

Halsey Happenings etc.

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C. H. Koontz was a business visitor in Albany Thursday.

Charles Poole of Lebanon was a visitor in Halsey Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Salash drove to Albany Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Standish visited Everett at Salem Sunday.

Mrs. Jay Moore and Mrs. L. E. Walton went to Harrisburg Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah Helmich of Albany has her 101st birthday tomorrow.

W. H. Robertson has substituted a new Ford for Dobbin on rural route 1.

Harold Stevenson and wife of Brownsville were Halsey visitors on Sunday.

Miss Edith Smith has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Carl Seefeld, several days.

Mr. Gilkey has seventeen entries lined up for community exhibits at the state fair.

Glen Frum came down Monday from Salem, where he is attending summer school.

V. C. Smith and Nelson Herbert drove to Coquille Sunday, to be gone for several days.

A death from sunstroke was reported Sunday—Mrs. Celia Rose Karn at Tangent.

D. C. Roberts and wife of Seattle arrived Monday to visit the former's sister, Mrs. Frank Hadley.

S. P. Traveling Agent Jenkins was in Halsey Tuesday and smiled into the Enterprise office.

Miss Gretia Harrist of Brownsville took the train for southern Oregon Tuesday for a visit at Ada.

The thermometer played around the 100 mark in this part of the state Sunday and reached 98 1-2 in Portland.

Arthur Wesley and D. H. Sturtevant and families attended the Sunday school gathering at Waterloo Sunday.

Mrs. John Pittman and baby and Miss Barber got home last week Wednesday after a visit of a few days in Eugene.

Harry Bressler and wife will occupy the place formerly owned by Mrs. Vanderlip but now belonging to Mrs. J. J. Corcoran.

J. O. Cross and wife went to Portland Thursday for a few days' visit and returned Sunday. They drove down in their new car.

Miss Anna Drinkard and sister, Mrs. Quincy Drinkard of Elmira, Wash., went to Tangent Thursday to visit Mrs. Charles Jenks.

W. H. Beene took a load of about three tons of hogs to the Nebergall Packing company at Albany Tuesday.

Mrs. Amanda Osborne and daughter Helen have returned from Newport and are again at Mrs. Eliza Brandon's.

The Halsey meat market is closed for want of patronage. The page containing this advertisement was printed before the fact was ascertained.

Flomer Mornhinweg and family were down from Portland for a visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mornhinweg, last week.

Among visitors at the H. W. Chance home last week were Mrs. Henry Bateman and Mrs. Elswick of Brownsville and Mrs. Mary Fuchs of Portland.

Veronica Olsen of Marsfield, C. F. Overton of Cottage Grove and A. R. McNeill of California paid Halsey \$10 apiece in fines on Sunday, at the urgent request of Justice Bert Clark. Speed Cop Kenneth Bloom had come over from the county metropolis to get a breath of air on the hottest day we have had and he invited the three speeders to interview Mr. Clark. There have been about 20,000 speeders through this town who did not meet Mr. Bloom.

Saturday the thrashermen of Linn county met at Albany and settled the rate of pay for the season. Six-team thrashing outfits will charge \$11 a day, a reduction of \$1 from last year; eight-team crews, \$13 against \$15 last year; 10 teams, \$15 instead of \$18. By the sack the charge will be 22c for wheat, 18c for barley and 15c for oats, a reduction of 1c for oats. Wages are to be \$2.50 a day, instead of \$3; man and team, \$4 instead of \$4.50; sackers, unchanged, \$3.50.

Neal McDonald and wife and baby arrived from Jefferson late last night and this morning they

missed the mail stage for Sweet Home.

James Ashe of Brownsville went to Portland Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Frum drove to Albany yesterday.

J. C. Standish was a north-bound passenger Wednesday.

O. W. Frum this week shipped a carload of hay at \$15 a ton.

O. W. Frum attended the Carl Sprenger sale near Holley Saturday.

M. H. Shook and family start tonight for Newport to stay over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McWilliams, from Albany, were visiting in Halsey Saturday.

Mrs. Mella Knott is still very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Bramwell.

Miss Gladys Eger of Brownsville took the train at Halsey yesterday for Roseburg.

Mrs. Callie Frum and sons Glenn and Earle of Salem spent Sunday at Orea Frum's.

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Wheat Harvest Help Is Serious Problem

Study Made of Conditions Affecting Labor Demand.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Conditions affecting the demand for wheat harvest labor have been intensively studied by specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture in a survey of nearly 1,300 wheat farms from Oklahoma to the Canadian border. Factors affecting the labor demand in given districts were found to include the number of farm family workers and month hands on farms at the beginning of harvest; the average size of the farms; the extent of small grain farming compared to other types; the kind of harvesting machinery used; the time at which other districts of the wheat belt are harvesting; weather conditions both before and during harvest; conditions of the crop; harvest wages, and working hours. These factors were found to vary from one district to another and from year to year.

In making forecasts of labor needs the department urges careful consideration of the numerous factors mentioned. The result should aid in effecting a more intelligent distribution of the thousands of harvest hands who go to the wheat belt every season. This will mean to farmers greater certainty of getting needed harvest help, and be a guide to harvest hands in indicating the places where work is quickly obtainable, thus shortening the periods of employment, the department points out.

A comprehensive discussion of the various labor requirement factors is contained in Department Bulletin No. 1239, entitled "Conditions Affecting the Demand for Harvest Labor in the Wheat Belt," copies of which may be obtained free on request to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. The bulletin also contains a modification of the formula worked out by the Kansas Agricultural college to forecast the harvest labor demand in header territory to make the formula applicable to other wheat areas. Labor officials and agricultural authorities dealing with the distribution of harvest labor in the wheat belt of the Middle West will find the bulletin of especial interest, the department says.

Marketing Problems Difficult to Solve

Progress in Co-Operation Stimulated by Obstacles.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"The farmer cannot solve his marketing problems by individual effort, neither is co-operative marketing a panacea for all the farmer's economic difficulties," declared Lloyd S. Tenny, assistant chief of the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture, in an address at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States held at Cleveland.

Discussing co-operative marketing, Mr. Tenny pointed out that the farmer is essentially a manufacturer and is confronted with the same marketing problems as the manufacturer of any other product.

"The farmer has the same right to control and solve these economic questions as have other business men," Mr. Tenny said. "Individual effort cannot solve them and group action is involved. It is not only necessary that the right of the farmer to organize be accepted morally, but that this right be recognized by law. Congress has recently passed the Capper-Volstead act which gives this right to farmers, and most of the individual states have taken similar action. The federal law simply gives producers the privilege of combining to do for themselves what any manufacturing corporation has always had the right to do, namely, to handle in a wholesale way the output of their production plants."

Co-operative marketing among farmers must be considered in the light of and judged by the results accom-

plished through co-operation. Mr. Tenny pointed out and then as a proof that co-operative marketing is producing satisfactory results, he stated that during the year 1926 a total business amounting to over \$2,200,000,000 was handled in the United States through co-operative associations.

Isn't it a Fact? If a man has a naturally irascible, domineering disposition, you presently find him in some movement to "reform" somebody.

Pressure Between Teeth Greatest. Any person of normal strength, with useful teeth, can exert more pressure between his back teeth than he can produce by any other part of his body.

Steward's Heirs at Court

The relatives of Ernest Steward have filed a petition for the appointment of a trustee to settle his estate. His mother, three brothers and a sister are the petitioners. Steward was a prosperous farmer east of Halsey. His wife was dead and he was living alone on a well-stocked farm. Last summer, after helping a neighbor, J. L. Hayes, on the 1st of August, and promising to return next day, he disappeared and no trace of him has been seen since.


He had brooded over the death of his wife and many believe he committed suicide, taking precautions that his body should never be discovered.

When he failed to appear for work as promised, Mr. Hayes looked for him and found the stock uncared for and a note requesting Hayes to look after his affairs.

In October Hayes sold the personal property at auction. The mystery of his disappearance is still unsolved.

Pay Gravel

By HUGH PENDEXTER



Men have fought for their lives under various odd conditions and many strange duels have been staged. The history of our West is replete with such incidents. Probably the strangest contest ever recorded is the one described in the story under the title of "The Duel of the Medicine." A white man with some little skill as a sleight-of-hand performer is taken captive by Redskins and is forced to match his "magic" against that of the cleverest man among the tribes of Sioux, Cheyenne, and Ugalala. If he loses he will be tortured to death. The duel goes on for several days and assumes many queer angles. It is the most amazing record ever known of a white man matching his craft against an Indian's with life or death as the outcome.

The duel is only one of the many thrilling incidents which abound in this fascinatingly romantic and unusually authentic story, based upon one of the most dramatic chapters in American history—the gold rush, the settling of the Black Hills and the accompanying Indian wars. It is rare to meet in fiction such a colorful pageant of characters and episodes presented with such fidelity to the real facts.

Hugh Pendexter was born in Pittsfield, Me., in the late Seventies, when the Custer Massacre, the Black Hills excitement and other stirring events in and around the Dakota country were the main subjects of discussion in all parts of the country. Much of the literature of his boyhood was devoted to those pages in American history. He was not satisfied with that literature and made up his mind that some day he would give that phase of his country's history proper romantic treatment. For seventeen years he was one of the most original and entertaining of short story writers. About eight years ago he decided to devote his time to novels with correct historical backgrounds. "Pay Gravel" is his best achievement so far and fulfills his boyhood ambition to write the real story of the Black Hills.

CHAPTER I

The Trail to Gold-Land

All day the three horsemen had traveled under a cold gray sky to swing farther away from the Raw Hide buttes and cross the Running Water.

Two days before, when leaving Fort Laramie, they had been thrilled by stories of Cheyenne being crowded with wagon trains and wild with excitement over the news from the Black Hills. It had seemed a fine thing to set out alone while others tarried for an escort of troops, or until their numbers could defy Indian attacks. They had deemed it to be a simple maneuver, this slipping through hostile country, while Cheyenne and Sioux were looking for bigger game.

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Hugh Pendexter, author of "Pay Gravel."

Every hour the grades grew steeper and the country more unlovely. Added to physical discomfort was the knowledge that the worst was ahead. For in 1876—and this was the first day of August in that lively year—although the country south of the North Platte was held by troops and was quite thoroughly mapped, all north of the river was so much uncertainty.

To Peter Dinsdale, leading spirit of the three adventurers, it was new country, as he claimed to be fresh from Arizona. His companions were direct from the East, and their ignorance was complete. One incident broke the monotony of the afternoon's journey—the meeting with a large freight wagon drawn by six horses. On one side of the wagon was painted:

appearance is still unsolved.

HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000

Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

Why Plant Trees

Trees add value to the property. Trees protect the pavement from the hot sun. Trees cool the air in summer and radiate warmth in winter. Trees furnish homes for thousands of birds that help man in his fight against injurious insects. Trees furnish homes for many animals that are useful to man for food and clothing. Trees help man in his fight for better sanitation. Trees help to keep pure air pure for man and the lower animals. Trees supply a large part of all the fuel in the world. Trees give us wood, and wood furnishes us with building material, furniture, implements, utensils, tools and other useful things in great variety. Trees furnish one of the most striking and permanent forms of beauty. Trees improve the climate and conserve soil and water. Trees furnish a great variety of miscellaneous, useful products.—Monthly Bulletin of Missouri State Board of Agriculture.

advantage of this weather and push on."

It was evening before they reached the stopping place. The horses knew the day's hard grind was over and whinnied their pleasure as a ranch hand appeared out of the dusk to lead them to the corral. The travelers lost no time in entering the popular way-station.

There were only four guests in the house, if three old frontiersmen in tattered buckskin, and grouped before the open fire, could be styled such. To the casual eye they were loungers rather than transients. The fourth man, tall and slender and of dark complexion, was dining sumptuously at the long table on venison, warm bread and coffee.

The easterners, somewhat wild of eye, lingered near the plainmen, hungry for authentic information. The three old men, appreciating the gullibility of their audience, lost no time in turning their imagination loose in a patched-up recital of horrors.

Dinsdale ignored their garrulous tales and gravitated to the table. He observed and admired the rather immaculate dress of the dark-faced man.

"Gambling man and dandy," decided Dinsdale as he made to seat himself at the end of the table.

The man glanced up, smiled pleasantly and motioned for him to be more neighborly by kicking back the chair opposite his. Dinsdale was glad to accept the invitation.

"I'm Pete Dinsdale, from Cheyenne; from Arizona before that," he informed the other as he shifted his place.

"I'm called 'San Juan' Joe. I have a place up in the hills."

"Met your team going out. Saw your name on it."

"I came down this far with it. Found my outfit back yonder's too small to accommodate the rush. Must have another roulette wheel and more fixings. You're going through?"

"Starting early in the morning?"

"Didn't fancy the stage?"

"I like a horse. Better chance to fight or run."

"What say to our riding together? Don't reckon your friends will object to my joining your party?"

"They'll be tickled to death."

Dinsdale ate hungrily for some minutes, then remarked: "You'd planned to go through with the outfit, or just serving as guard this far?"

"I'd hoped to meet a certain man here. Cheyenne sport. Fool business."

companions. They were being served by the fire and were pausing between mouthfuls to gaze in horror at the solemn recital of the three old hars. "—an' cut off his arms while he was alive," soberly concluded one of the narrators.

"An' his ears," eagerly added another. "Don't go forgittin' his ears, Ben."

"They'll be finished by morning," said Dinsdale. "I've heard great yarns about Deadwood Gulch."

"They overplay it," said San Juan, leaning back and carefully lighting an excellent cigar. "The gulch is certainly the poor man's diggings. We've been figuring the days of placer mining, with each man grubbing for himself, were over. Then came the discovery in the hills and opened the game for the poor man once more. The bar and hill diggings are good, and they'll take out two million this season. Next summer will see mills at work, for they're after quartz now. But once vein-mining comes in, then good-bye to the placers and the poor man's chance."

"Down at Laramie they're saying the Injuns are bothering you quite a bit."

"The red devils have marked nearly four hundred killings on their coup-sticks since the season opened. Yes, the Injuns are holding back discoveries all right. Prospectors don't dare go far from any camp."

"Road agents have been pretty busy, too, I take it."

"Busy, but not making much. No big hauls. They did get twenty-five thousand dollars from one treasure coach, but only two men were guarding it. The regular coach carries two hundred thousand each trip, with twelve guards. The agents haven't tried to crack one of those yet."

"Wonder the Injuns don't bag some of the agents."

"Maybe they do. Hope so. Every time a passenger is robbed I feel I've lost that much."

And he laughed softly.

Dinsdale succeeded in tearing his friends away from their fascinating company and brought them to the table to meet San Juan Joe. After a little talk Dinsdale and his companions turned in, but Joe, a slave to nocturnal habits, sat up far into the night playing solitaire.

The morning was cold and damp. The easterners were standing before the fireplace when Dinsdale joined them. He urged them to hurry their breakfast and make ready for an early start. The elder of the two shamefacedly confessed:

"Pete, we've had enough. From what those men at the fire said last night—and they're old enough to know what they're talking about—we'd be darned lucky to get through alive. But even if we got there and did find gold what chance would we stand of fetching it out? Either the road agents or the Indians would be sure to catch us."

"Those old fools were trying to scare you," warmly remonstrated Dinsdale.

"They scared this boy all right," frankly confessed the younger of the men. "I'm through. I wouldn't go a rod farther for a whole mountain of gold."

"We'd rather you'd think us darned fools, Pete, than to take the risk," added the other. "So we're going to wait for the first outfit bound south and strike for Fort Laramie."

"Those old hars certainly filled you boys up," sighed Dinsdale. "Well, if you really feel that way about it, then the hills aren't any place for you. Go back and stick to raising vegetables and flowers. I'm starting as soon as I eat."

He had finished his breakfast when San Juan Joe turned out. Despite their early rising the two did not get started until nine o'clock because of the threat of rain. Not until the sun struggled through the sullen clouds was the journey commenced. Bowman shouted good wishes after them, and the two easterners waved their hats in farewell.

The traveling was hard on the horses, as the mud had a glue-like tenacity in clinging to the hoofs. After two hours of slow progress they swung in close to a high yellow bluff and came to Indian creek.

They halted and looked about for signs of the two wagons. They found the trail left by the mud-blocked wheels, and could tell where at frequent intervals the men had halted to shovel the mud from between the spokes and from between the wheels and the wagon boxes.

The two men rode several rods apart, the gambler in the lead. Each was armed with a Winchester forty-four; but for immediate use Dinsdale preferred his two hand-guns, Colt forty-fours, as he believed any fight that might be brought to them would be in the nature of a hand-to-hand struggle.

By six o'clock they had covered some eighteen miles, and were glad to take refuge in a deserted cabin at the right on the road and on the bank of the creek. They ate cold venison, and did not attempt coffee. Dinsdale retired early, leaving San Juan seated before a sickly fire, dealing out the cards.

By morning the persistent wind had dried up much of the mud, and, cheered by the prospect of making good time, the men devoured some raw ham and hardtack, brought along by the gambler, and resumed their journey. As they followed the road, riding side by side, Dinsdale remarked to his companion's lack of belt-guns.

"I'm Not Much Disappointed," Smiled Dinsdale.

He hadn't shown up, and I'm going right back and let him hunt me up."

Further study of San Juan Joe convinced Dinsdale that there was Indian blood in him, although there was nothing to suggest this in his personal presentment and speech. After satisfying his hunger Dinsdale lighted his pipe and said:

"I was keen to push through in the darkness to the Cheyenne river. My mates didn't take to the idea. But now that we're four—"

"Go out in this weather? When we have this fire and food and really good whiskey?" cried the gambler in mock dismay. "I'll get up before sunrise, but that's my limit."

"I'm not much disappointed," smiled Dinsdale. "I'm afraid my friends have listened too long to step outside this place till daylight."

"If it's in the cards that we get through we'll turn the trick. If the cards are against us no amount of night travel will help." And San Juan shrugged his shoulders and smiled, as if making game of his superstition even while catering to it.

Dinsdale turned and looked at his

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