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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 ccurt 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 Curly dived to recover it, but snarled 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. shots coming almost together and each

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 Gompers and his beer followers Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both among union laborers, but if he local and internal, and has been successful get a plurality it would be ful in the treatment of Catarrh for over 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 ofier 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 ir duced to buy tickets, and to enoy 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.

riage a thorough test by marrying meals for her family of three. With 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 preparing one day's meals was but money can prove in court that we are.

Stephen Nagby of Berlin gave mar- ed 5 miles each day in preparing the the aid of a member of the co-operative agricultural extension service of that state she studied the placing of her kitchen equipment. Afte: rearranging it, her pedometer showed that the distance she had to walk in

2.5 miles, exactly half that required

PENDEXTER COPYRIGHT AT THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO (Continued)

With a movement so quick that none could follow it Dinsdale knocked the derringer to the floor. French 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 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

forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Curly had failed to secure. He stared into the smiling face thoughtfully. The scowl faded and the hand was withdrawn, empty.

"It was pretty gun-play, stranger. Have a drink?" Dinsdale shook his head and reload-

ed his guns. "Just walking around a bit. I'll be

going." He passed to the door, his hands at his side. French Curly wished he carried a second derringer as did San

Juan Joe, but in his heart he knew he would not risk a shot had he had the extra gun. This episode, more spectacular than to resort the story was carried that

tragic, added to the reputation that Dinsdale was acquiring, From resort night, and by morning the "greenback man" was the principal topic of conversation among all classes. The story of his prodigality trebled his losses and gifts in the telling until it was inevitably concluded that the source of his wealth, at the least, was mysteri-The morning also found something

new added to the widely flung gossip and was based on his encounter with Bandy Allen in the I. X. L. hotel. With the usual exaggeration it was loudly bruited about that the two men had parted with the understanding they should begin shooting on sight when next they met. For several days Allen had been drinking heavily. He was a type that loses nothing of deadliness because of liquor. The more he drank the more quiet he grew. There was no doubt as to his making threats against Dinsdale a few hours after the scene in Keno Frank's place. But the two did not meet and now it was morning and the entire town was expecting them to settle their feud before sun-

Near noon Dinsdale appeared on the

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

By wearing a pedometer, an Iowa street, apparently as fresh as it he farm woman found she usually walk- 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 'low's 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

"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 "This town is not a good place for

you. Back in Cheyenne or Denver, 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

"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 blood shed it won't be a second Jack McCall

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

"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." rotested Dinsdale. "I've lost money t poker. Surely that doesn't brand me as a card sharp. I've bought several million drinks, but your citizens

"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 openhanded, 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

feroclously 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!" With ludicrous haste the fellow raced up the street, the coin clutched in his hand, with a great fear clutching at his heart. With a dry chuckle Dinsdale continued his walk, and half

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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 be-

"Mr. Dinsdale, I want to warn 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 Lottle Carl, trig 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 hurrled on. For an hour thereafter it would have been exardons for any one to truded upon his affairs. He had treated all his experiences as jokes, but the meeting with the widow and Lottle 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

his path and complained: "Isn't any of your wealth to come to poor me, Mr. Bad Man?"

hat and stepped aside, but she blocked

"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

"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 bat-

tle 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

"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

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 promising to shoot his way clear of the joint when the proprietor became over insistent on his remaining and tempting fortune further.

As he left the place he was thrown into a sudden spell of anger by a poor creature creeping to his side and attempting to tell the same old story about Bandy Allen.

"You scum!" he growled, reaching for the fellow's neck.

"Mercy sakes! Don't" spluttered the fellow. "You gave me a bill this morning. I wanted to do you a good turn. I tell you Allen's going to try for

"Excuse me, neighbor," sighed Dinsdale. "I've been trailed pretty strong by your friends today."

"I ain't after no more money. I owed you a few words, I thought. No funny business to it. I heard French Curly as much as tell Big George you was having your last night--'less you seen Bandy Allen first. Them was his exact words, almost. Believe, or forgit it." And he ducked away up the

Dinsdale rubbed his chin and mused: "I'm inclined to believe it. But what the devil is behind it all? That poor fool isn't acting 'less

pushing him forward." Only hilarity filled his sh apely head when an hour after midni ght he entered the Grand Central as id immediately became a central figure. He invaded the bar with a mob at his heels and made it free to all. While he dumped some of his golders faro winnings on the bar the word was carried to the street that the "greenback man" was throwing everything wide open and without limit, and homeless men flocked in and jammed the place.

It was while the last of the mob was being satiated that Scissors squirmed through the press and thrust a note into Dinsdale's hand. Opening it Dinsdale read:

"Most important you see me now-

"Is Joe wearing any guns besides his derringers?" whispered Di usdale in Scissors' ear. Hor he was wondering if Kitty the Schemer had suc ceeded in compelling her lover to prove his love by gun-play.

"Oh, no! Don't even know he's got his derringers. I've been hu nting for you quite a while. He got fired and came with me. He's outside h 17%, stewing and fretting. Wish you'd come; he'll blame me if you don't."

Throwing a bag of dust on the bar to clean up the score, Dinstale f. 1lowed Scissors to the street. San Jua. Joe was standing by the side of the building.

"What's the trouble? You've broken up my party," saluted Dinadale,
"I'm trying to do you a good turn," growled the gambler.

"Hold on! Don't tell me you've come to warn me against Barrdy Allen!" "Allen? Are you crasy or drunk! I've got something that's more important than fool talk. We must go where we can be alone. My place is the best. We'll enter by the back

"Can't it wait?" asked Dinsdale, gasing across at the hotel.

"I didn't think so when I quit my tables and a big private game," was the grim reply. "Hear my talk, then do as you please. It's your game, not

mine." They walked up the street in slience and gained San Juan's room unseen except by some of the kitchen hele and the hallboy. San Juan pushed forward the cigars and sinking into . chair pecvishly complained:

(Oontinued on page 4)