

GLOBE ALBANY
3 DAYS, STARTING SUNDAY, November 9
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
This is the same show that is now playing in the cities at prices from \$1.65 to \$5.50
Popular Prices Adults 50c; children 25c

Albany BAKERY BREAD
Delivered HOT every morning at Halsey and sold at the
GOOD GEATS Restaurant
Fresh and WARM daily at
Tangent Lebanon Crabtree
Shedd Plainview Scio bread
Brownsville Foster Jefferson made

Halsey Happenings

(Continued page 3)
Dr. Marks was an Albany caller Monday.
Roland Marks was home from O. A. C. Sunday.
O. W. Frum and family were in Albany Monday for radio repairs.
Lloyd Byerley and wife of Albany spent Sunday at the Hugh Leeper home.
Leonard Gilkey has been elected secretary of the Albany chamber of commerce.
Joe Pittman, who has been working for T. M. Bennett near Lacombe for several weeks, came home Saturday and stayed till Tuesday.
The high water incident to the long-continued heavy rains prevented travel between Halsey and Brownsville for a day or two last week.
Mrs. Hugh Leeper, who has been in ill health for some time, went to Albany Sunday. She had her tonsils removed Tuesday.
Mrs. E. E. Gourley and little daughter Marie returned Saturday from Eugene, where they had been to have Marie's tonsils removed.
Miss Mabel Temple of Lebanon spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant. She is Mrs. Sturtevant's niece.
Mr. and Mrs. Oren Stratton, from Brownsville, were guests at the W. H. Beene home Saturday night.
L. W. Shisler of Harrisburg passed through Halsey Sunday on his way home from Corvallis where he had been to see his wife, who underwent an operation for appendicitis recently.
A printer's error made the late Willis Davis, whose death is narrated in the last item on page 3, 57 years old instead of 51, and one in the editorial column told of an

event as occurring in 1974 instead of 1874.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Boner of Eugene were guests of Mrs. S. C. Bass Sunday.
E. S. Bass and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Bass' mother, Mrs. S. C. Bass.
Harvey Rike and family have moved to the property owned by Mrs. M. E. Bassett in east Halsey.
C. H. Koontz and family drove to Harrisburg Sunday by way of giving the new sedan exercise.
Miss Mearle Straley gave a Halloween program Friday evening in which her pupils took part. Several visitors were present and a social time was enjoyed.
Harold Stevenson of Brownsville was in Halsey Monday and took dinner at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stevenson.

Pay Gravel

(Continued on page 3)



The Illiterate Landlord Gave Him a Boisterous Welcome.

The dust is coming in. A whole ounce in just one place. Yes, sir. The price is a dollar now. Demand is more'n I can fill.—Thank you, sir.—Now, gents, I'm going to turn out just one dozen more before I move on. After this you'll have to come to San Juan Joe's tent to get them. Always could do it. I'm wakan. I've forgot lots of things, but I know Indians. Who wants a picture of the great Crazy Horse, who reckons to raid this town very soon? First come, first served."
Pyrites, frowning severely, pushed his way to Dinsdale's side and secured his attention.

"Did that fool tell you Joey's talk?" he asked.
Receiving a negative Pyrites growled an oath and jeered:
"Must have known it. I don't see why Joey trusts him to do errands. He always forgets if he finds any one to listen to his yawp. Joey wants you to drop in and see him soon as you can. He sent Scissors to tell you. When you didn't show up he sent me. Every time a body sends Scissors on an errand he gets to mooning round with his paper cutting."
"All right, Pyrites, I'll trot right along."
San Juan Joe was in the tent, walking among the various bank games. On beholding Dinsdale he motioned him to the bar and joined him at the lower end, which happened to be deserted. After they had been served and the bartender had retired San Juan said:
"Rather talk here. Looks as if we'd met by accident, you know. The game must be played on the jump. I went over to the express office to see about sending out some dust. Patrick & Saalsbury's agent has decided to take no chances on the Indians cutting the Black Hills off from the railroad and plans to send out the coach tomorrow. I've given Webb his last orders.

"I spoke to the agent about you, explaining how the Indians had cleaned you out and that you were keen for work. I dragged Scissors in off the street and made him tell about your gun-play among the Indians, and the agent wants you for an extra. But we want better than that. You must take some one's place. I've arranged to have one of the regular guards filled up with scalp-talk, with plenty of drink on the side. He won't show up. All you've got to do now is to call on the agent and say I spoke to you. You know what to tell him."
"I'll make a good talk. How much is going out?"
San Juan Joe's pale face colored slightly and his right hand gripped the bar to stop its tendency to tremble. He whispered:
"Two hundred and fifty thousand. Think of it! Quarter of a million! Sounds more the last way. Do it four times and it's a million. It'll be the biggest killing ever made in any mines at any time!"
"And there'll be a mighty hot chase to get it back."
"Nor that! That's the beauty of it. This Indian scare will hold all the men to the gulch. The timid won't dare to go in a posse and they won't let the men with sand go. They'll hold them by squalling about their duty to the women and children. But even if there wasn't any Indian scare it would work smooth. We'll peck the gold to a place where few white men have ever been. They could hunt a year with an army and not find us. You and Webb will clear out, riding for the railroad and then streaking out to the coast and meeting us later, or you can stay with the bullion in the hills and light out after every one thinks you've skipped.

Coach, the chief and I will be masked and will come back here. Talk with the agent and I'll explain later."
Dinsdale's face darkened.
"You're all right, Joe. But I don't know your chief, the man you call Number One. I'll stick by the dust till I get my share of it."
"Glad to have you do that," readily agreed San Juan. "Horseshoe knows us and he prefers to ride for it and get his later. We plan to work together and do more work. We want you with us. You'll make a good one to guard the stuff. But it'll be lonesome work, as we won't dare quit 'toun for a month or six weeks."

"I never get lonesome when I have a quarter of a million for company," said Dinsdale, with a grim smile. "And I ain't doubting your chief any. Your word goes for him as well as for yourself. But I always do hanker to keep close to my earnings. You're planning to stay here and sell out sort of natural, huh?"
"The selling out is already planned. I've been talking it for some time. Folks will think I'm off for South Africa with Kitty. She thinks I'm going with her. I had intended to. But I'm through with her."
"I thought you were helplessly in love with her."
"I am," groaned San Juan. "And that's why I'll not go to South Africa with her. She doesn't care for me except to have me stand by and scare off folks who bother her. No more watchdog work for mine. I've had enough."

Dinsdale and Amos Roberts, the captain of the guard, rode in advance of the treasure-coach. Throughout the hills and at the various ranches, or stations, relays of horses had been waiting for a month. Horseshoe Webb, sitting his horse awkwardly, was one of the eight men galloping along beside the coach. A few hundred feet in the rear came two more guards.
All the men carried their rifles ready for instant service, although no attack, in the hills at least, was expected. Good time was made over the corduroy road, and none of the twelve men observed anything to arouse suspicion. Ten of the guards had made the trip several times and scooped at the idea of road-agents daring to try for the gold. The holding up of one consignment and the theft of twenty-five thousand dollars only proved it was foolish to send out treasure under a guard of two men.

Roberts admired Dinsdale immensely because of his exploits among the Ogalala. Credit for the escape from Slim Butte was given almost entirely to him despite his insistence that Scissors deserved all the praise. Deadwood City could imagine the picture man in only one role, a harmless and very clever peddler of paper pictures. So Dinsdale's vehement disclaimers were accepted as the workings of modesty.
Roberts elected to ride with the new man and he kept his tongue wagging incessantly. Dinsdale listened, shrewdly appraising the man and concluding that the fellow would know no fear in an emergency, but would be easily deceived. Among other gossip things Roberts said there would have been thirteen guards if one of the regulars hadn't been intoxicated when it came to pull out from the gulch.
"and thirteen is unlucky. I'm mortal glad he quit. Not enough agents in the hills to hold up this outfit," he boasted.

"I should say not. Guarding a coach is soft money. Injuns may give us some fun, but the agents will think twice," replied Dinsdale.
At Rapid City fresh horses were ready. The coming of the coach caused but little interest. It carried much wealth, securely guarded. The agents wanted none of that game. But the town was most anxious to learn the latest Indian news, as extravagant stories of danger had been relayed by volunteer and irresponsible messengers. The guards were eagerly questioned. Was Crazy Horse camping on the Belle Fourche? Had Sitting Bull cut off the Bismark and Fort Pierre trails with a force of six thousand braves? Was there any truth in the report that the bulk of Crook's command had suffered the fate of Custer's five companies? On receiving reassuring answers some persisted in believing the sending out of the gold evidenced a fear of an early attack. One man bitterly complained:
"they'll take out the dust under guard, but they don't fix it so the women and children will be safe. Gold's more precious than human life."

"We've got to be in Sidney in fifty hours. So long," shouted the driver as the last trace was secured; and the long whip cracked over the leaders and the coach plunged ahead.
With the Spring creek crossing ahead the rear guard rode in closer. Horse-thieves were reputed to have their headquarters somewhere on the divide between the Spring and Rapid, and while it was not generally believed that the horse-thieves and road-agents belonged to the same band it would be easy for lawless men to desert one vocation for another when a quarter of a million dollars was involved.
Dinsdale had hung back with the main body, but after the first two miles he gave Horseshoe Webb a signal to follow him and galloped on in advance. Webb pounded after him and was riding by his side when the two turned a wooded bend and were lost to view. Roberts heard Dinsdale call out sharply and spurred forward to investigate. He found Dinsdale afoot and trying to lift Webb back on his horse.

"Nag stumbled and threw him. Never tried to save himself. Landed like a bag of meal, right on his head."
"Leave him lay till the coach comes up and we'll stick him inside. He's of a guard!" growled Roberts.
They had gone too far to take him back to Rapid City and, falling to find a camp of miners on Spring or Battle creeks, it would be necessary to take him through to Chester City on French creek. The man was unconscious but breathing in a stertorous manner.

TORRANCE GARAGE

212 East First st., Albany Phone 379
Engine repairing and reconditioning a specialty
First Valve Grinding Machine ever brought to Albany Makes 'em fit

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

Table with columns for North and South directions, listing train numbers, departure times, and arrival times. Includes 'SUNDAY MAIL HOURS' section.

Delivered window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 10:40 to 10:50 a. m. and 12:15 to 12:30 p. m.
Sunday mail goes out only on the north-bound 10:48 train:
All mail going south on Sunday is made up at 10:50.
On week days mail going south is dispatched at 11:05 and 11:45 a. m. and 4:05 and 5:30 p. m.

Lake Creek Locals

(By Special Correspondent)
Mrs. J. C. Porter and Mrs. W. A. Muller were in Albany Friday.
Harry and Ted Porter attended the football game at Corvallis Friday.
Frank Gibson and wife were visitors at Martin Cummings Sunday afternoon.
Miss Jennie Nicewood spent Wednesday night with her friend, Wilma Wahl.
N. H. Cummings and family attended the program at Pine Grove Friday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baumgartner were guests at N. H. Cummings' on Sunday.
Walter Baumgartner and Martin Cummings attended the O. B. Long sale in Alesia Friday.
Mrs. Elmer Munson spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Smith of Albany.
O. G. Coldiron is home after having spent several weeks visiting relatives in Oklahoma.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ardry visited Mrs. Ardry's brother, Luther Boock, and family, Sunday.
The heavy rains of the past week did much damage to the corn and potatoes along the river.
Mr. and Mrs. William Burr of Pasadena, Cal., have been visiting their cousin, J. S. Nicewood and family.
Rev. Mr. Hughes, Conference Evangelist, will be here Thursday evening, Nov. 6, and hold revival meetings for some time. Mr. Hughes comes highly recommended and we are expecting a great meeting.

Figuring Contents of Silo Made Easy

A simple table, worked out at the Iowa Agricultural college, is endorsed as practical and good by the animal husbandry workers at the New York State college at Ithaca. They point out that tables would hardly be needed if silos contained nothing but air, or water, or rocks, or sand. But silage packs down, so that the higher the silo, the greater the pressure on the bottom layers, which means more pounds to the square foot at the bottom of the silo. Other factors, such as time of filling and condition of corn, also cause a variation in weight.
The following table shows the average weight at various depths of a cubic foot of silage; the first figure indicating feet and the second pounds: 10-26, 12-27 1/2, 14-29, 16-30 1/2, 18-32, 20-33 1/2, 22-34 1/2, 24-36, 26-37 1/2, 28-38 1/2, 30-39 1/2, 32-40 1/2, 34-42, 36-43 1/2, 38-44, 40-45, 42-46, 44-47, 46-48, 50-50, 60-64.
If a 12 by 40-foot silo contained 36 feet of silage after being allowed to settle and the exact number of tons left in the silo is wanted, the area would first be figured by multiplying half the diameter multiplied by itself times 3.1416. So 6x6x3.1416 equals 113.1 square feet. The total amount of silage was 113.1x36 or 4071.6 cubic feet. The amount fed off was 113.1x18 or 2036.1 cubic feet.
From the table, the average of 36 feet of silage is 42 1/2 pounds for each cubic foot, or a total of 4071.6x42 1/2 or 174,000 pounds. The amount fed off, however, averaged only 39 1/2 pounds to a cubic foot—as the table shows. In other words, 1800x39 1/2 equals 53,175 pounds fed out. The difference is 118,825 pounds remaining, or approximately 59 tons.

Simple Table Worked Out at Iowa College Is Good.

(To be continued)

Mrs. H. Freerksen, who has been visiting her son, P. H. Freerksen and family for a week, left for Shedd Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Starr and daughter Louise drove to Corvallis, Wednesday, to visit Mr. Starr's mother, Mrs. Fanny Starr.

S. J. Smith and family spent Sunday at the home of N. T. Sneed and family.

FOR SALE Seasoned Ash and Oak Wood
H. A. RENNINGER Inquire at ranch.

"A Treasure Chest!"
That is what a woman said recently upon opening a box of our assorted candies. What woman doesn't regard candy as a treasure? It is really more than that, too; it is an absolute necessity, supplying a food want in a manner no other article of diet can. Ours is the best to be had.
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.

Alford Arrows (Enterprise Correspondence)
Mr. and Mrs. John Rolfe have moved to B. E. Cogswell's place.
Miss Lillie Rickard gave a hallow'en party for her pupils at her home Friday night.
Mrs. J. H. Rickard is going to Eugene three times a week for medical treatment.
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rickard were afternoon callers at the J. H. Rickard home Sunday.
A special school meeting was held at the school house Saturday afternoon and elected E. A. Starnes a director to take the place of J. N. Burnett, who has moved away.