

Frank Workinger and Elmer Munson have been cutting beans and getting them ready for thrashing this last week.

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

ACCESSORIES AND TIRES
Auto Supplies
J. H. ALLISON
442 West First St.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions.
Flower phone 458-J.

Albany Electric Store. Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco light products 202 Second.
GLENN WILLARD WM. HOELICH

Auto Electric Service—Rechargeable A & B batteries—WILLARD storage battery. Phone 23. 119-121 W. Second st. H. D. Preston—J. C. Cochran

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8.
MRS. BLOUNT.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS
at
WOODWORTH'S

BURKHART & LEE
sole agents for
Phenix Pure Paint and
Dr. Hess' poultry and Stock Tonic

Davenport Music company offers Piano-case organ; good as new. Baby organ, good as new. Used Pianos.

Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Elite Cafeteria and confectionery Home cooking. Pleasant surroundings. Courteous, efficient service. We make our own candies.
W. S. DUNCAN.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE
Tires and accessories
Repairs
KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

Furniture-Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves ranges. General directors, 47-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

FULLER GROCERY, 285 Lyon (Successor to Stenberg Bros.)
Groceries Fruits Produce
Phone 263R

HOLMAN & JACKSON
Grocery—Bakery
Everything in the line of eats
Opposite Postoffice

Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co.
Noon lunches.
Home made candy and ice cream.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc.
Cor. Second and Ferry
Master Dyers and Cleaners
Made-To-Measure Clothes

IMPERIAL CAFE, 209 W. First
Harold C. Murphy Prop.
Phone 665
WE NEVER CLOSE

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC CO.
Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

MARINELLO PARLORS
(A beauty aid for every need)
St. Francis Hotel
Prop., WINIFRED ROSE.

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

MOORE'S MUSIC HOUSE
"Everything musical"
223 W. First st.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STORE
322 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON
Builders' and shelf hardware, garden tools, crockery and glassware.
New stock. New low prices.

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR
Second street, opposite Hamilton's store.
"Sudden Service."

THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE
Shampooing, Marcelling and Scalp Treatments. Margaret Countryman, Globe Theater bldg. Phone 158J Prop.

THE SPECIALTY SHOPPE
for hemstitching and stamped goods. Opposite Hamilton's, 318 W. Second st.

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories, B. prices. 1st & Broadbain.

FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY
bought, sold and exchanged at all times
BEN T. SUTTELL
Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadbain st., Albany

Albany Directory—Continued

FARM LOANS
Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit Amortized Loans. The loan pays out in 20 payments, retiring the principal. Cheap rates. No delay.
BEAM LAND CO.,
133 Lyon street, Albany, Ore.

FARM LOANS
at lowest rate of interest.

Real Estate Insurance
Prompt service. Courteous treatment.
WM. BAIN, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

Metzger's
SHOE SERVICE
Oregon
Shoes that cost less per month of wear

Why suffer from headache?
Have your eyes examined.
S. T. FRENCH
Optometrist, with
F. M. FRENCH & SONS
JEWELERS—OPTICIANS
Albany, Oregon

Parents!
Do you know that we fit glasses with scientific accuracy?
All our equipment is the best and most modern that money can buy.

Meade & Albro,
Optometrists, Manufacturing Opticians
Albany, Oregon

A Modern Barber Shop
Laundry sent Tuesdays
Agency Hub Cleaning Works
ABE'S PLACE

Amor A. Tussing
LAWYER AND NOTARY
HALEY, OREGON

F. M. GRAY, DRAYMAN
All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269

HALSEY Cream and Produce Station
Cash paid for
Cream, Poultry, Eggs, Veal & Hides. M. H. SHOOK

DELBERT STARR
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Efficient Service. Motor Hearse. Lady Attendant.
Brownsville, Oregon

W. L. WRIGHT
Mortician & Funeral Director
Halsey and Harrisburg
Call D. TAYLOR, Halsey, or W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

DR. WHETSTONE
DENTIST
HALEY HOTEL
Wednesday and Friday
12 to 8:30

BARBER SHOP
First-class Work
J. W. STEPHENSON.

HALSEY STATE BANK
Halsey, Oregon
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

ARROW GARAGE, Gansle Bros.
U. S. & C. T. C. Tires New, low-priced Gill
More service Batteries for
No more cost Ford, and
Skilled Auto repairing Star, other
Auto accessories Chevrolet small cars
MORE SERVICE FOR LESS MONEY

(Continued from page 2)

his head so as to gaze at the top of the butte he shouted in the Teton: "Men from the earth we are. I have sung about something, for which have pity on us!"
To Dinsdale he whispered: "More rocks and do as I do. I have repeated a Teton prayer to Tunkan." As he spoke he finished gathering rocks, this time taking no care as to their shape, and walked to a tree and began placing them between the branches. Dinsdale did likewise.
Now came the last test. Slowly advancing toward the mouth of the path, by the side of which were crouched the Indians, and holding a rock in each hand, Scissors began shouting:

"They really say a white man turns red and comes to your mountain, O Tunkaska (grandfather), for help to escape from white men."
They passed through a fringe of sage, and Scissors stretched out his hands to brush the bushes back from the mouth of the path, and Dinsdale caught his first glimpse of the hidden warriors, several copper-colored faces glaring, several copper hands clutching rifles and revolvers. Then they were swarming out of their ambush and were aiming their weapons at the two white men. Nimble hands plucked the revolvers from Dinsdale's belt and searched Scissors in vain for arms. A warrior ran to the two horses and secured Dinsdale's rifle. Then the two were hurled to the ground.

"Show no fight," muttered Scissors. To his savage captors he boldly cried: "Ha-a, warriors! They say I come back to you with my two knives talking. They really say I bring a man who runs from the whites to save his life. No Strong Hearts, who follow Tatankayotke (Sitting Bull) are here, for I see no war-bonnets made from the tail-feathers of eagles, with horns worn on the front. I see no old men who belong to the White Horse Riders. I do not see Waschuntashunka (American Horse), my brother. Two Knives Talking sees only strange warriors. He sees one with a cross on his tobacco bag and knows he is called Wawokiyapi (Helper of the Helpless) because he carried a wounded friend out of a fight. He sees a feather standing at the back of the head and knows the man has killed an enemy without any hurt to himself. He sees a man who has struck an enemy and wears his feather across the back of his head. He sees a man who has given his flesh to Wakantanka in the sun dance and carried six buffalo skulls. He sees another whose vow to Wakantanka brought him many cuts on his arms and chest.

"For such men Wakantanka has but one path. They must follow it even when it surely leads to death. Yet these men are not my friends. For they throw me down on the ground, and they throw my friend down beside me. They make ready to kill us. What have we done that these strange warriors should treat us so, when the mighty Tashunca-ulteo (Crazy Horse) would call us 'brothers,' and stretch out the left hand because his heart is on that side? Tashunca-ulteo does not see his friend, Two Knives Talking, and the other white man, who runs from the whites. His ears are closed, or he would hear my voice when I

sing the song made for Mato Tipl—"Wakanyan make lo mato tipl ca"—"he began singing. "In a sacred manner I am sitting at Bear lodge."

This voluble harangue, and the fact that there was none of the Ogalala who had not seen or heard of Scissors, staved off immediate mutilation. Although deeply impressed by Scissors' speech and songs the Indians did not release the white men, but held them flat on their backs and glared at them ferociously.
"Why do white men call out to Tunkan and sing the Mato Tipl song?" harshly demanded a man whose face was crossed by a scarcely healed wound, and whose arms and chest bore many welts—Wakantanka's receipts for vows fulfilled in various sun dances.

"Are we Shoshoni and should we sing to the moon?" countered Scissors. "We come to Mato Tipl to place stones to the dead. Then we would go to the camp of Crazy Horse. Now we are on our backs, looking up at the home of the thunders."
The leader's visage continued fierce and unrelenting, yet he refrained from speaking the word that would precipitate the butchery. After a minute of silence he suddenly said:

"Little Big Man has no white brothers. A voice says the white men go to fight with Wichakpayaman (Three-stars—Crook's Sioux name). They go to help fight against the Dakota." "The voice lies," tersely corrected Scissors.
"What is the medicine on the hat of the white man?"
"White men tried to kill him. They say he sold a wagon of cartridges to the Cheyennes. He is a friend of High Wolf, the Cheyenne medicine-man."
The dots of perspiration on Dinsdale's face would have doubled had he understood this bold avowal. Scissors knew his statement was a desperate gamble. The effect on the warriors was pronounced, although they betrayed nothing except to look more closely at the paper pictures on Dinsdale's hat. One of them picked it up, and all quickly understood the story the pictures were meant to tell. The spirited action of the galloping horses appealed to them.

The horseman a few inches ahead of the united string was Dinsdale, of course. That all should be identical in outline impressed them as being very wakan. White men had sold metallic cartridges to the hostiles, and within a month a man had been caught with a wagon, filled with munitions, bound for a northern village. But if High Wolf, famous mystery man and wearer of a necklace of human fingers, should be within reach of a messenger the lie would be exposed offhand.
One of the warriors called attention to the paper picture of the butte. Except those holding the prisoners to ground, all advanced to this and examined it carefully. The small mound of Tunkan stones, together with the outline, formed a combination that Little Big Man dared not trifle with. He talked aside with a middle-aged warrior, then gave an order. One of the group produced a small mirror and ran into the path leading up the butte. To Scissors the leader said: "Soon it will be known in Tashunca-ulteo's

The Coolness Between Them
won't last long if the coolness happens to be some of our delicious ice cream. It will prove to be the finest they ever tasted. No matter how tired or warm you may be a dish of Clark's ice cream will refresh you.
Clark's Confectionery

Any Girl in Trouble
may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair avenue, Portland, Oregon.

camp at Slim Butte that Two Knives Talking and another white man are in our camp."

The prisoners were jerked to their feet, and no sooner were they erect than their hands were drawn behind them and fastened. Their horses were brought up and they were helped to mount. Little Big Man and the older warrior rode in the lead and struck off to the east of the butte and turned north.

The entire party appeared to be liberally supplied with ammunition, the bows being intended for game where a gunshot might give an alarm. A brisk ride of twelve miles and the party was fording the strong muddy current of the Belle Fourche, where once the Cheyennes had raised their camp. On the north bank an hour's halt was made among the cottonwoods to give the man with the mirror time to rejoice them. He came up at a handsome gallop and the journey was resumed. A few miles north of the river and on the head of Crow creek warriors and captives rode into a temporary camp.

A dozen warriors rushed forward, shouting and brandishing their knives, as the prisoners were brought into camp. Little Big Man shouted for several minutes in a stentorian voice. Scissors interpreted for Dinsdale. The leader was telling of the capture and bragging mightily and demanding a new song be made for him. He talked into an anti-climax when a camp warrior informed him that the signals from the butte had been caught and a message sent to Crazy Horse. Little Big Man ordered the white men to be placed in a lodge with their hands tied behind them and their bodies roped to the center pole.

Suspended from a medicine pole beside the lodge was a strangled puppy, war medicine, Scissors explained. Hanging inside the lodge was a cavalry guidon, and an officer's glove proofs of this particular band's participation in the fight on the Little Big Horn.

"Now what happens to us?" asked Dinsdale after they had been trussed up to the center pole and left alone.
"I'm wakan," doggedly replied Scissors. "I've placed stones to Tunkan. I must get you out of this. When I say for you to go, you scoot! Don't wait for me. They'll never harm me. I'm a big mystery man. I know their dream songs, their war songs. I've listened to their council songs, and I've sung their grass dance song! Little Big Man thinks he's got me in a hole because I ran away. I went away to renew my medicine—just one weak spot; just one mistake. I'm sorry I said that about your being a friend to old High Wolf, the Cheyenne. Bah! He's up on the Little Missouri. Who's afraid? We are not."

"We'd better have chanced it with Easy's gang," muttered Dinsdale.
"It would have been over the quicker," moodily retorted Scissors. Then with a flare of his old egotism: "But I've spoken to Wakantanka. A man is never down so long as he can hope. Crazy Horse thought a lot of my medicine. Now look happy; some one is coming."
Three men, bearing a kettle of meat, entered the lodge. Dinsdale remembered he had eaten nothing since morning, and despite his serious predicament he was very hungry. The kettle gave off a savory odor. Two of the braves unloosed the thongs so the prisoners could bring their elbows to their sides and extend their hands forward. A bowl and a wooden spoon were given to each. For some minutes Dinsdale ate as if famished, then asked:

"What is it?"
"Wild onions boiled with dog."
"I don't think I'm hungry any more."
"Washte-helo! (Very good.) If I'd said elk or deer you'd come for a second helping. Shows what language does for a man."
And Scissors asked the brave to dish up more of the stew.
"Horse doesn't seem so bad, but dog—" muttered Dinsdale.
(To be continued)

Suggestions on Picking Corn to Save for Seed

In selecting the kind of corn to save for seed, a great deal depends upon the corn plant itself. If our seed crop is selected in the bin alone, this important fact is lost sight of.
Now, most good growers save good corn from the good early-maturing plants, as they are shucking out the corn at harvest. The ears from these superior plants are thrown into a box at the front of the wagon, and are kept separately, so that they will have the best of opportunities to dry quickly. Then, in the winter, these growers select out the types of ears they want for seed. In this way their seed ears are all of the right type and very good plants.

Seed ears should come from medium-sized plants, which stand up straight and which show good evidence of maturing early. These plants should be free from suckers and should be in average conditions as regards soil, moisture, feed and light. Ears should be heavy and of medium fair size.—Waldo Kidder, Extension Agronomist, Colorado Agricultural College.

Sudan hay is equal in feeding value to timothy hay. When it is threshed for seed the straw is equal in feeding value to oat straw. However, it is coarser-stemmed grass than timothy and for this reason it is not so palatable.

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. James Drinkard went to Albany Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Freerksen attended the Harrisburg fair Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sprenger and son visited at the J. C. Porter home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Zimmerman and son Tommy returned from Pacific City Thursday.

Ed Jewett went to Lebanon Saturday for a visit with his sister, Mrs. L. H. Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell, from Salem, visited with their sister, Mrs. W. A. Muller, over Sunday.

Miss Amanda Mitzner will bring the message at the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

There will be no service at the Rowland schoolhouse next Sunday, as the pastor will be at the conference.

O. G. Coldiron started for Oklahoma Saturday, for a visit with his parents at Pond Creek and other relatives.

J. S. Beene and wife and son spent Friday night with Will Beene and family. Their home is at Cottage Grove.

Conductor Crandall of train No. 18 took supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clippman Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Freerksen returned from Pacific City Wednesday. While there they attended the Tillamook fair.

Mrs. Kitchen and Lavelle came down from Newberg Saturday evening to visit with Mrs. W. A. Muller for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Koch and daughter Freda returned from Hood River Thursday. They have been visiting there for a week.

Miss Elta Morgan of Waterloo has been visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Gray, and at the Grant McNeil home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Handley and children and Miss Maxine Montieth from Albany visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Workinger Sunday.

Dorothy Corcoran went to Portland Sunday to visit her sister, Mrs. Marcella Kirk, and to have adenoids and probably her tonsils removed.

Mrs. Eliza Brandon and her granddaughter, Mrs. Mabel Miller, went to Portland last week to visit at the home of Mrs. Chester Osburne and other relatives.

Mrs. Agnes Clark, Mrs. Dora Davis, Mrs. H. Freerksen and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Freerksen attended defense day exercises and the fall style opening at Albany Friday evening.

David Foote and son A. W. are erecting a new barn on their ranch. It is to be well built and have a concrete floor the making of which will be supervised by J. J. Corcoran. The carpenter work is being done by W. L. Smith.

Mrs. Inez Freeland arrived in town Wednesday. She has been spending her vacation in California and eastern Oregon, visiting her children. She went to the Shedd fair Saturday.

The most complete pre-election poll of the voters of the United States on a presidential issue ever staged in the United States is under way. The Literary Digest has distributed ballots for it. Postmaster Bramwell has some for distribution free while they last. Get one and use it. You need not give your name. It will be a secret ballot.

Mrs. Frank Gray tells a new egg story. When making a pudding the other day she broke an extra large egg for it, which she thought to be a double one, but it proved to contain a normal egg and a soft-shelled egg. Upon breaking the soft-shelled egg it was found to contain a yolk and another soft-shelled egg. We do not often find an egg within an egg within an egg. Next!

(Continued on page 4)