

MORNING ENTERPRISE OREGON CITY, OREGON

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CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

Aug. 16 in American History.

- 1777-General Nicholas Bickner, hero of the battle of Oriskany, died; born about 1715. Battle of Bennington, Vt.; British defeated. 1812-Detroit was surrendered to the British by Hull. 1825-Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, American soldier and statesman, author of the immortal phrase, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," died in Charleston; born 1746. 1908-J. W. A. Macdonald, known as America's oldest sculptor, died at Yonkers, N. Y.; born 1824. 1910-Ex-President Roosevelt was defeated by New York Republican state committee for temporary chairman of state convention.

On the theory that he will prove a successful runner Speaker Walker of the Massachusetts lower house wants the republican nomination for governor.

That Connecticut man who says that he can live on 26 cents a week may eventually reduce it to "22."

Pasadena, a babeless town and not a word from the Colonel!

It will be noted that those seven Nevada Indians took to the warpath just when Dr. Wiley complained that he was getting to much foam in his.

Definitions of Man. Man has been defined by Aristotle as "a reasoning animal," by Plato as "a political animal," by Dante as "a ridiculous animal," by Varchi and by John Fluke as "an improvable animal."

Water, Water Everywhere! Life is an aquatic meet—some swim, some dive, some back water, some float and the rest—sink.—Life.

Read the Morning Enterprise.

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Even Most Powerful Rulers Fear War; None Fear Peace

By Pope PIUS X.

I AM happy to learn that in the United States of America under the leadership of men enjoying the HIGHEST AUTHORITY with the people the more judicious members of the community are fervently desirous of maintaining the advantages of INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so called ARMED PEACE, is indeed most PRAISEWORTHY, and any effort in this cause, even although it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests nevertheless a zeal which cannot but redound to the CREDIT of its authors and be of benefit to the state.

THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE AT THE PRESENT DAY, WHEN VAST ARMIES, INSTRUMENTALITIES MOST DESTRUCTIVE TO HUMAN LIFE, AND THE ADVANCED STATE OF MILITARY SCIENCE PORTEND WARS WHICH MUST BE A SOURCE OF FEAR EVEN TO THE MOST POWERFUL RULERS, SOMETHING NOT TO BE SAID OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

I most heartily commend the work already begun, which should be approved by ALL good men.

I do not doubt that the same distinguished men who possess so much ability and such wisdom in affairs of state will construct in behalf of a STRUGGLING AGE a royal road for the nations leading to peace and conciliation in accordance with the laws of justice and charity, which should be SACREDLY observed by all

LATEST MARKETS

HIDES—(Buying—Green hides, 50 to 60; salted, 5 1/2 to 6 1/4; 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 10c.

SALT—Selling 50c to 90c for fine, 50 lb. sack, half ground 40c; 75 for 100 lb. sacks.

Portland Vegetable Markets. SACK VEGETABLES—Carrots, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25 @1.50; turnips, \$1.25@1.50; beets, \$1.50.

VEGETABLES—Asparagus, 90c @ \$1.75 per crate; cabbage, new, \$2 per hundredweight; cauliflower, \$1.00 @ \$1.75 per dozen; celery, California, 75c @90c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1.50 @ \$2.25 per dozen; eggplant, 15c per lb.; garlic, 10c@12c per pound; lettuce, 50c per dozen; bothouse lettuce, \$1.50 @ \$2 per box; peas, 8c@11c per pound; peppers, 20c@35c per pound; radishes, 15c per dozen; rhubarb, 2 1/2c @3c per pound; sprouts, 9c; tomatoes, \$2@3.25.

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 1/4c lower. From 125 lbs. to 150 lbs. 9 1/4c, from 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. 8 1/4c.

BACON, LARD and HAM, are firm. 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—Live ewes at 5c to 5c live weight.

Quotations for Oregon City. POTATOES—Best, Buying 1 1/2 cents pound.

WHEAT AND FEED—Flour is steady, selling from \$5 to \$5.50; very little of cheaper grades.

OATS—(Buying)—Gray, \$23 to \$24, white, from \$25 to \$26.

BUTTER—(Buying)—Ordinary country brings from 15c to 20c; fancy dairy from 20c to 22c, creamery 22c to 25c.

EGGS—Best grade 25 cents. POULTRY—(Buying)—Firm with little good stock offered. Good hens are bringing 12c. Old roosters are in poor demand, broilers bring from 16c to 18c, with good demand.

WOOL—(Buying)—Wool prices are ranging from 14 to 17 cents.

FEED—Shorts \$29 to \$30; rolled barley, \$31.50 to \$32.50; process barley, \$33.00; whole corn, \$33.00; cracked corn, \$40.00; wheat \$22.00 to \$23; oil meal, \$53; Shady Brook dairy feed, \$12.25 per hundred pounds.

HAY—(Buying)—Timothy \$16 to \$17; clover \$9 to \$10; oat hay, best, \$12; mixed, \$10 to \$12; alfalfa, \$12 to \$14.

Monster Mosquitoes.

The late Henry Guy Carleton, the noted playwright, lived at Atlantic City, and when the mosquitoes were bad, he would tell his Madras mosquito story.

"There are no mosquitoes," he would begin, "in Brittany, and a Breton woman, about to emigrate to Madras, was warned by a friend:

"Beware of the Madras mosquitoes. They have long suckers hanging from their heads, and they will draw the very lifeblood out of you."

"The Breton woman arrived in Madras duly, and, as she disembarked, she saw three elephants drawn up near the pier.

"Ciel! she cried. 'Are these mosquitoes?'"

Vain Sacrifice.

Cholly—What's the matter, Frank, dear boy? Frank—Oh, Cholly, Ethel tells me she loves another; Cholly—What hard luck after your devotion! Frank—Hard luck? Why, Cholly, in the last six months her father's dog has bitten me nine times!

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER EXTENDED

(Continued from page 1.) The Same Special Offer of double votes will continue in force until the night of August 24, so take advantage of this extended time and pile up on a good vote reserve to carry you on to victory the closing night of the Contest. Of course this extended time does not include the offer of the Diamond Rings, the winners of which will be announced at the same time the other awards are made, but the vote schedule remains the same. So keep constantly at subscription-getting as subscriptions will count just the same as during the Extra Special Offer until 6 p. m., August 24.

AN ARBITER OF FATE

Gamaliel Swallows an Ancient Superstition

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Here comes Aunt Alvaretta," said Elsie listlessly from her seat in the bow window. "I wonder what has happened. She's got her knit hood on over her sweeping cap, and she is running across the orchard."

Mrs. Parsons leaned over her daughter's shoulder and peered at the tall angular figure hurrying through the orchard that divided the two houses.

"Maybe Gamaliel has had another fit. That cat will be the death of Alvaretta with his fits and flincky ways; she's worried over him half the time. I'll open the door for her." She went to the side porch and awaited her sister's coming.

Alvaretta came up the narrow path between the rows of chrysanthemums, her prunella shoes feet flashing in and out of the dead leaves and her faded face quite pink with excitement.

"Is it Gamaliel?" called Mrs. Parsons eagerly as her sister drew near.

Miss Lee stopped short and stared. "Is what Gamaliel?"

"I thought perhaps that cat had another fit," returned Mrs. Parsons sharply; "he's always cutting up some sort of diodes."

"Gamaliel's all right," assured Alvaretta calmly as she followed her sister into the warm sitting room. "How are you, Elsie? Haven't you finished those pillowcases yet?"

"This is the last one," answered Elsie, rising to offer her aunt a rocking chair. "When we saw you running, Aunt Alvaretta, we thought something had happened." She resumed her own seat and bent her fair head above the needle pillowcase.

"Something unusual did happen," averred Miss Lee with mysterious nods of her head. "I'll have to take off my knit hood; it's hotter'n all get out in this room. For the land—I haven't got on my sweeping cap! Well, it's all in the story of what happened when I was cleaning the parlor this morning."

"What happened?" queried Mrs. Parsons impatiently as she picked up her needles and knifed furiously at some white lace she was making for her daughter's trousseau.

Miss Lee removed her sweeping cap and twirled it thoughtfully on one long finger, her keen, black eyes watching Elsie's downcast face as she told her story.

"As I was saying, I cleaned the parlor this morning, or I was just beginning to when I decided I'd clean out that little closet under the rafters. There was a little hair trunk that belonged to Grandmother Lee, and it had all sorts of trink in it. I won't tell you all the stuff. There was tucked away in the trunk some rainy day you can come, Emmeline, and we'll look it over. But among other things there was a little pasteboard box and inside of it was a little scrap of lace, marked 'Ann Lee's wedding veil.' That was your great-grandmother, Elsie! There was a scrap of the wedding gown and then screwed up in a little piece of paper was this bit of grandmother's wedding cake!"

Alvaretta triumphantly held up a twist of yellowed paper, which she carefully unfolded to discover a morsel of dark, fruity cake with a few flecks of icing clinging to it.

"I'm going to give it to Elsie to dream on," said Miss Lee slowly.

Elsie's pale face flushed hotly and she shrank back in her chair with a protesting gesture of her hands. "You needn't laugh at me, Aunt Alvaretta," she said tremulously. "You know I don't have to dream on wedding cake—my fate's been decided for me." She shot a bitter glance at her mother's averted face.

Mrs. Parsons arose and went to the plant stand in the window, where she proceeded to pick the dead leaves from the geraniums with quick, nervous gestures that betrayed her inward perturbation.

"I didn't know Elsie had decided she was going to marry Jerome Barclay. I thought she was sort of teetering between him and Rob Harris," blurted Miss Alvaretta, getting upon her feet. "I've never taken much stock in your notion of having Elsie get her wedding clothes ready before she'd made up her mind."

"I never said I wanted to marry Jerome Barclay. I—I—can't bear him!" flashed Elsie, with unusual spirit.

Mrs. Parsons turned a cold face toward her daughter. "I thought it was understood," she said severely, "that you was to marry Jerome. He said he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, and he says you can keep hired help and you needn't do a stroke of work if you don't want to. He can afford to have you live like a lady." He left a diamond ring for you to wear, and he told me to fire ahead and get the clothes ready. He says he knows you will be ready. I don't want to influence you, Elsie, but I've had to work so hard all my life it seems as if I couldn't have you let such a good chance go by." She looked appealingly at the mortuous face of her daughter.

"I wouldn't mind working hard for some folks," half sobbed the girl, turning her eyes away.

Mrs. Parsons sighed and resumed her picking of the dead leaves from

the geraniums. "I didn't know that Rob had given you the chance to say yes or no," she said bitterly.

"Fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Alvaretta, with a toss of her head. "I guess Rob and Elsie know whether they want to marry each other without any highfalutin' talk about it. Rob Harris is poor, but he's smart as a whip and bound to make his mark in the world. He's got more ginger in his little finger than Jerome Barclay has in his whole lazy body. I don't believe in interfering with other folk's business, and I shan't influence Elsie either way, but I think it's only fair she should have a chance, and here it is."

Miss Alvaretta held out the bit of wedding cake in its twist of paper and dropped it in her niece's outstretched hand. "Elsie Parsons, you take that cake and put it under your pillow tonight. If you dream about Rob Harris you can take it that it's your fate to marry him and nobody else. If you dream of anybody else I reckon it's your duty to marry them whoever they are. There! I've got to be going. Gamaliel will be wanting his milk."

With a pressure of Elsie's hand and a defiant glance at the thin disappearing back of her sister, Miss Alvaretta marched out of the room.

When she had disappeared through the aisles of leafless trees Mrs. Parsons turned around. "I hope you're not going to take any stock in that foolishness, Elsie."

"Mother, I'm going to have my chance," she said quietly. "I'll promise to abide by whatever I dream about tonight. If I dream about Jerome Barclay I'll tell you the truth."

"I'll do the best I can by you, Elsie, whichever way you happen to dream," said Mrs. Parsons after a long pause.

"Thank you, mother," said Elsie, and then they talked of other matters, and Elsie's lovers were not mentioned again that afternoon.

After supper there came a scratching and moving at the side door. "It's Gamaliel," said Elsie as she arose to admit Miss Alvaretta's big black cat. "I suppose he's come over to spend the night."

"The most ungrateful critter that ever lived, remarked Mrs. Parsons as she placed a saucer of milk for the unexpected guest. "Alvaretta waits on that cat hand and foot and five nights out of the week he runs over here to sleep. I shouldn't think you'd want him sleeping in your room, Elsie."

While she undressed Elsie thought of the wedding cake and of what she might dream while its magic lay so near her head, but she forgot it after all until she was about to step into bed. Then she groped in the darkness and found the twisted bit of paper on the bureau and tucked it under her pillow.

She thought persistently of Jerome Barclay, while she tried to banish him from her mind, and so she fell asleep and dreamed of him—clear, vivid dreams of automobile rides around the surrounding country and into the adjacent cities as Jerome Barclay's wife; dreams that were so real that she remembered every detail of each one when she awoke to a realization that her test had failed to grant her heart's desire. Not once had she even thought of Rob Harris in the misty land of dreams.

Gamaliel yawned sleepily on his cushion and bounced off indignantly as the door was cautiously pushed open and Mrs. Parsons' face was thrust in.

"Well, Elsie, what did you dream?" she asked, with assumed lightness.

Elsie sat up in bed and swept the fair hair back from her dejected face. "I dreamed of Jerome Barclay, mother," she said heroically. "So I'll marry him just as I said I would."

Mrs. Parsons advanced into the room and picked up a scrap of paper from the floor. "What's this?" she asked. "What did you do with the cake, Elsie?"

The girl stared and then slipped her hand hastily under the pillow and drew forth a screwed up piece of paper. "Here it is—why, mother, I made a mistake and put a curl paper under the pillow instead of the wedding cake!" The color came into her cheeks and her eyes danced as they had not done in months. She was getting some of her old time spirit back. "There isn't any charm about dreaming on a curl paper, is there, mother?" she asked demurely.

"No, there isn't," said Mrs. Parsons shortly. "Elsie, I believe that Gamaliel ate that cake. See, this is the paper with a few crumbs left in it. I found it near his cushion. There! See him eat the rest of it!" She looked resentfully at Gamaliel as he swallowed the remaining crumbs and licked his lips appreciatively.

"I forgot to say, Elsie, that Rob Harris is downstairs waiting to see you. He says he can't go till he does. I expect your Aunt Alvaretta had something to do about getting him over here. He looks powerfully worried. He's got a little automobile to attend to his business with. I've asked Rob to stay to breakfast. You better hurry." She opened the door and stumbled over the active Gamaliel.

"Drat that cat! Thieving old reprobate!" she scolded, departing. "I'm glad you dreamed what you did, child," she called back.

Elsie snatched Gamaliel to her heart and kissed him rapturously. "You're the dearest old thing, and you shall wear a white ribbon," she whispered in his perky ear. Then from below there came a prolonged and familiar whistle that was echoed in her heart. She crept to the window and answered it happily, tremulously.

From across the orchard Aunt Alvaretta's voice sounded, calling: "Gamaliel! Gamaliel!"

The Main Point. "Say, dad, gimme a dime." "Your words are abrupt and even coarse, my son. You should say, 'Father, will you oblige me with 10 cents?' That sounds very much better."

"Well, do I get it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Reason. "Well, Johnny, don't you wish that you were a grown up man?" "You bet I do."

"But why?" "So that people wouldn't ask me such fool questions."—New York Journal.

OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Notable Feature of the American Exposition of Brewing Machinery, Materials and Products—Eminent Experts on the Committee of Awards.

Mich.; Professor C. P. Bull, St. Paul, Minn.; Professor Alfred Atkinson, Boston, Mass.; Professor R. C. Donoghue, North Dakota; Professor H. V. Tarran, Corvallis, Ore.; Professor E. D. Ball, Pullman, Wash.; Professor R. A. Moore, Madison, Wis.

Cleaning Barley For Seed. One of the principal difficulties that have obtained in the growing of barley as well as other crops is that sufficient attention has not been paid to



HEAD AND STEM OF WHITE CLUB BARLEY.

the seed, not only in the matter of fanning out all dead and degenerate berries, so as to seed only good and live grain and produce a good crop where no grains will fall to sprout, but also because there has been a lack of uniformity as to variety or strain. This is perhaps of more than ordinary importance in the case of barley and is one of the matters that will engage the attention of the barley and hop exhibition at Chicago in October, 1911. The barley which is used for malting purposes is put through an artificial process of sprouting in mass, in which necessarily all grains are treated alike. It stands to reason, however, that where plump and thin grains, meadow and flinty ones, starchy and albuminous grains are all steeped and sprouted under like conditions they will necessarily grow differently and cannot yield a uniform malt. This causes serious troubles to the consumer when he works up the malt in the further process of manufacture and makes it difficult for him to finish off a uniform product. It stands to reason that where the different kinds of grains are all seeded in the same soil in like manner at the same season and grow under the same weather conditions the berries of different characters cannot possibly develop alike. The result will be an uneven stand, differences in the time of maturing, different action in the stack, etc.

Pedigree Grain. Different strains of barley will grow differently on different soils and in different climates.

In order to produce the best crops which will also be the most abundant it is therefore necessary to use pure strains, or, as the scientists call them, "pedigree" grain, where all the berries are of the same variety or strain and will behave alike under similar conditions. It is also necessary to find by experiment what particular strain is best suited to certain soils and climates.

The girl stared and then slipped her hand hastily under the pillow and drew forth a screwed up piece of paper. "Here it is—why, mother, I made a mistake and put a curl paper under the pillow instead of the wedding cake!" The color came into her cheeks and her eyes danced as they had not done in months. She was getting some of her old time spirit back. "There isn't any charm about dreaming on a curl paper, is there, mother?" she asked demurely.

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HEAD AND STEM OF MANCHURIA BARLEY mates and also what method of planting and cultivation is best adapted to the varieties and types.

A great deal of work has been done along these lines by scientific investigators, particularly at the agricultural experiment stations of Wisconsin and Minnesota. These scientific men are serving on the committee on awards for the barley and hop exhibition which will take place in Chicago in October, 1911.

GIRL'S FINGER RINGS. Although blue and white, black and white, mauve and white and yellow and white are worn also.

Pongee trimmed with heavy lace makes a charming gown for a little girl if designed as shown in the sketch. There is a pointed yoke of the lace and bands of it for the skirt and sleeves, while a soft ribbon girdle encircles the waist. Bordered materials may be used for this dress.

JUDIC CHOLET.

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GOOD MANAGEMENT

You have noticed that those who get ahead in the world are generally those who are good managers—who have learned to take care of their incomes.

It is conceded the world over that the best way to take care of one's income and have a growing balance is to keep a bank account. There are just as many reasons why YOU should have a bank account as there are why any of our hundreds of satisfied depositors should.

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D. C. LATOURETTE President F. J. MEYER, Cashier

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Wants, For Sale, Etc

Notice 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. Half inch card, 10 per month. Cash must accompany order unless you have an open account with the paper. No financial responsibility for errors. Will be printed for patron. Minimum charge 15c.

WANTED—Collectors to see my collection of all sorts of curios, antiques, and Indian trinkets, stamps for stamp collectors, coins for numismatists, arrow-heads for archeologists, etc. I buy and sell all sorts of curios; also all kinds of second-hand furniture and tools. George Young, Main, near Fifth street.

WANTED—Small advertisements for this column. Prices very reasonable. See rates at head of column. Read the Morning Enterprise.

WANTED—You to know that the Enterprise job printing department is the most complete in the State, outside Portland. Try it for your next printing.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Call at store one door north of First National Bank, or opposite postoffice.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework, good wages and permanent place in small family at Portland; must be experienced. Apply 593 East Salmon street, Portland, or at Enterprise office.

FOR SALE—Space in this column. Sell that old plow or harrow; you don't use it since you purchased your new one.

FOR SALE—Five room cottage, electric lights, hot and cold water, basement, on the hill, central, one block from bluff. This is a bargain for \$1,400. Inquire or write 301 Third Street, Oregon City.

FOR SALE—Good Gasoline launch, cheap for cash. Inquire 1204 Seventh Street, Oregon City. 6t

HARDING-WALDEN Tracts. — Acre tracts, garden and fruit land, level, fine view, one-half mile to carline at Gladstone, sold on installments or terms to suit. Inquire 1003 Main street, H. S. Clyde, agent. For bargains in houses, lots and land, see H. S. Clyde, 1003 Main street, Oregon City.

FARM LOANS. FARM LOANS—Dimick & Dimick, Lawyers, Oregon City, Or.

ATTORNEYS. O. D. EBY, Attorney-at-Law, Money loaned, abstracts furnished, land titles examined, estates settled, general law business. Over Bank at Oregon City.

UREN & SCHUEBEL, Attorneys-at-Law, Deutscher Adokat, will practice in all courts, make collections and settlements. Office in Enterprise Bldg., Oregon City, Oregon.

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. HARRY JONES—Builder and General Contractor. Estimates cheerfully given on all classes of building work, concrete walls and reinforced concrete. Res. Phone Main 111.

INSURANCE. W. H. COOPER, For Fire Insurance and Real Estate. Let us handle your property—we buy, sell and exchange. Office in Enterprise Bldg., Oregon City, Oregon.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR CLATSOP COUNTY. SUMMONS. Helen M. Quinn, Plaintiff, vs. Ritchie Quinn Defendant. To Ritchie Quinn, the above named defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed by the order of publication of summons of this suit, to-wit: on or before the 4th day of September, A. D. 1911, that being a day after the expiration of six weeks from the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear or answer or want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage and defendant and forever divorcing plaintiff from defendant, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable and just.