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Halsey, Oregon
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000
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face of Mrs. Percy appeared, followed by the lady herself as she perceived that the air was now free of its sooty burden.



The Heavy Face of Mrs. Percy Appeared.

"Ain't it a mess!" she cried, in fastidious disgust. "Good heavens, Lorene, I don't see what you were thinking of not to keep an eye out. You knew I'd lighted the heater. You've certainly dished your own plans now—and you did it yourself, too. You can't say that I—"

"It's a beautiful evening, ain't it, Mrs. Percy?" greeted Mrs. Penfield.

"Did you notice the moon? It's 'bout the grandest we ever get." Mrs. Percy's neck stiffened. She tossed her head in offended dignity. "I guess you don't need me if you're feeling so pert," she snapped. The door closed with decisive vehemence.

"I was wondering about it, too," remarked Mrs. Penfield quietly, as if her thoughts had never strayed from this subject. "If I only—if I had—but maybe you could—"

"I can borrow a coat. And oh, I wonder—Yes, see! My hat was in its box and it's all right." Lorene held up a small brown traveling hat.

"That's fine, Ma, but you're a lucky girl, Lorene. Now you take part of these things and we'll go back and get to work."

But scarcely had they reached Number 47 when Mrs. Penfield reversed her orders. "Ain't no need for you to stay, Lorene. Washing is a simple thing for me, you know, and I'll enjoy doing something toward the occasion. Besides, we might disturb the children if you stayed. You run along. You've got a lot of trinkets to scrub up and your hair to wash. I'll scrub up these white things a-soak and squeeze 'em out. They can be ironed later."

Lorene hesitated. "I hate to have you, but—if I set the alarm and come over real early, you'll leave the ironing for me, won't you? And it wouldn't disturb you?"

"Dear child, you can't disturb me."

Come over as early as you like." Lorene kissed her gratefully and went.

Mrs. Penfield started up the fire and strung the kitchen with many lines of heavy twine. Contrary to her careless protestations, the task ahead of her was by no means simple. Diversity was its keynote. Some of the things required hot water, some cold, some lukewarm; some demanded soap, some could not survive it. Lace had to be ripped out and cleansed separately. The blue silk was put through water that had been made milky by one of Mrs. Penfield's washing bags, devices of her own for the laundering of delicate colored fabrics. The two tubs were supplemented by pans and basins. Rinsing, bluing, starching, all took time. Even the drying was a matter for constant supervision, constant rearrangement, owing to the uneven heat in the room.

When it came to the ironing, Mrs. Penfield found the electric bulb too far from the prescribed position of her board; but by putting the lamp on top of the cupboard, she was able to get sufficient light to go on with her work.

Day was breaking when Lorene came around the house. Seeing the light, she went in softly; then stopped short in amazement. The kitchen was hung with dainty garments, smoothly ironed, each on a hanger formed by a rolled newspaper and suspended by a string. Her eyes fell on three elaborate white blouses that she had not realized Mrs. Penfield had taken. The white georgette gown was like new, every one of its many plaits pressed crisp and flat; the lace that outlined the square neck was fresh and futed. The blue silk showed no slightest trace of the evening's experience.

Mrs. Penfield was sitting on the edge of a stool, her body crumpled forward, her cheek resting on the ironing-board, her holder in her outstretched hand. She was asleep.

"And I let her do it," breathed the girl in contrition.

Mrs. Penfield roused, in the midst of her weariness sensing the presence of another person. There were tired shadows under her eyes, but she smiled brightly.

"I guess I'm all through, Lorene. I was just resting a minute."

Lorene sprang forward and threw her arms around Mrs. Penfield's neck. She kissed the tired cheeks.

Mrs. Penfield held her close. Fleeting pictures jerked through her brain—of her own life, starting in promise like Lorene's, breaking in despair as she hoped Lorene's never would.

"Dear little girl, may you be happy—always," she whispered.

CHAPTER XIV

Not a Friend to Uncle Jerry. "What's the idea, Carline?" inquired Uncle Jerry, coming into the kitchen. "Crink says you won't tell 'em how to make a hen-coop or hen-house, or whatever it is, and he's letting us get their brains all snarled up, trying to study it out."

"Twon't hurt 'em a mite," declared Mrs. Penfield serenely, as she poured cold water over the starch and crushed out the lumps against the bottom of the big pan. "What I aim to do, Uncle Jerry, is to teach them children to think. How are they ever going to get along when they grow up if they haven't learned to work out their own problems?"

Uncle Jerry turned toward the sink to wash his hands. "They'll be smarter when they grow up."

"Not if they don't have some mental exercise along the way," retorted Mrs. Penfield mildly. "I figure that a lot of parents practically enslave their children's brains by doing all the thinking for the family. That's one mistake I don't intend to make."

Uncle Jerry reached for the soap. "It's all the same to me," he grinned. "Bonnie Geraldine's the one that's got the kick."

"Nonsense! I'll risk Bonnie Geraldine. Crink knows as much about boards and nails as I do, and if he and Lettie can't study up some kind of shelter for one hen, I'll be 'shamed of 'em. It may take 'em a few days, but they'll be days well put in." She set the pan on the stove and poured in boiling water, stirring briskly as she talked.

Uncle Jerry wiped his hands thoughtfully. "I wasn't criticizing, Carline. Great Scott, if you've got the courage to take in kids that you might leave running loose in the world, you'd oughter have the privilege of managing 'em any way you darn please. All I, I wasn't going to hand out any hints if 'twas contrary to rules, so I was asking."

"You're a dear," acknowledged Mrs. Penfield, smiling. "I am dead set on this one point, 'cause I've been bored half to death by so many folks that couldn't think an original thought if it'd bring 'em a million dollars. I tell you what, Uncle Jerry, there's more folks'n there ought to be whose minds ain't nothing but cold-storage plants. 'Course you don't always know where the material came from—and sometimes you can trace it easy. I knew a woman once who never said anything 'cept what her minister'd handed out to her. She was a sort of charity case, but I'll bet she wasn't the only one in the congregation. Monday and Tuesday she was real trusting; Wednesday she was just so-so; Thursday she was on the decline; and by Friday she'd run down entirely. Friday and Saturday she was a pretty fair listener." Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Blessed if I didn't always call on that woman 'long the first of the week sometime."

"You're mighty encouraging to a feller that's had a hit-or-miss life, Carline. I'd always wished somebody'd worked out a few things for me. Oh, by the way," he added, as he smoothed his hair before the small mirror that hung by the cupboard, "I ordered a sack of sweet potatoes this morning. They'll come sometime today. I got 'em turrible cheap, 'cause they're wholes—too big for fancy trade. But I thought maybe you could use 'em."

"Oh, just grand," cried Mrs. Penfield. "I'd as soon have outside potatoes as any other kind, and they're what we need most. You be sure to come 'round to supper tonight, Uncle Jerry. We'll have sweet potatoes with salt on 'em, and a cauliflower that Crink brought yesterday. It'll be a grand spread."

"Yes," acknowledged Jerry Winston gravely. "I'll stake my life you'll make them youngsters b'lieve it's Thanksgiving, but—"

"Plenty to eat is always Thanksgiving," she interrupted placidly. "We're awfully lucky to be well nourished all the time."

Jerry Winston said nothing. He took up his hat and whirled it absently round and round. The habitual twinkle had died out of his eyes, leaving them gloomy. During several moments of silence he watched Mrs. Penfield sprinkling clothes and rolling them into tight compass with a final slap from her palm to encourage capillarity.

Finally he roused and opened the kitchen door. "I wish I had a settled income," he muttered. He jammed on his hat and went out.

"Poor man, I wish he had!" thought Mrs. Penfield. "It's hard on him to cut loose and not get tied to something again. Land, I got to be careful not to feel hurt 'cause he can't talk it over with his own niece; but trying to force a feller's confidence is 'bout like prying a cocoon open with a knife. I ain't going to care; I'm going to expect—and I'm an awful good expecter. Besides, I got a heap of wonderful things to think about."

(To be continued)

Wayne Robertson left Thursday night for Noti to work in a lumber camp.

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Oliver Typewriter \$15
Halsey Enterprise

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING
In the county court of the state of Oregon for Linn county.
In the matter of the estate of
of
W. A. Ringo, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased, with the clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the county court has fixed and set Monday, July 9th, 1923, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the county courthouse in the Linn county courthouse, in Albany, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said account and the settlement of said estate. Now, therefore, all persons are hereby notified and required to present any and all objections they may have against said account or the final settlement of said estate at said time and place.

Dated this 4th day of June, 1923.
J. M. RINGO,
Administrator of said estate.
N. M. NEWPORT, Attorney.
Date of first publication June 7, 1923.
Date of last publication July 5, 1923.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION
Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Linn county, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state certificates at Albany, Oregon, as follows:

Commencing Wednesday, June 13, 1923, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, June 16, 1923, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday forenoon—U. S. History, Writing (Penmanship), Music, Drawing.

Wednesday afternoon—Physiology, Reading, Manual Training, Composition, Domestic Science, Methods in Reading, Courses of Study for Drawing, Methods in Arithmetic.

Thursday forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography, Mechanical Drawing, Domestic Art, Course of Study for Domestic Art.

Thursday afternoon—Grammar, Geography, Spelling, American Literature, Physics, Typewriting, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.

Friday forenoon—Theory and Practice, Orthography (Spelling), Physical Geography, Stenography, American Literature, Physics, Typewriting, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.

Friday afternoon—School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government.

Saturday forenoon—Geometry, Botany, Bookkeeping. EDNA GREEK, County School Superintendent.

JUNE 7, 1923 HALSEY ENTERPRISE PAGE 3



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BRAM LAND CO.,
133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore.

Following a general soaking rain all over Umatilla county, crop experts declare that the grain crop is practically normal. Small yields were expected, due to a backward spring, but the prospects are now good for a 5,000,000-bushel wheat crop.

Governor Pierce announced that he had removed the entire state board of chiropractic examiners and had appointed among the new members Dr. R. C. Ellsworth of Pendleton, who was relieved of his duties on this board by Ben W. Olcott. Dr. Ellsworth succeeds Dr. D. T. Brown of The Dalles, whose term would have expired June 3. Dr. C. A. Johns of Albany has been appointed on the board to succeed Dr. W. G. Hoffman of McMinnville and Dr. F. T. Note of Portland has been named to succeed Dr. George Hoeye of Oregon City.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

An eight pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Harding of Halsey at the Brownsville hospital May 23. —Brownsville Times.

Petitions are being largely signed for resubmitting to the voters of Brownsville the three charter amendments recently defeated. One of these provides for reassessment of the cost of the paving.

Lou Tyler sold his place to Ed Farrier and has moved to the Finnell place, which he recently bought. Farrier moves into town to be near school.

Dr. Johns of Albany is one of Governor Pierce's new appointees to the state chiropractic board.

Wilmette Forster and Preston Newton, one of the three couples whose approaching nuptials were heralded by the Enterprise a couple of weeks ago, were married at Albany Saturday. They will reside in Portland, where Mr. Newton has a good situation firing a stationary engine.

They have a "no-denomination church" at Holley. Preaching after that sameness for which Christ expressed a desire.

Dunlap's murderers were indicted for murder, of course, and for stealing Mr. Cook's automobile at Harrisburg.

William Mills came over from Brownsville Saturday and met Mrs. Mills, who came from Coos Bay on the train. He had left her there when they both went to the I. O. O. F. doings, for a visit with their son, who had a prosperous job printing business.

Alfred Peachy, crippled in an accident at Brownsville a few years ago,

is at O. A. C. taking vocational training to fit him to go out and command good pay.

Charles Sterling and wife of Brownsville are on a visit to the gentleman's Illinois home.

Pete Bither, the aged Brownsville resident mentioned in these columns a week or two ago as a remarkably healthy man for his age, is seriously ill.

A stucco surface has been laid up on the brickwork of Gansale Bros.' fireproof garage, giving it the appearance of a solid block of concrete.

Thomas Miller of Brownsville, who advertised in the last two issues of the Enterprise for berry pickers, expects to have forty or fifty tons this year. Oren Stratton has contracted to take the crop on the place.

June 13 and 14 are set aside by O. A. C. for Linn county farmers' day to make a visit to the experiment station farms in order to get knowledge on crops and livestock.

While Ed. Spellinger slept Friday night at his home near the Connor school, his auto was taken outside the garage and robbed of everything easily removable.

At the close of 1922 Linn county's debts totaled \$725,662.63 and her resources amounted to \$225,242.60, according to the auditors who have just completed investigation.

About October 1st Clark Smith will take possession of the Frank Maxwell farm, not far from town on the Brownsville road. On that date a Mr. Snodgrass with a three-year lease, will move to the 180-acre G. G. Shirley place, where the Smith family is now living and milking fifteen cows.

Clark's stage has brought us about a ton of wool from the country between here and Holley for shipment to Portland by the Frum warehouse.

Mrs. Balf Bond, for several terms assistant principal of the high school, has opened a nursery class at home. The first pupil arrived Wednesday of last week and his name is Balf Wellington Bond. Balf senior has forgotten all about that rheumatism and is doing very well, thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Forster started yesterday on a vacation trip which will take them to southern California and then over the divide to places in Nebraska and other points of the northwestern Mississippi valley and probably last till the middle of August.

A visit to Brownsville shows a great improvement at the woolen and flouring mills. New buildings and paint and a business like water power system are in evidence with a general air of prosperity. Mills & Son are contemplating an addition to the big mill buildings, a result of the expansion of the business under their management.

Ten new oak kegs for the Duncan & McKeher store at Crawfordville were among the freight taken out by the mail stage Saturday. Who wants those kegs? Jess Davis is in jail.

Mildred Glann of Albany won one of the state prizes offered by the state board of dental examiners for school essays on the importance of care of the teeth and the county prizes in Linn county went to Dorothy Tucker and Mildred Glann of Albany, L. Van Allen of Shedd and Mary L. McKinnon of Cascadia.

President Carl Doney of Willamette university was the speaker at the high school commencement at the Methodist church Thursday night. The I. O. O. F. orchestra furnished the music. Harold Weber came from Harrisburg to play with the orchestra. Later the juniors treated the seniors to a banquet at the John M. Parter home.

The Times announces that the Brownsville woolen mills, now running on blankets, will soon start on such goods as cassimere and serge. Also that the company has contracted for two and a half tons of wool in that community. President Bowman of the company estimates that the wool grown within ten miles of that city this year will bring the growers \$75,000.

A new 40-page illustrated booklet containing detailed description of Oregon, the summerland beautiful, its sandy beaches, mountain resorts and camping places, and information about hotels and cottages, has just been issued by the Southern Pacific company. Thirty-five thousand copies have been printed for free distribution and are being widely distributed throughout the United States, among the scenes illustrated are some in Linn county. The cover and reproduction of Crater Lake on the center spread are works of art in four colors and its free for the asking at S. P. offices.

(Continued on page 4)

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