

**Hill & Co.** FURNITURE for the home  
FLOOR COVERING  
Congoleum and Linoleum in rugs or by the yard  
Our prices are made with the object of selling goods  
See our stock and prices before you buy

First-class Grinding, any day, any time, at \$1.60 per ton.

I am offering all lines of feeds at attractive cash prices. See me before buying.

**O. W. FRUM**  
HAY, GRAIN, FEED  
AND LIVESTOCK

#### Halsey Genius Recognized

The Portland Journal and Oregonian have published notices of John Standish's drawings and paintings. The Oregonian article, with slight emendation and abbreviation, follows:

John Standish, aged 19, the compositor on the Halsey Enterprise and a senior in high school, is winning recognition as an artist. In Montana Standish met Joe DeYong, who was taking up the study of art, and watched him sketch pictures. Joe told him a few things about the work so Standish tried his luck at drawing comic pictures.

Three years ago Standish returned to Halsey and entered school as a sophomore.

One day, in a spirit of fun, he drew a cartoon of a classmate, who resented the act. Not being able to manage the situation amicably (Standish has red hair), a fight ensued, followed by interference from a woman principal and the capture of the cartoon by her. She at once recognized tal-

ent and urged Standish to study cartooning.

He took up the work a few months later, after returning to Montana, and has been doing correspondence work since with what knowledge he gathers from various art books.

Before returning to Halsey last year Standish visited Joe DeYong, who has become a well-known artist among the tourists of Glacier national park in the last few years, and Joe advised him to study the illustrations and works of various artists and not copy after the style of one. Standish took his advice and in the past year he has made a great improvement in his work.

One cartoon accepted by an eastern newspaper showed the trusts robbing the common people.

Most of his sketches show cowboys or cowboy activity, and they are eagerly bought by tourists, especially easterners. His work now includes black and white, pen work, oil painting and pencil sketches.

#### HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000

Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

JAN. 25, 1923

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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**HALL'S**  
FLORAL and MUSIC SHOP  
Good service and prompt delivery on  
**CUT FLOWERS and**  
**FLORAL DESIGNS**  
Albany Phone 1661

**T. J. SKIRVIN**  
SEED MERCHANT  
All kinds of FEED  
**Red and Alsike Clover Seed**  
Rye Grass and pasture mixtures  
Chopping done to suit  
Prices right

**Albany-Brownsville Stage**  
Leaves postoffice corner in Halsey four times a day.  
Calls at Shedd and Tangent  
Lv. Brownsville 7:20 a. m. and 3:20 p. m.  
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 Brownsville, 35c

**HALSEY**  
**Cream and Produce Station**  
Cash paid for  
Cream, Poultry, Eggs and  
Veal. **M. H. SHOOK.**

**Fresh and Cured Meats**  
All kinds of FISH in season  
Quarters of BEEF for canning  
purposes at canning prices  
**W. F. CARTER**

**I. O. O. F.**  
WILDEY LODGE NO. 65.  
Regular meeting next Saturday night.

**Amor A. Tussing**  
LAWYER AND NOTARY  
BROWNVILLE, OREGON

**DELBERT STARR**  
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer  
Reasonable prices  
Auto hearse. Lady assistant  
Brownsville, Oregon

**We make a Specialty of**  
Friendship,  
Engagement and  
Wedding  
Rings  
**F. M. FRENCH & SONS**  
ALBANY OREG.

**WE DO DYEING**  
**HUB CLEANING WORKS (Inc.)**  
DYERS CLEANERS  
TAILORS HATTERS  
Cor Fourth and Lyon sts.  
Albany Oregon  
**E. C. Miller,** Local Agent



"Seeing is Believing."  
Let father and mother see your Christmas present.  
Give them Kryptoks, the one-piece bifocal for near and distant vision.  
**Mead & Albro,**  
Jewelers and Opticians  
ALBANY

#### Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. J. C. Curry is ill and confined to her bed.

Mrs. C. P. Stafford was at the county seat Friday.

George Maxwell and wife visited the county metropolis Friday.

Miss Beuna Albertson has been ailing for several months.

Mrs. J. C. Standish enjoyed (?) a session with Dentist Barnum Friday.

A. M. Kendall of Shedd, brother of Mrs. Josie Smith, and wife spent Thursday and Friday at the Frank Kirk home.

Mrs. H. W. Chance is recovering nicely, but has received word that her father, in Iowa, has pneumonia and may not survive.

Mrs. Satchwell, who has acted at Shedd as postmaster since her husband's death, was the only one to take the civil service examination for his successor.

Jack Daley of Albany paid \$100 fine less than a month ago for bootlegging and last Saturday was sentenced to \$250 fine and 30 days in jail for a second offense.

The old barn back of Sturtevant's store, condemned as a fire hazard and long an eyesore to the fire committee of the city council, has been torn down.

Mrs. O. M. Miller's building, lately vacated by Dr. Garnjobat and family, has been raised higher from the ground and put in shape for the next tenant.

Mrs. Charity Clark is leader of this year's girls' sewing club and Elsie Reynolds is president, and Inez Trefry vice-president. Georgina Clark is a member and Mrs. Andrew Brown is teacher.

Lindsay Doty, Josephine Ralston and Ethel Rogoway, as representatives of Albany school, will take the negative in a debate at Brownsville Feb. 16 with the high school team there on a state income tax.

The Lake Creek community has endorsed the yearly compulsory tuberculosis test bill, the bill changing the thistle law and appropriations for the state experiment station and O. A. C. extension work.

The state board of health reports that among the deaths from smallpox in the week ending January 13 there was one in Albany and there was one in Linn county. Whether that means one death reported twice or two deaths, we are left to guess.

Keith Scott and wife, formerly Faith Adams of Brownsville, after a month's honeymoon passed through Friday evening on their way to their home at Reedsport. The high water between here and Reedsport prolonged their absence from there.

Among the road patrolmen appointed by the county court are D. J. Isom at Halsey, Ed Nixon, Bell Grimes and Lee Ingram at Harrisburg and A. J. Kirk, Jake Ackerman and J. E. Cushman at Brownsville and Grant Thompson and P. Freerksen at Shedd.

E. Russ and his sister, Mrs. Russ Kneeland, last week presented the school near their home, on the Brownsville road, with seventeen cans each containing three narcissus bulbs. The children will enjoy caring for them and watching their growth.

Four fat hogs died suddenly at the J. H. McMahan home Thursday. Frank Kirk was one of the bearers and Mrs. George Drinkard and Miss Mary Smith assisted at the obsequies at the house. The remains of one of the deceased were brought to Mrs. W. H. McMahan's home.

Mrs. Mildred McMahan, state president, and Mrs. George Drinkard and daughter of Brownsville attended the Rebekahs' meeting at Harrisburg Saturday, when four members were initiated and a grand supper was served. The next night the Oddfellows had a successful basket supper, the proceeds to be used in increasing the seating capacity of the hall.

W. F. Carter has done away with the monotony in the meat market caused by the necessity, when a beef was killed, of selling only beef until it was gone, to avoid it spoiling on his hands before as small a town as Halsey would consume it. He gets choice cuts of different kinds of meat from Albany slaughterers, in such quantities as needed, and Halsey gets a better butcher service than ever before.

(Continued on page 2)

#### (Installment 3)

## OLIVER TWIST

Fictionized by Arrangement With Jackie Coogan Productions From the Screen Version of Charles Dickens' Famous Work Released by Associated First National.

By WALTER ANTHONY

#### Chapter II TEARS AND MOURNING

And thus, taken into the Sowerberry entourage, Oliver learned how life ended before he really had learned the way it should begin. Tears and mourning were easy for him to disclose and assume for of such had his life been fabricated. Thus he proved a great comfort to Mr. Sowerberry even though the worthy Mrs. Sowerberry resented the appetite which now contented itself with something like gratitude, on the leavings of the family table twice removed—once from the table of the Sowerberrys and once from the table of Noah and Charlotte. For Noah, being naturally resentful of Oliver's obvious superiority of mind and spirit, and vain of his own superiority physically, constituted himself the boy's tormentor and daily aggravated the miseries of the young lad's life by impositions recklessly cruel.

But one day, young Noah, big and bully that he was, overstepped the bounds of safety. Little Oliver was laboriously scrubbing the stone floor of the basement in which the cooking was done and Noah was seated at the table watching with amorous gaze the ungente Charlotte as she attended to the preparations for the next meal.

The question of Oliver's dubious parentage was one that Noah liked most to dwell upon with ever increasing malice.

"Hey, Workus; who was your mother?"

"I don't know, Sir; my mother is dead," said Oliver pausing at his work.

"Dead, huh?" commented Noah, a sneer on his face. "It's a good thing she is. I bet she was a bad un!"

At this, Oliver started.

"Crimson with fury," Oliver started up, the heavy, drab cloth in his hand. In spite of his meanness, he hit Noah as David to a Goliath. He hit his enemy quite as squarely with the sudden rags, the weight of which toppled the unsteady Noah to Claypole who, chair and all, fell to the floor, his head, somewhat fortunately for Oliver, submerged in the water that filled the tub that the smaller boy had failed to move. In an instant the maddened Oliver, raging within, was upon the helpless Noah. What might have happened is a problem for prophets; but, fortunately for Noah, Charlotte, veiled her fears in such lusty manner that Sowerberry appeared forthwith. That worthy gentleman knowing more of the business of embalming bodies than of truth,

took circumstantial evidence for what the spattering Claypole made it worth, and consigned Oliver to the coal-hole beneath the sidewalk, left him there with the terror-inspiring information that on the morrow, back to the Workhouse he'd go.

Bad as were his circumstances with Mr. Sowerberry, they were better than they were at the Workhouse, reflected the forlorn Oliver, who, though he had not the ironical wit to voice the fact, yet dimly realized that it was better for him that

agreement in hypocrisy, cruelty and mendacity.

If Oliver's zeal to escape the Workhouse had been quickened by the knowledge of the union or malignant influences at the Poorhouse, it might have been given pause could he have known that at the very time of his midnight cogitations, while seated on the pile of coal that sprawled over the floor, a nurse was dying at the Workhouse and confessing to Mrs. Corney, now shortly to become Mrs. Bumble. The latter had been un-

them if it isn't too late and restore Oliver to his rights. Promise me you'll do this. I cannot die in peace unless you do."

Had Mrs. Corney the imagination of a dumb animal or the conscience of a serpent she might have been affected by this confession and even thus tardily have brought Oliver into the haven of his proper environment.

But, fortunately or not, Oliver knew nothing of all this as he reflected on his lot and contemplated a means of escape; for he had observed two items of an equation that might conclude in his release—the pile of coal and the coal-hole in the sidewalk above him. He reasoned that where a load of coal could be put in, a boy could get out and in that faith proceeded to heap up the coal until its peak was as high as the supply of fuel would provide. He found that by standing on the top he could just reach to the aperture new covered but not locked save by its own weight. By dint of great exertion, much perspiration and some prayer—the trilogy of causes invariably conducive to success—he managed to lift the metal lid and slide it over onto the sidewalk far enough to permit his egress.

It was dawn. The light of a gray day was breaking in the east. Without knowing whither, Oliver ran towards the suburbs of the town. His immediate purpose was to get away from Sowerberry's and the Workhouse. Later he'd direct his course to—London.

Of Oliver's adventures, mishaps and miseries trudging his way towards the city of his dreams, we shall not write, but will be content if something said in these inadequate terms would direct the reader to the masterwork of which this is but the poorest dilution and attenuation, and to the picture-play which visualizes them in vivid and stirring screened images.

Early on the seventh morning of his toilsome journey Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty; but the light only served to show the boy his own desolation as he sat, with bleeding feet, upon a cold door-step. He had been sitting thus for a long time when he observed that a boy who had passed some minutes before had returned and was surveying him studiously.

"Hello, my covey, what's the row?" he asked in rather unintelligible language.

"I'm very tired and hungry," answered Oliver frankly. "I've been walking seven days."

"Going to London?"

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The boy whistled and gave himself up to reflection.

Finally he said, "Don't fret yourself on that score. I've got to be in London tonight; and I know a merry old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothink if any gentleman he knows introduces you. And doesn't he know me? Oh, no! Not in the least! By no means. Certainly not!"

For reasons likewise not completely revealed, "The Artful Dodger" preferred to make his official appearance in London after night had fallen.

(To be Continued)



Upper picture shows Fagin (Lon Chaney) instructing Oliver Twist (Jackie Coogan) in the gentle art of picking pockets; lower left shows Oliver asking for "more," and lower right is a likeness of Oliver Twist, as depicted by little Jackie.

he stay at Sowerberry's and attend others' funerals than go back to the Poorhouse and straightway attend his own!

He would have been more than ever convinced of the righteousness of this conclusion had he known that Mr. Bumble, ensnared quite as much of the Widow Corney's nattery, silverware, and personal belongings, as of his ample self, had boldly proposed and, enthusiastically accepted. Why? Nature in her most evil moods had never contrived a pair of such exquisite

ceremoniously torn from a tete a tete with her swain to attend the aged woman who lay stricken on the very bed where but a few short years ago her withered hands had swaddled the infant Oliver and had robbed the young woman whose departing soul had scarcely time to say "hail and farewell" to the arriving soul of her babe.

For the nurse was indeed confessing, as best she could on the few inhalations that were left her in a world of sin.

"I charge you, Matron Corney," she whispered, "find Oliver. I did him a great wrong. I stole a ring and a locket from his dying mother. I pawned them, though they were the only evidence to prove who he is and who his father was. Recover