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TRIANGLE

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O. W. FRUM

(Continued from page 4)

Barnes' horsemanship.

"Very handsome of you to say so," said Neeland Barnes. "I flatter myself I could ride in those days."

"What I am going to say may seem nothing whatever to do with me at first. It may even be that you will consider me guilty of some breach of good form when I mention certain matters in the past life of all three of you. If so, I beg you to believe I shall say nothing idly. I have a definite plan in asking you to meet, and I must tell my story in my own way."

Peter Milman looked from one to the other of them a little anxiously. He was meticulous in matters of personal conduct, and he feared he might be exceeding his rights.

"So far as I am concerned," said Fleming Bradley, "you have nothing to fear. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, although I cannot expect the world to believe that."

"My reputation," said Malet, "is a trifle besmirched, but I have long since ceased applying whitewash. Juvenal says that to be poor is to be ridiculous. Well, Mr. Milman, I can plead guilty to that count."

Peter Milman turned courteously to the third guest.

"Don't mind me," said Barnes generally. "I am used to it. If you had had all the d-n silly relations I've had, you'd have no sensitive spots left. I have been worthless since birth." He chuckled. "But I've had a d-n good run for my money, even if this Juvenal person has my number up and the race lost. Rub it in, if it helps you. My wool is black, and I know it."

"I'm afraid you don't exactly understand," Peter Milman smiled. "I am neither schoolmaster nor reproving relative. I merely wish to ask your pardon if I talk of things in your lives that may stir up unhappy memories."

Floyd thought of his lonely room, his un congenial work, and looked about him and sighed. He liked this unknown Peter Milman, with his charming manner and a dignity that had something forgotten and Victorian about it. Life had not given Malet what it had promised, and the disappointment had embittered him; but there was nothing disgraceful in what had brought him low.

"Go ahead, Mr. Milman," he said. "You can talk for days if you like."

"Let me begin with Mr. Fleming Bradley," said Milman. "I have said I once heard him lecture. It was because I read an article of his in the North American Review on radio-activity. What I read and afterward heard him say stirred up my imagination powerfully, and I understood that a man may have a passion for knowledge which is a burning hunger."

Fleming Bradley nodded his head.

"Yes," he commented, "that's a good description of it. It is a passion that recognizes no limits of time or labor expended. It is a passion that has knowledge as its goal and not fame or money. Yes, I had it once."

"The circumstances which led Mr. Bradley to give up his life-work and drop out of his world have never been told in their entirety," Peter Milman said, after a pause. "I am going to tell you now. I may say that up to the moment of his retirement we have never had a physicist who gave such promise as he. It is to the honor of a great university in this state that he was elected professor of etheric physics and asked to erect the most superb laboratory for his work that could be built. It was to exceed in equipment that of Cambridge university. He was allowed to design it. I think such a chance has rarely been given to one so young."

Bradley nodded his head. "It was the greatest opportunity ever offered a man."

"And he lost it," Milman's quiet, precise voice went on. "He lost it, and with it the chance of making a career of supreme service to mankind. I wonder if Mr. Bradley would mind telling us how."

"It is all so confused and hard to understand," Bradley said slowly. "I am not a business man in any sense. I was convicted by the university authorities of stealing the money entrusted to me to build a laboratory which cost a quarter million dollars. Not all of it, naturally. I think I was supposed to have made away with something like seventy thousand dollars. The anonymous donor of a hundred thousand dollars whose gift had started the thing had expressed a wish that I

should have absolute control. It was given me. A contractor showed me how, by using inferior materials, I could make a commission—that's his term for robbery, not mine—of twenty-five thousand. I should have exposed him then and there to the president, but he begged for a chance, and it was at a period of my life when I was drunk with the joy of my opportunities. His offer was soon forgotten." Fleming Bradley made a gesture almost of despair. "Somebody got at my papers and altered figures and estimates until even the faculty which wanted to believe in me, believed me guilty. I would not explain. I had the hot anger that innocence feels when it is accused of treachery to its ideals. It was kept out of the papers for the sake of the university, but I was done with. Naturally I fought, enlisted friends, and even lawyers, but I had no money saved, and it was useless."

"What did Mr. Milman mean by saying the story had never been told in its entirety?" Floyd Malet demanded. He turned to his host. "Is there anything else to it?"

"A great deal more," said Milman. "Recent exposes of conditions in the

building trades make it easier to understand. The man who offered Mr. Bradley a bribe to pass poor construction was not acting for himself. He was a subcontractor who would have made possibly a few hundreds out of it. He was acting for the inevitable 'man higher up,' who in this case was Paul Raxon. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"Not the man who downed International Motors?" Neeland Barnes cried.

"Yes. I know a great deal about Paul Raxon. I have followed his career with deep interest. It was Paul Raxon who decreed Professor Bradley's fall. He was used to breaking men who defied him. Of course, we shall never get evidence of this. The subcontractor, whose living depended upon Raxon's favor, would never tell. There was one man who believed in Professor Bradley when the inquiry was started. This was the anonymous donor of the hundred thousand dollars."

(To be continued)

The income tax enemies are beginning to train their guns again. They have failed to think up anything new. It's the same old argument about scaring away big business. If big business is not willing to stand its share of the taxes we hope it will stay away. But don't be fooled by this big business scare. The real opponents to the income tax are big salaried and professional men of Portland who have heretofore escaped their share of the tax. Income tax is the most just form of taxation ever invented.—Junction City Times.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Van Duzen went to Portland Saturday afternoon to visit Mrs. Van Duzen's aunt, also to take in the Rose Carnival before returning.

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Altord Arrows

(Enterprise correspondent)

F. H. Porter of Portland visited at A. E. Whitbeck's one day last week.

Wilma, Lois and Erma Falk visited Velda, Alice and Delta Curtis Sunday.

E. D. Isom, who is employed with the forest service, spent the week end with his family. He returned to his work at Cruzatte Monday morning. Mrs. Isom and Carl and Beverly taking him as far as Eugene. Doris Robnett of Eugene accompanied them home for a visit.

Jack Curtis of Peoria visited his nephew, Chester Curtis, Saturday.

J. D. Brubaker and family and Reuben Rhinebold went to Albany Sunday to visit their friends, the Browns, and to get some strawberries.

Mrs. E. D. Isom spent the latter part of last week in Albany taking several of the examinations. Her mother, Mrs. L. E. Bond, stayed with Carl and Beverly while she was away.

Rev. Nicholas Roth, from Canada, preached at the local Mennonite church, Thursday night of last week.

Mrs. Brubaker enjoyed a visit from her brother, Ham Ringler, and little daughter of Sheridan Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Isom and daughter Beverly and Mrs. L. E. Bond attended the Pike School reunion at Pence's grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Cook and daughter Helen were Sunday afternoon callers at Chester Curtis'.

Carl Isom left Tuesday for Albany, where he joined the national guard in the annual trip to Fort Stevens, near Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whitbeck were Sunday afternoon callers at Reuben Ingold's.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cornely and son Frank returned last week from Bend, where they had been for some time.

Pine Grove Points

(By Special Correspondent)

Miss Agnes Chandler returned from a ten-days visit in Portland Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hover of Harrisburg spent Sunday at E. E. Hover's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Eagy went to Portland Thursday and Mr. Eagy underwent an operation on his head Friday morning. Mrs. Eagy returned home Sunday evening and reported him recovering nicely.

P. A. Pehrsson and E. E. Hover were Albany visitors Saturday.

Mrs. George Chandler took her little daughter, who is ill, to Albany Friday to see a doctor.

Mrs. P. A. Pehrsson and Nora were Albany and Corvallis callers Thursday.

Miss Nora Pehrsson was having dental work done in Corvallis the last of the week and then went on to Salem to attend commencement exercises at Willamette university.

Mrs. Sam Campbell of King's Valley was at Mrs. Johnson's one day last week.

Miss Pearl Pehrsson, having finished the year's work at O. A. C., spent a few days with friends at Salem, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibson of Corvallis were at Frank Gibson's Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mitzner, Miss Bessie Bond, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mitzner and Mrs. Ernest Gourley and children attended graduating exercises at Willamette university Monday. Ted Mitzner is in the graduating class.

John Salash went to Brownsville Saturday to assist in the selling of the blacksmith outfit belonging to the late Mr. Burke.

NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

June is rightly called the month of roses as far as Halsey is concerned. If you cannot go to the Portland rose show take a look at Mrs. W. H. McMahan's grounds on Second street.

In the forepart of last week J. E. Southworth visited the Hoopa Indian reservation, northeast of Crescent City, Cal. Here the farms and comfortable homes of Uncle Sam's wards occupy a valley about eight miles long, and the young people attend good schools. At the community center are the postoffice and government agency buildings, electric light plant, etc.

Harold Miller, son of the M. E. pastor and wife, home for his vacation from schoolteaching in Washington, accompanied the elder Miller to Eugene last week Wednesday and called on a friend in a printing office. Harold is a linotype operator and after he came home was called over the wires by that print shop and engaged to hit the keys for \$9 a day while there is no school. And in Eugene printing offices a day is 8 hours.

In some places the loganberry crop was hurt by frost, but N. H. Hess of Brownsville, who elsewhere advertises for pickers, says he will have a good crop and the berries will be unusually large, due to the rains.

William Corcoran is employed in a drugstore at Canby and if he travels when off duty he drives his own car.

W. Reynolds, an old friend of Rev. J. S. Miller, passing through Halsey, stopped over Friday night. They had not met for fifteen years.

Mr. Miller was once Mr. Reynolds' pastor in North Dakota.

Mrs. Coleman, who has been quite ill, is improving and has gone to visit a sister in King's valley, where was located the first flour mill in what is now Benton county and the only one for many years.

A new Portland buyer of live animals is the Albright commission house, which advertises in the Enterprise.

Miss Nettie Spencer was home from Eugene over the week end.

Mrs. L. A. Pray went to Portland Friday for a week-end visit.

Mrs. Freeland has decided not to teach in Halsey next term.

The Schroll property situation remains unsettled. It will probably be a week or two before the court decision is rendered regarding a resale.

As a result of competitive civil service examination some time ago Eldon Cross has been tendered a clerical position in the Eugene postoffice. He entered upon his new duties this week. This is in the nature of a tryout and may become permanent.

L. Toedtmeier, a few miles southwest of Halsey, was among those marketing strawberries in this city this week. The yield is bountiful and will continue for several weeks in the event of occasional showers.

O. W. Frum made a trip to Albany Monday.

Lawrence Lamb and two small grandsons and W. Chastain were in town from Harrisburg Thursday and made a pleasant call at the Enterprise office. The first and last-named were acquaintances of the editor long before the other two were born.

The editor's brother, Lucas H. Wheeler of Eugene, and wife and son Bryan were callers here Sunday.

Conduct at the Brownsville picnic resulted in C. L. Eggleston being fined \$100 for drunkenness and William Montgomery going to jail in default of \$300 fine on a charge of unlawful possession of liquor. Ralph Winsted and Joe Begley being held for trial for

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Make the most of reduced summer roundtrip fares now in effect. You can travel on the train at surprisingly low cost. Ride in comfort in long, smooth-riding coaches by day; roomy Pullman accommodations for overnight travel.

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Ask about these travel savings; the ticket agent will suggest the one that fits your plans at lowest cost.

Southern Pacific

C. P. Moody, Agent

possession and Robert Bruce being let out on \$125 bail until sentence shall be announced on a plea of guilty of possession. This is not the Bruce by whom the Scots were "sae often led," but his name has been in the papers before.

Wesley Holloway is the new bookkeeper at Frum's warehouse.

Tourists from the south and the middle west are seen in considerable numbers on the Halsey highway.

De Los Clark, Wayne Robertson, Alberta Koontz and Nora Pehrsson recently climbed mount Hood.

Mrs. True did not come home from Eugene seeing things with that eye from which a cataract had been removed. The eye was bandaged, and the oculist's instructions were not to remove the bandages until he could examine it again.

L. H. Armstrong and family will become eastern Oregon residents.

A. F. Albertson is road supervisor in E. D. Isom's place.

(Continued on last page)



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Remember that mother is not as young as she used to be, and along with her advancing years her eyesight begins to fail. Let us fit her with glasses before it is too late.

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