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 Halsey, Oregon
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He discouraged the society of Crink and Thud, and withdrew to her favorite seat for purposes of meditation. Throwing herself down in the shade of a weeping willow, she proceeded to translate her outburst of assurance into plans for concrete achievement.

"By jingoes!" she said to herself. "I gotta get that money in a lump. This ain't no dice-bank stunt. It's a race between me and Christmas, and I'm going to get there first." Miss Penfield leaped over and pummeled the ground with her fist. "Jim gosh! D'you hear? I'm gonna!"

Having registered her determination both verbally and physically, she felt considerably relieved. Lifting her eyes, she shook off her tenseness and surveyed the world in a wholly receptive mood. A boy was whistling around the corner. He came in sight, distributing handbills. Lettie watched him climb steps, slip a dodger under the door, run down again, climb other steps.

Her gaze ceased to follow the boy, became fixed, dreamy. Her body was motionless. "By George!" she murmured. "I'm getting an idea. I can 'most see it."

It developed that this particular idea was not to be captured in the space of ten seconds, but Lettie stayed by with incredible patience. Finally the mental vision was clarified. She sprang to her feet, wild with excitement and hope, and dashed off several blocks to one of her hunting grounds, the free edge of a lumber yard. Here she rummaged until she had collected a number of long, light pieces of wood which she bound together with an old wire and dragged home.

The afternoon and all of the following day were spent by Lettie in the most secluded corner of the Penfield back yard, and no king in his castle was ever more unapproachable. Crink and Thud were left in no doubt regarding her desire for isolation. The beloved Fil Caesar was fended off with an active coldness that wounded his affectionate nature. Bonnie Geraldine limped about the yard without exciting even the fleeting compassion of her mistress.

Mrs. Penfield, glancing from the window occasionally at the small figure busily working with hatchet and nails, sticks and old wire, was moved to pity over the disappointment which she feared was in store. It was evident that the child's whole being was on success and that she was risking everything on one venture. And yet how could she make anything out of her little old scraps that anybody would buy? The tears gathered in Mrs. Penfield's eyes as she imagined the probable crumbling of Lettie's hopes.

Every little while there would be a spunking of steps through the yard, a flash of black curls through the door, a furious beating on the temper gong. "Take that, will you?" Lettie would cry, addressing a spirit within herself, often addressed before. "Lords, I'll beat you. You make me tired—all time trying to—get me! Now how do you feel?"

The temper gong had long since ceased to be a thing of wood. Lettie's imagination had endowed it with a fraction of her own nature, the undesirable fraction, and she scolded and threatened and pounded it with a fury that was sharper because of the personification.

Mrs. Penfield traced the frequency of these demonstrations to undue exertion. "Lettie, dear, don't work so hard."

she remonstrated. "Pensie, darling, I gotta," replied Lettie firmly. "There ain't much time, and the old thing balks on me."

But in the middle of the second forenoon Lettie came into the house with impressive triumph. Her steps were measured, her head high.

"She works," announced the child, with a brief nod toward the contrivance she was carrying. It was a long, slender stick with wires at one end, but Lettie gave no explanation of its purpose. Instead, she took it into the bedroom and hid it jealously behind her own sleeping box.

She scrubbed her face and hands to the full capacity of soap and water, brushed her black curls with conscientious vigor, and put on her better gluglum dress. For a moment she stared in dismay at her shabby shoes. Mrs. Penfield had bought them when Lettie first arrived, but they had necessarily been cheap ones, and the inevitable had happened.

"I don't care!" decided Lettie, with a toss of her head. "The upper part of me's as good as anybody, and I'll keep folks busy looking at that. Some day I'll have lots of shoes—lots of 'em."

Upheld by the redundant luxury of the future, Lettie set forth. Her objective had been in mind from the first. Part of the information which she had picked up in her open-air life was the system by which advertising material is distributed. She had known more than one boy who was employed by The Widenwake Advertising agency, and her present visit was to headquarters.

The office was an informal affair, a narrow room on the ground floor. The company consisted of one man and an



"Mr. Abbott, Feel Like Seeing Miss Penfield?"

office boy. It was the latter who stepped forward when Lettie entered. She hugged tight to the counter by way of concealing her shoes from the view of the critical, but her head was very high.

"Is the manager in?"

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

The manager was undeniably in Lettie herself could see him, a stout man with heavy eyebrows, sitting at a desk behind the counter. But the young man was a person of evasion.

"What can I do for you?" he said, with a lazy smile.

"You can let me see the manager," informed Lettie, coolly. "I got business with him."

"Have you?" drawled the young man. "Who'll I tell him?"

Lettie considered swiftly. This was a business errand. It was a time for dignity. One could not be too careful. "Tell him Miss Penfield," she replied, proudly.

The young man laughed aloud, but Lettie stared at him with unflinching composure. The room was so small that every word uttered in it was distinctly audible to all its occupants. Therefore the stout man at the desk was accurately posted on the interview to date. Nevertheless, his assistant turned toward him, seemingly by a pivotal movement of his elbow on the counter, and inquired:

"Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss Penfield?"

Mr. Abbott faced about, appraised Lettie without any indication of joy, and shrugged a bored shoulder.

"Let her come in," he said indifferently.

Lettie went.

Mr. Abbott smiled lazily at the small creature who had settled into the chair at the side of his desk. He was evidently inclined to underrate the seriousness of the impending interview.

"What's eating you, kid?" he inquired good-naturedly.

Lettie shot him a glance of scornful reproach. "I come to talk business," she announced coldly.

"Well, talk it then. What's the hitch?"

Thus encouraged, Lettie jumped straight from the shore into the middle of the pond. "I gotta scheme—a grand scheme that'll save you heaps of money. Heaps and heaps!" she added, waving her lean arms to indicate a sum approaching dazzling proportions.

"You don't say! What's the scheme?"

"Well—" Lettie squirmed to the edge of her chair in expansive excitement. "Well, I been watching your boys, how they all time walk, walk—like up steps—like down—and—(ain't necessary, I gotta scheme that cuts out the steps. It—"

"Oh! Sort of wrecking machine?"

Lettie stamped her feet, first one and then the other, in a staccato performance highly compelling in its own way. "Quit laughing! I got it all doped out, and it works. This—this machine of mine holds the card or the handbill, and the boy holds the machine, and—"

A gust of laughter shook Mr. Abbott's ample shoulders. "Branch on the tree, tree in the ground, green grass—"

With a spring, Lettie came to her feet. "Shut up!" she shrieked. "Don't you dare to make fun of me. You'll get me—Oh, excuse—"

Limply she dropped back into her chair. It had occurred to her vaguely that business must be conducted not according to natural changes of feeling, but by heroic methods calculated to coax results. And because Mr. Abbott happened to be amused by daylight fireworks, he languidly gave her another chance.

"Excuse me," repeated Lettie, by way of emphasizing her contrition. "I get excited thinking 'bout this here machine." A bright smile danced across her small mouth and lighted up her black eyes. "You see, it's a wonderful scheme. All the boy has to do is to stand at the bottom of the steps and shoot the card under the door—I got it all doped out how—and then while he's billing to the next house, he puts another card into the—"

The swivel chair creaked suddenly, as Mr. Abbott jerked himself to an erect position. The mocking laziness disappeared from his face, like the lifting of morning fog. "Where's your machine?" he demanded.

"It's at home. I—"

"Fraid I'd steal it, eh? Well, I can tell you—"

"Oh, no-o," interrupted Lettie breathlessly. Her black eyes sprang wide as she glimpsed the hideousness of failure. "I—I thought I'd see if you were interested, 'cause if you are, I—I'd make machines for you—for a dollar apiece. And, honest, they—" In her eagerness to forestall refusal, she rushed madly through all the points of her scheme, instead of marshaling them diplomatically, as she had planned.

Mr. Abbott took up his pencil and found his place in the account book from which he had been taking notes. It was painfully evident that his easy tolerance was exhausted. His good nature was in lumps, like pocket free gold, and after a few minutes one confronted the bitterness of country rock. Sensing this reversal of attitude, Lettie grew cold with prickles of ghastly fear. Before her mental vision swam a misty picture of Christmas tree, gifts, jollity, cheer; it flickered dimly, receded farther—and farther. She gasped.

"Oh, please be instructed," she begged, pounding a small brown fist into her open palm. "Honest, I'll save you heaps—"

"Save nothing! Spouting your pipe dream worked, it'd take a boy as long to load up the contraption—"

"But even if it did," broke in Lettie eagerly, "it'd pay 'cause he'd be more excited and—"

"I ain't aiming to get my boys ex-

cited. My line ain't revivals; it's advertising. Now you run long oars here while I'm still holding on to my temper. Do you hear?"

Lettie rose swiftly, her face white with fear, her eyes blazing with intensity. "You gotta listen—Honest, you'd get more work out of your boys. I'll bring it; I'll show you; I'll—"

(To be continued)

Union High School
 Some of the Reasons Why Halsey Wants It

The Halsey high school is confronted with a crisis. If the present enrollment continues, two new teachers must be added in order that the requirements of a standard high school be met. If two new teachers are added, there must be two new classrooms.

The town district feels that no high school is worth maintaining that is not kept standard, for high institutions give no recognition to a diploma from such a school, and pupils who during their course transfer to a standard school must take examinations covering all the subjects studied in the non-standard institution. Neither can Halsey financially afford to lose its standardization, for then the local district would receive none of the county high school tax money.

There are only two logical ways of preserving the standard: (1) A reduction in the enrollment or (2) the creation of a union high school district, so that all will share alike in the cost of educating their children.

At present over fifty per cent of the students come from adjoining districts. District 41 cannot bear the burden of constructing a new high school for those who come from outside, in that if only its own students attend, a new building will not be needed. Instead of planning upon barring outside students, Halsey asks the contiguous territory to join with her in forming a union high school district.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding prevalent concerning the proposed change. Here follows some explanation:

1. This has nothing to do with the elementary children. No attempt will be made to consolidate the grammar grades.

2. It will not place a heavy burden upon the taxpayers. Sweet Home's tax levy for the past three years has been: 1920, 1.8 mills; 1921, 2.1; and 1922, 1.70. Elton union high school district, in Douglas county, levied only 1 mill of tax. Think of it! Other union high schools with low levies are: Sandy (Clackamas) 2.3; Gold Beach (Curry), 1.2; Long Creek (Grant), 1.4; Crane (Harney), 2.3; Crow (Lane), 1.9; Nehalem (Tillamook), 1.5, and Helix (Umatilla), 1.8. Thus, you see, give the country people a more economical school than they could have under the old system, which in this county requires all districts not maintaining a school of their own to pay 2.5 mills into a county high school fund. This data is from the official directory (1922-23) of the state department of education and is for the year 1921, as the figures for 1922 are not available in pamphlet form. Almost invariably the cost of a union high school is less. A number of other union high schools have almost as low a tax levy as the aforementioned.

Another thing to be considered is that the union high school movement is comparatively a new one in Oregon and thus many of these districts are paying for new buildings. My prediction is that after the building is paid for the cost will never total more than 2.5 mills and will probably be less. In Clackamas county the high school levy is 6 mills and it is improbable that the levy in Linus will ever be less than 2.5 mills. Compare the figures for union high schools with those for such schools as Beaverton with 33.3; Sumpter and Bridge with over 30; and Lakeside with 28.5. Then the comparison means something. Seio and Lebanon of this county made a levy of over 19 mills for 1921-1922.

3. The tax levy and bonds are voted by the people. As a majority of taxpayers of the proposed union high school will be without the present town district, it will be impossible for the people of the present local district to vote additional levies without consent of the remaining members. It is inconceivable that a union high school district of this community will ever enter into an orgy of expenditures. In 1921 only one other place in the state had a lower cost per high school pupil than Halsey. Then, too, when a union high school district is established, a new school board of five members is elected by all the districts that have consolidated.

4. A district does not have to remain in the union high school district and pay the levies for all time to come. A bill recently went into effect, which makes it possible for

any district dissatisfied with a union high school to withdraw if a petition is signed by the local voters and the district boundary board reports favorably.

The last two points constitute a satisfactory answer to an objection recently published in the Halsey Enterprise, which read: "Almost every one would be willing to consolidate if it was only to enable Halsey to obtain the money paid for high school purposes, but we realize that we would be subject to additional levies that might be voted at any time and for all time to come."

An article on the advantages of a union high school will follow next week.

HENRY F. ENGLISH,
 Principal of the Halsey Schools.

\$6.50 Dining Table
 almost new
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 New Thrashing Machine Self Feeder
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Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Farm help is scarce in the county. Roland Marks is filling a good position in a Tacoma drug store.

Marion Kizer, a pioneer, aged 85, died Saturday at the home of his son, Francis, near Rowland.

Miss Donna Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Moody were initiated by the Rebekahs last week.

Miss Mona Bond, having graduated at Monmouth, has come home to teach school. Balf and his mother and LaVelle Palmer were present at the graduation exercises. Miss Margaret Tallman of Klaniath Falls, a Monmouth student, came home with them.

Jess Davis has filed his appeal from conviction in the justice court at Albany on the charge of maintaining a public nuisance and is out on a \$500 bond.

The school election Monday was not exciting. W. P. Wahl was elected director in place of C. H. Koontz. There were no other changes.

Col. Sudell is crying a number of auction sales these days and good prices are being realized. Monday he sold twenty cows for H. E. Garbe at Harrisburg, getting about \$50 apiece.

We advise farm owners who want to sell to answer the Illinois advertisement under "Paid for Paragraphs." It may lead to a sale. But don't let any stranger induce you to part with money in the hope of a possible sale nor for advertising in any far-away paper.

Mrs. C. G. Gullford and son, Clifford of Woodburn, were week-end guests of her brother, W. L. Norton and family.

On account of the pioneer picnic at Brownsville there will be no picture show at the Rialto this week.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wahl was the scene of a party Friday night, when the losing side in a Women's Foreign Missionary society contest entertained the winning side. The program included an address of welcome by Mrs. F. H. Hadley, response by Mrs. Sidney J. Smith; talk in the costume of India by Miss Nettie J. Spencer; talk "Our Object," by Mrs. D. S. McWilliams; song, Edna Van Nice; talk, "Alaska," by Rev. C. T. Cook. The culminating event was a "weenie" roast around a bonfire.—Cor. Democrat.

Mrs. L. E. Walton and son, James, are home from their Portland visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Patton of Seattle, together with Mrs. Olin B. Stalnaker of Corvallis, surprised their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Patton, by arriving Tuesday at their home. Mrs. Stalnaker returned home Wednesday and Mr. and Mrs. Patton remained until Friday morning.—Cor. Democrat.

Rev. C. T. Cook preached the funeral sermon over Mrs. N. A. McCain at Harrisburg Sunday. The widower conducts a store there.

Miss Bond succeeds Mrs. Bray as teacher.

Miss Willamina Cororan is housemaid at the home of Prof. English.

At the W. P. Wahl home Friday night the winners in the M. E. W. F. M. society contest were entertained by the losers. Mrs. Frank Hadley gave an address of welcome, Mrs. S. J. Smith responded, Miss Nettie talked on costumes in India, Mrs. D. S. McWilliams spoke of the objects of the society, Edna Van Nice sang and Rev. C. T. Cook lectured on Alaska. Then came a bonfire and a "weenie" roast.

Rev. McCain, former pastor here, and wife were here from Toledo over the week-end.

Mesdames Douglas and George Taylor and Lawrence were in Portland Sunday.

Arthur Wesley, one of those from here who were so much benefited in health at Broten Springs, and D. H. Sturtevant and family went there last week. Mrs. Sturtevant came home again.

Dellis Cornutt, of Shedd, Linn county boy, is eligible as one of the 20 to go on the boys' and girls' club Northwestern Holstein tour. They will leave Portland June 26 and go to Chehalis and from there to Seattle, and visit cities and farms on the way. June 28 they will have a picnic dinner at the Carnation farms. They are winner of the Stuart Special, a \$500 prize to pay the expenses of 20 livestock club boys and girls who made the best exhibit of dairy breeds at the Pacific International livestock show, offered by E. A. Stuart, owner of the Carnation stock farms.

(Continued on page 4)