econocassossossossos en Sinners in Heaven GLOBE ALBANY Sunday - Morday - Tesday Feb. 1-2-3 COLLEEN MOORE

Rudolph Valentino 10

A SAINTED DEVIL

CUT FLOWERS AND SHEET MUSIC

Music Shop Albany

Seeking Another Arms Conference

Washington, D. C .- President Coolidge is anthorized and requested to call a second arms conference unde an amendment to the naval appropria tion bill approved by the senate with out either discussion or a record vote before that measure was passed.

At the same time, Senator McKellar, democrat, Tennessee, offered a resolu tion requesting the president to in from the senate whether the last arms conference treaty limiting the navies of the great powers was violated by Great Britain in the construction of the Rodney and the Nelson, which combination battleships and aircraft carriers. The resolution went over under the rules, but Senator McKellar said he would press for early action on it.

The amendment relating to a second arms conference, which would dea! with both land and naval forces, was sponsored by Senator King, democrat, Utah, and accepted without objection by Chairman Hale of the naval com mittee.

While President Coolidge has indi cated that he favored a second conference, administration officials have made it plain that he did not consider the time appropriate.

C. B. AITCHESON



Clyde B. Altcheson of Oregon, who has succeeded Henry C. Hall of Colorado as chairman of the interstate commerce commission.

The cannery at Newburg is making 5 year contracts for Iruit,

The state industrial accident in surance commission complains that private companies are writing insurance for less than cost and "taking away the cream of the business." I any persons want to insure our acc'dent victims for less than cost, fo heaven's sake let them perform that charitable service.

The Linn county fair, though one of the most valuable boosting enterprises in the county, has never been t of d bt. An effort will probably he made by selling stock to all who will buy to put it on its feet finan-

Fresh Smelt

Halsey Meat Market

themselves have clear convictions on either side; and, above All, courage to be true to them?

This was the vital roint all longed to know. The pair became invested with romance. . . . Women laid their beads together and wondered. Dark surmises were murmured concerning that illness at Singapore.

Sentimental girls forgot their matinee or cinema ido's and cut Croft's photograph out of newspapers, halfwishing they themselves had been wrecked with him.

Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way with a leap of the heart. to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise." with agonized eves still dazzied by the lights she had left there to trim the little lamps of her Darbury home.

The boat train was late,

beavy coats and furs, stood about the platform at Charing Cross chatting together; or promenaded slowly, eving their fellows with furtive interest, or absorbed in their own reflections.

Hugh became convinced that both the station clock and his wrist-watch had stopped; yet the watch appeared to be ticking when, every few moments. he exclaimed it. He sighed, turned on his heel, and for the twentieth time started to walk the length of the platform and back. Impatience was a

which he found himself: he hardly knew how to cope with such sensa-

Two years in his usual comfortable groove had changed Hugh very little. He managed his father's property, bunted, shot, played games, as of yore. If the tragle loss of Barbara had taken the keen edge from his enjoyment of making him a little older and graver, it had not destroyed his interin the wholesome occupations have been described in the senate as which came his way. After the first shock had abated, he found himself

with scited at a gara, barasied porters, barrows, lu gage,

He searched here and there for the figure he sought, anxiety slowly rising within him. As the crowd thinned, he took up his position just inside the barrier, where she was bound to come. Peering through the murky light, he hastily scanned each face that passed, without success. When at last but a few stragglers remained, he made his way further down the platform a dull feeling of disappointment adding to his anxiety.

Casually his glance traveled over a thin figure in a dark coat and hat, seated upon a bench, a kindly, grayhaired porter standing near, suit-case in hand. . . . As he passed by, a voice he had once thought never to hear again caused him to turn sharply,

"I shall be better in a minute." . .

"Bab!" With probably the quickest bling bands in his own.

Several times she essayed to speak, and falled. The porter, scenting romance, discreetly moved a few steps . At last Hugh heard his name uttered, again and again, in a voice so charged with misery that his apprehensions deepened, and a sudden mistiness enveloped the surrounding scene. For she was clinging to his hands like one in deep torment who. for the first time amid a storm of suffering, finds the anchor of an old And yet he received the friend. impression of fear in her manner; she seemed loath to meet his gaze, unable He was frankly to talk to him. puzzled; but an Englishman, with his

happened. I have to tell you. . -I'm not-I don't-" The words quavered away into silence. How was it possible, at this first moment of meeting, to blurt out the bald statements which would shatter his pathetic happlness and trust? She could not bear, yet, to allude to what had become a sacred memory full of polgnant, ex-quisite pain. "I can't tell you everything-here," she continued. "Oh! can't speak of it all-yet, Hugh! Don't

Again her voice died away. Hugh pressed the hands in his, and laid them against his cheek.

ask me. It-it is so-unbearable-'

"Darling old girl! Has it been as bad as all that?"

He had, she knew, entirely misunderstood; but she made no comment. Explanations were impossible, just then. This meeting, fraught with such frony and tragedy, had bewildered her. Hugh's presence, with its present strangeness and odd sense of famillarity, brought with it a sense of shock. reducing her preconceived ideas of it to chaos

When they reached Waterloo, she nerved herself to put the question she scarcely dared to frame—that which was her only interest in life at present. "Has any news reached England-

yet-from De Borceau?" Hugh looked grave and shook his

"Of-Croft, you mean? No. Poor fellow. . . I suppose—I say— "Yes?"

"I suppose-I've sometimes wondered-was Croft quite-decent to you. all the time?"

A harsh carlcature of a laugh jarred on his ears.

"Yes. Oh! Quite-decent!" Hugh knitted his brow at her tone "You are sure? He-looked after vou. I mean, and did all he could?" "Oh, yes, yes! He-did all he possibly could."

"It was a beastly position for you both. Especially as you didn't like him-

"Here's the station!" she exclaimed. with a quick breath of relief. The taxi drew up at the pavement, and a porter opened the door.

The train was rather full; but the presence of others in their carriage vas a boon to Barbare. Hugh had sunk so far into the background that, in her recent anguish, the consideration of their position had held no place. Robbed with such cruel suddenness of both Alan and her future motherhood. there had been no room, in the bitterness of her heart, for thoughts of the empty years ahead. Every throb of the engines bringing her away increased the passionate craving to return-to search every nook and corner of the Island for remains of the man who meant more than life to her; then to lie down beside them and die, her-

But fate destined otherwise. With increased sense of desolation and hopelessness, she foresaw the tralls looming in front of her-the misery she must cause, the lack of understanding she must face alone. Only the desire to reach Mrs. Field had reconciled her

to this return; now that was crushed. Bewildered with conflicting emtions, with burning throat and aching head, she crouched, shivering, in a corner of the carriage while Hugh wrapped his traveling rug round her knees

The train rushed through the winter darkness. An elderly clergyman dozed in one corner of the compartment; two girls carried on a low-voiced conversation, interspersed with bursts of laugh-Hugh discoursed upon all the little mundane happenings in Darbury during her obsence, and she was grate-

ful to him. Thus, amid prosaic surroundings. hidden under unemotional exteriors. life's tragedles and comedles work out their scenes. The two girls, absorbed now in their magazine stories, were oblivious to the living drama, full of tragedy and bitter irony, being enacted but a few feet away. When ever Barhara looked at Hugh, the ironic misery of this false situation was increased. To him, at present, things seemed only vaguely unsatisfactory. This he had accounted for in the obvious way:

therefore, worrying was futile. "I shall soon know without being told." Miss Davies had said. And she did. By the time she had extricated her niece from the combined watery tendrils of Mrs. Stockley and Martha. and kissed her cold face, she knew! The girl greeted them all with a certain quiet warmth, lacking both effusion and emotion, which bore as little resemblance to her old impulsive ways as the forced smile and sunken eyes to a face distinguished by its serenity. Nobody returning to a longed-for home and flance would look upon them with those eyes of haunted hopelessness No illness would leave those rigid lines of pain around a mouth ever easily wreathed in smiles. thing has bappened," the woman of the world said to herself, watching in silence. What it might be, she was left to conjecture.

Mrs. Stockley, after the polson dropped into her mind the night before, regarded her daughter's Island life as some terrible blot staining the clean pages of her existence, which must not be lightly touched upon. She felt self-conscious upon the subject shocked and apprehensive over the girl's appearance. As usual, she took refuge in helpless tears. It was Martha, urged by Hugh, who, noticing the chattering teeth and clammy hands suggested hot soup and hed at once. "With a 'ot bottle," she added.

A contraction caught Barbara's

"you must bear with me. So much has was so familiar, so home-like; and . . 1 yet-so intolerable! She allowed herself to be led into the well-known dining room. Somebody removed her coat, and somebody her hat; then Hugh's

voice uttered an exclamation. "You've bobbed your hair, Bab! Why?"

Kneeling unsteadily before the fire, with hands stretched to the cheerful blaze, she was struck by the strangeness of this question coming from him -the indirect cause two years before. "It-was-better short," she replied

"I hope it will soon grow again now," said her mother anxiously. "I dislike the craze for 'bobbed' hair; it's unfeminine."

The meshes of the net which had loomed near with the advent of the De Borceaus, appeared to the girl's distraught mind to be closing steadily round her. Like one struggling in vain to elude them, she staggered to her

"Mother-let me go to bed! I feel

It was Hugh who caught her, as she stumbled toward the door. With Martha, he half carried her up the stairs to her old room.

And all through the night, as she tossed about, with wide feverish eyes staring at Martha fussing near at hand; where hundreds of years ago, It seemed, she had blown out the candle upon her old home-life-vision after vision rose, full of exquisite torture. to her mind. . . . A night of delirious terror in a little, vault-like . . A fearful vigil seated hut. upon upturned sult-cases, waiting in the dark for the natives' attack. . A pair of selssors and a shock of dark

hair, from under which dear gray eyes laughed up into her face. early dawn, with a little tin key ring. Golden hopes of motherhood, dashed almost as soon as awakened.

Like a relentless panorama, de tall after detail came vividly to life again, with, ever present, the buoyancy of a man's strong personality carrying all before it. . . . She pressed her lips passionately to that little circlet of tin, with a bitterness of grief too deep for the relief of tears. .

Downstairs, Mrs. Stockley and her sister sat long into the night, talking, surmising, arguing. Ever and anon, the former damped the atmosphere with her tears.

"She is so changed-so changed!" she repeated at intervals. "If people are already talking, I don't know what they will say when they see her!"

"She is sure to tell you, soon, all that happened," consoled her sister. "Then we can contradict any wrong suspicions."

"I am sure she has been ill-treated." moaned the other; "or why should she look so ill and miserable, now she has come home? I don't believe she was even glad to see me-her own mother! It seems so ungrateful. But Bab always was thoughtless and inconsiderate over my feelings."

"Why not ask her for the truth, tomorrow?" suggested Miss Davies, her curiosity difficult to curb. "Or shall I? I am more used to girls in trouble—"

"No. Mary!" said Mrs. Stockley, with quick anger at any interference. "I will not have you insinuate that she is one of-of your 'fallen girls,' like this! If she has suffered anything at-that man's hands, she will tell me, herself. I couldn't speak of it now. Besides, I wouldn't dream of forcing her confidence! After all, it may be only the result of her illness."

Miss Davies glanced at her, rather sharply.

"What was really the matter at Singapore, do you suppose?" she asked. "Prostration. And shock. Don't you



A Severe Chill Had Kept Her In Bed.

remember? Very natural, I am sure, after such terrible times."

Miss Davies drew in her lips, in her usual way when considering discretion the better part of valor, and made no

'To be continued)

A Chicago won ... with

72 dogs, 9 cats, 1 goat, 2 chickens nd 2 da :ks quartered a her liv ng room, swelve feet qu re. On emplaint of neighbors police roke up her menagerie.

TORRANCE

Reconditioning Shop

Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station

212 East First st., Albany, near the skating Rink Phone 379

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

North South No. 17, 12:09 p. m. No. 32. 3:20 a. m.

33, 7;11 p. m. 18, 10:48 a. m. 31, 11:34 p. m. 34, 4:25 p. m. No. 14, due Halsey at 5:02 p. m., stops to let off passengers from south Eugene.

Nos. 31 and 32 stop only if flagged. Nos. 31, 32, 33 and 34 rnn between Portland and Engene only.

Passengers for south of Roseburg should take No. 17 to Engene and there transfer

to No. 15 Halsey-Brownsville stage meets trains 18, 17, 14, 34 and 33 in order named.

Paid-for Paragraphs

(5c a line)

For sale- Dry Ash 4-foot Wood; 88, delivered. Leave orders at Enterprise office.

Old papers for sale at 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.

School Notes

(By an Enterprise Reporter)

The minstrel show is a sure thing ow. Won't the high school students make good coons?

The semester exams are taking place this week. Some students were made happy by exemptions which they did not expect.

Two clever definitions were handed in by freshmen in a quiz last week. One said that molecules were little knobs that grow on trees. The other one said, "a mirage is light reflected from an object that isn't there."

Brownsville Briefs

The freeze did not damage nut trees

Joseph Weber is home from the orvallis hospital, improved.

Homer Thompson has been boardng out a booze fine at the county

That patriarch and veteran of the ivil war, head of the Brownsville post of the G. A. R., Ebenezer Conway, died Wednesday night, aged 31. He leaves, a widow, 79, with whom he had shared life's joys and griefs for over 59 years, and a son at Brownsville and a daughter at Mabel.

From Mattoon, Ill., W. J. Lane writes : "We came here Dec. 21 and are visiting with Rev. and Mrs. John T. Wilson, the latter Mrs. Lane's sister. We are feeling fine, but don't ike this part of the country, as it gets too cold for an Oregonian. It has been 22 below since we came, but it is much better now. I rather think we will return to Arkansas before going to Oregon."

Alford Arrows

Enterprise Correspondence)

Lee Ingram went to Albany one ay last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Isom went to Albany Monday.

E. A. Starnes went to Albany one lay last wekk.

Mr. and Mrs. John motte and son rent to Albany Thursday.

Elsie Kropf, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kropf, is quite ill.

Miss Marjorie Walker visited Esthor and Henrietta Starnes Sunday. Mrs. E. A. Sarnes visited her sis-

Beverly Isom spent Wednesday night with her friend, Alice Sturteant.

ter, Mrs. Clara Sprenger, last Thurs-

Miss Hattie Dannen spent Friday evening with her sister, Mrs. E. A.

A. E. Whitbeck, B. E. Cogswell and George Rolfe called at Lee Ingram's

Friday evening. J. H. Rickard, Lee Ingram and Chester Curtis and families gathered at George Bias' Saturday evening at taffy pull.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wallet and chilen, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wills and son of Wells and Miss Etta Godwin and Gail Prather of Buena Vista were week-end guests at John Rolfe's,

(Continued from page 5)

Little groups of people, wrapped in

novelty, also the state of excitement in

Thank you, porter.

movement of his life. Hugh reached the seat and seized the girl's tremb-Then all other words of greeting faded upon his lips: he was conscious of a sense of shock, a nameless apprehension. The general features of the face quickly raised were those he knew; but that was all. This woman with the heavy. haunted-looking eyes, the strained set lips, the curious rigidity of expression. bore no resemblance to the sweetfaced. Impulsive girl who had clung round his neck at parting, in the cabin of the airplane. He felt checked, curiously embarrassed, as if with a stranger. Still clasping her hands, he gazed at her silently, noting with alarm the ashen hue spreading even to her lips.

There's a sure cure for Glite hunger at the Confectionery and Best sweets and soft drinks Cafeteria at the Best cuisine Efficient service Pleasant surroundings

W. S. DUNCAN Albany, Oregon \$18404848484949995884CHARR



Impatience Was a Novelty. forlorn hero among his many frien to who took him to their hearts and filled is days so that breeding became impossible. Perhaps more than mere ympathy lurked within the minds of others with marriageable daughters: at that suspicion never penetrated is brain. The girl who was part of is very life had gone; to none other

lid he give a moment's thought. And now, this Twentieth century dracle had happened! After what seemed a dull dream he awoke just vhere he was, when, so to speak, he fell asleep. His feelings were absolutely unchanged, except, perhaps, that hey were intensified by loss. The possibility of any alteration in their relationship never even occurred to him. As has been mentioned before, he was

not blessed-or cursed-with Imagination. When he had nearly reached the barrier, a sudden tension became apparent everywhere: conversations ceased, heads all turned one way, a flutter of

Hugh turned quickly. The huge engine, approaching, glided slowly alongside the platform, followed by the train which brought far travelers home again from distant lands. .

expectancy passed over the scattered

Within a few minutes all was bustle and hurry. The platform swarmed

horror of scenes. can be trusted to bridge over any threatening chasms. Sending the porter for a taxi, he sat

down by her side, still holding her hands, and took refuge in the prosaic. "Come and have some tea-or brandy or something, Bab," he suggested. "There's just time,"

She shook her head.

"But-you-you-dash it all! You don't look fit to travel. What is it. "I-shall be all right," she breathed.

"We had a bad crossing. I-caught cold. That's all. Hugh." He watched her with puckered brow "What made you leave the boat at Marseilles and come overland?" "I hated it!" she cried huskily, free-

ing her hands. "It was all-unbear-

able-day after day-the monotony,

the people-oh! I hated it all!" Her eyes roved wildly over the platform. then she abruptly turned toward him. "I want Mrs. Field. Is she in London.

or at Darbury?" "Neither. She's in Russia." The girl's hands twined convulsively together, and she said no more. It was a relief to both when the porter appeared to lead them to the walting taxi. By this sudden act of traveling overland, she had successfully thwarted publicity. So curiosity was evinced in her arrival. She sank back in a corner with throbbing head bewildered by the noise around. It all seemed part of the nightmare which had been going on for so long, in which various parts of her anatomy moved, spoke ate and slept, while she herself was numbed or dead. The movements around appeared as unreal and detached as the life of a gay city to one

lying, blind and pain-stricken, in a darkened room. Hugh turned to put his arms about her, as they drove away-but again something intangible checked him; instead, he took her hand once more, almost shyly, and leaned toward her "Bab," he asked diffidently, "won't yo -aren't you going to kiss me? After all this time?"

She drew away quickly, sharply For a moment she laid her hand upon the door, with the mad instinct to es cape which some trapped animal migh feel on its way to the zoo, its hear ever away in the wilds with its los Then, drawing a lon quivering breath, she leaned back and

looked up at him. In the light from

passing vehicles, she saw the hurt

wonder on his face. All at once the cold rigidity encom assing her heart relaxed. With trem dling lips, and eyes swimming in sud den tears, she laid her free hand on

"Hughie!" she muttered brokenly, throat preventing speech. Everything