

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An Independent—NOT neutral—news paper, 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.

HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Aug 30, 1923

"SPIRITUAL PROGRESS"

Writing to the New York Herald, an eastern observer begs leave to submit a curious proof of our spiritual progress. With in a generation, he contends, Americans have altered their previous policy of wanton cruelty toward wild creatures in the name of sport and have become staunch and sympathetic champions of the right of those same creatures to life and survival.

We have determined that the rapacity of man shall not obliterate that life which shares with him the bounty of earth. We have established sane and considerate game limits, we have decreed closed seasons, we have provided refuges for bird beast and fish, and we have halted the savage traffic in plumes.—Portland Oregonian.

The legislation against plumes is commendable. For the rest we are preserving birds and beasts and fish confessedly to perpetuate the cruelty whose disappearance the writer quoted above so smugly announces as being curbed and lessened.

Some animals and birds are being "protected" by law not to prevent their being wounded or killed for sport but to enable them to breed and rear more victims for such sport.

TAX-FREE SECURITIES

With the billions now turned into tax-free securities put into industry interest rates would come tumbling down. Good security would find cheap money—Dallas (Tex.) Farm and Ranch.

A little further light from this oracle is desired:

After that money was paid for securities, where did it go? Were not the securities sold to raise money to put into industry? And didn't it go into industry. If not, Why not?

If the bonds had not been tax free they would have brought just so much less money when sold. They were sold to raise money for public uses. Bringing less money, there would have been just so much more to be raised by taxation for those public uses, but good security would have found no cheaper money than now.

You can't lift yourself very far by pulling on your bootstraps.

Maybe they put a stick in their milk shake in the milky way. Anyway the moon got full Sunday. Then the old girl gave an exhibition—an eclipse. She not only did all this on a Sunday, but she so far fell into the habits of the great white way of New York that she gave her show at the unholy hour of 2 a. m., when not many people in a staid rural hamlet like Halsey are abroad, and few of us saw it.

Republican leaders may have little liking for Hiram Johnson, but until the next national campaign they are not likely to openly affront him. They have not forgotten what Johnson's followers did to Hughes and the party.

Mr. Borah wants to outlaw war, but he does not want a league or association of nations. Anarchists would outlaw all human wrongs, but do not want any laws. Where is the difference?

At Tulsa, Ok., three members of a gang of eight who, in Ku Klux Klan regalia, flogged a man, have confessed the flogging and that they are members of the Klan and have been sentenced to two years in prison. Where is the kleagle or other higher-up in the order who will deny that the Klan had anything to do with this outrage?

When the republican presidential nomination was made there were those who remarked that the tail of the ticket was heavier than the head. With all due respect to the memory of the honest, noble-hearted president who has passed away we are impelled to say that the remark may have been a sound one.

At last an Oregon governor has permitted the hanging of a murderer according to law. There are more murderers awaiting the same fate, and more murderers in the state than there would have been if there had been more hangings in the past.

There was a good deal of yapping about Yap island among the nations not long ago and now they are beginning to wrangle about Wrangel island.

The co-operative hay association sold 47 per cent of its hay direct to retailers and 44 per cent to consumers, cutting out a lot of middlemen's profits.

E. L. STIFF Furniture Exchange

Best and largest line of Used Furniture, Headquarters for Camping Outfits

D PRINT LINOLEUM \$1 per square yard. 422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.



Alluringly Attractive The Newport "Fashion" Frame

The dark or cherry tone on the crystal frame. Ask to see the samples.

Meade & Albro, Optometrists, Manufacturing Opticians Albany, Oregon

F. M. GRAY, DRAYMAN

All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269

Fresh and Cured Meats

Quarters of BEEF for canning purposes at canning prices. C. H. FALK C. L. FALK JR.

Cream and Produce Station

Cash paid for Cream, Poultry, Eggs and Veal. M. H. SHOOK.

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

The Secret Adversary



By AGATHA CHRISTIE

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(Continued) South Audley mansions was an imposing-looking block of flats just off Park Lane. No. 20 was on the second floor.

Tommy had by this time the glubness born of practice. He rattled off the formula to the elderly woman, looking more like a housekeeper than a servant, who opened the door to him.

"Christian name?" "Margaret." Tommy spelled it, but the other interrupted him.

"No, g u e." "Oh, Marguerite; French way, I see." He paused, then plunged boldly. "We had her down as Rita Vandemeyer, but I suppose that's incorrect?"

"She's mostly called that, sir, but Marguerite's her name." "Thank you. That's all. Good morning." Hardly able to contain his excitement, Tommy hurried down the stairs. Tuppence was waiting at the angle of the turn.

"You heard?" "Yes. Oh, Tommy!" Her hand was still in Tommy's. They had reached the entrance hall. There were footsteps on the stairs above them, and voices.

Suddenly, to Tommy's complete surprise, Tuppence dragged him into the little space by the side of the lift, where the shadow was deepest.

"What the—" "Hush!" Two men came down the stairs and passed out through the entrance. Tuppence's hand closed tighter on Tommy's arm.

"Quick—follow them. I daren't. He might recognize me. I don't know who the other man is, but the bigger of the two was Whittington."

CHAPTER IV

The House in Soho. Whittington and his companion were walking at a good pace. Tommy started in pursuit at once, and was in time to see them turn the corner of the street. His vigorous strides soon enabled him to gain upon them, and by the time he, in his turn, reached the corner the distance between them was sensibly lessened.

Their course was a zigzag one designed to bring them as quickly as possible to Oxford Street. When at length they turned into it, proceeding in an easterly direction, Tommy slightly increased his pace. Little by little he gained upon them.

Just before the Bond Street tube station they crossed the road, Tommy, unperceived, faithfully at their heels, and entered the big Lyons'. There they went up to the first floor, and sat at a small table in the window. It was late, and the place was thinning out. Tommy took a seat at the table

There was a steely ring in Whittington's voice as he replied: "Who knows? You may have met him already."

"Bah!" retorted the other. "That is children's talk—a fable for the police. Do you know what I say to myself sometimes? That he is a fable invented by the Inner Ring, a bogey to frighten us with. It might be so."

"And it might not." "I wonder . . . or is it indeed true that he is with us and amongst us, unknown to all but a chosen few? If so, he keeps his secret well. And the idea is a good one, yes. We never know. We look at each other—one of us is Mr. Brown—which? He commands—but also he serves. Among us—in the midst of us. And no one knows which he is."

With an effort the Russian looked off the vagary of his fancy. He shook at his watch.

"Yes," said Whittington. "We might as well go." He called the waitress and asked for his bill. Tommy did likewise, and a few moments later was following the two men down the stairs.

Outside, Whittington hailed a taxi, and directed the driver to go to Waterloo.

Taxis were plentiful here, and before Whittington's had driven off another was drawing up to the curb in obedience to Tommy's peremptory demand.

"Follow that other taxi," directed the young man. "Don't lose it." The elderly chauffeur showed no

PLAN TO GO TO THE LINN COUNTY FAIR

Albany, Oregon, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 1923

Livestock — Poultry — Agriculture

Take an Exhibit Be an Exhibitor

See Albany's College Chorus Eat at the Fair Grounds

Buildings all painted white Sprayed and cleaned inside

Racing Horses Show Horses

Trick Riders Fancy Exhibitors

Children under 12 years Monday and Thursday Special fares on Railroads

Auto Show

Night Horse Show Style Show

Whittington in case of recognition. On the other hand, he had a full view of the second man and studied him attentively. He was fair, with a weak, unpleasant face, and Tommy put him down as being either a Russian or a Pole. He was probably about fifty years of age, his shoulders cringed a little as he talked, and his eyes, small and crafty, shifted uneasily.

Whittington ordered a substantial lunch for himself and his companion; then, as the waitress withdrew, he moved his chair a little closer to the table and began to talk earnestly in a low voice. The other man joined in. Listen as he would, Tommy could only catch a word here and there; but the gist of it seemed to be some directions or orders which the big man was impressing on his companion, and with which the latter seemed from time to time to disagree. Whittington addressed the other as Boris.

Tommy caught the word "Ireland," several times, also "propaganda," but of Jane Finn there was no mention. Suddenly, in a lull in the clatter of the room, he got one phrase entire. Whittington was speaking. "Ab, but you don't know Flossie. She's a marvel. An archbishop would swear she was his own mother. She gets the voice right every time, and that's really the principal thing."

Tommy did not hear Boris' reply, but in response to it Whittington said something that sounded like: "Of course—only in an emergency. . . ."

Then he lost the thread again. But presently the phrases became distinct again whether because the other two had inensibly raised their voices, or because Tommy's ears were getting more attuned, he could not tell. But two words certainly had a most stimulating effect upon the listener. They were uttered by Boris and they were: "Mr. Brown."

Whittington seemed to remonstrate with him, but he merely laughed. "Why not, my friend? It is a name most respectable—most common. Did he not choose it for that reason? Ah, I should like to meet him—Mr. Brown."

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interest. He merely grunted and jerked down his flag. The drive was uneventful. Tommy's taxi came to rest at the departure platform just after Whittington's. Tommy was behind him at the booking office. He took a first-class single ticket to Bournemouth, Tommy did the same. As he emerged, Boris remarked, glancing up at the clock: "You are early. You have nearly half an hour."

Boris' words had aroused a new train of thought in Tommy's mind. Clearly Whittington was making the journey alone, while the other remained in London. Therefore he was left with a choice as to which he would follow. Obviously, he could not follow both of them unless— Like Boris, he glanced up at the clock, and then to the announcement board of the trains. The Bournemouth train left at 3:30. It was now ten past. Whittington and Boris were walking up and down by the bookstall. He gave one doubtful look at them, then hurried into an adjacent telephone box. He dared not waste time in trying to get hold of Tuppence. In all probability she was still in the neighborhood of South Audley mansions. But there remained another ally. He rang up the Ritz and asked for Julius Hershelmer. There was a click and a buzz. Oh, if only the young American was in his room! There was another click, and then "Hello" in unmistakable accents came over the wire.

"That you, Hershelmer? Beresford speaking. I'm at Waterloo. I've followed Whittington and another man here. No time to explain. Whittington's off to Bournemouth by the 3:30. Can you get there by then?" "Sure. I'll hustle."

The telephone rang off. Tommy put back the receiver with a sigh of relief. He felt instinctively that the American would arrive in time.

Whittington and Boris were still where he had left them. If Boris remained to see his friend off, all was well. Then Tommy fingered his pocket thoughtfully. In spite of the carte blanche assured to him, he had not yet acquired the habit of going about with any considerable sum of money on him. The taking of the first-class ticket to Bournemouth had left him with only a few shillings in his pocket. It was to be hoped that Julius would arrive better provided.

In the meantime, the minutes were creeping by. Supposing Julius did not get there in time. Tommy felt cold waves of despair pass over him. Then a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Here I am, son. Your British traffic beats description! Put me wise to the crooks right away."

"That's Whittington—there, getting in now, that big dark man. The other is the foreign chap he's talking to."

"I'm onto them. Which of the two is my bird?" "Got any money with you?" Julius shook his head, and Tommy's

face fell. "I guess I haven't more than three or four hundred dollars with me at the moment," explained the American. Tommy gave a faint whoop of relief. "Oh, Lord, you millionaires! You don't talk the same language! Climb aboard the lugger. Here's your ticket. Whittington's your man."

"Me for Whittington!" said Julius darkly. The train was just starting as he swung himself aboard. "So long, Tommy." The train slid out of the station.

Tommy drew a deep breath. The man Boris was coming along the platform toward him. Tommy allowed him to pass and then followed him at a judicious distance.

They reached at length a small dilapidated square. The houses there had a sinister air in the midst of their dirt and decay. Boris looked round, and Tommy drew back into the shelter of a friendly porch. From there he watched Boris go up the steps of a particularly evil-looking house and rap sharply, with a peculiar rhythm, on the door. It was opened promptly, he said a word or two to the doorkeeper, then passed inside. The door was shut to again.

It was at this juncture that Tommy lost his head. What he ought to have done, what any sane man would have done, was to remain patiently where he was and wait for his man to come out again. What he did do was entirely foreign to the sober common sense which was, as a rule, his leading characteristic. Something, as he expressed it, seemed to snub in his brain. Without a moment's pause for reflection, he, too, went up the steps, and reproduced as far as he was able the peculiar knock.

The door swung open with the same promptness as before. A villainous-faced man with close-cropped hair stood in the doorway. "Well?" he grunted.

It was at that moment that the full realization of his folly began to come home to Tommy. But he dared not hesitate. He seized at the first words that came into his mind. "Mr. Brown?" he said.

To his surprise, the man stood aside. "Upstairs," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "second door on your left."

Taken aback though he was by the man's words, Tommy did not hesitate. If audacity had successfully carried him so far, it was to be hoped it would carry him yet farther. He quietly passed into the house and mounted the ramshackle staircase. Everything in the house was filthy beyond words. Tommy proceeded leisurely. By the time he reached the bend in the staircase, he had heard the man below disappear into a back room. Clearly no suspicion attached to him as yet. To come to the house and ask for "Mr. Brown" appeared indeed to be a reasonable and natural proceeding.

At the top of the stairs Tommy halted to consider his next move. In

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His Vigorous Strides Soon Enabled Him to Gain Upon Them.



AS COLD AS THE FROZEN NORTH is our ice cream. It is delightfully cooling and refreshing after a hard shopping tour. Step in and enjoy a plate. We have all flavors—chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, lemon, tutti frutti, etc. It makes an ideal refreshment and is nourishing and wholesome. Clark's Confectionery