

LITTLE ACCOMPLISHED BY OREGON SOLONS

Apportionment Bill Causes Dissatisfaction; Referendum on Salary Bills.

Salem, Ore.—It is conceded that the few laws passed the better for the state, then the present legislature...

There have been 577 bills introduced, of which 60 have been wiped off the calendar by indefinite postponement or failure to pass...

In order to accomplish anything at all next session will have to be held practically every night this week in order to catch up and wade through the bills ahead.

Apportionment Bill Unsatisfactory. General dissatisfaction from representatives and senators from all parts of the state is expressed over the bill of Senator Joseph reappointing the legislative districts...

Even Multnomah does not gain a great deal, for now it has six senators and a joint with Clackamas and Columbia and the Joseph bill costs it the joint but adds two straight senators, making seven...

Most astonishing, however, is the absence of Columbia from the new list. Senator Joseph appears to have obliterated that county from the map or treated it as though foreign territory...

Marion County will complain about the representatives. Now it has five and Joseph allows four, with a joint representative with Clackamas...

Other reappointment bills, at least two others, are now being drafted and will be presented this week.

Senate Division Kept. One of the bills in course of preparation will propose that the membership of the state Senate remain substantially as it is...

West Signs First Veto. Governor West exercised his right of veto for the first time when he returned to the Senate with his disapproval of Senator Nottingham's bill...

House, it is proposed to give each county a representative. The total membership will be limited to 60 as provided in the constitution...

Still another measure being considered is one in which the membership of both houses will be apportioned among the 34 counties strictly on the basis fixed by the constitution...

May Have Congressman at Large. Oregon's third congressman, provision for whom will be made by Congress under the recent census, will probably be elected by the state at large...

There has been some talk of whether it would be advisable to hold a special session in order to take up this subject, but Governor West does not see any such necessity.

Referendum on Salary Bills. Various county officials throughout the state, who are seeking an increase in salary by legislative enactment, will have to go before the people...

That is the sentiment of the House committee on salaries of state and county officers, to which all salary bills are referred. This committee, in the consideration of these measures, has established an inviolable rule...

Label Convict Made Goods. Oregon manufacturers will be benefited by the bill which passed the legislature during the week compelling the use of the convict label on prison-made goods...

Removal of Dairy Commissioner. Declaring that the charge of incompetency against Dairy and Food Commissioner Bailey cannot be disproved and that the charge of misappropriating state funds has not, Governor West sent an urgent message to the legislature...

Ballot Counting Bill Introduced. A bill designed to expedite ballot counting has been introduced in the House. It provides that the first election board, provided for by law, shall report at the respective polling places...

Exemption Fixed at \$300. The House passed McKinney's bill re-enacting the \$300 personal tax exemption clause and providing a uniform method of assessment and taxation, after an attempt had been made to increase the exemption to \$500...

Judiciary Not to Be Revised. Oregon's legislature apparently is satisfied with the judicial system of the state as it exists. At any rate, both the House and the Senate killed by indefinite postponement bills providing for a commission to revise the present system...

There is a well-defined aversion on the part of both branches of the legislature against interfering in any way with the popular laws.

Would Advertise State. By the provisions of a bill introduced by Representative Abbott the office of state immigration agent is created and \$25,000 appropriated for carrying on immigration advertising by the state for the next two years...

Governor West exercised his right of veto for the first time when he returned to the Senate with his disapproval of Senator Nottingham's bill, providing for the enforcement of mechanics' liens against homes etc.

A Steeplejack's Story

No Became Convinced That His Wife Was a Remarkable Woman

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am a steeplejack. Now, I'll admit that a steeplejack is a very unique individual. We have "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," ad libitum, but how many steeplejacks? Probably not one in a million citizens...



"I NEVER INTENDED TO CLIMB IT," he said. Taking him altogether, a steeplejack is not a desirable member of a family.

That was the reason why Mr. Davis, when I asked him for his daughter, Molly, turned, faced me squarely and said impressively:

"Yes, you may have Molly when she will marry you, each one of you swing, lag from an arm of the gilt cross on the top of St. Thomas' church."

"You mean by that, I suppose, Mr. Davis," I replied, "that I can't have Molly at all and because I am a steeplejack. Do you deny, sir, that a steeplejack has a heart the same as any man?"

"I'm not interested in steeplejack's hearts. I don't propose that my daughter shall marry a man out of whom she can never get more than a bare living except by insuring his life."

"H'm!" I replied to this thoughtfully. "Not a bad scheme. Now, suppose—"

"You get out of here. I have something else to attend to than listening to airy schemes for my daughter's betterment. Good morning, sir."

Being thus cruelly choked off, I left him crestfallen. I thought it very hard that he wouldn't even permit me to propose my plan, though I'll admit that the only way to make it a success was to die. I went to Molly and told her what had occurred between her father and me. I was very lurid about it and expected a lot of sympathy. What did she do but burst out laughing. This made me look more disconsolate than ever, whereupon she threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming:

"Stupid, get that woeful look off your face."

"That reminds me," I replied, "of when I was a kid. When my mother used her slipper on me she would say after she had finished, 'Now be good and look pleasant.'"

Molly laughed again. "Seriously," she said, "did father say you could have me when I was willing to marry you swinging from the cross of St. Thomas'?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then that's the way we must be married. Grandma left me \$20,000, but I'm not to have it without father's consent when I marry. Were there any witnesses present when he said this?"

"There was some one in the next room, but I don't know who."

"I'll find out. I've got to become a steeplejack like you. That is to say, I've got to learn to climb steeples. I must get such control of myself that I can go up to the cross of St. Thomas' and hang there long enough to be married."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "No nonsense about it if I'm to marry you. I know father well enough to be sure that if he says a thing he'll stick to it. He has said, or implied, that he will only give his consent to our marriage under certain conditions, which he meant for a refusal. But in law, if the conditions are fulfilled, his consent has been given."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't, but I can ask a lawyer, can't I?"

"But I've been dismissed." "That does not matter. Father knows that I do as I please. He is aware that his only hold on me is that his consent to my marriage is necessary to my getting my legacy. And he's pretty sure I won't give up \$20,000 for a steeplejack, and a very simple one at that."

Her last words cut me to the heart, but she put her arms around my neck and gave me a hug, which made me feel better. I left her feeling that she had a more level head on her shoulders than I, even if she couldn't climb steeples as I could. The next day I went to see her, and she said she had discovered who was in the other room when her father had been talking to me—'plasterer who had brought him an estimate for some work. She had found the man and asked him if he could repeat what was said. He gave the matrimonial condition word for word. Molly took it down in writing, and he signed it. Molly is a mighty practical girl and a very energetic one."

"There," she said, concluding her account of what she had done, "we've got father just where we want him."

"It seems to me," I replied dolefully, "that he's got us just where we don't want to be."

She laughed, and because I wouldn't laugh with her she boxed my ears and said "Look pleasant." This made me look worse than ever, but she kept boxing my ears till I had to smile to stop her. She's a great woman, Molly—that is, in a certain kind of way.

A few days later I received a note from her saying that she had made an arrangement to visit a cousin in N. a neighboring town, where there were several churches, all with steeples. She told me to meet her there with climbing tackle and she would take her first lesson. I put my ropes and pulleys in a baggage car and went with them to N. I found Molly in gymnasium costume. She had taken prizes in gymnastics, and she said she would go right out to take a lesson. I sent my tackle to the church with the lowest steeple, climbed to the roof, fixed a beam from which I hung a pulley, then sang out to Molly to put the loop on the end of the rope under her arms and haul herself up. She did it without any trouble. Then I went to a window midway up to the steeple, fixed another beam, and this time pulled her up from below, and she got in at the window. I was surprised that she didn't wince. But, as I've said, there's a lot of "sand" in Molly.

Before we had finished the first lesson Molly was sitting on the base of the ball capping the steeple, a hundred feet from the ground. A number of people had collected below, watching her, and she kissed her hand to them. I saw from this that she had a steeplejack's head as well as a I.

I remained in N. a week, and every day we did some climbing. The last day I was there going to the top of the most difficult steeple of all to climb. It was not very high, but there was a long pull with no rests from the base to the top of the spire. On the apex were a ball and a cross, and Molly hung from one side of the cross. As I looked at her hanging there it struck me more than ever that for that kind of girl Molly beat any one I had ever tackled.

This was valuable preparation, but the height was only 140 feet, while St. Thomas' was 250. But Molly said that if she could hang 140 feet above ground with her eyes open she could hang 250 with them shut. She seemed very happy over it all, and I wondered whether she was glad because she was going to get me and her \$20,000, too, or on account of having demonstrated her ability to climb.

"Molly," I said, "it seems to me that you're mighty pleased at the prospect of getting a man who is nothing but a steeplejack."

"Well, I'll tell you why I'm so pleased."

"Why?"

"Ever since I was a little girl, father, in speaking to me of marriage, has dinged it into me that I was to marry high up in the social scale."

"Molly," I said, with difficulty controlling my trembling voice, "you've crushed me to earth."

I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe away a tear when Molly kissed it away.

"Never mind, Jim," she said. "Doubtless there'll be lots of couples just like us, but there'll be none more loving."

That comforted me awfully.

We went back home. I told Molly that she must continue her climbing in order to keep her head at great heights. She said "All right," but didn't lay any plans for any more of it. One day she wrote me that she wished to see me at once. I went right round. I didn't see anything unusual in her appearance, which surprised me when she told me why she wished to see me. And what do you suppose it was? Her father had heard of her climbing and, very much astonished and angered, asked her what it meant, whereupon she told him her scheme. He fumed and fretted for a whole day, then gave in. But he insisted on my leaving the steeplejack trade and going into business with him.

"Well, now," I said, overjoyed, "isn't it fine that you won't have to climb St. Thomas'?"

"Nonsense. I never intended to climb it."

"You didn't?"

"No, I contrived that father should hear of what I was doing, and I knew it would bring him round without that."

Return Favors

By KATHLEEN J. MURDY

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Lord Lyttleton came over to New York in search of a wife. He brought letters to me, and I put him up at those clubs to which I belonged. I didn't need to introduce him to our set because it was known he was coming, and all the women with marriageable daughters— I mean those who are looking for foreign titles—flooded him with invitations as soon as he arrived.

I had a matrimonial scheme on hand myself. I didn't need money, you know, having a couple of hundred thousand income, but I liked Miss Auchincloss, who had as much more. There are those of us well to do people who don't wish to be bothered making more money. We usually marry among ourselves, so you see it was possible for Miss Auchincloss and me to consider love just like ordinary people. Well, I introduced the Englishman to her, and what did he do but make up to her and offer himself.

The first I knew of it Miss Auchincloss sent for me and told me—mind you, I hadn't proposed to her—that she was intending to accept my lordly friend.

"Love match?" I asked, controlling my surprise.

"Nonsense!"

"Title?"

"Of course. We all wish to get up in the social scale, and say what you like, a title is always a step higher than no title."

"How about the man you have to take with it?"

"Lyttleton is passable."

"Well?"

"What do you think of it?"

"It'll be a good thing for me. I don't see how a man can put another more under obligations to himself than by introducing him to a girl he hoped to get for his wife and giving her up to him. When I go to London I'll have some one to do a lot for me. Does he know of my pretensions?"

"Not till I told him."

"Well, goodby. You have accepted him, I suppose."

"Yes, but we're not to be married for a year. I'm to go over and have a look at the castle. He says \$100,000 for repairs will be required."

"Well, I wish you joy in your title."

I bade her goodby, and, going to my club, I found Lyttleton.

"Hello, old chappie!" he said. "Glad to see you."

"Accept my congratulations upon your engagement."

"She's told you, has she? Well, old fellow, she told me she has turned you down for me. Deuced poor taste, you know. Don't see how she could have done it. By the bye, you couldn't let me have a matter of \$1,000 or so for a few weeks? I'm getting remittances of rents from my agents due a month from today."

"Certainly. Two thousand if you like."

"Well, make it two while you're about it."

I wrote him a check for \$10,000, and before he left the country I had lent him \$10,000 more. This giving up my girl to him and lending him these sums I think was, to say the least, magnanimous. I told him I should be over the water soon after his arrival, whereupon he said perhaps I wouldn't mind waiting payment till I reached there. I told him it wouldn't trouble me at all.

Are You a Subscriber

To the New

DAILY

The Morning

Enterprise

Is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demands it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for the work.

Will You Help Us Boost Your Own Interests?

For a limited time the Morning Enterprise will be sold to paid in advance subscribers as follows:

By carrier, 1 year \$9.00

By mail, 1 year 2.00

Send in Your Name and Remittance

Are You a Subscriber to the New Daily?

If The Morning Enterprise is to be as successful as the interests of Oregon City demand it must needs have the support of all. The new daily has a big work before it in boosting Oregon City and Clackamas County. Your support means more strength for the work.

Will You Help Boost your own Interests?

For a limited time the Morning Enterprise will be sold to paid in advance subscribers as follows: By Carrier, 1 year \$9.00 By Mail, 1 year 2.00 Send in your name and remittance.

If you would sell

YOUR HOUSE

YOUR FARM

YOUR HORSE

Try what the cheap columns of the Morning Enterprise can do for you.

"DOMBEY AND SON"

Receiving Attendance at the Hands of the Dickens Club.

"Dombey and Son," met at the home of Misses Vera and Nell, Caulfield on Sixth and John Adams streets Monday night, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were served during the evening. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. W. S. U'Ren.

Members attending Monday night's meeting were Mrs. Max Bollack, Mrs. L. L. Pickens, Mrs. L. L. Porter, Mrs. W. H. Godfrey, Mrs. Theodore Clark, Mrs. W. S. U'Ren, Miss Marjorie Caulfield, Miss Vera Caulfield, Miss Nell Caulfield.

The ten-year-old son of George Pussey—also called George—superintendent in the Hawley mills, is very sick with typhoid fever.

WANTED—Steady customer for this space. Either sex. Ed. experience unnecessary. Judge. cious advertisers with some thing to sell and something to say will find this the proper place for a business ad. No triflers. Married persons of mature age will understand. Call on, or address, Advertising Manager Morning Enterprise, Oregon City, Oregon.