

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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THE OLDEST WORSHIP

The oldest worship of which we have record is sun worship. The Persian sun worship of which our ancient literature tells was a comparatively modern development of the cult. Carved writings on stone, which have been unearthed in America as well as in other parts of the world, tell of the worship of the orb of day as it was practiced ages and ages ago, unmeasured years before the date popularly ascribed to Adam.

It would seem that the first worshippers ascribed to the sun the attributes that later people have credited to their successive deities. And why shouldn't they? All the power they knew came from old Sol. Without sunshine neither plants nor animals would live. Without sunshine the waters would not rise in the (sun-given) wings of the wind, to come down again upon the dry land and clothe it with life.

It is no wonder that Phobos was worshipped as the life-giver for such he was, as far as could be learned by observing life, whether animal or vegetable.

When man first began to use artificial power to supplement or succeed his own, the water wheel came into use, and the sun furnished the power by lifting moisture from lake and ocean and pouring it out upon the high land.

When steam power was brought into use the steam was produced by consumption of fuel which, whether coal or wood, or, later, petroleum and gasoline, had been produced in past ages by the sun's action.

When we use electric power, now so common, the electricity is employed simply to transmit power produced by steam or by water, products of the sun. In the final analysis, it is the sun that lights our parlors and shops and that drives the machinery in our factories.

Prof. Horner of O. A. C., in his "Short History of Oregon," says "We know that people who worshipped the sun lived here. They left many carvings and rude paintings as religious symbols, indicating that the sun worshippers were very numerous, and that they probably lived here for a very long period. These paintings are very old. The basaltic rock in some places has crumbled, leaving the undisturbed section of the picture distinct. The art of making this paint belonged to the sun worshiper and it disappeared with him."

We are offered in this valley, if our people will advance the millions of dollars needed, the privilege of supplying our needs in the way of pure water, good light and abundant power by drawing from the sun's ever-renewed supply of water in Clear Lake region. In the series of articles beginning on

page 1 and ending on page 6 are sounded warnings from several sources against pitfalls into which other power systems have fallen. Government ownership, on the one hand, means the placing of a dangerous power in the hands of politicians. On the other hand the hand of monopoly waits ready to seize the proposed system, as it has seized so many others. If we would be harmless as doves in the promised development we need to be wise as serpents.

IDOLS EVER CRUMBLE

How the idols do fall! In a political campaign all the faults a candidate possesses, and a great many that he does not, are certain to rise up against him.

Here is Charles G. Dawes, held to be uncorrupted and incorruptible and incapable of

pettifogery.

But when he runs for office he repeats the taffy that Davis and even Coolidge, as well as LaFollette, have been offering the farmer about curing his ills by legislation. None of these men, if he gets the place he aspires to, will have a hand in framing laws, but they promise, just the same. And what do they promise?

1. More tinkering with the tariff. Such tinkering has been promised and performed continuously for sixty years, but mighty little good has it done or can it do for the farmer.

2. A commission to investigate marketing. Simply a few more office holders for the farmer to help pay for. And the commission, like so many others, would never get anywhere.

3. Stabilization of prices by government buying. Taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other and encouraging, by artificially raising the price, the growing of more instead of less of a crop of which there is an oversupply.

4. Reduction of freight rates. The railroads are not able now to make 6 percent on the money invested. Any possible reduction of the freight rate on any farm product could make but a negligible decrease in the cost of marketing. The great difference between the price to the consumer pays goes principally into the hands of middlemen, most of whom are making big incomes.

These and a few other nostrums are offered by all parties for the cure of public ills.

And now comes the charge, proved by court records, that this same Dawes loaned Lorimer \$1,500,000 overnight, which enabled the latter to fool the bank examiners and swindle 1000 depositors.

THE INCOME TAX

The Portland chamber of commerce, presumably composed of men fortunate enough or able enough to have incomes large enough to be taxable, opposes the tax. But the committee of the chamber, after investigation, opines that it is only a matter of a short time before the increasing burden of public expenditure will force every state to resort to income taxation. Oregon may handicap itself slightly at the outset by a personal income tax but it will not be long, in the opinion of the Committee, before Washington and California are compelled by modern tax burdens to resort to the same expedient.

Oregon is a progressive state and is prospering as never before. We have an income tax. These opponents want us to repeal it and wait until the other states have one, when we can come in at the tail of the progress program. Why? So a few Oregon hogs can continue for a few more years to escape taxation while making fortunes off those who pay.

LaFollette's friends say it is not fair to accuse him of favoring beer, because he promises to enforce the law. LaFollette voted against the Volstead law and is supported by Gompers and the beer-guzzling wing of union labor, which raised the cry in New York: "No beer, no work." But they still work enough to draw wages. We want the law enforced by its friends, not by its enemies.

We haven't been told that Coolidge boiled his grandmother and fed her to the chickens, nor that Davis has a habit of stealing his neighbor's children and eating them raw, but there is still a month of the campaign to come and we have hopes.

Gaston B. Means is not the only liar in the public prints. The knockers who say the income tax is driving or keeping capital and industry out of Oregon and Wisconsin belongs to the same class.

David Foote followed his son's example and got kicked by a horse Thursday. He had just passed between two of three animals to feed them when he got a severe kick on one thigh.

HI-JACKING THE PUBLIC

The United States government has brought suit against all the wholesale grocers of Portland for combining to hold up the price of foodstuffs, charging that the combination fixes prices below which articles shall not be sold and boycotts anyone selling lower.

Do you wonder that the farmer's \$1 worth of potatoes cost the consumer \$3? Do you wonder at the general high cost of living?

Do you wonder that the Portland chamber of commerce wants the income-tax law repealed? That law exacts from the grocers a small per cent of what they make off the consumer at trust-fixed prices.

They tell the farmer that prices are governed by the law of supply and demand, and then they combine to control the supply and the price.

Wonder if Attorney General Stone will drop these cases as soon as they cease to be spectacular and before they become effective, as his predecessor used to do.

Pay Gravel

By

HUGH PENDEXTER

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(Continued from page 3)

say more of his magic the white man held up a small square of paper in his left hand. Then he waved his scissors above his head, while the nimble fingers of the left hand folded the paper several times. Then advancing the paper toward Crazy Horse he daintily snipped off a protruding corner. Opening the paper he revealed that the one movement of the blades cut out a perfect star of five points. Until the simple trick was explained it must remain a big mystery to the wondering spectators, and a mystery is always wakan, therefore a medicine.

Especially did it appeal to Crazy Horse, inasmuch as the star reminded him of General Crook, or Three Stars. And how could one stroke of the two

blades cut it out? His face was somber as he turned to Sorrel Horse and asked:

"Is there more medicine?" Sorrel Horse, now desperate in his desire to prove the superiority of his magic, replied:

"Let Shunca-luta and the white man be tied fast and placed in a lodge together. We will see whose medicine comes first to take off the rawhide." Those warriors who had come with Crazy Horse were elated over this proposed test. But Little Big Man and his braves were much concerned. They had said nothing to Crazy Horse or the medicine man about Scissors' ability to free his hands from bonds. But as they remembered that the presence of Shunca-luta should render futile any such power they became more optimistic.

It was Little Big Man who superintended the tying up of the two men. They were bound with many lengths of rawhide. Crazy Horse himself inspected the thongs to make sure they were right, and he directed that certain knots in the cords of Sorrel Horse be made more secure.

If a medicine was worthy of a man's devotion it needed no assistance from mortals. Scissors read the dismay in Dinsdale's face and murmured:

"The more rope the better. Four feet would be harder to get out of than a dozen."

With the last knot tied the two men were carried into the prisoners' lodge and laid on robes with the center pole between them. Then they were left and the flap was drawn tightly and pegged to the ground. The assemblage considered this the supreme test, and each warrior waited in breathless expectancy. Sorrel Horse was famous for being a defier of knots. Some of the warriors knew the white man had slipped his wrist thongs, but conditions were no longer the same.

Not only had much more cord been used, but the tying of the knots had been under the supervision of the red man's invisible helpers. Tunkan had sent his subordinates to protect his child. True, the white man had made stone offerings to Tunkan, but the red children were ever first in the heart of the stone god.

Almost as soon as the flap had been secured there came the sound of voices from the lodge, and neither white nor red man was speaking. There was only one explanation—help for the red man had arrived from Mato Tipl. One voice was high and squeaky and had been heard before when Sorrel Horse was in a trance in search of enlightenment. One voice rumbled and was quite terrifying to those grouped outside the lodge. The last would be a very mighty spirit. The side of the lodge next to the half-circle became agitated. The covering of hide shook and bulged outward and then sucked in. The voices increased in volume and gave the impression the white man's medicine was making a strong fight. Then the flap was shaken violently; and the spectators drew in their heels, ready to jump up and run if the battle was transferred to the open.

Those outside were at the peak of their excitement and were having difficulty in controlling themselves as they waited for the climax, when the voices suddenly ceased. The agitation of the lodge covering ceased. Only a deep

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groaning was to be heard. This groaning kept up for a minute or two, and yet nothing decisive happened. The spell was shattered by a voice behind the seated warriors calling out:

"His medicine has failed, they say. They say it is really very weak."

Dinsdale stifled back a cheer. The Indians jerked their heads about as one and were nonplused to behold the white man standing on the outer fringe of the massed group. This stupor gave way to a desire for action, and with a yell several of the men leaped to their feet and would have laid violent hands on Scissors had not Crazy Horse loudly commanded:

"Do not touch the white man. He is not running away. Open the lodge."

Scissors advanced to the medicine pole and seated himself beside Dinsdale. Little Big Man pulled up the pegs and threw back the flap. Sorrel Horse was flat on his back in his original position, and thoroughly helpless. It was most amazing. Scissors took advantage of the moment to whisper:

"Almost beat me. Nip and tuck. If Crazy Horse hadn't made them tighten up some of his knots he would have



Little Big Man Pulled Up the Pegs and Threw Back the Flap.

won. Once I was loose I fixed him up stronger than ever. That's what took me so long."

"So long! It was all over in no time. Why didn't some one see you come out?" muttered Dinsdale.

With a chuckle Scissors explained: "I shook the flap and got every one to watching it. Then I slipped out the back side and ran around behind the lodges."

Sorrel Horse was released. His face was deadly with hate as he got on his feet. He would not divulge that certain extra and very stubborn knots found in his thongs had been tied by Scissors. He preferred to explain that the white man's medicine had been allowed to appear the stronger because the red medicine was displeased at the Indian's soft treatment of the white man.

"Why should Tunkan help the red man against the white when the white man is taken by the hand and called Kola?" he sullenly asked.

This defense was perfectly logical in the minds of the majority of the red men, and more than one hand closed on a skinning knife in a lust to make a fitting sacrifice to the stone god. But Crazy Horse never lost sight of the main point. He spoke up sharply, saying:

"These men speak with a straight tongue, and their medicine will help us—or else they are liars and their medicine will grow very weak. We must find out if the young man is a friend of High Wolf, our brother of the Cheyenne. If he is then Two Knives Talking has talked with a straight tongue and his medicine will help us against Three Stars and his soldiers."

"Let Little Big Man pick out two young braves who want new names, and tell them to ride swiftly to the Short Medicine Pole hills and look for High Wolf. If High Wolf is not at the hills the two men will wait three

sleeps, then one shall ride to Slim butte to tell me. The other will wait three sleeps more and if High Wolf does not come, nor any soldiers are seen to be watched, then he will ride to my village."

"This place is not good for camp. Little Big Man has been very brave in going to Mato Tipl. Now let the camp move to Slim butte; for they say we shall have a big fight with Three Stars before many sleeps. Watch these two men, but do not put cords on Two Knives Talking. He will not run away and leave his friend; nor has his medicine the strength to take the rawhide off his friend yet."

Dinsdale was much discouraged when this was repeated to him, but Scissors optimistically declared:

"Even if old High Wolf is among the hills, as Crazy Horse seems to expect, the ride is more than a hundred miles from here. They'll go through flying unless something happens to them, but we haven't been skinned yet. So long as we can hope, we're all right. I'm wakan. I'm wakan wita-sha. Don't look downhearted. Look jolly. That's better. You're a friend of High Wolf, remember. He'll vouch for you. You're just hungry for him to show up."

Dinsdale was taken back into the lodge and tied to the center pole. Scissors was left free but under sharp espionage. Either Crazy Horse had no fear of his trying to escape so long as his friend was a prisoner, or else he wished to tempt him to fight, and thereby prove all his words were so many lies. Scissors refrained from even moving about the camp, and from his position in the opening of the lodge kept his companion informed of all that was going on outside.

Two ambitious young bucks were soon speeding north in search of High Wolf, who was believed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of the Short Medicine Pole hills. A few hours after their departure word was given to strike the lodges and pack them on travois poles. Dinsdale's shelter was the last to be taken down. He was mounted on his own horse with his hands still fastened behind him. Scissors was commanded to ride at the front of the band with Crazy Horse on one side and Little Big Man on the other. Sorrel Horse loitered behind to have a private conference with his medicine.

(To be continued)

Bordeaux Adds Greatly to Yield of Potatoes

All farmers specializing in potatoes are advised by G. R. Blaby, until recently of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, and A. G. Tolson, in charge of potato seed certification in Minnesota, to use bordeaux mixture for spraying purposes. Such spraying will be commercially profitable, they say, and insure against late blight. Advantages of the use of this mixture for spraying potatoes are thus summarized by them:

Prevents late blight of potatoes.
Reduces losses from other leaf diseases, and repels certain insects.
Tends to produce more vigorous tubers, as shown by their performances in various parts of the state.

Increases yields under farm conditions in various parts of the state.
Messrs. Blaby and Tolson have collaborated in preparing Bulletin 192 of the agricultural experiment station of the state university. They discuss the experiments made with bordeaux mixture sprays on potatoes at University farm for 16 years, finding that the average increase in yield from spraying in the absence of late blight, has been more than 20 bushels an acre for late varieties and about 27 bushels for early varieties. Good results are also reported from the substation, particularly from Crookston. Home-made bordeaux mixture is the best application for large acreages, at least. The cost of making and applying is comparatively small.

The four essentials of a bumper crop are good seed, rich soil, scientific tillage, and favorable weather. All of these—even the latter—are more or less under the control of the farmer, for by filling his soil with humus, he can lessen the damage by too much or too little rain.

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