

Frank Merriwell and Deadshot Dick. astray by other boys, but had re-

formed. Jim Irwin had a distinct feeling of optimism. Newton had quit tobacco and beer, casually stating to Jim that he was "in training." Since Jim had shown his ability to administer a knockout to that angry chauffeur, he seemed to this hobbledehoy peculiarly a proper person for athletic confidences.

Newton's mind seemed gradually filling up with new interests. Jim attributed much of this to the clear mountain atmosphere which surrounded Raymond Simms, the ignorant barbarian driven out of his native hills by a feud. Raymond was of the open spaces, and refused to hear fetid things that seemed out of place in them.

As the reason for Newton's improve ment in manner of living, Raymond, out of his own experience, would have had no hesitation in naming the school and the schoolmaster.

"I wouldn't go back on a friend,' said Newton, seated on the stump with his traps on the ground at his feet, "the way you're going back on me.'

"You got no call to talk thataway," replied the mountain boy. "How'm 1 goin' back on you?"

"We was goin' to trap all winter," asseverated Newton, "and next winter we were goin' up in the north woods together."

"You know," said Raymond somberly, "that we cain't run any trap line and do whut we got to do to he'p Mr.

Newton sat mute as one having no rejoinder.

"Mr. Jim," went on Raymond, "needs all the he'p every kid in this settlement kin give him. He's the best friend I ever had. I'm a pore ignerant boy, an' he teaches me how to do things that will make me something." "Darm it all !" said Newton.

"You know," said Raymond, "that you'd think mahgty small of me, if I'd desert Mr. Jim Irwin."

"Well, then," replied Newton, selzing his traps and throwing them across his shoulder, "come on with the traps, and shut up! What'll we do when the school board gets Jennie Woodruff to revoke his certificate and land we kin get under plow . . . It was still an hour before ninewhen the rural school traditionally "takes up"-when the boys had stored their traps in a shed at the Bronson home, and walked on to the schoolhouse. That rather scabby and weathered edifice was already humming with industry of a sort. In spite of the hostility of the school board, and the aloofness of the patrons of the school, the pupils were clearly interested in Jim Irwin's system of rural education. Never had the attendance been so large or regular; and one of the reasons for sessions before nine and after four was the inability of the teacher to attend to the needs of his charges in the five and a half hours

called "school hours." The day passed. Four o'clock came. In order that all might reach home for supper, there was no staying, except that Newt Bronson and Raymond Simms remained to sweep and dust the schoolroom, and prepare kindling for the next morning's fire-a work they had taken upon themselves, so as to enable the teacher to put on the blackboards such outlines for the morrow's class work as might be required. Jim was writing on the board a list of words constituting a spelling exercise. They were not from textbooks, but grew naturally out of the study of the seed wheat-"cockle," "morningglory," "convolvulus," "viable," "via-bility," "sprouting," "iron-weed" and the like. A tap was heard at the door,

and Raymond Simms opened it. In filed three women-and Jim Irwin knew as he looked at them that he was greeting a deputation, and felt that it meant a struggle. For they were the wives of the members of the school board. He placed for them the three available chairs, and in the absence of any for himself remained standing before them, a gaunt shabbylooking revolutionist at the bar of settled usage and fixed public opinion. Mrs, Haakon Peterson was a tall blonde woman, slow-spoken and dignified, and Jim felt an instinctive respect for her personality. Mrs. Bronson was a good motherly woman. noted for her housekeeping, and for her church activities. She looked oftener at her son, and his friend. Raymond, than at the schoolmaster. Mrs. Bonner was the only one who shook hands with Jim, but he sensed in the little, black-eyed Irishwoman the real commander of the expedition against him-for such he knew it to be.

"You may think it strange of us coming after hours," said she, "but we wanted to speak to you, teacher, without the children here."

"I wish more of the parents would call," said Jim. "At any hour of the day."

"Or night either, I dare say," suggested Mrs. Bonner. "I hear you've the scholars here at all nours, Jim." Jim smiled his slow patient smile. "We do break the union rules, I

guess, Mrs. Bonner," said he; "there seems to be more to do than we can get done during school hours." "What we came for, Mr. Irwin, is

to object to the way the teachin's

possibly use in his business." "It's a fine thing," said Mrs. Bonner, coming to the aid of her fellow soldiers, "to work hard for a lifetime, an' raise nothing but a family of farmers! A fine thing !" "They will be farmers anyhow,"

cried Jim, "in spite of your effortsninety out of every hundred of them! And of the other ten, nine will be wage-earners in the cities, and wish to God they were back on the farm : and the hundredth one will succeed in the city.

The guns of Mrs. Bonner and Mrs. Peterson were silenced for a moment, and Mrs. Bronson, after gazing about at the typewriter, the hecktograph the exhibits of weed seeds, the Babcock milk tester, and the other unscholastic equipment, pointed to the list of words, and the arithmetic problems on the board.

"Do you get them words from the speller?" she asked. "No," said he, "we get them from a lesson on seed wheat."

"Did them examples come out of an arithmetic book?" cross-examined she "No," said Jim, "we used problems we made ourselves. We were figuring profits and losses on your cows, Mrs.

Bronson !" "Ezra Bronson," said Mrs. Bronson loftily, "don't need any help in telling what's a good cow. He was farming before you was born !"

"Like fun, he don't need help! He's going to dry old Cherry off and fatten her for beef; and he can make more money on the cream by beefing about three more of 'em. The Babcock test shows they're just boarding on us without paying their board !"

The delegation of matrons ruffled like a group of startled hens at this interposition, which was Newton Bronson's effective seizing of the opportunity to issue a progress bulletin in the research work on the Bronson dairy herd. "Newton !" said his mother, "don't

interrupt me when I'm talking to the teacher!" "Well, then," said Newton, "don't

tell the teacher that pa knew which cows were good and which were poor. If any one in this district wants to know about their cows they'll have to come to this shop. And I can tell you manding prohibition of the liquor that it'll pay 'em to come, too, if traffic. and was laughed at as visthey're going to make anything selling jonary and idjotic, has lived to cream. Wait until we get out our reports on the herds, ma!"

The women were rather stampeded by this onslaught of the irregular troops-especially Mrs. Bronson. She felt a flutter of pride in her son, but it was strongly mingled with a motherly desire to spank him. The deputation rose, with a unanimous feeling that they had been scored upon.

"Cows!" scoffed Mrs. Peterson. "If we leove you in this yob, Mr. Irwin, our children will know nothing but cows and hens and soils and gridnsand where will the culture come in?"

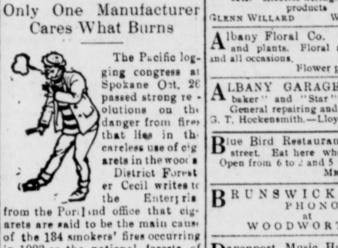
way-" "Don't bother, Jim," said Mrs. Bon-

when Mr. Jim began taiking school to us, we was a pore no-'count lot without any learnin', with nothin' to talk about except our wrongs, an' our enemies, and the meanness of the lowa folks. You see we didn't understand you-all. An' now, we have hope. We done got hope from this school. We're goin' to make good in the world. We're getting education. We're all learnin' to use books. My little sister will be as good as anybody, if you'll just let Mr. Jim alone in this schoolas good as any one. An' I'll he'p pap get a farm, and we'll work and think

at the same time, an' be happy !" nents with courtesy and fairness. (To be continued) Cigarets and 5 cents.

DEC. 6, 1923

Forest Fires



Davenport Music House for pi in 1923 in the national forests of Oregon and Washington. Cigarets are responsible for

prices

egon.

FOR CHRISTMAS

street, Albany, Oregon.

HOLMAN & JACKSON

Grocery-Bakery

Opposite Postoffice.

Cor. Fourth and Lyon

Repairs

Clifford's Studio

many fires, both in city and it. DR. C. FICQ forest. All the leading manufacturers of the United States have been 312 West Second street asked to include some sort of fire caution in cigaret and tobacco boxes, but so far only one of them

has seen fit to comply. The W. C. T. U., which sprang up half a century ago in Ohio, de see its vision embodied in the fundamental law of the greatest nation on earth. Now it is turning its attention to the next most colossal waste of substance and energy by the American people. Ralph Lawrence, writing to the Enterprise last week from Browns-

ville, reported : At the Presbyterian church Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Orr read a petition, circulated by the W. C. T. U. and signed by the people of "Culture !" exclaimed Jim. "Why- Brownsville, asking the counci'-why, after ten years of the sort of men to prohibit the display of school I would give you if I were a advertising of toos c and cigarets better teacher and could have my on signboards of our city. Now if the officials will get busy

and prosecute every dealer who violates the cigaret law we shall



In criticizing the Salem chapter of the Red Cross for paying a commis-Half's Floral and Music Shop Good service and prompt delivery ing funda to Japanese earthquake on cut flowers and fioral designs. Albany Phone 1661 sufferers from the chapter fund, instead of raising the money by soliciting Miss Nell Halsinger, field representative of the national organization, adds: "When a ca e was referred to me by the Tacoma associated charities for immediate action I could not trust the investigation to the Salem office. I was compelled to refer the investigation to Miss Forrest of the Linn county chapter."

make him quit teachin', hey?"

"Nobody'll eveh do that," said Raymond. "I'd set in the schoolhouse do with my rifle and shoot anybody that'd come to th'ow Mr. Jim outen the school."

"Not in this country," said Newton. "This ain't a gun country."

"But it orto be either a justice ken-try, or a gun kentry," replied the mountain boy. "It stands to reason it must be one 'r the otheh, Newton." "No, it don't neither," said Newton

dogmatically. "Why should they th'ow Mr. Jim outen the school?" inquired Raymond.

"Ain't he teachin' us right?" Newton explained for the tenth time that Jim had done so many things that no teacher was supposed to do, and had left undone so many things that teachers were bound by custom to perform, that Newton's father and Mr. Bonner and Mr. Peterson had made up their minds that they would call upon him to resign, and if he wouldn't, they would "turn him out" in some way.

"What wrong's he done committed?" asked Raymond. "I don't know what teachers air supposed to do in this kentry, but Mr. Jim seems to be the only shore-enough teacher I ever see!" "He don't teach out of the books the school board adopted," replied

Newton. "But he makes up better lessons," urged Raymond. "An' all the things we do in school he'ps us make a livin'."

"He begins at eight in the mornin'," said Newton, "an' he has some of us there till half past five, and comes back in the evening. And every Saturday, some of the kids are doin' something at the schoolhouse."

"They don't pay him for overtime, do they?" queried Raymond. "Well, then, they orto, instid of turnin' him out !"

"Well, they'll turn him out !" prophe sied Newton. "I'm havin' more fun in school than I ever-an' that's why I'm with you on this quittin' trapping -but they'll get Jim, all right !"

"I'm having something betteh'n fun," replied Raymond. "My pap has never understood this kentry, an' weall has had bad times hyeh; but Mr. Jim an' I have studied out how I can make a betteh livin' next year-and pap says we kin go on the way Mr. Jim says. I'll work for Colonel Woodruff a part of the time, an' pap kin make corn in the biggest field. It seems we didn't do our work right last year-an' in a couple of years, with the increase of the hawgs, an' the

P

being done-corn and wheat, and hogs and the like, instead of the learnin' schools was made to teach. I can see an' the whole district can see that it's easler for a man that's been a farmhand to teach farm-hand knowledge, than the learnin' schools was set up to teach; but if so be he hasn't the book education to do the right thing. we think he should get out and give a real teacher a chance."

"What am I neglecting?" asked Jim mildly.

the question, and sat for an instant

Mrs. Bonner seemed unprepared for

"We Object to the Way the Teachin's Being Done."

mute. Mrs. Peterson interposed her attack while Mrs. Bonner might be recovering her wind.

"We people that have had a hard time," she said in a precise way which seemed to show that she knew exactly what she wanted, "don't want our children taught about nothing but work. We want our children to learn nice things, and go to high school, and after a while to the Juniwersity."

school, Mrs. Peterson?" "I don't send them to school to be happy, Yim," replied Mrs. Peterson, calling him by the name most familiarly known to all of them; "I send them to learn to be higher people than their father and mother. That's what

"They'll be higher people-higher than their parents-higher than their teacher-they'll be efficient farmers, and efficient farmers' wives. They'll be happy, because they will know how to use more brains in farming than any lawyer or doctor or merchant can There was an and the same brands of the

ner sneeringly, "you won't be teaching the Woodruff school that long."

All this time, the dark-faced Cracker had been glooming from a corner, earnestly seeking to fathom the wrongness he sensed in the gathering. Now he came forward.

"I reckon I may be malding a mistake to say anything," said he, "f'r we-all is strangers hych, an' we're pore; but I must speak out for Mr. Jim-I must! Don't turn him out, folks, f'r he's done mo' fr us than eveh any one done in the world !" "What do you mean?" asked Mrs.

Peterson. "I mean," said Raymond, "that

have fewer fourteeen- and fifteeuyear-old lads smoking the vile stuff to the detriment of their own health. Let the good work go on.

The Warehouse law of Oregon requires every warehouse taking in grain to be bonded and to operate under a license obtained from the grain inspection department, to safeguard farmers storing their grain. The license is merely a receipt that bond has been furnished to . show to the public that the warehouse is operated according to law.

A few warehouses in the state have not yet complied with the law.

Everything in the line of eats Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. I Home-made candy and ice Cream Hub Cleaning Works, Inc.

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paired. Conservative prices. All work fully guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

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DENTIST

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accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 200. Real estate. Money to ioan. All kinds of insurance written. Call on J. V. PIPE. Albany State Bank Building.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, WINCHESTER STOKE 322 W. First st. S. S. GILBERT & SON Chinaware and gift shop

Albany 330 West First STENBERG BROS., groceries, fruits, produce, 235 Lyon street. fruits, produce, 2.35 Lyon street. We sell groccries and Phone 263R

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



Harry Witman of Lebanon has ten acres of red raspberries and five of Lawton blackberries. His Cuthbert red raspberries have been ripening a fall crop, of which he has sold 76 boxes, and Lebanon people had fresh red raspberries for thanksgiving.

Albany is to have a fifth paid fireman

Earl Gooch and J. L. George were indicted Friday for burning a building in Shelburn for the insurance. Next day they pleaded guilty and Judge Kelly sentenced them to two years in the penitentiary but paroled them during good behavior.

> We got our first killing frost Saturday morning, December 1.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away, the epigrammatists say. Good apples are cheap and abundant in Halsey this year. Good bye, doctor.

The use of the new farm explosive, sodatol, will be demonstrated on Kiger island next Saturday afternoon at two oclock.

T'he county fair board proposes to apply this year's surplus to the payment of the old debts.

Seth Mills and wife visited Mrs. Mills' parents in Salem two weeks W. A. Carey and wife visited ago. the same city the same day.

Notwithstanding the stormy night, the pupils of Miss Bond's room at school were greeted by a good houseful of Halsey people Wednesday night at the opera house and gave an entertainment that brought applause. The proceeds were \$27.80, and after paying for their ball there will be a surplus to be devoted to other needs of the room, some of them of a

(Continued on page 4) . (ad

strictly educational nature.

"Aren't your children happy in

America means !"

Save \$3.12 on your Week. End Trip to Portland by buying a

Round Trip Ticket

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Regardless of weather, it is safe, comfortable and dependable.

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