

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.
In "Paid-for Paragraphs," 5c a line.
No advertising disguised as news.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug 16, 1923

THE SHEDD FAIR

Shedd has a reputation all over the United States as the banner town in agricultural and industrial club work. One result of its club work is the production of some of the most valuable thoroughbred livestock in the country. A more important result is the production of a crop of boys and girls who do not want to rush to the city as soon as they are old enough or sooner. They have won prizes for achievements at home. They have experienced the joy of success without wandering abroad to seek it. There is more pleasure in the simple fact of having done good work well than in all the pecuniary reward it will yield.

But these boys and girls do not sacrifice the cash reward of their work. They insure it. In their club work they learn how to make rural activities profitable—how to succeed where others fail—and they will do it.

Shedd holds an annual fair, the fourth of these will be Sept. 1 of this year. It will pay you to attend, if only to see the exhibits, though there are likely to be plenty of other sources of enjoyment. Take along an exhibit if you can. Meet Shedd halfway in effort for community improvement.

Halsey, too, has clubs to be proud of and this is more emphatically true of the girls than of the boys. The Halsey Canning club has won high honors in the state, and a Halsey girl has a record among top-notchers in stock judging in the northwest.

Probably many of the Shedd exhibits will go to the county fair the next week.

THE REFERENDUM

We shall have a chance to vote on the retention or nullification of the best two laws enacted by the last legislative session, and the contest will be a battle between big business and the little fellows—a test of the power of coin in Oregon politics. The income tax act proposes to take a larger proportion of the revenue from those who are drawing the larger incomes from their business transactions with the rest of us and thus reduce the financial pressure upon those whose homes or other possessions are liable to be sold for taxes.

The fact that small incomes, as well as large—and down to \$1000, are to be taxed is used by the wealthy interests backing the referendum in an effort to convince the voter of small means that it is to his interest to defeat the tax. People of small means have a majority of the votes in Oregon. It is not likely that many of them will fall for this anti-income-tax bunk.

The \$10 that the man with \$1000 net income would pay will be offset by the reduction of tax on his possessions. The man of large income will get no greater percentage of reduction from his general taxes than the poor man from his and will have a larger increased tax on his income—on the profit he is taking from the public.

The granges are aligned in favor of the income tax and it is hardly probable that the campaign of falsehood can stampede enough farmers and wage earners to defeat it.

The other measure is the Oleomargarine bill. Vegetable and

animal fats are good for food, but in oleomargarine they come masquerading as butter. To make them more resemble butter and thus promote the fraud under which the ultimate customer is led to use the compound, dairy products are mingled with the other fats. The law forbids this. It requires each product to come to the consumer undisguised.

There has long been a law forbidding the adulteration of dairy products. Butter must come to the consumer unmixed with foreign substance. It must be wrapped in a covering containing the statement that it is "pure dairy butter". The owner of one cow who makes a few pounds of butter more than he has consumption for cannot market his little surplus until he has invested in printed wrappers.

The oleomargarine law simply evens things up by forbidding the adulteration of other food fats with dairy products just as the adulteration of those products with other fats is forbidden. It is tit for tat. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The granges are strong for the oleomargarine bill. It is not likely to be defeated at the polls.

An egotistical ignoramus, in his zeal for what he conceives to be Bible doctrine has caused discussion by proclaiming that acquired characteristics are not inherited and that this alleged fact disproves the theory of the evolution of man. Every prize-winning Jersey cow or Percheron horse or white Leghorn hen, every improved strain of vegetable production, of which Luther Burbank has given us so many, is the result of the transmission of acquired characteristics by inheritance. If our zealot would devote what little brains he has to exploiting evidences of harmony between the theory of evolution and the Bible he might further the cause he seeks to bolster, instead of merely proclaiming himself an illogical dogmatic ass.

Jerry Wyant has just had extracted from his bladder a rubber glove which a San Francisco surgeon had left there two years ago when he operated on Wyant. The surgeon evidently was absent minded but let us hope he was not enough so to violate professional ethics and forget to collect his fee.

Public opinion and President Harding have prevailed over the steel manufacturer's opposition to the eight hour day. A year ago they said the twelve-hour shift could not be done away with. Now they announce that it will disappear within twelve months.

The old proverb is right. There's a new one born every minute. Some of them are being killed every day in efforts to get autos across railroad tracks ahead of oncoming trains.

John Connors, a forger and all-around crook and dope fiend, has been pardoned out of the penitentiary, seemingly because of his impudence in various crimes.

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

School begins Sept. 17.

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.



The Secret Adversary
by Agatha Christie

(Continued)

It wanted some five minutes to eleven when Tuppence reached the block of buildings in which the offices of the Esthonia Glassware company were situated. To arrive before the time would look overbearing. So Tuppence decided to walk to the end of the street and back again. She did so. On the stroke of eleven she plunged into the recesses of the building. The Esthonia Glassware company was on the top floor. Tuppence knocked. In response to a voice from within, she turned the handle and walked into a small rather dirty outer office.

A middle-aged clerk got down from a high stool at a desk near the window and came toward her inquiringly. "I have an appointment with Mr. Whittington," said Tuppence. "Will you come this way, please?" He crossed to a partition door with "Private" on it, knocked, then opened the door and stood aside to let her pass in.

Mr. Whittington was seated behind a large desk covered with papers. Tuppence felt her previous judgment confirmed. There was something wrong about Mr. Whittington. The combination of his sleek prosperity and his shifty eye was not attractive. He looked up and nodded.

"So you're turned up, all right? That's good. Sit down, will you?" Tuppence sat meekly with downcast eyes whilst Mr. Whittington sorted and rustled amongst his papers. Finally he pushed them away, and leaned over the desk.

"Now, my dear young lady, let us come to business." His large face broadened into a smile. "You want work? Well, I have work to offer you. What should you say now to \$300 down, and all expenses paid?" Mr. Whittington leaned back in his chair, and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat.

Tuppence eyed him warily. "And the nature of the work?" she demanded. "Nominal—purely nominal. A pleasure trip, that is all."

"Where to?" Mr. Whittington smiled again. "Paris."

"Oh," said Tuppence thoughtfully. To herself she said: "Of course, if father heard that he would have a fit! But somehow I don't see Mr. Whittington in the role of the gay deceiver."

"Yes," continued Whittington. "What could be more delightful? To put the clock back a few years—a very few, I am sure—and re-enter one of those charming pensionnats de jeunes filles with which Paris abounds."

Tuppence interrupted him. "A pensionnat?" "Exactly. Madame Colombier's in the Avenue de Neuilly."

Tuppence knew the name well. Nothing could have been more select. She had had several American friends there. She was more than ever puzzled.

"You want me to go to Madame Colombier's? For how long?" "That depends. Possibly three months."

"And that is all? There are no other conditions?" "None whatever. By the way, you are English, are you not?"

"Yes." "Let you speak with a slight American accent?" "My great pal in hospital was a little American girl. I dare say I picked it up from her. I can soon get out of it again."

"On the contrary, it might be simpler for you to pass as an American. Details about your past life in England might be more difficult to sustain. Yes, I think that would be decidedly better. Then—"

"One moment, Mr. Whittington! You seem to be taking my consent for granted."

"Surely you are not thinking of refusing? I can assure you that Madame Colombier's is a most high-class and orthodox establishment. And the terms are most liberal."

"Exactly," said Tuppence. "That's just it. The terms are almost too liberal, Mr. Whittington. I cannot see any way in which I can be worth that amount of money to you."

"Not," said Whittington softly. "Well, I will tell you. I could doubtless obtain someone else for very much less. What I am willing to pay for is a young lady with sufficient intelligence and presence of mind to sustain her part well, and also one who will have sufficient discretion not to ask too many questions."

Tuppence smiled a little. She felt that Whittington had scored. "That's another thing. So far there has been no mention of Mr. Beresford. Where does he come in?"

"Mr. Beresford?" "My partner," said Tuppence with dignity. "You saw us together yesterday."

"Ah, yes. But I'm afraid we shan't require his services."

"Then it's off!" Tuppence rose. "It's both or neither. Sorry—but that's how it is. Good morning, Mr. Whittington."

"Wait a minute. Let us see if something can't be managed. Sit down again, Miss—"

Tuppence's conscience gave her a passing twinge as she remembered the archdeacon. She seized hurriedly on the first name that came into her head. "Jane Finn," she said hastily; and then paused open-mouthed at the effect of those two simple words.

All the geniality had faded out of Whittington's face. It was purple with rage, and the veins stood out on his forehead. And behind it all there lurked a sort of incredulous dismay. He leaned forward and hissed savagely:

"So that's your little game, is it? Tuppence, though utterly taken aback, nevertheless kept her head. She had not the faintest comprehension of his meaning, but she was naturally quick-witted, and felt it imperative to "keep her end up," as she phrased it.

Whittington went on: "Been playing with me, have you, all the time, like a cat and mouse? Knew all the time what I wanted you for, but kept up the comedy. Is that it, eh?"

He eyed her keenly. "Who's been blabbing? Rita?" Tuppence shook her head. She was doubtful as to how long she could sustain this illusion, but she realized the importance of not dragging an unknown Rita into it.

"No," she replied with perfect truth. "Rita knows nothing about me."

"How much do you know?" he shot out. "Very little indeed," answered Tuppence, and was pleased to note that Whittington's uneasiness was augmented instead of allayed.

"Anyway," he snarled, "you knew enough to come in here and plump out that name."

"It might be my own name," Tuppence pointed out. "It's likely, isn't it, that there would be two girls with a name like that? Quit fooling! How much do you know? And how much do you want?"

The last five words took Tuppence's fancy mightily, especially after a meager breakfast and a supper of buns the night before. She sat up and smiled with the air of one who has the situation thoroughly well in hand.

"My dear Mr. Whittington," she said, "let us by all means lay our cards upon the table. And pray do not be so angry. You heard me say yesterday that I proposed to live by my wits. It seems to me that I have now proved I have some wits to live by! I admit I have knowledge of a

certain name, but perhaps my knowledge ends there."

"As I said once before," said Whittington angrily, "quit fooling, and come to the point. You can't play the innocent with me. You know a great deal more than you're willing to admit."

Tuppence paused a moment to admire her own ingenuity, and then said softly: "I shouldn't like to contradict you, Mr. Whittington."

"So we come to the usual question—how much?" Tuppence was in a dilemma. So far she had fooled Whittington with complete success, but to mention a palpably impossible sum might awaken his suspicions. An idea flashed across her brain.

"Suppose we say a little something down, and a fuller discussion of the matter later?" Whittington gave her an ugly glance. "Blackmail, eh?"

Tuppence smiled sweetly. "Oh, no! Shall we say payment of services in advance?" Whittington grunted.

"You're about the limit, that's what you are," he growled, with a sort of unwilling admiration. "You took me in all right. Thought you were quite a meek little kid with just enough brains for my purpose. All the same, someone's been talking. You say it isn't Rita. Was it—? Oh, come in."

The clerk followed his discreet knock into the room, and laid a paper at his master's elbow. "Telephone message just come for you, sir."

Whittington snatched it up and read it. A frown gathered on his brow. "That'll do, Brown. You can go."

The clerk withdrew. Whittington turned to Tuppence. "Come tomorrow at the same time. I'm busy now. Here's fifty to go on with."

He rapidly sorted out some notes, and pushed them across the table to Tuppence. The girl counted the notes, secured them in her handbag, and rose.

"Good morning, Mr. Whittington," she said politely. "At least, au revoir, I should say."

"Exactly. Au revoir, my clever and charming young lady." Tuppence sped lightly down the stairs. A wild elation possessed her.

"Let's give Tommy a surprise!" murmured Tuppence, and hailed a taxi.

The cab drew up outside the tube station. Tommy was just within the entrance. His eyes opened to their fullest extent as he hurried forward to assist Tuppence to alight. She smiled at him affectionately, and remarked in a slightly affected voice: "Pay the thing, will you, old bean?"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

CHAPTER II
A Setback.

The moment was not quite so trifling.

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

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

umphant as it ought to have been. To begin with, the resources of Tommy's pockets were somewhat limited. In the end the fare was managed.

"Well," said Mr. Beresford, at length able to relieve his feelings, "what the dickens did you want to take a taxi for?"

"I was afraid I might be late and keep you waiting," said Tuppence gently. "And really and truly, I haven't got anything smaller than a five-pound note. Now let's go to lunch. How about the Savoy?"

Tommy grinned. "How about the Ritz?" "On second thoughts, I prefer the Piccadilly. It's nearer. We shan't have to take another taxi. Come along."

"Is this a new brand of humor? Or is your brain unhinged?" inquired Tommy. "Tuppence, old girl, what has really come over you?"

"Oh, unbelieving one!" Tuppence wrenched open her bag. "Look here, and here, and here!"

Tommy groaned. "I must have been drinking unaware! Am I dreaming, Tuppence, or do I really behold a large quantity of five-pound notes being waved about in a dangerous fashion?"

"Even so, O King! Now, will you come and have lunch?" "I'll come anywhere. But what have you been doing? Holding up a bank?"

"All in good time." "And now tell me," said Tommy, unable to restrain his pent-up curiosity any longer, as they sat in state in the Piccadilly.

Miss Cowley told him. "And the curious part of it is," she ended, "that I really did invent the name of Jane Finn! I didn't want to give my own because of poor father—in case I should get mixed up in any thing shady."

"Perhaps that's so," said Tommy slowly. "But you didn't invent it."

"No, I told it to you. Don't you remember, I said yesterday I'd overheard two people talking about a female called Jane Finn? That's what brought the name into your mind so pat."

"So you did. I remember now. How extraordinary—" Tuppence talked off into silence. Suddenly she aroused herself. "What were they like, the two men you passed?"

"One was a big fat sort of chap. Clean shaven, I think—and dark."

"That's him," cried Tuppence, in an ungrammatical squeal. "That's Whittington! What was the other man like?"

"I can't remember. I didn't notice him particularly. It was really the outlandish name that caught my attention."

"And people say that coincidences don't happen!" Tuppence tackled her luncheon happily.

But Tommy had become serious. "Look here, Tuppence, old girl, what is this going to lead to?"

"More money," replied his companion. "I know that. You've only got one idea in your head. What I mean is, what about the next step? How are you going to keep the game up? After all, you know, you can't bluff him forever. You're sure to slip up sooner or later. And, anyway, I'm not at all sure that it isn't actionable—blackmail, you know."

"Nonsense. Blackmail is saying you'll tell unless you are given money. Now, there's nothing I could tell, because I don't really know anything. I've got a plan. Obviously what we've got to do is to find out more about it all."

Tommy applauded. "Don't jeer. We can only find out through Whittington. We must discover where he lives, what he does—slough him, in fact! Now I can't do it, because he knows me, but he only saw you for a minute or two in Lyons'. He's not likely to recognize you. My plan is this," Tuppence went on calmly: "I'll go alone tomorrow. I'll put him off again like I did today. It doesn't matter if I don't get any more money at once. Fifty pounds ought to last us a few days. You'll hang about outside. When I come out I shan't speak to you in case he's watching. But I'll take up my stand somewhere near, and when he comes



Whittington Snatched It and Read It. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

CHAPTER II
A Setback.

The moment was not quite so trifling.

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

Whittington snatched it and read it. "I've got nothing smaller than a five-pound note!"

The Best Dish

for children, as well as grown people, during the hot days of the summer time, is a heaping plate of pure, rich ice cream. There is nothing so cooling and nourishing as this. The ice cream we sell is made from the best milk and cream, and is fresh every day. Try it, and see.

Clark's Confectionery