

Prof. English's son, a son and daughter of Postmaster Bramwell and little Annette Dean. Receipts were \$73.

G. W. Shaw is still seriously ill. Mr. Stevenson's recommendation that the occupants of land be required to cut Canada thistles without waiting to be notified is followed in the bill now up in the legislature.

Eunice Sylvester got her eighth grade certificate at the examination last week.

One reason why Delos Coshaw, elected treasurer of Brownsville, did not take office Jan. 1 with other officials was that the treasurer was omitted from the list of officials the beginning of whose terms was changed by law from March to January.

Sandeman's Return From Prison

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Sandeman came out of the penitentiary exactly four years to the day after entering it. He had had one year of his sentence remitted for good conduct.

He had gone in at thirty-six, bluff, jovial, imposing, a financier who had got caught in the meshes of others' wrongdoing and his own carelessness. He came out at forty, bent, stooping, with the peculiar pallor of the prison, and with iron-gray hair.

Sandeman's parents had been farming people in Otsego. His mother still survived; a frail, elderly woman, living in the fine house which Sandeman had built for his bride, who had been one of the Floyds. Old Mrs. Sandeman was an illiterate old lady, and Sandeman had treated her in a sort of contemptuous way—she, really was a hard-ship, especially when the Sandemans entertained their friends. But at bottom Sandeman was a good fellow, and he could not leave his mother to live

NOT a new barber this time. An old one at the business, once a schoolboy in Halsey, located at the old stand. Give me a call.

George Ribelin

Sale OF IMPORTANCE to Men

A clean-up sale for the men and boys, including broken lines or sizes of merchandise, with items from most departments.

SWEATERS

Boys' Sweater coats of medium Oxford, with roll collar, button front, sizes 28 to 34, reduced to **95c**

Men's sweater coats of dark Oxford, button front, without collar, all sizes, reduced to **\$1.05**

MEN'S SHOES

Our complete stock of brown and black English shoes put into one big lot and will be sold at a big reduction. Values from \$5 to \$7.50 at today's market prices. Reduced to **\$2.95** a pair

One lot of our highest grade brown and black Blucher dress shoes, your choice, reduced to **\$4.35**

Complete stock of Ball brand nine-inch Hi-movers, Duck, reduced to **\$2.85**

Vac. reduced to **3.35**



Albany Oregon

How about your **FIRE INSURANCE?** For a safe and sane policy see **JAY W. MOORE** Real estate, loans and insurance, Halsey, Oregon

What She Saw in Him

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"What can Professor Sawyer's wife see in him?" asked the younger son. "It's a queer alliance, isn't it; a nation-famous actress of not more than half his years?"

"I can tell you something about that," answered his companion. "It's quite a romance. Sawyer was professor in economics at the university, you know, when Mary Lane was one of his students."

"She came from a good home. Acting, the arts, literature were frowned upon—too much. Mary had the natural reaction of a young and healthy spirit against the austerity of her home surroundings."

"You know, when a child is born that way, with a tendency to question life, to strike out for itself, rigid repression means disaster. Mary should have been guided along her own lines. Her people didn't understand."

"Sawyer understood her. He's a great man, greater than his job, in fact. He ought to be a professor of human nature instead of economics. They fell in love with each other while she was studying there, and, of course, her people were delighted. Sawyer—the Sawyer they fancied they knew—was exactly the sort of husband they would have picked for Mary."

"It was that that destroyed their love. Sawyer went to her home for a visit, as her accepted fiancé. Well, imagine the young girl, with her long hair for life, to experiment with life, finding her fiancé in his outward attitude as the dry-as-dust savant. This aspect of Sawyer was dimmed into her all day long by her parents."

"She was congratulated on being ready to settle down with so learned a man. Her mother and father drew a terrible picture of their future, she helping him in his economic works, looking after him at home, entertaining his dry-as-dust friends—can't you see it?"

"The result was that Mary Lane disappeared from home one day, leaving a note saying that she was going on the stage. The next that was heard of her she was a fifth-rate actress on the road."

"Of course her family commiserated the professor to cut her out of their will. Professor Sawyer went back to the university. Every one thought the thing had ended there. But it had only begun."

"Two years later Mary was playing a small part in a cheap city theater. The professor hadn't forgotten her, though he was more famous than ever. What had she been doing in the meantime? Associating with the fifth-rate actor and actress—the kind that—oh, you know the kind!"

"She was sitting in a cafe with a group of them one evening. You can picture the scene. Liquors of every kind, cheap jests, men and women smoking and more than half intoxicated. Familiarities that rouse all the gall in decent men, but are accepted as a matter of course among such people."

"And into the midst of them steps the professor, already over fifty, wearing a raincoat and rubbers, and carrying an unrolled umbrella."

"Professor Sawyer went up to the table and stopped, looking at Mary."

"Well, old buck, have one on me," said one of the flashier wits.

"Grandpa looks as if he'd been let out for the afternoon," said another. "Oh, you wicked old man!" exclaimed a third in a falsetto voice. "Go home to mamma, or I shall tell her all about you."

"Mary, overcome with shame, laughed louder than any of them, to hide her feelings. But Professor Sawyer only continued looking at her steadily, and she could not meet his eyes."

"Send him away!" she whispered to the man nearest her. "Hey, old Hayseed, back to the land for yours!" he said.

"And as the professor did not stir, he raised his glass and tossed the contents in Professor Sawyer's face."

"That was the culminating moment. Professor Sawyer ignored the man, the action, and the whisky running down his chin and collar. He advanced a step and offered Mary his arm."

"That was her culminating moment, for Mary took it, against her will, against her instincts, and walked out with the professor, leaving the rest staring stupidly after her."

"That's all. They were married a week later, and they've been devoted to each other—constant lovers ever since. And—curious—but from that moment Mary Lane began to rise in her profession. Object? Why, Sawyer did everything for her. You see, he understood that she'd been thwarted too much, like a jibbing horse, to use a vulgar simile. Once she got put in the right direction, all doors opened."

"I doubt your analysis," said the other man.

"What's yours?"

"I don't know, unless it's simply—love," he answered.

The "Great Awakening."

The great awakening was the popular name for a remarkable revival that swept over New England during the period 1740-45 under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield. Almost 150 towns were stirred to a veritable religious frenzy and in

the end it was considered to have done more harm than good, having resulted in dissensions and divisions in congregations.



HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE

Mrs. Pastor—Why did you raise your hat to that dirty faced teamster?

Hub—Didn't you notice? He had charge of a ton of coal.

APPRAISING THE SPARKLE

Jack and I had become engaged that evening and he had given me the ring. I thought it pretty, of course, but it didn't sparkle to suit me. I wondered whether it had cost much, so I spoke about the lack of sparkle to my mother the next morning and she advised me to ask a jeweler about it when I went downtown.

Well, I called at a shop and asked the jeweler to tell me the worth of the ring.

He examined it, then smiled at me and said: "I'm sorry, young lady, but this ring was purchased here and we never tell the value of anything bought from us."—Chicago Tribune.

NEW HER SECRET

When I took a position as teacher in the practice department of a normal school I had recently been ill with a severe fever and lost all my hair. Consequently I was forced to wear a wig.

One morning during an English lesson a supervising principal entered the room and took charge of the class. At that time we were taking up the study of declarative sentences.

When one of the pupils failed, the principal turned to another and remarked, "Tell me something about your teacher."

The child looked up and promptly replied, "Our teacher wears a wig."—Exchange.

WON FAME AS TYPE FOUNDER

Eccentric Englishman of the Eighteenth Century Still Remembered for His Excellent Work

John Baskerville, the famous printer, was born in 1706 at Wolverley, in Worcestershire. In the course of his life he played many parts. For a time he was a writing master in Birmingham; afterward he was a stone cutter, a type founder, and a jannet.

About 1750 he began to make experiments in letter-founding, and the types made by him have scarcely yet been surpassed. Baskerville editions are still highly prized.

Baskerville was an eccentric man. He liked to drive through the streets of Birmingham in a carriage of his own design and manufacture. The panels of this conveyance were adorned with brilliantly colored pictures, wonderful specimens of the japanning art. The carriage was usually drawn by cream-colored horses, and its occupant was always most stylishly dressed. This gay turnout, one would think, must have given a welcome touch of color to the somewhat drab Birmingham of the Eighteenth century.—London Mail.

BUT IT GOT AWAY

Jonah and the well-known whale had nothing on Harry Sloane and Jacob Slyder, during a fishing trip they took in the bay at Plymouth, Mass.

The two men declare they met a fish at least eight feet long, which had a hide so tough that it could not be pierced with an ax, a gaff hook or with bullets from a revolver, all of which they tried.

They declared that the inside of the creature's mouth was so scaly that hooks and gaffs made no impression, but slipped off as though they had struck a sheet of steel.

The fish, according to a description given by the two men, was gray on the back and white underneath and weighed at least sixty pounds, they said.

Furthermore, it had no tail.

The fish got away.

Longed for Home, Sweet Home

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Anne had not been home for four years. The fact was, the more she had thought about it, the longer she had procrastinated. She had been a sort of misfit at home. Her father, all her aunts and uncles, the townspeople themselves had shaken their heads and prophesied a bad end for her.

Why? Anne had gone away to get a job in the "movies" after a temperamental career in the old home town. And nobody knew that Madge Beauty, the famous film actress, was really Anne. You see, Anne looked quite different on the screen.

They had been four bright, hectic years—and yet there had been times when Anne would have swapped them all for a home, a nice, quiet home in the quiet country. With whom? Oh, Ronnie, she supposed.

Ronnie and Anne had been sweethearts from the day when Ronnie knocked down St. Pincher for pulling Anne's curls. Ronnie and she had kissed each other in Lover's lane. Ronnie had given her a ring. Then Anne and he had quarreled, and she had gone away.

However, they had written often, and Ronnie had been to see her twice in the city. Impossible man that he was, Ronnie would never take "no." And he wore such a hurt look when she refused him. Poor Ronnie!

"If Ronnie only knew just when and how to take me, he might—perhaps," reflected Anne. He had a determined jaw.

The car rolled through the street. The postmaster recognized Anne. He waved his hand lightly—as to an inferior thing. Anne flushed. But that was nothing to the grin on the ice-cream man's face, nor the greeting at home.

That evening was like a dream—a dream after ice cream, jellied consommé, and frozen fairy. Next morning the Inquisition began.

"Well, you've turned up again," sighed Anne's father. "I s'pose you'll be trying to get back that job in Bill Hicks' grocery store?"

Aunt Emma, looking extremely virulent, said: "I dunno as you can do any good for yourself here, Anne. You see, folks know that you've been tramping up and down the country following the films."

"Following the films!" What did the good lady think the films were—barnstormers? It was too ridiculous. Cousin Kate was vicious. "I'd put on quieter clothes if I was you, Anne," she said. "Folks around these parts don't think too much of dressed-up popinjays."

Anne laughed so hard that Cousin Kate was whisked out of the room, as it were, by the breath of clean mirth.

There were family consultations all day long. What was to be done with Anne? When Anne went into the village, eyes followed her curiously from shop to street, and from street to shop. "Wal, I reckon you're glad to be home again, after seeing life," said Hen Boggs, the grocer. Two men on the cracker barrel tittered.

The worst of all, however, was Uncle Eb. Uncle Eb had a seventy-acre farm just outside the village. He came puffing up the hill, vast with importance.

"My pore gal, my pore gal," he began, "you've tasted the wine of life and found it bittersweet and salty, ain't you? There's loving hearts that don't take no account of lapses of repentant sinners."

He broke off, even wincing under Anne's gaze.

"What did you want to say to me, Uncle Eb?" asked Anne.

"My gals and me was talking about getting a domestic help. We'd treat you like the family, Anne."

"If I was treated like your family, Uncle Eb, I'd take an ax to you," said Anne.

She strode haughtily down the road, alternately crying and laughing. How preposterous it all was! Must it be taken for granted that a girl who went on the films had gone to the dogs?

A tall figure was coming toward her. Anne tried to flee—too late; tried to brace herself to meet the shock. Then Ronnie was standing before her, holding her hands.

"Anne, darling, what is it—what is it?" pleaded Ronnie.

"Oh, this place is so hateful, Ronnie. Every one thinks I'm bad because I'm on the films, and they—they don't know I could buy half of them up."

"Be my wife, sweetheart," ventured Ronnie.

Anne looked at him and saw that he had a determined jaw—worse than ever. She freed herself hysterically.

"Oh, no, no, no, Ronnie," she cried. "I'm going back to the films."

The Unexpected Happens.

I frequently smiled when the children of my friends mortified them and usually mentioned the irreproachable behavior of my own angel.

One day in a library I was waiting in a line and noticed an extremely plain person who seemed to be in a white rage.

Amused at her odd facial contortions, I surveyed her calmly when she addressed me furiously: "Will you have the goodness, madam, to ask your child to stop kicking me?"

With haughty manner I said: "You

didn't kick her, dear, did you?" and waited composedly for her hurt denial. "Yes, I did! She looks so awful cross. Mummie, care if I do it again?"—Exchange.

HOW NATIONS EAT

You can tell a man's nationality by the way he eats his food! Mr. Hector, who rejoices in Italian nationality and occupies the proud position of food connoisseur to the Gordon hotel, says that Frenchmen and Spaniards invariably begin by tucking their napkins into their collars. The American is talkative at table and the Englishman is noticeably quiet. As for the German—well, he has a style of his own, and no one wants to take it from him.

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

North	South
No. 18, 12:01 p. m.	No. 23, 11:29 a. m.
24, 5:30 p. m.	17, 5:30 p. m.

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS

The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 9:15 to 9:45 a. m. and 12:20 to 12:35 and 4:45 to 5:00 p. m.

PAID-FOR PARAGRAPHS

Admittance Here 5 Cents a Line

Sow and 6 pigs for sale. Bargain if taken at once. R. H. Pyburn, Rowland.

"Blood and Sand," which was to have been shown at the Rialto tomorrow night, has failed to come on time, so it is postponed and "The Heart of the North," a play in which the awesome grandeur of the great and wild northwest figures, will be given in its place.

Dr. E. W. Barnum, dentist, at Hotel Halsey every Tuesday and Friday.

Old papers, 5c a bundle. Enterprise office.

The Brownsville Road

Editor Enterprise: The high water washed some gravel off the road most of the way from the Brownsville paving to the first bridge, say three and a-half miles. In only two or three places of, say ten rods in length, did this make the road worse than it was to drive over.

A few rods east of the railroad quite a gully was cut on the north side of the road, perhaps one-third of a mile long, and about one-third of a mile running towards Halsey from a quarter of a mile west of the last turn.

There was a small wash on the south side of the road the most of the way.

A culvert or two were damaged, but a few hours' work repaired them.

Much less damage would have been done if there had been no grading done last summer. Where the grass was left there was little wash.

More than half the dirt that was graded up near the grass last summer is gone. I leave it for others to say whether that was a loss or not. I notice that the autos do not have near as much trouble turning out and back into the road as they did before the high water.

E. Russ.

Schoolboys and Cigarets

Monday one of the small youngsters in Mrs. Cross' class at school became ill. Questioning brought out the fact that he had been using tobacco. This started an investigation which led to confessions. It developed that fifteen or twenty, from small-sized shavers to a senior, had been using cigarettes or chewing tobacco.

These boys from 7 to 10 years old had been given chewing tobacco and cigarettes by a grown-up youth outside the school.

One had repeatedly procured cigarettes by representing that he had been sent for them by guests at the hotel.

Halloween eve several boys old enough to know better had entered the Ringo drugstore and, while some of them diverted Mrs. Ringo's attention, one had stolen cigarettes for the gang.

These discoveries caused a sensation in the school.

It is a punishable offense to give or sell tobacco, cigars or cigarettes to a person under 18 years of age, and the maximum age limit for the cigaret user is 21 years. It is evident there have been violations of the law in Halsey as well as in other towns with a poorer reputation for respect for the law.