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WORTH BOASTING ABOUT

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The OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE, weekly edition is still Read in over 1500 Homes
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Why She Resigned.

Miss Singwell had been a member of the choral society ever since it was formed, and it was undoubtedly true that her first youth had waned. But the choir-master was astounded recently by the news that she had resigned her membership. "Resigned?" he gasped. "But what for?"

These Girls.

"What a charming dress, my dear—such a lovely shade of pink! You always show such perfect taste." (Merciful heavens! That dress must have been made for a wagon cover. And why in the name of sense she wears pink when it makes her look like a chunk of mud I cannot imagine.)—Louisville Times.

Breaking Into Society.

"He had his wealthy wife arrested for nonsupport."
"Are they prominent socially?"
"They haven't been. This affair may help them some."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some of the Time.

Some Chinese carry two watches. Their reason being—suppose one makes stop, the other walks.

A Curious Herb.

In New Caledonia there is a herb which has the rare property of revealing one's secrets. It is known as the Datura stramonium and has white flowers and rough berries full of dark grains. They are treated of in the "Annals of Hygiene and Colonial Medicine." A person who has swallowed the tea made of this herb will after falling asleep tell where his money is hidden and will also arise and go direct to where his treasure is concealed. Robbers often use this tea as knockout drops with which to rob their victims.

He Found His Equal.

The merchant was busy and was having a troublesome time at the telephone. Central, who tried to get the number for him, appeared to be inexperienced or asleep. Ordinarily the most patient of men, he finally lost his patience. "Look here," he shouted, "either get me 1234 or give me some place where I may at least talk to my intellectual equal!" Silence for a moment, and then over the wire came a loud "Hello" in a man's voice.

The Retort Courteous.

"The trouble with you is that you keep constantly forgetting that you were once a girl, although everybody else forgot it years and years ago."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What He Advised.

A young man unhappily married and practically penniless took his tale of woe to a prominent divorce attorney in Chicago and concluded with this: "I'm too poor to pay much for a divorce, but my wife makes my life miserable. After I get home at 6 o'clock in the evening I get no peace until I go to sleep. What would you advise?" "After considering all the facts in your case," said the lawyer, "I would suggest that you get a job which requires you to work all night."—Eschange.

The Orchid.

The orchid is a peculiar plant, for strange as it may seem, there is no distinctively orchid odor. One smells like the violet, others like the rose, the hyacinth, the daffodil. Orchids are the monkeys, the mimes of the vegetable world, in odor as well as form and tint. No other flower resembles an orchid, but orchids are forever aping butterflies, pansies, boots, spiders, pitch plants, birds and what not. And they are not absolutely certain to look just the same twice in succession.

What They Want.

In most countries the introduction of postal facilities is regarded as an unqualified blessing, but it was not so in Korea. The postoffice erected there in 1885 had but a brief existence. The mob, in their blind hatred of all innovations, rioted and burned it to the ground. The natural result was to make Korean stamps of the first issue in a used state of great value. The matter was allowed to drop for a time, and it was not until ten years later that the present system was established.

LOOKING AND SEEING.

Multitudes of men walked the same streets as Dickens without seeing a hundredth part of what he saw. It is the power to see and not the object to be seen that we lack, and this power may be to a certain extent cultivated by practice.

Patronize our advertisers.

An Elephant Story.

An elephant train was on its way from Lucknow to Seetapore, and one elephant, becoming lame, knelt down and refused to go on. The elephant next in the column stopped of its own accord and when driven on turned back and began without instructions to remove some part of the load from the back of its crippled companion. Instances of aid rendered by birds to others in distress may also be found, showing that the instinct of sympathy exists and takes form in action when the causes of the sufferings are such that the fellow bird can understand and see its way to remedy.—London Spectator.

A Famous Jewel.

The Kohinoor, the famous diamond now in the British crown, was an ornament on the tomb of Akbar, near Agra, for more than a century in the open air without guard until Nadir, shah of Persia, who invaded India in 1739, sacked the palaces and tombs of the Moguls and carried back to Teheran a 600,000,000 worth of loot.—London Mail.

Our First Cotton Exports.

The earliest exports of cotton from America were made in 1788, in which year one bag was sent from Charleston to Liverpool, while twelve were sent from Philadelphia and one from New York.

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Rusty Steel.

Steel which is rusty should be soaked for several hours with linseed oil and then polished with unslaked lime or emery powder, which is very easily worked if it is used on a cork which has been dipped in linseed oil.

TWO FORTUNES

Both Came Suddenly to the Same Person and One Was Many Millions

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

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Why should we read fairy stories with marvelous happenings when there are such occurrences in real life? The imagination is not capable of creating the possibilities that occasionally occur among persons who are made of flesh and blood and have souls. What imagination a century ago in a long strip of Illinois could detect the leader of the greatest political crisis the world has ever known? And in the acquisition of wealth, what more wonderful development in fancy than the story of a real Mexican peon who came into an income of \$10,000,000 a year?

In a town of northern Mexico, in an adobe house lived an old man, Pedro Alvarado by name, a peon, who, with his Indian wife, worked and saved till he had accumulated \$100. With the money the couple bought a piece of land on the top of a rocky hill near by the town in which they lived.

Why they put their hard earned savings in this barren and not very accessible summit and continued to save and to pay \$40 a year taxes on it when they needed the very necessities of life is not known. It is possible that the wife, having been an Indian, had heard a tradition handed down from her forefathers that there was a treasure buried there.

Be this as it may, there must have been some reason for the old couple putting all their money in a barren rock, and this view is borne out by the fact that old Alvarado, having willed his purchase to his son and three nephews, called upon the former to swear that he would never part with his interest in it. When we remember that this legacy bequeathed to young Pedro was supposed to be worth but \$25 we cannot but assume that his father must have had an inkling that its value was much greater.

After the old couple died the summit of the barren rock was not divided among the heirs, but kept as one property. Then came men who believed that there might be silver under the rock. They had plenty of money and were ready to risk it in an investigation. They offered the heirs a large sum for the property, and Pedro's cousins were willing and anxious to sell. But Pedro, true to his oath, refused to part with his share. In vain the others begged him not to stand in their way of taking advantage of the offer. Pedro stood firm. But after awhile a friend loaned him the money to buy out his cousins' interest and make the investigation as to what the property contained.

One day men began to work on the top of the hill with pick and shovel. A month passed and nothing but ordinary earth and rock was displaced. The cousins came to see and jeered at Pedro for a fool. But Pedro had been loaned sufficient money to pursue his investigations to the end and worked on. Another month passed and yet another with the same result. Then one day in a twinkling all was changed. A vein was struck indicating that the Palmita mine, as it was called, was the richest silver mine that had ever been opened.

And now this story takes on a wonderful change. Pedro Alvarado, son of a Mexican peon father and an Indian mother, heir to a beggarly estate supposed to be worth but \$25, suddenly springs into an income of \$30,000 a day. The fairy waves her wand and the adobe hut in which Pedro was born is changed into a sumptuous palace furnished from the manufactories of the old world. Money without limit it is given away, thrown away. Whatever the silver king fancies he buys. Those in his employ are loaded with luxuries.

It seems to be the desire of all men to live in a palace, for all men who acquire immense fortunes build such structures to live in. Nevertheless their abodes are typical of their origin. Pedro built his palace, and when he got it finished and furnished it was wonderful to behold, especially in the latter respect. The furniture all came from abroad. The most costly bedsteads, chairs and cabinets were shipped from Paris; rugs came from the orient, and Pedro, instead of walking on the wooden floor—or, more likely, the dirt floor—to which he had become accustomed, sank in the soft substances manufactured by Persian workmen.

But the most curious freak of this suddenly enriched man was a mania for pianos. His palace was filled with them. They, too, came from those factories where the most skilled workmen were employed in their building, and their mechanism was enclosed in the most costly woods, often beautifully inlaid. They were in his parlors, in his living rooms, bedrooms—anywhere, everywhere where there was room for them, and room in Pedro's palace was abundant.

Singularly enough but one selfish motive guides this suddenly enriched man. The rest are all altruistic. He is beset by persons eager to buy his mine, or if they cannot do that at least a part of it. By selling and permitting educated business men to work if the income could be greatly increased. But no argument, no amount of cajoling, could move the man who had sworn he would not sell.

Then it was represented to him that by certain simple business reforms he might himself make his mine pay more largely. All the ore taken from it was carried down the hill on mules. Why not build a little railroad for the purpose, which could be operated at much less expense? "But what would those do who now make their living by driving the mules?" asked Pedro. The simple business scheme is refused. Wastefulness continues. The owner's employees draw immense salaries, and how much they steal besides does not appear, except in the opulent manner in which they live.

Will the mine always stand this waste, this drain? Will there not come a day when the vein will run out? And then? Well, then the silver king and those who are sucking his wealth will collapse.

Among them all there is one who foresees such a result. Pedro's wife had dredged as a peon until the mine was opened. She remembered that part of her life and had no desire to return to it. Why not from this river of wealth on which they were floating turn aside something to support them in case the fountain should dry up? And so she did. Instead of putting away a few copper coins at a time as her father-in-law had done with which to buy his rock, she took \$1,000 bills and hid them. For years she stored away these bills. No one knew that they were being hidden, no one knew their hiding place. The waste, the extravagance, the money sucking by employees, relations, dependents continued, but every now and again the former peon woman hid away a thousand dollar bill.

True enough, what Senora Alvarado foresaw at last—came about. The earth taken out of the mine became less rich. Instead of producing \$30,000 a day it produced but a few hundred dollars to the ton. All it was worth must be paid to those who carried it from the mine into the valley and for getting the silver out of it. Pedro had seen his fortune loom up almost in a night; now he saw it sinking rapidly away. Then to crown his loss-avater appeared in his mine.

Water is the great danger, the great trouble when it comes, in mining. Tunnels must be built, expensive pumps must be put in, either one or both. Pedro had but one business idea in his head. That was to hold on to his property. But now even that idea had ceased to be practicable. His mine was no longer valuable unless worked on business principles, and Pedro was not a business man.

Since there had been nothing put away, so there was nothing when the end came. The man who had given away and wasted millions now found himself unable to give or waste any longer. It was the old story of the fairy who had raised palaces and other luxuries for the pauper, by muttering another incantation caused them to vanish.

Then Senora Alvarado, who had been tucking away thousand dollar bills very conveniently, died. In distributing her effects a maid who had been a long while in her service was asked if there was anything that had belonged to her mistress she would like to have. She said there was an old quilt the senora had always used which it would gratify her to possess. The beloved woman had slept under it for many years and would never let it go out of her own keeping. Surely this would be a treasured souvenir.

But Pedro remonstrated against the faithful servant having nothing but an old quilt much worn and not very clean. He urged the maid to name something of greater value. She, however, clung to the quilt and would not be comforted without this article so intimately associated with her mistress.

Now, Pedro was aware that his wife had not sympathized with him in his extravagance; indeed, she had repeatedly warned him that he would come to grief by it. Knowing this he wondered if the good woman had not put something away for a rainy day. The eagerness of the maid to possess the quilt caused him to suspect that something might be hidden in it. Instead of giving it he began to rip it. Out came a thousand dollar bill. Rippling on he found another, and so, as Pedro had grown fabulously rich overnight in finding silver under a rock, he now gained a fortune in an old quilt. He took out 800 thousand dollar bills—quite enough to soothe him for the running out of his mine and to enable him to live handsomely for the rest of his days.

Pedro Alvarado yielding to the inevitable turned over his mine to the others. Some Americans are the new owners and are working it on modern principles. Meanwhile the owner lives on the income of the 800 one-thousand-dollar bills that were successively saved up by his more farseeing wife in the old quilt through a long term of years.

There is an unexplained feature in this story that, appealing as it does to the curiosity, is the most important part of it. Why did the senora Alvarado put all the "little money" she had in the rock that covered the mine, and why did he pledge his only possible oath not to sell it? The only possible solution seems to be that some Spaniards years ago prospected in the region and from the trend of veins of silver found suspected that the top of the hill in question contained the same metal. This may have been known to the Indians and been handed down from one generation to another. That the hill contained the immense treasure that Pedro Junior discovered no one could have known. This must of necessity be one of the remarkable freaks of fate.

G. A. R. ATTENDANCE AT DINNER SMALL

The Woman's Relief Corps served the quarterly Pension Dinner Tuesday at the Willamette Hall. Only 75 members of the Meade Post were present. The dinner was postponed one day Monday falling on Labor Day. The program as arranged for was not given, the speaker being unable to be present. The attendance of only 75 is considered remarkably small, as there are usually 150 to 175 present.

CLUB MANAGERS LOST STARS Often Turn Down Players Who Later Make Good.

MILLER NOW HELD FOR \$10,000

Chance, Clarke and Griffith Could Not See Player Whom Montreal Wants. Fancy Price For—Camisary Tells Story on Joe Cantillon.

Some of these men who buy and sell ball players certainly do have some bad half hours.

What would you think if you had purchased a ball player for \$300 and sold him for \$1,500 and then wanted him back and was asked \$7,000 and several players? Wouldn't you be like a sweater?

A couple of years ago a fellow named Ward Miller became the property of the Chicago National league team, was drafted from a small minor league and cost \$300. Manager Fran Chance looked him over and figured it wasn't quite right. Asked for a waiver, the Pittsburgh club refused to allow him to go. That was in six days when you had to sell a man for whom you asked waivers—no pulling back. Well, Miller went to the Pirates. Manager Clarke looked him over. After awhile he decided Miller wouldn't do, and the latter went to Cincinnati on a trade that made Blaine Devan, the former Cub pitcher, a Pirate.

Griffith Passes Judgment.

Clark Griffith looked over Miller and backed the judgment of Chance and Clarke. He figured Miller would do in the majors, and he went to the Eastern league.

Well, this year he struck his stride. He is hitting over 300 for the National club and running bases like a wild man. George Huff, the Cub scout,



Photos by American Press Association.

O'TOOLS AND KELLY, PITTSBURGH'S NEW COMELY BATTERY.

went to look him over. Huff wired President Murphy that Miller could be secured for \$7,000 and two players.

"Stick around until tomorrow—maybe they will come down," was Murphy's answer by wire to his scout. The next day the Cub president received an answer. It read like this: "Price has gone up—now they want \$10,000," and the telegram was signed Huff.

"Catch the first train or they'll boost the price to \$20,000," were the instructions of President Murphy.

Don't you suppose the Cub magnate feels like bottling himself when he thinks of the time when he had this fellow at a cost of \$300?

One on Cantillon.

And these same baseball men will give you a warm time if you attempt to convince them that O'Tools, the St. Paul pitcher, cost Barney Dreyfus \$22,500 in real money. Here's one that President Comiskey of the Cubs remembers. He was formerly the manager of the Washington team in the American league and then went to Minneapolis to boss that team.

"Joe had heard that somebody had offered Lennon \$12,000 for O'Tools," said President Comiskey. "So the next time that Joe saw Lennon he opened on him:

"I understand that you have been offered \$12,000 for O'Tools," said Joe. "Well, I guess I'm the biggest part of it," said Joe. "In the first place I didn't know there was anybody in baseball so crazy as to offer that much money for any ball player. And in the next place," said Joe, "I would have sworn there was nobody in baseball any crazier than to have turned down such an offer once he had it."

The only shows you that the fans were not the only ones to gasp at the price. Even practical baseball men had a difficult time believing that any magnate would separate himself from that amount of money for a ball player. In fact, there are a lot of them who still do not believe it.

DO YOUR BEST.

The main thing is to keep on doing our very best all the time. Even although at times we may feel discouraged and hopeless, we must never give in. And if fame and fortune pass us by—well, we shall always have the consolation that we have done our best, and no one can do more. If you do your best your conscience is clear.