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Origin of the Census.
The census probably had its origin in Rome. The term comes from the high officer called censor, whose duty it was, among other things, to enumerate the people. The Roman census must have been minute and full, since it indicated not only the number of the people, but their respective classes, domestic positions, wealth, etc. It seems that the Roman census was taken about every fifth year. The first effort to take a census in Great Britain was made in 1801, but it did not extend to Ireland. The first census ever taken in the United States was in the year 1790, since which time it has been taken regularly every ten years.

Ancient Tribe in Panama.
In Panama reside the Talamancans, a tribe of Indians who have not changed their habits since the days of Columbus. The Talamancan's hut, which is a masterpiece in the art of thatching, is a huge affair and shelters his entire family and all his worldly possessions, including the domestic animals. As he is a past master in the art of domesticating the wild deer, the peccary, the tapir and even the tiger cat, numbers of these animals are present in every village. His bed consists of the trunk of a certain species of palm cut into strips and supported three or four feet from the ground on a frame. A few earthen pots complete the furnishings of his home.

Farthought.
Ho—if I were suddenly to lose all my money would you marry me just the same? She—Not quite the same, dear. We should have to invite a few hundred more to bring us presents.—*Standard Commercial Tribune.*

England's "Gospel Oaks."
At Polstead, Suffolk, there still exists a "gospel oak" which is over 2000 years old. The oak has a girth of thirty-six feet and although the "gospel oaks" generally stood on the boundaries of parishes, this tree stands in the center of the village. "Gospel oaks" at one time studded the country, taking their names from the fact that they served as stations from which the Christian missionaries preached to the Angles and Saxons 1500 years ago. Very few of the trees now remain, but in some cases it is possible to tell vaguely where they stood from the names given to places such as Gospel Oak.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Return of the Prodigal.
When the elder brother of the prodigal son came near his father's house he heard, according to the authorized version, "music and dancing." Dr. Rendel Harris, in an address at Westminster college, Cambridge, says that the word for music in the original is "symphony" and that symphony means the bagpipes. Wycliffe's version gives the word symphony, but no other translator has done so. Wycliffe also says that he heard "symphony and a crowd." Now, crowd is the Welsh crwth or harp. In view of the two instruments Dr. Harris says that the elder brother had some justification for getting angry.—*Christian World.*

Big Figures.
"My dear Miss Moneybags," said the impetuous young man, "I love you more than I can find words to tell."
"But I presume you could tell me in figures," rejoined the beautiful heiress in icy tones.

RAILWAY RAPPED FOR NOT RAISING GRADE

Residents of Canemah are indignant over the failure of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company to raise the grade of the railway between this city and that suburb. They declare that the company promised to do this before the fall rains began to prevent the track from being inundated, as has been the case almost every fall and winter. Members of the Oregon City Council, City Engineer Noble and General Superintendent Fields, Vice-President Fuller and Engineer Pumphrey, of the railway company, made a trip over the road several months ago, and the representatives of the company promised the grade would be raised in a short time. The work, however, has not been started, and it will be impossible, it is said, to do it this year. As a result of the company failing to keep its promise, the citizens of Canemah expect to be inconvenienced again this fall and winter as a result of water covering the tracks and delaying the cars.

Staving it Off.
The street paving was out our way the other night, and our next door neighbor didn't like it.
"Here's a nickel," he shouted to the grinder, "if you'll go away at once."
"Ees der someboda wat is seek?" asked the grinder.
"Not yet," answered our neighbor.
"Harry."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TENNIS TITLE IS RETAINED BY LARNED

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 4.—(Special).—Defeating Maurice E. McLoughlin of San Francisco in three straight sets, William A. Larned today retained his title as national tennis champion. The challenger made his strongest showing in the first two sets, the champion winning out easily in the third on a 6-2 score. McLoughlin's play was brilliant throughout, but the strong net work of the champion made it a losing fight for the young Californian. The scores of the first two sets were 6-4 and 6-4. In the first set Larned scored 35 points to McLoughlin's 25 and in the second 32 to 28.

He Thought Right.
Two of Britain's greatest fighters, Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, and the Duke of Wellington, nicknamed "Old Nosey," met but once in their lives, and that meeting occurred in the little hall at 10 Downing street. Beside the quiet old fireplace there they entered into a general conversation, and Nelson was so impressed with the duke that he asked a servant who was the man with the striking nose.
"Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley, my lord," replied the servant, astounded at the sailor's ignorance.
"Ah!" said Nelson. "I thought he was no common man."—*National Magazine.*

Lynical.
"I think it's absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Miss Rosebud.
"What possible disease could be spread by kissing?"
"Marriage, madam," grunted Grumby.

Patronize our advertisers.
Shopping incident.
"I don't care for that shade, and I positively wouldn't have it."
"Sorry, madam."
"Still, you may give me a sample in case I change my mind."—*Washington Herald.*

Their Representative

A Story for Labor Day Showing a New Way of Ending a Strike
By F. A. MITCHEL

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"I'm sorry, miss, to have to tell you that I'm going to leave you."
A girl of twenty, whose red and white complexion bespoke Irish blood, stood before her mistress, fingering her apron with evident embarrassment.
"Why, Maggie, what have I done?"
"Nothing, miss."
"Then why are you going to leave me?"
"Well, miss—the truth is—why, miss—I'm going to be married."
"Oh, I see. Who are you going to marry, Maggie?"
"Jim Doolan, that works in the Ainsworth factory."
"The Ainsworth factory?"
"Yes, miss."

Margaret Etheridge, the girl's mistress, was interested in the Ainsworth company as a stockholder and through its president and manager, Richard Ainsworth.
"I'm sorry to lose you, Maggie," said Miss Etheridge, "but if you are going to be married, you can depend upon me to give you whatever you will need in the way of clothes, household linen and other things, to enable you to set up housekeeping."
"Thank you, miss."

Maggie was married and went to live with her husband in a small suit of rooms. Jim's wages were not very large, but the couple made them do very well till the first child came, when they were obliged to take a backward step financially by incurring a considerable bill for medical attendance. Then Jim was taken sick, and that increased the indebtedness. Meanwhile Richard Ainsworth had been pressing an unsuccessful suit with Miss Etheridge. He had greatly increased the output of the Ainsworth company since he took the management, and to the book value of the stock 50 per cent had been added. Indeed, Richard Ainsworth had come to be considered one of the smartest young business men in the state. But there were differences between him and Margaret Etheridge that prevented her from accepting him. Those business qualifications for which the world applauded him did not appeal to her. She did not understand the methods by which that silent partner, capital, was made to absorb the lion's share of the profits of a business. She saw the operatives—men, women and children—going to the works early in the morning and, having worked hard all day, return in the evening to their shabby homes to repeat the process day after day. The were working to pay dividends on her stock, while she, who did nothing, lived in affluence. It seemed to her that there was something wrong. She appealed to Richard Ainsworth for an explanation, but his explanations were not satisfactory. His reasons convinced her, but her heart, her sense of justice, were unmoved by them.

"Why can't you pay your operatives enough to enable them to live more comfortably?" she asked Mr. Ainsworth.
"Because of competition."
"Explain."
"Other concerns would be able to undersell and we would be forced out of business."
"Why not appropriate a portion of the dividends, which are enormous, to the operatives?"
"Because of several reasons, the most pertinent of which is that the stockholders would object."
"I am a stockholder. You may cut my dividends in half, giving one half to the operatives."
"You are one among hundreds; the rest, instead of being willing to give up their profits, are howling for more. My dear Margaret, you don't understand such things."
"Does anybody understand them?"
"Yes, one—Providence."
"One day Maggie Doolan sent a pitiful message to Margaret, scrawled in pencil on a bit of paper, saying that she was ill, her husband was away at his work all day, the children had no one to take care of them, and Jim's wages were pledged for debts. Besides this, there was nothing to eat in the house. Margaret immediately sallied forth with a well filled purse and, stopping at the provision shops by the way, carried comfort to the distressed. As she was coming away, Jim came in with a rueful countenance and, throwing himself into a chair, dropped his head in his arms on a table.

"What is it, Jim?" asked his wife in a frightened tone.
"The strike is on," was the mournful reply.
"Oh, heavens!" cried Maggie in dismay.
"What are the hands striking for?" asked Margaret Etheridge.
"Ten per cent advance all around."
"And do you mean that you will let us have no income whatever till the matter is settled?"
"I do."
"How much do you earn?"
"Twenty-one dollars a week."
"Very well. Every weekly pay day I will send you a check for that amount."
Margaret left, leaving a relieved and thankful household behind her. The strike proved to be a prolonged one. One evening while it was in

progress Richard Ainsworth and Margaret Etheridge were sitting in her home discussing the matter.
"Why do you not give the men what they demand?" she asked.
"For a number of reasons—first, if I do within six months they will make another demand, and so on until we pay them so much that we can't manufacture at a profit. This will drive us out of business and them out of employment."
"Why can't a compromise be effected?"
"The question is a difficult one to answer. If these men were represented by one of their own number a compromise might be effected. But they are represented by one or more persons whose interest I don't consider their interest. The questions between the laborer and the capitalist are those constantly arising between partners in business. Whenever the interests of persons and peoples are intertwined there can only be loss to both in a want of harmony. When the capitalist is unjust to the laborer he in the long run injures his business. When the laborer is excessive in his demands upon the capitalist he injures the business in which he is a partner."

Ainsworth had scarcely spoken the last word when there was evidence of a commotion without. Some one cried: "Hurrah for the strike sympathizer!" Ainsworth and Margaret looked at each other wonderingly.
"Where's the laddy? Come out!"
Margaret chose to answer the summons herself. A workman stood at the door, who, pulling respectfully the rim of his tattered hat, said to her:
"There's a lot of us here, miss, that bearin' ye have contributed to the strikers' fund by paying Jim Doolan's family his weekly wages, have come to thank ye. Would ye mind showin' yourself on the porch?"
Margaret went out and saw a crowd of upturned faces, lighted only by a street lamp.

"Three cheers for the laddy strike sympathizer!" cried the man who had brought her out.
The cheers were given with a will, and when quiet was restored Margaret said:
"I can't say exactly that I am a strike sympathizer, but I can say that I am a sympathizer with you and your families. I am a stockholder in the Ainsworth company, and if by throwing off all my dividends except what I need to keep body and soul together I could end this strike I would do so."
"Good for you!" "Let the other stockholders do the same!" "For God's sake, end it!"
"How would you like to make me your representative to confer in your name with the management of the Ainsworth company with a view to a compromise?"
"Bully!" "Go ahead!" "Dot!"
Margaret's introducer held up his hand for silence and said:
"All in favor of Miss Etheridge representing us say aye."
There was a wild shout of ayes. No more were called for or given.

"Very well," said Margaret. "Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I will be ready to receive a committee of men who are workers, men who have been supporting their families by their labor in the works of the Ainsworth company. Don't send any one else. If you do I shall decline to act for you."
She withdrew, followed by wild shouts from laborers delighted with the novel plan of endeavoring to secure their demands through a stockholder and a woman. In ten minutes more the neighborhood was deserted.

The next morning Richard Ainsworth was at Margaret's home some time before the appearance of the committee and was shown into a room by himself, ready to decide upon any proposition that might be made. When the committee arrived they were placed in the drawing room. Margaret entered and said:
"Make your demand."
"Our only demand," replied the spokesman, "is for 10 per cent advance."
"If the raise is granted, how long before a demand will be made for another raise?"
The committee conferred and finally agreed to pledge themselves that no new demand should be made within two years.

"How is the management of the company to be assured that you will keep this pledge?"
After another consultation the spokesman said, "Every operative will sign a written pledge to you, and you can give your word to the management."
"Very well. Wait here."
Withdrawing, Margaret went into the room occupied by the manager and made him the proposition.
Now Richard Ainsworth had a shrewd head in more ways than one. He could see an opportunity when it presented itself, and he saw one now.
"Margaret," he said, "the terms are accepted on one condition."
"What is it?"
"That you make an additional pledge."
"What pledge?"
"To become my wife."

Margaret was not ready to give a definite answer. She tried to satisfy him with an evasion. All to no purpose. He stood firm as a rock. Either the stipulation must be introduced into the agreement or the strike must go on. Finally she put out her hand and turned away her face. Ainsworth took the hand and sealed the contract with a kiss.
That night there was a demonstration about Margaret Etheridge's home, and nothing would satisfy the demonstrators except carrying their representatives in a chair on their shoulders around the factory and home again.

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HEAVY HITTING THIS SEASON

New Records Likely to Be Made in Major Leagues

MANY EXTRA BASE DRIVES
Reybold Mark For Home Runs May Be Beaten or Equaled Before Season Closes—Other Batting Feats May Be Overshadowed.
By TOMMY CLARE
When the baseball season comes in October the fans will probably have new batting records to discuss. Judging from the way the hitters in both the American and National leagues are hitting the ball this year, new records are sure to be made. During the present season an unprecedented number of extra base drives have been made. There is every reason to believe that new records will be established for two baggers and three base drives as well as for home runs. Since there is something magical in the words "home run" naturally the fans throughout the country are



Photo by American Press Association. TY COBB, DETROIT'S HEAVY HITTER.

ested in the player who manages to get the greatest number of four base drives during the season.
At the present time enthusiasts all over the country are watching the hot work of young Fred Luderus, the Phillies' first baseman, who by his batting early this year became as famous as the noted Cobb or Hans Wagner. Luderus is after the home run record made in 1890 by Buck Freeman of the Washington Nationals. Luderus recently slumped in his batting and was replaced by Bransfield, but Manager Doolan believes on his return he will regain his eye.
"Socks" Reybold holds the American league record for home runs. He established it in 1902. The former athletic in that year made sixteen.
Luderus' record compared to that made when baseball was in its infancy might be called a joke. The game, however, has changed much since then, especially the batting and pitching. Then, too, batters played a greater part in the game than pitchers.
It is a remarkable feat today for a batter to make two home runs in one game, whereas in olden times two and three were not unusual.

However, it is a fact that one man has made seven homers in a single game. On June 12, 1907, Harry Wright, playing for the Cincinnati club against the Holt club of Newport, Ky., made that number. A year later Lip Pike made six in one contest. As late as 1874 Al Reach, Kalamazoo, and Potter earned the distinction of making five in a single contest.
Ping Bodie, another young player who is making good this year in the league company, eclipsed Freeman's record of twenty-five four-base drives last year, when the White Sox outfielder played with San Francisco. Bodie made thirty home runs.
Ty Cobb of the Tigers is also striving for a batting record. He is after the one Hugh Duffy set up in 1904, which was 438 for 124 games.
Duffy Lewis of the Red Sox is trying his hardest to beat the record made last year by Nap Lajoie for two base drives. Last year Lajoie made fifty-one doubles. Lewis has made more than half the number. If he continues his present gait he is confident of beating Lajoie's mark.
Lajoie also holds the record for the greatest number of triples made during a season. He established it in 1903, when he registered twenty-three for the season. To date Larry Doyle, Cobb and Cris have each passed the fifteen mark.

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