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LOCAL BRIEFS

David F. Jenkins, of Mount Pleasant, was in town. Andrew Kocher, of Canby, was in town Thursday. Pierce Wright, of Liberal, was in town Thursday. Miss A. Durant, of Portland, is visiting friends at Carus. Fred Jesse, of Carus, was in Oregon City Wednesday. Isaac Tolpalar, of Oregon City, was in Portland Thursday. Frank Miller, of Shubel, was in Oregon City Thursday. Frank Kinney, of Mulino, was an Oregon City visitor this week. Barney Short, of Maple Lane, was one of the Thursday visitors in Oregon City. There is to be a social at the Presbyterian church the evening of Friday, September 22. Harry Schoenborn, a well known farmer, of Carus, was in town with load of wheat. Jim Adkins, a prominent sawmill man of Canby, was an Oregon City visitor. Miss Constance Thompson arrived here Sunday from Oregon City to attend high school and live with her sister, Mrs. C. S. Jackson.—Roseburg review. Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Anderson, of Maple Lane, were in Oregon City on business Thursday. Miss C. Goldsmith invites you to the Grand Millinery Display Friday and Saturday, September 15 and 16, and following days. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cummings, of Beaver Creek, were in Oregon City on business Wednesday. Mrs. D. C. Latourette is at Pillsbury's Landing on the Columbia. She is visiting Mrs. Ada Hawkins. Edward Miller, a well known farmer of the Needy district, was in Oregon City on business Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. John Kelvey passed through Oregon City on their way to their home at Carus. They spent the summer fishing at Gobles, Or. You ought to buy those school books today at Huntley's and avoid the crush of opening day. We will correct any mistakes you may make. Mrs. Helen Wilcox has purchased a tract of about forty acres on Maple Lane from Mr. Faust, of Portland. Work on the Clackamas Southern is progressing rapidly, the advance work from the Oregon City end being well into the Maple Lane district about opposite Mr. Swallow's place. Miss C. Goldsmith invites you to the Grand Millinery Display Friday and Saturday, September 15 and 16, and following days. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wright and two children, of Marshfield, are spending a few days with Mrs. Wright's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Schultze at their beautiful home, Summit ranch, two miles northwest of Oregon City. They are moving by wagon and team to Husum in the White Salmon Valley, near which Mr. Wright has bought a fine fruit ranch. The trip, which has been so far most enjoyable, has occupied two weeks. 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. Patronize our advertisers.

BIG FIGHT IS OFF; \$40,000 RETURNED

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 14.—(Special).—The Wolgast-McFarland fight is off for good and all. This was the flat announcement made here today by Promoter Mulhern after a fruitless attempt to secure a promise that the scheduled bout for tomorrow night would not be interfered with. Mulhern was obstinate until counsel finally induced him to yield. More than 10,000 fans today received back their money. The advance sale was close to \$40,000, so that much coin will have to slip out of the hands of the promoters. Visitors from all parts of the country are disappointed, because many believed that there would be some ray of hope for seeing the men meet. Prosecuting Attorney Zabel announced today that hereafter the fight game would not be permitted in Milwaukee. Wolgast broke camp and returned to his farm at Cadillac, Mich.

SALEM LIBRARY PLAN ACCEPTED BY CARNEGIE

SALEM, Sept. 14.—(Special).—George F. Rodgers has received a letter from the secretary of Andrew Carnegie, announcing the long delayed acceptance of the plans for the Salem public library building as prepared by Architect Post and approved by the library board. The money will be forthcoming for the building as soon as it is needed. The library building is to cover almost the entire lot at the corner of State and Winter streets and is to be of a classical type of architecture. There will be a high basement and a very high story above, which will be arranged according to the latest methods in library furnishing. The amount of money that will be contributed by Mr. Carnegie is \$27,500, which was secured by the guaranteeing of a maintenance fund of 10 per cent of the amount.

GRAND MILLINERY OPENING

Miss C. Goldsmith will have a grand millinery display Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15 and 16, and following days.

BEAVERS AND VERNON PLAY 2 GAMES TODAY

PORTLAND, Sept. 14.—(Special).—The Portland-Vernon game today was postponed on account of rain. Two games will be played tomorrow, the first one starting at 2 o'clock. Oakland won from San Francisco and got a little nearer the Beavers. All games in the Northwestern League were postponed on account of rain. The results Thursday follow: Pacific Coast League. Portland-Vernon no game, rain. Los Angeles 6, Sacramento 3. Oakland 3, San Francisco 1. Northwestern League. All games called off, rain. National League. Pittsburgh 3-4, Chicago 2-2. New York 13, Boston 0. St. Louis 6, Cincinnati 5. Philadelphia and Brooklyn not scheduled. American League. No games scheduled. STANDING. Pacific Coast. W. L. P. C. Vernon 96 70 578 Portland 88 67 558 Oakland 92 79 538 San Francisco 78 92 458 Sacramento 72 92 439 Los Angeles 72 98 423 Northwestern. W. L. P. C. Vancouver 90 58 408 Spokane 80 67 556 Seattle 80 67 544 Tacoma 78 71 523 Portland 75 70 518 Victoria 28 112 283

Two Couples Get Licenses. Marriage Licenses were issued Thursday to the following: Pauline Trullinger and Arthur B. Zweifel and Mary M. Burgess and J. N. Carothers.

Streets To Be Paved. SPRINGFIELD, Or., Sept. 14.—(Special).—This city's long heralded era of hard surface paving has at last arrived. Today the work of ballasting and concreting the track of the P. E. and E. preliminary to laying the El Oso pavement began. The ten ton steam roller for use on the street arrived yesterday and the other machinery and equipment is due to arrive this week.

A Narrow Escape From State Prison

By SAMUEL E. BRANT Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I was cashier for Richard Steptoe & Co. I had the safe combination and was implicitly trusted by the head of the firm. The amount of cash in the safe varied. Sometimes there would not be \$10, sometimes there would be \$1,000, and occasionally when a large amount of currency would come in after banking hours it must be kept overnight there. At such times I was always troubled, for the safe was an old pattern and the lock out of date. I always counted the cash in the safe, night and morning. One morning my cash did not correspond with what had been there the night before by \$20. I thought that I must have made a mistake in my count the night before, but on balancing my cash I could detect no error. Fearing that something was wrong with me, I said nothing about the missing money, but being sure that my cash balance was right, made up the deficiency from my own pocket. Within a week I missed another amount from the safe. This time it was \$15, a smaller sum than before, but the amount in the safe was much smaller than before. It now became evident that some one not an outsider had the lock combination and was helping himself whenever in need of ready cash. I feared it might be one of the clerks who was tempted. I shrank from being the means of sending any one, especially one I knew well, to prison, so I went to Mr. Steptoe and told him that I thought we should have a new safe or at least a new lock. The matter was compromised by a safe and lock workman changing the combination. What was my astonishment ten days later to miss another \$10. I had been given the combination by the man who had changed it. He had not even spoken it. I had handed him a slip of paper on which he had written it and handed it back to me. There was something uncanny about these disappearances. I am no more superstitious than other fairly educated people, but I couldn't momentarily resist the feeling that a ghost was helping himself to the cash. Still, I didn't report the matter. I had a dread that I should get some of my fellow employees into trouble or that I should discover that something had gone wrong with myself. After thinking about the matter a good deal I found that I couldn't add a column of figures twice with the same result. I called on my doctor and told him that I suspected my mind was giving way. He recommended me to take a vacation. I didn't take his advice, not liking to leave the safe to any one else during my absence. I thought of watching the safe nights, but I couldn't watch every night, and there was no knowing when a robbery would occur. Sometimes several weeks would elapse between them. But after I had made up a hundred dollars from my own pocket I began to think I had better take measures to stop the leak. One day, when one of the clerks, George Simpson, came for his salary, I noticed while he was signing the receipt slip that the end of the forefinger of his right hand was covered with the finger end of a kid glove. "Cut your finger?" I asked. "No; burned it." The next week when this young Simpson came to draw his salary he still wore the covering on his finger. When I remarked upon it I detected a look of uneasiness cross his face. I didn't think much about it, however, but when another week had passed and I still noticed the kid covering I began to wonder about the finger. "Not healed yet?" I asked. "No; I guess my blood must be in a bad state." "Let me see it." He took off the covering. The tip of his finger looked as if the skin had been taken off and had not grown again. I made no remark, but took the receipt he had signed and filed it. At a time when no money had been missed for a space of twelve days I made up my mind to watch the safe nights. I couldn't remain awake every night in succession, so I took a book-keeper, Travers, into the secret, and we started in to watch alternately. I took the first watch, Travers second. On the fourth night, it being my turn, about 11 o'clock I heard a key put in the lock of the office door. Some one came in stealthily, and I could hear the tread toward the safe. Pretty soon I heard a faint sound like a tumbler falling in a lock. I waited awhile and heard another, then another, until I had heard four. My position was behind a desk over which was an electric light. Hearing the safe door swing open, I switched on the light. There was a man reaching into the safe. He turned pale as a sheet and faced me. I went to him. He was Simpson. "I wasn't taking anything out. I was putting it back," he gasped, holding out his hand with some bills in it. "Simpson," I said, "you're a fool." "I know it." "I have known of this for a long time. Tell me how you did it." "I pared the skin of my forefinger down to the quick, making it so sensitive that I can feel the tumblers fall. I breathed a sigh of relief. He was returning all he had taken. I did not report the matter, and he has never again taken such a risk at money borrowing. He had a narrow escape from a wrecked life.

just take a run down stairs once more," he explained as he left the room. Carefully, painstakingly, Mr. Pedrie searched the lower floor of the house for the rosewood box which his wife had so artfully concealed from him. What did it contain? Did his wife possess a secret which he did not share? Once more Mr. Pedrie mounted the stairs, this time in a spirit of just indignation. Before he slept that morning he would wrest this secret from his unhappy wife. He stalked into the bedroom without any attempt at quietness. "Oh, Phin," complained Phoebe, "do stop squeaking around and go to bed. You've waked me up three or four times with your prowlings, and you know I want to get up early so as to go into town on your train." "Going to town, are you?" asked Phineas suspiciously. "Of course I am! You know, I want to do some shopping." Phineas was addressing sulkily before his own chiffonier, and he saw in the mirror the reflection of Phoebe's face. She was either crying or laughing, and he decided that she was crying. "I haven't said you couldn't go, have I?" he asked. "Oh, no—that wouldn't make any difference," choked Phoebe. "Wouldn't make any difference?" exploded Phineas, whirling around. "Why wouldn't it make any difference, I'd like to know, madam? Am I master in my own house?" "You can answer that question best, dear," said Phoebe meekly, mopping her eyes with the sheet. "Well, then, I am master in my own house," declared Phineas grandly. "When I say I shall go to New York I don't go back on my word even though I strongly disapprove of your going." "Why?" "Because—er—because," stated Phineas sharply. "Phineas?" said Mrs. Pedrie in a strangled voice. "Well?" "That's a woman's reason, you know." "What's a woman's reason? Oh, I see! My dear, don't try to be funny after midnight. One doesn't feel much in the mood for that sort of thing." Mr. Pedrie wrenched his collar off and flung it across the room. He sent his vest after the collar and then realized that the icy feeling down his spine was caused by the slipping of a collar button down his neck. He swore softly and lowered his head in the vain hope that the offending collar button would slide out again. It did not, but his position was the means of his discovering the rosewood box. He caught a glimpse of its polished surface and brass ornaments under his chiffonier. He was sure he had searched there before, but apparently he had failed to locate it. He pulled it out and tucked it under his arm, throwing his bathrobe over it to conceal it. "Where are you going now, Phin?" asked Phoebe curiously. Mr. Pedrie paused on the threshold and looked with a superior smile at his wife. "I'm going downstairs to the library," he said. He went downstairs again with the rosewood box tucked under his arm. He did not stop in the library. Instead he went to the kitchen, where he found the tool chest and extracted a hammer and chisel and a bunch of old keys of all shapes and sizes. In the glare of the electric he studied the rosewood box. There was the keyhole, but no key. He tried all the spare keys, and not one fitted the lock. The hinges were beautifully set in the box, and he was loath to wrench them off, yet the box must be opened. He must discover what secret his wife was keeping from him. He inserted the chisel under the lid and pried gently. The lock strained, but held. He bore down harder, and at last, with a splinter of wood around the inside of the lock, the cover flew up and knocked his eyeglasses spinning across the room, where they shattered against the range. "And bang goes \$15!" ejaculated Mr. Pedrie, staring hopelessly at the glittering fragments of his eyeglasses. "What is the matter, Phineas?" asked his wife from the doorway, and then as her gaze fell on the open box in his hand she added: "What are you doing with my box, Phin? Are you out of your mind?" Mr. Pedrie glared savagely at her. "Woman!" he said accusingly. "You have a secret from me. I must know the worst, Phoebe Pedrie. Wait! Do not speak! You know I will be quite just with you." He held the box to the light and fumbled in it. He brought up a tangled mass of white thread, a measure of lace and an ivory bobbin. "What is this?" he stammered. "My tatting," choked Mrs. Pedrie. "And this?" Mr. Pedrie covered his chin by fishing up the one other article in the box—a bundle of letters tied about with a blue ribbon. Aha! "Your love letters to me, dear," said his wife sweetly. And on examination so they proved to be. Mr. Pedrie sat and stared speechlessly from the empty box to his shattered glasses, thence to the tatting and the harmless babble of his own love letters. He did not look at his wife. "Phineas," she said after awhile, "do you still maintain that man is not possessed of his full share of curiosity?" Mr. Pedrie looked sheepishly at her, threw up his hands and dived into his trousers pocket for his wallet. This he tossed across the kitchen table to his wife. "Help yourself, Phoebe," he said, with a feeble smile. "It's on me!"

Big Drive Is Started.

EUGENE, Or., Sept. 14.—(Special).—The drive of 7,000,000 feet of logs from the camps above Dutch Henry's place was started down the McKenzie river Monday for the destination at the Root-Kelly mills at Coburg. A portion of the drive is from the Doyle camp, but the greater number came from the company's holdings. It is expected the drive will require about thirty days to land the logs in the mill pond, he drive is in charge of Foreman Blanchard, the best logger that ever wielded a pike pole on the McKenzie river.



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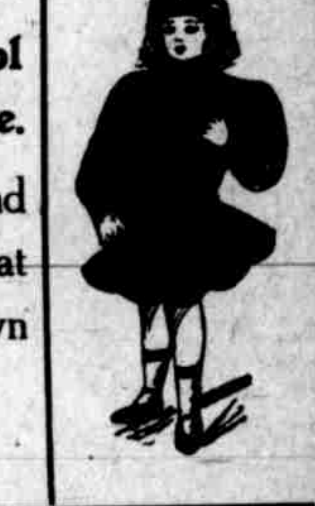
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OREGON CITY'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Miss Beckler is Married. Miss Catherine Beckler, of Oregon City, and John Williams, of Port Townsend, Wash., were married at Port Townsend, September 8. They are visiting friends in Oregon City. Later they will go to Indiana where they will make their home. REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. John R. and Lulu Macy to M. E. Fish, tract 68, Pruneland; \$2,300. A. E. and Flora Thompson to F. E. Cook one acre Hereford street, Gladstone; \$654.25. James A. Bunnell to George C. Hedger, west half southwest quarter section 16, township 7, south range 4 east; \$7,000. Rhododendron Mineral Springs Land Company to Wilber P. Reid, lot 8 and that part of lots 9 and 15 east of Zig Zag Creek, block 11, Rhododendron; \$200. Fred Metzner to Julia A. Metzner, lot 6, block 82, Oregon City; \$1. Balthasar Merz to Julius Behrendt east half of northwest quarter of southeast quarter section 10, township 4, south range east; \$1,000. Charles D. Taylor to Ritchie E. Gallop, part William Meek D. L. C. township 1 south range 1 east; \$5,500. E. A. and Mary Quaker to J. A. Kraenick, north half of northwest quarter, one-fourth northwest quarter, section 35, township 1, south range 3 east; \$10. S. O. Burg to N. T. Hargrove, Luby Hargrove and C. C. Hargrove, 190 acres, section 7, township 2, south range, 3 east; \$10.

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