

PROGRESS

The Enterprise today enters upon a field which the purchasers of the business envisioned over three years ago when they took possession. Sickness and death interfered with the plans then laid. Not until now has the survivor felt justified in making the change which is seen in this issue. The intention is, while continuing the thorough news service of the past, with serial stories for leisure hours, and adding a department which will appeal to little people and stimulate in them that habit of reading which is indispensable in the acquirement of a useful practical education in these days, to make an effort to produce a paper which will be especially welcomed by Linn county farmers. To do this we shall give particular attention to the things that are being done on those farms. If one farmer has found a side line of production profitable under a certain system of management, other farmers, with similar conditions of soil and climate—and transportation and marketing—would like to know about it. With the co-operation of the farmers, we hope to be able to tell them.

Every farmer who has done something or learned something that it might be profitable for other farmers to know is earnestly urged to call and tell the editor or to write down the facts and mail them to him. No matter whether you can get them in just the form and phraseology you wish, simply set down the facts so the editor can put them in shape for the press. That is what an editor is for.

We want to make the Enterprise so helpful to Linn county farmers that they will be glad to get it at the price.

All subscriptions are payable in advance, and all papers sent to new subscribers will be discontinued at the end of the time paid for, unless the subscriber requests a continuance until a more convenient time to pay. You will not be pestered by visits of the paper, if you don't want it.

J. W. Clark will interview some subscribers who are in arrears and some prospective new patrons, and will have an eye out for interesting farm doings that might be worthy of publication.

Mr. Clark is a farmer and still owns a farm, though incapacitated through injuries sustained while serving in the world war, from laboring as he formerly did, but he is able to travel, part of the time, for the Enterprise, and his signature to a receipt for your subscription will be accepted at this office as equal to gold coin.

CO-OPERATION

In co-operating to dispose of their products the farmers of America are faced by a problem entirely different from that presented in England. In that country the consumers took the lead in co-operative marketing and have for a generation had their wholesale houses, where they receive farm produce and other supplies and distribute them without any such extravagant grafts as cause an Oregon farmer to take \$1.80 for a box of apples for which the New York consumer pays \$5, as was reported on government authority last week in this column.

In this country the consumers co-operate, not to help the farmers cut out this waste, but to compel the employers to pay it. And the employers reimburse themselves by charging the farmer for manufacture of goods about double what his English cousin pays and paying the farmer less than his English cousin receives.

Then American labor is "protected" by a tariff against cheap English-made goods and farm prices may hang—the farmer, too, for all that care.

The consumers—the laboring people of the cities—co-operate not with the farmer but against him. Only last week, under threat of a general strike, the Southern Pacific compromised with workmen by allowing an increase of wages which will amount to half a million a year. Who will ultimately pay that half million? Not the railroad company. It is not making interest on the money it uses in the business now.

the end the farmer pays it all. He pays the excess wages of the thousands of employes in commercial printing offices in San Francisco who have just been granted an increase of \$51 for a week of 44 to 48 hours from \$48.

He pays the \$3.20 between the price he gets for that box of apples and what the consumer pays.

And the hogs in the intermediate stages of the game form their chambers of commerce and boards of trade and send representatives to community meetings of farmers and keep over rural woes and urge the offerers to come to them for solace—and get buncoed some more.

A union of the farmers of the country as complete and absolute as a railroad union or the coal miners or the hod carriers' union could fix the price of every bushel of wheat or carcass of beef or pound of wool at a figure that would give farmers the same comforts and luxuries that would be enjoyed by union laborers.

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Forced Egg Production
With Artificial Light

Using artificial lights on pullets to force egg production during the first year and letting the hens work under natural conditions the second year is the practice recommended by the department of poultry husbandry at South Dakota State college after careful experimentation with forced egg production under artificial lights.

The forced production has been found advisable only in the case of birds which are not to be bred the following spring, for forcing future breeders, it has been found, causes them to produce the eggs which are less fertile and which hatch poorly. In other words, forced production by artificial light plan makes weak breeders.

Artificial lighting, when properly used, has decided advantages, however. It means more winter eggs. The lighting lengthens the hen's working day, and more work means more feed consumed, which brings about a greater production of eggs.

The increased production is secured, however, only at this season. The total yearly production, it has been found, is not increased. The gain in production comes at the season of the year when the price of eggs is high, which makes this method worth considering.

Don't Force Pullets to Lay Eggs During Winter

Now that the pullets are housed and laying it behooves us to consider what we are going to expect of them. Usually we know what kind of breeding is behind these pullets and whether they can normally be expected to lay 100 eggs apiece or 180 or 200. During the next year many persons will get 20 eggs less than the birds are bred to lay and some will get or try to get 20 eggs more. The supplying of protein in correct proportions is a stumbling block to many.

Experience shows that 10 per cent meat (20 per cent of the mash) is necessary and any more is detrimental. If milk is fed, cut down on the meat. Bloody eggs from pullets are usually a sign of forcing, which will result in high mortality. Late hatched pullets may have to be forced in order to get a winter production, but they are injured for future years and for breeding both by late development and by forcing. The moral is hatch early.—O. C. Krum, Poultry Extension Specialist, Colorado Agricultural College.

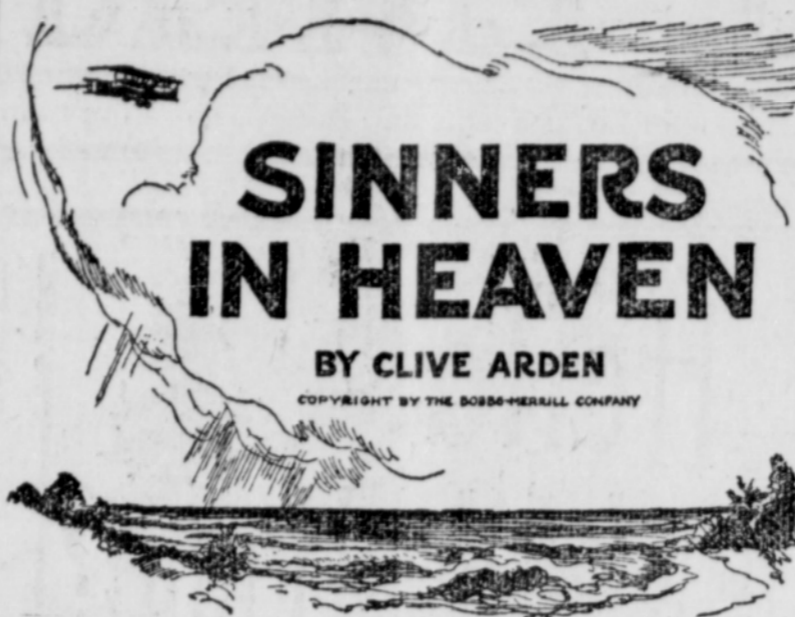
Kerosene Oil for Roup

Some people have had good results by treating roup with common kerosene oil. Put a spoonful of the oil in a pail of water and dip the heads of the sick birds into it. With a steady motion, draw the bird's head through the film of oil, withdraw slowly, and wipe dry. The oil seems to kill the germs of the local disease and stimulates the mucous membranes to renewed action.

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SINNERS
IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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(Continued)

"What—were—you doing?" she stammered.

Again he laughed wildly. "Telling them we were sent here by their gods, and should blast the island into a thousand bits if they showed us hostility! You saw the effect?"

"I did, indeed!" Realizing their position, she tried to free herself, but his arms tightened.

"Among natives," he continued, excitedly, "a wife is tabu to her husband. To—to make you doubly safe, I told them you were my—my wife."

"You—" Words failed her. More vehemently she struggled, suddenly afraid of him, of his savage grip, and of the eyes which glittered strangely in the semi-darkness.

But ordinary shackles of restraint had fallen from Croft for the moment. Since those wonderful hours of the night before, the girl had assumed a new prominence in his mind. He had become acutely aware of her, as he had never yet been aware of any woman. It was all strange, bewildering. Life or death, man and woman, savage, primitive passions pitted against savage, primitive passions. No drawing room code of morals or manners was guiding their destinies out here.

He laughed again, pressing her fiercely up against his chest. "So—while we are here, you are mine! Don't forget. You may belong to another in England; but here, you—you are mine!"

His tone was exultant, and he bent her backward so that her face was unprotected, unprotected beneath his own. His breath came hot and fast above her lips.

Some primeval, caged beast instinct seized her, too, sweeping away fear. Raising her free hand, she dealt him, with sudden passion of rage, a blow in the face while struggling violently in his grasp.

His arms loosed her so abruptly that she nearly fell. For a moment he stood before her, his hands groping at his head, looking dazed, or as if awakening after some vivid dream. She confronted him with the fury of a little wildcat.

"You are mad! Mad! I—oh—I hate you!"

Covering her face with both hands, she strove to subdue the extraordinary tumult within her. . . . then looked up at the sound of the door being hastily shut with a crash of bamboo canes.

With a gasp of relief, she realized that she was alone.

V

After the natives' attack, a new phase began between the pair. Paradoxical though it may sound, the hours which brought them so near together widened the gulf between them. Had that eventful night ended with the accidental discharge of the revolver, their daily life might have continued more or less placidly, like the waters of some river, with but an occasional rock obstructing its even course. But Croft's amazing lack of self-control had been like a huge stone hurled violently into the center of the river, causing ever-widening circles to extend. Intensified a hundredfold, all the fears of her first afternoon upon the island rushed riotously back. She became conscious of him as she had never been before: not only of the force of his will, but of the strength of the passions lying dormant under a cold exterior.

Nothing more had been said concerning the episode. Half expecting some kind of apology, she had decided, next morning, to accept it frigidly, drawing close the cloak of her own reserve and dignity.

But the apology never came. He did not appear at all until nearly midday, when he arrived with arms full of fresh fruit. Then it was he who seemed encased in a mantle of such icy reserve that her own attempts dwindled to mere foolishness. She took refuge in silence. A stone wall and ten miles of land might have divided them. He spent the afternoon fetching things over from the reef, leaving her severely alone.

This position endured for some days. He seemed to keep away as much as possible, and her loneliness became at times intolerable. But she learned many practical things. He taught her to create fire by friction with wood; to bake breadfruit—that substitute for a cereal in the South seas—in hot embers, then scoop out the interior; or

preserve it by drying thin slices in the sun. She soon acquired primitive ways of preparing, with a campfire and a few old native vessels, the strange fish, birds and the fruits he brought.

Then, one day, he came striding down the slope, after being absent for hours, looking strangely haggard round the eyes. With disconcerting suddenness, in characteristic, brief sentences, he demanded, more than suggested, friendship between them.

"We can't go on . . . this life's unbearable. . . ." His voice was unusually curt, the sentences were disjointed, his nerves evidently worn thin.

She was taken unawares, at a moment of deep depression, when everything seemed very dark. Not pausing to reflect on the possibility of similar suffering having impelled this request from one unaccustomed to beg, she shrank back, her fears and suspicions crowding in.

"I'm afraid I can't trust your—friendship. I can't forget—"

He looked at her queerly, with eyes that flashed in sudden anger.

"D—n it all! That was an exceptional night. Can't you understand?" But years of Puritan surroundings are not wiped out in less than a week.

"I'm afraid not. I—"

"Then you must lump it!" He turned away with an expressive shrug, and disappeared up the hill.

That was the only overture he ever made; and the strain between them increased. Barbara welcomed anything which made work to absorb her thoughts. For the terrible feeling of impotence, the sheer homesickness, the loneliness, were ever below the surface, ready, all together or individually, to spring upon her at any moment.

A day arrived on which the onsets came "not singly but in battalions." She had been alone for hours. When Croft arrived, her spirits were below zero, her nerves frayed, her temper was not of the best. He glanced at her shrewdly, but appeared to notice nothing. Coming to the hut, he dropped a large coconut into her lap, where she sat outside the door.

"There you are, my child! Get busy!" he remarked casually.

Uncontrollable irritation, the result of solitary fretting, welled up within her. Impulsively she seized the coconut and hurled it down the beach.

"Don't call me that! I'm not your 'child'—nor anything to do with you." There was a moment's silence; then he gave a little laugh.

"No, indeed! Let's thank the good Lord for that, at all events."

She looked up, dumfounded; but he had turned away into the hut.

So that was the position? Her dislike was returned in full? A sharp stab of hurt pride and desolation caused sudden tears to rise and roll down her cheeks. She scrambled to her feet and, out of sight among the brushwood, lay down and sobbed out her heart.

Croft got his own supper that night. He made no comment on her swollen eyes and lack of appetite. But when she took the large shells used for plates to wash in the lagoon, he rose, impulsively, to follow her. After a few steps, however, he paused uncertainly. With a little helpless shrug, he returned to the hut.

Each day he spent much time upon the reef, salvaging all that was possible of the machine, until what remained was swept away one night by the tide.

A dozen times a day, one or both climbed the hill and vainly searched the horizon—gathering, with dwindling hopes, more fuel to heap upon the growing pile which some day might flare into a beacon to attract a passing vessel.

The natives seldom ventured far from their settlement. Whenever Croft encountered one, the frightened wretch took to his heels. Only once did he meet one with sufficient courage to reply to the white man's questions. But, at the first allusion to ships and other white men, his fortitude gave completely away; with a wailing cry of fear, he turned and vanished among the trees, leaving Croft no wiser. . . .

Barbara was haunted by thoughts of Hugh's suffering. To be alive, in splendid health, yet unable to inform those mourning her death, could be equaled only by a like impotence upon the other side of the grave to allay the sufferings of those beloved upon earth. After a lifetime, too, of inseparable companionship, this new existence, in which Hugh had no part, seemed strangely incomplete. Yet, paradoxically again, his presence was not



Seized the Coconut and Hurlled It Down the Beach.

needed here: he would have seemed as much out of place as the proverbial fish out of water.

Croft, on the other hand, appeared daily more suited to his environment, fitting in as if it were indeed his "natural sphere." Gradually, as the past grew fainter, her confidence returned. His apparent disinclination for her company, though reassuring in one way, plucked her in another. So she withdrew into her own shell; and the invisible wall grew higher between them, only occasional chinks appearing, or thin places through which she came a little nearer. At these times the girl regretted her refusal of his one friendly overture. . . .

It was one evening, two or three weeks after the natives' attack, that the largest chink in the wall appeared.

The day had been unusually hot; and she strolled listlessly up to the river to bathe. With bare sunburned feet, and the revolver—without which she seldom stirred—stuck in her belt, she passed through the grove, through the tall dark avenues beyond, to the clearing by the water's edge. There she halted, amazed.

Face downward lay Croft, his dark head buried in his arms; beside him were one or two branches of bananas; a couple of breadfruit had rolled, unnoticed, a few yards away.

Strangely embarrassed, Barbara asked, uncertain whether to go or stay. She was in the act of turning away, when he lifted his head and saw her.

For a moment both were silent. In his face was the look she had seen there on the morning after the wreck. He rose to his feet; and, conquering her embarrassment, she went toward him.

"What is it?" she asked earnestly. He looked down into the misty blue

eyes raised, full of shy sympathy, to his face.

"What is it?" he repeated. "That's what it is." He stooped to pick up the fruit. "What are you doing here? Going to bathe?"

"I was," she replied, hesitatingly. "But—don't go. Can't we sit down and talk? It—it's so lonely."

Again he looked down into her eyes, almost hungrily. Nothing she could have said could have hit the mark with surer aim. But he clenched his hands and put them behind him.

She gave a quick look at his gloomy face, threw pride to the winds, and

plunged with her old impulsiveness.

"Can't we be—friends?" she asked. He remained silent, with hands still clasped at his back, watching her curiously.

"I thought you did not wish it," he remarked at last.

She sat down upon a rock, abstractedly picking out bits of the moss which covered it.

"I—I've—forgotten that—" She paused, flushing. "If—we shared our thoughts more, things might not seem quite so bad," she suggested.

The ghost of a smile moved his lips. "You shall have more company soon. We are going to visit the natives. I have sent a message to the chief."

"About what?"

"To come to see me and be prepared to conduct us back to their settlement. To make friends."

"Friends! Those savages—"

"It's necessary. They leave us alone now through fear, which probably won't last. They will hate what they fear; and in time only the hate may remain. That's not the right keynote for a happy life here; is it?" He looked quietly up at her, with a smile full of hidden meaning.

"No." She flushed a little; then gave a dreary laugh. "But I can't imagine what could be, in these circumstances."

"Can't you?" He looked away at the water tumbling over the huge boulder, catching here and there flashes of sunlight through the network of branches overhead. "You were going to find out all about that, in crowded cities; weren't you?"

"About what?"

"What the keynote is which you have found missing to the vast harmony of creation."

She glanced at him in pleased surprise.

"How nicely you express it! I never realized it so clearly as that; it was all vague. Yes, I suppose that is what I felt. It's strange, but I haven't felt it so much here."

She watched him collect his fruit. "Have you found the keynote?" she asked boldly.

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully; then answered, guardedly: "I know what it is. And I have only fully realized its necessity since coming here! We all use substitutes out in the world. It has a lot of branches—or, rather, sub-keys. Perhaps few people ever discover it."

"Well, Barbara, have your dip."

He was about to turn away; but,

(Continued page 5)

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