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O. W. FRUM

(Continued from page 4)

man's hundred to hold against the bad day. "Well," said Neeland Barnes, almost sympathetically, "what are you going to do about it?"

Peter Milman's answer amazed them all. It was given in a way where doubt had no part. He was confident without being assertive.

"I am going to get my money back from Raxon," he said.

"But you have said he's above the law," Bradley retorted.

"And I mean it. I had not thought of invoking that sort of law. There is an older one."

Malet looked at him in sudden comprehension. Long since he had seen something iron behind the smile of the well-bred host. This was not any longer merely a quiet, middle-aged gentleman who faced them. It was an avenger. Malet wondered the others did not see Milman as he did, Captain Oliver came to life again.

"Don't you see," he explained, "Mr. Milman means that he is going to get Raxon somehow, law or no law?" The whole thing was now plainly discernible to him.

To Barnes it seemed that madness had seized upon the recluse of Fifth avenue. Peter Milman represented to him all the conventions of an established order, an order which frowned upon the ways of adventurers.

"One man wouldn't have a chance against Raxon," he exclaimed. "Besides that, Mr. Milman isn't that sort of a man."

"My dear sir," said Milman, and there was a queer smile on his face. "For what purpose do you suppose I have invited to my house three men who might, but for Paul Raxon, have been rich and famous? Was it merely accidental that you three should have been his victims, while I made up a fourth?"

Peter Milman was by all odds the calmest of them all. Even Bradley, the slowest to be influenced, experienced an emotion of excitement.

"The only point now to be decided," Peter Milman went on, "is whether or not you will join me." He looked from one to the other of them with that curiously steady gaze of his. It was the expression that Captain Oliver had lent him, an expression which would have been a puzzle to those who had known him well in other days. "Well, gentlemen, what is it to be?"

(To be continued)

Great Importance of Lubrication

Many Motorists Fail to See Why Frequent Change of Oil is Vital.

In spite of the fact that manufacturers, garage men and dealers constantly stress the importance of frequent oil changes in engine lubrication, many motorists fail to see why this changing is so vital.

The introduction of improved lubrication systems, oil filters and devices to lessen oil dilution in the crankcase has done much to cut down lubrication troubles, but the subject of oil changing still demands the careful attention of the motorist.

What Happens to Unchanged Oil.

What happens when you fail to change oil? In the first place, heat produces a chemical change in oil which causes it to lose its lubricating qualities. Gasoline may become mixed with the oil, lowering its efficiency. When there is no oil filter, particles of metal from the wearing surfaces and a certain amount of dirt and rust which accumulate in the crankcase oil may be forced to the engine operating parts. Unless all the oil is drained out of the crankcase, foreign matter will remain there. It is not sufficient to add only enough oil to keep the proper level.

A new engine requires more frequent oil changes than an engine which is "broken in," because new bearing surfaces throw off a greater number of metal particles. After the first 500 miles of driving, it is advisable to change the oil in the engine. Repeat this operation every 2,500 miles in warm weather, and every 1,000 miles in cold weather.

What Kind of Oil to Use. Fortunately for the motorist, oil service is today so highly developed that it is possible to get disinterested advice from filling-station service men.

The voter who does not vote Tuesday will deserve just what he gets from those who do.

Primitive People on Nunivak May Be Connecting Link With Ancient Mongolians.

Anchorage, Alaska.—Far out in Bering sea lies Nunivak island. On this bleak bit of land, 70 miles long by perhaps 50 wide, lives a tribe or tribes of people who may be the link connecting the American Indians with the people of ancient Mongolia.

Washed on all sides by treacherous shoals and beaten continually by roaring, pitching surf, ships have always given Nunivak island a wide berth. Only once a year the government cutters or the Boxer of the United States bureau of education dare send a boat ashore.

The landing parties always came back with tales of the most primitive peoples in Alaska. The natives are divergent from the mainland tribes and retain many of the ancient customs of the original native.

If they came directly from Siberia or Mongolia there will be something on the island to connect them with the Asiatic land. Noted scientists, Henry B. Collier and T. Dale Stewart, both of Washington, D. C., are aboard the Boxer en route to Nunivak. They will try to discover how long man has inhabited the island. To do this they intend to dig deep into the old soil, turn out the sepulchers, and unearth utensils, weapons, and relics to add to museum collections.

The scientists will make measurements of the native physique, records of their language and observations of tribal customs and art. The Nunivak tribes have lived on the island for hundreds of years, with comparatively little contact with white man's civilization. It is expected they will possess furs, curios, ivory, and perhaps gold to barter for trade goods.

With music and magic tricks the scientists hope to win their confidence and procure aid in the search from now until late September of ethnological data. A study of the fauna and flora of the island will be made by the scientists.

LION AND LAMB

(Continued from page 1)

cubs probably were drowned, but I think that the older ones had more than an even chance. We all know that the bear is no fool—he is one of our wisest animals—and it is more than likely when the flood waters have gone that we will find Brother Bear peacefully treading his way back to his old haunts in the Sluizer reserve and the other jungles in the northeastern parishes and in the basin of the Atchafalaya. Moreover, the mother bears are such wonderful mothers that I am hopeful that a lot of little fellows will be saved, too; if the cubs can be saved, trust the mother bears to do it."

Big Game Safe.

Mr. Arthur is sure that foxes, like the bear and deer, are above water somewhere. As for the cougars, wolves, wildcats and other predatory animals, few tears would be shed over their loss. There appears to be a good chance, however, that a very considerable proportion of them have successfully evaded the deluge and that in the course of time they will be as numerous as ever in the jungle fastnesses of the game section of Louisiana.

Muskrat casualties, Mr. Arthur believes, will be higher than other species of wild life in the state, with the possible exception of the rabbit.

"I have just returned," he said "from an inspection of the muskrat territory in the parishes of St. Bernard and Plaquemine. From these marshes came a majority of the muskrat pelts which meant more than \$5,000,000 annually to Louisiana trappers. I found that at least 50 per cent of these valuable little creatures have perished."

"With J. C. Durham, one of our special deputy wardens, I covered much of the muskrat country south of

New Orleans—a country which is today little more than a great lake.

"In our four days' inspection of the muskrat area Mr. Durham and I saw thousands of muskrats in the floodwaters. Everything that floated—a log, a piece of plank, anything that was buoyant—was carrying its load of refugee rats. On the roofs of buildings, on the limbs of trees that still were above water were other refugees, and sometimes they were sharing their haven with raccoons and rabbits, and, now and then, even snakes."

"It is quite possible that some of the muskrats migrated to the lowlands of the Bayou Biloxi marshlands, but they were a very small proportion of the vast number to whom the lowlands of St. Bernard and Plaquemine was home. The great majority of the survivors are still clinging to the rafts, the logs and whatever else there is that floats on the flood waters that crashed down upon the trapping grounds through the man-made crevasse south of New Orleans.

Lost Shyness.

"When the dynamite charges that cracked the Caernarvon levee were set off there was no animal, big or little, more shy than the muskrat. But with the flood it seems the customary fear of mankind largely disappeared. As Durham and I paddled our canoe through the flood waters of St. Bernard and Plaquemine some of the rats—the big strong ones, who still had a lot of pep and dash left in them—would dive and swim away. Others, however, weakened by the long struggle for life in the water, headed straight for our boat. They would climb up on the paddles, cling to the side of the canoe, and wait for us to take them in our hands and drop them in the bottom of the canoe.

"Once safe on board the muskrat began to make his toilet. When his toilet was complete, the little fellow would lie back and snooze away for an hour or more. Later on, when we sighted a raft, we would set him adrift, and off he went to board the craft the trappers have launched throughout the flood zone as a haven for him in his hour of distress. All this may sound a bit fantastic, but it so happens it is the truth.

"These rafts are proving a partial solution of the problem created by the flood. If we save 50 per cent of the animals the raft will have to be credited with a very large part in the achievement. Of course, we are going to lose practically all the baby and the very young rats, but we are going to save a lot of the old fellows and their mates. On many of these rafts the nest-making activities of many of the females indicate that it won't be long before there will be a lot of baby rats on board.

"Nevertheless, the fraternization of wild life in moments of grave peril is always a wonderful thing. In my tours of the St. Bernard and Plaquemine desolations I have seen snakes, raccoons, mink and rats all on the same log, each holding on for dear life and all past enemies entirely forgotten.

"The vast flocks of ducks to whom the marshlands of Louisiana were picnic grounds are safe but not their young. As our boat sailed through the flood zone, I often noted broods of baby ducks. The mother duck was as a rule swimming just ahead of her, sometimes pretending to have a broken wing in order to distract our attention from her little family. On top of one floating hen house, the sight that met our eyes was two big rabbits and a half dozen full-grown

rats. They were brothers in distress, and it seemed they knew it.

Not So Friendly.

"On some of the muskrat rafts not only rabbits but also mink and sometimes snakes found a refuge. Here I am afraid the fraternity spirit did not last, for minks are noted for their love of muskrat chops and the snake is quite fond of rabbit meat, as you perhaps know.

"I have not been in the northeastern zone yet, but when we do get there I am quite certain we will find that the same fraternity in the face of the flood peril existed on the hills and other elevations, where we believe the deer, bear, wolves, cougars and foxes assembled and sought safety along with the wildcats, turkeys and the raccoons and opossums.

"It is a pitiable sight to watch the antics of some of the rats trying to save themselves. We frequently find the mice, as the baby muskrats are called, clinging to the tips of cattails protruding from the water. Often four or five mice will be clinging to a bunch of cattails, while the mother muskrat frantically swims around in the water, occasionally diving down and bringing up shreds of grass for her young. Sometimes the mother will turn over on her back next to the cattails, so that her young can feed from her breast.

"And so the battle goes on. We are busy every minute and we expect to have enough rats to restore the muskrat fur industry to its pre-flood prestige in due course of time."

Above the desolation of the waters hover great numbers of vultures, said Mr. Arthur. These unpleasant birds however, appear to have been balked in their efforts to prey on the smaller animals and birds. An "aerial patrol" is functioning and holding the vultures in check.

Fight the Vultures.

"Kingbirds and blackbirds," Mr. Arthur explained, "and other birds native to the country flutter above the mangrove trees, where once were their nests, but now covered with water. These angry kingbirds are proving terrible adversaries to the vultures. When the latter venture too close the "aerial patrols" fly at them and peck at their eyes, and always the vulture takes to flight."

"What of the otter, the beaver and the alligator?" Mr. Arthur was asked.

"They can all swim," was the reply. "And the squirrels, the raccoons and the opossums?"

"They can all climb and their home is the tops of trees," he answered.

"It's a great problem, this wild life of Louisiana," concluded Mr. Arthur "and we have got to solve it, and the first thing after the waters recede will be the strict enforcement of the laws for the protection of game life and the fur-bearing animals of the state. This will probably prove to be the darkest year in our history, but we will emerge from the gloom of it all in due course. Louisiana will as usual her place at the head of the game and fur-producing states of the Union. Just now we are busy trying to save as much of it as we can. Come back four or five months from now and I will tell you how."

Senate Must Have Its Snuff, Tradition Rules

Washington.—The senate holds tenaciously to its precedents, and the maintenance of an adequate supply of snuff for its members is one of them.

Two small, black embossed metallic snuff boxes resting on the wainscoting of the senate chamber on each side of the vice president's dais have attracted few devotees in recent decades of the once elegant custom of snuff taking. But when the senate extension of the capitol was constructed shortly before the Civil war, they were regarded as necessary for the convenience of the members, nearly all of whom were using snuff, and to this day one of the duties of the pages is to make sure that the boxes are supplied with the powdered tobacco.

Despite the passing of the habit from common use, efforts to have the boxes removed have been resisted by a large majority on the ground that it was a senate custom and should be honored.

Spanish Mayor Learns

Women Can't Be Bossed

Almendralejo, Spain.—The mayor of this mountain town near the Portuguese frontier is determined to save his woman constituents from the taint of short skirts and bobbed hair despite their assertions that they don't wish to be saved.

But his honor, Senor Francisco Montero de la Barrera, has adopted new tactics. He has abandoned his proposal to fine women who appear on the streets in short hair or abbreviated skirts. Instead he will present this year prizes to the two most charming maidens of his city of 13,000 inhabitants who maintain the old-fashioned long hair and skirts.

Good citizens will vote Tuesday.
Are you one?

Lake Creek Locals

(By an Enterprise Reporter)

N. H. Cummings and family and O. R. Bond and wife of Halsey attended the sale at Sciollinn farm Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Ardry is visiting friends at Kalamath Falls.

Gordon Bolerick and Miss Merta spent several days at the rose festival in Portland last week.

Miss Myrtle Tobey has completed her school term in West Linn and is spending the vacation with her mother, Mrs. John Gornaley.

Miss Jennie Nicewood spent the week end with friends near Tangent.

The missionary society of the M. E. church South met with Mrs. Martin Cummings Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Manlee Spores of Springfield met with a serious automobile accident Sunday morning near the T. J. Jackson home as they were on their way to visit Mrs. Spores' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Williams.

The car became unmanageable and went into a ditch breaking a wheel off and otherwise damaging it. The occupants were thrown out. Mr. Spores was cut about the head and face. T. C. Jackson took him to Harrisburg, where a doctor treated him. Mrs. Dave Spores of Springfield was called and Mr. Spores is resting easily at 121 C. S. Williams'.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allingham and daughter of Portland are camping at their farm here. Mr. Allingham is planning on doing some repair work as well as enjoying an outing.

Ray Bierly spent Sunday night with Russel Herndon. He was on his way to Tangent, where he has employment.

A number of people from here are planning on attending the program and supper at Smith's grove Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cummings and Russel and Lucille spent Sunday with Mrs. Cummings' mother, Mrs. Jones of Corvallis.

All the tax dodgers and their lackeys will vote against the income tax. Will you vote? or will you leave it all to them?

Wrote Immortal Music

Franz Schubert has been called "The Man of a Thousand Melodies," although the Etude, in writing of this, says that it is "a libel upon his enormous fecundity, because he might better be termed the man of 22,000 melodies." It is probable that no other composer of history produced so many themes, many of which are immortal.



Do Mother's Eyes Bother?

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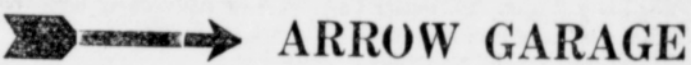
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