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Musterole,
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All kinds of FEED
Red and Alsike Clover Seed
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Albany-Brownsville
Stage
Leaves postoffice corner in
Halsey four times a day.
Calls at Shedd
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Lv. Brownsville 7:30 a. m. and 5:20 p. m.
Halsey 7:50 3:50
Ar. Albany 8:35 4:35
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Lv. Albany 11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.
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Fare, Halsey to Albany, 50c; to Brownsville, 35c

A Modern
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Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing
ABE'S PLACE

His First Wife's Legacy

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's all very well to say I ought to share your interests, Lucian, but do I ask you to share mine? Has it occurred to you that a woman's interests must consist principally in running a home?"

Mary Ammering faced her husband, flushed and indignant, with the heat of the kitchen stove reflected on her pretty face.

"I suppose you're right, Mary," answered Lucian Ammering indifferently.

He kissed her good-by—he hated those formal kisses. They had been married two years now, and things had gone steadily from bad to worse.

Lucian Ammering was an inventor. He was at work on a glider that was to revolutionize the science of flight; Mary had never understood it. She resented their having to live in the country, where he leased fifty acres of mountainous tract a long way from where people ought to live.

At first she had been enthusiastic. What had chilled her? Well, Lucian had been married years before. Emmeline and he, she gathered, had been devoted to each other. When Emmeline died Lucian's life had seemed broken.

Mary was jealous of the dead woman. She believed that Emmeline still had his heart. He never spoke of her, but Mary knew that in his mind he was always setting off the one woman against the other.

So she had sunk quietly into the position of housekeeper, and Lucian had gone on experimenting with his gliders.

She felt restless that morning as she dusted and scrubbed, and opened the oven and put things in it, and took them out again. She had declared her independence. She wasn't going to be tied to the tail of Lucian's glider.

RIALTO
FRIDAY

HOOT
GIBSON
in
"THE
BEARCAT"

A western thriller with lots of action.

Last episode

'Robinson Crusoe'

Comedy

Coming next week
"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

"I guess now that I'm committed to my job I'll just go upstairs and clean out that old cupboard of Lucian's that hasn't been touched since we moved in here," she reflected.

It was an old house and had enormous cupboards. This one was more like a small room. Mary recoiled in dismay at the first sight of it, with disused garments hanging up everywhere, and the floor littered with papers.

Then she collected herself and began to tidy up, taking down and dusting Lucian's old clothes. This suit should never have been thrown away. It was just what Lucian needed for his gliding. And these boots—how careless Lucian was! They were perfectly good boots. She must put those in his room. And this package of letters—

Curiosity, the bane of woman, got the better of her. She opened the top one and read, folded back, the signature "Emmeline."

And a burning desire came over her to know what sort of letters Emmeline had written Lucian. Emmeline, the model wife, she sarcastically commented in her mind.

But to her amazement the letter was full of bitter reproaches.

She opened another and another. All were alike. It appeared that, instead of the ideal life which Mary had always supposed them to have shared, they had hated and quarreled with each other constantly. There had never been peace between them.

It was the last letter that summed up everything.

"I realize too well my deficiencies, Lucian," Emmeline wrote. "I am leaving you tomorrow with Harry, and you will be free to get your divorce. I ask nothing of you. I do not blame you; we have simply been unfortunate."

"But I do gather one thing from our experience of married life together. Either the pair must share their interests in common, or else there will be shipwreck. And as a man cannot enter with enthusiasm into the interests of the kitchen, it behooves the woman to make her husband's life and career her own."

"I understand where I have erred. If things had not gone so far I would begin all over again. It is too late now. But, if you marry again, try to teach your wife that lesson. Good-by."

Mary stared at the letter. For a few moments she did not take it all in. Emmeline—divorced—then Lucian had not cared for her. He had cared for herself. And it was not too late—the message from the woman who had gone out of Lucian's life had arrived just in time.

Softly Mary went to her room. She put on an old dress, high boots, her slouchiest hat. An hour later she met Lucian at the door.

"Well, I've finished my work," she said. "And I'm sorry that I was cross this morning. Lucian, dear, let's go down to the shed, and you shall show me your new glider."

ELDERS PICK YOUTH'S MATE

Young Albanian Has No Choice In the Selection of Woman He Is to Marry.

Matrimonial arrangements in Albania concern the elders of the clan, who summon a lad they judge ripe in years, or distinguished in battle prowess, and inform him that he may marry.

It would be for him a breach of etiquette to inquire the name of the lady selected, and on learning it he betrays complete indifference; but he devotes himself henceforward to the task of procuring fuel, provisions, liquor and music for the entertainment of the guests. On the wedding morning he dons reluctantly the new suit worn, sewn and embroidered by his mother, and welcomes the guests, who each bring a present of sugar and coffee before they form the cohort that goes to fetch the bride.

After the ceremony feasting begins. The men in one room and the women in another have a copious repast, followed by dancing and singing. Albanian weddings are generally fixed for Monday, and the celebrations often continue throughout the week.

CEMENT IN 1919

The war years were marked by declines in the output of hydraulic cement, but 1919 showed good gains both in production and shipments. Production in Portland cement increased 14 per cent in quantity and 21 per cent in value, and shipments from the mills exceeded production. The quantity was 13,550,159 long tons and the price per ton \$10.19. The plants engaged in this manufacture numbered 111 and our per capita consumption was about .77 barrel.—Scientific American.

Roman Emperors Built Well.
The aqueduct of Appian Claudius Caecus dates from 312 B. C.

Comrades in Dead Valley

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mike Maloney had traversed many wild places during his sixty years of life, but Dead Valley seemed likely to be the last of them.

For five days he had set his face steadily westward over the burning, barren alkali lands, toward the mythical mine, in spite of warnings that no man had ever crossed Dead Valley from end to end. And now Mike saw his own end approaching.

He had trusted to luck and to his own dogged will power. The will burned as unquenchably as ever, but the luck was out—dead out. It was twenty-four hours since he had tasted water.

Twenty-four hours under a Dead Valley sun! If he could go on twenty-four hours longer, he could reach safety. But the blood in his veins had turned to sludge and cinders, and he had staggered to the thin shade of a cactus and fallen there.

"I guess this is all, Bill," he said.

The great wolfhound stood beside him, panting, its tongue hanging from its mouth. In its appealing eyes old Mike, too, read the presentiment of death.

Mike stretched out his hand. "We been dogged friends these four or five years, Bill," he said. "It's kinder hard."

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind that made him wince with shame and humiliation. But it returned unbidden.

As if sensing it, the great hound leaped back with a whine and laid its ears forward.

Old Mike had one bullet left in his revolver. He had planned that for himself, in case he failed to win out in his fight with Dead Valley. Now another use for it had occurred to him.

After all, if death for both was certain, was it not more merciful to end the hound's sufferings quickly—and to restore his own life by the sacrifice of the animal's?

In lonely places thoughts become almost as things. As Old Mike drew the loaded revolver from its holster and called the animal, Bill snarled and began running in circles round and round him, just out of revolver range. He might suddenly have gone mad, for he was snapping and snarling, and showing a marked inclination to dash in upon his master.

"He's gone mad," thought Mike. "That fixes that." He drew aim and fired.

A few hairs flew from the hound's tail. Mike Maloney had missed. And, like an arrow, Bill darted at his throat.

Mike was just in time to spring to his feet and greet the animal with a vicious kick that hurled it, snarling and whimpering, a dozen feet away.

And then Mike knew that the same awful thought that had come to him had come to the dog too. And like primitive man he had to face his canine foe unarmed, trusting in his wits against its superior speed and the grip of its fangs.

Hours must have gone by, while the two circled about each other, watching each other. Mike still had his jackknife. If it came to close quarters he felt confident that he could plunge through the shaggy hide into the heart—provided his strength held out. But already the first coma of unconsciousness was overcoming him, and the brilliant alkali desert swam before his eyes.

The dog seemed to have become a pack of six, ever circling round and round him, sometimes uttering a feeble yelp from the parched throat, out of which the tongue, swollen to a frightful size, protruded.

Mike lay down at last, his jackknife in his hand, waiting. Slowly the hound came nearer. Its bloodshot eyes gleamed wickedly. It showed an almost human cunning in the way it approached, fawning, whimpering—

Mike thrust. He missed. The hound leaped back with a yelp. But it had been almost too cunning for him. Mike had been half unconscious without knowing it. Another instant and those fangs would have been in his throat.

The hound was lying in the distance, panting, looking at him. Mike stole cautiously toward it. He must make an end before unconsciousness supervened. Then he would be refreshed to take up his terrible journey. He walked with hand outstretched.

"Good ole Bill!" he said thickly. The animal watched him; then, seeing the knife, it suddenly turned tail and disappeared into the distance.

And Mike fell prone and unconscious upon the alkali.

Water!

It was trickling into his throat, the sweetest drink that he had known in all his life. Mike opened his eyes. A tent was over him. And beside him stood Jim Lavery, his old partner.

"Lie still, ye durned old fool. Ye'll be all right now," said Jim.

"You—where am I?"

"Right in the middle of Dead Valley. We got up a search party out in Larrabee. Guessed we'd find you purty nigh finished. But we'd never have found you if that hound of yours hadn't found us."

A soft tongue caressed Mike's head. Mike looked into the faithful eyes of the watcher at his side and understood.

FOR THE MEN OF TOMORROW

Intensely Valued Boys' Suits That Blaze the Trail to Economy

They'll save you money in the long run by giving most wear—most satisfaction—if you're out to be thoroughly satisfied in boys' clothing.

In fancy mixed cassimeres, including the newest styles. Suits that the boys will be proud to wear and that the mothers will recognize as decidedly strong values.

Suit with extra pair knickers..... \$10 to \$12.50

Suit without extra pair knickers..... \$6 to \$7.50



Albany
Oregon

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 3)

Mrs. J. C. Bramwell came home from Portland Sunday.

A well attended meeting of people interested in the K. K. K. was held at Rialto hall last night and addressed by Rev. V. K. Allison of Lebanon. A considerable number expressed a desire to become members.

The day for the advertised executor's sale of the Ringo drugstore has gone and there are no signs apparent of any change. Mrs. Ringo remains at the helm, with J. W. Reiter at the prescription counter. The advertisement of the store appears again in the Enterprise.

Beginning this week, we add a couple of columns of briefs of Oregon news from outside the county to our weekly news service. As soon as the "Oliver Twist" story is completed the Enterprise expects to commence the publication of the latest story written by Opie Read.

America's most popular story writer, who first became widely known as the publisher of the Arkansas Traveler. Our readers are to be congratulated upon our having secured, through the Western Newspaper Union, the copyrighted entrancing tale, "Periwinkle House." The publishers of this paper intend to spare no effort to give its patrons a good, big dollar's worth, and a good deal more, for every dollar that comes in.

J. W. Stephenson, the returned barber who has purchased the Bramwell business, is going to Portland Sunday and will not be home until Monday evening. He goes to buy what he needs in the fitting up of the shop in first-class shape.

Grant Taylor, Ed Warmoth and Mrs. Guy Bramwell of Brownsville went to Portland Monday evening on account of the illness of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Charles Whitlatch.

One of the biggest monopolies in the publishing game is the Curtis Publishing company of Philadel-

phia, which in the last few years has absorbed half a dozen periodicals and has got more free advertising in the United States than anybody else, excepting, perhaps, the tobacco trust. It has canvassers working in every field and has just launched the greatest scheme, in which school children all over the United States are being enlisted as canvassers on commission. If the pupils want to make some good money getting subscriptions the Enterprise will give them a better chance than the Curtis concern offers. This is all the advertising that company will get in these columns at present.

The seniors netted \$7.20 from the candy sale at the Endeavor play.

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 12:20 to 12:35 and 4:45 to 5:00 p. m.

PAID-FOR PARAGRAPHS

Admittance Here 5 Cents a Line

For sale—Used incubator. See Harry Park, Brownsville.

Hoot Gibson comes to the Rialto tomorrow night. See him in "The Bearcat."

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

Old papers, 5c a bundle. Enterprise office.

"Robinson Crusoe" will live through the ages. It never grows old. Young people and their elders go to the Rialto Friday after Friday to see it, and would if the other attractions were not there.

Advertising

A Safe 7 per cent Investment

TODAY anyone who wants to reach large numbers of people must advertise---must use the newspapers and the mails, and must do it persistently.

Customer ownership means ownership by the many. We should like to have every patron we serve become an investor in the company.

An electrical light and power company serving growing communities must continually add to its plant capacities and distributing system in order to meet growing demands for service. It requires new capital as long as it grows. That is why we have a splendid 7 per cent investment for you.

Like many other business institutions, we have found that through advertising we can obtain better results at less expense than otherwise. Advertising helps us to make numbers of new security owners of the company, as well as to economically finance improvements and extensions.

Ask for Complete Information

Mountain States Power Company
JUNCTION CITY