

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1906.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

OPENED AT CANBY

Republicans Inaugurate the County Campaign

CANDIDATES ARE ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED.

Twelve Meetings Will be Held Next Week—Dates and Places.

- REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.
- Monday, May 21—Barlow at 7:30 p. m. Boring at 7:30 p. m.
- Tuesday, May 22—Logan at 7:30 p. m. Pleasant Hill at 7:30 p. m.
- Wednesday, May 23—Eagle Creek at 7:30 p. m. Viola at 7:30 p. m.
- Thursday, May 24—Milwaukie at 7:30 p. m. Springfield at 7:30 p. m.
- Friday, May 25—Kliten at 7:30 p. m. Brown School House at 7:30 p. m.
- Saturday, May 26—Harmony at 7:30 p. m. Oak Grove at 7:30 p. m.

The Clackamas county Republicans formally opened their county campaign with an enthusiastic meeting at Canby Monday evening. Senator Brownell and C. H. Dye, of the legislative ticket and several of the nominees on the county ticket addressed the meeting which was held in the city hall. The weather was unfavorable for a good attendance but the people of Canby and vicinity turned out well and they enthused and warmed up to an extent that was noticeable.

George W. Dixon, precinct committeeman for Canby, was chairman of the meeting. Senator Brownell, the principal speaker of the evening, was first introduced and talked for 90 minutes.

Fred W. Greenman, candidate for

DR. C. H. MEISSNER
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Money to loan on Clackamas County Property.

County Clerk, said that his trip to Canby to attend the Republican meeting was the first vacation he had had in three years, or since he first went into the Clerk's office as Deputy. Mr. Greenman explained that he was a man of business. He asked to be favorably considered in his candidacy for the office which he said could not be conducted more economically than he had managed it.

Chauncey E. Ramsby, the candidate for Recorder, was the next candidate introduced. In a few words, he gave the audience to understand that if elected, he would give the office a strictly business administration.

An efficient and economical conduct of the office of county treasurer was pledged by J. C. Paddock, who served his country faithfully for a period of four years during the Civil War.

Eli C. Maddock, for Sheriff, is something of a campaigner himself. He does not profess to be an orator but he gives a straight plain talk that impresses his audience with the fact that the speaker means just what he says. Mr. Maddock was warmly received and when he said that he proposed to conduct the affairs of the office as they properly should be conducted, his audience knew that he meant just what he had stated.

The last speaker of the evening was C. H. Dye, candidate for Representative. Mr. Dye made an earnest appeal for the support of the entire Republican ticket and his remarks elicited applause.

Tuesday night meetings were held by the Republican candidates at Marquam and Frogpond; Wednesday at Clackamas, Thursday at Barton. Tonight a meeting will be held at Highland and the week will be concluded with speaking at Damascus.

H. F. LATOURETTE.

H. F. Latourette, Democratic nominee for County Clerk, is a native born citizen of Clackamas county, and is 24 years of age. He is especially fitted for the position to which he as-



pires, by reason of his clerical training and legal knowledge.

Mr. Latourette is a graduate of the law department of the University of Oregon. For two years he was assistant cashier of the Commercial Bank of Oregon City, which position he relinquished upon being admitted to the bar. His affability has won for him a wide circle of friends and he would fill the position of County Clerk with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people of Clackamas County.

KEPT MONEY IN GRAIN SACKS.

Wm. Butcher, Suspected of Being a Miser, Aided by County.

It is not probable that Wm. Butcher, residing near this city, will receive further pecuniary assistance from Clackamas county. On the strength of the recommendations of his neighbors to whom he represented that he was in destitute circumstances, Butcher was last month placed on the county pauper list with a monthly allowance of \$5, the disbursing agent being Henry Mays. This month he received his first and probably last warrant from the pauper fund of the county. Mr. May, through whom the allowance was disbursed to Butcher, came to the court house last week and reported that his ward was not in destitute circumstances as was suspected, but that on the contrary, he is possessed of ample means to provide for himself. This revelation came about in a manner quite unusual.

In return for many kindly acts shown by members of the Mays family, Butcher brought to the Mays' home a quantity of apples, stating that he would call later for the sack. In emptying the contents of the sack, a member of the family was surprised to find four salt sacks which on examination, were found to contain money. One of the sacks contained \$50 in gold and the other three held either coppers or silver of small denomination, the money in all amounting to more than \$60.

The four smaller sacks and their contents were replaced in the larger sack which was restored to its owner later in the day. But the fact of this evidence of Butcher's circumstances was reported to the members of the county court through which pauper allowances are made.

Butcher is considered an impostor by his neighbors who are inclined to think that he has other wealth hoarded away in the small cabin in which he lives. Butcher has for several years lived a secluded existence and he is thought to be a miser. Besides the money Butcher is known to possess, it has been learned that he owns two cows, the same number of calves and about thirty chickens, all of which was unknown when he was granted an allowance by the county court on the claim that he was deserving of assistance.

WRECK AND RUIN

Mrs. Orilla Grimes Writes of Unparalleled Disaster

GIVES DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF CALAMITY.

Author of Letter Prefers Oregon to California, "Uncle Sam's Fairest Child."

The 18th of April, 1906, was a day never to be forgotten by those who were unfortunate to reside in the beautiful city of San Francisco that was, but is no more. Little did we think the night before as we strolled down Market street amid the glare of many lights, and the throngs of gaily dressed people that at the early dawn of next morning such terrible misery and distress would reign in the hearts of thousands. For once in the history of the city—yes in the history of the world, the millionaire could take the hand of the poorest beggar and say, "Brother, we have met a like fate."

At 5:13 o'clock on that dreadful morning, the earth began to tremble. At first we thought it would be only a slight shock like many we had felt before, but soon changed our minds for in an instant more, and the house was cracking and rocking, like some frail ship tossed about by the angry waves of the sea. The earth shook harder and harder, windows rattled, dishes came crashing to the floor, pictures fell from the walls, great pieces of plaster fell down on us, and I thought every breath was our last. My husband though, seemed cool and called to me to be still, I could not have risen had I tried ever so hard, I was a terror stricken, and well for me that I couldn't, for with the last mighty wrench down came the ceiling, and had we been sitting up, we would have been killed, but as it was we were but slightly injured, and in a few moments were out in the street. Here was the wildest confusion. Thousands who were still slumbering peacefully, were awakened by the shock and rushed into the street, there to dodge hither and thither to escape the falling bricks and houses. Many were crushed to death by falling houses and chimneys, some jumped from windows to be badly crippled, or much better, instantly killed. Some died of fright. Women screamed, children wailed, and even stalwart men broke down and wept. Many called upon Almighty God to have mercy, some cursed while others went raving mad. Terror reigned everywhere, and the beautiful city of the Golden West was doomed to destruction.

In the district south of Market St., lived the laboring class. Many of them were up and had fires in their stoves. Their chimneys were shaken down, and in a few minutes the entire district was in flames. Fires were started all over the city by explosions in drug stores. Firemen worked like demons, but could do little on account of the scarcity of water—the water pipes having been disconnected in many places by the shock. Firemen fell exhausted in their heroic efforts to save lives. Everybody who was able did all they could, still on and on swept the cruel tongues of flame, seemingly delighted with the destruction they were doing. Large stores, beautiful homes, that were almost wrecked by the shock were now entirely destroyed by the fire, and came crashing to the ground, while great clouds of black smoke went curling towards the sky.

The great mechanics pavilion was turned into a hospital. Here came vehicles of all kinds, express wagons, carriages, and automobiles, carrying wounded and dying. Here were kind nurses and doctors doing all they could to relieve the suffering. Here were priests giving a few last words of comfort to the dying, but the cruel flames are not yet satisfied, and must have this place so making it necessary to flee with the injured and dying to another place of safety, but I fear lest many of the dead were left to the mercy of the flames. By noon the wind had risen and the fire spread with greater rapidity than ever. Soldiers now had control of the city. Any one caught trying to rob dead bodies, was instantly shot.

It is hard to imagine that men would seize an opportunity like this to make money, yet it is so. Expressmen charged \$5 a piece to move trunks. Grocermen charged or tried to charge \$5 a dozen for eggs. I know people who paid 50 cents for a loaf of bread, but this was soon stopped and prices brought down to the ordinary standard. In a few cases, when business men saw they could not save their stores they were thrown open so people could go in and help themselves, but this was seldom done, and when it was done, many of the men took liquor instead of bread for their wives and babies. It is hard to realize that men in a time like this would get drunk, but the second day of the disaster, men were seen lying everywhere dead drunk. Perhaps some had wives who were anxiously waiting for their return, fearing lest their husbands might have met with some awful fate, but no, nothing worse than being intoxicated. Gallons of rich red wine was poured into the streets by the soldiers. Whenever they came across a bottle they did not wait to question its contents, but broke it.

Night overtook thousands who were homeless. People crowded together in parks and squares. We lay in Jefferson square, which occupies the space of two blocks. There were about ten thousand people in there; some had dragged mattresses from their ruined homes, while many lay on the bare ground. Many of the men were out fighting fire until they were exhausted, then came and dropped down here at night too tired to move. Rich and poor alike, all slept under the same roof—the smoky heavens—not slept but watched, wept, groaned and prayed to God for deliverance from the fiery furnace on all sides. Now and then as the night wore on, the small wee wall of a new born infant came to our ears, with the pitiful groans of its suffering mother. What could be more heart rending? Thus night dragged on, as we lay there, fire raging on all sides. Every body thought they must get in a place of safety before night, because the city would be in total darkness. The thought struck horror to many hearts, but never before was the city so light as on that terrible night. It was reported that people who lived across the bay in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, could see to read by the red glare of light from the fire in San Francisco. In the early morning, ashes and cinders began to fall thick and fast everywhere. Greater fear and dread now filled our hearts as we thought some mighty volcano never heard of might have come into action.

Reports were circulated that the whole world was in the same condition. Portland and Seattle were burning. Chicago had sunk, St. Louis and New York burning and so on. It was several days before we saw a paper from the outside world and you can imagine how great was our anxiety. After the first hard shake, there were about seventeen others during the day, and at night as we lay on the ground, we could feel it tremble. In fact the earth seemed to quiver most of the night. We had over forty earthquake shocks since the first one. The people of California are very loyal to their state, and do not give such reports for publication. It will never be known just how many people were killed in San Francisco.

We spent two days and nights in the burning city, but on the third morning as the sun arose in all her glorious splendor, like a great ball of fire in the smoky heavens, we decided to flee from the city of ruins. Where we were going we hardly knew, but started out with all our worldly possessions, which consisted of the few clothes we wore. Our object was to get in the country where we could have fresh air to breathe, and pure water to drink. We climbed over great piles of hot brick. The heels of our shoes sunk in the molten asphalt of the streets. We passed by people who were dead, and many others who had become exhausted and were lying there in the hot ashes and sun. Many times we thought they were dead until we would hear them groan, or in a faint voice, ask for water. The air we breathed as we trudged along, was hot. We stopped a few times to rest in the shade of some wall of a ruined building, where we were in danger every second, for the least jar might have sent bricks tumbling down on us. We passed places where the ground was in waves, rising as high as four feet, then falling again. Everywhere were great cracks in the ground, some places the ground was sunken. Corners of buildings were sunken. Everywhere could be seen the ruins that the terrible shock had wrought. At last we reached the ferry, hungry, tired, weary, and foot sore. As we were crossing the bay to take the train, we looked back upon the doomed city. It was enough to melt the stoutest heart to see the once magnificent city of San Francisco in ruins, and to think of the many sad aching hearts still there.

We decided to stop at the little town of Healdsburg, which was also badly damaged. It was hard to tell whether we were black or white, and were never so nearly worn out as then, but we were soon placed in kind hands who did all they could to make us comfortable and succeeded. Never was rest so sweet and sleep so peaceful as our first night here. We are living in a tent as are hundreds of people who have beautiful homes, but are afraid to occupy them.

Man may labor for a period of sixty years building vast structures of brick and stone, worth millions of dollars—buildings which they thought, were earthquake-proof buildings which it took months and months to construct, as they did in San Francisco, and in the short space of 48 seconds, some power greater than that which we hold, can lay them in ruins. Thus we are brought to realize how small are the greatest efforts of mankind.

California is a beautiful land. We have often heard it called "Uncle Sam's fairest child." People everywhere refer to its climate as "The Sunny Clime of California." It is a land of sunshine and flowers—but give me old Oregon with her wooded hills and gentle rains that fall the greater part of the year.

ORILLA M. GRIMES.
Healdsburg, California.

A SOLILOQUIZING DEMOCRAT.

"I'd like to know where I am at," said an Oregon City Democrat: "With so much sympathy recently felt for our matchless President Roosevelt. Who is a Republican only in name, but stands for a square deal just the same. The Demo party is owned by the plutocrats. Body and soul, breeches and boots; So I believe I will quietly flop And scratch my ticket from bottom to top."

THE FIGHT NOW ON

Republican State Candidates at Oregon City.

DR. WITHYCOMBE MAKES SPLENDID IMPRESSION ON AUDIENCE.

Willis S. Duniway and Walter L. Toozee Also Address Enthusiastic Meeting.

MAKING VOTES FOR DR. WITHYCOMBE.

Attacks on Dr. James Withycombe, Republican candidate for Governor, because he was born in England, are making many votes for the Benton county candidate in Clackamas county where there are a great many voters of foreign birth. At a meeting at Frog Pond, conducted by the Republican candidates Tuesday night, this subject was emphatically presented by Grant B. Dimick, candidate for County Judge, and C. H. Dye, of the Representative ticket. The speakers stated that there are in charge of the administration of affairs in this state men of foreign birth, subsequently naturalized, than whom the people never had more able and satisfactory public servants. The addresses of these gentlemen were warmly indorsed by their auditors with expressions of genuine approval.

Last Thursday night at Shively's opera house, the Republicans formally opened the campaign when at a meeting Dr. James Withycombe and Willis S. Duniway, candidates for Governor and State Printer, respectively, and Hon. Walter L. Toozee, delivered rousing addresses.

Judge T. F. Ryan, of this city, was chairman of the meeting and several selections were rendered by the Apollo Quartette, of Portland. Dr. Withycombe was the principal speaker. Dr. Withycombe is not a stranger to Clackamas county audiences, having frequently addressed the people of this section on agricultural topics. His address Thursday night was a plain and convincing discussion of the strong platform on which his election as Governor is asked. The substance of Dr. Withycombe's address is printed in this issue.

Mr. Duniway in a short address discussed the office of State Printer and assured the auditors that in event of his election the affairs of that office would be administered in a strictly business manner. Mr. Toozee, one of the most effective campaigners within the Republican party, was the concluding speaker of the evening and presented an able and convincing argument for the support of the entire ticket.

The address of Dr. Withycombe was substantially, as follows:

I cannot say that the nomination for Governor has come to me unsought. I have been obliged to ask for the nomination at the hands of my fellow-citizens in all parts of the state and it has come to me after a vigorous and aggressive campaign waged by other aspirants. Had any one of the other candidates been successful in the recent primaries he would have been entitled to and would have received my cordial support and I am glad to be able to say that I have assurances of support from all of the gentlemen who were pitted against me in the recent primary campaign.

My thanks are due to ex-Governor T. T. Geer, C. A. Johns, Harvey K. Brown and C. A. Sehlbrede for their loyalty to me and to the Republican party in the assurances which they have given me and especially do I thank them for the manly and dignified manner in which their campaigns were conducted prior to the primaries.

I want to take this opportunity to thank heartily the friends who so loyally supported me and to whose support I am indebted for my nomination. No man ever had more loyal or generous support at the hands of his friends, and no successful candidate every appreciated the support more than I do. My nomination is the more gratifying to me because it comes not from the ring or caucus, but direct from the people. I believe in popular government and in the right of the people to nominate their own public officers.

Favors Direct Primary Law.

The direct primary law has come to stay, and it ought to stay. It imposes burdens upon the candidates greater than those of the convention system, but it also lodges political power with the voters, where it rightfully belongs. I believe the law will be increasingly popular with the people, and, while some changes in detail may prove to be desirable in the light of experience, the plan of nominating public officers by direct vote of the people must not be disturbed.

It is my paramount desire to prove worthy as a candidate of the trust imposed in me and, if elected to justify the confidence of the people who have supported me. For 35 years Oregon has been my home. It is with pardonable pride I refer to the fact that I came to this state when a boy. My manhood has been spent with the people of Oregon. I believe that I know them and appreciate their needs. I yield to no man in loyalty to the State of Oregon and in my faith in its future.

It is my desire that the campaign which I am to conduct with my Democratic opponent shall be a dignified campaign, free from personal abuse. I have no disposition to indulge in epithets. I do claim that the record of the Republican party in the past is the pledge of its usefulness in the present. I believe that its principles make for the welfare of the people and that at this time the indorsement of these principles is more important than any question of preference between men.

Duties of a Public Officer.

It is proper, however, that I should say that no man has higher ideals than I of what a public official should be. He should be fearless in the performance of his duties. He should be amenable to reason, but when sure he is right he should not be afraid of criticism. He should, moreover, be a man of clean life, an example to others, one to whom the people may look with pride, both in his capacity as a private citizen and in his record as a public official. He should take the people into his confidence.

(Continued on page 8.)

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar

In baking powder Royal is the standard, the powder of highest reputation; found by the United States Government tests of greatest strength and purity.

It renders the food more healthful and palatable and is most economical in practical use.

Housekeepers are sometimes importuned to buy alum powders because they are "cheap." Yet some of the cheapest made powders are sold to consumers at the highest price.

Housekeepers should stop and think. Is it not better to buy the Royal and take no chances—the powder whose goodness and honesty are never questioned?

Is it economy to spoil your digestion by an alum-phosphate or other adulterated powder to save a few pennies?

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