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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. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Electric Store. Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco light products. GLENN WILLARD WM. HOELICH

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-J.

ALBANY GARAGE. "Student" 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

DR. C. FICQ DENTIST Albany, Oregon. Cusick Bank building.

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

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

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. W. H. HULBERT.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories Repairs KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR Co.

FOR SALE—Oregon and Maryland strawberry plants, \$3.50 per 1000; Cuthbert red raspberry plants, \$3 per 1000. Stenberg Bros., 235 Lyon.

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

Hall's Floral and Music Shop Cut flowers and floral designs. Moving to larger place next door. Phone 1661

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery Everything in the line of eats Opposite Postoffice

Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio 333 West First street, Albany.

Irvin's Garage—Next to Community house. Exide Battery distributors for Linn county. Repairs made on all makes of batteries.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

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

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 200.

New patterns of china and pottery constantly arriving at S. S. GILBERT & Son's

Real estate. Money to loan. All kinds of insurance written. Call on J. V. PIPE, Albany State Bank Building.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STOKER 322 W. First St.

Second-hand piano; good standard make; \$150. Davenport Music House.

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

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hudson cars. Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

Albany Directory—Continued

FARM LOANS

Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit American Loans. The loan pays out in 20 payments, retiring the principal. Cheap rates. No delay. BEAM LAND Co., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore

Phone 312 Y Satisfaction guaranteed Price \$3.50

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ALBANY Piano Tuner for leading music stores in Albany

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Shoes that cost less per month of wear

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Moody returned to their home at Harrisburg Friday. They were accompanied by their little granddaughter, Coralie Moody.

Mrs. Cecil Alford and children arrived from Irving Friday for a visit with Mrs. Alford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gormley. The Gormleys went home with her for the week end.

"The Hunchback," which ran four days and nights at the Globe theater at Albany cost a million and a half of dollars to produce, and it was worth it. During its run it was the subject of much conversation on the streets and wherever people congregate. The Globe is living up to its promise to secure the best in filmland.

Mrs. C. P. Terwilliger of Tangent and Mrs. W. T. Nolen of Shedd took contributions for the children's farm home from Halsey people between noon and afternoon trains Saturday. They got about \$15. Some people who were approached refused to contribute, saying: "Why should I help? I have nobody at the home." "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun."

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Powell started by train Friday to visit their daughter, Mrs. T. D. Peters, and family of Portland and later another daughter, Mrs. L. H. Slovoigh and family of Westport.

Shedd high school sold all the seats it had reserved for "Putting It Up to Paddy" early in the week. Then the reserved space was enlarged and sold out again. The house was full and the performance was received with applause. Much handclapping also greeted every number by the Davis family band, which furnished the music.

Mrs. Fred Roberts and daughter Lucile returned to Eugene Saturday, after a visit with home folks.

Mrs. Freeland and Mrs. Brown Brown were Albany shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. W. A. Sweet came from Eugene Saturday to spend a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Forster.

Mrs. L. E. Walton was a passenger to Harrisburg Saturday. She was accompanied by her son, James Rector.

Mrs. Esther Rike of Corvallis spent the week end with Charles Straley and family.

Ida Mitzner was the guest of home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. D. F. Dean was a passenger to Oregon City Thursday to visit her daughter, Mrs. C. O. Dryden, and family. She has now gone home to Jandon.

Mrs. George Hayes was an Albany visitor Thursday.

Miss Mabel Robinson returned to her home near Junction City Saturday.

T. R. Henry went to Summit Thursday.

Mrs. A. Munson of Albany has been visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. E. Bass.

Miss Opal Jackson of Harrisburg has been visiting Miss Ida Jackson for a few days.

Miss Lois Schroll returned to her home at Noti Wednesday.

(Continued on page 4)

Did he know how cruel he was?

"I think not," said Jennie. "It was the truth that crushed Mr. Carmichael."

"But that vote of thanks," said Mrs. Brathway. "Surely that was the bitterest irony."

"I wonder if it was," said Jennie. "No, I am sure it wasn't. He wanted to leave the children thinking as well as possible of their victim, and especially of Mr. Bonner; and there was really something in Mr. Carmichael's talk which could be praised. I have known Jim Irwin since we were both children, and I feel sure that if he had had any idea that his treatment of this man had been unnecessarily cruel, it would have given him a lot of pain."

"My dear," said Mrs. Brathway. "I think you are to be congratulated for having known for a long time a genius."

"Thank you," said Jennie. And Mrs. Brathway gave her a glance which brought to her cheek another blush; but of a different sort from the one provoked by the uproar in the Woodruff school.

There could be no doubt now that Jim was thoroughly wonderful—not that she, the county superintendent, was quite as thoroughly a little fool. She to be put in authority over him! It was too absurd for laughter. Fortunately, she hadn't hindered him much—who was to be thanked for that? Was it owing to any wisdom of hers? Well, she had decided in his favor, in those first proceedings to revoke his certificate. Perhaps that was as good a thing to remember as was to be found in the record.

CHAPTER XXII

And So They Lived—

And so it turned out quite as if it were in the old ballad, that "all in the merry month of May," and also "all in the merry green wood," there were great doings about the bold little promontory where once stood the cabin on the old wood-lot where the Simms family had dwelt.

The brook ran about the promontory, and laid at its feet on three sides a carpet of blue-grass, amid clumps of trees and wild bushes. Not far asid on either hand came the bluff sides of the brook for some distance on both sides of the King-dragged highway, ran the old wood-lot, now regaining much of the un-kempt appearance which characterized it when Jim Irwin had drawn upon himself the gentle rebuke of Old Man Simms for not giving a whoop from the big road before coming into the yard.

The cabin was gone, and in its place stood a pretty little bungalow, about which blossomed lilacs and peonies and roses and other old-fashioned flowers furnished by Mrs. Irwin. For this was the teacher's house or schoolmanse for the new consolidated Woodruff district, and the old Simms wood-lot was henceforth to be the glebe-land of the schoolmanse.

Jim turned over and over in his mind these new applications of old, historic, significant words, dear to every reader of history—"glebe-land," "schoolmanse"—and it seemed to him that they signified the return of many old things lost in Merrie England, lost in New England, lost all over the English-speaking world, when the old publicly-paid clergyman ceased to be so far the servant of all the people that they refused to be taxed for his support. Was not the new kind of rural teacher to be a publicly-paid leader of thought, of culture, of progress, and was he not to have his manse, his glebe-land, and his "living"? And all because, like the old clergyman, he was doing a work in which everybody was interested and for which they were willing to be taxed. Perhaps it was not so high a status as the old; but who was to say that? Certainly not Jim Irwin, the possessor of the new kind of "living," with its "glebe-land" and its "schoolmanse." He would have rated the new as at least quite as high as the old.

From the brow of the promontory, a light concrete bridge took the pretty little gorge in the leap of a single arch, and landed the eye at the bottom of the front yard of the schoolhouse. Thus the new institution of life was in full view of the schoolmanse veranda, and yet shut off from it by the dry moat of the brook and its tiny meadow of blue-grass.

Across the road was the creamery, with its businesslike unloading platform, and its addition in process of construction for the reception of the machinery for the co-operative laundry. Not far from the creamery, and also across the road, stood the blacksmith and wheelwright shop. Still farther down the street were the barn, poultry house, pens, hutches and yards of the little farm—small, as were all the buildings save the schoolhouse itself, which was bulged, as it should

Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

© 1923, by Laura Miller

COMUS IN COLUMBIA

Columbia, Mo., claims Athens, not Sopher Prairie, as its model. To live a half block from the University of Missouri is a very different thing from living 'round the corner from Main Street, Miss Gladys Wheat assures me with healthy scorn for my ignorance.

Such students and faculty folk, "experts in many realms," as work with her, writing her plays and acting in them, are not to be found in quantity certainly—on any happenstance Main Street. Yet it is significant for other arts as well as that of the theater, so thoughtful artists tell me, that Miss Wheat's Theater studios should be on Missouri avenue, rather than on Broadway. To many mature women, themselves happily busy in some small town, I've put the question: "Do you advise the average girl, just starting to work, to go to a big city?" And over and over they reply: "No, indeed, if she is the average girl. But, if she is entering an art or profession, she will have to go."

Yet here is Miss Wheat pursuing a profession that calls on the arts of acting, dramatic writing, and costume and scenic design, a thousand miles from the center of theatrical production.

She is not merely copying others' successes, either. "My aim," she says, "is to interpret and reflect the child's world in drama as the drama of grown people reflects their world. My personal contribution is the visualization of plays written by others. I direct, design and make the costumes, the sets, and the properties. Up to the present time we have produced only plays written for children, and for production in this theater."

She is frank enough to say that financial support does not as yet equal the intellectual, histrionic and literary aid she has received. Even so, her conclusion carries a message for others artistically inclined, who wonder if they must become needles in the haystacks of New York in order to attain. Here is an enterprise, she declares, "carried on in a little community, but carried with ease and pleasure by big people."

Since I'm anything but an expert in the arts of the theater I can't decide whether such experiments as this at Columbia have, geographically speaking, a fair chance of success. But Miss Wheat has set me wondering. Wasn't Comus an Athenian god of drama? And were Comus and his followers worried by the population statistics of Athens? Or were they, like Gladys Wheat, content to build for big people?

Nobody Can Stop Him.

When a man starts out to make a fool of himself he is quick to resent any interference with his plans.—Lake County (Ill.) Times.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Emaline Gormley, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his residence in Halsey, in Linn county, Oregon.

Dated and first published this 17th day of January, 1924.

R. E. GORMLEY, Administrator aforesaid. A. A. TUSSING, Atty. for Admr.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of W. G. Carter, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate with the county clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the county judge has set Monday, the 11th day of February, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as the time, and the county courtroom of said county as the place, for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement of said estate.

(MARY I. CARTER, Administratrix. L. L. SWAN, Attorney for Admr.)

The BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

CHAPTER XXI

A New Era Dawns.

There was a rousing chorus of "Aye!" in which Mr. Carmichael, followed closely by Mr. Bonner, made his exit. B. B. Hamm went forward and shook Jim's hand slowly and contemplatively, as if trying to remember just what he should say.

"James E. Irwin," said he, "you've saved us from being skinned by the smoothest grafter that I ever seen."

"Not I," said Jim; "the kind of school I stand for, Mr. Hamm, will save you more than that—and give you the broadest culture any school ever gave. A culture based on life. We've been studying life, in this school—the life we all live here in this district."

"He had a smooth partner, too," said Columbus Brown. Jim looked at Bonner's little boy in one of the front seats and shook his head at Columbus warningly.

"If I hadn't herded 'em in here to ask you a few questions about co-operative creameries," said Mr. Talcott, "we'd have been stuck—they pretty near had our names. And then the whole neighborhood would have been sucked in for about fifty dollars a name."

"I'd have gone in for two hundred," said B. B. Hamm.

"May I call a little meeting here for a minute, Jim?" asked Ezra Bronson. "Why, where's he gone?"

"They's some other visitors come in," said a little girl, pulling her apron in embarrassment at the teacher's absence.

Jim had, after what seemed to Jennie an interminable while, seen the county superintendent and her distinguished party, and was now engaged in welcoming them and endeavoring to find them seats—quite an impossible thing at that particular moment, by the way.

"Don't mind us, Mr. Irwin," said Doctor Brathway. "This is the best thing we've seen on our journeyings. Please go on with the proceedings. That gentleman seems to have in mind the perfecting of some sort of organization. I'm intensely interested."

"I'd like to call a little meetin' here," said Ezra to the teacher. "See in' we've busted up your program so far, may we take a little while longer?"

"Certainly," said Jim. "The school will please come to order."

The pupils took their seats, straightened their books and papers, and were at attention. Doctor Brathway nodded approvingly as if at the answer to some question in his mind.

"Children," said Mr. Irwin, "you may or may not be interested in what these gentlemen are about to do—but I hope you are. Those who wish may be members of Mr. Bronson's meeting. Those who do not prefer to do so may take up their regular work."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bronson to the remains of Mr. Carmichael's creamery party, "we've been cutting bait in this neighborhood about long enough, I'm in favor of fishing, now. How many here favor building a co-operative creamery if we can get the farmers in with cows enough to make it profitable, and the equipment at the right price?"

"Each man held up a hand. 'Here's one of our best farmers not voting,'" said Mr. Bronson, indicating Raymond Simms. "How about you,

Raymond?"

"Ah reckon paw'll come in," said Raymond blushing.

"He will if you say so," said Mr. Bronson.

Raymond's hand went up amid a ripple of applause from the pupils, who seemed glad to have a voter in their ranks.

"Unanimous!" said Mr. Bronson. "It is a vote! Now I'd like to hear a motion to perfect a permanent organization to build a creamery. Mr. Irwin will you please act as secretary."

Jim sat down at the desk and began making notes. The meeting appointed committees, fixed upon a time for a future meeting, threw a collection of half-dollars on the desk to start a petty cash fund, made the usual joke about putting the secretary under bond, adjourned and dispersed.

"It's a go this time!" said Newton to Jim.

"I think so," said Jim, "with those men interested. Well, our study of creameries has given a great deal of language work, a good deal of arithmetic, some geography, and finally saved the people from a swindle. Rather good work, Raymond!"

"My mother has a delayed luncheon ready for the party," said Jennie to Jim. "Please come with us—please!"

But Jim demurred. Getting off at this time of day was really out of the question if he was to be ready to show the real work of the school in the afternoon session.

"This has been rather extraordinary," said Jim, "but I am very glad you were here. It shows the utility of the right sort of work in letter-writing, language, geography and arithmetic—in learning things about farming."

"It certainly does," said Doctor Brathway. "I wouldn't have missed it under any consideration; but I'm certainly sorry for that creamery shark and his accomplice—to be routed by the Fifth Reader grade in farming!"

The luncheon was rather a wonderful affair—and its success was unqualified after everybody discovered that the majority of those in attendance felt much more at home when calling it dinner.

"What d'ye think of our schools?" asked the colonel.

"Well," said Professor Gray, "it's not fair to judge, Colonel, on what must have been rather an extraordinary moment in the school's history. I take it that you don't put on a representation of 'The Knave Unmasked' every morning."

"It was more like a caucus than I've ever seen it, daddy," said Jennie, "and less like a school."

"Don't you think," said Doctor Brathway, "that it was less like a school because it was more like life? It was life. If I am not mistaken, history of this community was making in that schoolroom as we entered."

"You're perfectly right, Doctor," said the colonel. "Jim's got too big for the district, and so we're going to enlarge the district, and the schoolhouse, and the teaching force, and the means of educational grace generally. That's as sure as can be—after what took place this morning."

"He's rather a wonderful person. To be found in such a position," said Professor Gray, "or would be in any region I have visited."

"He's a native product," said the colonel, "but a wonder all the same. He's a Brown Mouse, you know."

"A—?" Doctor Brathway was plainly astonished. And so the colonel was allowed to tell again the story of the Darshire brown mice, and why he called Jim Irwin one. Doctor Brathway said it was an interesting Mendelian explanation of the appearance of such a character as Jim. "And if you are right, Colonel, you'll lose him one of these days. You can't expect to retain a Caesar, a Napoleon, or a Lincoln in a rural school, can you?"

"I don't know about that," said the colonel. "The great opportunity for such a Brown Mouse may be in this very school, right now. He'd have as big an army right here as Socrates ever had. The Brown Mouse is the only judge of his own proper place."

"I think," said Mrs. Brathway, as they motored back to the school, "that your country schoolmaster is rather terrible. The way he crushed that Mr. Carmichael was positively merciless."