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then another. . . In the morning they were gone. Think of it! Before day broke, they were—all my babies—gone! Her eyes lifted; the lines of her face were twisted in agony. She had forgotten her surroundings, reliving those hideous hours.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Sanders softly, "how did you ever stand it?" "Stand it?" Mrs. Penfield took up the words with momentary vehemence. "I didn't stand it. I went mad—raving mad. Everything I'd ever believed in, went down." Her sad eyes came back to her neighbor's face. Mrs. Sanders' gaze had lifted to Mrs. Penfield's heavy hair, nearly white, strangely out of keeping with the look of youth that lingered in her features and expression.

Mrs. Penfield caught the glance. "It turned that night," she said indifferently. "It didn't matter." "And your—your—" Mrs. Penfield's lips worked. "It killed my husband," she replied slowly. "Not at once, but—he never got over it. He was devoted to his family. He hadn't been well. . . He ran down fast. We sold—traveled—everything. . . It didn't help. In six months—" "Oh, my dear!" repeated Mrs. Sanders pityingly. "That was when—" Mrs. Penfield nodded. "It would have been easy—so easy—to go, too. The hard thing was to stay—in an empty world. Nothing—" "I—I know how you felt. You—you cared."

"Cared?" Mrs. Penfield's tone shook the word to shreds and cast it aside. "Part of me died—when he did. I hadn't never been the same. I try—but I can't—" Her voice broke. She wheeled swiftly and went over to the window. Standing with her back to the room, she stared into the meshes of the muslin curtain, beating the casing with her closed hand. Those blows, the outlet of long-suppressed torture, pounded into the silence of the room



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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make a home again—and for somebody that didn't have one. Way it is, when you lose them that's dear to you, it kind of opens your heart wider, and you got more love for more folks—stead of less. When I had children of my own, I thought 'bout them; but when I lost 'em, I began to think 'bout all the children, everywhere—specially those that was handicapped and forlorn and didn't have a chance to grow up true to the souls that the Lord gave 'em. I came to see that I'd got to make a home for some of 'em, so I gave up my position and hunted up Orin, and then Thad. I can't earn so much money this way and it costs more to live, but I feel easier."

The hysterical frenzy had died out of Mrs. Sanders' expression. She looked as if she had laid hold of peace and poise. She took Mrs. Penfield's hand in both her own.

"You will always be my friend," she said simply. "You've made me see how wrong I been going—letting my feelings collect inside of me till they fermented. Only way to keep 'em sweet is to let 'em out—work 'em off for somebody else. I'm going to try—and whenever I feel—that way again, I'll think 'bout how much more unhappy you are—"

"No," interposed Mrs. Penfield quickly, "you're not to think I'm unhappy. I'm not—now. Maybe I seemed to say I was, but 'twasn't what I meant. I'm happy—but it's a different kind of happiness. That's all."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Sanders, "that's—that's all."

CHAPTER IX

Where Flg. Caesar Led.

Several weeks had passed, and the pink sweater had not been worn. It was sometimes looked at, reposing in a paper wrapper in the cleanest apple box—Monday morning with high hope, Saturday night with black despair. Once Lettie had picked her way gingerly through five days of behavior that might have been recorded with a gold pen on a nearby page—and then, presto! Humanity! Imps! Cataclysm! Once her impetuous feet had trod the narrow way up to and including Saturday noon. The goal was in sight. Miss Lettie staged a war-dance in premature celebration, caught her ragged sleeve in the handle of a saucepan on the stove, dragged it over the edge, deluged the kitchen with precious soup stock, soaking indelibly into the rough board floor.

Lettie's contrition was always immediate and sincere, but it lacked that element of projection which might have fastened into the future and insured better things. Nevertheless, it was a difficult problem to discipline her. She had an unfailing perception of right and wrong, and knew at any moment which side of the fence she was on. She never denied; she never ran away; she never excused. On the contrary, she stood by in the thickest of the disaster, often very thick indeed, and rent the atmosphere with shrill confession: "I done it; I done it."

It was the purest futility to call her attention to the fact that she had sinned; Lettie forestalled such action by her lightning metamorphosis into the sinner who repenteth and is therefore entitled to the rejoicing of the beholder. But to sit down and rejoice over a little girl who has just wrecked half of your kitchen, obviously carries with it implications which cannot be sponsored; and in consequence Mrs. Penfield was often merely a silent and puzzled spectator, standing by while Lettie put herself through the stages of revulsion, anathema, and self-inflicted penance. Never did Mrs. Penfield devise punishments half so drastic as those which were suggested by Lettie, who delighted in methods of self-flagellation that should translate the frenzy of wrong-doing into a frenzy of torture.

Opposed to all rules was Mrs. Penfield's attitude of neutrality, as of a detached onlooker. "You're too easy," said Mrs. Wopple. "You'll be sorry when it's too late," declared Mrs. Carterbox. But Mrs. Penfield only smiled at them gently, with a far-away look in her eyes which they resented, because it showed that their carefully pointed criticism had failed of its aim.

"I'd punish her if she'd give me a chance," she admitted, "but when she does it herself, I can't—'bout heaping it up double. Besides, if a feller's conscience has stirred up a fight in his own soul, anybody that takes a hand from the outside is only putting himself on record as a meddler."

So the fight was Lettie's, and thus far the victory had hovered in suspension, occasionally glimpsed, but elusive and inclined to fly high.

Ironically enough, the greatest obstacle in her path of virtue was Mr. Wopple. He acted as a reagent, drawing out and precipitating all the worst in her nature.

By a curious instinct, they were both conscious of a fundamental antagonism, complicated on Mr. Wopple's side by the irresistible desire to start something. Turned loose in a menagerie, he would have entertained himself by thrusting sticks between the bars of cages, that he might gloat over the torture of animals deprived of the power to give him the retaliation he deserved. He was naturally a hater of beasts; and in Lettie he found a most satisfactory subject for his indignity.

"I hate him," declared Lettie, stamping her foot. "I hate him." She eased her armful of driftwood down on the accumulation in the cor-

ner and straightened up with a jerk, her black eyes flashing.

Mrs. Penfield, salting the stew for lunch, smiled at her composure. "That's one thing you got to get over, Lettie."

The child stood still in the middle of the kitchen and considered this possibility. "I'll never get over it," she said slowly. "It's in me to stay."

"Oh, no, it isn't," contradicted Mrs. Penfield mildly. "By and by your nature'll get widened out more, and all the hate'll drain off naturally. The only place that hate can live, in is a small dark hole where the sunshine of good nature never can find it. You'd be s'prised, Lettie, to know how easy 'tis to scare hate out of your system. Why, if you so much as let a smile get near it—"

Lettie came nearer; her eyes shone. "Say, Penfield, honest, do you like Mr. Wopple?"

(To be continued)

The merchant who sells tobacco to minors cannot complain if the law calls him to account and deals rigorously with him. It must be assumed that men of conscience would not sell cigarettes to children. Tobacco-using is an adult vice, or should be. At any period of life it is not entirely defensible, but when it is inculcated in children it becomes indefensible. Upon growth and intelligence, in the child, its harmful results are marked. Moreover, the admission must be made that, so far as juvenile influences are concerned, the use of tobacco throws boys into companionships not favorable to sound morality. Toughness, and worse, lies that way.—Oregonian.

Never ask: "Is this important enough to be news?" Ask always: "Is it interesting enough? Is it funny enough, sad enough, spick enough, rare enough, odd enough—in any way adjectival enough to be news?"—Muskota (Kas.) Record.

Three hundred new members have joined the Pacific Co-operative Woolgrowers this year.

D. V. Howell and Zelma Warden of Brownsville were married last week.

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Ar. Halsey 11:45 5:45
Brownsville 12:15 6:15
Fare, Halsey to Albany, 75c; to Brownsville, 35c

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

The Lake Creek people are considering the building of a commodious community house.

Miss Lillian Sneed spent the week end visiting friends and her brother Ernell at Corvallis.

Andrew Brown and wife visited the latter's grandparents, S. P. Brock and wife, at Shedd Thursday evening.

Florence Bingham Livingston wrote as only one who has had heart-wracking experience can write when she penned chapter VIII of "The Custard Cup," which appears in this issue.

T. V. Dunn was awarded three years' board at the state's expense by Judge Kelly last week for stealing chickens, after pleading guilty, but the judge did not specify chicken on the bill of fare. Paul Yoder drew a two-year prize for penmanship—forgery.

In the next installment of our serial story we shall have a tempest in a custard cup, if not in a teapot. Lettie learns a lesson, and so does Mr. Wopple. From deep tragedy and pathos we jump to ludicrous magnificence. And we cannot help loving the impulsive Lettie, with all her faults. Read about the battle next week.

Nearly two hundred people, including delegations from Halsey, Harrisburg, Albany and Corvallis, gathered at Lake creek Friday in a community meeting, the Albany chamber of commerce being well represented. C. R. Evans, chairman of the local organization, presided and a spirit of general good fellowship pervaded the evening. A free-for-all supper was part of the program.

Sheriff Dutilleul (not hailed) J. E. Warner of Harrisburg before Justice Oliver Friday at the county seat and he was fined \$2000 and sentenced to thirty days in jail for moonshining. He had paid a \$500 fine already in a federal court for the same offense. Moonshining is not all profit and glory.

Sidney E. Caldwell will be graduated from O. A. C. this spring. He is a graduate of Halsey high school. He will receive the degree of bachelor of science from the school of electrical engineering. About 500 will be graduated in Caldwell's class, the largest number in the history of the school.

The grand jury indicted everybody against whom it investigated charges and adjourned Thursday night. Ray Huston and John French, indicted for having induced Inez Wood, a minor, to drink and to smoke cigarettes, pleaded guilty and paid \$200 fine each. Robert Mickingham and George Thompson were indicted for stealing an automobile. J. F. Dann for stealing chickens, Paul Yoder for forgery and Fred Carlton for failing to support his child.

The J. K. Gill bookstore in Portland has set aside a "poets' corner" and sent a special invitation to Earl Stannard of Brownsville, who has nation-wide fame as a poet as well as a writer of prose, to attend its dedication. Earle couldn't go just then, as his father H. A. Stannard, was very ill.

John Bennett, pressman of the Eugene Register, who installed the Albany Democrat's perfecting press some time ago, poked his smiling visage into the Enterprise office for a few minutes Sunday. He was on his way for a visit to Salem, his former home.

The new owners of the Brownsville Times brought out last week the handiest and newsmost newspaper ever published in Brownsville—handsomer than it would have been possible to produce with the outfit of type in the office. The composition was done on the Lebanon Criterion's linotype. Mechanically and editorially it was a triumph.

The revival meetings in Frum's warehouse are drawing a large part of the population not only of Halsey but of surrounding towns. Picture shows and the like get but a sparse attendance for that reason. Same elsewhere. The Enterprise man looked into a movie matinee at the county seat and found less than a dozen in the seats.

Tuesday of last week at the district convention of the United Artisans at the county seat there was to be a drill contest. The Brownsville team went through the drill first and its work was so successful that the other teams withdrew and left the honors with Brownsville. From the Times we learn that the Brownsville team was "under the direction of Captain Will Templeton, led by Mrs. Will Templeton and Alton Williams, its other members being Alice Moore, Ethel McFarland, Anna McFarland, Eva Weger, Lorena Fox, Etta Talent and Clara Rankin and Messrs. Oscar Rankin, George Wolfe, Floyd Hult, James Fox, Ralph Windom, John Warren and Chester Boyles."

(Continued on page 4)