

NOT IN M. E. CHURCH Prayers for Health May Be Offered in Homes

Rev. E. B. Parrott's meetings at the Halsey M. E. church did not begin Monday, as it was announced in this paper last week, by authority of that church, that they would. He has been kept very busy at Brownsville all the week.

Tonight and Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights Mr. Parrott (and his wife and Miss Gulliford, we suppose) will take part in revival services here.

Methodist Episcopal churches are controlled in detail by higher than local authority, and when the district superintendent forbids healing services in the church the pastor can do nothing contrary to orders.

Mr. Parrott informs the Enterprise that there will be no prayers for healing at the church, but that he will offer prayers in people's homes while he is here if they wish him to.

The two large connecting rooms at the O. W. Frum home were closely packed last night with people who gathered for the prayer-meeting and especially prayed for the success of the revival meetings which begin this evening at the Methodist church. Another meeting is being held there this forenoon.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 3)

Prof. English and wife and son were dinner guests at the C. P. Stafford home Sunday.

Members of both churches filled the D. S. McWilliams and O. W. Frum homes at prayer-meetings Monday forenoon.

The Junior League had a jolly time at the M. E. church Saturday night under their leader, Mrs. G. W. Morhinweg.

The losing side in the division plan of the Christian Missionary society will give a silver tea at the home of Mrs. John Pittman next Tuesday from 2 to 5 p. m.

Harvey Hamilton, 83, died at Brownsville Sunday. Among surviving members of the family are the widow and Charles, James and John Hamilton of Holley.

Ben T. Sudtall and wife of Albany got home from their California trip Saturday. They visited Mr. Sudtall's father at Banning, as well as many other places.

Mrs. W. F. Price and child, formerly of Corvallis, arrived Monday to visit George Maxwell and wife before going on to Monroe, where they expect to make their home.

Undertaker Poole and wife and baby came over from Lebanon and they and Bert S. Clark and wife went to Harrisburg, where the baby was operated on for two ruptures which it had received in a fall.

L. W. Byerley and wife left town Tuesday for Albany, where Mr. Byerley has bought out the Swift cream station and produce business. The Albany station is the largest the company has in the valley.

Mrs. E. A. P. LaFollette of Payette, Idaho, mother of the Cross boys, and George Cross, their brother, have been here on a visit since Thursday, stopping with the lady's brother, W. F. White.

E. S. Marsters of Brownsville, who has been helping to clear the right of way on the Pacific highway south of Ashland, came home yesterday, going over from here on the morning mail stage. The snow is so deep that he did not enjoy the work there just now. He reports the contractors working away, however, blasting out stumps in two feet of snow and the like.

Purity Rebekah Lodge No. 180 had an installation of officers Friday, January 19. These were Elfa Moore, noble grand; Minnie Cross, vice grand; Charity Clark, secretary; Adda Ringo, treasurer and conductor; Emma True, I. S. G.; Anna Hillman, O. S. G.; Esther Bond, R. S. N. G.; Belle Gormley, L. S. N. G.; Della Morhinweg, R. S. V. G.; Lena

Beane, L. S. V. G., and Callie Frum, chaplain.

Alberta Koonatz was home from Willamette university over the week end.

R. A. McCully and wife of Eugene were callers at the Stafford home Sunday.

Sterlin H. Goin's bill for compulsory tuberculosis tests in this county has passed the house.

Miss Anna Drinkard, sister of Mrs. D. Taylor, was here from Harrisburg Sunday, visiting the Taylors.

You can get beautiful flowers in simple bouquets or made up into any desired designs at the Hall floral and music shop, Albany.

At the close of the installment of "Oliver Twist" on page 3 are the words: "To be continued." It was found convenient to continue it on page 4, and here the fourth episode will be found.

All Linn county high school basketball teams are invited to a tournament at Albany Feb. 9 and 10 to decide who shall represent this county in the upper Willamette valley meet where, in turn, representatives to the state meet in March will be designated.

Anna P. Howe of Brownsville was awarded a certificate at the recent county examination. So were Earl Loucks of the same city, Vera Higbee of Halsey, Mabel Nash of Shedd and Maude Sitter of Harrisburg.

George Ribelin, who sold out the barber shop so soon after buying, goes to North Bend today with his family and household goods. He has a situation there at \$25 a week plus a percentage, which is more of a certainty than Halsey offers.

A Painless Parker man would have given a very pleasing, entertaining free show, emphasizing dental facts and needs, with some reels of good comedy, Monday night, but the lights failed at the hall and the show could not be given.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Sneed celebrated their wedding anniversary yesterday at the Stevenson home. The Sneys have been married 39 years and the Stevensons 46. They annually celebrate by getting together and recalling the events of the years that are gone, alternating from the home of one couple to that of the other.

Albers' Dairy Feed

a balanced ration for the dairy cow. Contains Mill Run, Linseed, Coconut and Soy Bean meal, Oat by-products and Molasses.

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Young men's dress trousers, for the high school boys, in cassimeres, blue and brown pencil stripe and heather mixture

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Business men's trousers, in good quality worsteds, plain gray and brown and many of the newer stripes

\$4.00 to \$5.50

HELPED TO FILL COAL BIN

New York Youngster Did His Bit to Relieve Famine of Which He Had Heard.

The thoughtful little boy had heard a good deal of the coal strike before he went to visit relatives in Pennsylvania. His own father's cellar was provided with its coal supply, and so there was no need for the family to worry. But he heard many a wail from Aunt Betty, Cousin Sue or Mrs. Neighbor over what in the world anybody could do to get coal

for the winter.

Arrived in Pennsylvania, the little boy was taken to see his first coal mine. He observed that plenty of coal seemed to be lying around loose. Remembering the want back home, he made plans to act as a family philanthropist.

When he returned there was a good deal of wondering over the weight of the little boy's luggage. As there was supposed to be only clothing in his small trunk, it seemed difficult to account for the load under which the taxicab driver staggered

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 III OLIVER'S EDUCATION

Meanwhile, of course, the disappearance of Oliver from the Sowerberry establishment had been noted and his non-arrival at the Workhouse surprised nobody. The Board was well rid of him, considering the prevalent conviction that the galleys were but a little while deferred as the agent of Oliver's departure from this vale of ingratitude and tears. The episode would soon have been forgotten had not a stranger from London sought the hospitable Beadle, Mr. Bumble, seeking information.

He gave his name as Monks but his real name was—Edward Lee-

ford. "Do you remember," said he, as Mr. Bumble scenting a reward, rubbed his hands in oily anticipation, "do you remember about seven or eight years ago, a child was born at your Workhouse?"

"Many children have been born here," replied the evasive Bumble. "Its mother died," replied Mr. Monks.

"Most of them do," returned the enigmatical Beadle. "I see that your memory is in need of stimulation," said the suave Mr. Monks pressing a substantial note into the expectant hand of the Beadle.

A long and whispered conversation then ensued which ended with the assurance of Mr. Monks that if Mr. Bumble would communicate to him immediately he learned anything of the whereabouts of one Oliver Twist, he, the said Mr. Monks, would make such trouble amply profitable to his informant. There was also talk of a ring and a locket and the assurance from Mr. Bumble that his gentle wife could and would produce them if sufficiently and properly urged and approached.

If Oliver Twist, in his dreams of London, had ever thought that metropolis a city paved with gold, he was disillusioned by Field Lane, whither his loquacious companion now led him. For in this squalid district there lived the "merry old gentleman" who was pledged by his protegee to provide the homeless orphan with "lodgings for nothink."

Just at the moment of entering what was to be Oliver's future home, his host was engaged in an exchange of civilities with one Charley Bates which had he heard them would have caused the applicant

for lodgings to run faster than ever he did from Sowerberry's—if such a Mercenary feat were possible to the tired but now hopeful Oliver. "I've seen lots of my friends swinging like that, Charley, my boy," the merry old gentleman was saying as his art-tribute to a piece of work that Charley Bates had executed on the dusty pane of glass that would have admitted light had light been congenial to the mind, habitation and manners of Mr. Fagin, receiver of stolen goods, corrupter of youth and professor in the gentle art of picking pockets. For the drawing represented that

was understood and expounded by Mr. Fagin.

Oliver rejoiced that such vexatious preliminaries as washing and even of saying Grace (which had never been explained to him) were dispensed with and that no ceremonial delayed the business of eating at which he went with vigor, appreciation and, it must be confessed, a knife.

Late as it was and weary as he was, Oliver had yet to meet another of the Fagin coterie before he went to bed. It was Toby Crackitt who came to advise Mr. Fagin that his friend Mr. Bill Sikes, would have

the Fagin school of finance that the boy was "a runaway from the Workhouse at Dunbridge and his name is Oliver Twist."

"My long-lost brother," said Monks, but there was nothing reassuring in his tone—that is, nothing that Oliver would regard as reassuring. A sinister pleasure lit up the evil countenance of Monks as he explained to Fagin in another room to which they adjourned to be out of earshot of Oliver, that the boy stood between him and the estate of Leeford. "That's my half-brother," said Monks. According to the terms of the will my father's estate is to go to that illegitimate brat if he reaches the age of twenty-one without staining his soul—as the old fool put it—with any act of public dishonor."

"Your half-brother has come to the very school," said the merry old gentleman, with a chuckle anything but merry.

"Make a thief of the boy—a pick-pocket—and involve him in that act of 'public dishonor' and I'll reward you handsomely," said Monks, concluding the interview.

Oliver's instructions in the gentle art of thievery began at once.

"How ever can the merry old gentleman find use for so many handkerchiefs?" was the boy's unspoken thought as he was set to work on a heap from which he was instructed how to remove the initials and other private marks which might serve to identify them. But after all it caused Oliver little perplexity and he dismissed his own interrogation as quickly as possible for it seemed to him quite unworthy to question anything the merry old gentleman might do. For the first time in his life, Oliver was being amply fed, had a sheltering roof over his head and kind though singular friends in Fagin, Charley Bates, Mr. John Dawkins, Toby Crackitt and the rest of Fagin's associates.

Besides, it pleased Oliver to think that he was, at last, on the highway to fortune for though the merry old gentleman lived in great modesty and economy, there was ample evidence that his sources of income were numerous and ample and he was advised, with many a chuckle from Fagin's boys, that he too, should shortly be instructed in one mysterious ways whereby the Fagin coffers were kept filled by the daily contributions of the Dodger, Charley Bates and the others.

But preliminary to this adventure and to break the medium of Oliver's eternal picking of identifying threads from a never-diminishing heap of handkerchiefs, was a course in pocket-picking, though Oliver was given to understand it was nothing but a game. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck and sticking a meek diamond pin in his shirt; buttoned his coat tightly and putting his spectacle case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets. At last the Dodger trod upon his toes while Charley Bates stumbled against him; and in that one moment they took from him chain, shirt-pin, pocket handkerchief and even his spectacle case.

(To be Continued)

complainingly.

The mystery was solved when the little boy's unpacking was done. Nestling among his coats and blouses were two good-sized boxes, filled with chunks of coal. The little boy regarded his family with honest pride as he revealed this treasure which he brought to relieve New York's coal famine.—New York Sun.

Development.

Development seems to be the method by which God works, and development is change—change which, by no means, involves imperfection; and this for the reason that lays, which obtain in the realm of the finite, may, or may not, obtain in the realm of the infinite.—Rt. Rev. N. S. Thomas, D. D.

Man Lives His Beliefs.

A man lives his beliefs however much he may betray his creed.—Sir Henry Jones.

Assurance.

In our trials and conflicts we are assured of the tender sympathy of heaven.—Anon.

How Easy to Love.

How difficult it is to know—how easy to love Thee!—Unknown.

They had a masquerade dance at Scio Saturday night which the police closed at 12:30. One man paid \$12.50 and costs the next day for interfering with an officer, one \$7 and costs for being drunk and one \$7.50 for fighting and being drunk. A monkey and parrot time.

Mr. Stephenson has the barber shop on I street again, having purchased all the Ribelin interest, and says he is here to stay.

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

North	South
No. 18, 12:01 p. m.	No. 23, 11:29 a. m.
24, 5:50 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 12:30 to 12:35 and 4:45 to 5:00 p. m.

PAID-FOR PARAGRAPHS

Admittance Here 5 Cents a Line

You do not want to walk into any trap, but you are in no danger tomorrow night of doing so if you go the Rialto and see Lon Chaney, who appears in "The Trap" without getting into any trap.

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

Old papers, 5c a bundle. Enterprise office.

John W. Kirk died Friday at the home of his son William, three miles east of Brownsville, aged 84. William's wife and his infant grandson also died at his home within two months.

The editor's office hours are from 10 to 5 every week day except Monday, when he is liable to be away all day. For the rest of the time he is in or out, day or night, (often in at night,) as the business requires.



Jackie Coogan as Oliver asking Beadle Bumble for more; Carl Stockdale as the Undertaker and George Siegmann as Bill Sikes

most hideous representation of ignoble death, from the taut rope of which a figure was swinging. Charley himself thought so well of his work and of Mr. Fagin's wit that he was laughing uproariously as Oliver and "The Artful Dodger" entered.

Fagin's suspicions when he heard the footsteps of two instead of only one outside the door were quickly resolved by the innocence of the newcomer whom he greeted with such an apparent warmth of welcome as heartened the spirits of Oliver almost as effectually as did the sight of a well-laden table, the setting and loading of which by Mr. Fagin had been interrupted by the appearance of the returned Mr. John Dawkins with a promising recruit for the school of advanced economics as that intricate subject

the honor of his presence at his residence nearby that night. Toby, introduced to Oliver, turned to Fagin, lowered his tone and said to that most important. Monks is in town."

From all that the mysterious Mr. Monks could learn at the Workhouse, Oliver Twist had run away. Further trace of him there was not. Monks was competent, in the circumstances, to come to fairly certain conclusions regarding the whereabouts of the missing lad.

London—that city of vast inequalities—was undoubtedly the Oliver was headed, and big as Lon- don was, it was not so large but that the drag-net of Monks' underworld influence would locate the boy. Imagine his delight when Fagin answered to his question concerning the identity of the latest recruit to

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