

Oregon City Enterprise

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The sophomore class at the University at Eugene has gone on record as opposed to having. Score one for the sophomores.

There is one thing the government inquiry into the methods, business and conditions of the Standard Oil Company is doing, and that is, it's proving what a nation of undiluted "suckers" we are.

When a company's profits have been so enormous that no one connected with the enterprise can be found who can compute them, there should be no holler on a fine of twenty-nine millions.

Admiral Dewey has been telling the newspapers and through them the public, the reason why the United States should not give up the Philippines. We don't believe anyone every seriously supposed that the United States would give up the Philippines.

Secretary Root may put his foot in it in going to Mexico "for a time." The Mexicans are preparing to entertain him royally, and if the Mexican Secretary of State should decide to return the compliment the expense of his entertainment in like manner would bankrupt the Secretary.

In a recent poll of prominent Republicans all over the country on their choice for Republican Presidential candidate, Secretary Taft received 2,512 votes. President Roosevelt was second with 680 votes, Governor Hughes third with 650 votes, Cannon fourth, with 281, Fairbanks fifth with 260 and Cortelyou last with 42 votes.

Besides the millions of net profits Harriman has made from Oregon he is causing Oregonians an actual, literal loss of millions annually because he will not equip his few miles of roads in this state so as to transport their products. We wonder how long the people of this State are going to stand this?—Roseburg News.

It is very difficult to understand why so much fuss should have been made over the fact that Vice-President Fairbanks served cocktails at a luncheon at his home in Indianapolis. At his home in Washington he serves cocktails, claret and champagne at every dinner he gives and he gives one almost every night during the session of Congress.

The State Grange, wishing to awaken a deeper interest in the Grange and its work, has arranged for a series of prizes for attendance, etc., along the line of the prizes offered a year ago. The contest began with this month and it is said to be possible, under the rules governing the prizes, for every Grange in the State to win. F. M. Gill of Estacada is to be in charge of the contest.

The Colorado potato growers have entered the markets of the Southwest and it is said underbid the Oregon potato price. Potatoes are selling now at 75 cents, but it is said these prices will need to be cut to 50 or 55 in order to meet the prices quoted in the Texas Panhandle. Oregon growers will do well to wait a little until the potato quotations brighten up.

Report comes from Gresham that a surveying party is running lines along Oak Grove Creek with a view to building a dam for power purposes. Soon all the streams in this neck of the woods will be put to work. That is as it should be—let nature do the work, it's cheaper than the Goldust twins—but when nature begins to work the public will be wise if they see to it that nature is working for the people at large and not for a few who wish to become millionaires on the efforts put forth by nature.

Governor Harris of Ohio says: "I feel quite sure that Ohio will send a solid Taft delegation to the national convention. Ohio Republicans will settle all their differences if left alone. Factional trouble will be allayed and the party will put on a united front. They have always done so in the past and they will do it now. Of that I am confident. There has been entirely too much said in the East about what the newspapers are pleased to call our factional quarrel."

President Roosevelt does not believe it is sufficient to fight the railways in one way only. He is satisfied that the railways of this country are so firmly entrenched in their wrongdoing that more than one method will be necessary to bring railway managers to do what is right. With that thought in mind he is now planning to give every possible encouragement to the navigators of our sea coasts, inland lakes and rivers, improving our waterways in every way possible so as to increase the number of navigable miles and enlarge upon the capacity of the ships that may be floated. Laws are good in a way to curb the power of lawbreakers, but there is nothing that will make transportation companies so tractable as competing lines, either of water or by land. While it seems possible to organize the parallel lines and stop competition, it is not so easy to organize or control parallel waterways. Maybe the President prove a winner in his fight to make our corrupt railway officials keep within the law, both statutory and moral.

PARCELS POST BUGABOO.

The Commercial Club of Portland don't want the parcels post, and sets up a howl that it will ruin the retail trade of the Coast. The only inference is that the local merchant is robbing the people of Portland and vicinity, and that the lack of a parcels post is what makes this robbery possible.

We don't believe this to be true. Generally speaking, we think the retail merchants of Oregon City are selling goods as close as good business will permit. That being the case the parcels post will not do these merchants any serious injury. It is possible that on a few articles big department stores could under sell them if we had cheap postage. But it would be but a short time until those things would readjust themselves and then the department store would lose even that advantage.

And what the local merchant lost in one way he would make up in another. He would have as good an opportunity to sell by mail as the department store, and in many cases he could get his goods in from the East in much shorter time than now, thus obviating loss so largely, and he would save in more ways than one. The parcels post is not such a bugaboo as the Commercial Club would have you believe. The Commercial Club has that old yellow streak—as old as the world—which has opposed all progress. The history of the past shows that the best advancement that has been made was opposed by those ultra conservatives who fought everything that did not promise an "early grist for their mill." The Commercial Club is tarred with that old stick.

And if the city merchant can sell cheaper than the local merchant will not hundreds be benefited where one suffers a loss? And who are to be benefited by legislation, the many or the few? And do not those things that benefit the many work around in the end to be for the good of all, if given an honest trial?

The honest merchant in Oregon City has nothing to fear from the parcels post in the long run; and we don't know where we could put a hand on a merchant in Oregon City who is not honest. That being the case the Oregon City merchant can let the Commercial Club of Portland do the worrying while he sits by ready to take advantage of the benefits—and not worry over the evils—that the parcels post is to bring him.

"LOAVES AND FISHES" POLITICS.

The "loaves and the fishes" are the only attraction to a large number of people. These people never see anything beyond the sordid gains for own personal ends. These people never understand what party is for. The whole aim of the Republican party should be to secure a wise and economical government to the people—National, State, county and local. And that is the aim of those Republicans who have the best interests of the people and the party at heart. But there are some who want only party success and a subsequent division of the spoils, and they set up an awful wail when no division of spoils is in sight. Note the wail of the editor of the Polk county Observer:

Things have come to a pretty pass in Oregon. Here we are, with a Republican majority of 40,000, shaking and quaking in our boots for fear our next United States Senator will be a Democrat. We have played into the hands of the Democrats, Populists, Socialists and Prohibitionists so long that we have about lost all the nerve we ever had. We have swallowed the initiative and referendum and direct primary and other sucker bait, while the smooth politicians of the minority parties have been busily engaged in gobbling up the best offices in the State. Following Populistic gods, we have shouted ourselves hoarse for the dear "peepul," while our friends, the enemy, have taken about everything in sight. How much longer is the silly season to continue? Are the members of the majority going to permit themselves to be used as cats-paws by the minority through another campaign? Think it over, brethren.

Why are good straight Republicans trying to shy at Statement No. 1? Will it not solidify the party, or do some of the political hacks want to go back to one-man bossism?—Aurora Borealis.

The Government's prosecution of the Standard Oil Company is progressing steadily. It has thus far revealed the fact that the Standard Oil Company has made profits of \$300,000,000 in the last twenty-five years; that it has frequently violated the law and the mandates of the state supreme courts; that John D. Rockefeller owns one-fourth of the stock and that his holdings are worth \$109,000,000; that his income amounts to over \$21 a minute; that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, a sort of legal fiction but actually a part of the real Standard Oil Company, which Judge Landis fined \$29,000,000, has been making a profit of 100% per cent a year. The Government's suit prays the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the real company which owns all the little companies; little by little comparison. The suit is being conducted under the Sherman anti-trust law.

One of the latest sensations in this part of the State is what purports to be an attempt to blackmail Mayor Lane, of Portland. There is little new in the methods used from those so often tried in the past, and if the charge that there was an attempt to blackmail proves to be true, the scheme is nothing to wonder at. It has come about in the course of events that men who are deep in crooked politics stoop to anything and everything to win. And the plan to destroy character seems to be one of the most popular in striking down a candidate. That being the case Mayor Lane ought to start out with the sympathy and support of the community, for it is a known fact that he has made enemies of a considerable number of machine politicians, and there seems to be nothing too low for a machine politician when necessity seems to him to demand it.

Six Sailors

By JANE LUDLUM LEE.

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"I hope you fellows know that I am hiring this launch by the hour, \$10 for each hour, and as she has already been here for thirty minutes we have wasted \$5. Come along."

"We're coming, Jack, coming. You are a regular old Shylock to ask a man up here as your guest on a little blow out and then throw the cost of it in his teeth. The rest of us have been ready for some time, but Leigh can't tear himself away from the ladies and you would make this a stag."

"Very well, then let Leigh stay with the girls, for I'm not going to have them aboard. They would all be seasick or giggling. Here comes Leigh now."

Just at that moment three big fellows appeared in the doorway of the house carrying another being who seemed to be all legs and arms, which were flying in all directions. At the top of their voices, and each man on a different key, they were shouting "How can I bear to leave thee?" Carrying their burden down to the landing, they deposited Leigh and all joined hands and started an Indian war dance around him while passers-by slowed up to see six strapping fellows, clad only in their bathing suits, doing a wild dance around their victim. Jack broke the spell by yelling:

"That parade won't wait, boys, for any one except Roosevelt, and he



SHE BREATHED A HEAVY SIGH, AND LEIGH COULD HEAR IT

does not happen to be one of our party, so all aboard and some one sit on Leigh until we are well under way."

Leigh's tenor voice squawked "Good-by, ladies," but he was immediately jumped on by about 600 pounds of humanity, and he quieted down.

"Now, skipper, for Oyster Bay in the best time you can make it," said Jack.

The Aphrodite puffed and kicked for a moment, then started out, and soon Bellevue was only a speck in the distance. It was a rainy, misty morning, but the boys did not mind. Jack and Alice had a dear old house at Bellevue and had filled it over Sunday with their best friends. Jack had hired this launch to take the boys for a sail, and Alice had agreed to stay at home and give the girls a dove luncheon.

"Leigh," said Jack, "if you don't watch out the next dance you do will be to the tune of the wedding march. Better go easy."

"Jack, old man, your hand on it. You, being a married man, must know the symptoms, and I don't mind saying that ever since last summer at the lake I've had an uneasy feeling in my heart, but up at your house I'm just making myself useful amusing the ladies."

Bryan Macgregor, the basso of the party, saw fit to interrupt the boys here and, taking his old meerschaum pipe out of his mouth, drawled: "I say, fellows, you two better quit. It's too early in the morning to get twitting on facts, and it's a mean thing to do at any time of day. Jack, you give an imitation of a gentleman and don't talk back, and, Leigh, for love of Mike, shut up that howl. Granting that your bonny lies over the ocean, I do not blame her for staying there if she ever heard that voice of yours."

Finally the six men seated themselves in comfortable positions, and snatches of songs, bits of stories, much laughter and general good fellowship prevailed. Leigh again had the floor in the midst of a story about six sailors who were shipwrecked and had no food.

"No food!" he reiterated. "No food—just the same as we are, fellows—no food."

Jack took the hint, and soon baskets came forth heavily laden with delicious food that the girls had packed for them. They sat down and began to eat like the proverbial hungry sailors, and Leigh was commenting on women in the capacity of cooks when a queer gurgling sound was heard, then another. The Aphrodite was evidently in trouble.

"Maybe she's hungry, skipper. Give her some gasoline or a bit of oil."

The Aphrodite, as if in answer to the suggestion, began spitting oil over the floor of the boat.

"Evidently not hungry—in fact, full to overflowing," commented Leigh.

The Aphrodite suddenly stopped and

all efforts on the part of the skipper and the six men were futile. They drifted and drifted until it became a serious problem. What was to be done and who was to do it? By this time the launch had drifted into a cove about a mile from land, and after much discussion Leigh volunteered to swim to the land and get help. The others, knowing he was a famous swimmer, agreed to the plan, and without much delay he was overboard and with long, steady strokes was covering the distance. When he finally reached the shore he rested awhile, and then started to walk towards a handsome residence at the top of the cliff.

Suddenly from the bushes near him came a clear soprano voice. Leigh stopped and listened and looked. Not far from where he stood there was a little rustic summer house, and leaning against the side of it was a young girl dressed all in white. He crept a little nearer to make quite sure that he was not dreaming, so near that, as the girl stopped singing, she breathed a heavy sigh, and Leigh could hear it.

He longed for a sight of her face and wondered if it were half as sweet as the voice he had heard, and he made brave to creep a little nearer. The rustle of the bushes made her turn, and seeing him she cried: "Leigh—Mr. Richards! Is it really you?"

"It is really Leigh Richards, Miss Appleton, and I apologize for startling you so, but I was climbing up the cliff and heard your voice, so stopped to listen. I am on an errand of mercy and perhaps you can help me out."

"An errand of mercy, in a bathing suit! Why, I do not quite understand. Where is the rest of your party?"

Leigh soon explained to her the plight of the boys, and finished by saying, "Your father dislikes me so that I expect if he knows who's in the party he'll never let one of his men to go to our help. Will he?"

"Father has gone over to see the naval parade in Judge Cowan's boat, and our men are on the grounds doing nothing. One of them can take our little launch out and tow yours in."

"That's asking almost too much, but if you could direct me to some other place."

"Don't say that to me after what you did last year. Do you think I have forgotten how you saved my life when I was drowning in that treacherous lake? Why did you go away without ever giving me a chance to thank you?"

"Miss Appleton—Edith—I didn't know you wanted to have me stay, any, anyway, your father had no use for me. He was right enough, too, at the time, but I'm a steady old ship now, dearest, if you will only undertake to guide me."

"I didn't know—I thought you didn't care," she murmured. "Didn't care—why, darling, that day that I held your listless form in my arms was the happiest moment in my whole life. I looked at your white face and knew just how much you were to me. I couldn't tell you so then, dear, so I went away until I could. Will you have me now, Edith?"

"Leigh, dear, I've been waiting for you a whole long year, twelve whole months, and each month seemed a year. I, too, have been yours ever since that day you held me in your arms. How much longer must we wait?"

"Just long enough for me to get rid of the boys and find some clothes."

"Let's go to the boys together, Leigh, and tell them, for, you see, if the old launch had not broken down, I would have been waiting yet."

"Maple Lane."

The Grange Fair, announced for Saturday, promises to be a success. The Misses Jackson have moved to Oregon City, so they may be more convenient to school and work. Lyman Demick and Albert Mantz are visiting here this week. Mr. Hamilton has the contract to dig Mr. Parker's potatoes; he'll have a long and tiresome job. Lawrence Mantz has sold his team to Arthur Warner.

STONE.

We have come to the change in the seasons and need not count much on the prospects for weather from this time on. But the rains of the past few days have done much for the farmer, nevertheless.

The treasurer was given out 1400 pounds of butter fat last month, which netted the farmer 37c. This creamery is something to brag of both as to management and prices paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr have relatives visiting them from Oklahoma, who think they would like the country and may decide to buy.

What do you think of roasting ears in Clackamas county in nine weeks? One of our neighbors did it, but he's too modest to want his name in print.

Uncle John Hatton, who is quite feeble, visited at his son John's last week.

OSWEGO.

John Hall has moved into his new home, after making extensive improvements.

Some of our people are planning to remonstrate against the saloon.

School has begun and the small boy is very busy.

Mrs. Ed Wanker is numbered among the sick.

Jars, Fruits and Spices

The canning season is drawing to a close but we are still in the midst of the season of Preserves and Pickles. Nice Preserves and Sweet Pickles prove very toothsome.

FULL LINE OF FRUITS IN SEASON

And the prices are always as low as good Fruits can be sold, and we can sell you apples and seasonings to preserve them and to give flavor.

GROCERIES IN ALL BEST BRANDS

In convenient shape for delivery and in best possible shape to keep until such time as you can use them.

A little cash goes a long way at our store.

We are buyers of farm produce, and pay the highest price for nice goods. Always in the market for good butter and fresh eggs.

A. ROBERTSON

Seventh St. Grocer.

ELWOOD.

Bert Henderson is on a business trip to Oregon City.

Heavy showers have softened the ground in good shape for fall work.

Miss Julia Surfus and Mrs. Anna Boylan visited the Parks home at Dodge over Sunday.

Mr. Dibble lost a fine horse recently.

People here have begun their fall plowing.

Many people are selling their timber; it's a mistake.

Some of our people went after the festive huckleberry the past week. They found plenty but they were very sour.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Jos. W. Milby and Adaline T. Whitaker.

John F. Nordhausen and Annie Bolland.

C. W. O'Flynn and Gertrude N. Johnson.

G. W. Peters and Anne Byroads.

M. D. Telford and Ella M. Lutz.

Chas. F. Weismandel and Julia E. Miller.

Money transferred by Postal Telegraph.

W. L. BLOCK

MAIN STREET, CORNER 7TH OREGON CITY, OREGON

A sweeping reduction in all our departments. I am going to put in new lines and must therefore sacrifice my entire stock in order to make room.

ABSOLUTELY NO FAKE

Following are a few of the many lines we are trying to sacrifice:

<h3 style="text-align: center;">CARPETS</h3> <p>Granite Carpets, fast color, 50c now 35c per yd. Half wool, 65c carpet now 45c All wool 90c carpet now 75c \$1.25 wool carpet now \$1.00</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">GLASS</h3> <p>8x10, 5c each 10x12, 6c each 10x14, 7c each 12x14, 8c each 14x18, 10c each 16x20, 20c each 20x24, 25c each 24x30, 40c each 24x32, 45c each 24x28, 40c each 28x32, 60c each 30x30, 60c each 24x36, 55c each</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">CROCKERY</h3> <p>60c cups and saucers, set 40c 75c " " " " " 50c and all our stock accordingly.</p>	
<h3 style="text-align: center;">LINOLEUMS</h3> <p>75c values now 50c per yard \$1.00 " " 75c " "</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">PAINTS</h3> <p>Imperial best guaranteed 5 years per gallon \$1.25 per quart 35c</p> <p>\$1.25 screen doors for 75c each \$2.00 " " " " \$1.25 " 25c val. window screens 15c " 35c " " " " 20c "</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">WALL PAPER</h3> <p>10c paper, 5c per double roll 20c " 10c " " " 25c " 15c " " " 30c " 20c " " " 40c " 30c " " "</p>	
<h3 style="text-align: center;">Fruit Jars at Cost</h3>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">Kitchen Chairs</h3> <p>75c values - - 55c each \$1.25 values - - 1.00 "</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">AXES</h3> <p>\$1.25 values - - 75c each</p>	
<h3 style="text-align: center;">Ranges and Stoves</h3> <p>Ranges from - - \$22.50 up</p>			

These are facts. If you see it in our ad it's so. Call and be convinced.

W. L. BLOCK

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