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CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

July 5 in American History.

1758—George Augustus Viscount Howe of the British colonial army killed near Fort Mifflin, Pa. 1801—David Glasgow Farragut, naval hero, born; died 1870.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 7:30, rises 4:31; moon sets 12:53 a. m.; moon at descending node, crossing sun's path downward.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.

Prominent ministers throughout the country have recently given much attention to the press and some of them have criticized quite strongly the character of the news which fills the columns of the average newspaper.

Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Episcopalian clergyman and rector of the Church of the Ascension, of New York City, delivered a sermon in his church recently on "Newspapers and Crime."

He stated that "an educator had for three months classified items in one of the leading newspapers of New York with the following result: Demoralizing, 2,285 items; unwholesome, 1,684; trivial, 2,100; worth while, 3,900, or 39 per cent."

Mr. Grant began his sermon by declaring that he "did not wish to be sensational," and that his "facts were derived from magazine articles."

The figures classifying the newspaper items for three months were read to the congregation in order to show how badly the newspapers use their enormous power. Said Mr. Grant: "The newspapers, in reality an educational agency, have become a mercantile agency, and we have got to uncommercialize them."

Notwithstanding the expressed wish of the minister to be "not sensational," the New York newspapers gave considerable space to his sermon. The New York World commented editorially as follows:

"The Rev. Percy Stickney Grant in a sermon on 'Newspapers and Crime' cited the conclusion of an 'educator' who read a New York paper systematically for three months with an eye to the character of its news, as follows: Demoralizing, 2,285 items; unwholesome, 1,684; trivial, 2,100; worth while, 3,900, or 39 per cent."

"This makes out a fairly good case for the newspapers. If 39 per cent of their news is 'worth while' it is up to the average quality of achievement in most human activities. Is the percentage of serious worth while any larger, or of plays, lectures, music, art, literature, legislation or philanthropy? A president or a private citizen who can feel that 39 per cent of his effort is not wasted has reason for satisfaction."

"Peradventure ten righteous shall be found to save Sodom. Lo! here is found nearly four times ten, a 'saving' power of musk."

The Alexandrian Library. The most celebrated of ancient libraries was that at Alexandria. It contained 700,000 volumes.

Laws Should Regulate the Wealth of Individuals

By WILLIAM J. BRYAN

THERE SHOULD BE A CODE OF LAWS IN THIS COUNTRY FOR THE REGULATION OF WEALTH THAT WOULD PUT AN END TO THE POWER OF MONEY AND THE POWER OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO ACCUMULATE VAST SUMS OF MONEY THAT SHOULD BE SCATTERED ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

There may be many who do not agree with me in this, but I am confident that in the FUTURE this will all be done.

The amount of money a man should rightfully collect from society ought to be no more than he HONESTLY earns, and the amount he can honestly earn is not more than fairly measures the value of the service he does for society.

There is no EXCEPTION to that rule, and any man who collects any more money than that is VIOLATING the code that should prevail.

TRUTH.

We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff. On the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain.—Dean Stanley.

remnant surely large enough to ransom the press."

Rev. C. C. P. Hillier, preaching in Springfield, Mass., on "The Power of the Newspapers," said:

"The newspaper is a mighty power. It fulfills the mission of giving the news of the world in a marvelous way, but we cannot without grievous wrong to ourselves overlook its great moral defects, even while we recognize its wonderful possibilities. It counts 'news' is bad. Ten thousand homes go on year after year and the paper never notices them. One of them catches fire and the Associated Press reports it across the continent. A thousand families behave themselves quietly and are never considered by the paper. One had a quarrel and it appears as the morning news. Ten thousand men go to work, pay bills, die quietly and the paper gives them three lines for fifty cents. That isn't news. But let one go into bankruptcy or commit a crime, and a dozen reporters haunt his funeral. That's news."

"The average paper gives eighty times as much space to sports, amusements and crimes as to education and religion combined. When Ingersoll died the papers gave generally from three to twenty times as much space to notices of death as they did when Moody died. Ordinarily a prize fight of any importance will get more space than a presidential inauguration. Some papers don't tell the truth; there are a few journals which strive to give the news and tell the truth. They are, I am sorry to say, exceptions in our American journalism. So nearly universal is the tendency to come short of the truth or to garble it that one is forced to believe that if God dealt with managers as He did with Ananias and Sapphira there would be a dearth of dailies in America. Anything to sell papers, and news is manufactured to be descredited the next day!"

"Newspapers are the product of pure imagination. Most prominent men are kept busy denying fictitious and often malicious reports of interviews. You say, 'But my paper doesn't do such things.' Possibly not, but how do you know? Has it no liquor advertisements? Too many of our daily papers are run from the counting room, and almost every one is absolutely at the dictation of the liquor traffic."

Rev. Dr. Clayton Albert Schmucker delivered a sermon last week in the Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Pittsburgh on "Our Times and the Paper That Talks." He said, in part:

"There are ten thousand newspapers and magazines read in this country every day. They are devoured like bread. 'The American people want live literature. They want a paper that talks. They will have it. If they cannot get it pure, clean-cut and burning they will take the impure and unwholesome. The literature flooding the country is causing as great revolutions as the swords of mighty warriors in the past. The writings of some men are to be feared more than a poisoned sword."

"Powerful is the pen of the upright wielded in defense of truth, every stroke sharp and pointed."

"The times demand sound sense and practical thought. Not so much the how as the what. Not so much that which addresses itself to the imaginative and speculative faculties only, as that which speaks of every-day life right to the popular heart."

"People have hearts, feelings and sympathies, and they wish to have them recognized and appealed to. They want the paper to talk to them."

Visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, notice as soon as they enter a beautiful fragrance pervading the entire building. When the mosque was built 1,000 years ago the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk.

The Alexandrian Library. The most celebrated of ancient libraries was that at Alexandria. It contained 700,000 volumes.

Queen Mary's Coronation Gown And Robe Were Truly Gorgeous



Photo copyright by American Press Association.

QUEEN MARY was truly a regal spectacle when she accompanied her husband to Westminster abbey to be crowned queen of Great Britain. Her dress was of deep ivory duchess satin cut in princess style. It was embroidered in gold thread of various tints, which gave a delicate light and shade. Up the front was a design showing the English rose, the Scotch thistle and the Irish shamrock, all united to form a tree tapering at the waist and widening at the corsage. The star of India appeared on the front with the thistle, rose and shamrock on each side of it, while around the bottom were lotus lilies on a surface of water, emblematic of India and the vast seas of empire under British rule. The train, fastened at the shoulders with gold cord, was six yards long and a yard and a half wide. It was of royal purple velvet lined with ermine. On the inner side was embroidered a chain of oak leaves and acorns, with medallions of rose, shamrock and thistle at frequent intervals. The gown was made in England, artisans having spent months on it. It will be sent to India and will be worn again by Queen Mary at the durbar at Delhi next year, when she and King George will be formally made the rulers of India.

RAY'S OF SUNSHINE.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—Colendge.

KNOWLEDGE.

It is not for knowledge to furnish light to a dark soul nor to make a blind man see. Its business is not to find a man's eyes, but to clear them, and to regulate a man's steps, provided he has good feet and legs of his own.—Montaigne.

A Fire Alarm.

First Office Boy—What's Johnny nurrin' fer? Looks like he heard a fire alarm. Second Office Boy—He did. De boss said if he wasn't back from dat errand in less than ten minutes he'd lose his job.

Discretion.

Tommy—Pop, one o' the fellers says I look like you. Tommy's Pop—And what did you say to him? Tommy—Gee! I couldn't say anything. He's a good bit bigger than me.—Philadelphia Record.

Setting Him Right.

"He always stops to think before he speaks." "You don't know him. He only stops."—Toledo Blade.

A Cozy Nest.

When a sheep in Australia was being shorn a starling's nest with one egg was found in its wool.

Two Kisses

By C. ARNOLD COLE

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Formerly railroad cars passing through tunnels were not lighted as they are now. A number of episodes have been recorded of affectionate action in these dark holes in the ground, and kisses have been surreptitiously taken. Leonard Starkweather, a young man of some twenty-one years and proportionately inexperienced, took one of these kisses, and it led to no end of worry on his part. He finally paid the penalty.

He was traveling with Miss Gwen Dolin Stewart, a young lady two years his junior. Miss Stewart had one of those complexion which can only be compared to a ripe peach of a light shade, a pale rose on ivory. Her lips were of that same shade of pink and quite tempting enough to cause any man to wreck himself to touch them with his own Starkweather had been introduced to her by a mutual friend before the train started, and she had been put under his care. This rendered his act all the more dishonorable.

The better to cover his tracks the kiss was stolen with malice aforethought. He told the young lady just before the train entered the long tunnel, the location of which he well knew, that he was going into the smoking car for a whiff of a cigar. Instead of doing so he went into the next car back, where he remained till the train shot under the hill. The young lady sat on the right of the car, the eighth seat from the rear. This he had carefully noted. Putting his hand on the back of every seat till he reached the eighth, he felt carefully till he had noted Miss Stewart's position, then quietly bent down and took the kiss.

A muffled cry was heard above the rattle of the train, but when the car shot out into the light there was no evidence of anything wrong. Starkweather had made good his escape, and Miss Stewart was apparently endeavoring to regain her equanimity by fumbling with her handkerchief, which she was examining as though she had bought it at a bargain counter and doubted if she had not been sold as well as the linen.

Half an hour passed—quite enough to enable her to quiet-down after the episode—when Mr Starkweather returned to his seat beside her, bringing with him the odor of tobacco smoke. He was a trifle nervous, but felt relieved to find Miss Stewart quite composed. He expected that she would tell him of the outrage that had been inflicted upon her and ask him to take measures to discover the perpetrator. He was surprised that she didn't mention the matter and considered her refraining from doing so due to maidenly modesty.

But Miss Stewart's treatment of her escort was somewhat different from what it had been. An innocent freedom was replaced by a slight reserve. The ingenuousness, the confidence—call it what you will—of girlhood seemed to have departed from her. Occasionally Starkweather caught her looking up at him sideways with an expression that he could not fathom. He began to be troubled lest she had known or at least divined that he was the man who had kissed her. But how could she have got any inkling of this? When he kissed her not a ray of light had penetrated the car. He had felt no touch—his face was smoothly shaven, so that no pointer could have been obtained from the character of a beard. No; it was simply impossible that she should have any evidence of having been kissed by him. This being the case, why should she have withdrawn that outspoken confidence with which she had treated him? And yet it was not a turning against him; it was rather like that condition which comes between friends of different sexes when the man lets go friendship to grasp at love.

Starkweather looked upon a young girl as something too holy to be profaned. This is a characteristic of youth, and another is a great sensitiveness to woman's treatment. His theft was to him like that of the Spartan boy who stole the wolf—not criminal so long as not found out. The boy had the wolf under his coat and let it gnaw the flesh away rather than that it should be discovered. Starkweather began to believe that Miss Stewart knew he had kissed her. Perhaps if he had been sure of this it would have been more tolerable than the uncertainty under which he suffered. Horrible situation! An innocent girl had been put under his care, and he had kissed her in a tunnel. Should she really know that he had so betrayed a trust possibly before they parted she might resent the outrage as it deserved. The thought was maddening.

They arrived at their destination after dark. Starkweather saw the young lady to her home, leaving her at her door. In the light of a street lamp he stood, half expecting that she would give evidence of her scorn. Instead she turned up to him those lips that had tempted him. What did it mean? He didn't stop to ask. He kissed them. "Did you know I kissed you in the tunnel?" he asked. In reply she gave him his handkerchief with his initials on it, which she had pulled out of his pocket when the kiss was taken. "Are we engaged?" she asked. "Of course."

A Comet. The following whimsical account of the nature of a splendid comet is given in an old French military journal: "It is a parcel of old stars who, being no longer fit for service, have been discharged on half pay and, to save expense, have agreed to mess together."

Painful Frankness. "And you think this hat becomes me?" asked the customer. "Yes, I do, madam," replied the milliner. "But it's very plain." "Yes, it just suits your face, madam!"—Yonkers Statesman.

No Guesswork about your money matters when you are a depositor here. Your bills are all paid by check. Your check, when returned, becomes a receipt. No trouble about change, no disputes about payments, no question as to where your money has gone, or how much you have received. Your pass book and the stubs of your check book always tell the story. BE ON THE SAFE SIDE AND OPEN AN ACCOUNT AT THE The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN THE COUNTY

D. C. LATOURETTE President F. J. MEYER, Cashier THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of OREGON CITY, OREGON CAPITAL, \$50,000.00 Transacts a General Banking Business. Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Woman's World Vast Responsibilities Develop the Business Talent of Mrs. Harriman.



MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN. The announcement that Mrs. E. H. Harriman, widow of the railroad king, contemplates devoting many of her late husband's millions to the founding of a vast university in his memory again directs attention to one of the most remarkable women of her time.

Although no longer a young woman and with no previous business experience, on the death of her husband, who left her executrix of his will, she took hold of his vast interests and has managed them in a manner that has commanded the respect and admiration of all associated with her.

She has controlled a street railway and lighting plant and a hotel in Georgia, a gold mine in South Dakota, an iron mine, a dairy farm, a bank and a road building company in New York, a blast furnace in Pennsylvania and lesser enterprises elsewhere. In addition to which she has attended councils in Wall street, directed an army of men at Tower Hill and performed the duties of a mother to her children.

A Tortoise Shell Cradle.

A novel baby's swing, made by a black father for his youngest infant, was to be seen in a grass built house on one of the small islands of the Torres Strait. Suspended from the roof by four lengths of homemade twine was a polished shell of a large hawkbill turtle, back uppermost. Hanging about eighteen inches below this shell and attached to it by neat chains made of small pieces of tortoise shell was another large shell, the inside uppermost. The underneath shell was lined with soft material. The swing was polished and decorated profusely with small shells and coral. When mosquitoes were troublesome a mosquito net hung from the cradle roof.

Are you a subscriber to the Morning Enterprise? If not you should call and let us put your name on the subscription list immediately.

A Snake's "Leap."

Mr. Robinson denies that it is true that a snake ever "leaps" at its foe or prey. Except the cobra, no snake can raise more than a third of its length from the ground, though there are instances in which rattlesnakes, probably unconsciously, have gained an extra leverage from a wall of rock immediately behind them and so struck farther than the ordinary range.—London Spectator.

Particular.

The tired looking man dropped heavily into a chair. "I've been standing on my feet all day," he remarked, in explanation of his fatigue. "It is well," murmured his sister, who is a teacher, "that you specified how you were standing. Otherwise I might have thought you were standing on some other person's feet or on your head."—New York Press.

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Quotations for Oregon City. POTATOES—Best, \$2.50, and \$2.25; common, 2. Buying, carload, select, \$2.10; ordinary, \$1.90; new potatoes are selling at 2 1/2c. FLOUR AND FEED—Flour is steady, selling from \$5 to \$5.50; very little of cheaper grades. Feed is higher and rising slowly. Bran brings \$2.50. OATS—(Buying)—Gray, \$24 to \$25, white, from \$26 to \$27. BUTTER—(Buying)—Ordinary country brings from 15c to 20c, fancy dairy from 20c to 22c, creamery 22c to 25c. EGGS—(Buying)—Are ranging from 20c to 21c, according to grade. POULTRY—(Buying)—Firm with little good stock offered. Good hens are bringing 15c. Old roosters are in poor demand, broilers bring from 20c to 21c, with good demand. WOOL—(Buying)—Wool prices are ranging from 13c to 15c. MOTAIR—(Buying)—Prices on mohair have been way up, some having brought as high as 35c locally. Quotations are 37 1/2c and demand is strong from \$26.50 to \$27.50, shorts \$28 to \$30, rolled barley \$21.50 to \$22.32, process barley \$23, whole corn \$31 to \$32, cracked corn \$32 to \$33. Wheat \$33 to \$33. HAY—(Buying)—Timothy \$16 to \$17; clover \$9 to \$10; oat hay, best, \$12; mixed, \$10 to \$11; alfalfa, \$12 to \$14. HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 5c to 6c; salted, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; dry hides, 12c to 14c. Sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each. DRIED FRUITS—Local prices are firm at from 8c to 10c on apples and prunes, peaches are 15c. SALT—Selling 50c to 50c for fine, 50 lb. sack, half ground 40c; 75 for 100 lb. sacks. Portland Vegetable Markets. SACK VEGETABLES—Carrots, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; turnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; beets, \$1.50. VEGETABLES—Asparagus, 90c per 100; cabbage, 10c; cauliflower, \$1.50 per dozen; celery, California, 75c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1.50 per dozen; eggplant, 15c per lb.; garlic, 10c to 12c per pound; lettuce, 50c per dozen; hothouse lettuce, \$1.50 per box; peas, 9c to 11c per pound; peppers, 30c to 35c per pound; radishes, 15c per dozen; rhubarb, 2 1/2c per lb.; sprouts, 9c; tomatoes, \$2 to \$2.25. POTATOES—Oregon, jobbing price, \$2.50 per hundred; new potatoes, 7c to 7 1/2c per pound. ONIONS—Jobbing prices: Oregon \$2.75 per 100; Australian, \$3.50 per 100; Texas, \$2.25 per crate; California, \$2 per crate. Oregon City Stock Quotations. HOGS—Hogs are quoted 1/2c lower. From 125 lbs. to 150 lbs. 9 1/2c, from 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. 8 1/2c. VEAL CALVES—Veal calves bring from 8c to 10c according to grade. BEEF STEERS—Beef steers for the local markets are fetching 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c live weight. SHEEP—Are firm at 4c to 5c live weight. BACON, LARD and HAM, are firm.

BASEBALL RECREATION PARK, Cor. Vaughn and Twenty-fourth Sts. SACRAMENTO vs. PORTLAND July 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Games Begin Weekdays at 3 p. m. Sundays, 2:30 P. M. LADIES' DAY FRIDAY. Boys Under 12 Free to Bleachers Wednesday.

BUNGALOWS are the popular style in home architecture. I specialize on designing and building bungalows that are convenient in arrangement, homelike in appearance. At Moderate Cost If you are thinking of building call and see me, or phone for an engagement. Clarence Simmons CONTRACTOR & BUILDER Ninth and Main Streets. Phone Pac. Main 3282.

Buy a Home While Paying Rent \$100 down and \$12 a month takes this comfortable six-room house and lot. House is wired for electricity. Lot 62x105 feet. Some fruit on place. Well located on Madison St. Well located on Madison St. A snap at \$100 E. P. Elliott and Son 7th and Main Sts., by Suspension Bridge.

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