

DISHES

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"Oh, Uncle Jerry," She Called.

the crank in the erstwhile barn-door at Number 47 and delivered a letter to Mrs. Penfield. She opened the letter wondering and read it twice before she could comprehend its meaning. It was written on heavy white paper, with Mrs. Weatherstone's address engraved.

"Dear Mrs. Penfield:" It ran. "Will you do me the honor to accept a few articles which I have gathered up around the house in the course of our refurbishing and shall send to you tomorrow? Think of them, please, as the co-operation of one mother with another for those who have no mother. If at any time you should hear of anyone else who is doing for orphan children a service similar to your own, will you kindly let me know?"

"Sincerely yours,
"ANNETTE WEATHERSTONE."
Mrs. Penfield dropped the letter and sat for a long time, thinking. "Mrs. Weatherstone's got real feelings," was the thought uppermost in her mind. "She knows I wouldn't accept anything for myself, and she knows I can't refuse things for children that ain't my own. Between the two, I don't see's I can do anything—except to thank her best I know how."

Mrs. Penfield would never forget the lean days between Christmas and New Year's. As never before she had realized by how frail a shield she was protecting three children from want and suffering. A slight disturbance in the established routine could reduce them to immediate distress, and as rapidly as feasible she must accumulate an emergency fund which would make a recurrence of those days impossible.

She was realizing, too, that with every year now, the children would legitimately require a greater outlay, if they were to have the equipment to which they were entitled—the ordinary advantages, the training for some particular work, the clothing which could not always be homemade. Both in her own home and here in The Custard Cup she had dealt with young children; she had not by experience struggled with the increasing demands with increases in years.

Mrs. Penfield gave up her shopping plan and took off her hat. She must wait till the nature of the "few articles" was disclosed before she could select the things which would be most needed.

So had, however, taken the letter so literally that she was wholly unprepared for the arrival of a small van the following morning. It was evident that Mrs. Weatherstone's courteous eye had taken in the outfit of apple boxes as thoroughly as had the more critical gaze of Mrs. Wopple. It was also evident that she had made her selections with more discrimination than had occurred with the assignments previously bestowed upon Number 47.

The four beds and the bedding—also the four mattresses, so comfortable that they logically necessitated the alarm clock which was found ticking in a small box—were suspiciously new, but everything else bore evidence of having been used, a fact which made the gift the pleasanter.

It was astonishing how quickly and adequately these furnishings were fitted into the flat which had been Mrs. Sanders'. The two large plain rugs in the living-room and dining-room, the small rugs in the bedrooms, the beds, a small dining table, plain chairs, rocking chairs, to say nothing of a set of blue dishes and a box of plated silver! There were curtains that could be changed to fit; dresses and coats that could be remade. There

were four pictures in plain frames. When Mrs. Penfield had unwrapped them, she stood back with her finger pressing out the smile on her lips. "All right," she acknowledged under her breath. "As Lettie would say, I get you, Mrs. Weatherstone."

The pictures went up, and the tin-can labels went down together with the lifelike bananas and the vigorous old man who advocated cigarettes. The installation of Bonnie Geraldine was one of the first ceremonies to take place. She and her winter quarters were transferred in toto, and so skillfully that she seemed not to know that she had moved at all, which is the greatest tribute any hen can pay to a change of abode. It was far otherwise with the young Fillbuster Caesar Penfield. He was wild with excitement and had to be forcibly detained in the new back yard until he should take a saner, less active view of the life of luxury about to unfold around him.

"Lucky thing we're got him, though," observed Crink. "I couldn't never hold up my head in a stylish place like this 'less we had us a nice dog."

"I ain't so bowled over," declared Lettie, with an assumption of great carelessness. "It's dandy, but we been living fine ever since I froze on to this family."

"Children," said Mrs. Penfield briskly, "you're ris in the world a step or two, and there's responsibilities connected with it. Higher up the ladder you go, the more you got to stretch your moral nature. Now there's one thing you plumb sure got to do from now on. You got to give up prowling."

"Oh," scoffed Crink, vastly relieved. "I 'bout gave that up when I got a steady job a couple hours a day."

"I don't prowl," contributed Thad, his soft eyelashes raying out from his widened eyes. Lettie was silent.

"I mean you, too, Lettie," continued Mrs. Penfield. "From now on, you can't prowl; you can't be dragging in stuff; you can't scramble over dumps."

"Why, Penzie," cried the child in dismay, "all my life—I've had to—and I got the habit—and—"

"You've got to give it up," repeated Mrs. Penfield firmly. "You'll have lots of other things to do—study and read and sew and cook. You must remember that you got a fine home now, and a bed to sleep in, and grand clothes to wear, and heaps to eat—and you got to live up to it."

Lettie stared at her solemnly out of wide black eyes. It was evident that the wreckage of the world was calling to her, with the allure of infinite variety, with the promise of endless potentiality. Her thin chest heaved. She threw out her arm in a gesture of utter renunciation.

"All right," she gulped. "I'll do it if it kills me. I gotta stay with you, Penzie."

It was while Mrs. Penfield was exulting with Crink over the possession of a front window, which gave a charming view of the driveway and the pepper tree, that she saw Uncle Jerry coming rapidly into The Custard Cup, in his arms an enormous sheaf of long-stemmed roses, glowing red through the thin paper covering. She lifted the window.

"Oh, Uncle Jerry," she called, "come right in and see ev'rything. It's just—"

"Well—oh—well, Car'line," stammered Uncle Jerry, "I'm in kind of a hurry. I—I'll come in later. I—I got some news for you."

She looked into his genial face, ruddy with embarrassed color under

the tan. "Oh, I know," she said softly. "You've fixed it up with—"

He nodded happily. "Say, ain't I lucky? 'Cause she's the real thing—and so—so fine! I didn't scarcely b'lieve she'd take a rough old lumberman like me."

"I'm delighted she did," responded Mrs. Penfield warmly. "I'll be glad to see both of you having a home."

She watched him go on up Miss Haggood's steps, carrying his shoulders proudly, bearing flowers to the gentle lady who had put aside her dreams to live the life of the present. Then she closed the window and went back to her work.

There was to be a supper that in itself would be a house-warming. With her usual forethought Mrs. Penfield had told the members of her family that it would be a fine spread—this time with supplementary details that added overwhelmingly to the weight of her statement. There were to be muffins and honey for the first course; and for the second, a tapioca pudding.

It was only the middle of the afternoon, but preparations were already under way. Crink had been dispatched to the store to get the honey. Mrs. Penfield was setting the table in the dining-room. From the window she could catch a glimpse of the hills, kissed green by the recent rains. Last week it had been winter; today it was spring. With the charming caprice that is California's, January had said: "I was trying to give you some winter, but I couldn't hold to it."

Mrs. Penfield's heart was full of thankfulness as she set out the dishes and placed the silver. She even arranged a centerpiece, a small vase containing a tea rose from a bush that Mrs. Sanders had raised. At last the children were to have the surroundings that help to nurture the home feeling, a feeling which persists if it is incorporated in one's childhood, but which is never built up in exactly the same way if that childhood passes without it. Thoughts of other days, thoughts of the other home that this one called up, knocked persistently against Mrs. Penfield's brain, but she refused to let them enter. Like Miss Haggood, she would live in the present.

The pudding was made. Lettie was beating the whites of the egg for the frosting.

"Jiminy, ain't this fun!" she exclaimed. "I've always wondered how it felt to beat an egg. I could keep at it till kingdom come."

Crink burst in at the kitchen door. "Oh, Penzie," he cried, "ev'rybody's so excited to the store! I got to go right back, but I had to bring—here's the honey—and tell you quick."

Mrs. Penfield took down the can of sugar from the shelf above the sink. "What is it, Crink? What's happened?"

He stood in front of her, breathing hard, his eyes shining with eagerness. "Oh, there's been a terrible accident, and the father and mother were killed, but the baby wasn't and—"

"Crink, what are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Penfield in dismay. "Why, Penzie, the baby. Ev'rybody's talking 'bout it to the store. It ain't got nobody left—not nobody. Its folks wasn't related to any other folks. And ev'rybody that comes in is talking 'bout it." Crink gasped for breath, but jerked out his statements with wild gesticulations. "Ev'rybody's saying what'll become of the baby, and it'll have to go to a 'stutson, and so I thought mebbe—"

Lettie reluctantly relinquished the eggbeater, but zealously advocated the infant. "O Penzie, let's! It'd be such fun! Golly, I'd love to have a—"

Mrs. Penfield stirred sugar into the beaten white and spread the frosting over the pudding. "What's your idea, Crink?" she asked, as she slid the dish into the oven for the final browning. "Well, I thought mebbe we could take it. You see, we ain't got any baby now—Thad's growing up so fast. And I'd like—"

"Oh, can't we have it, please, Penzie," begged Lettie. "A baby's just what we need. There'd be a heap more variety if—"

"Yes, it'd be a good way to get variety," agreed Mrs. Penfield, looking from one eager face to the other. "I expect you're right. Fact is, I been kind o' worried all the afternoon, thinking how fine we got ev'rything, and how much we got to do with, and how easy it's going to be. Why, I ain't got a thing to do now but keep the house and do the washings and look after you three children; I don't have to watch The Custard Cup 't all any more. I know I ain't going to feel right if ev'rything's so easy."

"Oh, then you will— Oh, Penzie, won't you hurry and get there 'fore anybody else wants it?"

"Land, Crink, there ain't never such a rush as that. But I'll change my dress right now and we'll go down— wherever it is. My goodness, I can't wait myself to get hold of that blessed baby."

"Ev'rybody says it's a fine one," put in Crink enthusiastically. "It's healthy, you know—and ev'rything."

"Oh, we'll have such fun raising it!" said Mrs. Penfield briskly. "I just know it's going to work out grand."

Another Jailbreak

Linn county is building a new county courthouse, with a new jail in the plans. It is high time Another prisoner dug his way out of the county jail last week.

The hole through which Johnson and Parker escaped had been bricked up, but he dug it open again and crawled out to liberty. He was Carl Silva, charged, like Johnson and Parker, with stealing an automobile. Sheriff Richards had gone to Gates to arrest Albert Senecal for moonshining. About 11 in the evening he got home and put Senecal in an empty cell, which later proved to be the one Silva was supposed to occupy. That was last week Wednesday night and before morning the jail break was discovered. Senecal pleaded guilty and was fined \$500, which he will board out if he does not join the list of jail breakers.

Dr. Mayo says recent discoveries in medical science have increased the average life of man twelve years.

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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.

Albany Floral Co. Orders filled carefully for everywhere or any time. Flowers, wire anywhere in U. S. or Canada. Flower phone 458-J.

ALBANY GARAGE. "Student-baker" and "Star" automobiles. General repairing and supplies. G. T. Hockensmith.—Lloyd Templeton.

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8.
MRS. BLOUNT.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS at WOODWORTH'S

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

Flood's dry goods store is the best place in Albany to buy dry goods, furnishings and notions. Service is our motto.

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

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

Holman & Jackson—Everything for your table except the linen. Highest quality and prices reasonable. Phone 43. Opposite Postoffice

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. **ALBANY STATE BANK.** Under government supervision.

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

Morton & Speer Service Company Headquarters for good tires. Phone 65. First and Lyon

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STORE. 322 W. First st.

Specialized shoe repairing. Good-year welt sole sewing. White's Shoe Repair Service, Opposite Hotel Albany.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Chinaware and gift shop. 330 West First Albany

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distrib- utors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories. Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

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DR. J. W. COOK, Brownsville

Jots and 'Littles

(Continued from page 1)
C. O. Mays has a new Ford.
W. L. Wells has a new Buick touring car.
E. C. Miller is building a barn at his home.
Marie Sneed and mother accompanied Mrs. Patton to Corvallis Friday to visit at the home of the Stalnakers.
Boys and girls of school age, when accompanied by their parents, will be admitted free on Monday and Thursday at the county fair.

The Hammond Lumber company is being sued for \$40,000 for the death of Robert E. McGuire, who was run over by a logging donkey engine at Mill City Friday, July 13.

Under the new law taking away from county boards of supervisors the raising and appropriation of funds and giving those duties to a state appointed tax supervision commission Governor Pierce has appointed for this county Archie C. Miller, route 3 Albany; Edward Myers, Scio, and J. C. Mayer, Lebanon.

Miss Lucile Jescoska of Salem drove up to the home of N. T. Sneed Sunday to see Marie, but was sadly disappointed to find that she had gone. Accompanying Miss Jescoska was her father, manager of the Morning Statesman, her mother, a sister and a friend. They returned home in the evening.

W. L. Wright, who succeeds to the Wright & Poole undertaking business, has his card in the Enterprise and says that it is his ambition to ever continue the efficient and courteous service he has rendered in the past.

If you have a dog and have not a license for this year you are advised to get the license at once. Otherwise the county which needs all the money it can get, may pounce upon you for a fine and the license to boot. Deputy Sheriff H. M. Moore, who was here Saturday, has a notice elsewhere in this paper on the subject.

J. A. Bilyeu, brother of our late county judge and of Lark Bilyeu of Eugene, died at his home in Salem Friday night. He was 66 years old and a guard at the penitentiary.

The world famous cow Darling's Jolly Lassie, owned by Pickard Brothers of Marion will be at our county fair. She has a record of 1141 pounds of butter fat in a year.

The Lebanon Criticior changes back from a twice-a-week paper to a weekly and A. L. Bostwick becomes sole proprietor. Mr. Loomis becomes proprietor of the Brownsville Times and continues Mr. Brownlow as editor, while he, Loomis, runs a linotype for both papers at Lebanon.

Southern Pacific employees of the Portland division will picnic at Albany Saturday. An attendance of 2500 is expected.

H. E. Freitag and wife, from Albany, drove into the South fork of the Santiam last week and with their buggy and horses were swept down stream about 300 feet, when the horses again touched bottom and pulled the outfit out.

J. L. Palmer's home at Lake Creek was a very popular gathering place for neighbors and friends Wednesday afternoon when the following gathered there: Mrs. H. L. Straley and her brother, Harry Blodgett and son Francis of Spokane, and her daughter, Miss Mearle Straley, Mrs. Thomas Audrey and Mrs. Palmer's mother Mrs. M. C. Bond and her daughter Miss. Mona Bond, and Miss LaVelle Palmer. LaVelle remained at her home for a visit Leone Palmer accompanied her grandmother and aunt home to remain over night.—Halsey Correspondent, in Friday's Herald.

(Continued on page 4)

American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.

Hay is worth just as much in storage as you might get for it in case of fire. The American Eagle Fire Insurance company will pay you 85% of the cash value in case of loss by fire.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent