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HAY, GRAIN, FEED AND LIVESTOCK

"H'm! 'Tain't suitable for Lettie."
"Not suitable! Why, everybody's wearing 'em."
Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Would you suggest my making her a calico sweater?" she asked pleasantly. "No, Mrs. Wopple, I been wishing I had some nice clo'es for that child, 'cause she needs 'em to pull herself up with. Ain't nothing going to help her so much as taking pride in something, and she's the kind that'll live up to her clo'es. Poor dear, she's always been doing it; 'tain't no wonder she hasn't riz faster."

Mrs. Penfield reached for a soft roll of white goods. "Look here, didn't this wash fine? Couldn't anything please me more'n white corduroy. Yes, I saw that streak; it had an accident spilled on it, I guess. But taking that out, there's 'nough for collar and cuffs for Lettie's sweater and 'nough for a skirt, too. I'm going to let her wear it Sundays when she's been good through the week. It'll be a reform dress, if there ever was one. She's going to be the happiest child in The Custard Cup. My! I can't scarcely wait for her to get home; I want to see her as happy as she's bound to be."

"If I was in your place, Mrs. Penfield, I wouldn't count on it too much. I've always heard that if folks wasn't happy inside 'em, there couldn't nothin' make 'em happy from the outside."
Mrs. Penfield smiled. "Yes, that's so, but there's something got to start the happiness going inside 'em. Some folks have got a factory of their own, and they make their happiness fast; they can use it, and some folks have had so many hard knocks that their happiness machinery has grown rusty and set. Then it's got to be oiled up and started going. Why, look at the birds, Mrs. Wopple. You never heard a bird sing on the ground; but give him a bit of encouragement in the way of a fencepost or a bush or something with an outlook to it, and he'll sing his little head off, 'cause he's so bubbling over with joy. It's up to me to give Lettie that encouragement."

Mrs. Wopple rose. "I must be goin'." All I got to say is, it's a mercy you got such faith in Lettie. I sh'd call her an affliction if she was to my house."
So far Lettie had merely changed her allegiance and her boarding place; the routine of her days had not been disturbed. The lust for loot was in her blood; and now that she was well treated and well fed, it had become a sort of frenzy. She knew little about putting gratitude into speech, having always employed that medium for vastly different purposes. The more thankful Lettie felt, the higher grew the heaps of rubbish in Mrs. Penfield's back yard.

As another savage collects his beads and blankets, so this one collected the superfluities of human living, the by-products of organization and reorganization, the driftwood that eddied in from the wrecking of many households.
Mrs. Penfield, tolerating the instinct of acquisitiveness in Crink as a more or less natural phase of boyhood under stress, was frankly dismayed over the far stronger trait in Lettie, and she looked forward to the time when she could fill the child's life with other interests. Only in such wise could she effect a change, because a vacuum in occupation would have drawn from Lettie the abhorrence which it deserves. And surely in a few months, clothes could be accumulated and book money saved, so that it would be possible to send the child to school.

When Lettie returned, it was to the accompaniment of a mixed sound, rasping and swishing around the house and across the board walk in the back yard. She had chanced upon a scene of tree-trimming and had acquired many branches, which she had jubilantly

"I'm making something for you, Lettie. Ain't it pretty?" She held it up. Lettie thrust out a grimy hand and nipped a piece of the goods exactly as Mrs. Wopple had done before her—with the same conclusion, but with a totally different emotional reaction.
"Is it silk?" she inquired, in an awed voice.
Mrs. Penfield nodded.
"And it's for me?"
"Yes, dear."

"Hope to die if you told a lie?" Mrs. Penfield choked; then vowed the solemn vow.
"Holy Jimminy!" cried the child. "You've got me sold. Gee, there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you." For the first time her wary reserve broke. She hurled herself into Mrs. Penfield's lap and threw her arms around Mrs. Penfield's neck. For the first time Mrs. Penfield dared to kiss her.
"Lettie, dear, I'm so glad you like it!"

"Like it! I'm beat to a frazzle."
"But listen, Lettie. You can't wear this every day, you know. It's too nice. This is for Sunday."
Lettie straightened, but took this blow rather placidly. "We-ell. Well, all right. Any more strings to it?"
"For Sunday," continued Mrs. Penfield, "when you've been good through the week."

"Oh, that's dead easy," scoffed Lettie, with great jauntiness. "You just watch me. If I try, I can beat the angels behaving."
Uncle Jerry appeared in the doorway. "Ray, Carline, I toddled 'round to see if you could give me a room."

"A room? Why, Uncle Jerry, we haven't got any."
"Yes, you have." Rolling his eyes whimsically, he jerked his thumb upward.

"The loft? My land, you couldn't sleep up there. 'Tain't fitted up nor nothing. There was a family of mice tried to live in it once, but I always thought they gave it up of their own accord, rather'n 'cause they disapproved of the trap."

"I'm smarter'n a family of mice," chuckled the big man, "and if you can't think of any greater objection, I'm going to move in. It'd seem kind o' good to be near the only folks I got a claim on, and besides, I—I got another reason. Thank you, Carline, I'll be 'round tonight with my traps. Good-by."

"Why, Uncle Jerry— Wait—you haven't thought—"
But he was gone. His hearty laugh trailed back to her as she reached the door.
"My goodness, I'm 'fraid he's short of money," she thought. "I wish we had a room for him."

(To be continued)

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Sally Ann Bread at Clark's Confectionery

Jots and Tittles
(Continued from page 1)

Roland Marks was home from O. A. C. over the week end.
Last week Friday came on the 18th of the month in the year '23. Where was the hooey?

Edith L. Howe and Crystal Templeton of Brownsville were married Saturday, the former to Robert Coobran and the latter to Ivan M. Male of Springfield, so now Crystal is a Male.

Elaine, daughter of Mrs. Freeland, assistant principal of the high school, was here from O. A. C. over the week end.

C. P. Stafford and wife went home with Dr. Barnum Friday to spend the evening. Miss Beesie Dykstra acted as telephone operator during C. P.'s absence.

The Brownsville bakery is to have a new home. C. C. Snyder is putting up a reinforced concrete building 17 by 70 feet for it on Main street.

The Brownsville Masons have bought a lot on Spaulding avenue from Dr. Shelton for that new hall they propose to build sometime.

Mrs. H. R. Commons was on the sick list three or four days last week.

Mrs. George Workenger and son Kenneth are sick with colds.

Mrs. Gray has had her building, formerly occupied by Cornelius' jewelry shop, not only renovated inside but painted without. A sign, "Jeweler," still graces the front of Dr. Marks' office. If the doctor dispenses health, what jewel could be more precious?

Governor Pierce, following investigations by the state bonus commission, which brought the members to this county last week, says the state is likely to lose out some of the loans it has made as the security is insufficient.

A bridge across a creek on the Weddle place near Sweet Home one day last week collapsed with a team of horses and a disc, the property of O. Fiegum, and they fell into deep water. The owner was walking and escaped the accident. Both of the horses became entangled in their harness and were nearly drowned by the time they were extricated and hauled out of the water.

Jesse Hinman's promised series of articles describing personal experience on the firing line in France has been begun. Sunday's Albany Democrat contained the first number.

Mrs. Sadie Orr Dunbar, chairman of the public welfare department of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs, will talk to a mass meeting at the Brownsville theater tomorrow evening.

The united loganberry growers of this region have agreed to sell no berries for less than five cents a pound and to pay 1 1/2 cents a pound for picking, with an added half cent to pickers who stay through the entire season.

Henry McMurry of Albany took that city's \$18,000 city hall bonds at \$1225 above par last week and Hoover & McMurry of the same city took the contract to build the hall for \$19,321. Half a dozen Portland firms bid for the bonds but didn't set them. Home enterprise prevails at our county seat.

The Lebanon Commercial club wants a dike 1600 feet long, which will cost two or three thousand dollars, to protect that city from the Santiam when it rises in its might and swells with pride and water.

O. E. Newport of the Pacific hatchery at Tangent has sold 19,000 baby chicks this year and expects to sell as many more. Some went as far away as Salt Lake.

Halsey girls made a better record at baseball at Harrisburg Friday than the boys. The Harrisburg girls beat them by 14 to 15 while the Harrisburg boys beat the Halsey team 19 to 0.

The weather bureau predicted killing frost for Saturday. There was frost here, but it did not kill anybody nor anything.

Somebody put over a good one on many newspapers of the state by causing them to announce that all schools would have to close half a day April 14 because the governor had proclaimed that a baseball holiday. As the 14th was Saturday the schools closed as ordered—all day.

(Continued on page 4)

what Mr. Chase was thinking.
"Maybe," conceded Lorene; "but how I've wanted to go to Diablo with a jolly party! I expect I'll get over it," she laughed. "If you say I'd better, it'll help me to do it." She waved her hand and went on toward the Percy flat.
Mrs. Penfield turned back into the living-room; then stopped in the most profound amazement. Jerry Winston had risen and was still holding an attitude of listening, of thoughtful absorption. She tried in vain to recall anything in her light interchange with Lorene that could have had significance.
"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" she asked.
He shrugged his shoulders and became instantly the nonchalant, good-natured man of a few minutes before. "Nothing, Carline. I'm naturally kind o' interested in this little nest you live in."
"Wait till the children get here," she nodded proudly. "I'll bet you'll be intrusted then. They're dears, ev'ry one of 'em."
Lettie came in first and dashed to the sink. "I got some'n now," she shrieked. "I'll bet it don't leak, neither."
There was a sound of running water. Then Lettie appeared in the door to the living-room. In her right hand she swung an old agate teakettle.
"It's a peach!" declared Lettie triumphantly. "She don't leak. Look at her!"
"O Lettie!" cried Mrs. Penfield. "Look yourself!"
The child's gaze followed the direc-



A Sidewalk Chat.

"Why, Mrs. Blank, I hardly knew you with glasses on, but they are becoming to you."
"Do you think so? I know I feel better and better every day since wearing them."

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"It's a Mercy You Got Such Faith in Lettie."

snaked home, to be dried and broken for the kitchen stove. The triumph of successful exploration was in her voice.
"Penzie, you oughter see what I bring now. I'll make swell kindlings." She edged into the living room, her chest heaving from the violent exertion. "Say, whatcher making?" She came nearer, her black eyes widening as they took in the incredible details of Mrs. Penfield's sewing.