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londer now. Thad was near; she knew it. Stumbling over rubbish, half falling before she could regain her footing, she made for the direction from which the moaning seemed to come, and encountered a rough wall. But there was a door. There was a key. It turned. As Lettie dashed into the room, she heard steps on the stairs. There was noise everywhere—steps overhead. Things were happening. Folks were after her. She must hurry.

"Oh, I want to go home," whimpered a small voice. "I want Penzie."

"Yes, darling—you shall have her," panted Lettie, bending over and untangling Thad from a ragged quilt. She could see nothing, but her senses were sharpened by emergency. She could make out the window as a gray patch in the blackness, but there was not light enough from the street to shine in. She dragged Thad toward the window, unlocked and lifted it, pushed him through. As she followed, somebody stumbled into the room, swooped down upon her.

"Leggo!" screamed Lettie, in a panic, kicking and struggling. "Leggo!"

"Shut up, or I'll kill you," retorted a hoarse voice, scarcely more than a whisper. It was the woman. She had followed. She was trying to prevent.

The next instant they were outside—Thad, Lettie, the woman.

"Stop, there!" shouted a voice. It was a man's voice, from the yard. "Stop, or I'll shoot. Stop! I'll shoot."

It was the climax of terror for Lettie. The command to stop was the signal to run. She snatched Thad into her arms with a strength that had never before been hers, and struck through the broken fence into the vacant lot. The woman ran, too—in a flight of her own, although Lettie did not suspect it.

A shot rang out. Another! A third! Lettie bounded through the air, spurred on by the very things which should have stopped her. A hot tingling ran across her arm. . . . Many voices behind her! Thad slipped out of her grasp. She pulled him by one hand. . . . She must reach the ravine in the back of the lot. They could hide under the live-oak trees.

At last they got there. Lettie listened. No one was following—not even the woman. The first danger was over. There were houses near. She drew Thad close to her behind a tree. She must rest a minute. Her arm felt hot; it hurt. The sleeve was wet.

They started on again, but it was a hard journey home. Lettie wavered along the sidewalk; that wonderful strength had left her. She tried to carry Thad, but she could scarcely lift him, to say nothing of carrying him in her arms. He dragged along beside her, tired from his storm of sobbing, but growing nervously excited over his experience now that he had the assurance of safety.

Lettie brought him at last to The Custard Cup. The big door was closed, so she went around the house and opened the kitchen door, pushing Thad in ahead of her.

"I got him, Penzie," she mumbled. "I got him for you. I—" Her eyelids fluttered; her body swayed dizzily. She threw up her arm—and plunged forward to the floor at Mrs. Penfield's feet.

As Mrs. Penfield gathered Lettie into her arms, she was horrified to find that the child's sleeve was soaked with blood. Lettie had not fainted; she had fallen from dizziness. She was still dizzy. Mrs. Penfield carried her into the bedroom.



"I Got Him, Penzie," She Mumbled.

It was only a surface wound, the bullet having grazed the flesh for some distance, but the subsequent violent exercise had made it bleed freely. Mrs. Penfield washed and dressed it, refusing meantime to listen to the wild, excited stories which both Lettie and Thad were determined to tell. They were home and safe; nothing else mattered.

It was a long time before she soothed them; and after they had gone to sleep, Mrs. Penfield kept vigil.

The crooked old clock had traveled to half-past nine, and she had heard nothing from the police station. Then Jerry Winston tramped into the kitchen and threw his hat on a box.

"They got the money, Carline. I wish I could have brought it to you, but it'll take an order from the court to release it."

"The money! The money that I—"

He nodded. "Two hundred and twenty-eight dollars—bills and one check inside 'em. They found 'em on the rascal, envelope and all. He hadn't had time to—"

"The rascal! Who?"

"Bosley."

"Bosley!" Mrs. Penfield leaned back against the wall, limp with consternation. "You don't mean—that Frank Bosley stole—"

Jerry Winston shook his head. "I don't mean he started out to do it—no. He's been playing for bigger stakes'n that. But we got him at last—confound his picture, we got him!" He brought his fist down on the table with a blow that teetered it on its frail legs.

Mrs. Penfield sank to the wash-bench. "The world's a-swimming, Uncle Jerry. Would you mind pinning me to something somewhere?"

He laughed. "Why, no. If you'll keep mum about it—cross your heart and hope to die, or however Lettie puts it—I'll tell you the whole story. You'll see my part in it can't be published."

"It shall be as Lettie says," she box's and she told Mrs. Bosley as a piece of neighborly gossip. I came around to hunt up Mrs. Gussie and was just in time to catch a glimpse of her taking a taxi. I'd ha' caught her at the station if the darned engine

smiled back. "Are you going to ask me to believe that Frank Bosley took this money and—"

"Exactly. He came for the package that his wife left, and you weren't here. He had to have it quick, 'cause he'd got scared and was planning a get-away, so he came in for it; and I don't have to remind you, Carline, that it's easy to find things in this house. He found the package, and there was the money beside it. Why not take it, as long's he was going out of town anyway?"

"What are you talking about, Uncle Jerry? Why was he getting away and—"

"Shaw, now, Carline, the idea of your being confused 'cause I began at the wrong end of my story. I'll take the other end if you'd like it better. You see, I been trying out a little sleuthing."

"Oh!" Mrs. Penfield drew a deep breath. On the instant her memory caught up a few perplexing occurrences in the past months.

"Yes, I've always had a leaning toward it—read a good deal and followed what other fellers had done, and all that; and when I got my knack out for the woods, I naturally wanted to go into something that appealed. I had a lot of personal recommendations and a letter to a man connected with the lumber company. Through him and considerable red tape, I finally got sworn in as a special with the secret service, when they were taking on a number of extra men to work on the Bosley ring. My particular assignment has been to shadow Bosley. Believe me, I've sweat blood over that feller, darn him!"

Mrs. Penfield's eyes were fixed on his face. "That's why you came here—took the left and—"

"Sure. I wanted to be 'round-as-casual-as possible. I've worked ev'ry scheme I could concoct to worm myself into that feller's life. But he was a slick one in his own line. He's been stringing me on a real-estate deal, and I've allowed myself to be strung. Of course he didn't suspect my object, but I sort of made him nervous, hanging 'round and getting in with his cronies."

"Uncle Jerry, you're worse'n a woman for not getting at the main point. You may be a star detective, but you'd never make a reporter. Now will you kindly stay still in your tracks till you've told me what you wanted him for?"

"Oh, that!" Jerry Winston chuckled. "Yes, maybe I did overlook that, it's been in my mind so long. Why, he's been a leader in a ring that's been supplying drugs to a lot of fiends in exchange for their passing off counterfeit money. Choice circle, and a big one, too! All nations represented—Chinese and whites! Lettie put me wise to their money-factory. I was sure they had one, but—"

"Lettie!" Mrs. Penfield came to her feet. "What do you mean?"

"Holy smoke, Carline, don't get so excited! Lettie didn't know what she was doing, and I hadn't never mentioned it to her. Catch me quizzing a kid! No, all is, I overheard her twitting Bosley, 'bout slinking into a house next to one of the vacant lots. I hugged the lean-to and listened; but, believe me, I did more prowling than Lettie has 'fore I found the vacant lot and the house. Raising it was part of last night's work."

(To be continued)

The Canadian Presbyterians' Congregationalists and Methodists have merged and formed the United church of Canada.

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For a catalogue or any information write The Registrar, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

The 48th Year Open September 25, 1923


Sentenced to Hang

Parker, who murdered Sheriff Dunlap, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged Aug. 31 while the Enterprise was being printed last week. This was Judge Kelly's first death sentence. J. C. Porter of this place was foreman of the jury. Parker is in the death cell at Salem.

Warden Smith, in accordance with his policy of gentle, kindly treatment of prisoners, allowed Parker the liberty of the jail yard by day, but Governor Pierce put a stop to this and the murderer who had dug out of the Albany jail when given a similar liberty, and who had murdered the sheriff in the hope of escaping after an arrest for a minor offense, is in solitary confinement, as are several other convicted murderers to whom Smith was showing similar leniency.

THE BEST THE FARMS PRODUCE

By **WALTER W. HEAD**
First Vice-President, American Bankers Association



Walter W. Head

Every banker and business man in the country is interested in the farm from another viewpoint than merely a place to raise farm products and live-stock. Above all the farm is one of the places where we can best bring up our boys and girls. Thousands of men and boys each year are socking to the city. Clerks in the city are barely eking out an existence and they cannot expect to receive much more in the way of compensation.

But back on the farms are men working for a reasonable return, and in addition they have their houses, the wonderful sunshine above in the daytime, the wonderful fresh air and all the things that the soil produces. The boy who is raised on the farm will have an entirely different aspect of life and approach the various problems with which he has to deal in later years in a different way from the boy who is raised in the city.

In this period of unrest we are certainly vitally interested in rearing both on the farms and in the cities boys and girls with the proper outlook for the future, imbued with the belief that the activity in which they are engaged is, after all, something that will provide them both with the necessary things of life and with happiness. For in happiness there is contentment, and in contentment in America there is safety for our institutions.

Every single banker should feel that the problems his farmer customers have to contend with are not only the farmer's problems but his problems as well. He should feel not only that the farmer must be prosperous so that he can deposit more in his bank, giving the banker more to loan and thereby increasing his profits, but that also there is something which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is the thought of rendering such service to their customers—regardless of whether they are farmers, or men working in the shops, or big business men of the cities—that will bring not only prosperity but contentment as well. The banker should take as his motto: "Who serves best profits most."

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

JULY 26, 1923 HALSEY ENTERPRISE PAGE 3

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. 7 cents; 3 for 20c. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Floral Co. Orders filled carefully for everywhere or any time. Flowers, wire anywhere in U. S. or Canada. Flower phone 458-J.

ALBANY GARAGE. "Studebaker" 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

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

Flood's dry goods store is the best place in Albany to buy dry goods, furnishings and notions. Service is our motto.

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

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

Holman & Jackson—Everything for your table except the linen. Highest quality and prices reasonable. Phone 43. Opposite Postoffice.

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
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Phone 65. First and Lyon

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STOKE
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for sale. Purebred. 60 ewes, 12 rams, 35 lambs.
Dr. J. W. Cook, Brownsville

Jots and Tittles
(Continued from page 1)

The Albany Chautauqua netted \$70.00 profit.

W. R. Kirk and wife have a son, born last week Tuesday.

Miss Lavelle Palmer is home from the hospital and improving rapidly.

The pavement at Harrisburg will probably be ready to travel in thirty days.

A daughter of C. V. Curtis had Dr. Marks after cutting off a toe recently.

Miss Bray, who taught school here last term, visited Mrs. Rose Powell last week.

Last week the Lebanon cannery quit handling any small fruit not contracted for.

A carload of pint and quart Mason Jars are being used in putting up Lebanon's honey crop.

The completion of the pavement between Shedd and Tugent is making speed like a snail's.

Mrs. Alford of Rowland is nursing a convalescing arm which was broken in a fall a short time ago.

Salt Lake, Bergen Hollow and Mount Pleasant districts defeated the proposal for a consolidated high school district with Gaines and Lacombe.

It is expected that there will be eighty boy scouts at the encampment at Fish Lake, beginning July 30, including a number from Brownsville and perhaps some from Halsey.

Silver cups are offered at the state fair for the best fat hog under 200 pounds, the best young Jersey herd, the best female chicken. It is presumed that there will be a number of the latter there.

Melba Neal has just got home from doing housework for her brother Lonzo at Brownsville and now she is helping her father in the field and is the best boy on the place, and not a tomboy, either.

E. B. Penland, Frank Hadley and B. M. Miller and their families and H. C. Davis were among Halsey attendants at the Methodist Campmeeting at Cottage Grove Sunday.

William White is around again after being laid up for a while with some broken ribs the result of being trampled by a cow. Mr. White was knocked down and run over by a cow in a stampede of cattle a year or two ago and badly bruised up.

Pine Grove (district 139) has a new schoolhouse a short distance this side of the church, which will be dedicated Saturday evening. There will be a cafeteria supper, beginning at 7, after which a program will be rendered. The proceeds of the supper will go to the school.

Arthur Burdell Chance, son of L. W. Chance of Salem, died in a hospital in Seattle Friday after an operation for appendicitis and was buried at Albany Sunday afternoon. W. H. Chance, the young man's uncle with his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, the latter an aunt, attended from Halsey.

It is expected that more than 100 Jersey cattle will be at the county fair. The Shedd boys' and girls' club expects to have twenty calves there. Robert Archibald will show eight cows all from one sire. Other intended exhibitors are; Jay Palmer, Henry Stewart, H. H. Eastman, Walter Hense, J. C. Brown & Son, W. H. McConnel, W. B. Davis, Ernest Pugh, C. C. Duncan, M. E. Munson, Robert Burkhardt, Frank Gibson, Martin Cummings, J. Dickson & Sons, James McConnel and D. O. Woodworth.

Friday evening Frank Johnson fell from a bridge at Detroit where he was fishing and was drowned. His bride of two weeks, formerly Miss Ruth Thomas of Harrisburg, was

American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.

Hay is worth just as much in storage as you might get for it in case of fire. The American Eagle Fire Insurance company will pay you 85% of the cash value in case of loss by fire.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent