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FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1906.

DEFEAT OF SENATOR BROWNELL.

The Enterprise claims only to have assisted in bringing about the retirement of Senator Brownell from Clackamas county politics. His defeat is a decisive protest against Brownell and Brownellism. The people are demanding representatives that will stand for the interest of the people. By a significant majority the voters of Clackamas county have put an end to Brownell methods and Brownell rule.

In Monday's election, Senator Brownell received only about 200 votes more than he received at the primary election. In some precincts, he received a less number of votes than he had in the primary election. We believe this result goes to show that at the nominating election, many voters supported Brownell for the express purpose of participating in his defeat at the general election.

Brownell is charging the editor of the Enterprise with being largely responsible for his defeat. We are perfectly willing to share that part of the ex-Senator's condemnation to which we are entitled. And for any responsibility in this connection we were and are entirely willing to assume.

THE NON-PARTISAN THEORY.

There appears to be something in the non-partisan theory that was so vigorously advocated by the Democratic speakers during the campaign that ended with Monday's election. There certainly was something in it for the Democrats. What is the result? Oregon, with a Republican majority of 40,000, re-elects a Democratic Governor. And why? It is true Chamberlain has made a good executive but his has been an administration of and in the interest of Democratic principles and theories. These same policies will be still further practiced and promoted during the ensuing four years. That is what a majority of the voters of the state, and that means several thousand Republicans, have voted for. And that is what is to be expected.

Dr. Withycombe's defeat is unfortunate to the state. He is a man of progressive ideas and would have operated in perfect harmony with the other Republican State officers in directing the affairs of state during the ensuing four years which will prove one of the grandest periods of the state's development in its history. Dr. Withycombe was not defeated because he was not qualified for the office to which he aspired. He is a clear, honorable and representative public man and citizen and if elected would have filled the office with distinct credit to himself and the state. But the great mass of Republican voters of the state have for a second time joined the Democratic band wagon and we must now put up with the music.

TWO GOOD MEN DEFEATED.

The returns, unofficial, appear to indicate the election of R. B. Beatie, sheriff, and H. F. Latourette, clerk, over Eli C. Maddock and Fred W. Greenman, the county's present efficient clerk. The final result of these two contests, however, will be decided by the official count alone, and the result of this count will be published next week. There is no excuse for the defeat of either of these men on the Republican ticket. They each received, in a regular manner, the nomination to the office for which they ran, at the hands of a majority of the Republican voters of the county. Their qualifications for the respective offices were unquestioned; nothing was or could be said against their records as citizens or officials, Mr. Maddock having once served the people of Clackamas county as Sheriff, while Mr. Greenman is the present incumbent of the clerk's office.

It is the fact, and the records confirm the statement, that Clackamas county never had a more faithful and efficient clerk than Mr. Greenman proved in the short time he was in charge of the office under appointment by the county court to fill out the unexpired term of his predecessor, the late Count Clerk Sleight. Not only is this true but Mr. Greenman conducted the office at materially less expense to the taxpayers than did any other incumbent of the office.

The Enterprise is sincerely sorry to announce the probable defeat of these two capable and deserving men.

A Legislature without Brownell! Impossible! It won't be legal. At least there can't be a constitutional railroad committee.—Oregonian.

No. Mr. Jack Matthews; no. Mr. Charles Carey; no. Mr. Bill Keedy; no. Mr. George Brownell; no. Mr. Ike Patterson. You are at the end of it. The Republican party will not be obliged to accept your leadership in future, in order to win. You are at the end of it.—Oregonian.

As an octopus hunter it would be hard to beat the President. This administration will have many things to be remembered by, but few will rank in popular memory with the number of trusts detected and exposed. In fact it looks as though the President's dictum that there were good and bad trusts was near the point of disappearing. He has certainly located a plethora of bad trusts, but there seems to be a minus mark still on the side of the good ones. And the latest of these is the packing scandal in Chicago. The President would have passed this by in silence if he could, and very properly so. It would have made for personal popularity and would have been good campaign material, but the President would have foregone both of these issues if he could have corrected the evil without publicity. But he could not.

There was a good deal of surprise last week when it developed that Senator Beveridge had offered an amendment to the Agricultural Department Appropriation bill providing for very drastic meat inspection, the expenses to be borne by the packers. There was not even a division asked for on the amendment, which was really a rider on a very important bill. From this curious piece of legislation developed the whole story. It seems that last February there was written a novel purporting to deal with the packing house conditions in Chicago. The novel was outrageous in its statements. But the President sent out a private commission composed of the Commissioner of Labor and a Mr. J. E. Reynolds, who is not connected in any way with the government service, to ascertain facts in the case. They reported that the novel, which it is unnecessary to advertise by name, had not overdrawn the picture at all, and that the conditions in Chicago were almost too disgusting to print. It was obvious that another trust scandal had been unearthed and though it would have been good campaign material, an effort was made to tack the Beveridge amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill and correct the condition without creating a scandal that would affect our trade abroad. This was a patriotic enough plan, but the story leaked out from some source or other and now the story has been blown broadcast. Probably little harm has been done. Foreign dealers have been making the most of the story as disclosed in the novel for months past, and it is just as well for the people in this country to get at the truth of the story and let what credit there is in it go to the record of the Administration.

While there are scandals enough being unearthed in connection with the corporations of the country, there is one in Washington to which but little attention has been called. That is the condition existing in the Patent office. This bureau if the government, and it is a great one, is fully eight months behind hand in some of its branches. The Commissioner of Patents is a man who has held office for a long time and he has come to the pass of many officials who have attended long on a government salary, of letting his office run itself and not attempting to make his force keep up with its work. The initial work of examining patents is from seven to eight months behind, in many divisions and this makes a delay of from year to two years in issuing a patent. The hardship on the public is obvious and it is the more unreasonable when it is considered the Patent office is almost the only department of the government that not only pays its own expenses but turns in a large surplus each year to the Treasury.

It is announced that Mr. Bryan has been given the freedom of the floor in the Russian Duma. Now if all the Duma wants to win right along, all it has to do is to take all of Mr. Bryan's suggestions and copper them.

John T. McCreath the cartoonist, is going on a pleasure trip to Siberia. John's friends always knew he was eccentric.

It will be interesting to note whether the meat inspection amendment gets through the House as easily as it did through the Senate.

There is no use kicking about Emma Goldman's wedding. She has reached the age to contract almost any sort of a marriage she chooses.

At the present moment, the Pure Food Bill and the Ship Subsidy measure seem to be having a neck and neck race for the tail-enders pennant.

It is announced that Col. Bryan and Billy Hearst will form the next Democratic ticket. Having the more money and the less experience, it is to be presumed that Willie will be the tail to the kite.

The Philippine Tariff Bill shows signs of returning to consciousness. But nobody has yet been found to throw any water on its face.

The coal miners might get an advance if they brought proper pressure to bear on the Pennsylvania railroad.

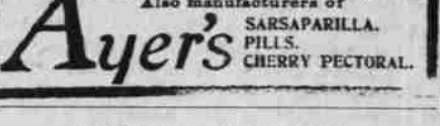
If Epsa, of Batsburg, has any doubts about her being married, she had better subscribe to a few American newspapers.

There is one thing to be said in John Sharp William's favor. He has not called anybody a liar yet.

DON'T ! ! !
Don't let your child suffer with that cough when you can cure it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup, a sure cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, and Croup. Pulmonary diseases.
B. B. Laughter, Bykalia, Miss., writes: "I have two children who had croup. I tried many different remedies, but I must say your Horehound Syrup is the best Croup and Cough medicine I ever used."
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The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."



UNIQUE AZTALAN.

The Only Brick-Walled Town Site Found in This Country.
In many respects Aztalan, in Wisconsin, is among the most remarkable prehistoric monuments in the northwest. It is the only brick-walled town site found in this country. It is on the bottom land of the Crawfish river, about two miles from Lake Mills. The inclosing walls of the town site are about 700 feet on its flanks and about 1,500 feet long. The river served to complete the inclosure of seventeen acres of land.

Within and without the inclosure there are round, truncated and oblong mounds. Just beyond the inclosing walls the land rises abruptly over twenty feet to the rolling table lands of the surrounding country. From the bank above a stone could be tossed in to the town site within the inclosure, which would seem to be a good reason why this inclosure, which has been called a fort, could not have been intended for a defense against any human enemy.

Along the brow of the higher land is a row of more than thirteen round pyramidal mounds ranging from three to twelve feet in height. From the top of these mounds or standing on the table land an enemy could command the whole town site. It has always been conceded that Aztalan was not inclosed for purposes of defense. It has been supposed that it was walled for protection from wild animals, though the inclosure has never been high or abrupt enough since its discovery to keep out the panther, wildcat, wolf, bear, moose and buffalo, which were the only dangerous animals of the woods hereabout.

The purpose of its inhabitants in constructing this inclosure over a half mile long still remains a mystery. The most remarkable art of Aztalan is its brick walls and walks. In this it is singular and alone, the only example of bricklaying among all the monuments of the mound builders. These bricks or bricklets are not rectangular and regular in form and size, as are the modern brick. They are simply balls of plastic clay wedged by the hand into small bricklets of irregular form about the average size of a snowball. The material used was the glacial yellowish red clay of the vicinity, and the color of the bricks is red or light yellow. Under the glass scraping: appear like a handful of crystal sand.—Minneapolis Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't be a misfortune teller. If you can't do anything else, try to keep out of the way.

You don't have to be impolite to people because you dislike them.

Don't think up mean things in your mind which you intend to say if you get the chance.

Don't tell your wrongs to your friends unless you want to discover that their enthusiasm is very weak.

When an accident happens, there is always some one present to tell how it could have been avoided.

A man never knows till he gets out of the rut how many joists and bruises he would have missed by staying in it.

It is figured that one rich man's son who has all the money he can spend will spoil ten poor young men in the course of his life and not half try.—Atchison Globe.

Wrangel and the Artist. Adolf Menzel did not care much for women, and he was apt to treat them with scant courtesy, no matter what their rank. When he was making his picture of the Konigsberg coronation the Empress Augusta came to the conclusion that the women in it had not been sufficiently considered, so she sent Field Marshal Wrangel to tell him so. The artist took the criticism very ill and bluntly told the marshal that he had better mind his military affairs and leave art to artists. After a violent altercation Menzel pointed to the door, and Wrangel, red with rage, retired with the word, "You are a nauseous brat!"

Work. "Anyhow you can't deny that Hewlidge is a self-made man. He worked his way through college."
"He certainly did. He worked nearly every student in the institution."
—Chicago Tribune.

His Floundering. "Isn't Mr. Teejus a deep thinker?"
"He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say anything without getting beyond his depth."
—Washington Star.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy it is not safe to know.—Davenant.

MARCUS DALY'S PLUCK.

The Story of a Loan That Brought Success and Wealth.

When the outlook was the blackest and this indomitable captain of men, Marcus Daly, had exhausted his resources and his credit a fortunate accident placed in his hands a small but sufficient sum of money to transform inevitable defeat into certain victory. Lloyd Tevis, the California lawyer, and his mining partner, J. B. Haggin, who had been visiting their properties at Homestake, stopped at Butte on their way home to California to take a look at the new camp. Marcus Daly knew Messrs. Haggin and Tevis well, for he had worked for them in the old California days. He visited them at their hotel, not the gorgeous palace of granite, marble, precious onyx and mahogany which adorns Butte today, but a humble wooden structure more in keeping with the squalid surroundings of the new camp. In Haggin's bedroom, the only place available for a private conversation, Daly made a clean breast of it to his friends and appealed to them for aid, explaining his theory fully and citing many additional facts which had developed during his mining operations in Anaconda that went to strengthen it.

It was thoroughly characteristic of the man that he did not attempt to haggle over the terms of the loan, but stated merely the facts and closed his negotiations with the words: "Now, gentlemen, that is a correct statement of the situation of my affairs and the condition of my mine. I must have \$20,000, and I must have it at once to meet next Saturday's payroll and current bills and to provide for the expenses of operation for another six months or so. If I do not get it I am flat broke and will have to close up. I have told you what I have got and what I think and what I think I am going to get when that shaft is down another 100 feet or so. Make your own terms, but let me have the money."

They gave him the \$20,000, and, of course, being astute business men, a contract was drawn up and signed then and there transferring to them the controlling interest in the property. But up to the date of his death Lloyd Tevis always declared that, though he believed thoroughly in Marcus Daly's integrity, both he and Mr. Haggin thought that he was chasing a chimera, that the theory upon the elaboration of which Marcus Daly had spent so many sleepless nights and all his substance was fallacious and that no gold-copper deposit would ever be discovered in the bowels of Butte mountain. In fine, Haggin and Tevis let Daly have \$20,000 because they liked him. They certainly never dreamed that Anaconda would prove a more veritable bonanza than the Comstock lode. As for Daly, he had never doubted his ultimate success, and when three months after that meeting in the hotel bedroom the main shaft of Anaconda penetrated, as he had always believed it would, the richest and most extensive gold-copper deposit in the known world he conveyed the intelligence to his partners in California in this most matter of fact telegram: "We have reached it. Come out and look at it."—Public Opinion.

An Indian Legend.

There was once a man who lived in the forest far from the rest of his tribe. He lost his wife and was very lonely. After awhile he made a wooden doll about her size, dressed it in the clothes she used to wear and set it up in front of the fireplace. Then he felt better. So a year passed away. One night he came home, and there was his wife sitting in a chair in place of the doll. She spoke to him, saying, "The Great Spirit felt sorry for you, so he let me come back to see you, but you must never touch me, for if you do you will kill me." They lived thus together for a twelvemonth, but one night he attempted to clasp her in his arms. Behold, he was holding a wooden doll! She did not come to life again, and he was very unhappy ever after.

Welsh College Yells.

The Welsh is a language that looks peculiarly fit for college yells. The Welsh yells are fully up to the level of those of this country. The University of North Wales has a yell something like this: "Bravo, bravissimo, ray, ray, ra-o-rock! Ray-ray-ra-o-rock! Ray-ray-ra-o-rock!" Cardiff has a somewhat similar yell, while at Aberystwyth the cry is: "Hip-hip-bur-ber! Hip-hip-bur-ber! Hip-hip-bur-ber-yestywyt! With a pip and a pang and a yip and a yan. Yak! Yak! Yak!"

Overcome. Timson—I never fainted away but once, and that was just a few days ago. Timson—What was the cause? Timson—My wife told me that she had trained herself so she could walk through a store full of bargain counter sales with her purse full of money and never buy a thing.—Detroit Free Press.

Paradoxical. Smith—you remember Muggins, who used to bore us with his long-winded stories? Jones—Yes. What of him? Smith—He was arrested yesterday for being short in his accounts.—Chicago News.

Work. "Anyhow you can't deny that Hewlidge is a self-made man. He worked his way through college."
"He certainly did. He worked nearly every student in the institution."
—Chicago Tribune.

His Floundering. "Isn't Mr. Teejus a deep thinker?"
"He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say anything without getting beyond his depth."
—Washington Star.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy it is not safe to know.—Davenant.

Painless Operations

The advance of dental science has been so rapid and the improvements so numerous in all branches of the work that few people realize to what an extent the pain accompanying dental operations has been minimized. This has been accomplished not alone by improvements in the agents employed for producing anaesthesia, both local and general, but in methods and appliances used for their administration. The work of filling teeth has been so improved as to allow of its performance in much less time, and with little or no pain as compared with the work of former years.

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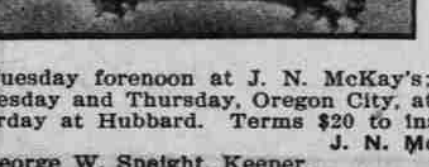
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The Imported German Coach Stallion **PFIEL 1671**
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