

DISHES

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and was so considered by the family. Mrs. Penfield had agreed to men, women, children and dogs; but when it came to hens, her enthusiasm waned. Her formal objection was based on Bonnie Geraldine's timid nature and the temperamental anguish which she might endure if forced to meet society in the mass, but Lettie proposed to ease the sensibilities of the young Plymouth Rock by bringing her in a box, tethered to remain therein. The matter was discussed, but left to circumstances for final decision.

Lorene and Dick Chase had returned from their honeymoon and had accepted their invitation.

"We'll ask her to sing," decided Crink, who had a wary eye out for the entertainment of the guests whom Lettie was seriously assembling.

"Indeed you won't!" exclaimed Mrs. Penfield, looking up in shocked surprise from the candy bag she was making out of an old net curtain. "I'd be 'shamed to death if you asked Lorene. Why, Crink, don't you know she's been in a choir for a year and been paid for it? 'Taint never polite to ask a person to sing free after he's learned how."

"Botheration!" cried Crink. "Ain't that the outer limit? Well, say, Penzie, I could just tell her how grand I think she sings, and mebbe she'd offer. Couldn't I?"

"It has been done," smiled Mrs. Penfield. "That's about the only polite way to manage it."

Lettie, down on the floor with Crink and Thad, untangling scraps of colored string that had been collected through many months, looked up in dismay. "Landy gracious, Penzie, have we got to watch ev'rything we say to the party?"

"Now you've got it," chuckled Uncle Jerry, the expert corn-popper. "Minute you go in for high life, you get into difficulties." He emptied the final contribution into the pan of fragrant popped corn and guided the "old maids" into a cup. Turning, he looked down on the three solemn youngsters with a twinkle in his merry eyes. "Seeing as you're going in for parties, there's a few rules you'll have to learn. First one is: There's two things you ain't never to talk 'bout 'fore outsiders. One's your soul, and the other's your toothbrush. They're your own private property, and nobody else cares a hang."

"Huh!" scoffed Lettie. "If that's all there is to it, I got it learned a'ready." "Taint all there is to it, Lettie," laughed Mrs. Penfield. "If it's rules you want, I'll give you one that'll be simple to remember, and it'll cover the whole ground, too. If you want folks to have a good time in your house, all you got to do is to forget yourself and feel friendly. If you'll keep those two things working in your heart, you won't go far wrong in any entertaining."

"Carline," commented Jerry Winston, with mock reproach, "you can sure be depended on for taking the short cuts."

"I shouldn't wonder," she returned, good-naturedly. "I like the easy way 'cause it's so much easier. Besides, I never heard that you got any more blackberries 'cause you was scratched with nettles while you picked 'em. Seems like a lot of folk measure results by the pain they suffered bringing 'em about. Lettie, you'd better turn your candy out on a plate, and we'll sagger how much to allow to a bag. I'm going to season the popcorn while it's hot."

He picked up his hat. "I'll be back in a little while. I got a notion I can rustle something for the dinner tomorrow."

"Oh, Uncle Jerry," protested Mrs. Penfield. "I got ev'rything planned. We're going to have—"

"You wait till I get back 'fore you plan," interrupted Uncle Jerry, and he went out so quickly that Mrs. Penfield's expostulations fell on the empty air.

Repeated countings failed to shake the conclusion that Plain Mixed had yielded only forty-eight candles. Three were apportioned to each tiny net bag

of popcorn, since only the younger guests were to receive this particular treat.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Sanders rang the bell at Number 47 and brought three parcels tied with red ribbons.

"They're for the children," she smiled.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Penfield, overwhelmed. "Why, it wasn't right for you to bother 'bout—"

"Don't say that," interrupted Mrs. Sanders. "It's been the best thing for me that ever happened. Mind how I

hain't called you over for one of those—those attacks lately? Well, when I've felt one coming on, I've gone to work on these things—hard." She pointed to the gifts. "They've been what's saved me—but I thought mebbe the children could use 'em. That's what started me making 'em, but I got more good out of 'em than anybody else will."

"You're a dear friend," acknowledged Mrs. Penfield warmly. "I hope you—"

"You'll have a brighter New Year."

"I'm planning to do diff'rent; that's one thing sure. I'll tell you about it pretty soon."

As Mrs. Penfield went back into the house, Lettie came dancing in from a trip to the yard to feed popcorn to Bonnie Geraldine.

"Oh, Penzie," she cried, "what do you s'pose I done? You couldn't guess, ever. I wished Mr. Wopple a Merry Christmas. Wasn't that a queer thing? But I was feeling so happy that I forgot all 'bout how mean he is—and ev'rything. And minute I said it, he was real decent."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "I guess you'd think he was decent all the time if you was decent yourself all the way through," she commented mildly.

"What? Ain't I?"

"Why, of course you're not. That's what's the matter. What do you s'pose Mr. Wopple thinks of a little girl that has to beat a temper gong and storms around and says sharp things?"

"What does he think of me?" Lettie repeated slowly. "Why, I never thought of that. My landy Goshen! I'm gonna study it out after Christmas and see what there is in it."

"It'll be a good scheme," agreed Mrs. Penfield briskly. "And now see here, children, I'm going to let you open

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these here presents right now, if you want to, 'cause there may be something in 'em that you'll want tonight."

There ensued a small whirlwind in the kitchen. Amidst a great rustling of paper and many shrieks of joyous surprise, the gifts were drawn forth:



The Gifts Were Drawn Forth.

a brown serge dress for Lettie, a gray sweater for Crink, a little suit for Thad. Mrs. Penfield's regret was that the donor could not have stayed to know the ecstasy which her thoughtfulness had brought to three children, inexperienced in the ways of gifts.

Excitement rose again to a dangerously high point when Uncle Jerry returned with two wild ducks and a bag of rice. Would there be a Christmas dinner the next day in the Penfield household? Would there?

Everything was ready for the party and the financial score ran like this:

Carfare for tree	20 cents
3 yards tinsel	10 cents
6 candles and holders	10 cents
Candy	10 cents
Popcorn	10 cents
Tablet paper	10 cents
Manila envelopes	10 cents
Spool of thread	5 cents
Stick of candy	1 cent
Total	85 cents

It was a wonderful evening. The three young Penfields went through it as in a happy dream. They could no more believe in its reality than the caged bird can believe in sudden freedom. Here was not merely a good time, but the climax of bliss, the essence of things long hoped for. The air was full of the pungency of fir boughs. And there was the tree itself in a corner of the living-room, its branches hung with tinsel. Lettie's three yards of this ethereal trimming had been separated into cunning lengths and disposed with an appearance of abundance. And candles! They could not be denied. Six of them! There were four strings of popcorn in a graduated terrace; walnut shells, decorated with whatever paint had offered; eggshells also, with bright pictures affixed! And what matter if the contents of these latter had gone to the nourishment of other tenants in the Custard Cup? The decorative possibilities had been saved for the Penfield tree.

And then the presents! For every child: a pictorial eggshell, a picture puzzle, a net bag of popcorn and candy; for every adult, an appropriate blot and verse, and a picture puzzle!

The hardest thing was to wait till half-past seven, the hour at which the guests were bidden. At twenty-five minutes past, the candles were lighted, a schedule which precluded the waste of wax without a justifiable number of observers. It was too touch. A long-drawn "Oh-h-h!" expressed the complete gratification of all the Penfields. From that time on, fairland was an open book. Thad's blue eyes were unbelievably wide, and he tiptoed about in an awed and silent ecstasy. Crink was full of important errands, having gratuitously assumed responsibilities for salient features of the evening.

As for Lettie, she was not the same child that had struggled into Mrs. Penfield's kitchen three months before, undernourished, blindly resentful against the harshness of an unthinking world, ready to fight anything and anyone to keep her starved soul in her starved body—a creature forced by the indifference of society into reversion to elemental instincts, to primitive pugnacity. Without volition she had been shot into a scheme of things that had no place for her, that frowned upon her with heavy disapproval. She had been saved from the attitude that might have followed—the attitude of a society that later holds up its hands in a shock of horror and repudiates the menace that its own carelessness has nurtured. It will always be so until that society ceases to segregate its human strays, to be housed in correct stone buildings and fed from long-handled spoons, and routes to the inalienable right of the individual to individual care.

Tonight Lettie was radiant. She might later know joy that would be broader and deeper, but it could never more fully inundate her capacity. Her thin cheeks were beginning to take on the curve of health; her black curls

were neat and glossy; and she was wearing the new serge dress presented by Mrs. Sanders. As she flew busily through the rooms, she stopped now and then for a look of indifferent disdain at the temper gong. Could it be possible that she had needed that—or ever would again? In her present state of beatitude, certainly not. The hours of happiness are not the hours of trial.

"We'll have to play sit-down games," decided Crink, surveying the tight rows of chairs which he had borrowed for the occasion.

"Yes, Crink," laughed Mrs. Penfield, "but you can see how lucky 'tis that this was a barn. If it hadn't been built 'nough for horses, we couldn't never have this grand party."

Even so, the only thing that made the space sufficient was previous engagements on the part of several tenants. In consequence, there were only thirty-five who gathered and squeezed happily into the borrowed chairs; but they all brought their most flattering exclamations and used them freely. Even Mr. Wopple smiled, by which token the jollity of the others may be imagined.

Game followed game, and the merriment increased as by its own momentum. Crink Penfield was noted in conference with Lorene Chase, and shortly thereafter it was made known that she had a new Christmas song. Enthusiasm grew. She gave them more songs. Her clear voice filled The Custard Cup with melody.

All this time the tree stood waiting, but its turn came at last. Impressively Dick Chase read off the names; with prodigal flourish the little Penfields made distribution. Surprise was unparalleled. Exclamations were doubled, trebled.

And even this was not the end. Rather it was the prelude. Because immediately thereafter, refreshments were served. They were Crink's contribution, and his pride in this act of hospitality was well-nigh suffocating. A few days before Mr. Drake had given him a large tin box of cakes which a wholesale delivery boy had dropped on the floor. The cakes, assorted to begin with, had been further



Never Before Had They Had So Wonderful a Feast.

and unsaleably assorted by the fall; but there were a few whole ones, and these had been skillfully arranged as top layers on the plates which were now passed. Mr. Drake's Christmas to Crink had been a small package each of sugar and raisins and a dozen oranges. Crink, in an embarrassment which had all but choked him, had asked if he might have lemons instead of the oranges. The exchange had been made, and the one dozen had become two, a marvelous piece of fortune, because everybody knows that one lemon is equal to two oranges any day when it comes to flavoring a given amount of water.

It was a long time after the paper plates and cups had been gathered up before the party dispersed and left the Penfields to happy memories. Not alone memories, either! The tree was still there, and Christmas day was yet to come.

"My landy goodness!" cried Lettie. "I don't never want to see anything sweller'n that party was. It sure hit the stars for class."

"I guess we're pretty rich," piped Thad, skinning a finger of fir to determine exactly how sticky it was. "We sure got rich feelings," agreed Mrs. Penfield. "And that's as much as millions of money can put inside you."

"Yes, I s'pose so," corroborated Lettie, politely but with evident reservations. "Say, Penzie, wouldn't Mr. Wopple beat you stiff? He wished me a Merry Christmas."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Land, Lettie, what do you think folks are—hard-and-fast little sticks of wood? They mostly ain't nothing 't all except what you think they are. Chances are, if you think a feller is mean, you're just confessing the way you acted to him first."

"My patience!" sighed Lettie. "Life is awful hard to get used to."

"Well, by George!" broke in Crink. "I'm glad this here Christmas ain't over yet. There's still them roast ducks to be et tomorrow."

(To be continued)

JULY 5, 1923

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street. Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 7 cents; 3 for 20c. Wedding cakes to order.

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Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

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Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges. Funeral directors. 427-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

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Miller Motor Sales Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

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Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Many grand loganberries will go unpicked.

A daughter came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Seefeld Thursday night.

Yesterday, the nation's birthday, Mrs. Sarah Helmick of Albany was 100 years old.

The Arrow garage has a Rap-idayton speed pump and its gasoline is under a cement floor.

Bruce Miller and David Langmick of Lebanon have bought an airplane instead of an auto.

Until he makes arrangements for a residence here A. A. Tussing is living at the hotel Halsey.

No change has been made in the number of grade and high teachers in the Halsey schools.

Delos Clark, Kenneth and Jesse Cross and William Corcoran were a 4th of July party visiting Newport.

Rev V. K. Allison has filed a new complaint asking that Jess Davis be bound over to keep the peace.

Thirteen-year-old Florence Hart of Crawfordville fell from a cherry tree Thursday and broke a rib over her heart and fears were felt for the result.

The Far West manufacturing company's plans to move from Albany to Eugene have materialized and buildings are being erected for its new home.

Dad's and Mam's restaurant, on the Pacific highway here, is turning some neat pennies catering to autoists who avail of free camping opportunity on the adjacent vacant ground.

E. W. Blehm of Harrisburg cut his thumb practically off a few weeks ago. He clapped it promptly back and had it sewed there and in two weeks it was about as good as ever.

Two garages, a restaurant, a blacksmith shop, a cream station and a moving picture house already face Halsey's pavement on the Pacific highway and two general stores, facing other streets, about thereon.

We printed an item last week about the father of J. P. Hunter, and in some unknown manner got the initials "S. C." substituted for "J. P." The men are not related and S. C. had not authorized the Enterprise to find a new father for him.

Drawn on the new jury panel of 100 there are, from this part of the county, Frank A. Smith, Fred H. Weber, Mary Welch, Mary A. Dougherty, F. J. Eggleston, Jessie M. Carothers, E. E. Coon, Guy W. Frumwell, William Courtney and Pleasant Robnett.

Friday Mrs. Frank Lindeman, from near Jordan, sent to the Tribune office one plant of the Ettiensburg strawberry that stood about eighteen inches tall and had 310 berries. This strawberry is said to withstand frost and to be able to produce four to six tons per acre. It is said the canneries cannot get enough of it.—Seio Tribune.

At the drawing for a \$100 over-stuffed davenport at Bartcher & Rohrbach's Saturday, advertised in last week's Enterprise, the winning number was 12,866. The holder was not identified. Failure to appear by July 15 will forfeit the prize, which will then go to the holder of the next number drawn. A \$100 Victrola will be given in the same way the last Saturday in December.

About \$4,000 was realized at W. A. Carey's auction sale last Thursday, and practically all the personal property offered, except the thrasher and engine, was sold. The Jersey cows brought \$1,000 apiece. People attended from Eugene, Junction City, Monroe, Albany and other parts. Money seems to be comfortably plentiful in the valley. Mr. Carey expresses appreciation of the part Auctioneer Suttell and Sales Manager Rhoten had in bringing about the success of the sale.

Parker and Johnson escaped from the county jail Sunday afternoon. The former, who fired the shot that killed Sheriff Dunlap, was recaptured near by, but Johnson got away. Their trial had been set for July 16, after their attorney had announced that he would not ask for a change of venue. They got out by digging a hole in the brick wall above the cell they occupied, piling the de-

(Continued on page 3)

Automobile Insurance

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