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FARMERS' CO-OPERATION

The farm bloc in congress is but
one manifestation of a spirit that
has long been working, but work-
ing very slowly, among the farm-
ers of the country.

Unions of employees and unions
of employers had been in exist-
ence before the grange movement
started, away back near the mid-
dle of the last century, but it was
claimed that a union of farmers
was impossible. They would not
"stick." Their unions would
crumble.

The grange came, and for half
a century it has been a power in
the land. It grappled with the
biggest economic problem in Amer-
ica—that of transportation.

Railroad corporations claimed
that no power could legally curb
their policy of charging "all that
the traffic would bear." What
were called "the granger laws"
were passed in state after state
and in congress, and were carried
through to the courts of last re-
sort and the grangers won. Rates
for fares and freight, and even the
wages of employes, are subject
today to control by state and na-
tion. Henry Ford has even been
denied permission to reduce rates
on the road he owns and compa-
nies have been forbidden to build
new branches when they wished to
do so. The Southern Pacific has
just finished a ten-year legal fight
for the right to run the Central,
although it owns the property out-
right and submits to government
control of fares, freight rates,
wages and other conditions.

Later the grange has failed to
expand as fast as the country has
grown and there has arisen an-
other organization of the farm el-
ement—the farm bureau. It does
not supersede the grange. It sup-
plements it. It is responsible for
the fact that the farmers of the
country have stored one-half of
the year's wheat crop in warehouse
where it is available as security
for loans and those of them in
need of a little ready cash will not
be forced to sell for the low price
that always prevails at harvest
time.

The Chicago grain gamblers de-
clare that the holding back of
wheat can have no effect on the
market. They wish it wouldn't.
The wish is father to the thought.
The day this is written the Ore-
gonian heads a Chicago market
dispatch: "Lack of Selling
Pressure on Wheat in Chicago."

If the country's wheat crop can
be kept out of the hands of specu-
lators and passed to the oven and
the dining table with only the
legitimate cost of that transfer,
there will be left to the producer
or the consumer, or divided be-
tween them, the sums that other-
wise would go to the pockets of
speculators.

All this will not be achieved at
one stroke, so there is need for the
continuance of the grange and the
bureau and the bloc.

A fair price for his products will
not be sufficient to right the farm-
er's wrongs. He and the rest of
us pay too much for many of the
products of labor. When plaster-
ers get from \$10 to \$20 a day rents
will be too high. When anthracite
coal passes through the hands
of four wholesalers, each making
a profit, before the retailer gets it,
it costs too much. Federal invest-
igators found such a condition ex-
isting.

For a ray of light on the sub-
ject of profiteering read an article
under the head: "Why the High
Cost?" in this paper.

Of co-operation State Market

With the two-thirds middle ex-
pense cut to the barest necessary
figure, and with perhaps both pro-
ducers and consumers being their
own middlemen, price control on
the part of the farmer to the ex-
tent of a fair return for his labor,
would not add to the high retail
prices against which the homes
are now protesting.

J. B. Neff, the veteran Califor-
nia walnut-growing expert, now
retired, writes to the California
Cultivator:

Wheat is now below \$1 per
bushel in Chicago with a large
drop in sight that has cost the
farmer \$1.25 per bushel to grow
and get into the elevator at the
railroad. When the freight to
Chicago is deducted from the Chi-
cago price the farmer will receive
not more than 80 cents a bushel
for his wheat. The immediate
cause of this seems to be the large
carry over from last year and the
willingness of Europeans to grow
their own breadstuffs. This con-
dition is not likely to improve, as
the tendency of foreign nations
seems to be to return to the pro-
duction of their own bread and
meat. Wages of almost everyone,
except the land-owning farmer,
are almost at the highest peak of
recent years. Coal shovelers are
getting \$7.50 for eight hours' work
in the mines, carpenters \$2 to \$2.25
an hour, plasterers \$1.75 to \$2 an
hour, while the farmer has, in
most cases, been working at a loss
for the last three years, although
his labor is surely worth as much
as unskilled labor in other mar-
kets. This is a condition that
cannot long exist, for if the
farmers as a class are kept out of
the market as buyers because of
low prices of their crops, other
workers will soon shove their own
warehouses full of unsold goods
and must be idle.

Roy Gardner, a robber who be-
came a hero in the eyes of some
people in Oregon and elsewhere
when he made several sensational
escapes from officers of the law,
went south and committed some
more crimes, including an inde-
cent assault on a woman. He
was sent to prison on a new sen-
tence of 75 years and is a gray-
headed and broken-down convict
now. Elmer Bartlett was a hero
last week in the eyes of some of
the dime-novel-reading class. He
is an Oregon boy burglar and he
had made several escapes. Friday
Portland police pulled him from
under a bed where he was hiding
and locked him up again. How
heroic! Boys, don't you want to
follow his example?

In the interest of one of one of
the noblest branches of its service
to humanity the Salvation Army
has an advertisement in this paper
addressed to unfortunate girls. To
change despair to hope is the
grandest work mortals can do.

The attorney general says there
is no law authoring the use of the
navy against rum runners and it is
reported that Coolidge will not ask
congress to remedy the defect. Our
navy is an expensive ornament.

The one commendable thing in
connection with the prize fight
which fools paid a million and a
half dollars to see last week is
that the United States got \$160,000
in taxes on the sale of tickets.

Having spent, in resisting French
attempts to collect promised repa-
rations, enough to have paid those
claims up to 1927, Germany ac-
cepts that resistance is a failure.

Mayor Baker of Portland is a
candidate for the United States
senatorial nomination in the re-
publican party on a know-nothing
platform.

If an enemy's navy should
damage ours as much as it dam-
aged itself in southern California
the other day the enemy would
celebrate victory.

Eugene Dobs says the poor go
to war and the rich stay at home.
Perhaps he excepts rich G. C.
Bergdoll.

Governor Pierce failed to please
the pie hunters and they are after
his scalp with recall petitions.

It transpires that when seven
United States destroyers were
wrecked in a fog in southern Cal-
ifornia, with the loss of nearly
two score lives, four more vessels
were damaged. If a fleet can do
as badly as that when it is trying
to be good what would happen if
it started out to "treat 'em
rough"?

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Bartcher & Rohrbaugh Furniture Company
415-421 West First street Albany, Oregon

The Secret Adversary

By AGATHA CHRISTIE
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(Continued)

"Well, luckily for me, I pitched
down into a good soft bed of earth—
but it put me out of action for the
time, sure enough. The next thing I
knew, I was lying in bed with a hos-
pital nurse (not Whittington's one)
on one side of me, and a little black-
bearded man with gold glasses, and
medical man written all over him, on
the other. He rubbed his hands to-
gether, and raised his eyebrows as I
stared at him. 'Ah!' he said. 'So our
young friend is coming round again.
Capital. Capital. I think that'll do
for the present, sister,' and the nurse
left the room in a sort of brisk, well-
trained way. But I caught her hand-
ing me out a look of deep curiosity
as she passed through the door.

"That look of hers gave me an idea.
'Now, then, doc,' I said, and tried to
sit up in bed, but my right foot gave
me a nasty twinge as I did so. 'A
slight sprain,' explained the doctor.
'Nothing serious. You'll be about in
a couple of days.'

"I noticed you walked lame," inter-
polated Tuppence.
Julius nodded, and continued.
" 'How did it happen?' I asked

again. He replied drily. 'You fell,
with a considerable portion of one of
my trees, into one of my newly plant-
ed flower-beds.'

"I liked the man. He seemed to
have a sense of humor. I felt sure
that he, at least, was plumb straight.
'Sure, doc,' I said. 'I'm sorry about
the tree, and I guess the new bulbs
will be on me. But perhaps you'd
like to know what I was doing in your
garden?' I think the facts do call
for explanation," he replied. 'Well, to
begin with, I wasn't after the spoons.'

"He smiled. 'My first theory. But
I soon altered my mind. By the way,
you are an American, are you not?'
I told him my name. 'And you?' 'I
am Doctor Hall, and this, as you
doubtless know, is my private hos-
pital.'

"I made up my mind in a flash.
'Why, doctor,' I said, 'I guess I feel
an almighty fool, but I owe it to you
to let you know that it wasn't the
Bill Sikes business I was up to.' Then
I went on and mumbled out something
about a girl. I trotted out the stern
guardian business, and a nervous
breakdown, and finally explained that
I had fancied I recognized her among
the patients at the home, hence my
nocturnal adventures.

"I guess it was just the kind of a
story he was expecting. 'Quite a ro-
mance,' he said genially, when I'd
finished. 'Now, Doc,' I went on, 'will
you be frank with me? Have you
had here at any time a young girl
called Jane Finn?' He repeated the
name thoughtfully. 'Jane Finn?' he
said. 'No.'

"I was chagrined, and I guess I
showed it. 'You are sure?' 'Quite
sure, Mr. Hershelmer. It is an un-
common name, and I should not have
been likely to forget it.'

"Well, that was flat. It laid me
out for a space. I'd kind of hoped
my search was at an end. 'That's
that,' I said at last. 'Now, there's
another matter. When I was hugging
that darned branch I thought I recog-
nized an old friend of mine talking
to one of your nurses.' I purposely
didn't mention any name because, of
course, Whittington might be calling
himself something quite different
down here, but the doctor answered
at once. 'Mr. Whittington perhaps?'
'That's the fellow,' I replied. 'What's
he doing down here? Don't tell me
his nerves are out of order?'

"Doctor Hall laughed. 'No. He came
down to see one of my nurses, Nurse
Edith, who is a niece of his.' 'Why,
fancy that!' I exclaimed. 'Is he still
here?' 'No, he went back to town
almost immediately. 'What a pity!'
I ejaculated. 'But perhaps I could
speak to his niece—Nurse Edith, did
you say her name was?'

guess I'd like to look him up when I
get back. 'I don't know his address.
I can write to Nurse Edith for it if
you like.' I thanked him. 'Don't say
who it is wants it. I'd like to give
him a little surprise.'

"That was about all I could do for
the moment. Of course, if the girl
was really Whittington's niece, she
might be too cute to fall into the
trap, but it was worth trying. My
foot soon got all right. I said good-
by to the little doctor chap, asked
him to send me word if he heard from
Nurse Edith, and came right away
back to town. Say, Miss Tuppence,
you're looking mighty pale!"

"It's Tommy," said Tuppence.
" 'What can have happened to him?'
'Back up; I guess he's all right
really. Why shouldn't he be? See
here, it was a foreign-looking guy he
went off after. Maybe they've gone
abroad—to Poland, or something like
that?'

Tuppence shook her head. 'I've
seen that man, Boris something, since.
He dined with Mrs. Vandemeyer last
night.'

"Mrs. Who?"
"I forgot. Of course you don't
know all that."

"I'm listening," said Julius, and
gave vent to his favorite expression.
"Put me wise."

Tuppence thereupon related the
events of the last two days. Julius'
astonishment and admiration were
unbounded.

"Bully for you! Fancy you a me-
dical. It just tickles me to death!"
Then he added seriously: "But say,
now, I don't like it, Miss Tuppence.
I sure don't. These crooks we're up
against would as soon croak a girl as
a man any day."

"Oh, bother me!" said Tuppence
impatiently. "Let's think about what
can have happened to Tommy. I've
written to Mr. Carter about it," she
added, and told him the gist of her
letter.

Julius nodded gravely.
"I guess that's good as far as it
goes. But it's for us to get busy and
do something. I guess we'd better
get on the track of Boris. You say
he's been to your place. Is he likely
to come again?"

"He might. I really don't know."
"I see. Well, I guess I'd better
buy a car, a slap-up one, dress as a
chauffeur and hang about outside.
Then if Boris comes, you could make
some kind of signal, and I'd trail
him. How's that?"

"Splendid, but he mightn't come
for weeks."

"Well, have to chance that. I'm
glad you like the plan." He rose.
"Where are you going?"
"To buy the car, of course," replied
Julius, surprised. 'I'll be round in
it in half an hour.'

ly relinquished the idea of appealing
to Sir James Peel Edgerton. Indeed,
she had gone so far as to look up
his address in the Red Book. Had
he meant to warn her that day? If
so, why? Tuppence decided, with her
usual shake of the shoulders, it was
worth trying, and try it she would.
Sunday was her afternoon out. She
would meet Julius, persuade him to
her point of view, and they would
head the lion in his den.

When the day arrived Julius needed
a considerable amount of persuading,
but Tuppence held firm. "It can do
no harm," was what she always came
back to. In the end Julius gave in,
and they proceeded in the car to
Carlton House terrace.

The door was opened by an ir-
reproachable butler. Tuppence felt a
little nervous. She had decided not
to ask if Sir James was "at home,"
but to adopt a more personal attitude.

"Will you ask Sir James if I can
see him for a few minutes? I have
an important message for him."

The butler retired, returning a mo-
ment or two later.
"Sir James will see you. Will you
step this way?"

He ushered them into a room at the
back of the house, furnished as a
library. The collection of books was
a magnificent one, and Tuppence
noticed that all one wall was devoted
to works on crime and criminology.
There were several deep-padded
leather arm-chairs, and an old-fash-
ioned open hearth. In the window
was a big roll-top desk strewn with
papers at which the master of the
house was sitting.

He rose as they entered.
"You have a message for me?"
Ah—he recognized Tuppence with a

smile—"It's you, is it? Brought a
message from Mrs. Vandemeyer, I
suppose?"

"Not exactly," said Tuppence. "In
fact, I'm afraid I only said that to
be quite sure of getting in. Oh, by
the way, this is Mr. Hershelmer, Sir
James Peel Edgerton."

"Pleased to meet you," said the
American, shooting out a hand.
"Won't you both sit down?" asked
Sir James. He drew forward two
chairs.

"Sir James," said Tuppence, plun-
ging boldly, "I dare say you will think
it is most awful cheek of me coming
here like this. What I really want to
know is what you meant by what you
said to me the other day? Did you
mean to warn me against Mrs. Van-
demeyer? You did, didn't you?"

"My dear young lady, as far as I
recollect I only mentioned that there
were equally good situations to be ob-
tained elsewhere."

"Well, without prejudice, then, if I
had a young sister forced to earn her
living, I should not like to see her in
Mrs. Vandemeyer's service. It is no
place for a young and inexperienced
girl. That is all I can tell you."

"I see," said Tuppence thoughtfully.
"Thank you very much. But I'm not
really inexperienced, you know. I
knew perfectly that she was a bad lot
when I went there—as a matter of
fact that's why I went—" She broke
off, seeing some bewilderment on the
lawyer's face, and went on: "I think
perhaps I'd better tell you the whole
story, Sir James. I've a sort of feel-
ing that you'd know in a minute if I
didn't tell the truth, and so you
might as well know all about it from
the beginning."

"Yes, tell me all about it," said Sir
James.
Thus encouraged, Tuppence plunged
into her tale, and the lawyer listened
with close attention.

"Very interesting," he said, when
she finished. "A great deal of what
you tell me, child, is already known to
me. I've had certain theories of
my own about this Jane Finn. You've
done extraordinarily well so far, but
it's rather too bad of what you do
know him as?—Mr. Carter to pitch-
fork you two young things into an
affair of this kind. By the way, where
did Mr. Hershelmer come in origi-
nally? You didn't make that clear."

Julius answered for himself.
" 'I'm Jane's first cousin,' he ex-
plained, returning the lawyer's keen
gaze.

"Ah!"
" 'Oh, Sir James,' broke out Tup-
pence, "what do you think has be-
come of Tommy?"

"Hm." The lawyer rose, and
paced slowly up and down. "When
you arrived, young lady, I was just
packing up my traps. Going to Scot-
land by the night train for a few days'
fishing. But there are different kinds
of fishing. I've a good mind to stay,
and see if we can't get on the track
of that young chap."

"Oh!" Tuppence clasped her hands
ecstatically.
" 'All the same, as I said before, it's
too bad of—of Carter to set you two
babies on a job like this. Now, don't
get offended, Miss—er—'

"Cowley. Prudence Cowley. But
my friends call me Tuppence."

"Well, Miss Tuppence, then, as I'm
certainly going to be a friend. Now,
about this young Tommy of yours.
Frankly, things look bad for him.
He's been butting in somewhere where
he wasn't wanted. Not a doubt of it.
But don't give up hope."

"And you really will help us?
There, Julius! He didn't want me to
come," she added by way of explana-
tion.

"Hm," said the lawyer, favoring
Julius with another keen glance. "And
why was that?"
"I reckoned it would be no good
worrying you with a petty little busi-
ness like this."



He Arose as They Entered.



There Are Two
Kinds of Sweets
he kind you can be sure contains the
finest quality of ingredients and the
doubtful kind. Cast doubt aside at
Clark's. If anyone ever tried to use
anything but pure, fresh fruits and fla-
vors in our spotless candy kitchen
there'd be such a commotion you'd
hear it all over town.
Clark's Confectionery