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O. W. FRUM

Bank Robbing in Indiana Curbed

Vigilantes, Guns, Traps, Gas, Prevail

Detroit, Mich.—Goaded into action by the frequency of bank robberies, the Michigan Bankers' association has determined to inaugurate a plan of arming vigilantes all over the state with rifles and pistols and training them in the use of these weapons. This is the statement of H. M. Brown, secretary of the Michigan Bankers' association, while discussing the move.

The plan contemplates an armed organization in every county, built around the sheriff. The vigilantes appointed will be sworn in as regular deputy sheriffs, but the arms and equipment will be furnished by the various county bankers' federations.

cer, who inaugurated the plan in Indiana, has been secured by the Michigan Bankers' association to initiate the plan in Michigan.

When the plan is functioning correctly, according to Chairman Ulrich of the state protective committee, all the law enforcing officers in the state will be co-ordinating with a watchful citizenry that has been aroused to action by the increasing boldness of the criminals. It is expected, Mr. Ulrich said, that at least 1,000 armed vigilantes will be sworn in during the next four months.



Here is a burglar who got into a death trap, falling and breaking his neck. His case will be described in the story, 'The Recluse of Fifth Avenue,' which will appear in the Enterprise, beginning early in June.

One feature of the plan which necessity cannot be divulged, Mr. Sherwood said, is a series of "death traps" that will be arranged in each banking community. Another feature is a system of road blockade that will insure the appearance of 150 to 200 men on all highways within 15 minutes after a bank is attacked.

"We are deadly in earnest about this vigilante plan," Mr. Sherwood stated. "It appears that nothing except the use of force will put an end to the depredations of these potential murderers. Very well, if that is necessary to curb them, we will be glad to see that they get it."

A broken neck would stop the raid on which the victim was engaged and is usually fatal, but J. V. Clinger of Marshfield, Ill., who was rushed to a Portland hospital by airplane, after breaking his neck in a dive in a swimming pool, was reported a week later, the 20th of this month, "on the way to recovery."

Doctors Disagree

(Continued from page 1)

vetch seed and heckled flax fiber. If congress will grant this it may partly offset the high tariff on the steel which costs the farmer so much when he buys machinery. But farmers' lobbies at Washington have never seemed as powerful as those of manufacturers.

A step in the movement of farmers to help themselves is the organization in Linn and Yamhill counties of the Growers' Co-operative association, centering around the canneries at Lebanon and Newberg. The canners contract with the members of the association to pack their perishable fruit and vegetables so they may be held in storage, without deterioration, until market conditions are favorable for their sale.

Happy Happenings

Mrs. H. L. Wallace of Corvallis, spent Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. A. F. Albertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Stalnaker of Corvallis visited Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Patton Sunday.

Halsey is no longer a dry town. The city drinking fountain in front of Miller's barber shop is again in working order and the pump brings up a fine quality of Adam's ale.

Erwin, little son of Carl Seefeld, who was reported improving at the Corvallis hospital to which he was taken when injured by cattle, took a turn for the worse and is not expected to survive.

One of the longest funeral processions ever seen in Halsey was that of the funeral of Miss Ruth Quimby Sunday. Clifford Carey preached the sermon at the church of Christ and interment was in the Alford cemetery. W. L. Wright was the undertaker.

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ARROW GARAGE

(Continued from page 4)

"I don't believe I care to help Mr. Brent out with anything."

"Jim Edwards, what is the matter with you?" Mrs. Williams had stepped forward. Mr. Brent said nothing. The surprise was a little too great for him.

"There is a good deal the matter with me," Edwards said. "First of all, I endured everything except actual starvation in an attempt to live on what Mr. Brent chose to pay me as a salary. I gave him the best that was in me and then when I asked for a raise that I might marry Jennie, I was

told that if I wanted more money I would have to get it somewhere else. That is my grievance."

Brent raised his fist and shook it. "You were getting a hundred dollars a month there as the head of the checking department. I didn't know you, but I know your job. You got a raise the first of the year and you got one two months ago, and here you are howling that I'm a thief. That is the way with you ingrates!"

"A hundred dollars a month?" Edwards' eyes were wide. "I was getting sixty dollars and not a cent more."

"You're—you're—I can show you the pay roll," Brent exclaimed, "where I've signed it time after time, and where I raised your wages."

"Yes; and I can show you my pay envelope," Edwards replied. Brent didn't seem to hear. He was pacing up and down, his arms waving.

"There it goes again," he exclaimed. "Money, money, money! Why, look here, young man, there isn't a person in my office that has any kind of a job at all who is getting less than eighty dollars a month."

"There are plenty getting forty and fifty," Edwards answered. "Let me tell you something, Mr. Brent: Money is being wasted in your plant right and left. They are just throwing it away, slamming it around here, there and everywhere on what you think are improvements, while your employees are being starved to death. If you've signed pay rolls for aggregate salaries of eighty dollars a month, all I have to say is that you had better do some investigating regarding what happens between the time you sign the pay roll and the time the money gets to the employees."

Brent gasped. His fists doubled up. "Scrotties!" he burst out. "I might

sack of hard-shelled, damp, struggling objects.

"Land sakes! What you got now?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"Crawdads," Freck answered as he dragged them forth one by one and placed them in a large pan. "I thought maybe you'd like some."

"Like 'em? You know, Jimmy Phillips, I just hate them."

"Mr. Brent might like some, though."

"Has he ever eaten them?"

"Crickety! That's right. He never has. I'll just fix them for him."

Ten minutes later, as Freck prepared to dish up his repast, the door opened and Edwards and Thomas Brent came forth arm in arm. Edwards was tucking some papers in his pockets. Brent stopped and regarded Freck.

"Look here, boy," he asked with a light of joking in his eyes, "is this brother-in-law of yours big enough to handle a half-million-dollar deal?"

"I'd be a size for him," Freck said.

"He certainly has got faith in you," Brent said to Edwards. "Now, you've got that all straight in your head, have you? Go right ahead with it. Don't tell anybody how you happened to get those papers from me. If Scrotties comes back to town, don't let him know what you are doing until you get everything drawn up, and when that is fixed let me know."

"Mrs. Williams," he said, turning to her, "if anyone had told me three weeks ago that I would turn over the handling of my business to a comparative stranger rather than see to it myself, I'd have called for a sanity commission. I sometimes wonder what is getting into me. That's the truth."

"I know what's getting into you," the woman said. "You're learning some sense and finding out there's something else in the world besides money, and the longer you stay out here, the more you'll find that out."

"Say!" It was the imperative voice of Freck. "If you people don't stop talking these crawdads'll all be cold and I want Mr. Brent to have them while they're good and hot."

"Crawdads!" Mr. Brent scatched his head with a little chuck. "I believe that's what got me real busy on this thing. If it hadn't been for crawdads and a storm and a few other things like that, I'd—well, we'd have to go into history to talk it over. Let's eat instead."

Thomas Brent drew up his chair and picked up a glowing crawdad. "How on earth do you get on the inside of these things?" he asked.

(To be continued)

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Brent Gasped. His Fists Doubled Up. "Scrotties!" He Burst Out.

have known it! So that's the game they've been playing, is it? That is why I have been driven half crazy for the last two years raising salaries and raising salaries and never being able to satisfy the demand.

"That thief!" Thomas Brent, broke out as he wheeled about the room. "That burglar! Look here, Edwards, this prospective brother-in-law of yours is about as smart a kid as I have ever struck in my life. He's given you a high recommendation to me. I'm going to take his word for it. Mrs. Williams," he turned to her, "Mr. Edwards and I are going to have a few plans to talk over. Do you mind if we go into the parlor?"

Whereupon Edwards, somewhat mollified by the fragmentary explanation which had come to him, stepped forward and the door closed behind them.

Mrs. Williams turned back to her dishwashing, while Freck reached outside the door and dragged in a

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