

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

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To Advertisers

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EXPERT BUNK — PERJURY

The blackest mark against any profession (not excluding the Black Hand and other criminal organizations from the list of professions) stands against the medical men in America. It is the oft-demonstrated fact that, for fees of hundreds of dollars a day, medical and psychological "experts" of the highest standing can be hired to swear in court to exactly opposite sides of a disputed question.

The wisest of them know mighty little about the subjects on which they claim to be expert, or they are unconscionable perjurers.

Expert medical testimony in a criminal trial may be worth all it costs — to those who pay for it — but it is utterly worthless as a means of forming correct judgment.

Titus Oates in his day was as trustworthy on the witness stand as the average "expert."

In view of the reception given this kind of testimony in criminal cases the fact that there is a great deal of contempt of court in America is no cause for surprise.

Here are a few sentences from the statement of Milton A. Miller, candidate for the democratic nomination to the United States senate, which belong in the Enterprise's platform as well: "I favor excess profits tax. I favor strict child labor laws. I favor prohibition and the strict enforcement of the law. I am in favor of anything that will bring world peace, preferably the league of nations."

La Follette will get the vote of Compers and his beer followers among union laborers, but if he should get a plurality it would be only a minority for him and beer. With the dry vote divided between Coolidge and Davis surely no friend of prohibition can afford to miss the polls.

The wires have of late been burdened with details of how the most noted criminal lawyer, aided by suddenly notorious criminal witnesses, worked to save the necks of the two other temporarily most notorious criminals.

Mrs. Rebecca Foster, after smoking a pipe for 57 years, died at Tacoma Aug. 9, just a week after she gave up the habit, aged 92. If she had continued the habit perhaps she would have lived to a ripe old age.

On page 1 is an offer by the county fair management which will enable community clubs, granges, Women's clubs and the like to put money in their treasuries and at the same time increase the patronage of the annual event which has been and will be of so much value to agriculture in the county, the fair. This campaign is as wide as the county and through it probably many more people will be induced to buy tickets, and to enjoy the advantages the fair offers in the way of practical education than by any other means.

The Oregon Voter guessed that Governor Pierce would support La Follette. It was such a poor guess that Pierce pronounced it a willful lie. Whereat the Voter "jest laffs."

In our courts an "expert" is a fellow who is paid a big fee for solemnly swearing that his ignorance is knowledge.

Stephen Nagby of Berlin gave marriage a thorough test by marrying fourteen times. His last wife left him and he concluded to try something better and committed suicide.

Perhaps we are all fools or crazy. Any of us who can command enough money can prove in court that we are.

Pay Gravel

HUGH PENDEXTER

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(Continued)

With a movement so quick that none could follow it Dinsdale knocked the derringer to the floor. French Curly dived to recover it, but snarled in fear and threw himself backward as a bullet struck the floor under the weapon and jumped it to the center of the room.

Then with both guns working alternately Dinsdale caused the derringer to spin and hop toward the door, the shots coming almost together and each furthering the flight of the weapon.

"Look out!" some one howled. He wheeled in time to behold French Curly half over the bar and reaching for the bartender's gun.

"Quit it," calmly commanded Dinsdale, walking toward him. "You didn't count right. I have a shot left."

The gambler dropped back to the floor and Dinsdale put up his weapons. Keno Frank, drawn from his private room by the firing, now ran forward

and behind the bar against which Dinsdale was leaning. With a scowl on his heavy face he stared from Curly's furious countenance to that of the nonchalant Dinsdale, then at the floor and the battered target.

"Seems to me, stranger, you've taken some liberty with my new floor," he began.

"A matter of doing that, or killing a snake. But you must admit it was pretty gun-play. Ask any of the men."

Keno Frank's hand was resting beneath the bar, fumbling for the gun

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

By wearing a pedometer, an Iowa farm woman found she usually walked 5 miles each day in preparing the meals for her family of three. With the aid of a member of the co-operative agricultural extension service of that state she studied the placing of her kitchen equipment. After rearranging it, her pedometer showed that the distance she had to walk in preparing one day's meals was but 2.5 miles, exactly half that required before.



street, apparently as fresh as if he had been in bed all night instead of three hours of sleep during the forenoon. He visited several dives without tarrying in any. As he was leaving a gambling tent a disheveled creature followed him and warned:

"Watch out for that Bandy Allen. He 'lows to pot you, mister."

"Thanks. Run away."

And the fellow stumbled off to stare ecstatically at the greenback in his grimy paw.

In the afternoon following the lively night at Keno Frank's he was accosted in front of the Grand Central hotel by a grave-faced man, who rapidly said:

"Your name is Peter Dinsdale. I am mayor of this town. Mayor Farnum. I must talk plainly to you, as you are a young man. I hope you're more foolish than dangerous."

"Shoot, mayor. I'm both young and dangerous, but never dangerous to Mayor Farnum."

The mayor frowned at the flippant tone and boastful words and advised him:

"This town is not a good place for you. Back in Cheyenne or Denver, say."

Dinsdale's smile vanished.

"Is that an order for me to get out?" he sharply asked.

"No; not an order. Simply some good advice. Affairs have been run rather loosely here ever since the big rush commenced, but conditions will soon change. When they do, men of your type won't be wanted. Already



"Any Penalty if I Stay On Here?"

there are enough serious men and women here to work the change. New times are coming. You won't fit into them."

"Any penalty if I stay on here?"

"That depends on you entirely. I hear talk about you and Bandy Allen planning to fight a street duel. I warn you that if there is any bloodshed it won't be a second Jack McCall affair."

"There's nothing to that Allen talk. He won't bring any fight to me. Why, he's a yaller dog."

"I hope it's only talk. But Allen has certainly made the talk."

"If he says we two have challenged each other to a street fight he's a

cheap liar. If I run across him I'll take him by the nape of the neck and bring him up to see you and let you hear him eat his words," promised Dinsdale.

"There you go again with more lawless threats," rebuked the exasperated mayor. "Can't you understand that gun-play and all-night carousing are simply spasms—that they never last, that no mining town stands for such business very long? If Bandy Allen and you start any fight—"

"We shall not!" warmly broke in Dinsdale. "If he comes across my path I'll take his guns away from him and send them to you."

"I'm afraid you're hopeless," sighed the mayor. "I've taken it on myself to warn you. You'll do as you will, of course."

"But I haven't killed any one yet," protested Dinsdale. "I've lost money at poker. Surely that doesn't brand me as a card sharp. I've bought several million drinks, but your citizens drank them."

"I've heard about you throwing money away. The gulch is full of stories about you. They call you the 'greenback man,'" was the cold retort. "No crime for a man to be open-handed, even with greenbacks," lightly defended Dinsdale.

"I've finished," said the mayor, and bowing he passed on.

Dinsdale's happy-go-lucky mien changed to an expression of thoughtfulness as he slowly walked in the opposite direction. He was aroused from his meditation by a claw of a hand clutching his arm. He twisted clear easily and glared down into the pinched-up face of a camp bummer.

"Say, boss, Bandy Allen's down ahead, laying for you," croaked the unwashed.

Dinsdale snapped him a coin and ferociously warned him:

"You tell any of your friends I gave you that and I'll hunt you down and cut off your ears. I never forget a face, even a dirty one. Scoot!"

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aloud said:
'They're getting organized. Society for Warning Pete Dinsdale Against the Evil Plans of Bandy Allen. First chap babbled about his luck, now they'll ambush me in relays.'
He had scarcely come to this whimsical decision when another man glided from the doorway of a store and began:
'Mr. Dinsdale, I want to warn you—'
Dinsdale caught him by the collar of his ragged shirt and shot him back into the store.
'Still trying to build up a name as a fighting man by ill-using bummers,' spoke up a rasping voice.
Red of face Dinsdale turned and encountered the scornful gaze of Mrs. Colt. Beside her and ducking her head in timorous welcome was Lottie Carl, trim and trim in new dress and serviceable shoes.
'The man annoyed me, Mrs. Colt,' gravely answered Dinsdale.
Lottie Carl advanced to greet him, but the widow swung her back from contamination. Dinsdale sorrowfully returned her troubled gaze, lifted his hat to Mrs. Colt and hurried on. For an hour thereafter it would have been hazardous for any one to have intruded upon his affairs. He had treated all his experiences as jokes, but the meeting with the widow and Lottie Carl cut him deeper than he cared to admit to himself. Consequently he was in a bad humor as he walked back to the Bed Rock and all but ran into Kitty the Schemer. He touched his hat and stepped aside, but she blocked his path and complained:
'Isn't any of your wealth to come to poor me, Mr. Bad Man?'
'I'm taking them alphabetically and haven't reached the S's yet,' he gravely explained.
'Joe says you play poor cards,' she sweetly informed him.
'Joe ought to know. He was in the game when I was trimmed.'
'If I tell him that he won't like your saying it.'
He smiled cynically and assured her:
'You can't make bad blood between Joe and me. So long as I don't fall in love with you Joe won't sniff any battle smoke.'
'I'm afraid Allen will get you first,' she jeered. He halted his steps and contemplated her curiously and mused:
'So you're the one who set the yarn going about me fighting that rabbit.'
'You're as poor at guessing as you are at cards. You'll know when I become busy.'
'Work fast, little woman, as I shall be leaving the gulch soon.'
Her pink and white face hardened and the blue eyes squinted up with malice.
'When you feel the rope that McCall dodged remember me, my bad man.'
'I shall remember you for a long time; but I'm not your bad man,' he softly reminded her as he passed on.
Kitty the Schemer bit her red lips and watched him swing up the street. The experience of having young men ignore her undoubted charms was both new and intensely disagreeable.
The night began for Dinsdale as had the others. From tent to tent and from dance hall to saloon he traveled, lavishly acting as host to crowds of men who already were whispering their belief he was one of the Ogalala train robbers. In the Big Ace, devoted entirely to fare and largely patronized by professionals who had made killings at poker, he added to his unsavory reputation by winning two thousand dollars in gold and then promi-