

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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By Wm. H. WHEELER

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NATURE AND WAR

"War and destruction are un-
natural," said Mr. Coolidge at the
unveiling of a monument to war
veterans in Washington Saturday.
If that is true nature is be-
cause he has something to say and
he says it well, but in this case his
postulate is an unfortunate one.

From the most minute living
microscopic entities we know, up
through the blood corpuscles whose
constant warfare on and destruc-
tion of invading microbes main-
tains our lives, through all ani-
mated nature, war and destruction
are the rule. "The big fish eat
the little ones." We are even told
"There was war in heaven." Mi-
chael and his angels fought against
the dragon.

It may be that man, made "a
little lower than the angels," can
rise until he will be able to coun-
bine, as in the league of nations,
and prevent great wars. We hope
so. But the fact will remain that
war and destruction are natural
and continuous in all forms of life
known to man.

It is our duty as sentient beings
to do all we can to minimize war
and its horrors, but abstention
from membership in the league of
nations is not a step in that direc-
tion.

Platitudes, based on falsehoods,
like the above, and like the state-
ment in our declaration of inde-
pendence that "all men are born
free and equal," are futile. The
latter phrase would have been
truer at the time of its utterance
if it had begun: "All men except
slaves." But all men were never
born equal. Some come into the
world with sound minds and bod-
ies and some crippled, blind or
idiotic. Men are not even born
equal before the law. If the half-
wit sent to the state asylum from
this county a few years ago, after
a jury had acquitted him of murder,
had been born with the wealth
which both cursed and saved the
lives of Leopold and Loeb at Chi-
cago he could have paid to medical
"experts" enough of it to secure
his liberty.

One man is born with a brain
that enables him to live at the ex-
pense of his fellows, and another
with an intellect that only adapts
him to be "the goat."

We respect President Coolidge's
integrity and sincerity, but the
head of a political campaign in
the United States has a task to
which few men are "born equal,"
as has been demonstrated in the
experience of men of high mental
power, like Mr. Hughes and Mr.
Greeley.

If Hughes had been as wise in
political campaigning as he is in
some other fields he would have
defeated the brainiest man of his
day and there would have been no
league of nations.

A LEGALIZED ROBBERY
A number of farmers in this
section have posted and published
notices recently forbidding hunt-
ing on their places. They have
to feed the birds without remunera-
tion. Is it necessary that they
furnish hundreds of dollars' worth
of feed and then not have the
meat? Those who wish to hunt
can furnish a place of their own
for hunting.—Brownsville Times.

When the clause forbidding the
taking of private property without
due process of law was inserted in
the federal constitution its fram-
ers did not imagine that a time
would come when a game commis-
sion, drawing funds from the taxes
all of us pay, would, by "due pro-

cess of law," import and breed
birds and turn them loose by the
thousand to work havoc in the
farmer's grain, thus taking his
property without remuneration.

This is done under due process
of law, and for what? To provide
amusement for a few "sportsmen."
He who kills these birds to feed his
family is an ignoble pot hunter,
He who kills to gratify a wolfish
lust for killing is a noble sports-
man.

If there were as large a percent-
age of farmers in the legislature
as there is in productive industry
the lawmaking body would be
more representative of what is best
among our populace. And they
could not make a more mystifying,
unintelligible hodge-podge of words
than some of the acts of a legisla-
ture composed principally of law-
yers.

Furthermore, there might be
more justice in the laws they would
pass.

The Literary Digest is conduct-
ing a nation-wide preliminary poll
on the presidential issue. As far
as we have learned, Coolidge has
run well over 100 per cent above
LaFollette, with Davis third, and
this in face of the fact that the
majority of Bob's votes are likely
to come from people not liable to
be reached by a publication to
which the longest word in the title
of the Digest may properly be ap-
plied.

We publish republican and democ-
ratic campaign matter because
the committees stand the cost of
setting it in type. Read both
sides. Then vote intelligently.

Mr. Dawes isn't discussing the
Lorimer case, but his counsel in the
case says the appellate court ac-
quitted him of conniving at fraud
or deception.

The thrill produced by the base-
ball scandals is almost equal to
those furnished by the embattled
politicians.

Mr. Wilbur has added pep to
the campaign by what he didn't
say and Mr. Brookheart by what
he said.

Judge Bingham is Dead
Circuit Judge George G. Bingham
died in a Portland hospital
Saturday. Had he lived until the
25th of next month he would have
been 69.

A couple of years ago Judge
Bingham had a stroke of paralysis
but recovered in a few days. Sept.
25 he was stricken again while
trying a case in Portland and
went to a hospital where his wife
was a patient with heart disease.
There he remained until the end
came.

Judge Bingham was one of the
ablest and most industrious men
on the bench.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
of Hearing of Final Account
Notice is hereby given that the final
account of A. G. Waggener as admin-
istrator of the estate of John F. Waggener,
deceased, has been filed in the County
Court of Linn County, State of Ore-
gon, and that the 10th day of Novem-
ber, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.
m., has been duly appointed by said
Court for the hearing of objections to
said final account and the settlement
thereof, at which time any person inter-
ested in said estate may appear and file
objections thereto in writing and con-
test the same.
Dated and first published Oct. 8, 1924.
A. G. WAGGENER,
Administrator of the Estate.
AMOR A. TUSSING, Att'y for Adm'r.

Pay Gravel

By HUGH PENDEXTER



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(Continued)
A monotonous ride of twenty-five
miles, almost due north, brought Slave
butte abreast on the right. After the
first few miles Crazy Horse had evi-
denced a willingness to talk with his
prisoner and was ready to answer
questions. He took much pleasure in
describing how some Snake captives
were killed at Slave butte by the
Dakota in the old days, thereby origi-
nating the name, and added that
much had been learned since then as
to the most painful method of putting
prisoners to death.

Scissors appeared greatly pleased by
the gruesome recital and refused to
betray any concern over the veiled
threat as to his own possible fate. Al-
though the top of the butte was about
the same height as that of Mato Tipi
its actual elevation above its base was
less than three hundred feet owing to
the sharp upgrade from the Belle
Fourche.

No shelters were put up and after a
meal of jerked meat guards were
posted and the men rolled up in their
blankets. Scissors was not tied, and
Dinsdale was secured only by his legs.
From the chief down to the youngest
buck it was firmly believed that thongs
of rawhide could not hold Scissors,
and as an extra precaution against his
attempting flight Sorrel Horse offered
to stand watch over him. Nor could
there have been a more zealous
guard, for whenever the picture man
opened his eyes it was to find the
baleful orbs of the medicine man star-
ling at him.

When they resumed their journey in
the morning the course still held
northerly, and Crazy Horse informed
Scissors they were to pass through
Prospect valley between the Short
Pine hills, and then turn east and
skirt the bad lands and make a hard
ride of some forty miles before reach-
ing the Slim butte village. The chief
seemed to be very confident that his
village was inaccessible for the sol-
diers, should they ever come.

CHAPTER X
The White Men Score.
Because of a heavy rain the Slim
butte village was not reached until the
close of the third day out from Pros-
pect valley. The clouds broke and the
afternoon sun shone warm as the Oga-
lala and their prisoners came in sight
of the village.

As they rode up the slope to the
village the prisoners counted thirty-
seven lodges besides four uncovered
frames. One lodge, much larger than
the others, had a tall pole standing
beside the entrance, to which was at-
tached a long strip of flannel heavily
fringed with feathers.

At less than a man's height there
was suspended a large rattle which
bore a turtle design.
Dinsdale assumed this was the lodge
of Crazy Horse until Scissors in-
formed him the chief was extremely
democratic and that this particular
shelter belonged to a military society,
organized by Sitting Bull, and known
as the Strong Hearts.

They were under the direct com-
mand of American Horse, who was
absent on a scout to the head of
Heart river. American Horse had left
word for Crazy Horse that Sitting
Bull would soon be on the Little Mis-
souri, or the Heart, with five thou-
sand braves, and that the combined
forces would descend on the Black
hills and wipe out all the settlements
before the soldiers could arrive from
the Big Horn country. Crazy Horse,
although a stoic in concealing his feel-
ings, was much pleased over the like-
lihood of an early joining of forces.
He ordered that the prisoners be con-
ducted to a lodge and well guarded
but not bound.

The hard travel and the fare of
jerked meat had told more severely
on Dinsdale than on his companion,
and the former was glad to throw
himself on a pile of robes and suc-
cumb to the luxury of complete re-
laxation. Scissors was more worried
because of the danger threatening the
hill settlements than he cared to ad-
mit, and he remained at the opening
of the lodge in a hope of learning
something definite.

No messenger had arrived from the
Short Medicine Pole hills, and until
one arrived he would not believe Sit-
ting Bull was within smoke-signal
distance of the Little Missouri. Dins-
dale was too exhausted mentally and
physically to anticipate the dangers
of the morrow. Scissors' heart beat
rapidly every time he heard a pony's
hoof drumming toward the village.

No guards were posted inside the
lodge, and for the first time since their
capture both were free of bonds. They
were so weary they slept through
the ordinary bustle of early morning
and did not awaken until disturbed
by the penetrating sound of rattles.
Dinsdale rolled from his robes before

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fully awake and groped about for
some weapon. Scissors quieted him
and opened the flap and peered out.
He motioned for Dinsdale to join him,
and whispered:

"Some ceremony of the Strong
Hearts. I can see their banner."

Dinsdale was not assured, for the
first part of the spectacle he ob-
served consisted of two men with
bows and arrows. Behind them
walked two braves, each vigorously
shaking a gourd rattle. Ahead of the
quartette walked two girls; one car-
rying a pipe and the other a Strong
Heart banner. The purpose of the
bowmen was soon revealed, and Dins-
dale lost his fear. One of the men
suddenly raised his bow and sent an
arrow through a dog. His companion
shot another; and the rattles were
shaken loudly to signalize their mark-
smanship.

A woman ran from a lodge and took
both dogs inside. The little proces-
sion disappeared behind a lodge and
presumably killed more dogs, as there
came further spasmodic rattling.
After some fifteen minutes the
men and the two young girls
came in sight of the prisoners' lodge
and walked toward it. The bows were
unstrung, the rattles sounded only at
regular intervals. The four men
chanted:

"Friends, whoever runs away shall
not be admitted."

"Strong Hearts, all right. They've
been shooting their breakfast. Food
enough without killing dogs, but they
are trying to teach the village folks
self control. They won't shoot a dog,
if the owner comes out and makes a
fuss," explained Scissors, who was
now cutting a piece of paper. "They
reckon it makes a man's heart strong
to see his dog killed without making
a row about it. There comes the wom-
an who owned the two pups we saw
shot. She showed her self-control by
taking the dogs inside and stinging
them. Now she's carrying them to the
society's lodge where they'll be cooked
and eaten. In the old days there
might be as many as four Strong
Heart lodges in one village; and it
took some dogs to keep them all
going."

As the Strong Hearts proudly
stalked by the prisoners' lodge, Scis-
sors leaned through the opening and
thrust his picture into the hand of
a bowman. It was an excellent out-
line of a brave in the act of releasing
an arrow, and the low grunt of the re-
cipient testified to his appreciation of
it.

"Always could do it," mused Scis-
sors proudly. "I'm wakan. Pictures
don't cost me anything. Cheers them
up. Why not give them some?"

"If it'll cheer the devils any please
give them a bushel," was Dinsdale's
disconsolate rejoinder. "Scissors, I'm
losing my nerve; and I never lost it
before. It isn't death; it's the way
they have with their d-d skinning
knives. I'm always remembering that
story about the fellow skinned alive
and Rawhide creek named after the
affair."

"You're borrowing trouble," rebuked
Scissors. "The fellow you mention
suffered enough without you suffering
any over it. Almost any morning the
dogs in this village see some of their
canine friends shot. Do they worry
and brood over what may happen to
them? Two are out there playing now.
Today is theirs and they live it.
Wakantanka lets them see only the
present. Man sees a long line of to-
morrow. Unless he can train his
soul to be strong he pays for his man-
knowledge by being afraid for what
may happen. Stir up your soul. We're
alive. We can hope. Only those who
see the tomorrows can hope. Up to
this minute we have been as safe as
if we were back in Deadwood City."

"Oh, I'll drag myself together so's
not to show anything," muttered Dins-
dale. "But I wish something could
happen. I wish it was all over, one
way or the other. I'm not afraid of
where I will land, but it's the road
there that I would like to skip."

"It's trying to guess what road we're
to take that's ailing you. We'll walk
about and you'll feel better," said
Scissors.

When they left the lodge several
warriors walked behind them, keeping
fifty feet from them. Other men, as if
wandering aimlessly, walked abreast
of them.

During their walk the prisoners saw

nothing of Crazy Horse or Little Big
Man, but Sorrel Horse, the medicine
man, was occasionally glimpsed as he
glided behind the lodges and near
enough to watch them.

Scissors began cutting pictures of
dogs and children, making them ex-
ceedingly whimsical, and beckoned for
the sullen youngsters to approach and
receive them as gifts. At first the
children imitated the baleful hostility
of the medicine man and lowered at
the smiling picture man with juvenile
ferocity. Gradually curiosity got the
better of racial resentment, and one
bold urchin counted coup by dashing
in and snatching a picture. After that
there was much scrambling for the pic-
tures, and as fast as one was secured
it was taken to a lodge to display to
the equally curious parents. Some-
one decided the grotesque outlines were
medicine, at least good-luck tokens,
and one was pinned on the outside of
a lodge. The word was quickly passed,
and in a very short time a dozen or
more lodges were thus decorated.

With rapidly rising anger did Sorrel
Horse observe this homage to the
white medicine. Striding up to an of-
fending lodge he tore off the picture
and scattered it on the ground and
harshly rebuked the inmates for hav-
ing anything to do with a white medi-
cine. His voice carried far, and dusky
arms were thrust from the other
lodges to remove the pictures.

"He hasn't any right to do that,"
gravely decided Scissors. "I must teach
him a lesson. Let's get away from the
lodges where I can think a bit."

They returned to the slope and
walked down to the river. Their
guards followed, but kept a distance.
They seated themselves on the bank
of the stream. A slip of a girl stole
down to the stream and filled an
earthenware jug to overflowing. She
had not discovered them and paused
for a minute to dabble her feet in the

water. The jug was decorated with a
red snake, showing the owner had
dreamed of wolves and had learned
from them how to locate game. Shun-
ca-luta carried the bent stick of a
Wolf-dreamer.

At last the girl decided she had
better be about finishing her errand
and scrambled from the water and
inserted the wooden stopper in the jug
and smote it with her small fist to
drive it home. The jug being filled to
the top of the snout, promptly broke
under the hydraulic pressure, the
cleavage being near the bottom and
as evenly cut as if done by a knife.
The girl stared in horror at the broken
jug and began tearing her hair. Scis-
sors stepped forward and addressed
her. In a broken whisper she ex-
plained:

"It is his, the mighty Shunca-luta.
Each day he sends the medicine jug
by me. Now I have spoiled it. Now
he will work bad medicine against
me."

Scissors' eyes sparkled with inspira-
tion and he knelt and examined the
break critically. Then he readjusted
the two pieces and found they fitted
snugly together. To the girl he said,
"Stop your noise, little one. Perhaps
my medicine can make the jug whole."

He motioned for Dinsdale to join
him. "Bring water in your hat and
fill this up while I hold it from slip-
ping apart," he directed.

Deeply puzzled, Dinsdale brought
water in his felt hat and poured it
into the jug. Until disturbed the jug
looked the same as ever. When the
last hatful brought the water to the
top of the snout Scissors took the
wooden stopper and gently inserted
one end and worked slowly so suc-
cipient water might escape to allow the
plug to remain in place and exclude
the air.

"What nonsense is this?" demanded
Dinsdale. "The jug is broken."
"I will talk as we walk back."

Then to the girl he said: "Lift it
gently by the handle. Do not let it
hit against your legs. Walk carefully
behind us. When you see me talking
with Shunca-luta place it gently on
the ground where the ground is very
smooth and level. Do you under-
stand?"
She bobbed her head, her small
round face filled with terror.
"And never tell any one, or it will
be bad medicine, and you will never
see me again."
(Continued on page 3)

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