances any.'"

Mr. Peck and his companions turned
toward the street and went silently.

The young man from the Journal
overtaken them. "Thank you for send-
ing for me," he said, cordially. "You've
given me a treat. I'm for Beasley!"

Dowden put his hand on my
shoulder. He had not observed the
third figure still remaining.

"Well, sir," he remarked, shaking
the snow from his coat, "they were
right about one thing: it certainly was
mighty low down of Dave not to invite
me—and you, too—to his Christmas
party. Let him go to thunder with
his old invitations, I'm going in, any-
way! Come on. I'm plum froze."

There was a side door just beyond
the bay window, and Dowden went to
it and rang, loud and long. It was
Beasley himself who opened it.

"What in the name—" he began, as
the ruddy light fell upon Dowden's
face and upon me, standing a little way
behind. "What are you two—snow-
banks? What on earth are you fellows
doing out here?"

"We've come to your Christmas party,
you old horse-thief!" Thus Mr.
Dowden.

"Hoo-ray!" said Beasley.

"Dowden turned to me. 'Aren't you
coming?'"

"What are you waiting for, old fel-
low?" said Beasley.

I waited a moment longer, and then
it happened.

She came out of the shadow and
went to the foot of the steps, her
cloak falling from her shoulders as she
passed me. I picked it up.

She lifted her arms pleadingly,
though her head was bent with what
seemed to me a beautiful sort of
shame. She stood there with the snow
driving against her and did not speak.

Beasley drew his hand slowly across
his eyes—to see if they were really
there, I think.

"David," she said, at last. "You've
got so many lovely people in your
house tonight, isn't there room for—
for just one fool? It's Christmas
time!"

(THE END.)

The two Sims boys of Mill City
pleaded guilty of burglary and
were sent up for a year.

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Halsey	7:50 3:50
Ar. Albany	8:35 4:35
Returning	
Lv. Albany	11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.
Ar. Halsey	11:45 5:45
Brownsville	12:15 6:15

Fare, Halsey to Albany, 50c; to Brown-
ville, 35c

OLIVER TWIST

Fictionized by Arrange-
ment With Jackie Coog-
an Productions From
the Screen Version of
"Charles Dickens' Fa-
mous Work Released
by Associated First Na-
tional.

By WALTER ANTHONY

Author's Note: It has been with re-
spectful hands that this version has been
adapted from a masterpiece of litera-
ry excellence. The translation of a
plot from the pages of a novel to the
screen is a task of great responsibility and
involves considerable structural changes due to the
visual differences in the medium through
which the story is expressed. In the present
case the difficulties were increased by the
wealth of detail, the duration of the story as originally
told (and which for screen purposes
had to be reduced) and the multitude
of characters which, in the original
story, lend picturesque and other value,
but which, in the limitations of a
screen presentation, would tend to
obscure the foreground as a whole. It is
poorly an explanation to those who
might not otherwise understand that
no novel can be taken bodily and
reproduced effectively; the difference of
the medium requires certain readjust-
ments. We proceed in the belief that
neither the story nor the spirit of
"Oliver Twist" and Charles Dickens
has been violated.)

THE PROLOGUE

The story opens in Rome, where
Henry Leeford, an English gentle-
man, has died. Unhappily married
to a woman who disguised her
vicious nature until the bonds of
matrimony had assured her partici-
pation in the fortune she coveted,
Leeford had made the best of a very
bad bargain and had endured during
a considerable period the mental
agonies inseparable from such a
wretched situation.

Meantime a son, Edward, had
been born. The ties between mother
and son were rendered stronger by
recognition of the boy's evil nature—her
own perpetuated.

Several years prior to the death
of Henry Leeford in Rome, he had
deserted his wife, who preferred to
live her own life in her own way
and who took the son with her.

The lives of the members of the
Leeford family were sundered for-
ever and for years no communica-
tion was kept up, save that of a
purely business nature, wherein
Henry Leeford discharged regularly
his obligation to provide for the wo-

man who bore his name and the son
that was the result of the unfortu-
nate union.

But now Henry Leeford is dead,
he has answered, in the Imperial
City, the Imperial summons—Death
and his widow, also in Rome, is
revealed at the Hotel Piazza assum-
ing the outward show of grief to
cover an inward hope that, at last,
she and her son were to come into
the possession of the fortune that
had been her object when she de-

estate of splendid solvency and vast
resources. Her expression changed
from rage to craft as she read on:

"After you left me to lead your
own sinful life, I met and fell in
love with a woman of noble charac-
ter, Agnes Fleming."

Here indeed was news, but not so
interesting to the agitated reader as
what followed:

"Knowing that a child was to be
born to us, I came to Rome to see if
there was not some way in which I

to one, Edward Leeford, whom she
addressed thus, "My dear son."

In Dunbridge, a small manufac-
turing town seventy-five miles from
London, a Workhouse, notorious
for its inhumanity toward the aged,
the helpless and the orphans com-
mitted to its charge, was presided
over by Mr. Bumble, the Beadle,
who enjoyed as his first assistant
and prompter to new ferocities, one
Mrs. Corney, a widow, who was not
without reasonable hopes of termi-
nating her widowhood and taking
on the name and fortunes of
Bumble.

In this workhouse, the last refuge
of the poor and outcast, a child is
born.

The boy's mother lived just long
enough to feel the touch of her little
one's fingers and then passed be-
yond the ken and hearing of the in-
different doctor and the more indif-
ferent nurse, an inmate of the
institution. Snapping his heavy
hunting-case watch with decision,
the man of medicine commented,
"Well, her earthly troubles are
over," as though to say that his,
which were manifold were not; and
went his way. The nurse, withered,
old and shabby; half-starved as all
that lived there were, greedily ob-
served the ring and locket on the
still form before her. They exhib-
ited evidence of great value not
at all in keeping with the garments
worn by the young woman.

"After all," thought the nurse,
"what good are they to her? If I
don't take them, Mrs. Corney will.
The still hand did not move in ges-
ture or protest nor the still head
register reproaches as the nurse
slipped the baubles into her pocket
and then gave all her attention to
the baby whose right to the trian-
kets would have been contested by
Mrs. Corney and whose chances of
living long enough to enjoy them
were too remote to give the pur-
suing nurse any cause for an un-
easy conscience. She did not know
the identifying value of the plunder
nor that the baby's rights to an
inheritance were jeopardized and
perhaps forever destroyed.

Since nobody knew the name of
the young woman whose babe was
imposed on the workhouse nobody
knew the father's name either. This
fact did not embarrass Mr. Bumble
in the least. He flattered himself
that he had a neat literary taste
and since the birth of unidentified
foundlings was not an uncommon
fact at the institution he went down
the alphabet from A to Z and then
back again in a systematic search as
occasion required for suitable
names. The last baby born had
been named Swubble by the in-
genious Mr. Bumble so it was
clear that this infant's patronymic
would have to begin with a T.
Thus Twist it was because Mr.
Bumble and the board were certain
sure that no child thus born could
travel other than a tortoise twist-
ing road through life. Oliver was
tacked onto the name for euphony's
sake and thus the infant became far
want of a more correct identification
—Oliver Twist.

(End of Prologue)

(To Be Continued)



Upper picture shows little
Jackie Coogan and his di-
rector, Frank Lloyd, study-
ing the Charles Dickens
novel and Jackie visualizing
the character of Oliver.
Lower picture shows Jackie
as Oliver when he escaped
from Sowerberry's.

might right the wrong I had done
this woman who made so great a
sacrifice of her love. Perhaps the
church might find a way to absolve
me from bonds that had been im-
posed by your craft and deception. I
hoped I might make Agnes my
wife in the sight of men as she is
my wife in the sight of God.

"Before leaving London I made a
will which is now in the hands of
my oldest friend and business as-
sociate. According to the terms of
the will, it is provided that if a son
be born to Agnes, he will receive
at his majority the bulk of my
estate, provided he reaches the age
of twenty-one without staining his
soul with any act of public dis-
honor."

For long, the widow sat cogitat-
ing this strange message. Finally,
her mind clarified and found con-
clusions which seemed to give her
something like consolation, or at
least fired her with a zeal for ac-
tion. Ordering writing materials,
she began a laboriously long letter

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