

MODERN METHODS ON TALENT FARM MAKE FOR PROFIT

(By Mrs. C. F. Estes)

TALENT, Ore., Dec. 4.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Hackler, who own a 28-acre farm northeast of Talent along the Bear creek bottom, give an interesting account of their last year's profits. About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Hackler realized the work of the farm was too hard for them to handle alone and a daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lacy were offered a profit-sharing interest, which they readily accepted and through scientific farming and careful management a very neat sum resulted from their year's work.

The greater part of the farm is in alfalfa, which yields very heavily. They have at present 11 head of dairy cows of Jersey and Holstein breed and some young stock, besides a large team for farm work.

Their cream is sold to the creamery.

In addition to their they have 300 white leghorn hens, for which they raise a greater part of the feed on the farm.

About 4000 pounds of early potatoes was sold this year, besides

considerable cabbage and other small vegetables.

During the last year Mr. Hackler erected a new five-room modern bungalow with double garage and woodshed at a cost of approximately \$3500, besides purchasing a sedan.

This 28-acre farm supports two families, besides leaving a neat balance each year.

In interviewing one farmer, who we had reason to believe had received very good profits for his last year's work. We were criticized very harshly for advertising this part of the country, the farmer saying we were already over populated and he did not think people should be encouraged to come here to settle.

It may be true that we are over-populated with some classes. But we need, and should encourage, people of the type such as Messrs. Hackler and Lacy.

COMMUNITY DINNER AT SAMS VALLEY SUCCESS

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 4.—(Spl.)—The Thanksgiving community dinner given at the schoolhouse was everything that could be desired in the way of good eats, attendance and fun.

After enjoying themselves at the tables loaded with turkey, chicken and all the good trimmings, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in watching the young people's basketball games.

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

SYNOPSIS: Peggy Prescott battles her wild and unscrupulous enemies at New Lodge. Facing sinister charges for fatally shooting Lieutenant Edward Stanton as a midnight prowler, she seeks the answer to mysterious happenings at the lodge which she must use a month to gain the fortune of her uncle, Herbert Prescott. She finds clues to Gladys Evans, his son, Jim, whose detachment causes Peggy concern, and Aquila Evans, his sister, who is a welcome caller. Both Peggy and Obadiah suspect Stanton, an Indian, Prescott believed. Gladys learns of the locked basement room and brings a locksmith to open it.

Chapter 15 BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

It was Monday and Peggy waited impatiently for Obadiah to arrive with the locksmith as he had promised.

The Sabbath quiet of the day before had been exhilarated by her trip to Sundown's camp with Chase and Evans. They had stayed as long as Peggy dared but the half-breed had not shown up.

Peggy seated herself at her uncle's desk in the living room. She must reply to her father's frantic cable and calm his fears for her.

Peggy finished the letter and signed her name with a pen that sputtered and scratched on the paper, making unsightly blots here and there. She was too tired, however, and too anxious to get the letter off, to rewrite it. She seated it and placed it where it would be in plain sight for Julia.

Voices came to her through the open window to the west and springing up, she hastened to the front door.

"Here we are at last," Obadiah turned on the threshold and putting his hand on his companion's shoulder, shoved the locksmith into the living room.

"Carter, Miss Prescott," and considering the formalities attended to, Obadiah paused to shake her gravely by the hand.

"Now, if you'll lead the way, Carter can work while there's still daylight."

"It's very curious that the electrician who wired this house neglected to put a light outlet here," commented Peggy, as they groped about the cellar while Obadiah lighted the candles left there on Saturday night.

Only a trace of daylight came from the windows under the veranda, giving an eerie appearance to the place.

Carter, in no sense disturbed by his surroundings, went carefully to work to fit a key to the padlock.

Finally picking up his oil can, Carter squirted some inside the padlock, gave his key a final polish with a dirty rag and slipped it into the lock. A turn of his wrist and the lock sprang, releasing the bow in the staple.

It was Obadiah, however, who drew open the door and snatching up a candle, strode through the opening, Peggy a second behind him.

"Good gracious, it's a bedroom!" she ejaculated. "Just a servant's room in the basement"—and she broke into laughter—the mirth of one keyed to the point of hysteria.

It was, as Peggy had observed, a bedroom, whether for a servant or not it was impossible to tell.

A mahogany "sleigh" bed, reduced to a three-quarter size to fit the dimensions of the space it occupied; a high-backed armchair, high dresser, on which stood a shaving mirror, a table and a washstand, with running water, comprised the furnishings of the place, while the square window, somewhat high from the floor, had both sash curtains and a Holland shade.

Peggy was the first to comment. "A bedroom," she repeated, slowly, "only an ordinary bedroom. Why, then, was it so securely padlocked and bolted on the outside?"

"A sick man's fancy."

The suggestion came from Obadiah; his eyes were drawn like a magnet to the candlestick on the table—wax had run down on the outer sides of the holder, but only a tiny portion of the wick remained within its rounded sides.

He turned abruptly to Carter. "Don't wait for me in a hurry, Carter; I'll walk back to the farm."

Carter's relief was plain. "Don't bother to pay me now, Miss," he protested, as Peggy opened her handbag. "I'll send my bill. Good night," and he made for the stairway. Peggy, however, reached there first.

"Julia," she called, "Yassum."

Julia's voice grew clearer as she cautiously appeared again at the head of the stairs, up which she had fled unseen a second before.

"Give Mr. Carter a glass of ginger ale. You must be tired and thirsty," addressing the locksmith and thereby shutting off his bashful thanks. "Perhaps you prefer coffee—no? The ginger ale, then, and Julia," elevating her voice as Carter disappeared up the steps and into the kitchen, "give Mr. Carter the letter I left on the desk in the living room and ask him to mail it in Litchfield."

"Yassum."

The colored maid appeared once more at the head of the stairs.

"I was fixin' to drive with him as far as de en' ob de lane an' git de mail, Miss Peggy."

"All right."

Back once more in the bedroom she found Obadiah Evans staring at the high dresser.

"How about looking in the drawers?" he suggested, and taking her consent for granted, pulled out first one and then another.

Instantly Peggy was at his side and the two of them gazed curiously at the linen piled in orderly array; sheets, pillow cases and towels; the next drawer held a pair of blankets; the one above that was empty, while the top drawer contained the family Bible—a cumbersome affair which Obadiah lifted out with some difficulty, as the book was wedged in the narrow space.

"Nothing to get excited about," commented Obadiah, dryly, as he shut the drawer. "Well, Miss Prescott, we'll be a darn sight more comfortable upstairs, I'm thinking."

She nodded absently, her gaze reverting to the bed. Its box springs and thick mattress were bare of linen, for sheets and blankets, neatly folded, lay on top of the mattress. Peggy's stare grew intensified. She had visited West Point and had seen similarly arranged cots in the cadets' tents.

"Coming?" suggested Obadiah, and the hint of impatience in his voice was unmistakable. Peggy stepped past him, hesitated, then turned back and picked up the family Bible and went upstairs. "Will you lock up, please?"

"I don't know why Uncle Herbert kept the room locked, but I'll feel somewhat easier if it is locked again until"—dropping her voice—"until we understand why."

"That's not foolish, that's acting sensible," returned Obadiah. "You go ahead and I'll lock up."

Obadiah extinguished one candle, then another, until only one was left burning on its improvised piepan candlestick. Turning back to the bedroom door, he pushed the hasp over the staple, first taking from the latter the padlock dangling from it. He balanced the padlock and its new-made keys in the palm of his hand for a second or two, then, taking from his pocket another of similar make, he quickly substituted the second padlock for the first and snapped it around the staple. Pocketing Prescott's old padlock, he picked up the candle and went softly up the stairs.

"I can't stay," he explained as Peggy pushed forward a chair. "Mr. Chase said to tell you he'd be by to-morrow."

Obadiah's palpable efforts to make small talk as he edged toward the front door would not have escaped Peggy's keen perceptions had she not been contriving in her own mind how to extract information without seeming to do so.

"I am glad Mr. Chase is still with you," she said, following him to the door. "You would be lonely otherwise without Jim."

"Jim? Oh, eye."

Obadiah stooped and picked up his hat which he had let slip through his awkward fingers.

"Jim's due to-night. Take care of yourself and don't worry; I declare, you are looking better"—Peggy had switched on the porch light and he caught the sudden sparkle in her eyes and her heightened color.

Obadiah eyed her with unconcealed admiration—to him she personified lovely, gracious girlhood.

"Well, good-by," and tramped away.

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Peggy pays a visit to Echo Farm and suffers a mishap. Continue the story tomorrow.

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SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 4.—(Spl.)—The Thanksgiving program given by the school last Wednesday evening was well attended and very well rendered.

Miss Ruth Arbuckle returned Sunday evening from a four days' visit with relatives in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mefford and family returned Friday morning to Boardman, after spending two weeks visiting relatives at the Ellis Garrett home. Mr. Mefford, who is greatly attracted by our climate, may return here again for the purpose of locating.

Miss Esther Henderson returned to Ashland Normal Monday morning in company with Mrs. Frances Wilson, with whom she spent the week end holidays.

Grange will meet Saturday night when the third and fourth degrees will be given several waiting candidates.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hall spent Thanksgiving day with relatives at upper Trail.

Misses Naomi Magruder, Grace and Ruth Bigham, three of our young lady teachers, returned to their respective schools Sunday, after spending the Thanksgiving holidays with home folks.

Jesse McKinney is commencing work on the flues for the gym and the community auditorium, which will add considerably to the comfort of both places.

NEW YORK (AP)—John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, who is 23 and good looking and has a job and great prospects, is heart whole. "Absolutely," he laughed when questioned on his first day at work.

We are pleased to announce to the motorists of Medford that

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TALENT

TALENT, Ore., Dec. 4.—(Spl.)—Miss Elmer Powers is quite ill with tonsillitis at her home in Talent at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Tibbets and daughters, Maxine and Zulline of Sacramento, were guests of Prof. and Mrs. Miller last week.

Mrs. Tibbets is a sister of Mrs. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hart have moved into their new home on Main street. Mr. Hart bought and remodeled the old Talent hotel into a modern 6-room bungalow.

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell on Main street is well under way. The frame work is up, ready for the siding.

Mr. and Mrs. Iva Halt formerly of Medford, but now living in Portland, called on friends in Talent December 2, en route to Klamath Falls, where Mr. Halt is looking after business.

Mrs. L. G. Bullen returned from a trip to Seattle where she spent Thanksgiving with her husband, who is employed in the U. S. navy yard at Bremerton, Wash.

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