

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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In the last half century the old printer in the Enterprise office has frequently sympathized with some pressman who had made pi of a newspaper page of type; he never had that experience himself until it occurred this week at 5 o'clock in the morning of publication day. "Single misfortunes never come alone," said an Iri hwooman. This same week a column of editorial copy mailed Saturday to the linotype failed to bring results, though copy sent afterward up to mid-afternoon Monday came back duly linotyped. Perhaps some readers will regard the paper as all the better without those editorials.

Earl L. Fisher, state tax commissioner, reports that 40 persons with net (not gross) incomes of \$20,000 or more, 167 whose net incomes were \$10,000 or more and 651 with incomes of \$5000 or more pay income taxes this year, not one of whom pays one cent of other taxes. These are exclusive of the people who pay both property and income taxes. Here are 858 habitual tax shirkers brought into the aggregate of financial supporters of the state government which protects them in the gathering of their income—858 potential fighters for the repeal of the income tax law. Hear the hogs squeal!

White Grub Pest Shows Increase

Crop Rotation Is Important in Preventing Damage Done by Worms.

The common white grubs, also called "grub worms," are one stage of the moderately large brown beetle known as May beetle or June bug. The adult beetle feeds on the larvae of such trees beetle feeds on the leaves of such trees low, walnut, locust and hackberry. The parent beetle emerges from the earth in the spring and deposits eggs in the soil from one to five inches deep and usually near grass or weed roots. The eggs are laid in May and June and hatch in about two weeks. The young grubs hatching from the eggs are very small and for a while feed on organic or slightly decayed vegetable matter in the soil. Later these grubs will attack the roots of grasses or agricultural crops which happen to be growing in the field.

Feed Near Surface.

During the growing season for vegetation and active season of the insects, the grubs feed near the surface of the soil. At the approach of cold weather, the grubs begin to burrow downward to avoid freezing.

Most of the common June bugs spend three years in developing from the egg to the adult beetle. The grubs usually change to the adult sometime during the second or third fall of their life period.

The native food of the white grub is grass roots in the meadow or pasture. Crops planted on sod land usually suffer severely from the attack of hordes of grubs for a period of two to three years.

The white grub as a pest is increasing its damage to wheat in several localities. One of the best control measures where wheat is to be grown is to summer fallow, that is, to plow the wheat land as soon as possible after harvest. (This is also a control for the Hessian fly.) Disk and harrow the ground frequently and prepare a firm seed bed. Starve the white grub.

Rotation Is Favored.

Rotation of crops is of great importance in avoiding damage by grub worms. Beetles do not prefer to deposit eggs in fields of alfalfa, clover, corn, strawberries, beans or potatoes. Small grains are usually less attacked than other crops except wheat.

Where practical, pasture the infested fields with swine. Fall plowing, previous to the grubs going deep into the ground, will help to rid the soil of many worms. Plow deep.—W. H. Jackson, Department of Entomology, Oklahoma A. and M. College.

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Pay Gravel

HUGH PENDEXTER



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The kettle was removed and their arms were tightly plinted. Scissors requested that the flap of the tent be pulled back the full width. This allowed them to see what was going on in front of the lodge. Near the entrance two men were making shields of inch-thick hide taken from a buffalo bull's neck. The hide was pegged down on a thin layer of clay and was then covered with burning coals.



The Hide Was Pegged Down on a Thin Layer of Clay.

This process hardened it sufficiently to turn a lance point, or a round bullet. It was a striking incongruity of the campaign, bows and arrows and shields by the side of magazine rifles and metallic cartridges. Never again would the plains witness such a mingling of the old and the new. Little Big Man strolled to the opening of the lodge. He was smoking a beautiful pipe of red sandstone. The bowl was inlaid with silver and the long reed stem was artistically decorated with feathers and quills. He offered the pipe to the sky and earth and to the cardinal points, but spoke no word to the prisoners.

After waiting for a minute Scissors asked, "When can Two Knives Talking see his friend Crazy Horse?"

Little Big Man smiled cynically and replied: "If Two Knives Talking is wakan enough he can untie himself and go to see his friend."

"To be free of Little Big Man's clumsy cords is easy for the medicine of Two Knives Talking," gravely assured Scissors. "Will he find the road to Slim butte open?"

And he brought his hands before him to show they were free.

With a yelp Little Big Man turned and called loudly. Warriors came on the run.

"Two Knives Talking has untied the rawhide," granted the leader.

Two warriors advanced to Scissors and pawed about behind him, but could find no vestige of the thong. "Two Knives Talking's medicine ate them up," explained Scissors. "Are the Ogalala afraid I will fly up among the thunder birds, that they must tie me?"

The leader snapped out an order and fresh thongs were brought and Scissors tied up for the second time.

"What the devil did you do with the cords?" whispered Dinsdale from the corner of his mouth.

"In your side pocket," yawned Scissors.

Little Big Man harshly demanded: "Why do white men ride out to Mato Tipi and place rocks in trees?"

"Because we are turning red," was the prompt reply.

"Where is Wichakpa-yamani (General Crook) now?"

"When I am treated as a brother my medicine will tell you," coldly replied Scissors.

"They say you will talk with a very fast tongue when you feel the skinning knives," threatened Little Big Man.

Scissors smiled tolerantly and said: "Crazy Horse will soon set his friend free to walk where he will."

"Two Knives Talking has a weak medicine. It freed him once; now it is very tired," jeered Little Big Man. "My young men may not wait for you to see Tashunca-utco. They say they want white skin for medicine shirts. They say they are sharpening their knives."

"Little Big Man talks like a Shoshoni-singing to the moon," sneered

Scissors. "A very wakan man never sleeps."

And to the consternation of the spectators he again brought his hands before him. Men rushed upon him but the cords had vanished. Little Big Man glared murderously, then grew uneasy. A doubt was sprouting in his mind. Mato Tipi was sacred ground, and those who prayed to Tunkan through rocks and stones must be very careful not to give offense. The prisoners were white, yet they had been captured, taken by surprise, when placing rocks in the trees. Scissors read the tumult in the man's mind and whispered encouragement to Dinsdale.

Little Big Man gave an order and both men were released and conducted outside the lodge and tied to the medicine pole, from which hung the strangled puppy. A warrior was told to sit behind them to watch their hands. The warrior obeyed, but did not fancy the task, for it was like spying on some agency controlled by Tunkan. To Dinsdale Scissors said: "They're badly worried. Every hour we're kept alive improves our chances. Little Big Man won't dare hurt us until he hears from Crazy Horse. Already he has sent a messenger to Slim butte to fill in the details of the mirror-message."

The warrior behind him reached a hand forward and roughly clapped it over his mouth. Scissors' left hand shot to the front and caught the offending palm and at the same time his right hand darted up under the armpit and, pulling and pushing, he sent the guard rolling headlong. The camp was in an uproar in an instant, the warriors scrambling for their weapons. Scissors sternly called out: "The Ogalala are very foolish. My medicine will grow very angry. Some of you will go to Mato Tipi tonight as ghosts. What do you mean by treating the friends of your war chief in this way? Are we Crows or Poncas?"

Little Big Man chewed his lips and puzzled over the situation. To leave the prisoners' hands free was to confess failure. To tie them up was useless. His quandary was interrupted by the rapid drumming of flying hoofs. A pony raced in among the lodges and a rider threw himself to the ground.

With a gleam of hope lighting his sullen eyes, Little Big Man called on the man to speak.

"Tashunca-utco and Shunca-luta, his medicine man, even now are riding to this camp," announced the man. "They were on the way here with a dozen warriors when Little Big Man's first messenger met them and told them about the white men. They will be here very soon."

"It is good!" cried Little Big Man in great relief.

"What's he saying?" muttered Dinsdale.

"Crazy Horse and his medicine man, Sorrel Horse, will arrive in a minute or so. I am very wakan, but only Taku Wakan can straighten this mess out. If only Crazy Horse was coming it would be better. Sorrel Horse is jealous of all medicine men. He'll work to have us skinned alive. But a man ain't done for so long as he can hope."

CHAPTER IX

The Duel of the Medicines

Although Crazy Horse and Sorrel Horse rode into Little Big Man's camp shortly before midnight the prisoners saw nothing of either. Before the great leader of the hostiles arrived the white men were conducted back to the lodge and the flap tightly closed. A small fire was lighted inside and by its light three warriors stood on guard to prevent any attempt at escape. Dinsdale was asleep when the war chief and his escort of a dozen men made the camp and was aroused by the commotion.

On opening his eyes he beheld the three silent figures of the guards, their eyes reflecting the light from the heap of coals. Scissors was awake, and whispered: "If I can have a talk with Crazy Horse I think we would be all right for a while. But that Shunca-luta will try to keep between us. He ranks high as a mystery man and is a fair magician and ventriloquist. He claims to get his help from Taskuskanskan, their moving god, who lives in the four winds and is never seen, but is represented by Tunkan, who in turn is prayed to through rocks and stones. Queer mess. Reckon a white man can never get it all straightened out. I made a picture of Sorrel Horse when I was prisoner that other time, and it scared him. He's bound to work against us. But I'm wakan. Wish Crazy Horse would come in to look us over."

Scissors would have felt more at ease had he known that the chief's first desire was to have the prisoners brought before him. Sorrel Horse, however, requested time for consulting his medicine, and reported back to the chief that it would be better to wait until the sun rode the sky. Although considerably disturbed that the chief should ignore him, Scissors dismounted and Dinsdale fell asleep and did not awaken until morning.

With the sunrise came another kettle of meat. Scissors pronounced it to be mule deer and Dinsdale ate heartily. After they had eaten, Little Big Man visited them, and he could not conceal his secret exultation. Scissors pretended not to see him, and after waiting several minutes the Indian said: "Now Shunca-luta has come Two Knives Talking has lost both his medicine and tongue. They say the white man was tied up all night and could not get free."

Scissors, who had finished his bowl of meat and had his hands free, picked up some things his guards had left on the ground and rolled them into a small ball and held them in one palm. Then his fingers closed over them, contracting as if squeezing them into a very small compass, then flew open and the ball had vanished.

Little Big Man scowled malevolently. Scissors said:

"Two Knives Talking finds his medicine is still strong. It grows weary of working on children. Send in Shunca-luta with his medicine. Then we shall see."

Just outside the entrance a deep voice boomed: "The white man's medicine is very strong. But the medicine of Shunca-luta will eat it up. Two Knives Talking once ran away from the Ogalala. Now Shunca-luta's medicine brings him back. This time, they say, he will not leave until he goes away to be a ghost."

Little Big Man's eyes glittered at this threat.

Scissors called back: "Shunca-luta is very wakan, but Taku Wakan has not whispered in his ear. Why does he stay outside the lodge? The white man will not hurt him."

Sorrel Horse at once appeared in the entrance. Like the famous Sitting Bull, who is said to have foretold the Custer massacre, he wore a bunch of shed buffalo hair fastened to the side of his raven locks. This hair was wakan and was painted red and recalled the times when the buffalo filled the plains. It was also a symbol of the coming of the White Buffalo Maiden. His medicine pouch was formed from badger paws and had bears' claws as pendants; for it was from the bear that he had learned how to treat adults, while the badger told him through the medium of dreams how to cure children. He also carried the bent stick of one who has dreamed of a wolf. But it was his renown as a magician, and not his success as a healer, that elevated him high among the wakan witsashasha, and high above the grass-root medicine men.

Scissors invited: "Sit down and let our medicines talk it over."

But Sorrel Horse did not intend to waste any dramatic effects before so small an audience. Outside the stage was set for convincing Crazy Horse that even High Wolf, the Cheyenne, was far below Shunca-luta in matters of magic. Ignoring the white man he said to Little Big Man:

"Bring the prisoners out in the sunlight. That man's medicine does not like the sunlight. It works best under the moon."

The prisoners were at once led forth and seated before the medicine pole. Dinsdale was glad to observe that the strangled puppy had been removed. Rawhide was looped around their waists, and tied to the pole, but their hands were not secured. In a half-circle before them sat forty warriors. Scissors glanced anxiously about for Crazy Horse, but the chief was not present.

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Sorrel Horse, sensing he was the principal figure in the scene until Crazy Horse should put in an appearance, carefully spread a wolf skin and after seating himself crosslegged before it made much of peering into a mirror. He took pains to turn the mirror so the curious warriors could observe the new moon and sun painted in white on its face. His vanity was highly pleased as he noted how intently the spectators followed every move he made.

Little Big Man stared triumphantly at the prisoners and nodded to their guards. The signal had been prearranged, as the guards promptly searched Dinsdale and took nearly four thousand dollars from his pockets. The money was mostly in greenbacks. The time was gone when the Indian was ignorant of money values, and while they still called money "white metal," they knew a piece of paper money was often worth several silver dollars. Beady eyes glittered at the bills and a bag of dust were placed on a blanket before Little Big Man. From Scissors only a small amount of money was taken; and Little Big Man tickled the fancy of his followers by ironically advising:

"Two Knives Talking should make a feast for the white man's metal god."

When the pad of paper and small scissors were held up Little Big Man hesitated, then shook his head. Paper and scissors were very much wakan and he did not care to assume charge of them.

The tinkling of a bell now stirred the spectators to sharp attention and heads were turned as their mighty chief stepped from a lodge back of the half-circle. Crazy Horse at that time did not look over thirty years of age, and stood a few inches under six feet. He carried himself with great dignity and the stern expression of his bold features was accented by a scar. His people knew him to be as generous as he was courageous, and his practice of never retaining any property for himself, aside from his arms and his popularity, was bound to extend his popularity among all the hostiles and their allies.

If Sitting Bull by his medicine foretold the destruction of Custer's men, then it was Crazy Horse who assumed victory at the outset, when on encountering Reno's men he saved his followers from a disastrous panic by braining a soldier with a stone war club and leading a counter charge. And what must place him high in the estimation of all fighting men was his insistence that no warrior should pass him when he gave the order to attack. He was a great general; intensely loyal to his people and their cause, a patriot who had no use for wealth. And Taku Wakan could ask no more of any of his dusky children.

As he walked around the end of the circle to take a position beside Little Big Man he was wearing his feather bonnet and other warpath regalia. In one hand he carried a Winchester rifle and in the other a twelve-foot coup wand of willow. The wand was decorated with symbolic feathers, bits of fur, and the tinkling bell. He dropped on a robe beside Little Big Man and placed his rifle across his lap and rested the end of his coup wand on the ground, and stared stolidly at Scissors. His gaze quickened as it shifted to the pile of greenbacks and dust in front of Little Big Man. The treasure meant nothing to him except as it represented so many magazine guns and fixed ammunition.

"The white man with the talking knives will tell why he came to the Teton country," he abruptly commanded.

Scissors needed no interpreter, and began to explain why he and his friend had gone to Mato Tipi to make stone offerings to Tunkan so the god would send forth his "flying rocks" to learn where Tashunca-utco was to be found.

"And while we were asking this of Tunkan our prayer was answered," Scissors continued. "He who lives on Mato Tipi at times sent Little Big Man and his braves to lead us to Tashunca-utco, and it is well. I brought this white man with me, as his life was not safe among white men. He was caught while trying to take a load of ammunition to the Cheyennes. He escaped from the soldiers and fled with me to find the Ogalala. He brought some of the white man's money with him as a present to Tashunca-utco."

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"Tashunca-utco needs no presents of money from the white men," harshly informed Crazy Horse. "What he needs he takes."

And he shook his coup wand till the little bell tinkled madly. Loud grunts of approval met his declaration. Loud cries of "washte-heio!" were raised when he pointed to the greenbacks and directed:

"Give it to the men who have lost horses and lodges."

If there was one disgruntled warrior it was Little Big Man. Sticking up from between his crossed legs were the butts of Dinsdale's guns. Crazy Horse, who ever had a great love for excellent firearms and who packed three Winchester rifles with him and one or more hand guns, touched the big revolvers and said, "I will take only these."

Little Big Man passed them over and for several minutes the war chief examined them knowingly and his features grew animated as he realized their excellence. Suddenly he ceased (Continued on page 3)

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