

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An Independent—NOT neutral—newspaper, published every Thursday. By Wm. H. WHEELER. Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year in advance. Advertising, 20c an inch; no discount for time or space; no charge for composition or changes. "Paid-for Paragraphs," Go a line. No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug 9, 1923

WHERE'S COOLIDGE?

That is the most important query that arises in connection with several of the most vital issues of the day. Not that he is one of the oily, squirmy politicians whom it is difficult to pin down and hold to any proposition. He is their antithesis. He knows his mind, and he is not afraid to let the world know it. But as vice-president he has not had occasion to define his views as he will in the position to which he has been called.

He has announced that he will endeavor to continue the general policies of Mr. Harding. A decorous respect for the memory of the dead calls for this. But how far it may carry him on any one course is an open question and will remain so until he has occasion to declare himself.

Would he favor a ship subsidy or any other dishing out of the public funds to make the investment of somebody's capital yield a profit?

Will he accommodate Hiram Johnson by making a world court an issue inside the party?

In case of the threatened coal strike this fall where will he be? He has said: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

When Boston police formed a union and struck, like I. W. W., Mr. Coolidge told them to go to, and he filled their places, and they went.

It is reasonably certain that in his foreign policy he will not show as much fright at the mention of the league of nations as some of his party do. He probably holds that the distinction between a "league" and an "association" is essentially without a difference. During the campaign which resulted in his election he said:

I do not believe that the event intended to create a super-government.

And so saying he was elected and he is now the president of the United States.

Both Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover, like Coolidge, favored the entry of the United States into the league of nations. They will probably remain in his cabinet.

Robbing a bank and fishing for trout are alike in one respect. If the fish you catch are too small you may be fined. So you may if the haul from the bank is too small. Get a large enough haul and you can stand off the law.

The Enterprise is willing to concede that, without more than one exception, Calvin Coolidge is the most illustrious native of Vermont today. The editor is too modest to name the exception. He was born in Vermont.

Mark Hanna instructed his lieutenants in a campaign to get hold of the big fellows and fry the fat out of them. Present-day politics is the science of fat-frying.

President and Mrs. Harding never forgot that they were American citizens, like the rest of us, all "born free and equal."

Average fleece weight on all sheep in the United States in 1840 was 1.85 pounds. In 1922 it was between 7 and 8 pounds. The increase is due to careful selection and breeding. Oregon has many bands of sheep that average better than 10 pounds. The average for the state as a whole is around 9 pounds.—O. A. C. Exp. station.

A Terrible Tempest

American politics are in a tempestuous condition today. Any one who looks for smooth sailing on that sea at any near date ought to read the following headlines from the news columns of Sunday's Oregonian:

Oregon politics in big upheaval. Wild convention in 1924 predicted.

Entire state changed by president's death.

Johnson's friends busy. Coolidge watches presidential rocks.

New president well aware of trouble ahead.

Senate in bad mood. Bitter fight foreseen in event successor follows Harding program on court.

Republican plans in 1924 undecided.

Coolidge chief factor to be considered in campaign.

Record to form issue. Politics at convention to depend on new president's success or failure at job.

New president is foursquare. Tax raiders and radicals held public enemies.

Economy watchword. Stabilization of commerce and industry regarded as vital to happiness of people.

Oil Fraud Protection.

Thousands of oil companies are operating in the recently opened California fields around Santa Fe Springs, Long Beach and Huntington Beach.

As a protection against any fraudulent type of promotion, that may be attempting to operate, California maintains a corporation commission.

The federal government likewise has detailed a staff of postoffice inspectors to the California field.

The office of the corporation commission of California to which complaints should be addressed is located at Los Angeles and the postoffice inspector's headquarters also are at Los Angeles. About the only requirement is that complaints must set out the facts in detail and be accompanied by advertising literature and correspondence.

College Costs Reduced.

A new day is dawning for the boy and girl of limited means. A worthy student can actually get a college education for \$100 a year. This is not by any short cut in educational work, but through a self-help plan.

Beginning with the college year 1923-24, Albany college guarantees to one hundred deserving high school graduates the opportunity to earn the greater part of their way through college. It does this through securing positions for the college students to work in and about Albany, in college buildings, and on the college farm.

Every student who does not live at home will be required to earn at least a part of his way.

The college is endeavoring to secure at least one hundred scholarships that will enable the college student to secure a year of college work through the payment of \$100 and working twenty hours per week.

The number of hours of self-help labor is adjusted to the financial needs of the student. Students who are financially able to pay the greater part of their college expenses will be required to engage in student self-help labor for not less than six hours per week, for which they receive compensation.

Ptomains poisoning is a myth—there is no such thing. A ptomaine is a basis product of putrefaction and it is not believed that any of these basic products are harmful to man. In the popular sense a ptomaine is any harmful substance arising from putrefactive changes in foods and is used to cover untoward results that arise from eating certain foods. Bacteria are responsible for the common disturbances designated as ptomaine poisoning, and such occurrences should be correctly called food infections.

Dad's and Mam's Restaurant

Second st., opposite Halsey Garage. Short orders at all hours up to 11 p. m.

Square Meal, 50c

Barber Shop & Baths

First-Class Work

Agent for Eugene Steam Laundry Sent Tuesdays.

J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop.

T. J. SKIRVIN SEED MERCHANT All kinds of Feed New and second grain sacks. Sack twine. Clover seed. Chopping done to suit. Prices right. FLOUR Golden Loaf \$2.00 White Mountain 2.15

E. L. STIFF Furniture Exchange Best and largest line of Used Furniture, Headquarters for Camping Outfits. Heavy D PRINT LINOLEUM \$1 per square yard. 422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

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



Borah's almost in the party.

The Secret Adversary by Agatha Christie

Like a spider in a web, but more subtle, more concealed and more dangerous to humans than the spider to the fly, sits a secret for plotting or loot, for power and even for the destruction of nations; an intelligence as malign as it is clever and efficient. A brilliant mind—the mind of a natural leader, a statesman—turns the deliberate choice to criminal activities and the undoing of social good.

The individual who possesses these powers and dark purposes is doubly dangerous from the fact that his identity cannot be traced. He controls criminals and conspirators of various sorts; he maps their plans, but never openly. His organization is cohesive and powerful in the extreme, but no one in that organization has the faintest idea of who he is, or how he operates. His plans and his orders come from a mysterious source. He is immune to spies, because no one ever sees him. His hand, recognized in many things, cannot be traced.

PROLOGUE

It was 2 p. m. on the afternoon of May 7, 1915. The Lusitania had been struck by two torpedoes in succession and was sinking rapidly, while the boats were being launched with all possible speed. The women and children were being lined up awaiting their turn. Some still clung desperately to husbands and fathers. One girl stood alone, slightly apart from the rest. She was quite young, not more than eighteen. She did not seem afraid, and her grave, steadfast eyes looked straight ahead.

"I beg your pardon." A man's voice beside her made her start and turn. She had noticed the speaker more than once amongst the first-class passengers. There had been a hint of mystery about him which had appealed to her imagination. He spoke to no one.

She noticed that he was greatly agitated. There were beads of perspiration on his brow. He was evidently in a state of overmastering fear. And yet he did not strike her as the kind of man who would be afraid to meet death!

"Yes?" Her grave eyes met his inquiringly. He stood looking at her with a kind of desperate irresolution. "It must be!" he muttered to himself. "Yes—it is the only way. I've got to trust someone—and it must be a woman."

"Why?" "Because of women and children first." He looked round and lowered his voice. "I'm carrying papers—vitaly important papers. They may make all the difference to the Allies in the war. You understand? These papers have got to be saved! They've more chance with you than with me. Will you take them?"

The girl held out her hand. "Wait—I must warn you. There may be risk—if I've been followed. I don't think I have, but one never knows. If so, there will be danger. Have you the nerve to go through with it?"

The girl smiled. "I'll go through with it all right. And I'm real proud to be chosen! What am I to do with them afterward?"

looking couple as they sat there. Tuppence had no claim to beauty, but there was character and charm in the elfin lines of her little face, with its determined chin and large, wide-apart gray eyes that looked mistily out from under straight, black brows. She wore a small bright green toque over her black bobbed hair, and her extremely short and rather shabby skirt revealed a pair of uncommonly dainty ankles. Her appearance presented a valiant attempt at smartness.

The tea came at last, and Tuppence, rousing herself from a fit of meditation, poured it out. "Now, then," said Tommy, taking a large bite of bun, "let's get up-to-date. Remember, I haven't seen you since that time in hospital in 1916."

"Very well," Tuppence helped herself liberally to buttered toast. "Abridged biography of Miss Prudence Cowley, fifth daughter of Archdeacon Cowley of Little Missendell, Suffolk. Miss Cowley left the delights and drudgeries of her home life early in the war and came up to London, where she entered an officers' hospital. First month: Washed up six hundred and forty-eight plates every day. Second month: Promoted to drying aforesaid plates. Third month: Promoted to peeling potatoes. Fourth month: Promoted to cutting bread and butter. Fifth month: Promoted one floor up to duties of ward-maid with mop and pail. Sixth month: Promoted to waiting at table. Seventh month: Pleasing appearance and nice manners so striking that am promoted to waiting on the Sisters! Eighth month: Slight check in career. Sister Bond ate Sister Westhaven's egg! Grand row! Wardmaid clearly to blame! Inattention in such important matters cannot be too highly censured. Mop and pail again! How are the mighty fallen! Ninth month: Promoted to sweeping out wards, where I found a friend of my childhood in Lieutenant Thomas Beresford (bow, Tommy!), whom I had not seen for five long years. The meeting was affecting! Tenth month: Reproved by matron for visiting the pictures in company with one of the patients, namely: the aforementioned Lieutenant Thomas Beresford. Eleventh and twelfth months: Parlormaid duties resumed with entire success. At the end of the year left hospital in a blaze of glory. After that, the talented Miss Cowley drove successively a trade delivery van, a motor-lorry and a general. The last was the pleasantest. I've forgotten his name now. I next entered a government office. We had several very enjoyable tea parties. I had intended to become a land girl, a postwoman, and a bus conductress by way of rounding off my career—but the armistice intervened! I clung to the office with the true limp touch for many long months, but, alas, I was combed out at last. Since then I've been looking for a job. Now, then—your turn."

"There's not so much promotion in mine," said Tommy regretfully, "and a great deal less variety. I went out to France again, as you know. Then they sent me to Mesopotamia, and I got wounded for the second time, and went into hospital out there. Then I got stuck in Egypt till the armistice happened, kicked my heels there some time longer, and finally got demobbed. And, for tea long, weary months I've been job hunting! There aren't any jobs! And, if there were, they wouldn't give 'em to me. What good am I? What do I know about business? Nothing."

Tuppence nodded gloomily. "What about the colonies?" she suggested. Tommy shook his head. "I shouldn't like the colonies—and I'm perfectly certain they wouldn't like me!" "Rich relations?" "I've got an old uncle who's more or less rolling, but he's no good."

"Why not?" "Wanted to adopt me once. I refused." "I think I remember hearing about it," said Tuppence slowly. "You refused because of your mother—?" Tommy flushed. "Yes, it would have been a bit rough on her. As you know, I was all she had. Old boy hated her—wanted to get me away from her. Just a bit of spite."

"Your mother's dead, isn't she?"

said Tuppence gently. Tommy nodded. Tuppence's large gray eyes looked misty. "You're a good sort, Tommy. I always knew it." "Rot!" said Tommy hastily. "Well, that's my position. I'm just about desperate." "So am I! I've hung out as long as I could. I've touted round. I've answered advertisements. I've tried every mortal blessed thing. I've screwed and saved and pinched! But it's no good. I shall have to go home!" "Don't you want to?" "Of course I don't want to! What's the good of being sentimental? You see, there are seven of us at home. It's awful! All housework and mothers' meetings! I don't want to go back, but—oh, Tommy, what else is there to do?" Tommy shook his head sadly. There was a silence, and then Tuppence burst out: "Money, money, money! I think about money morning, noon and night!"



Trading Under the Name of The Young Adventurers, Ltd.; Is That Your Idea, Tuppence?

I dare say it's mercenary of me, but there it is!" "Same here," agreed Tommy with feeling. There was a pause. "Of course," resumed Tuppence, "marriage is my best chance. I made up my mind to marry money when I was quite young. Any thinking girl would! I'm not sentimental, you know." She paused. "Come now, you can't say I'm sentimental," she added sharply.

"Certainly not," agreed Tommy hastily. "No one would ever think of sentiment in connection with you." "That's not very polite," replied Tuppence. "But I dare say you mean it all right. Well, there it is! I'm ready and willing—but I never meet any rich men! All the boys I know are about as hard up as I am. No—marriage is fraught with difficulties. Remains—to make money!" "We've tried that, and failed," Tommy reminded her. "We've tried all the orthodox ways, yes. But suppose we try the unorthodox. Tommy, let's be adventurers!" "Certainly," replied Tommy cheerfully. "How do we begin?" "That's the difficulty. If we could make ourselves known, people might hire us to commit crimes for them. Look here, Tommy, shall we really? Shall we form a business partnership?"

"Trading under the name of the Young Adventurers, Ltd. Is that the idea, Tuppence?" "It's all very well to laugh, but I feel there might be something in it." "How do you propose to get in touch with your would-be employers?" "Advertisement," replied Tuppence promptly. "Have you got a bit of paper and a pencil?" Tommy handed over a rather shabby green notebook, and Tuppence began writing busily. "Shall we begin: Young officer, twice wounded in the war—"

The Big Dish of Ice Cream Clark's Confectionery e serve will prove none too big for your appetite after you once taste it. In fact you'll wish you could find room for more. Try some at home for dessert. The way the family will enjoy it will make your heart feel glad.