



Milady's Mirror

No woman can preserve her beauty unless she makes up her mind not to acquire certain mannerisms...

The woman who is perpetually frowning, whether from temper or from a mere habit of brooding...

Should these lines be the outcome of a continual giving way to anger the disfigurement will spread to the cheeks and the corners of the mouth...

Every woman should learn to rest if she wishes to preserve her good looks. Should she lead a very busy life...

Hang the arms loosely at the side and then begin to move them slowly backward and forward from side to side...

One beauty expert considers that too many hot baths tend to destroy beauty and advocates a tepid bath every day...

Doing Without Powder. How shall one avoid the use of powder on the face? This question is so often asked...

To tell the truth, few women can get along without powder in some form, and there is not the slightest objection to it if one is chosen that is simple in composition...

Yet when there is a deeply rooted prejudice against powder daily applications of pronounced astringents sometimes act as substitutes...

Gum a Destroyer. The worst enemy we beauty specialists have to combat is the gum chewing habit. You may not believe that chewing gum destroys a woman's good looks...

Two Beauty Tips. Pineapple juice is good for cleaning stains out of the hands. It should be well rubbed in, left for a few minutes and then thoroughly washed with plenty of soda and warm water...

To Reduce Waist Measure. Deep breathing will help to reduce the waist measure and enlarge the bust. The stretching exercises, too, are splendid as waist depletors...

The Burglar Alarm

It Did Its Work Too Well

By EDNA BLAKEMAN

"Did you lock the pantry door?" asked Mrs. Bradbury from her position halfway up the stairs.

Bradbury turned with a muttered exclamation and tramped back to the kitchen, where he rattled the pantry door viciously. "I knew I had locked it," he said in an injured tone...

Once more Mrs. Bradbury paused and hesitated. "I can't remember whether I closed that window in the living room? You know, I opened it for a breath of fresh air and Joe, do you mind going back and trying it?" she added persuasively.

Mr. Bradbury seriously objected. Mrs. Bradbury passed him with uplifted chin and sailed down the stairs. Her husband sat down on the landing and yawned drearily.

When she returned he awaited her coming with a portentous frown creasing his handsome brow.

"Heard you trying the pantry door again for the third or fourth time since we started upstairs? You tried the living room windows for the fourth time and the parlor for the third time?"

"I feel much more relieved in mind after I've tried them several times," said Louise amiably. "Let me pass—there's a good boy, thanks. You know I always let Bridget lock the kitchen, only tonight she's out, and I wanted to make sure everything was all right."

"Dear," said his wife seriously, "you are so very clever, don't you believe you might invent a burglar alarm, one that would prevent any one from entering the house at night?"

"I'll try, my love," promised Bradbury, fumping his head in perplexity.



"CLEVER, ISN'T IT?"

"I might as well put in my spare time trying to invent something. Perhaps I can make a go of it."

"Will you put it on the market, Joe?" she asked, running a comb through her golden hair.

"Certainly." "What are you going to call it? It will have to have a name."

"I shall call it 'Bradbury's Burglar Alarm,' said the inventor after some thought.

"Call it 'The Bradbury Burglar Alarm.' It's ever so much better sounding," urged Louise, flinging a golden braid over her shoulder.

"Nothing the matter with that either," assented Mr. Bradbury, jotting it down in his notebook.

Many weeks ensued before any mention was made of the burglar alarm. In the meantime Joseph Bradbury each night followed his wife from window to window of his little home trying each catch and lock after she had fastened it and then waiting patiently afterward while she once more made the rounds.

As time went on Mr. Bradbury spent much time of evenings at his own especial desk in the corner sketching plans and making abstruse calculations on scraps of paper.

One Thursday night Mr. Bradbury hurried home from the office at 3 o'clock. He came out on the trolley, and with him he carried a shabby leather suitcase which hung heavily from one hand.

"What have you got, dear?" Mrs. Bradbury kissed her husband and looked curiously at the suitcase.

"Anything around?" asked Bradbury cautiously.

"Not a soul," Bridget's afternoon and evening of course.

body can enter the house without being heard. Will ring all these eighteen bells I've got here and set off a signal down in the constable's office, besides turning on fifty colored electric lights here and giving the intruder a heavy shock of electricity. How's that? Giving some, eh?"

"Joseph Bradbury," said Louise solemnly, "you are a wonderful man."

"Nonsense, my dear," protested Bradbury, immensely flattered.

"When are you going to set it up?" she asked after a while.

"A free dinner, I've arranged for an electrician to be here, and we'll have the whole thing completed inside of a couple of hours. No need to do the lockstep tonight," he added jokingly.

"Well, leave that to the chap that tries to get inside, eh?"

Three hours afterward, as the clock was striking 10, Mr. Bradbury closed the door after the departing electrician and rubbed his hands delightedly.

"It's all right now," he cried enthusiastically. "Let us be off to bed, Louise, and wait for our burglar, eh?"

I will not go into details concerning the Bradbury burglar alarm, for its inventor has not yet decided to place it on the market. It is sufficient to say that it was a pronounced success as evidenced by their trials that evening.

The electrician had tested the system by every clever device he could think of, but in every case he was neatly trapped by the delighted inventor. The lights flashed warningly in all colors of the rainbow. The wires did not shock the electrician, for he wore rubber gloves, nor did the bell ring in the constable's office, for they cut off that connection, too, but in the matter of colored lights the alarm did work beautifully, while the eighteen bells jangled diabolically.

"I wish all these wires and things didn't have to be so exposed," complained Mrs. Bradbury. "They look so dreadfully messy around the doors and windows. Seems to me your invention might have been simpler, Joe. It spoils the artistic effect in the rooms."

"Better be safe than artistic," snapped Joe impatiently. "Ready to be sniped up? Shall I turn out the lights?"

Halfway up the stairs Mrs. Bradbury paused and turned with a theatrical gesture. "Joe?"

"Well, what is it now?" he grinned. "Rest easy about the pantry door—that's fastened all right."

"It isn't that—your best overcoat?"

"What about it?"

"I left it on the clothesline. I put it out to air. It smelled of camphor, and I forgot to bring it in."

"I'll get it. Hold the candle while I disconnect this—there, confused it! I've dropped that little plug down the register grating. I can't get out of the house, Louise, until that plug is found—understand? Until—that—plug—is found." Mr. Bradbury's voice showed the strain of an overworked stock of patience.

"Why can't you go outside, Joe? Do you mean that we're inside—held prisoners by that burglar alarm?" Mrs. Bradbury was frightened.

"You have stated the cold facts in the case," returned her husband. "This little plug is my own device. When it is removed from this hole the current is on all around the house. When I thrust the plug in the current is off—just the reverse of the usual method. Clever, isn't it?"

"Very," said his wife drily.

That was the beginning of a strenuous night. The furnace pipe that led to the hall register down which Bradbury had dropped his plug was taken down, and found empty. Then it was replaced amid much dust and disorder in the cellar and the search continued all over the hall floor without result.

At midnight Mrs. Bradbury suggested that they run the risk of losing Mr. Bradbury's best overcoat and go to bed, as that gentleman had just made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the house by a second story window.

It was then that Bridget Lanigan arrived home, weary after a long afternoon of unalloyed pleasure. Her attack on the kitchen door was followed by an angry spitting shriek that brought the neighborhood out of their beds.

STAY HOME AND HELP YOUR TOWN

It Is the Duty of All to Do What We Can.

CITY NO PLACE TO LIVE.

Overcrowded, Unhealthy Metropolitan Centers Have Little Room For Country Youth—Your Own Town Has Larger Prospects.

By JAMES SCHREIBER, Jr.

As one who long in populous city pent, Where houses thick and sewers annoy, The air—

It was ever thus and will no doubt ever be so—the city, where houses thick and sewers annoy the air, where the sun's rising and setting are seen by few unless by chance, where the moon is forgotten, being undisturbed from the dull glare of the electric lamps swinging above the street, where people are crowded in tenements and small rooms, apartments, where souls are huddled together, all striving to beat their neighbors to a phantom goal—riches, where guileless wanderers come from afar and become lost in the mire of failure.

Or say success is attained—that is a moderate success, for one in a hundred reaches the topmost rung. Is it worth striving for? Doesn't your own town show more advantages?

The height of ambition of most of the people living outside the big centers of population seems to be to visit New York, Chicago or other large places. Visit them all to your heart's content, but don't make your home in one of them.

A great city is no place for the ambitious youth who wishes to become a power where he lives. A clerk in a country store can do more with his salary than a manager of some of the stores in the city.

The small town has advantages which you can see if you will, but take your eyes off that mirage, the city. The duty of the average youth lies in the town of his birth or adoption. Instead of wanting to quit it yourself, you should try to induce city people to come and live with you. Show them where they can benefit by so doing. Help increase the population of your town in this way. Tell them that you are a big family, not a lot of strangers to one another, as they are. Speak of the good times you indulge in that the city people never enjoy.

There are thousands of people crowded up in the cities who if they are brought face to face with the beauties of the small town will come to you and help you grow.

By the recent census it was proved that in Missouri wherever a town showed a decrease in population it was due to the lack of good roads. This neglect will have a demoralizing effect on any community. People who otherwise would reach your town will avoid it if the roads are in poor condition. Some of your own people will pack up after a while and leave in disgust.

The same might be said if the town itself presents a slovenly appearance or if it shows a lack of civic pride.

But the place that shines out in civic improvement, whose streets and roads show that the people are up and doing, will be the gainer by its neighbor's neglect.

To Build Beautiful Market.

In Glen Ridge, N. J., a village market, a unique and pretty feature of modern suburban improvement, is to be erected at the corner of Bloomfield avenue and Herman street. It is part of a general plan for the beautification of the borough and protection against the erection of unsightly structures. The main building will have six stories, each 24' by 40 feet, with offices on the second floor, a suit having already been reserved for borough officials and the borough council chamber. The buildings will be of light brick and have a red tile roof. The stores will be in an arcade. The borough of Glen Ridge is now without a single store, not even a drug store being located within the limits of the municipality of over 6000 inhabitants.

Cities Destroy.

Cities always destroy; they never produce. The city sits like a parasite on the face of the country absorbing its best. The country always contributes to the city, the city never to the country. The cities could not exist but for the country. We have developed the city civilization beyond that of the country.—Professor Bailey

A Quick Thinking Advertiser.

It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign, "Bankrupt Sale," and to the left, "Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door in large letters, "Main Entrance."—Everybody's Magazine.

One Way to Keep Trade.

There is none who has greater opportunity to make friends than the clerk in the store, and to him friends are valuable. Never consider any one a bore who is a customer of the place. It is quite as easy to be good natured and smiling as to be short, crisp and frowning.

SHERIDAN AIMS AT RECORD.

His Next Appearance In All Around Championship to Be Final. Martin J. Sheridan announces that he will be a candidate for the all around championship next summer. He says he will train as never before, as he believes it will be the last time he will enter the contest, and he wants to establish a record that will stand for some time.



MARTIN SHERIDAN, WORLD'S GREATEST ALL AROUND ATHLETE.

tem of training and will continue at it throughout the winter and in the early spring will take part in many competitions outdoors.

Sheridan entered his first all around championship at Tech field, Brookline, in 1900, capturing the title and hanging up a world's record of 6,829 points. In 1901 he did not defend his title, but in 1907 he again entered the lists, capturing the championship with a new world's record score of 7,129 points. Martin was on the bench again in 1908, but competed again in 1909, when in winning the event he rolled up 7,285 points, the present world's record. The nearest approach to those figures was made by Fred Thomson, the Los Angeles colliery man, who registered 6,991 points in taking the championship at Chicago last season. Sheridan did not compete then.

Jack Gillies, the Vancouver policeman, who was beaten out only by eighty-two points for first honors by Thomson and who, though he did not win the event, is considered a better man than Thomson, surely will be a competitor.

Gillies' score was greater than the point score made by Tom Kieley, Kieley Clarke, Fred Powers, Harry Gill, Adam Gunn or any other former all around champion. Experts look for him to give Sheridan a hard battle for the honors.

But Nelson's Hearing Destroyed.

"Ring beatings have destroyed Battling Nelson's hearing. The Batter is still a great fighter," oracles Owen Moran, "but he's as deaf as a hitching post. Why, he can't even hear the bell ring at the end of the rounds any more. I grabbed him by the arm five or six times when the ball rang and sent him to his corner."

Annapolis to Play Princeton.

It is announced that the Navy football team will play Princeton next season at Annapolis, the match having been definitely arranged for either Oct. 21 or Oct. 28.

NO FEAR OF NEW BASE-BALL BAT BEING USED.

The latest suggestion to increase the batting is that the round bat be changed for a square one, thus preventing the numerous foul tips and making the game an old time slugging match. Fear not that such a change will be made, for baseball owes its popularity to the fact that the bat is round. It is this bat which has as much to do to make the game uncertain as anything connected with it, if not more. The baseball loving public owes much to the man who figured out the use of the round bat and placed the bases ninety feet apart. To lengthen or shorten the distance between the bases would ruin baseball. As it is now the distance is just great enough to make it possible for an infielder to throw out a batter if the ball is handled well and not hit too slow, and yet a fast man hitting a slow grounder can beat it out—truly an ideal condition.

As for the round bat, it is in this that so much of the uncertainty lies. Fortunately the rules are not allowing themselves to be influenced by the many suggestions to change the game, for they seem to believe in the "leave well enough alone policy."

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