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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore.. Aug. 10, 1922

GREAT IS THE ALIBI

Mr. Weller's trust in the power of the alibi is shared by many crooks today. Burglars are known on occasion to carefully instruct their pals, before the fact, to testify on trial that the principal was somewhere else when the crime was !. committed.

Striking labor unions, when violence is visited upon employers or strikebreakers, spring the alibi by declaring the offenders were not strikers nor members of their organization, but unknown outside sympathizers.

In the Englewood i c'dent at Los Angeles the alibi of the raiders was shocked when an officer of the law put identification marks on three of the hooded raiders, firing said marks from a gun. Klansmen declared that the lawless raid was not the work of the order and the fact developed that the meeting adjourned and the crime was planned by the adjourned members. Great is the alibi!

In the Jacksonville investigation it was testified that leaders taught klansmen that they could properly swear that they were not members of the order, salving their consciences with the theory that they were members only while attend. ing a session. The plain English names for such a cowardly course are "perjury" and "treason."

The proper defense against a coward who violates the law under cover of darkness and a mask is to mirk him with a piece of lead for identification, whether the mark goes through, the heart or only breaks a limb. Against such a mark the alibi fails.

The proposed income tax is not class legislation, as its opponents claim. The rich are not in ore class and the poor in another in America. The proposed law would of those rights. By public utterances afterive public funds from those who derive public funds from those who are able to pay. That is the whole case in a notshell, and the opposition comes from those who are able to pay and who want to compel the weak to bear the same burden as the strong.

"It was farmers who originally demanded and finally obtained : the direct primary legislation, sa. its enemies. Yes, and the system brought back to the farmers some of the power of which the bosses. had succeeded in depriving them. The farmers can get justice underour government if they will pu!! together, as so many other interests ado.

The question is asked: "Who are the twelve greatest men in Oregon?' If Sonator Stanfield were in Oregon it would be easy to name one of them. No other. Oregonian is able to stay at home tending a profitable sheep business half a year at a time and continue to draw full pay for services supposed to be rendered in Washing-

We could look with equaminity at the high rate of automobile fatalities at railroad crossings as a process of improving the race by the elimination of fools if it were not that the drivers take unoffending passengers with them when they commit suicide by running their cars in front of trains.

A religion which parents cannot sufficiently instil into the minds of their children outside of he schools need lots of bolstering.

So Ruled the Federal Railroad Labor Board

New York. - The keynote of the reply made by railway executives representing more than 180 Class 1 railroads of the United States to the proposition of President Harding that 'All strikers be returned to their work and their former positions, with seniority and other rights unimpaired," lies in the last paragraph of their reply to the president, as follows:

eply to the president, as follows:

"It is submitted that the striking former employees cannot be given preference to employees at present in the service without doing violence to every principle of right and justice involved in this matter and without the grossest breach of faith on the part of the railroads to the men at present in their service. "Under these circumstances, it becomes apparent that the railroads cannot consider any settlement of the present strike which does not provide protection in their present employment both to the leyal employees who remained in the service and to the new employees entering it."

The executives had accepted the

The executives had accepted the first two conditions proposed by the president, namely, that both employers and employees accept the decisions of the labor board, and that all law suits growing out of the strike be withdrawn; and in relation to the third condition state, not only as above, but also as follows:

Agree With the President.
"The railroad executives and managers agree entirely with the president's statement in his letter that it wholly unthinkable that the railroad labor board can be made a useful agency of the government in maintaining industrial peace in the railway service unless employers and workers are both prompt and unquestioning in their acceptance of its decisions.

"Many men in the service refused were assured of the seniority rights today. accruing to them and of the permanence of their positions. On some important lines 50 per cent or more rethousands of new men who were em ployed and could be secured only upon a definite promise that their serv ices would be retained, regardless of the settlement of the strike, with all the rights appertaining to such employment, including that of seniority under the working rules and regulations previously approved by the railroad labor board.

"Just the Opposite Effect." We especially point out that a refusal to the old men who remained in the service and to the new men who accepted service of the rights of senlority incident to their employment would have just the opposite effect to that desired by the president, and would most seriously discredit the

labor board. "The board itself prescribed the rules of seniority under which the mea referred to have secured their seniority rights, and the railroad companies have neither the legal nor moral right to deprive these men recognized and emphasized these rights, and to deny them now would, instead of upholding the authority of Dress Shoes a Specialty the labor board, overthrow its rules and discredit its authority. The chairman of the labor board at the time the strike was called made the following public statement:

"Upon one question the striking employees should not be decaived. Their leader has said that the strikers are no longer employees of the railways, and they have thus automatically abandoned all the rights they possess under their agreements and under the decisions of the board, including their senterity. This is not the board action. It is their own. Many cardiers are giving their former employees the opportunity to re-enter the service within a limited time. It must be understood now that men who remained in the service and those who are now entering it will have rights of seniority that he board could not ignore."

What the Proposed Plan Means, "It must be understood that any proposal that employees now on strike shall be permitted to return to the service without impairment to their senionity, is merely another way of suggesting that those men who took employment in this crisis in good faith, relying on the promises of the railroads to protect them in their positions, these promises being justified by the authoritative utterances of the labor board, and thus have made possible the continued operation of the railroads, shall now be sacrificed in favor of men now on strike, who not only brought about the crisis, but, by their own action and declaration, are no longer employees of the railways, under the jurisdiction of the United States Railroad Labor Board. or subject to the application of the

transportation act. "In addition to the necessity of upholding the labor board and maintaining the pledges made by the railroads to the men now at work, there is the practical effect on the supervisory officers of a violation of the pledges they were authorized to make. Their discouragement and demoralization would be far more dieastrous than this r any other strike."

In Missouri the republicans expect to defeat a divided democratic the few hours of the secular pub majority in the election of a senator and in Oregon the democrate have the same kind of a hope for a We are getting weary of Oregon gubernatorial victory. "Divide being dry. Let us pray-for rain. and conquer" is an old motto.

A Walla Walla bootlegger was shot in the leg by a prohibition officer. In the bootleg, we sup-

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TILLAMOOK COUNTY BEACHES

SHASTA MOUNTAIN RESORTS

Has Watched Halsey Grow

young physician was advised by an Albany fellow-practitioner to locate in Halsey. He visited this place and stopped at the hotel a few days without telling anybody who he was or what his business, further than to inscribe his name ! on the register.

smith shop and a few residences, and a few rivers of mud called streets. And it rained all day

The young M. D. decided that he had seen all he wanted to of Halsey, but before going home went to Albany to tell his friend why the prospect failed to appear to him. The Albany man and another of the profession talked to him to such purpose that he faced about, came back to this town and hung out his shingle.

For twenty-five years Dr. Marks has practiced medicine here. He made Shedd his home for an interval, but even then he was in Halsey nearly every day, and he re-turned and again became a resident of this city. His first wife died and in time he married anothor Halseyite and a son has grown to young manhood.

He has seen the city make the greater part of its growth and the streets improve until all of them are navigable by wagons (and automobiles) the year around, and now one of them has a modern type of pavement. The country roads, too, have mostly been redeemed fom the status of canals of mud in winter. There are none of them with which he is not familiar, and in obeying the calls of his practice he has seen every step in the improvement of each of them.

In the homes along all of them are growing up citizens whom Dr. Marks helped to bring into the world, while helping many others to stay.

and now the increased population supports two practitioners instead of one, and they work in as conplets harmony and co-operation as do the people of this quiet burg

This summer the doctor decided to make this place his permanent residence (twenty-five years was only a transient period) and has bought and remodeled the house which he and his family occupy and made an up-to-date home of

Linn county schools gets \$15, 047 90 from the state in this distribution.

interesting collection of rare metal and paper money in the window of his jewelry store in Browns-

saw before

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He found a store or two, black-

every day.

More or less practice came to him and he found his patrons more prone to paying their bills than had been the case at his former location. The outlook improved over his first impressions, for in time he married a local girl and they set up their home

The medical practice has grown

W. J. Lane is displaying an

Ash Swale people say the crops are nearer a total failure from drouth this year than they ever

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The Strength Of The Pines

Edison Marshall Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

BOOK ONE THE CALL OF THE BLOOD CHAPTER I

Bruce was wakened by the sharp ring of his telephone bell. Instantly he was fully aroused, in complete control of all his faculties. And this is not especially common to men bred in the security of civilization. Rather it is a trait of the wild creatures; a little matter that is quite necessary if they care at all about living. Frontiersmen learn the trait, foo; but as Bruce was a dweller of cities seemed somewhat strange in him.

Then he grunted rebelliously and glanced at his watch beneath the pillow. He had gone to bed early; it was just midnight now.

He had no doubts whatever concerning the nature of this call. There had been one hundred like it during the previous month. His foster father had recently died, his estate was being settled up, and Bruce had been having a somewhat strenuous time with his creditors. He understood the man's real financial situation at last; at his death the whole business structure collapsed like the eggshell it was. Bruce had supposed that most of the debts had been paid now; he wondered, as he fumbled into his bedroom slippers, whether the thousand or so dollars that were left would cover the claim of the man who was now call-

ing him to the telephone. "This is Mr. Duncan," he said coldly into the transmitter.

"How do you do, Mr. Duncan," voice answered. "Pardon me if I got you up. I want to talk to your son,

Bruce emitted a little gasp of amazement. Whoever talked at the end of the line obviously didn't know that the elder Duncan was dead. Bruce had a moment of grim humor in which he mused that this voice would have done rather well if it. could arouse his foster father to answer it. "The elder Mr. Duncan died last month," he answered simply, There was not the slightest trace of emotion in his tone. No wayfarer on the street could have been, as far as facts went, more of a stranger to him; there was no sense of loss at his death and no cause for pretense now. "This is Bruce speaking."

He heard the other gasp. "Oldman, I'm sorry," his contrite voice came. "I didn't know of your loss, This is Barney-Barney Wegan-and I just got in from the West. Haven't had a bit of news for months. Accept

my earnest sympathies-" "Barney! Of course." The delight grew on Bruce's face; for Barney Wegan, a man whom he had niet and learned to know on the gym floor of his club, was quite near to being a real friend. "And what's up. Barney?".

The man's voice changed at oncewent back to its same urgent, but rather embarrassed tone. "You won't believe me if I tell you, so I won't try to tell you over the phone. But I must come up-right away. May 17" "Of course-

"I'll be there in a minute." Bruce hung up, slowly descended to his library, and flashed on the lights;

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For the first time he was revealed plainly. His was a familiar type; but at the same time the best type, too. He had the face and the body of an athlete, a man who keeps himself fit; and there was nothing mawkish or effeminate about him. It is true that men did look twice at Bruce's eyes, set in a brown, clean-cut face, never knowing exactly why they did so. They had startling potentialities. They were quite clear now, wideawake and cool, yet they had a strange depth of expression and shadow that might mean, somewhere beneath the bland and cool exterior, a capacity for great emotions and pas-

He had only a few minutes to wait; then Barney Wegan tapped at his door. This man was bronzed by the sup, never more fit, never straighter and taller and more lithe. He had just come from the far places. The embarrassment that Bruce had detected in his voice was in his face and manner, too.

"You'll think I'm crazy for routing you out at this time of night, Bruce, he began. "And I'm going to get this matter off my chest as soon as possible and let you go to bed. It's all batty, anyway. But I was cautioned by all the devils of the deep to see you-the moment I came here.'

"Cigarettes on the smoking-stand," Bruce said steadily. "And tell away." "But tell me something first. Was Duncan your real father? If he was, I'll know I'm up a wrong tree. I don't

mean to be personal-"He wasn't. I thought you knew it. My real father is something like you -something of a mystery."

"I won't be a mystery long. He's not, eh that's what the old hag said. Excuse me, old man, for saying 'hag.' But she was one, if there is any such. Lord knows who she is, or whether or not she's a relation of yours. But I'll begin at the beginning. You know I was way back on the Oregon frontier -back in the Cascades. I was fishing for steelhead in a river they call the Rogue. While way up on the upper waters I heard of a place called Trail's End-a place where wise men do not

'And of course you went?"

"Of course. The name sounds silly now, but it won't if you ever go there. There are only a few families, Bruce, miles and miles apart, in the whole region. And it's enormous-no one knows how big. Just ridge on ridge. One day my guide stopped at a brokendown old cabin on the hillside for a drink of water. I was four miles away in camp. The guide came back and asked me if I was from this very

"I told him yes, and asked him why he wanted to know. He said that this old woman sent word, secretly, to every stranger that came to fish or bunt in the region of Trail's End, wanting to know if they came from here. I was the first one that answered 'yes.' And the guide said that she wanted me to come to her cabin and see her.

"I went-and I won't describe to you how she looked. I'll let you see for yourself, if you care to follow out her instructions. And now the strange



General Passenger Agent.

IOHN M. SCOTT,