

We have the best stock of Heavy Harness ever shown in Halsey. See it and learn prices: UNIVERSAL STOVES and RANGES are the last word in cooking convenience and efficiency. We have the best line of them ever shown in Halsey. FURNITURE AND GENERAL HARDWARE HILL & C.

Why send to mail order houses when you can buy better tires in your home town for the same price? We also have our better grades of tires attractively priced. HALSEY GARAGE ALBERT FOOTE Prop. Telephone 16x5

Linn county had 7729 children of school age in 1922 and only 7585 last year.

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street, Best one-pound loaf of bread made 5 cents. Welding cakes to order.

Albany Electric Store, Radio sets, Electric wiring, Delco Light products. GLENN WILLARD, WM. MOFLICH.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants, Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-1.

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. MRS. BLOUNT.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS at WOODWORTH'S

BUNGALOWS in Albany for sale. Would exchange for farm property. Davenport Music House.

Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. W. H. HULBERT.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories. Repairs. KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

Fortmillier Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges, Funeral directors. 427-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery Everything in the line of cats. Opposite Postoffice

Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-to-Measure Clothes

If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio 333 West First street, Albany.

Irvin's Garage—Next to Community house. Exide Battery distributors for Linn county. Repairs made on all makes of batteries.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

Miller Motor Sales Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

Morton & Speer Service Company Headquarters for good tires Phone 65 First and Lyon

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 200.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STOKES 322 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Adding a line of builders' hardware Old customers are invited to call and see the new stock.

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

FARM LOANS Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit Amortized Loans. The loan pays out in 20 payments, retaining the principal. Cheap rates. No delay. BEAM LAND CO., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore.

FARM LOANS at lowest rate of interest. Prompt service. Courteous treatment. Wm. BAIN, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

Albany Directory—Continued

HALLS' FLORAL & MUSIC SHOP We grow our own cut flowers Gold banded, Rubrum and other hardy lily bulbs now on hand. Nice geraniums every Saturday. Phone 166j

Phone 312 V Satisfaction guaranteed Price \$3.50

FRED B. JONES Piano Tuning and Repairing ALBANY Piano Tuner for leading music stores in Albany

New and used FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY bought, sold and exchanged at all times

BEN T. SUDELL Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., Albany

Metzgers' SHOE SERVICE OREGON SHOES that cost less per month of wear

Halsey Happenings (Continued from page 1)

A. M. Hammer, manager of the Blain Clothing company, at Albany, has bought the big store building for \$45,000.

Deputy assessors are out at work. Assessments will be on the same basis as last year except that sheep will be higher.

The city of Albany started the fund for a preliminary survey of the Clear Lake water prospect with an appropriation of \$450.

Automobile tires are advertised in Halsey at as low prices as are quoted by mail order houses. Why not keep as much money in circulation at home as you can?

Grant Reynolds has taken over the Portland Journal agency and his daughter Elsie is delivering the papers to customers. She is an efficient, sunshine-radiating newsgirl.

Henry Brock, marshal of Brownsville, brought in a copper still this afternoon which he captured near Brownsville. He reports the still was found in a barn where it has been stored without the knowledge of the man who owned the barn.—Herald.

Miss Millbanks, who has been engaged to make a health survey of the pupils in all the schools in the county, was here Saturday looking over the situation. She will inspect the Halsey pupils before long.

William Hoflich of the Albany Electrical company has been awarded one of four medals awarded by the Delco Light company to salesmen in the northwest. He sold about forty light and water plants that yielded \$15,000 to the company.

The Interdenominational Church of the Four Square Gospel of Albany, Or. has been incorporated by its trustees, H. N. Cockerline, Roy W. Nutting, C. H. Leonard, W. W. Crawford, R. S. Patterson, H. A. McKean, F. B. Schoel, J. A. Drake and Paul Miller.

Dr. Charles S. Price, evangelist, will come to Albany for a fifteen day series of meetings beginning on Sunday, March 9, and ending Sunday, March 23, according to announcement made today by Russel P. Rothgeb, his secretary and campaign manager. The meetings will be held in the armory, for which Mr. Rothgeb signed a contract late this afternoon.—Albany Herald.

Another burglary of LaMar & LaMar's store at Peoria was attempted Friday night, and like the one last fall brought the crooks to grief through a burglar alarm. Stanley Thompson of Creswell and Warren Wilkins of Eugene were caught and a lot of loot, from other stores in the valley, it is supposed, was found in their car. Though from fine families, both boys have prison records.

Members of the Shedd Jersey stock club stock judging were presented with medals at a community meeting at Shedd Saturday. Awards were given by O. M. Plummer, manager of Pacific International Livestock exposition. Members of the team are Edith Pugh, Clifford Cornutt and Ralph Malson. In addition to her medal Edith Pugh was given the O. M. Plummer scholarship to O. A. C. summer school. She is the high scoring individual of that contest.

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many women using thorns instead of pins and knitting one pair of stockings with the ravelings of another. They were also flossing out their silk gowns and spinning the floss into gloves with cotton. All this was to avoid buying goods sent over from Great Britain.

The meeting over, Jack and Solomon went on by stage to Boston for a look at the big city.

They arrived there on the fifth of March a little after dark. The moon was shining. A snow flurry had whitened the streets. The air was still and cold. They had their supper at the Ship and Anchor. While they were eating they heard that a company of British soldiers who were encamped near the Presbyterian meeting-house had beaten their drums on Sunday so that no worshiper could hear the preaching.

"And the worst of it is we are compelled to furnish them food and quarters while they insult and annoy us," said a minister who sat at the table.

After supper Jack and Solomon went out for a walk. They heard violent talk among people gathered at the street corners. They soon overtook a noisy crowd of boys and young men carrying clubs. In front of Murray's barracks, where the Twenty-ninth regiment was quartered, there was a chattering crowd of men and boys. Some of them were hooting and cursing at two sentinels. The streets were lighted by oil lamps and by candles in the windows of the houses.

In Cornhill they came upon a larger and more violent assemblage of the same kind. They made their way through it and saw beyond a captain a corporal and six private soldiers standing face to face with the crowd. Men were jeering at them; boys hurling abusive epithets. The boys, as they are apt to do, reflected, with some exaggeration, the passions of their elders. It was a crowd of rough fellows—mostly wharfmen and sailors. Solomon sensed the danger in the situation. He and Jack moved out of the jeering mob. Then suddenly a thing happened which may have saved one or both their lives. The captain drew his sword and flashed a dark light upon Solomon and called out:

"Hello, Binkus! What the h—l do you want?"

"Who be ye?" Solomon asked.

"Preston."

"Preston! Cat's blood and gunpowder! What's the matter?"

Preston, an old comrade of Solomon said to him:

"Go around to headquarters and tell them we are cut off by a mob and in a bad mess. I'm a little scared. I don't want to get hurt or do any hurtin'."

Jack and Solomon passed through the guard and hurried on. Then there were hisses and cries of "Tories! Rotten Tories!" As the two went of they heard missiles falling behind them and among the soldiers.

"They're goin' to be had trouble thar," said Solomon. "Them lads ain't to blame. They're only doin' as they're commanded. It's the pesky king that orto be hatched."

They were hurrying on, as he spoke, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when they heard the command to fire and a rifle volley—then loud cries of pain and shrill curses and running feet. They turned and started back. People were rushing out of their houses, some with guns in their hands. In a moment the street was full.

"The soldiers are slaying people," a man shouted. "Men of Boston, we must arm ourselves and fight."

It was a scene of wild confusion. They could get no farther on Cornhill. The crowd began to pour into side streets. Rumors were flying about that many had been killed and wounded. An hour or so later Jack and Solomon were seized by a group of ruffians.

"Here are the d—n Tories!" one of them shouted.

"Friends o' murderers!" was the cry of another "Let's hang 'em!"

Solomon immediately knocked the man down who had called them Tories and seized another and tossed him so far in the crowd as to give it pause.

"I don't mind bein' hung," he shouted, "not if it's done proper, but no man kin call me a Tory lessen my hands are tied, without gittin' hurt. An' if my hands was tied I'd do some hollerin', now you hear me."

A man back in the crowd let out a laugh as loud as the braying of an ass. Others followed his example. The danger was passed. Solomon shouted:

"I used to know Preston when I were a scout in Amherst's army fightin' Injuns an' Frenchmen, which they In-

more'n twenty notches on the stock o' my rifle an' fourteen on my pelt, an' my name is Solomon Binkus from Albany, New York, an' if you'll excuse us, we'll put fer hum as soon as we kin git erway convenient."

In the morning they learned that three men had been killed and five others wounded by the soldiers. Squads of men and boys with loaded muskets were marching into town from the country.

Jack and Solomon attended the town meeting that day in the Old South meeting-house. It was a quiet and orderly crowd that listened to the speeches of Josiah Quincy, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, demanding calmly but firmly that the soldiers be forthwith removed from the city. The famous John Hancock cut a great figure in Boston in those days. It is not surprising that Jack was impressed by his grandeur, for he had entered the meeting-house in a scarlet velvet cap and a blue damask gown lined with velvet and strode to the platform with a dignity even above his garments. As he faced about the boy did not fail to notice and admire the white satin waistcoat and white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. Mr. Quincy made a statement which stuck like a bur in Jack Irons' memory of that day, and perhaps all the faster because he did not quite understand it. The speaker said: "The dragon's teeth have been sown."

The chairman asked if there was any citizen present who had been on the scene at or about the time of the shooting. Solomon Binkus arose and held up his hand and was asked to go to the minister's room and confer with the committee.

Mr. John Adams called at the inn that evening and announced that he was to defend Captain Preston and would require the help of Jack and Solomon as witnesses. For that reason they were detained some days in Boston and released finally on the promise to return when their services were required.

They had a hearty welcome at the little house near the King's Arms, where they sat until midnight telling of their adventures. In the midst of it Jack said to his father:

"I heard a speaker say in Boston that the dragon's teeth had been sown. What does that mean?"

"It means that war is coming," said John Irons. "We might as well get ready for it."

These words, coming from his father, gave him a shock of surprise. He began to think of the effect of war on his own fortunes.

Solomon sent his furs to market and went to work on the farm of John Irons and lived with the family. The

boy returned to school. After the hay had been cut and stacked in midsummer, they were summoned to Boston to testify in the trial of Preston. They left in September, taking with them a drove of horses.

"It will be good for Jack," John Irons had said to his wife. "He'll be the better prepared for his work in Philadelphia next fall."

Two important letters had arrived that summer. One from Benjamin Franklin to John Irons, offering Jack a chance to learn the printer's trade in his Philadelphia shop and board and lodging in his home.

The other letter was from Margaret Hare to the boy, in which she had said that they were glad to learn that he and Mr. Binkus were friends of Captain Preston and inclined to help him in his trouble. "Since I read your let-

ter I am more in love with you than ever," she had written. "My father was pleased with it. He thinks that all cause of complaint will be removed. Until it is, I do not ask you to be a Tory, but only to be patient."

Jack and Solomon were the whole day getting their horses across Van Deusen's ferry and headed eastward in the rough road. Mr. Binkus wore his hanger—an old Damascus blade inherited from his father—and carried his long musket and an abundant store of ammunition; Jack wore his two pistols, in the use of which he had become most expert.

They came to wagon roads improving as they approached towns and villages, in the first of which they began selling the drove. When they reached Boston, nearly a week later, they had only the two horses which they rode.

The trial had just begun. Being ardent Whigs, their testimony made an impression. Jack's letter to his father says that Mr. Adams complimented them when they left the stand.

There is an old letter of Solomon Binkus which briefly describes the journey. He speaks of the "pompy" men who examined them. "They grinned at me all the time an' the 'ol big wig jedge in the women's dress got mad if I tried to crack a joke," he wrote in his letter. "He looked like he had paid too much for his whistle an' thought I had sold it to him. Thought he were goin' to box my ears. John Addams is erbout as sharp as a razor. Took a likin' to Jack an' me. I tol' him he were smart 'nough to be a trapper."

The two came back in the saddle and reached Albany late in October.

(To be continued)

FARM CO-OPERATIVE SELLING

By GLENN G. HAYES (Copyright 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Plan of Marketing Immense Tobacco Crops.

IT AIN'T such a bad crop. Ought to bring 'round \$900," Jeff Clay mused as he loaded his four-acre crop of burley tobacco in the square, flat baskets, piling them high on his great wagon.

His heart was full of dreams of a fat wallet and a paid-up grocery bill as he waved good-by to the four little curly heads lined up on the doorstep of his one-roomed shanty.

"Yes, suh, I'll buy them kids some shoes." The big wagon zigzagged across the country toward the great warehouse in Lexington. "And maybe, just maybe, I kin get the little woman a dress—a silk dress."

Two hours later Jeff stood anxiously in the long, brightly lighted warehouse where thousands of baskets of tobacco were lined in rows waiting the auction block.

The auctioneer was chanting the bids. It was Jeff's crop. His whole year's work was at stake—in a few minutes it would be sold, sold to the highest bidder. He could hear the monotone of the auctioneer's deep bass voice. He could see a blurred mass of sharp-featured buyers. The auctioneer's voice pounded in his ears with dull, insistent monotony.

"Fourteen 'n a quarter, a quarter, a quarter, fourteen 'n a half, a half—sold!"

Jeff's knees trembled. Surely there must be a mistake. But he had heard it with his own ears. He turned heart-sick. His whole crop had brought less than \$300. He couldn't take anything home to the little family. He couldn't even pay his debts—but he had to sell. It never did any good to hold off.

That was in 1920.

Growers Saw the Light. Somehow or other Jeff managed to stay in the tobacco-raising business. Indeed, there was nothing else he could do.

In 1921, however, just one year later, Jeff received an average price of 21 1/2 cents a pound for his entire crop. And the price wasn't a bit of sheer luck this time. He was a member of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative association. In Kentucky the auction block was gone. A new system of tobacco marketing had made its way into the Southland—a system that was stabilizing the whole industry. Jeff was just one of the 55,000 tobacco farmers who had made a fair profit by joining the big co-operative.

In 1920 tobacco growers all over the United States raised a bumper crop of the golden weed; 1918 and 1919 had been splendid seasons; their crops had brought enormous prices for

the first time in years; the war was on. Up until this time tobacco raising in the South was a poor-paying proposition for anyone except the big planters who owned from 75 to 1,000 acres. The small landowner and the tenant seldom made more than enough to buy their pork and corn meal. Then came those two amazing seasons when even the tenant farmer had money to spend. After he'd spent it he borrowed all he could scrape together, even mortgaging his future crop to plant plenty of acres for 1920.

The acreage was the largest in years, the crop the heaviest. Tobacco farmers felt sure of a good return, although they had no control over the market; as always, it was in the hands of the buyers.

Suddenly, almost overnight, tobacco became a drug on the market. Buyers wouldn't take it for the giving. The warehouses opened for sales, closed, opened and then closed again. The tobacco that was sold went for less than it cost to produce it. For the first time the tobacco farmer began to think of the selling as well as the production end of farming.

Try Co-operation. The co-operative movement was the result. One year later there were five great co-operative marketing organizations in the United States, each growing a particular type of tobacco, and composed of 200,000 tobacco farmers, selling two-thirds of the entire American tobacco crop.

When the price slump came in 1920 tobacco farmers were on the verge of ruin. Everywhere there was bitterness. Co-operative marketing was proposed as a way out. But the burley tobacco growers of Kentucky had tried a sort of co-operation back in 1906 and 1908. It had resulted in those never-to-be-forgotten night rides. They knew that it was useless to co-operate to control production; that's what they had tried before. To control the marketing of their crop was an untried field. They hesitated.

Then they got the story of the success of co-operation in California. California farmers were prosperous and contented. The farmer and his family were well dressed. They had bank accounts and automobiles. Judge Robert Bingham, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, took a trip to California in 1921. He saw for himself what co-operative marketing was doing for the West. Judge Bingham asked Aaron Sapiro, the co-operative lawyer, to meet with a group of burley tobacco growers to outline a co-operative marketing plan like the one used in California.

Under the system by which the Clay and his neighbors sold their crops the grower knew scarcely anything about the grading of tobacco. They seldom knew the grade of their own stuff. The new plan which Aaron Sapiro brought to Kentucky was entirely different. It proposed doing away with the old auction system. It was a plan to get the burley growers to sign a contract to turn their tobacco crop, every leaf of it, over to the co-operative association for six years. When 75 per cent of the growers had signed the contract would become effective.

Later the South staged the first big drive for members. In a little over a month 55,700 tobacco growers, producers of 76 per cent of the 1920 crop, had signed a contract.

A board of directors was elected and James C. Stone of Lexington was made president and general manager. Then the tobacco board got busy. Kentucky had no co-operative marketing law. To save time they incorporated under the co-operative marketing law of North Carolina. But they didn't have any trouble getting a marketing law passed in Kentucky, once the legislature met.

Providing Warehouses. The warehousing question wasn't so simple. There had to be warehouses to receive the tobacco, but there was no money or time with which to build them before the crop would be ready to move. Aaron Sapiro had thought about that. He had provided a plan which allowed for a subsidiary corporation to be formed for the purpose of buying warehouses to be paid for over a period of six years, the payments being deducted from the proceeds of the growers' tobacco. At the end of six years the warehouses would belong to the co-operative growers. Each grower would own a share based on the amount of his deliveries. This plan was proposed to 117 warehouse men. Immediately the association took possession of more than \$5,000,000 worth of property without paying a cent in cash.

Where to get the money for the first advance payment—that was the biggest problem. After the first payment had been met it would be easy. The cost of doing business would be deducted from the proceeds of the growers. It was at this particular time that the banks offered their assistance. Louisville and Cincinnati

(Continued on page 4)

