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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Oct. 18, 1923

**ABOLISH THE PAROLE**

Three or perhaps four or five robbers fatally shot three trainmen and, when the agent refused to open the mail car, blew it up, killing him, in a tunnel just south of Siskyou, on the Southern Pacific, Thursday. Poisonous gas from the explosion, confined in the tunnel, forced them to flee. The car caught fire and burned up.

Poses of Oregon, California and United States officials are scouring the surrounding country for them. One of them is believed to have been identified as A. A. Hodges, a paroled convict.

One more added to thousands of arguments against the parole system.

A move is on foot to have all parole and indeterminate sentence laws repealed. The jury and judge who hear all the evidence in a trial are in a better position to impose a proper penalty when an offender is convicted than a parole board afterward when bombarded with petitions from his friends.

"High income taxes tend to drive otherwise productive capital into tax-exempt securities." This argument might be used by the advocates of a stiff income tax instead of by its opponents. The money "driven into" those securities is set at work on public improvements. It is put into immediate circulation through payments for labor and supplies.

John L. Engbretson of Butte smoked a pipe in bed. He went to sleep and it fell from his mouth and set the bed on fire and he was fatally burned. He was 38 years old and left a wife and two children, who ought to fight tobacco as Mrs. Wallace Reed fights narcotics.

Convicts at Salem are displeased at the removal of Warden Smith. They will be moderate, however, and allow Governor Pierce to remain in office if the recaller's fail to get his scalp, which they threaten to attempt again in the sweet by and by.

A system of rural credits backed by the national treasury has afforded temporary relief to some farmers but what agricultural needs is relief from the necessity for such credit. Real prosperity comes with keeping out of debt, not with getting in.

It is touching to see the solicitude of men of large incomes for the Oregon wheat grower. They fear he will make more than \$2000 profit and therefore have to pay an income tax if the law isn't beaten at the polls Nov. 6.

Will every farmer in this valley who is making more than \$2000 profit per year please stand up and be counted, so we can know whom to congratulate if the income tax is defeated?

Flies flee and fleas fly from oil of Tansy or almost any of the essential oils. Try a few sprigs of tansy in a flea-infested room or bed.

The American Federation of Labor wants the Volstead act slackened to allow wine and

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**The Secret Adversary**

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



Tommy Brought the Picture Down With Terrific Force on His Head.

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(Continued)

Tommy lay silent. There was nothing to say. He had failed. Somehow or other the omnipotent Mr. Brown had seen through his pretensions. Suddenly a thought occurred to him. "A very good speech, Conrad," he said approvingly. "But wherefore the bonds and fetters? Why not let this kind gentleman here cut my throat without delay?"

"Garn," said Number 14 unexpectedly. "Think we're as green as to do you in here, and have the police nosing around? Not 'alf! We've ordered the carriage for your lordship tomorrow mornin', but in the meantime we're not taking any chances, see!"

Talking as though you were still at the blooming Ritz, aren't you?"

Tommy made no reply. He was engaged in wondering how Mr. Brown had discovered his identity. He decided that Tuppeace, in the throes of anxiety, had gone to the police, and that his disappearance having been made public the gang had not been slow to put two and two together.

The two men departed and the door slammed. Tommy was left to his meditations. They were not pleasant ones. Already his limbs felt cramped and stiff. He was utterly helpless, and he could see no hope anywhere.

About an hour had passed when he heard the key softly turned, and the door opened. It was Annette. Tommy's heart beat a little faster. He had forgotten the girl. Was it possible that she had come to his help?

Suddenly he heard Conrad's voice: "Come out of it, Annette. He doesn't want any supper tonight."

"Oul, out, je sais bien. But I must take the other tray. We need the things on it."

"Well, hurry up," growled Conrad. Without looking at Tommy the girl went over to the table, and picked up the tray. She raised a hand and turned out the light.

"Curse you"—Conrad had come to the door—"why did you do that?"

"I always turn it out. You should have told me. Shall I relight it, Monsieur Conrad?"

"No, come on out of it."

"Le beau petit monsieur," cried Annette, pausing by the bed in the darkness. "You have tied him up well, hein? He is like a trussed chicken!"

The frank amusement in her tone jarred on the boy; but at that moment, to his amazement, he felt her hand running lightly over his bonds, and something small and cold was pressed into the palm of his hand.

"Come on, Annette."

"Mais me volla."

The door shut. Tommy heard Conrad say:

"Lock it and give me the key."

The footsteps died away. Tommy lay petrified with amazement. The object Annette had thrust into his hand was a small penknife, the blade open. From the way she had studiously avoided looking at him, and her action with the light, he came to the conclusion that the room was overlooked. There must be a peephole somewhere in the wall. Remembering how guarded she had always been in her manner, he saw that he had probably been under observation all the time. Had he said anything to give himself away? Hardly. True, his question to Annette had proved that he was personally acquainted with Jane Finn, but he had never pretended otherwise. The question now was, did Annette really know more? Were her denials intended primarily for the listeners? On that point he could come to no conclusion.

But there was a more vital question that drove out all others. Could he, bound as he was, manage to cut his bonds? He essayed cautiously to rub the open blade up and down on the cord that bound his two wrists together. It was an awkward business, and drew a smothered "Ow" of pain from him as the knife cut into his wrist. But slowly and doggedly he went on sawing to and fro. He cut the flesh badly, but at last he felt the cord slacken. With his hands free, the rest was easy.

His first care was to bind up his bleeding wrist. Then he sat on the edge of the bed to think. Conrad had taken the key of the door, so he could expect little more assistance from Annette. The only outlet from the room was the door, consequently he would perforce have to wait until the two men returned to fetch him. But when they did... Tommy smiled!

Moving with infinite caution in the dark room, he found and unhooked the famous picture. He felt an economical pleasure that his first plan would not be wasted. There was now nothing to do but to wait. He waited.

The night passed slowly. Tommy

beer. That isn't the only unattainable thing it wants. One indication of prosperity is the fact that both our county fair and the state fair show large surpluses of receipts over expenses this year.

Many a half-starved lawyer or doctor or store salesman might have been a prosperous farmer. "The Brown Mouse" says so.

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To Marguerite!  
Tommy had run back to the stairs. She wanted him to go and leave her. But why? At all costs he must try and get her away with him. Then his heart sank. Conrad was leaping down the stairs, uttering a savage cry at the sight of him. After him came the others.

Tommy stopped Conrad's rush with a straight blow with his fist. It caught the other on the point of the jaw and he fell like a log. The second man tripped over his body and fell. From higher up the staircase there was a flash, and a bullet grazed Tommy's ear. He realized that it would be good for his health to get out of this house as soon as possible. As regards Annette he could do nothing.

He leapt for the door, slamming it behind him. The square was deserted. In front of the house was a baker's van. Evidently he was to have been taken out of London in that, and his body found many miles from the house in Soho. The driver jumped to the pavement and tried to bar Tommy's way. Again Tommy's fist shot out, and the driver sprawled on the pavement.

Tommy took to his heels and ran—none too soon. The front door opened and a hail of bullets followed him. Fortunately none of them hit him. He turned the corner of the square.

"There's one thing," he thought to himself, "they can't go on shooting. They'll have the police after them if they do."

He heard the footsteps of his pursuers behind him, and redoubled his own pace. Once he got out of these by-ways he would be safe. In another moment he had reason to bless his luck. He stumbled over a prostrate figure, which started up with a yell of alarm and dashed off down the street. Tommy drew back into a doorway. In a minute he had the pleasure of seeing his two pursuers, of whom the German was one, industriously tracking down the red herring!

Tommy sat down quietly on this doorstep and allowed a few moments to elapse while he recovered his breath. Then he strolled gravely in the opposite direction. He glanced at his watch. It was a little after half-past five. It was rapidly growing light.

He betook himself to a Turkish bath establishment which he knew to be open all night. He swaggered into the busy daylight feeling himself once more, and able to make plans.

First of all, he must have a square meal. He had eaten nothing since midday yesterday. He turned into a shop and ordered eggs and bacon and

coffee. Whilst he ate, he read a morning paper propped up in front of him. Suddenly he stiffened. "There was a long article on Kramenin, who was described as the 'man behind Bolshevism' in Russia, and who had just arrived in London—some thought as an unofficial envoy."

In the center of the page was his portrait.

"So that's who Number 1 is," said Tommy. "Not a doubt about it; I must push on."

He paid for his breakfast, and betook himself to Whitehall. There he sent up his name, and the message that it was urgent. A few minutes later he was in the presence of the man who did not here go by the name of "Mr. Carter."

And as, briefly and succinctly as possible he detailed the experiences of the last few days.

Half-way through, Mr. Carter interrupted him to give a few cryptic orders through the telephone. All traces of displeasure had now left his face. He nodded energetically when Tommy had finished.

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