

# 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 resorting 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.

**ACCESSORIES AND TIRES**  
Auto Supplies  
J. H. ALLISON  
442 West First St.

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

**BRUNSWICK**  
PHONOGRAPHS  
at  
WOODWORTH'S

Call and see the big assortment of Christmas presents at  
S. S. GILBERT & SON'S  
330 W. First St. Albany, Ore.

Davenport Music company offers Piano-case organ, good as new Etey organ, good as new Used Pianos.

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

Elite Cafeteria and confectionery. Home cooking. Pleasant surroundings. Courteous, efficient service. We make our own candies.  
W. S. DUNCAN.

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

**FORD SALES AND SERVICE**  
Tires and accessories  
Repairs  
KIRK-POLAK MOTOR CO.

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

**FULLER GROCERY**, 285 Lyon (Successor to Stenberg Bros.) Groceries Fruits Produce Phone 263R.

**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. Second and Ferry Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

**IMPERIAL CAFE**, 209 W. First Harold G. Murphy Prop. Phone 665 WE NEVER CLOSE

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

**MARINELLO PARLORS** (A beauty aid for every need) St. Francis Hotel. Prop., WINNIFRED ROSE.

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

**MOORE'S MUSIC HOUSE** "Everything musical" 223 W. First st.

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

**THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE** Shampooing, Marcelling and Scalp Treatment. Margaret Countryman, 110 West Second st. Phone 22.

**THE SPECIALTY SHOPPE** for hemstitching and stamped goods. Opposite Hamilton's, 318 W. Second st.

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories, & prices. 1st & Broadblain.

New and used **FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY** bought, sold and exchanged at all times

**BEN T. SUTTELL** Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadblain st., Albany

**FARM LOANS** Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit Authorized Loans. The loan pays out in 20 payments, retiring the principal. Cheap rates. No delay. **BRAM LAND CO.** 133 Lyon street, Albany, Ore.

**FARM LOANS** at lowest rate of interest.

**Real Estate Insurance** Prompt service. Courteous treatment. **WM. BAIN**, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

**Amor A. Tussing** LAWYER AND NOTARY  
HALEY, OREGON

## Sinners in Heaven (Continued from page 2)

acting upon some impulse, paused behind her.

"Is it all very dreary for you—here? Do you hate it so much?"

There was a wonderful, unusual gentleness in his voice—an undercurrent of something, almost yearning, which touched her unaccountably.

"It's no worse for me than for you," she replied, responding to his tone in the natural generosity of her heart. He made no reply for a moment. Then, lightly, he pressed her shoulder with his hand.

"Come and tell me when the loneliness is too bad."

And he was gone, his footsteps dying away upon the loose twigs of bamboo cane.

She undressed and stood, fair and slim as Psyche, beside the water, a fresh interest awakened in her companion. As she lowered herself into the shimmering ripples, she resolved to follow up this talk, to press through this thin piece of wall; and, by a process of subtle siege, win the friendship which all at once seemed extremely desirable.

But, as usual, disappointment met her efforts when next she assailed the wall. The gap proved to be firmly patched up, even barred across. It was impregnable. Baffled, she could only finger the bars and wonder.

The old chief appeared, keeping a safe distance, soon after receiving the white man's message. But an outbreak of sickness was raging in the settlement; therefore, much to the girl's relief, their visit was postponed.

Having ascertained from him that no trade was carried on with other islands, that no ships came to the south, Croft threw himself with renewed zest into the building of a new hut. As if to draw all thought, he worked incessantly, sometimes moodily silent, sometimes seeming keenly to enjoy the new comradeship that had established itself, little by little, between them.

A month or more passed before the native chief's wrinkled black face appeared again, two warriors in attendance.

Croft thrust a hand through her arm, when they joined the natives; and again she was conscious of the old magnetic stimulation of his personality, which had sustained her during the first terrible nights and days.

VI

Fear and curiosity formed the chief elements of the unusual animation in the natives' settlement. Great bustle of preparation was in progress—stealing of fish, gathering of fruit, by men; while the smoke of many fires, ascending into the still air, indicated the occupation of the women.

Had not the chief ordered unlimited feasting to pacify the stomachs, music to delight the senses of the Terrible Ones? Balhuka, the stone god, looked incongruous among garlands of trailing vine and the feathery leaves of tree ferns. Before him stood the sacrificial table—a massive tree trunk stripped of its bark, upon which was piled a heap of dried sticks and undergrowth.

Balhuka ever demanded a sacrifice at full moon, and the moon was now at the full; and the people trembled, for the selection had been reserved for the Great White Chief, and who could tell what ruthless cruelties he might not exact?

Meanna sat by her sick child and wept. People shunned her hut, although it was not yet proclaimed tabu. She knew well what was in their minds. With no superficial civilization causing them to hide their natural instinct of self-protection, they openly hailed this possible substitute for an offering. Some of her friends even taunted her with their hopes, if she appeared outside.

"A-aa! a-aa! Weep, Meanna! The little one is with thee for the day; but, a-aa! with the setting of the sun he shall become as the smoke curling up to the nostrils of the Great White Chief! Weep, Meanna!"

Yet she was one of themselves, and the child a favorite. She thought none the worse of them; they knew not the art of wearing double-faced masks.

Meanwhile, the dreaded visitors were being escorted with some dignity through the intricacies of the thick island vegetation. Although obviously terrified, the old chief bore himself well, maintaining a natural dignity with his humility.

Chimabaho, emboldened by a friendly overture, put into words a question which had long troubled him.

"Where dwell thy tribe, O Mighty Chief?" he inquired, with some trepidation. "No white warriors were visible around thy dwelling upon the coral shore. Do they, perchance, live in the rocks, or in holes deep within the earth?"

For a moment the other was mystified. Then, remembering the natives' tribal instinct, he seized this advantage and stood up, waving his arms as if to include the universe.

"My tribe," he explained equivocally, "is ever present; it ever surrounds us! Armed and ready at any moment to come to our aid, it waits, though invisible to mortal eye. Earthly habitation is not necessary for the White Chief's warriors."

The old native glanced about uneasily, a look of alarm overspreading his face. His sense of drama rising with the situation, Alan stretched out a regal hand.

"Peace, O Chief! Have no fear! They will not touch thee without my command."

"I and my tribe would be friendly to thee and thine. Why hast thou been hostile unto us? Why has thou so tempted the wrath of the gods who speak us hither, by greeting us with spear and arrow?"

Chimabaho beat his breast, looking fearfully at Croft.

"It was the Vow," he said in a low tone.

"The Vow? What vow?"

"The Vow of Vengeance—of Hate!"

The old man rose, and walked to and fro, feverishly pulling his beard, obviously laboring under some strong emotion. At last he paused opposite them, and they saw tears upon his wrinkled black cheeks. "Hearken, Great Chief!" he said. "The white man came before, not many summers past. He came in great numbers, and he kill most of my tribe with his smoke! It hit them, making holes, leaving little hard ball-devils behind. Our homes were near thine own, even in the huts beside the waving palms. They also were shattered by the smoke and its ball-devils. My warriors lay dead, bleeding on the ground. Our women also, our little ones, they spared not!" He paused, overcome, for a moment.

Croft sat listening intently, with dawning comprehension.

"How did they come?" he asked.

"The lagoon was black with strange canoes, Great Chief. Beyond, near the big gap in the reef, floated an island. . . . A-aa! a strange sight, filling the bravest with fear—" He stopped, again overcome, and turned away.

Hastily Croft interpreted this conversation to the girl.

"Didst thou attack these white men first?" he asked.

The old man shook his head. "We feared their arrival! We but gathered together, outside our houses, to see the wondrous sight. The hand of Death has been heavy upon us, and we were small in number, even then. That day, less than half were left alive. . . . My sons were all slain. . . . 'The d-d murderers!'"

Chimabaho looked up, startled by this burst of vehement English. Croft controlled his indignation, making further inquiries, which elicited the answers he expected.

"They were all men," the native told him. "After they had killed, they fled away to their canoes. They were covered with dark clothing, each like unto each. When they spoke, they spoke strangely—here," he stroked his throat, "and their words were like the sounds made by one whose stomach is too full, and who must return somewhat lying therein."

This vivid description of the Tropic tongue convinced his listener.

"Ha! The d-d Huns! I thought as much." He again interpreted for the girl at his side. "Now let me think. We must turn this to our advantage. It proves what we talked about that evening by the river; doesn't it? The effects of our 'civilized' war were felt even here!" He ran his fingers through his hair, watching Chimabaho thoughtfully.

"And thy Vow was of vengeance upon all white men?"

"Even so, Great Chief." "H'm!" His fertile brain speedily conceived a plan which, if wild, was yet founded on fact.

"Chief," he began confidently, "those white men who murdered thy sons were an enemy tribe waging war against my tribe. And their ways were treacherous, their weapons terrible!"

Chimabaho was unusually intelligent for a native. Quick to grasp the meaning of this stranger, who spoke a dialect so much resembling his own, a flash of comprehension leapt into his eyes.

"And they came hither thinking to find thee here, Great Chief, so that they might slay thee?"

A smile lit up Croft's face. If not strictly accurate, this surmise would suit his purpose admirably.

"Even so! And, seeing thy tribe of a different hue, they were filled with fear and cried, 'Let us slay them!'"—he had a vague impression of Biblical eloquence, but it translated very well—"And they slew all thy sons in their fear; then ran to their boats. For their hearts are as the fermented breadfruit long stored in a pit."

Pausing to refresh his oratory, he proceeded to picture their mutual enemy in lurid colors, assuring the chief of their downfall. This gave him another inspiration.

"The gods sent us hither to tell thee that thy Vow of Vengeance had already overtaken the tribe!" he announced coolly. "But, because thou camest against us, we could not carry out our mission. The gods were angered, therefore, and visited thy tribe with sickness. Thou hadst to learn the fear of us and our wrath. Therefore, Chief, see that thou and thine fall not again into sin by lifting thy hands against us, the friends of all the gods!"

This flow of eloquence made a tremendous impression upon Chimabaho. His relief was intense. That this god-like pair, with their wonderful powers, had come upon a mission of peace and friendship, inspired visions of renewed prosperity in his simple mind. Coming closer, he prostrated himself at their feet, in submission.

(To be continued)

**Waste Oil Made Useful**

Waste oil removed from the crank case of tractors and automobiles can be put to good use this fall freeing poultry flocks of mites.

An oil spray can be used effectively to kill the mites found on and near roosts. Almost any oil can be used, since many flock owners have automobiles, the waste crank case oil is the most practical material.

**Why B. B. This is No Time to Worry About That.**

thought she might understand their needs better but somehow I couldn't get up much enthusiasm about it."

"Why, B. B.," protested his wife, "this is no time to worry about that."

"I feel rather responsible for the girls, and the attitude they may take. I hope they haven't been influenced too strongly by me."

"B. B., you are in a bad frame of mind tonight," interposed Mrs. Baxter, sitting down on the arm of his chair, patting his head. "Don't you know that most people are too busy tonight getting ready for the Christmas festivities to be mooning over past history? You know we have to get the box ready."

"Oh, yes," broke in "B. B." "That

## THE Christmas Reprimand

By Eleanor E. King

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union)

IF SO many years had not already swept over his head—sorrow, great worries and time whitening his hair—one would have declared him too good to live. His kindly deeds had made his kindly face. His every act, thought or deed, was for someone else. Yet, "this man of God" sat with his head on his hand, deep in thought. In these last few moments he had lived over ten years or more; had seen twelve little girls grow to womanhood.

Mr. Baxter had taken a class from the beginners' department. Every Sunday these twelve little girls had been a delight as they sat listening with eager, attentive faces to the wonderfully interesting things they were told. All too soon came graduation from grammar school. The lessons had to go a little deeper for the high school students. The teacher was fully equal to the task. Finally college took its toll, until only three of his flock remained, and those few left in the fall to start their college career.

Mrs. Baxter came in, interrupting his reverie. "Ellen," he began, "I often think I had such joy in teaching those girls; I wonder if I did right in keeping them under one teacher so long. I suggested that I turn them over to some woman to teach; I

two pounds of pecans I promised to take down the street, Ellen; I will go right away."

The doorbell rang vigorously, three times. "B. B." hastened to the door. "If it isn't my first lieutenant"—a pet name he had for a member of his class. "Won't you come up."

"No, thank you, Mr. Baxter, I can't right now. The girls are planning a class reunion while they are home for the Christmas holidays. They want to know if they can't count on their teacher for one of those humdrum lessons—like they used to have before we were scattered to the four winds."

"B. B." surprised, dazed and happy all in the same breath, just chuckled the way he always did when some-

thing pleased him unusually. "You surely can count on me," was all he could say.

His "first lieutenant" came closer, pretending to whisper. "Now, don't let your wife know about this," and she slipped a box into his hand—"here is something to sneak upstairs with you, Merry Christmas!"

"B. B." stood dumfounded, alternately shaking, turning, rattling, smelling and fondling the box; he took it upstairs. He dropped into a chair. This was the first time any of his girls had remembered him on Christmas, beyond a card, through all these years. He had always made it a point to tend to all graduations and Christmases. The girls had appreciated it. This was the first time, but he hastened to tell himself, it was quite all right—he had never expected it to be otherwise.

Unwrapping the tissue paper, the box disclosed a leather bill-fold with a hand-tooled design. "Ellen," he shouted in his happiness. "See what my 'first lieutenant' made with her own hands for me. The card on it says:

"Just an attempt to show a wee part of my great appreciation for the wonderful work you have done in teaching our class.

"YOUR FIRST LIEUTENANT!"

**DELBERT STARR**  
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer  
Efficient Service. Motor Hearse. Lady Attendant.  
Brownsville, Oregon

**W. L. WRIGHT**  
Mortician & Funeral Director  
Halsey and Harrisburg  
Call D. TAYLOR, Halsey, or  
W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

**HALEY STATE BANK**  
Halsey, Oregon  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000  
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

For More egg production  
Use Fisher's Egg Producer  
Special price on one-half ton and ton lots  
A fresh stock of  
**JERSEY MILK FOOD COMPOUND** in bulk enables us to supply you with any amount desired  
The economical food for calves, pigs and poultry  
**O. W. FRUM**  
Economy, Beauty and Quality  
can be put into your kitchen by the instalment of one of our **BRIDGE & BEACH RANGES** Best by Test  
See our new and complete line of **HEATERS**  
The prices are right  
**HILL & CO**

**The Enterprise'**  
**BIG BARGAIN OFFER**  
Save 1/2 On Your MAGAZINES!  
**5 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00**  
The American Needlewoman  
The Household Good Stories  
The Farm Journal  
**AND THIS NEWSPAPER.**  
A rare and unusual money saving bargain offer in reading matter for the whole family for a year. We offer this combination to our readers for a short time only. Renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.  
**48 BIG INTERESTING! ISSUES AT 1/2 PRICE!**  
This is your chance to get 12 big issues of each of these four valuable magazines—48 issues in all—at half of the usual subscription price. Reading matter for the whole family—fiction, patterns, embroidery, recipes, poultry, dairy, livestock, crops, farm management, etc. Don't miss this unusual opportunity to get this valuable, interesting and instructive group of magazines. If you are already a subscriber to any of these magazines your subscription will be extended for one year.  
**Order Now!** Send in your order now! This offer is made for a short time only. Both new and renewal subscriptions to this paper will receive these magazines. But don't wait until the offer has been withdrawn. **At Five for One Year—ORDER NOW!** Send your order to our office