

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug. 23, 1923

TESTING THE COWS

Only by trap-netting and keep-
ing a record can the owner of a
flock of hens be sure which of them
are paying their way and which he
is maintaining at a loss. Hoganis-
ing, as taught at the culling dem-
onstrations, will go part way, and
may be the best one can do who
cannot devote the necessary time
to tending the trap nests. They
need frequent attention, for a hen
that is left too long in the trap
after laying will fret and fall off
in egg production.

Only by weighing the milk and
testing its fat content can the un-
profitable cows in a herd be dis-
tinguished from those which it will
pay to keep. A good guess may
be made sometimes, but tests in
a large number of cases have
shown that frequently the cow that
is considered the best is in
fact far down the scale.

Dairymen in increasing numbers
are coming to understand why so
many of them fail to make the
business pay, and tested cows
with good records are in demand.

Col. Ben T. Sudtoll, the Albany
livestock auctioneer, recently said
in an interview: "Where dairymen
test and keep records the cows
are easier to sell, and at a higher
average, than where no records are
available. I have never heard a
dairyman who knows what his
cows are doing say that there is no
money in dairying. I find that
dairymen more and more are ask-
ing what the cow is doing before
they buy, and I believe that the
time is coming when it will be im-
possible to sell a cow without a
record for more than beef prices."

County Agent Hayman has made
arrangements for thirty-eight
meetings in communities in this
county where this and other dairy
questions will be discussed. The
Halsey meeting will be at the city
hall one week from tomorrow
night, Aug. 31; Lake Creek Aug.
20 and Harriaburg the 30th. Tan-
gout, Peoria, Brownsville, Shedd
and Holley have been slated for
meetings, but we have not learned
the dates. There will be two
speakers at each meeting and cow-
testing associations will be formed
where they do not already exist if
dairymen manifest sufficient desire
for them.

THE COUNTY FAIR

The four days of the county
fair, week after next, may be as
full of instruction as of amusement
if properly taken advantage of.
While he who has made a pro-
nounced success in anything en-
joys exhibiting it and telling how
it was accomplished, those who
study the lesson learn lessons that
will shorten their toil and increase
its reward. A bushel more from
each acre of grain, a few pounds
more of butter from each cow or
of eggs from each hen would mean
a great many more dollars for Linn
county, and there are few farms
where these things might not be
accomplished if full advantage
were taken of the lessons afforded
by the fair.

Many attractions, outside of the
agricultural and industrial exhib-
its, are being provided. The
American Legion auxiliary has
charge of the selection of a queen
of the fair, to be decided by vote.
There is no limit to the number
of candidates. Each community
is requested to select one. Each
candidate is given a block of 1000
votes to start with and 20 votes for
each season ticket to the fair that
she sells. Coupons of 5 votes each
are also sold for 5 cents. Thus
the crown will go to the girl who

gave the most votes. If the most
beautiful were to be chosen she
would probably be a Halsey girl.
Mrs. G. E. Riggs, 229 West
Fifth street, Albany, will give ar-
ticulars of the queen contest.

CRIMINALS DICTATE

The convicts in the Oregon pen-
itentiary notified the governor by
letter that they must have better
treatment or they would not stay
—and he pardoned their ring-
leader.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma
sent troops to Tulsa and put the
place under martial law on account
of numerous floggings of citizens
by masked bands, and he received
an anonymous letter telling him
to withdraw the troops or he, too,
would be flogged.

The following events were re-
ported in Saturday's dispatches:
At Lawton, Ok., the governor
was having the flogging of a Pres-
byterian elder investigated.

Texas rangers were inquiring
into the kidnaping and flogging of
two men at Port Arthur.

At Amarillo, Texas, the sheriff
and four others were arrested for
a flogging.

At Wichita, Kas., the governor's
office was asked to investigate a
flogging case.

At Macon, Ga., six motorcycle
officers were assigned to the special
duty of investigating flogging
cases.

Who is running this country,
anyway, especially in the south?

The county tax commission law
is an attempt to economize by cre-
ating more official positions.

R. R. Watch Inspection

S. A. Pope, superintendent of
time service on the Southern Pac-
ific (Father Time), in the South-
ern Pacific Bulletin for August
quotes F. M. French, the veteran
Albany watch and jewelry man,
as saying: "The slogan 'Safety
first' should have originated with
the watch inspector, for after
thirty-one years as watch inspector
I am fully convinced that without
his help the train dispatcher would
have had the greatest difficulty in
operating trains. Where would
the engineer and his train land if
his watch and the train dispatch-
er's clock did not agree? Who is
responsible for the two timepieces
agreeing? The watch inspector.
Thirty years ago there were
but fourteen trains a day entering
our town. Today we have fifty-
eight.

"The first watch I ever inspected
belonged to an engineer on the
Southern Pacific lines, an engineer
with a record. I want to say
something of this engineer, as it
illustrates what can be accom-
plished by a faithful and careful
man. He presented for inspection
a 15-jewel adjusted watch. This
engineer soon found the need of a
more perfect timepiece and there-
fore he carried the best watch he
could buy. In the forty years he
hauled an engine he never had
an accident that caused the loss
of a single life. Surely a record
to be proud of, and he didn't have
ninety-pound rails all those long
years either."

Mr. Page adds: "Inspector
French refers to Engineer F. Crow,
who was 41 years in the engine
service on the Portland division
and who died in July, 1920," and
he publishes with his article a fac-
simile of the inspection blank in
that case, dated June 15, 1892,
which states that Crow was em-
ployed on the Lebanon branch.

The Bulletin contains a picture
of Mr. French in his store inspect-
ing a watch for Engineer Robert
B. McCalley, now retired after 41
years of service.

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. Chop-
ping 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.

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



The Secret Adversary
by Agatha Christie

(Continued)

Carablon terrace proved to be an
unimpeachable row of what Tuppence
called "ladylike looking houses." They
rang the bell at No. 27, and a neat
maid answered the door. She looked
so respectable that Tuppence's heart
sank. Upon Tommy's request for Mr.
Carter, she showed them into a small
study on the ground floor, where she
left them. Hardly a minute elapsed,
however, before the door opened, and
a tall man with a lean, hawklike face



"Hail" said Tommy, "Do I smell a Boche?"

and a tired manner entered the room.
"Mr. Y. A.?" he said, and smiled.
His smile was distinctly attractive.
"Do sit down, both of you."

They obeyed. He himself took a
chair opposite to Tuppence and
smiled at her encouragingly. There
was something in the quality of his
smile that made the girl's usual readi-
ness desert her.

As he did not seem inclined to open
the conversation, Tuppence was forced
to begin.

"We wanted to know—that is,
would you be so kind as to tell us
anything you know about Jane Finn?"
"Jane Finn? Ah!" Mr. Carter ap-
peared to reflect. "Well, the question
is, what do you yourself know about
her?"

Tuppence drew herself up.
"I don't see that that's got anything
to do with it."

"No? But it has, you know, really
it has." He smiled again in his tired
way, and continued reflectively. "So
that brings us down to it again. What
do you know about Jane Finn?"

"Come now," he continued, as Tup-
pence remained silent. "You must
know something to have advertised as
you did?" He leaned forward a little,
his weary voice held a hint of
persuasiveness. "Suppose you tell
me."

"We couldn't do that, could we,
Tommy?"

But to her surprise, her companion
did not back her up. His eyes were
fixed on Mr. Carter, and his tone when
he spoke held an unusual note of de-
ference.

"I dare say the little we know won't
be any good to you, sir. But such as
it is, you're welcome to it."

Mr. Carter allowed round in his chair.
His eyes asked a question.

Tommy nodded.

"Yes, sir, I recognized you at once.
Saw you in France when I was with
the Intelligence. As soon as you
came into the room, I knew—"

Mr. Carter held up his hand.

"No names, please. I'm known as
Mr. Carter here. It's my cousin's
house, by the way. She's willing to
lend it to me sometimes when it's a
case of working up strictly official

lines. Well, now"—he looked from
one to the other—"who's going to tell
me the story?"

"Fire ahead, Tuppence," directed
Tommy. It's your yarn."

And obediently Tuppence told it,
telling the whole story from the form-
ing of the Young Adventurers, Ltd.,
downwards.

Mr. Carter listened in silence with
a resumption of his tired manner.
Now and then he passed his hand
across his lips as though to hide a
smile. When she had finished he
nodded gravely.

"Not much. But suggestive. Quite
suggestive. If you'll excuse my say-
ing so, you're a curious young couple.
I don't know—you might succeed
where others have failed. . . . I
believe in luck, you know—always
have. . . ."

He paused a moment, and then
went on:

"Well, how about it? You're out for
adventure. How would you like to
work for me? Expenses paid, and a
moderate salary?"

Tuppence gazed at him. "What
should we have to do?" she breathed.
Mr. Carter smiled.

"Just go on with what you're doing
now. FIND JANE FINN."

"Yes, but—how is Jane Finn?"

Mr. Carter nodded gravely.

"Yes, you're entitled to know that,
I think."

He leaned back in his chair, crossed
his legs, brought the tips of his fingers
together, and began in a low mono-
tone:

"In the early days of 1915 a certain
document came into being. It was the
draft of a secret agreement—treaty—
call it what you like. It was drawn
up ready for signature by the various
representatives, and drawn up in
America—at that time a neutral coun-
try. It was dispatched to England by
a special messenger selected for that
purpose, a young fellow called Dan-
vers. It was hoped that the whole
affair had been kept so secret that
nothing would have leaked out. That
kind of hope is usually disappointed.

"Danvers sailed for England on the
Lusitania. He carried the precious
papers in an oilskin packet which he
wore next his skin. It was on that
particular voyage that the Lusitania
was torpedoed and sunk. Danvers
was among the list of those missing.
Eventually his body was washed
ashore, and identified beyond any
doubt, the packet was missing!

"The question was, had it been
taken from him, or had he himself
passed it on into another's keeping?
After the torpedo struck the ship, in
the few moments during the launching
of the boats, Danvers was seen speak-
ing to a young American girl. No one
actually saw him pass anything to
her, but he might have done so. It
seems to me quite likely that he en-
trusted the papers to this girl, believ-
ing that she, as a woman, had a
greater chance of bringing them safely
to shore.

"But, if so, where was the girl, and
what had she done with the papers?
We set to work to trace her out. It
proved unexpectedly difficult. Her
name was Jane Finn, and it duly ap-
peared among the list of the survivors,
but the girl herself seemed to have
vanished completely. Inquiries into
her antecedents did little to help us.
She was an orphan, and had been
what we should call over here a pupil
teacher in a small school out West.
Her passport had been made out for
Paris, where she was going to join
the staff of a hospital. She had offered
her services voluntarily, and after
some correspondence they had been
accepted. Having seen her name in
the list of the saved from the Lusitania,
the staff of the hospital were
naturally very surprised at her not
arriving to take up her billet, and at not
hearing from her in any way.

"Well, every effort was made to
trace the young lady—but all in vain.
No use was made of the draft treaty—

as might very easily have been done—
and we therefore came to the conclu-
sion that Danvers had, after all, de-
stroyed it. The war entered on an-
other phase, the diplomatic aspect
changed accordingly, and the treaty
was never redrafted. Rumors as to
its existence were emphatically de-
nied. The disappearance of Jane Finn
was forgotten and the whole affair
was lost in oblivion."

Mr. Carter paused, and Tuppence
broke in impatiently:

"But why has it all cropped up
again? The war's over."

"Because it seems that the papers
were not destroyed after all, and that
they might be resurrected today with
a new and deadly significance."

Tuppence stared. Carter nodded.

"Yes, five years ago, that draft
treaty was in our hands; to-
day it is a weapon against us. It was
a gigantic blunder. If its terms were
made public, it would mean disaster.
. . . It might possibly bring
about another war—not with Germany
this time! That is an extreme possi-
bility, and I do not believe in its like-
lihood, myself, but that document un-
doubtedly implicates a number of our
statesmen whom we cannot afford to
have discredited in any way at the
present moment. He paused, and then
said quietly:

"You may perhaps have heard or
read that there is Bolshevik influence
at work behind present labor unrest?"

Tuppence nodded.

"That is the truth. Bolshevik gold
is pouring into this country for the
specific purpose of procuring a Revolu-
tion. And there is a certain man, a
man whose real name is unknown to
us, who is working in the dark for his
own ends. The Bolsheviks are
behind the labor unrest—but this
man is BEHIND THE BOLSHEVIK! Who is he? We do not
know. He is always spoken of by
the unassuming title of 'Mr. Brown.'
But one thing is certain, he is the mas-
ter criminal of this age. He controls
a marvelous organization. Most of
the peace propaganda during the war
was originated and financed by him.
His spies are everywhere."

"A naturalized German?" asked
Tommy.

"On the contrary, I have every
reason to believe he is an Englishman.
He was pro-German, as he would have
been pro-Boer. What he seeks to at-
tain we do not know—probably su-
preme power for himself, of a kind
unique in history. We have no clue
as to his real personality. It is re-
ported that even his own followers
are ignorant of it. Where we have
come across his tracks, he has always
played a secondary part. Somebody
else assumes the chief role. But after-
ward we always find that there has
been some nonentity, a servant or a
clerk, who has remained in the back-
ground unnoticed, and that the elusive
Mr. Brown has escaped us once more."

"Oh!" Tuppence jumped. "I won-
der—"

"Yes?"

"I remember in Mr. Whittington's
office. The clerk—he called him
Brown. You don't think—"

Carter nodded thoughtfully. "Can
you describe him at all?"

"I really didn't notice. He was quite
ordinary—just like anyone else."

Mr. Carter sighed in his tired man-
ner.

"That is the invariable description
of Mr. Brown! Brought a telephone
message to the man Whittington, did
he? Notice a telephone in the outer
office?"

"No, I don't think I did."

"Exactly. That 'message' was Mr.
Brown's way of giving an order to
his subordinate. He overheard the
whole conversation of course. Was it
after that that Whittington handed
you over the money, and told you to
come the following day?"

Tuppence nodded.

"Yes, undoubtedly the hand of Mr.
Brown!" Mr. Carter paused. "Well,
there it is, you see what you are pit-
ting yourselves against? Possibly the
finest criminal brain of the age. I
don't quite like it, you know. You're
such young things, both of you. I
shouldn't like anything to happen to
you."

"It won't," Tuppence assured him
positively.

"I'll look after her, sir," said

Tommy.

"And I'll look after you," retorted
Tuppence, resenting the manly as-
sertion.

"Well, then, look after each other,"
said Mr. Carter, smiling. "Now let's
get back to business. There's some-
thing mysterious about this draft
treaty that we haven't fathomed yet.
We've been threatened with it—in
plain and unmistakable terms. The
revolutionary element as good as de-
clare it's in their hands, and that they
intend to produce it at a given mo-
ment. On the other hand, they are
clearly at fault about many of its pro-
visions. The government considers
it as mere bluff on their part, and,
rightly or wrongly, have stuck to the
policy of absolute denial. I'm not so
sure. There have been hints, indis-
creet allusions, that seem to indicate
that the menace is a real one. The
position is much as though they had
got hold of an incriminating docu-
ment, but couldn't read it because it
was in cipher—but we know that the
draft treaty wasn't in cipher—couldn't
be, in the nature of things—so that
won't wash. But there's something.
Of course, Jane Finn may be dead for
all we know—but I don't think so.
The curious thing is that they're try-
ing to get information about the girl
from us."

"What?"

"Yes. One or two little things have
cropped up. And your story, little
lady confirms my idea. They know
we're looking for Jane Finn. Well,
they'll produce a Jane Finn of their
own—say at a pensionnat in Paris."

Tuppence gasped, and Mr. Carter
smiled. "No one knows in the least
what she looks like, so that's all right.
She's primed with a trumped-up tale,
and her real business is to get as
much information as possible out of
us. See the idea?"

"Then you think"—Tuppence paused
to grasp the supposition fully—"that
it was as Jane Finn that they wanted
me to go to Paris?"

Mr. Carter smiled more warily than
ever.

"I believe in coincidences, you
know," he said.

CHAPTER III

Mr. Julius P. Hershheimer.
Tommy indulged in a chuckle.
"My word! I don't wonder Whit-



"If You Get Yourself in Trouble With
the Police, I Can't Officially Help
You Out of It."

tington got the wind up when Tup-
pence plumped out that name! I
should have myself. But look here,
sir, we're taking up an awful lot of
your time. Have you any tips to give
us before we clear out?"

"I think not. I have information
that the big coup was planned for
early in the new year. But the gov-
ernment is contemplating legislative
action which will deal effectively with
the strike menace. They'll get wind
of it soon, if they haven't already, and
it's possible that that may bring things
to a head. I hope it will, myself."

Tuppence rose.

"I think we ought to be business-
like. What exactly can we count upon
for, Mr. Carter?"

—Mr. Carter's lips twitched slightly,

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