

4th of July Specials

Every Department contributes specials to this Big 4th of July Special Sale.

\$15 to \$18 Suits

for men in the new summer styles, best values on earth.

Special \$11.85

Beautiful 20 to 25c lawns in all the new patterns, 4th of July special 17c.

\$1.25 to \$1.50 waists, special 88c

House Dresses at big reduction.

J. LEVITT

SUSPENSION BRIDGE CORNER



LOCAL BRIEFS

Rapped in Slumber.
Mrs. P. Haley, of Portland, was in this city on Wednesday.

Philip Outfield, of Concord, was in this city on Wednesday.

Miss Studeman, of Shubel, visited friends in this city Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spangler, of Carus, were in this city on Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Griessen, of Sellwood, visited friends in Oregon City on Tuesday.

Fred Stelner, of Beaver Creek, is in this city visiting his mother, Mrs. Stelner.

J. H. Miller has gone to Long Beach, Wash., where he will spend his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Elliott, of Needy, were in this city on business Wednesday.

Roland Edwards, of Beaver Creek, was in this city on a business trip Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, of Clairmont, were in this city on business Wednesday.

John Kline, of Carus, was among the Oregon City business visitors on Wednesday.

Mrs. L. Wunder, of this city, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, of Sandy, Tuesday.

Joseph Studeman, one of the well-known residents of Shubel, was in this city on Wednesday.

L. J. Hornady, representing the Title & Trust Company, of Portland, was in this city on Wednesday.

Without stage will leave the Electric Hotel each day at 2 o'clock p. m.

Jacob Jossel, of Clairmont, was in this city on Wednesday on his way to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rock, of Rock Island, Ill., who left on Tuesday and Wednesday, registering at the Electric Hotel.

Mrs. Bowers and son, George, of this city, left on Wednesday morning for Long Beach, Wash., where they will stay for a few days.

Mr. Babler, of Logan, one of the prominent farmers of that place, accompanied by his daughter, were in this city on Wednesday.

A Good Talker.
Clara—is Mrs. Flitter a good conversationalist?
Dorothy—Yes, indeed. She makes you think of lots of good things to say, but talks so much that you don't get a chance to say them.—Detroit Free Press.

Common Plumes.
Millner—I am smiling for Paris next week for French plumes and trimmings. Could I purchase anything for you? Mrs. Reent Rich—Why, yes; you may bring me half a dozen of those non de plumes I often hear spoken of.—Judge.

A Bad Beginning.
"I have known better days, lady," began Faded James.
"Yes, it's a wretched morning," replied the farmer's wife, "but I've got no time to discuss the weather with you, bad as it is." And she shut the door and left him.

Hermit Life of an Umpire.
"Umpires travel incognito as far as possible," writes Hugh Fullerton in the American Magazine. "They are under strict orders never to discuss games, teams or players, not to associate with the players except when necessary, and they live in obscure hotels. They travel in pairs and seldom can be found when off the field. Sometimes exigencies in the schedule force them to travel on the same train with some club, but even then they avoid the players. Occasionally one will stop in the team's car for a brief chat, avoiding mention of baseball, but usually they hasten on, because the players seldom overlook the opportunity to tell the umpire something they forgot to say on the field."

Jacob's Ladder.
Among long staircases the world over none, it is safe to say, is so long or difficult of ascent as "Jacob's ladder." This remarkable flight contains more than 700 steps, all rising with the same lift in the same direction. The steps rise at an angle of exactly forty-five degrees. "Jacob's ladder" ascends a particularly steep hill at St. Helena. The steps are naturally the most direct route to the summit of the hill and despite their great length are traversed daily by hundreds of wayfarers. There are said to be many persons who from long practice are able to ascend the steep stairway at a rapid pace without once stopping for breath.

Human Hibernation.
In some of the remoter provinces of Russia there are peasants who are addicted to what is practically hibernation. When the harvest has failed and provisions are scarce they lie down on the top of the great stove in the inner room, the kitchen of their hut. The stove is high, reaching almost to the roof, and the space between this big brick structure and the roof is the ordinary sleeping place of the family. Lying down upon the long, flat stove the peasants avoid all talking and all exertion, except such as is necessary to keep the stove replenished, and they sustain life by eating at long intervals a little black bread soaked in water. The hut is dark and silent through the winter.

Investing Money.
World's Work Magazine sets forth some of the absurdities that people for the most part intelligent will commit when they have money to invest. If a man is sick he goes to a doctor; if in a row with his neighbors he goes to a lawyer; if in spiritual trouble he consults a minister or priest; if in business straits he calls upon the banker. If, however, he has a problem of investment on his hands he calls upon merchants, lawyers, bankers, ministers and miscellaneous people quite indiscriminately and with about the same practical results that he would get if he followed the same method in sick ness, in legal trouble, in business trouble or in spiritual woe.

The Sidesaddle.
It is generally understood that the sidesaddle was the invention of the famous "Glorious" de Medici while she was queen regent of France, say about 1550. A young her many other accomplishments, Catherine was an expert horsewoman and often spent days together in hunting and following the chase. It was while getting used to her new manner of riding necessitated by her sidesaddle that the queen received the fall which fractured her skull and came very near terminating her career. As a matter of course it was no sooner known that Catherine had taken to riding sideways than the custom became popular with the women all over Europe.—Exchange.

Coincidences of Dates.
Attention has often been called to the curious fact of the date Sept. 3 figuring so largely in the history of Oliver Cromwell. This very dominating man was born on Sept. 3, 1599; he won the battle of Dunbar Sept. 3, 1650; that of Worcester Sept. 3, 1651; and he died Sept. 3, 1658.

The number 88 had fatal influence on the Stuarts. Robert II., the first Stuart king, died in 1388; James II. was killed at the siege of Roxburgh castle, 1488; Mary, queen of Scots, was beheaded in Fotheringhay, 1588 (new style); James VII. (II. of England) was dethroned in 1688; Bonnie Prince Charlie died in Rome, 1788; and with him died the last hopes of the Jacobites.

Censuring Shakespeare.
A masterpiece of censorship was once performed by the Turkish censor, Nicetian Effendi, on the occasion of the production of Shakespeare's "Othello" at Constantinople. He "corrected" the drama so thoroughly as to leave hardly a trace of the original. Among other words, he expunged "Cyprus," giving ingenious reasons for this correction. "Cyprus," he said, "is a Turkish island. It would be politically unwise to send Othello to Cyprus because the territorial integrity of Turkey is guaranteed by treaties. Why not put, instead of Cyprus, some Greek island, such as Corfu?" And thus it came to pass that from respect to the treaty of Paris Othello had to go to Corfu.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

By F. A. MITCHEL

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When I was young, having procured an outfit of several camels, which I owned, and a score of blacks, whom I hired, I started southward from Tripoli to do a little exploring of the great desert of Sahara. I certainly couldn't explore much of it, for it is larger in area than the United States and only parts are ordinarily traversed. I chose to make an expedition straight south to the Sudan, along the route of caravans trading with that region. It is an ocean of sand, with billows of sand except in spots where there are oases.

On the route we fell in with an Arab wanderer named Mohammed. Not all orientals are named Mohammed, but a large number are. He said he was a trader, but one of my men said that the way he traded was one sided. He gave nothing—unless bullets—for something. In other words, he was a robber.

But, like most of these people, he was very smooth spoken. He pretended to take a great fancy to me; said that he had heard that America was the greatest country in the world, and he was quite sure I was the greatest American. To prove his admiration for and confidence in me, he invited me to his camp and introduced me to his wives. There was one young and quite pretty (for an Arab woman among them who, it seemed to me, was especially cordial to me. I could only judge by the looks she gave me, for she did not know my language nor I hers. Salam, my chief man, remarked to me that he had noticed the woman's preference for me. But, having no desire to get myself murdered on account of an Arab's wife, I did not propose to encourage the lady.

Mohammed journeyed beside us for several days, camping when we camped and moving when we moved. Had it not been for Salam I would have considered that the man had conceived a great regard for me, so naturally did he feign it. Salam said that he was familiarizing himself with our strength, our arms and the value of the loot to be acquired in case of a successful attack. Salam also ventured the opinion that the wife who was so favorably disposed toward me was probably intending, by her husband's order, to lure me into some position by which I could be put out of the way. Then my belongings would easily fall into Mohammed's hands. This view of the case did not favor the concept of a man of twenty-two, and I did not believe him.

One evening my Bedouin admirer came to my camp to announce the fact that the next morning at dawn he would separate from us, going off to the east toward Marzuk, my intention being to proceed on my way to Ghat. He invited me to sup with him. Being young—as I have said before—I had a fancy to see once more the woman who had apparently conceived a regard for me. I desired to form an opinion as to whether Salam or I was right as to the genuineness of her demonstrations. I supped with her husband, but he kept his wives out of the way. This seemed to me to prove that there was nothing in Salam's theory. The trader feasted me royally and when I left embraced me with tears in his eyes.

"Whoever says," I remarked to Salam when I returned to my camp, "that an Arab is incapable of friendship doesn't know your race."

Salam made no reply, but did not seem especially impressed with my appreciation of the guileless nature of his brother Bedouins.

Two days after this we encamped one evening on the desert. It was a lonely spot, though no more lonely than all other spots on the Sahara. I was standing after dark admiring the bright stars above, contrasting with the monotonous scene below, when I heard the faintest kind of a sound within a few feet of me. It was like a spent bullet hitting soft earth. Turning, I saw an object a few feet from me. Going to it, I found an arrow me sticking in the sand. Taking it up, I discovered a bit of wood tied to it. Taking it into my tent, where I had a light, I saw Arabic writing on one side. I called Salam and asked him to interpret it. He read it to himself and looked up at me with fear in his face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"—It says, 'Make the fonduk.'"

The fonduk is a caravansary where caravans may get food, water and what is often more desirable, safety.

"From whom did it come?" I asked.

"There is no one near us."

"Mohammed is near. I suspect that he intends to fall upon us tonight. He will probably kill you, then give the rest of us halsheesh to keep silent."

"But who could have sent this warning?"

"I think I have been wrong. The woman who saw you has really been captivated. It is she."

I told Salam to break camp, load the camels, and we would proceed on our journey.

While the preparations were being made I went out again to be alone with the sky and the desert. A new feeling had entered my breast. For the first time in my life I was conscious that a woman loved me. But I knew at the same time that our paths would be as wide apart as those of the great desert.

Before day dawned we made the fonduk.

WOLGAST AND MORAN READY

Two Great Lightweights In Fine Shape For Battle July 4.

CHAMPION IS BIG FAVORITE.

Since His Victory Over Burns Title Holder's Stock Has Gone Up—Little Briton Is Dangerous Customer and May Upset Things.

By TOMMY CLARK

Ad Wolgast, champion lightweight of the world, and Owen Moran, the doughty little Briton, are in fine fettle for their twenty round mixup to be held in San Francisco July 4. Since he defeated Frankie Burns so decisively in sixteen rounds recently in France the champion's stock has gone up, and now he will probably be an odds on favorite when he enters the ring with Moran. Those who think Wolgast should be a big favorite over Moran had better hold their bets for awhile, for on form the little Briton has a very good chance against the title holder.

As to weight and size they are very evenly matched, both being about the same height and can scale at about 125 nicely if called upon to do so. The chances are that they will go into the ring about 130 pounds each. Moran is a past master at boxing, and he knows the game as well as any of them.

As to hitting, there is little to choose between them, for boys who have met both of them say that Moran is the harder hitter of the two, although they admit Wolgast has the most dangerous swing. Moran depends more upon straight punches and a nasty short arm uppercut that is liable to make trouble for any opponent.

A great many have compared the two by Moran's showing with Paddy McFarland, but it must be considered that when Moran met Paddy he was in anything but good condition. That was his fault, of course, but nevertheless he was not in shape, as has been admitted by those who know since the contest, and for that reason it may be well to overlook his poor showing with the Chicago stockyards champion.

Then, too, McFarland might have done the same to Wolgast in a short

time. For the arrest and conviction of any person or persons, who unlawfully remove copies of the Morning Enterprise from the premises of subscribers after paper has been placed there by carrier.

Germany's Cheese Factories. Nearly all the cheese factories in Germany are on the borders of Holland, Denmark, Russia and Switzerland.

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under these classified headings will be inserted at one cent a word, first insertion, half a cent additional insertions. One inch card, 12 per month, had each card, (4 lines) at per month. Cash must accompany order unless open account with the paper. No financial responsibility for errors; when errors occur free corrected notices will be printed for patron. Minimum charge 10c.

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WANTED—\$1000 loan on good property. Address A-10, care Enterprise.

WANTED—You to know that we buy all kinds of Curios, that we are in the market for second hand Furniture and Tools. We also have a good assortment of second hand Furniture and Tools on hand for sale to those in need. Come and see; perhaps we have just what you want. Indian Curios and trinkets for sale cheap; some that are very unique and also very rare. GEORGE YOUNG, Main near Fifth street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Beautiful home, above the fog, lots of fruit and flowers, 7 rooms house, one full city block; price \$3,000; easy terms. By owner. Mrs. M. E. Case, Main 2393, Oregon City.



TWO STURDY LITTLE LIGHTWEIGHTS WHO WILL BATTLE FOR TITLE JULY 4.

bout—outpoint him completely—but it might be a very different case in a long fight with either one.

Wolgast has all the confidence in the world, and he is one German who will carry the fight to the other fellow. Ad loves to mix at all times, and the fans may rest assured that they will get a run for their money. Moran has a splendid chance to carry away a point decision, as the distance is only twenty rounds, a route he is just as able to travel as Wolgast, and being clever and a good ring general, he will no doubt try to play for the decision, as it would mean much to him.

On the other hand, it will be a case of rushing for Wolgast, as he will not take any chance of losing a point decision if he can put over a sleep producer—all of which augurs well for a corking good battle on the glorious Fourth.

Why Russell Ford Is Effective.

Much has been written about the various mystery balls that Russell Ford pitches, but the real reason for his effectiveness lies in the fact that he puts the sphere over some part of the home plate as often as possible. In this way he has the batsmen constantly in the hole and gives them no chance to wait for free passes. History teaches that the greatest pitchers the game has ever known have been able to control the ball under the most trying circumstances.

Walker Leibgold Now Professional.

Sam Leibgold, the veteran walker and many times champion, has honorably resigned from the amateur ranks. He has accepted a position as director of track athletics at De Witt Clinton park, in New York, which, of course, makes him a professional.

Success in the Garden.

The success of a garden will depend principally on making the ground rich and keeping it in a high state of cultivation. Many amateurs have an idea that raking is only done to destroy the young weeds, but this is only one and rather a small reason for the constant use of the hand rake. The main object in cultivating between plants is to loosen the surface soil, so that it forms a mulch and preserves the moisture in the lower ground, where it is needed to feed the plants.—Harper's Bazar.

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Watch our wagons today. The drivers will take your orders and deliver them promptly. They will call as often as you wish for further orders. That is their business—and yours. Please make the fullest use of it. Save your time.

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- FRESH RIPE TOMATOES, 6c pound.
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FARM LOANS—Dimick & Dimick, Lawyers, Oregon City, Or.

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