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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Sept. 6, 1923

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

A group of Italian officials, sent to Greece to assist in settling a boundary problem, were murdered presumably by misinformed and exasperated Greeks. Italy, playing the bully over a weaker nation, issued impossible demands and an insulting ultimatum and forthwith seized the Greek island of Corfu and two smaller ones and blockaded Greek shipping in the Adriatic.

Greece has appealed to the league of nations and the Italian representative at Athens has stated that Italy will not recognize the authority of the league in the matter.

The league covenant recites that

The members of the league agree that, if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report of the council.

Italy declares that she has not resorted to war. It is up to the league to decide the question.

Simultaneously with this, which may bring a test of the power of the league, comes new light on the late President Harding's position in respect to the league, and at this juncture Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale college has made a statement from which the following is quoted:

It was at the front porch headquarters at Marion that I talked about the league with Mr. Harding. I asked him what his real stand on the league was and how he could expect to create an entirely new association of nations.

He answered: "I'll tell you provided you will not publish it in this campaign. I must control the publicity of my own campaign."

Then he said: "I want the United States to get into the league just as much as you do." On noting my amazement, Mr. Harding showed some amusement, and then proceeded to reconcile his amazing statement with the common expression as to his attitude by adding:

"Of course I'm opposed to the Wilson league, as I have always said, but the league can be changed. My idea is to call the nations together and ask them to make such amendments as are necessary to secure the approval of the United States."

There it is, in a nutshell. In the senate Mr. Harding voted for the league with certain reservations. These reservations would certainly have been acceded to by the member nations of the league. But for purposes of the campaign, to hold certain unruly members of the party in line, the opposition to "The Wilson league" had to be stressed and he also dropped the word "league" and called it an "association" of nations—a distinction without a difference.

The professor asked him why he did not make his position clear and Mr. Harding said

"A political campaign is like a military campaign. I am the Marshal Foch of the republican forces. It is not good tactics to tell every detail to the opposition."

Mr. Coolidge was even more in favor of the league than Mr. Harding. He is trying for the

remainder of the term to carry out Mr. Harding's policies.

Time will tell what the league will do with Italy and Greece, and what Mr. Coolidge will do in regard to the league or association.

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The Secret Adversary By AGATHA CHRISTIE (Copyright Dodd, Mead & Company)

In another moment Tommy was again confronting bare wooden panels, and the voices within had sunk once more to a mere undistinguishable murmur. Tommy became restive. The conversation he had overheard had stimulated his curiosity. He felt that, by hook or by crook, he must hear more.

After listening intently for a minute or two, he put his head round the curtain. The passage was deserted. Tommy bent down and removed his shoes, then, leaving them behind the curtain, he walked gingerly out on his stocking feet, and kneeling down by the closed door, he laid his ear cautiously to the crack. To his intense annoyance he could distinguish little more; just a chance word here and there if a voice was raised, which merely served to whet his curiosity still further.

He eyed the handle of the door tentatively. Could he turn it by degrees so gently and imperceptibly that those in the room would notice nothing? He decided that with great care it could be done. Very slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, he moved it round, holding his breath in his excessive care. A little more—a little more still—would it never be finished? Ah! at last it would turn no farther.

He stayed so for a minute or two, then drew a deep breath, and pressed it over so slightly inward. The door did not budge. Tommy was annoyed. If he had to use too much force, it would almost certainly creak. He waited until the voices rose a little, then he tried again. Still nothing happened. He increased the pressure. Had the beastly thing stuck? Finally, in desperation, he pushed with all his might. But the door remained firm, and at last the truth dawned upon him. It was locked or bolted on the inside.

For a moment or two Tommy's indignation got the better of him.

"Well, I'm d—d!" he said. "What a dirty trick!" As his indignation cooled, he prepared to face the situation. Clearly the first thing to be done was to restore the handle to its original position. It let it go suddenly, the man inside would be almost certain to notice it, so, with the same infinite pains, he reversed his former tactics. All went well, and with a sigh of relief the young man rose to his feet. There was a certain bulldog tenacity about Tommy that made him slow to admit defeat. Checkmated for the moment, he was far from abandoning the conflict. He still intended to hear what was going on in the locked room. As one plan had failed, he must hunt about for another.

He looked round him. A little farther along the passage on the left was a second door. He slipped silently along to it. He listened for a moment or two, then tried the handle. It yielded, and he slipped inside.

The room, which was untenanted, was furnished as a bedroom. Like everything else in the house, the furniture was falling to pieces, and the dirt was, if anything, more abundant. But what interested Tommy was the thing he had hoped to find, a communicating door between the two rooms, upon the left by the window. Carefully closing the door into the

passage behind him, he stepped across to the other and examined it closely. The bolt was shot across it. It was very rusty, and had clearly not been used for some time. By gently wriggling it to and fro, Tommy managed to draw it back without making too much noise. Then he repeated his former maneuvers with the handle—this time with complete success. The door swung open—a crack, a mere fraction, but enough for Tommy to hear what went on. There was a velvet portiere on the inside of this door which prevented him from seeing, but he was able to recognize the voices with a reasonable amount of accuracy. The Sinn Feiner was speaking. His rich Irish voice was unmistakable: "That's all very well. But more money is essential. No money—no results!"

Another voice, which Tommy thought was that of Boris, replied: "Will you guarantee that there are

"In a month from now—sooner or later as you wish—I will guarantee you such a reign of terror in Ireland as shall shake the British empire to its foundations."

There was a pause, and then came the soft, sibilant accents of Number One: "Good! You shall have the money. Boris, you will see to that."

Boris asked a question: "Via the Irish Americans, and Mr. Potter, as usual?"

"I guess that'll be all right!" said a new voice, with a transatlantic intonation, "though I'd like to point out, here and now, that things are getting a mite difficult. There's not the sympathy there was, and a growing disposition to let the Irish settle their own affairs without interference from America."

Tommy felt that Boris had shrugged his shoulders as he answered: "Does that matter, since the money only nominally comes from the States?" "The chief difficulty is the landing of the ammunition," said the Sinn Feiner. "The money is conveyed in easily enough—thanks to our colleague here."

"That is settled, then," said the sibilant tones. "Now, in the matter of the loan to an English newspaper, you have arranged the details satisfactorily, Boris?"

"I think so!" "That is good. An official denial from Moscow will be forthcoming if necessary."

There was a pause, and then the clear voice of the German broke the silence: "I am directed by—Mr. Brown, to place the summaries of the reports from the different unions before you. That of the miners is most satisfactory. We must hold back the railways. There may be trouble with the A. S. E."

For a long time there was a silence, broken only by the rustle of papers and an occasional word of explanation from the German. Then Tommy heard the light tap-tap of fingers, drumming on the table. "And—the date, my friend?" said Number One. "The 29th."

The Russian seemed to consider. "That is rather soon." "I know. But it was settled by the principal Labor leaders, and we cannot seem to interfere too much. They must believe it to be entirely their own show."

The Russian laughed softly, as though amused. "Yes, yes," he said. "That is true. They must have no inkling that we are using them for our own ends. They are honest men—and that is their value to us. It is curious—but you cannot make a revolution without honest men. The instinct of the populace is infallible." He paused, and then repeated, as though the phrase pleased him: "Every revolution has had its honest men. They are soon disposed of afterward."

There was a sinister note in his voice. The German resumed: "Claymes must go. He is too far-seeing. Number Fourteen will see to that." "There was a hoarse murmur. "That's all right, gov'nor." And then after a moment or two: "Suppose I'm nabbed?"

"You will have the best legal talent to defend you," replied the German quietly. "But in any case you will wear gloves fitted with the fingerprints of a notorious housebreaker. You have little to fear."

"Oh, I ain't afraid, gov'nor. All for the good of the cause. The streets is going to run with blood, so they say." He spoke with a grim relish. "Dreams of it, sometimes. I does. And diamonds and pearls rolling about in the gutter for anyone to pick up!"

Tommy heard a chair shifted. Then Number One spoke: "Then all is arranged. We are assured of success?" "I—think so." But the German spoke with less than his usual confidence.

Number One's voice held suddenly a dangerous quality: "What has gone wrong?" "Nothing; but—" "But what?"

"The Labor leaders. Without them, as you say, we can do nothing. If they do not declare a general strike on the 20th—" "Why should they not?"

"As you've said, they're honest. And, in spite of everything we've done to discredit the government in their eyes, I'm not sure that they haven't got a sneaking faith and belief in it."

"But—" "I know. They abuse it unnecessarily. But, on the whole, public opinion swings to the side of the government. They will not go against it."

Again the Russian's fingers drummed on the table. "To the point, my friend. I was given to understand that there was a certain document in existence which assured success."

"That is so. If that document were placed before the leaders, the result would be immediate. They would publish it broadcast throughout England, and declare for the revolution without a moment's hesitation. The government would be broken finally and completely."

"Then what more do you want?" "The document itself," said the German bluntly. "Ah! It is not in your possession!"

But you know where it is?" "No."

"Does anyone know where it is?" "One person—perhaps. And we are not sure of that even."

"Who is that person?" "A girl."

Tommy held his breath. "A girl?" The Russian's voice rose contemptuously. "And you have not made her speak? In Russia we have ways of making a girl talk."

"This case is different," said the German sullenly. "How—different?" He paused a moment, then went on: "Where is the girl now?"

"The girl?" "Yes."

"She is—"

But Tommy heard no more. A crashing blow descended on his head, and all was darkness.



But Tommy Heard No More. A Crashing Blow Descended on His Head and All Was Darkness.

CHAPTER V

Tuppence Enters Domestic Service. When Tommy set forth on the trail of the two men, it took all Tuppence's self-command to refrain from accompanying him. However, she contained herself as best she might, consoled by the reflection that her reasoning had been justified by events. The two men had undoubtedly come from the second floor flat, and that one slender thread of the name "Rita" had set the Young Adventurers once more upon the track of the abductors of Jane Finn.

The question was what to do next? She retraced her steps to the entrance hall of the mansions. It was now tenanted by a small lift-boy, who was polishing brass fittings, and whistling the latest air with a good deal of vigor and a reasonable amount of accuracy.

He glanced round at Tuppence's entry. There was a certain amount of the gamine element in the girl; at all events, she invariably got on well with small boys. "Well, William," she remarked cheerfully, in the best approved hospital-early-morning style, "getting a good shine up?"

"The boy grinned responsively. "Albert, miss," he corrected. "Albert be it," said Tuppence. She glanced mysteriously round the hall. The effect was purposely a broad one in case Albert should miss it. She leaned toward the boy and dropped her voice: "I want a word with you, Albert."

Albert ceased operations on the fittings and opened his mouth slightly: "Look! Do you know what this is?" With a dramatic gesture she flung back the left side of her coat and exposed a small enameled badge. It was extremely unlikely that Albert would have any knowledge of it—indeed, it would have been fatal for Tuppence's plans, since the badge in question was the device of a local corps originated by the archdeacon in the early days of the war. Its presence in Tuppence's coat was due to the fact that she had used it for pinning in some flowers a day or two before. But Tuppence had sharp eyes, and had noted the corner of a three-penny detective novel protruding from Albert's pocket, and the immediate enlargement of his eyes told her that her tactics were good, and that the fish would rise to the bait. "American detective force!" she hissed.

Albert fell for it. "Lord!" he murmured ecstatically. Tuppence nodded at him with the air of one who has established a thorough understanding. "Know who I'm after?" she inquired genially. Albert, still round-eyed, demanded

"See here, son, my brain's got busy. How would it be if you mentioned that you'd got a young cousin, or a friend of yours had, that might suit the place. You get me?" "I'm there," said Albert instantly. "You leave it to me, miss, and I'll fix the whole thing up in two ticks."

"Some lad!" commented Tuppence, with a nod of approval. "You let me know, and if it's O. K. I'll be round tomorrow at eleven o'clock."

"Where am I to let you know to?" "Ritz," replied Tuppence laconically. "Name of Cowley." Albert eyed her enviously. "It must be a good job, this tea business."

"It sure is," drawled Tuppence. "Especially when old man Ryedale backs the bill. But don't fret, son. If this goes well, you shall come in on the ground floor."

With which promise she took leave of her new ally, and walked briskly away from South Audley mansions, well pleased with her morning's work. She went straight back to the Ritz and wrote a few brief words to Mr. Carter. Having dispatched this, and Tommy not having yet returned—which did not surprise her—she started off on a shopping expedition. Starting with a cheap clothing store, and passing through one or two second-hand establishments, she had finished the day at a well-known hairdresser's. Now, in the seclusion of her bedroom, she unwrapped that final purchase. Five minutes later she smiled contentedly at her reflection in the glass. With an actress' pencil she had slightly altered the line of her eyebrows, and that, taken in conjunction with the new luxuriant growth of fair hair above, so changed her appearance that she felt confident that even if she came face to face with Whittington he would not recognize her. From hospital experience she knew only too well that a nurse, out of uniform is frequently unrecognized by her patients.

"Yes," said Tuppence aloud, nodding at the pert reflection in the glass, "you'll do." She then resumed her normal appearance. Dinner was a solitary meal. Tuppence was rather surprised at Tommy's non-return. Julius, too, was absent—but that, to the girl's mind, was more easily explained. It was quite on the cards that Julius P. Hershelmer had left for Constantinople at a moment's notice if he fancied that a clue to his cousin's disappearance was to be found there. The morning brought a note from Mr. Carter:

breathlessly: "One of the flats?" Tuppence nodded and jerked a thumb up the stairs.

"No. 20. Calls herself Vandemeyer. Vandemeyer! Ha! ha!"

Albert's hand stole to his pocket. "A crook!" he queried eagerly. "A crook! I should say so. Ready Rita, they call her in the States."

"Ready Rita," repeated Albert derisively. "Oh, ain't it just like the pictures! Annie always said as how she was a bad lot."

"Who's Annie?" inquired Tuppence idly. "Ouse parlormaid. She's leaving today. Many's the time Annie's said to me: 'Mark my words, Albert, I wouldn't wonder if the police was to come after her one of these days.' Just like that. But she's a stunner to look at, ain't she?"

"She's some peach," allowed Tuppence carelessly. "Finds it useful in her layout, you bet. Has she been wearing any of the emeralds, by the way?"

"Emeralds? Them's the green stones, ain't they?" Tuppence nodded.

"That's what we're after her for. You know old man Ryedale, the oil king?"

"It seems sort of familiar to me." "The sparklers belonged to him. Finest collection of emeralds in the world. Worth a million dollars!"

"Lumme!" came ecstatically from Albert. "It sounds more like the pictures every minute."

Tuppence smiled, gratified at the success of her efforts. "We haven't exactly proved it yet. But we're after her. And"—she produced a long-drawn-out wink—"I guess she won't get away with the goods this time."

Albert uttered another ejaculation indicative of delight. "Mind you, sonny, not a word of this," said Tuppence suddenly. "I guess I oughtn't to have put you wise, but in the States we know a real smart lad when we see one. What's this about the girl you say is leaving?"

"Annie? Regular turn-up, they 'ad." An idea was dawning in Tuppence's brain. She thought a minute or two, then tapped Albert on the shoulder.

"See here, son, my brain's got busy. How would it be if you mentioned that you'd got a young cousin, or a friend of yours had, that might suit the place. You get me?"

"I'm there," said Albert instantly. "You leave it to me, miss, and I'll fix the whole thing up in two ticks."

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(Continued on page 4)

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