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LOCAL BRIEFS

Violet Johnson, of Portland, is visiting friends. Superintendent of City Schools Toose is ill. R. A. Schoenborn has gone to El Dorado to work. Joe and Tom Cook and wives spent Sunday in Portland. R. Sullivan, of Clarkes, was in Oregon City Monday. Edith Alldredge has returned from a trip to Hood River. Alfred Garrier has returned from a trip to Eastern Oregon. George T. Carley, of Portland, was in Oregon City Monday. Miss Belle Mattley has gone to Salem to attend the State Fair. G. Benson, of Redland, was in Oregon City on business Monday. A meeting of the Maccoebes has been called for Tuesday evening. Miss Laura Schuebel, of Portland, spent Sunday with friends in Oregon City. Miss Alice Flagler has gone to Dayton to visit her cousin, Miss Lena Spangle. Mrs. W. Yoder, of Hubbard, is visiting her mother Mrs. K. Quinn, of Oregon City. Mrs. William Andersen and family have returned from Newport, where they spent the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reed have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Finney, of Brooks. Ella White and Mrs. Amy Drake, of Portland, will leave Wednesday for Salem to attend the State Fair. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reed and son, Walter, have returned home after a week's visit in Salem and Corvallis. Demonstration of "Arabalene," the great complexion beautifier at Huntley's today. Have a talk with Miss Morrill. Mrs. A. M. White and son, Walter, left Sunday for Brooks, where they

will visit George Finney. They will also attend the State Fair. Born, to the wife of James W. Church, Saturday, at Hood River, a nine-pound son. Mrs. Church formerly was Miss Elma Albright, of this city. The Church family lives in Walla Walla. City schools open next Monday. Get your books today at Huntley's and avoid the jam of opening day. We know the books for every grade, at Huntley Bros. Co. George J. Hurley, of Loomis, Wash., and C. A. Babcock and wife, of Portland, were guests of C. C. Babcock and family Sunday. J. P. Lovett has gone to Powell River, B. C., on business. The Portland Law School, of Portland, Oregon, opens its fall term September 18. It has a very nice catalogue for this year, showing eleven members in the faculty. The president of the Law School states that there will be two to three more lecturers added during the year. This is a splendid law school for the study of law as a preparation for the bar. Are you a subscriber to the Morning Enterprise? If not you should call and let us put your name on the subscription list immediately.

Heart to Heart Talks. By EDWIN A. NYE

DISHONEST YOUNG MEN. An Iowa dealer in agricultural implements tells me this: He has known the sons of wealthy farmers who, before they are twenty-one years of age, will buy heavily on the strength of their prospects. Then before they come of age they will take the benefit of the bankruptcy law. You see— Having wiped the slate clear of indebtedness, they come into possession of their share of the estate. To do this they run the risk of a penitentiary sentence. And this man says these young men regard this sort of procedure as something peculiarly "smart." Let's see. At the most they have gained a few hundred dollars worth of stuff. They have lost what is infinitely greater. Put the equation thus: Won—a few paltry dollars. Lost—credit, reputation, character, self respect. In a purely business sense the loss of credit is a great one. There may come a time when the extension of a credit favor may amount to many times the sum these young men have won by their low trickery. However much money a man may have or how little, credit must be the foundation stone upon which he builds successful business. Credit is more than capital. It is the business man's chief asset. Nowadays business men know very well the commercial history of those with whom they deal. These young men lose not only credit, but reputation. The community will never forget their lapse from honesty. Half a lifetime of uprightness will not blot out the shameful record of their boyish crookedness. But— Most of all these young men lose the chief asset of their personality—character. Loss of self respect will follow sooner or later, but the great loss is of character. They are modern Esaus. They have sold their birthright of honor for a mess of pottage. What shall it profit a young man if he gain a little money by mean means and lose his own soul? Young man— To say nothing whatever of morals or of righteousness, to put the whole matter on a selfish footing— It pays to be decent!

The Modest Pachmann. Asked if he found European or American audiences more agreeable to play to, Mr. Pachmann replied: "I am especially fond of English audiences. American ones are perhaps more receptive and warmer in feeling. English audiences are often cold, but they are never cold when I play. How they love and adore me! You should see and hear them. When I come on the stage it sometimes takes four or five minutes before I can begin my playing, and when I am finished they shout and scream—yes, they scream 'comme des bœufs.' England is going to be a great country musically." — St. James' Gazette.

Servia's "Death Mask" Stamps. The famous "death mask" stamps of Servia were a special series issued to commemorate King Peter's coronation. He it was who in 1901 ascended the throne left vacant by the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The central portion of the design consists of two heads, one that of Peter, being placed slightly to the right of the other, that of the founder of the Karageorgevitch dynasty in such a way as to show the whole of the one and the profile of the other. It is a grim coincidence that when the stamp is inverted a human face can be easily discerned, which is supposed by many to bear a distinct resemblance to that of the murdered king.

How Swifts Spend the Night. A recent observer has noticed that at Gibraltar the swifts may be seen flying up to 10:30 at night and reappearing at daylight. Where do they spend the short interval? It is suggested that they spend the night in the air. Many careful observers who have watched them say that some time during the evening they ascend into the upper air until they are lost to view. It is believed that they spend the night in the higher regions of the atmosphere and descend again in the morning. Long ago Gilbert White observed that the swifts performed almost every action of life on the wing. Do they even sleep in the air?—London Globe.

IN JOY AND SORROW. An oriental ruler once summoned his wise man and said to him, "Tell me something that will moderate my joys and sorrows." And the wise man made answer and said, "In the tumult of thy joys and in the depths of thy sorrows repeat to thyself this truism: 'And even this shall pass away.'"

The Town Clock. A Story of Medieval Times. By REYNOLDS ATWILD

One needs only to go back a century to step into a social condition entirely different from that in which we live today, and two centuries ago the difference was far greater. Nevertheless in that age a faint streak of dawn appeared on the horizon of civilization. Certain implements that were destined to revolutionize the world were invented. Of these the printing press and the timepiece were perhaps the most notable. The clock at once excited the ingenuity of mechanics, and they added to it many peculiar features. One clock on striking the hour exhibited figures of the twelve apostles, who came out of a door, walked around a circle and went back into hiding. Another showed the Magi adoring the infant Jesus. The town clock henceforth regulated the affairs of men. It established the hours for labor and for worship. In the town of Zweirhofen, in Germany, Carl Zweigler had made the clock high up in the tower that stood in the market place. And, having built it, he alone knew how to regulate and repair it. If it stopped either Zweigler must start it and keep it going or it remained stopped. With it the good people of Zweirhofen also stopped. And if it remained stopped they remained stopped also. They did not know at what hour to assemble for trade or for prayer. They did not know when to go to bed or to rise. If a prisoner were sentenced for a specified term no one knew when that term began or ended. If a man were sentenced to be hanged on a certain day and hour no one knew when the sentence was to be executed. One day old Frau Becker appeared before the judge of the court and accused Gretchen Dagner, a lovely girl of eighteen, of being a witch. "What evidence," asked the judge, "have you to corroborate your accusation?" "Last night I saw her go out into her yard, and she fell down in a fit. Later I went and looked over the wall



at the place where she fell and saw that she had been vomiting crooked pins. And as I looked each pin turned into a tiny snake and wriggled away." "That is serious indeed," said the judge, writing down the accusation. "Have you seen anything else?" "Yes. At midnight I was awakened by a scream, and, going to the window, saw the girl emerge from the chimney and ride away on a broomstick." "Worse yet," said the judge, with lowering brow. "Anything else?" "No, nothing that I am ready to swear to." "Are there other witnesses?" "My son Hans saw the witch fly away from the chimney on a broomstick." "I shall have the wench arrested and brought before me on the morrow. Be sure to come to make good your statements." On the morrow the maiden, terror stricken, was brought in the court, and there before the judge sat the old hag and her son Hans, who swore to what the woman had said the day before. When the judge turned to Gretchen and asked her what she had to say to the charge she pronounced it a lie, saying that she had refused to marry Hans and for that he and his mother had taken this revenge. But the judge considered the evidence too explicit to be disbelieved and felt that the community was in too great danger to warrant the taking of any risk. If Gretchen were a witch she should be got away with before she could propagate her witchcraft. And were not here two good witnesses, who had seen evidence of her sorcery? The result was that he ordered her back to prison and directed the jailer to put a grating over the chimney that she might not fly away. That day week she was to be burned at the stake. The morning after this sentence young Ludwig Zweigler, a nephew of Hans who had made the clock and was keeper of the town time, entered his uncle's shop. Old Zweigler looked up at him and, seeing that he was in

great distress, asked him what was the matter. "My beloved Gretchen," said the young man, "has been condemned by the judge to be burned for a witch. Old Frau Becker wished her to marry her son, for, since the death of Frau Schoenberger, Gretchen is possessed of a fortune. Hans and his mother have brought this suit for revenge. Gretchen loves me and will marry none other."

The timekeeper of the town paused in his work and appeared to be thinking. Finally he asked: "When is Gretchen to be burned?" "In six days." "I can do nothing to avert this horror," said the old man, "but I may stave it off." "How?" asked Ludwig eagerly. "I can disarrange the mechanism of the town clock so that its hands will not mark the hour regularly or will stop altogether. Then I will not be able to certify to the day or the hour, and all acts done without this certificate will be illegal." "Help me, uncle," pleaded the young man, catching at the straw offered. At that season the sun rose at Zweirhofen at 7 o'clock, and most burghers rose with it. The morning after Zweigler had talked with his nephew old Simon Shucker got out of bed and, as was his custom, looked out of his window at the clock to assure himself that he had not overslept. The sun was shining brightly, and the hour hand of the clock stood at 10. Simon hastily put on his breeches and, running to the house of his friend, Gottlieb Zimmerman, knocked loudly on the door. "Get up, Gottlieb," he said. "The town is bewitched. It is 10 o'clock, and everybody is still asleep." Zimmerman came out in his nightgown and cap and, seeing the clock registering the hour of 10, went about knocking on every door, arousing the people.

"Gretchen Dagner," he said, "who was the day before yesterday condemned, has bewitched the town. Get up burghers and go about your work." Later Ludwig ran into his uncle's shop excitedly and said: "Oh, uncle, your tampering with the clock has been laid by the people to Gretchen. They claim that she has bewitched it, and they are crying for her to be burned at once." Zweigler went out into the square and looked up at the clock. Many persons who were doing the same thing crowded around him and asked him what was the matter with it. "The clock is bewitched," he told them.

"Yes, yes, so we all say. Gretchen Dagner has bewitched it. She should be burned at once." "It is not Gretchen who has bewitched the clock. Gretchen is not a witch. It is old Frau Becker." "Frau Becker? Why do you think that?" "Because the hour hand of the clock is just sixty minutes ahead of its proper place, and Frau Becker is sixty years old." The crowd gaped first at the speaker, then at the clock. "And there is an accessory," continued Zweigler, "one who is twenty-two years old." "Why do you think that?" "Because the minute hand is just twenty-two minutes ahead of where it should be." There was more gaping, and finally some one said: "Hans Becker is twenty-two years old."

At this moment Gottlieb Zimmerman approached and was told what Zweigler had said. "That's absurd," said Zimmerman. "There is no proof that it is true." "What proof," asked Zweigler, "is there that Gretchen is a witch?" "She has been seen to vomit crooked pins and fly out of the chimney on a broomstick." "Who saw her?" "Frau Becker and her son." "I have better proof than that. Release Gretchen and arrest Frau and Hans Becker and I think the clock will go alright."

This divided the crowd into two factions, the one opposed to and the other in favor of Zweigler's plan. But it afforded a test, and tests were what the people of that age required on which to base their decisions. Indeed, if it was ridiculous to believe an accusation manifestly made for revenge, so those who wished to make the experiment prevailed. Gretchen was released and her accusers arrested. Meanwhile Zweigler had sent his nephew up into the clock tower with orders at a certain signal from him to put the hands of the clock in their proper places. When Gretchen was released and Hans Becker and his mother were arrested the crowd rushed back into the market place to see if the clock approved of their course. It had stood at 1 o'clock and 22 minutes shortly before their return. When they saw it again it was exactly 12 o'clock. Then the crowd clamored for the burning of the Beckers, but Zweigler told them it was possible that, after all, the clock meant to show its disapproval of burning for witchcraft and that was the reason why it had gone wrong. The old man had acquired so much confidence on account of his diagnosis of the case that far that the people were ready to believe anything he told them. They released Hans Becker and his mother, and since the clock continued to keep true time they considered that they had done right. That was the last case of witchcraft that came up before the courts of Germany, and in a few years those who had believed in it regarded it a delusion. Ludwig married Gretchen, and they lived to a good old age.

The Composition of a Rocket. The ordinary skyrocket is made of various compositions packed in tubes rolled tightly round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their might and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth. Patronize our advertisers. Read the Morning Enterprise.

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TROTTER UHLAN PARTICULAR PIECE OF HORSEFLESH. Uhlán, the world's champion trotter, is a mighty particular piece of horseflesh when it comes to drinking water. Not so very long ago Tom Logan, who is proud of being Uhlán's valet, hit upon the plan of furnishing Uhlán with spring water to drink. Tom figured he would give the gelding a treat for a few days, but he had no intentions of continuing the practice. When Logan tried to change from spring water to the old variety for Uhlán there was nothing doing. The star performer positively refused to drink. That's why Logan makes a five mile trip on a motorcycle every morning to provide Uhlán with spring water to drink.

STYMIE IS DOOMED. Old Feature of Golf Likely to Be Eliminated. The gun fired recently in the west intimating a renewal of the attack upon the much abused stymie has been heard with conflicting emotions in the east. Just because a well-known player in some important match happens to lose a hole at a critical point, through being laid a stymie, fails to change a situation or condition that has existed for generations, say the loyal supporters of the old school. When the rules of golf were drafted the stymie became part and parcel of the game. It is still such. Even so, there are those who go so far as to say that the stymie is doomed, and that it is only a matter of a year or two ere it will be banished in America.

The Frivolous Limit. His main trouble was that he persisted in treating everything frivolously. Nothing was sacred to him. Suggest any subject, any one whatever—one that was absolutely rendering the world asunder—and he would crack a joke about it. "That chap," said a serious minded friend in a wild attempt to do justice to the other's frivolity—"why, that chap is the only human being on earth who can sing the Declaration of Independence to a concertina accompaniment!" —New York Times.

PLAYERS FOUND RUBE MARQUARD AN EASY MARK. Rube Marquard wasn't quite sure he had been bought by the Giants from Indianapolis three years ago until he was on a train bound for New York. The big southpaw had been beaten out of \$2 in McGraw's name two years before and once bitten was twice cautious. John Henry Myers, a teammate of Rube's on the Canton (O.) team, Marquard's first one, got the \$11,000 beauty's \$2. Here's the story: Myers showed Rube a fake telegram from McGraw, asking Myers to report to the Giants at \$500 a month. Myers borrowed 50 cents of Rube to pay for the message. He borrowed another half dollar to wire McGraw that he could bring Marquard with him. Later Marquard paid 50 cents for a telegram supposed to have been sent by McGraw, saying he would give Marquard \$400 a month. Rube gave Myers 50 cents to wire McGraw his acceptance.

Myers told Rube they would jump the Canton club that night. Rube was nervous at the prospect. Myers told him to get natural, jacked his clothes after the game, check his trunk at the depot and wait at a certain poolroom. Bade Myers, Canton manager, found Marquard at the pool room. "How much did John Henry work you for?" Bade asked. "Two dollars," said Rube. "Why, what's the matter?" "Oh, nothing," said Bade, "except that those messages are written on sending blanks, and you were receiving them."

High Cheek Bones. High cheek bones are said to indicate great force of character in some direction.

BASEBALL POINTERS. Umpire Johnstone says that in the last nine years he has seen only three games in which but one ball was used. Experts declare that Barry of the Athletics gets in front of batted balls better than any other shortstop. Not only does he get in front of them, but he gets them. Titus, Philly outfielder, wears a toothpick in his mouth when at bat, and Umpire Johnstone declares if a ball ever hits the ornament he will call a foul strike on the sorrel top. Frank Bowerman, the veteran catcher, says Larry Cheney, Louisville pitcher, is the best spittball pitcher in the game. Bowerman has caught many spittball pitchers. He caught Cheney when both were with Indianapolis last season. George Jackson, the new outfielder of the Boston Rustlers, who has been making things hum since breaking into the majors, is no relation to Joe Jackson, say that both belong to the brotherhood of swat. Nick Maddox has been pitching so well for the Kansas City club that the Pirates, who have an option on him, will submit him to the recall. Maddox pitched three two hit games in succession and in the Missouri valley is regarded as a greater twirler than O'Toole.

A Man Much Sought After. She—Who is the most popular man in your club? He—I am. She—Isn't it conceded of you to say that? He—Oh, no. It is equivalent to saying that I lose more money at cards than any of the other members. Matrimonial. "What did your wife say to you when you got home last night?" "You may have time to listen, but I haven't time to tell you. I've got to catch a train in two hours."—Houston Post. Financing the Affair. "Father, the duke has proposed, and we want to be married immediately." "All right. Here's a check for your million. Tell the duke to step in and I'll give him a dollar to get the license."—Kansas City Journal.

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