

The City News

"Pat" Fischer of Beaver Creek, transacted business in Oregon City Saturday. M. C. Glover of Eagle Creek, was in this city on business Monday and Tuesday. J. W. Trend and wife of The Dalles, were visitors in this city Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Henry Cooke and daughter, Miss Maude Cooke will leave within a few days on a camping trip. John H. Walker, who has been in British Columbia on business, returned to his home Sunday evening. Miss Edna Deyo, a well known school teacher of Boring, who has been in this city, has returned to her home. Miss May Hillebrand of San Francisco, has arrived in this city and is visiting her cousin, Rev. A. Hillebrand of this city. J. J. Mallatt a well known farmer of Molalla, left Monday for Eastern Oregon, where he will remain for several weeks. Junction City, have registered at the Electric Hotel and have been there for several days. They have now returned to their home. Mrs. Emil Strupler and little daughter Catherine, of Portland, will be the guests of Mrs. L. E. Jones and Mrs. John Adams Thursday of this week. Mrs. H. O. Inskip and little granddaughter, Emma, Davis, who have been camping at New Era during the Spiritualist Camp meeting, returned to this city Monday. Prof. Frank Betzel has sold his home on Fifth street and will probably the family will make their future home in Portland. Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Meissner and young son, who have been spending the past three weeks at Seaside, returned to this city Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caufield and Mrs. Ross Charman will leave Saturday for Government Camp when they will spend several weeks at the Caufield cottage. Mrs. Richard Schoenborn and son Henry, who have been spending the past two weeks at Newport, will return to this city the latter part of this week. Charles J. Parker is very ill at his home on Fourteenth and Jefferson Street. Mr. Parker has never fully recovered from his accident while employed at the electric light plant on the West Side, and his illness is due to the effects. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gadke, Miss Nan Cochran, Joseph Gadke and Charles Gadke left by the former's automobile Sunday morning for Government Camp, and from that point proceeded up Mt. Hood, making an ascent of eight miles on the mountain into the snow fields. A large part of the distance travelled was through the snow, but this being thoroughly packed good progress was made. Had the party started earlier in the day the summit of the mountain could have easily been made. Fred Gadke proved to be a first class "liker" and the way he travelled up the steep mountain "wasn't slow." The party remained at Government Camp where Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Cross were camped, and remained until Monday arriving here at 12 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wallace and family were in this city Monday. Miss Susie Gordy of Carus spent Tuesday in this city. Mr. and Mrs. George Kriester of Carus visited relatives in this city on Sunday. Mr. Wettlauffer and daughter, of Highland, transacted business in this city Tuesday. The Swedish minister Rev. John Ovall will preach in the Methodist Church tonight at 8 o'clock. All are most cordially invited to attend. Miss Florence and Marian White of this city accompanied by their brother Wilfred of Portland, will leave Saturday of this week to spend the weekend at Seaside. Miss Florence and Marian White of this city, accompanied by their brother Wilfred of Portland, will leave Saturday afternoon of this week for Seaside. They will remain for the weekend at that summer resort. Mrs. Kraxberger, wife of Rev. Kraxberger, pastor of the Lutheran church of this city, was taken to the Oregon City Hospital this week, to be treated for typhoid fever. One of the children has a high fever and it is thought that she also is coming down with the fever. W. D. Mason, who arrived in this city from Beloit, Michigan in April and who has been engaged in installing machinery in the Hawley Pulp & Paper Company has gone to California, where he will be engaged in similar work. Charles Seabury, George Seabury, and Hazlett of Portland, are in this city where they are installing new boilers at the Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Company's Plant on the West Side. Miss Anna Smith, who has been attending the Washington State Normal at Bellingham, Wash., returned to Oregon City Friday evening. Miss Smith graduated with high honors and she now has accepted a position in the Oregon City schools for the next year. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hendry and two children, after spending the past three weeks at Seaside, will return to Oregon City the latter part of the week. They will be accompanied as far as Portland by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Avison, formerly of this city but now of that place. Mrs. M. F. DesLarzes, who is visiting relatives in Oregon City, had as her guest this week Mrs. Eugene Durllee of Cordova, Alaska. Mrs. Durllee is enroute to San Diego, to join her husband, who is an officer in the United States Navy. Miss Bess Warner, who is in Rochester, N. Y., where she accompanied her mother, Mrs. Thomas Warner, and who has been very ill suffering from typhoid and severe complications, is improving and as soon as she is able to travel she will be brought to her home in this city. Miss Stone, of Butte, Montana, Miss Florence Wing of Merrill, Wis., cousin, are in this city as guests of Miss Helen Price librarian of the Oregon City library. Miss Stone is a well known teacher of the State of Montana and Miss Wing is librarian of the Merrill library.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

WHY SHALT THOU? Text, "Thou shalt not."—Ex. xx. 1, 4. "Thou shalt not." Who said so? And why shalt not? Isn't man a free agent, with power to do as he pleases? Would the divine fiat rob us of our personal liberty? It is the dearest thing humanity has. The passion for it has illumined the pages of history with crimson and gold, colors fairer than monk ever laid on parchment missal. The struggle for it has transfused beath, moor and hill—Bannockburn, Hastings, Bunker Hill. It was this that "the stars heard and the sea, while the sounding isles of the dim wood rang with the anthems of the free." It is this fine respect for one's own self and his liberty that makes us choose our own work though it be a shank, our own work though it be breaking stones, our own prayers though they be crude and unlovely. Somehow we like the forbidden. No apple tempts the boy like the forbidden. The ban on the certain "swimming hole" is half the charm. Where turkey trotting is forbidden "everybody's doing it." College boys cut chapel as though the fifteen minutes spent there were life imprisonment. What right has any one to forbid anything? The "Thou shalt not" is unjust and unequal. For at least so it seems. The Funeral of Liberty. I have a liberal friend who lives in Philadelphia. He complains that personal liberty is dead in that city. It's all over but the funeral. I took lunch with him the other day, and we talked things over. I see it all now. Once a man living in the City of Brotherly Love had some privileges, but no longer. Once every one had some rights; they're all gone now. Years ago, when the various boroughs united and the city took a charter, horsekeepers could throw their ashes and potato parings out in the street; now you have to wait for a wagon to come around. Once a man could have any old sort of cesspool around his premises and it was nobody's business. Germans could go flying around. Doctors and druggists had a chance to live. Then somebody had to invent a board of health; now you've got to put in pipes and drains. Once a fellow could build any sort of frame shack right in the heart of the city; then some fresh budding city statesman with bugs about architectural beauty and fire dangers objected; now it must be brick or stone. They closed up the pump on the front sidewalk—typhoid. Huh! Formerly any one with smallpox or diphtheria could come or go; now they even paste a yellow placard on your door. You aren't spit in the street cars, run a speak easy, practice medicine without a degree or sell drugs without a diploma. And that's in Philadelphia! No wonder the Liberty bell is cracked!

AN ESKIMO DINNER

Whether you stand watching the coffee-dama, giant drogues, farnishing cranes and the army of workmen at Keokuk, on the Mississippi, or at McCall's ferry, on the Susquehanna, you learn that the free waters of the rivers can get to their full power only by restriction. Man, too, reaches his full power only by a check on his freedom. That's a great basic principle. Mount Sinai was simply the place and the Ten Commandments the statement. Law is not law because it is bound in a leather book. Punishment for sin is not true because it is in the Bible, but it is in the Bible because it is true. The Ten Commandments are not law because they are in the old book, but they are there because they are eternal law. It doesn't even matter whether Moses received them direct from God or not. Don't be angry at the Decalogue. Don't blame Newton if the apple falls downward nor the cook-book if the hot water cracks the glass fruit jar. Some things are basic and organic. Moral laws are fundamental, like mathematics. Two plus two equal four always. Make it three, you'll land in the poorhouse; make it five, you'll finish in the penitentiary. In a world of change it is good some things are fixed. Law is one. Law is the throne upon which the Almighty sits. "Running by Signals." Every trainman knows just what each white and green and red light means. Signals they are, set for his safety and the public's. Sometimes a man is careless or willful or "takes a chance." When the dead are taken to the morgue, the wounded to the hospital and the wrecking crews are clearing the roadbed we are painfully judicial of the man who "runs by his signals." Your life's track is full of them between start and terminus. Your doctor waves the green flag of caution. Your baby says as you settle comfortably down into your Sunday paper, "Papa, why do you never come to church with us?" Whew! A baby hand waving a lantern—God warns that way sometimes! The Decalogue is God's book of danger signals. Thou shalt not! Don't ask why. God's revelation begins with commandments. It may take you some time to spell them out. "Mustn't touch stove, baby?" Your "Thou shalt not" has a loving reason. So has God's! Don't let it embarrass you to learn that you must believe first and reason afterward. Your multiplication was learned before you could prove it. Indeed, most of your knowledge came that way. Safety gates at the head of your nursery stairs? Why? You love your "kiddies"? God loves you!

It Was Not Very Dainty, but It Was a Satisfying Feast.

The First Course Was Served Out of Hand, and the Second in Musk Ox Horn Drinking Cups—The Hospitality Extended to Explorer Stefansson. An interesting description of the hospitality of Eskimos is given by Vilhjalm Stefansson in his paper, "My Quest in the Arctic," in Harper's Magazine. At one stage of his adventures the writer found himself among Eskimos who had never before seen white people. He says: "Like our distant ancestors, no doubt, these people fear most of all things the evil spirits that are likely to appear to them at any time in a guise, and next to that they fear strangers. Our first greeting had been a bit doubtful and dramatic through our being mistaken for spirits, but now they had felt of us and talked with us and knew we were but common men. Strangers were, it is true, but we were only three among forty of them and were therefore not to be feared. Besides, they told us they knew we could harbor no guile from the freedom and frankness with which we came among them: for, they said, a man who plots treachery never turns his back to those whom he intends to stab from behind. "Before the house which they immediately built for us was quite ready for our occupancy children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner ready. The houses were so small that it was not convenient to invite all three of us into the same one to eat; besides, it was not etiquette to do so, as we now know. Each of us was therefore taken to a different place. My host was the seal hunter whom we had first approached on the ice. His house would, he said, be a fitting one in which to offer me my first meal among them, for his wife had been born farther west on the mainland coast than any one else in their village, and it was even said that her ancestors had not belonged originally to their people, but were immigrants from the westward. She would therefore like to ask me

SEAL MEAT AND BLOOD SOUP.

"It turned out, however, that his wife was not a talkative person, but motherly, kindly and hospitable, like all her countrywomen. Her first questions were not of the land from which I came, but of my footgear. When I said she not pull my boots off for me and dry them over the lamp? She had boiled some seal meat for me and she had not boiled any fat for she did not know whether I preferred the blubber boiled or raw. They always cut it in small pieces and ate it raw themselves, but the pot still hung over the lamp, and anything she put into it would be cooked in a moment. "When I told her that my tastes quite coincided with theirs, as in fact they did, she was delighted. People were much alike then, after all, though they came from a great distance. She would accordingly treat me exactly as if I were one of their own people come to visit them from afar. "When we had entered the house the boiled pieces of seal meat had already been taken out of the pot and lay steaming on a side-board. On being assured that my tastes in food were not likely to differ from theirs, my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's foreleg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper bladed knife. The next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. "As we ate we sat on the front edge of the bed platform, holding each a piece of meat in the left hand and the knife in the right. This was my first experience with a knife of native copper. I found it more than sharp enough and very serviceable. "Our meal was of two courses—the first, meat; the second, soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly—but never quite—to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our English pea soup, but if the pot be allowed to come to a boil the blood will coagulate and settle to the bottom. When the soup is a few degrees from boiling the lamp above which the pot is swung is extinguished and a few handfuls of snow are stirred into the soup to bring it to a temperature at which it can be freely drunk. By means of a small dipper the housewife then fills the large musk ox horn drinking cups and assigns one to each person. If the number of cups is short two or more persons may share the contents of one cup or a cup may be refilled when one is through with it and passed to another. "After I had eaten my fill of fresh seal meat and drunk two pint cupfuls of blood soup my host and I moved farther back on the bed platform, where we could sit comfortably, propped up against bundles of soft caribou skins, while we talked of various things. Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—Horace. Trade, bull calf 8 weeks old for a pig. Wm. Jacob, Jennings Lodge, Ore.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas. M. Hunter, Plaintiff, vs. Wirlie M. Hunter, Defendant. To Wirlie M. Hunter, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 19th day of September, 1913, said date being after the expiration of six weeks from the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant. This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and entered on the 6th day of August, 1913, and the time prescribed for the publication thereof is six successive weeks. David P. Mathew Attorney for Plaintiff, 513 Henry Bldg., Portland, Oregon. Date of first publication August, 7th, 1913. Date of last publication September 15th, 1913.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas. Julia M. Raab, Plaintiff, vs. John C. Raab, Defendant. To John C. Raab, the above named Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 19th day of September 1913, said date being more than six weeks after the first publication of this summons, and for want of answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in plaintiff's complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between yourself and the plaintiff, and for permission to resume her former name, viz. Julia M. Raab. This summons is published by order of Judge J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon. First publication August 7, 1913. Last publication September 18, 1913. M. J. McMahon

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These are the Winners of the Seven Day Special Prizes. Is Your Name in this List? The following is the list of winners for the special prizes given to the first three candidates turning in the greatest amount of money between the dates of July 31st and 12 o'clock, noon, of Wednesday, August 6th. Do you see your name? MISS ZILLAH KIRBYSON Oregon City, wins the 10,000 bonus votes and the \$30.00 credit on the Portland Business College. MISS HAZEL ERICKSON Mulino, wins the 5,000 bonus votes and the \$25.00 credit on the Portland Business College. MRS. E. SHARP, Sherwood, wins the 3,000 bonus votes and the \$20.00 credit on the Portland Business College. HERE IS THE REMARKABLY COMPLETE ITINERARY That \$111.50 Through the Northwest Panama-Pacific Tours Company Buys for You. We invite your attention to our itinerary, in other words, what you secure for your trip. 1. First-class railroad fare to San Francisco and return. 2. Standard Pullman berth to San Francisco and return. 3. Transfer of baggage to and from hotel in San Francisco. 4. Bus accommodations to and from hotel in San Francisco. 5. First-class hotel accommodations for at least 14 days—European plan. 6. Ten admissions to Exposition grounds. 7. Admission to ten concessions or amusement attractions within the grounds. 8. A delightful steamer trip on San Francisco Bay, including trip to Vallejo and Mare Island Navy Yard. 9. Trip to Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods, with ride on the "Crookedest Railroad in the World." 10. Trolley trip through the city of San Francisco (personally conducted.) 11. Trolley trip through Oakland and Berkeley, with visit to the famous Greek Theatre and Idora Park. 12. Auto sight-seeing trip around San Francisco, visiting Golden Gate Park, Cliff House and other points of interest. 13. Choice of any of the following side trips— (a) One First-Class Fare from San Francisco to Santa Clara Valley and Santa Cruz Mountains and return. (b) One First Class Fare from San Francisco to Santa Rosa or Napa Valley and return. (c) One First-class Fare, via steamer from San Francisco to Sacramento, the state capital, and return. REBATES—It is provided that should the Subscriber share hotel accommodations at San Francisco with another Subscriber, then and in that event the Company shall rebate to said Subscriber the sum of \$7 and rebates will also be made on sleeping accommodations as provided under "Pullman Sleeping Accommodations."