THE OPENING WEDGE

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Morning Enterprise

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MERCHANTS TO HAVE NEW CREDIT GUIDE

The Merchants' Mercantile company, of Portland, is preparing to publish a credit guide for this district.

By this system the county will be put in direct touch with credit conditions all over the United States and whenever any one moves here from any other part of the country the merchants here will at once be posted through this company as to how the party paid his bills where he formerly lived.

These credit guides are made up in districts covering nearly every state in the Union. They are made from the combined experience of all the merchants in each of these districts and every merchant rates his own customer according to how they paid him. Before a customer is rated he is given notice by letter that he will be rated and is given a chance to pay up his old account and thus secure a good rating.

Each merchant and professional man is furnished with a copy of the guide so that he may refer to it and look up the rating of any customer or prospective customer before giving any credit.

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Even Children Can Operate It With Safety

The Electric Radiant Toaster is such a simple device that even children can operate it with perfect safety. This toaster is as SCIENTIFIC as it is SAFE and SIMPLE. It makes SCIENTIFIC Toast because its radiant heat forces the absolutely necessary chemical change in the bread. This means Perfect Toast in any degree that pleases YOUR individual taste--Toast as digestible as it is delicious.

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We Give Service We Give Service

NEW HIGH SCHOOL HAS RECORD ATTENDANCE

The Oregon City high school was opened Monday with the largest attendance in the history of the school. The new building, which is one of the finest in the state, is thought to have been the magnet, although it is generally recognized that the course of study, which has been arranged by Superintendent of City Schools Tooze, is not surpassed by any in the northwest. The school was to have been opened last Wednesday, but, owing to defective plumbing, a postponement was decided upon. The pupils, which is not always the case, were somewhat disappointed over the delay, but they were delighted when they arrived at the building and found the magnificent appointments. The teachers lost no time in making up the classes, and work will proceed today the same as if the opening had been made on the appointed day.

BIG CROWD TO ATTEND FIREMAN'S BENEFIT

Hose company No. 5 completed arrangements at a meeting last night for the benefit to be given Willis ("Doc") Mosier, the blind fireman, at Schnoor's park Sunday. Speeches eulogistic of Mr. Mosier will be made by several members of the company, and there will be other forms of amusement. Mr. Mosier was a member of No. 5 many years, and, until he became afflicted, was one of the most efficient members of the department. That there will be a large attendance at the benefit is assured.

Our greatest clubbing offer. The Morning Enterprise by mail and the Weekly Oregonian, both until November 1, 1912, for only $3. Offer closes October 31, 1911.

His Daughter's Novel.

Sir Russell Reynolds, the late eminent physician, once related how he met Thackeray at dinner shortly after the publication of "The Story of Elizabeth," by his daughter, now Lady Ritchie. "I told Thackeray how much I admired this charming novel. 'I am very glad,' he replied, 'but I can form no opinions of its merits, as I have not read it.' 'Not read it!' I exclaimed in great surprise. 'No,' was the answer, 'I dared not. I love her too much.'" Pall Mall Gazette.

Read the Morning Enterprise

She Laughed

But the Day Came When She Laughed No More

By MARY V. BLACKISTON

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The evening I landed in the little town in Arizona where I proposed to take up my residence I was sitting at supper with my friend Charnley when the stillness without was broken by a laugh. To say that it was a laugh is nothing. It was the melodious piping of a bird, the swelling of a note from an organ, the ripple of water over rocks—any, every sound that could express merriment. It was feminine, girlish, and one who heard it would at once become impressed with the perfect innocence of her who laughed. My host, seeing that I was interested, smiled at me.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That is our laughing girl, as we call her. Her proper name is Elsie Jenks. Some call her our pain killer, others our mocking bird. The latter are pessimists, assuming to detect at times in her laugh something beneath its mirth expressive of the inevitable doom that awaits us all—something derisive. Indeed, at times late at night, when Elsie has been coming home from a dance, I have heard her break into one of her sudden peals of laughter and have fancied after it died away that a mocking echo followed it."

"It seems to me," I replied, "the embodiment of optimism."

"Such is the general effect upon us. When we get the 'blues,' if we can hear Elsie Jenks laugh we are lifted out of our despondency. If an invalid becomes discouraged Elsie is sent for. Usually another person goes with her on such occasions—Ben Harbeson. Ben is a very droll fellow. He has a way of saying funny things in a peculiar monotone. Put Elsie and Ben at the bedside of one about to give up

NEARLY EVERY SHOT TOOK EFFECT.

the fight for life and Ben will say something ridiculous, followed by a peal of laughter from Elsie, the two together electrifying the sick one and bringing about a reaction."

"Is there any relationship between these two merry ones?"

"Lovers. You wouldn't think it, would you? Opposites usually amalgamate. A morose man often chooses a cheerful woman, and vice versa. With these two it's just the reverse. Ben says that all he was brought into the world for was to make Elsie laugh, while Elsie says that her part in life is to bring out Ben's jokes, declaring that if it wasn't for her they would be lost upon an unappreciative world."

Later I met both of these young people, and they seemed to me to be procreators of optimism. They were evidently made for each other, a Paul and Virginia, so wrapped in each other as to be uninterested in others. And yet I doubt if either realized how absolutely they were united. I never heard that there was any engagement between them, and sometimes I wondered if this love had ever been spoken, even realized, for I can understand how love may be so pure as to be, like genius, unconscious.

"What would become o' this town," asked a crusty old fellow, "if them two should be eliminated?"

I lived in the place a couple of years, during which it had a hard struggle for existence. Every one was tempted to give up trying to make a town of it, but whenever a person signified an intention to move on Ben Harbeson would crack a joke and Elsie Jenks would burst into a laugh, and the discouraged one would brace up and conclude to persevere awhile longer. Indeed, it was said that Ben and Elsie were literally the life of the town. But for them the town would die.

Arizona at that time was suffering from roughs. Billy the Kid flourished, and there were more, if not equal to him in hardihood, at least of his kind. Some one suggested that if Ben Harbeson were made sheriff he would find a way of getting on the soft side of the villains and stopping the nuisance. When the matter was proposed to Ben he said he could do nothing without Elsie. He might say a lot of things calculated to placate the rascals, but if Elsie were not present to help with her laugh they would all fall flat. However, he was persuaded to accept the position, since Elsie thought there might be cases wherein they could work together.

The first person Ben brought in was Jack Hennessy, a desperado whom the sheriff caught so stupefied with liquor that he was incapable of making any resistance. Ben put him in jail to sleep off his drunk, and when he got sober Ben and Elsie went to see him. If Hennessy had not been behind bars he would have torn them to pieces. Jack made fun of him, and Elsie laughed. It was not long before the prisoner caught the infection and laughed, too, and within half an hour was holding his sides with merriment.

"What's that?" asked one passing the jail.

"Oh, that's Ben Harbeson and Elsie Jenks. They've got that bloodthirsty Hennessy to laughing, and he can't stop."

Having thus opened the better side of the villain's nature with the wedge of laughter, Ben and Elsie were kind to him, with the result that on their securing a release and their fellow townsmen's promise that Hennessy should not be prosecuted for his crimes he left the jail and became an estimable citizen. There were many other conversions by the lovers, and every man converted stuck to an honest life. Since Ben and Elsie in this way captured the principal devils in that region the citizens of the town, being free from having their places of business raided, found themselves in a position to make a living and began to prosper.

From that time this mirthful pair were worshiped by those they had served. I did not hear anything about preparations for their union during their work on criminals, but after they had made nearly a dozen good men out of as many bad ones they were married. There wasn't a person in the place who didn't give them a wedding present, and a man who had started a bank gave a thousand dollars, saying that the couple's service to him had been worth many times that sum.

So Ben and Elsie went to housekeeping with every man, woman and child in the town their friend. Many a summer night before going to sleep I heard Elsie's laugh ring out on the still air. One night after it had died away I heard that "mocking echo" Charnley had spoken of. I was plunged by it from balmy optimism into frigid pessimism. The final dissolution which awaits us all was made vivid to me as never before. "After all," I sighed, "for every laugh there is a sob."

The occasion of Elsie's laugh was this: Ben was going out to bring in a desperado. Elsie looked worried. To cheer her Ben cracked a joke which was followed by the laugh I heard.

The next afternoon Ben was brought in mortally shot by the men he had attempted to capture and died in a few hours in his wife's arms.

I had scarcely heard that Ben was dead when I saw Elsie galloping along the street, followed by every convert she and Ben had made. I devised the errand on which they were bent, and, being mounted, I determined to go with them. The man who had killed Ben—called Mississippi Jake—got word that revenge would be taken upon him for the murder and gathered a dozen or so of his pals to put up a fight. We came upon them crouched on the other side of a bridge spanning a creek and were received by a volley.

The crackle had not subsided when Elsie gave a laugh so wild, so piercing, that it froze me with horror. It was the mocking echo I had heard the night before, only instead of an echo it was a wail, the wail of a broken heart.

Simultaneously with this, Elsie galloped forward, a cocked pistol in each hand, distancing the rest of us who endeavored to ride ahead of her. In a charge like that it was not to be expected, wild as she was, that she would do much damage to her enemies. But her mind was so intent on vengeance that it conquered madness. She emptied every chamber of the two revolvers, and with so true an aim that nearly every shot took effect.

I saw a man rise up from behind a low stone wall whom by descriptions I had had of him I knew to be Mississippi Jake. He had his eyes beat on our woman leader and, raising a rifle, was about to fire at her when I quickly drew a bead on him and dropped him.

That ended the fight. The villains that were left—they were but few—scattered in an adjoining wood.

Then we rode back to town, the widow like a statue of stone. She rode through the streets lined by citizens, all with heads bowed, and entered her desolate dwelling alone.

Since then I have talked with Charnley about this singular case. He says, "What a pity that this merry laugh of Elsie's should have sometimes ended with that mocking echo!" Charnley is a matter of fact fellow and has no realization whatever of the depth of meaning there is under his words. "But," he adds, "the laugh was always there, while few ever spoke of what on rare occasions followed it." In other words, the main parts of our lives are blythe and merry.

"The laugher," I replied, "was but twenty when the trouble came. Has she ever laughed since?"

"No," says Charnley, "she has not."

"Will she ever laugh again?"

"I think not."

Perhaps she will. Sometimes we pick up the thread of happiness after it has been dropped, but no one ever lived who did not finally drop it forever.

The Cutty Stool.

The cutty stool was the seat of repentance formerly employed in the Scottish church for the exposure of offenders against the moral law. The transgressor, having been deprived of church ordinances and duly taken to task privately, was then compelled to make a public acknowledgment of the misdeed print to being restored to favor. Each culprit did penance by occupying the cutty stool in the presence of the whole congregation and was openly lectured by the minister on the enormity of the offense.

TRUE FRIENDSHIPS MADE BY

(Continued from page 1)

not divine. Jonathan and David were knit together in love. Jonathan, though the natural heir to the throne, was willing for his friend David to become king in his stead. There was no trace of jealousy in that most noble relation between these Biblical heroes. John the Baptist was willing to decrease in order that his friend Jesus of Nazareth might become leader of Israel. Jealousy is not found in pure love. All worldly friendships vanish sooner or later, such are like scentless flowers bright with beauty when the sun shines, but when the chill frost appears wither away, leaving no trace of former existence.

Divine friendships are founded on mutual love. Such never fail. They rise to a higher level even than friendship between natural brothers because spiritual and moral affinities are stronger than physical. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Damon and Pythias exemplify this truth. True friendship never dies. Though the breath and pestilential breath of slander, the fetid breezes of calumny, the poisonous miasms of hypocrisy, encircle and play around the object of true love, true friendship will spurn all such and refuse to believe the first rumor of disloyalty.

College Chums Separate.

Two college chums were graduated at the same time and separated, settling in different states. One went into business and was successful. The other, in another state, entered the profession of law. He, though brilliant, became a victim of strong vices and impoverished, and disgraced went to a neighboring state where he by chance found his former chum. Twenty-five years had elapsed since they parted. This unfortunate man presented himself to his old chum only to receive a cold shoulder and a disdainful rebuff. Though successful in business, the merchant will be judged by a God of love for a lack of divine friendship for his college mate. Love never faileth. But purely selfish alliances are unreliable and temporary. The fair weather friend, like the bee which abandons the autumn flower because there is no honey to be sucked therefrom, will forsake you when once he discovers no profit to be derived from the union. Such hollow friendships, Damon and Pythias must forever constantly rebuke.

Divine friendship is maintained in part by expression. That which is unexpressed dies. This expression must not take the form of constant criticism. It is not the duty of a friend to gather up all the evil gossip of the community and to pour that into your ear. It is just as easy to gather a bouquet of flowers as to collect a lot of thistles and thorns. Do not think that you are befriending your neighbor by becoming a gossip peddler. Fault finding and complaining is quite sufficient to destroy a mutual friendship, that is capable of becoming a source of chief joy, if properly nourished. It is the duty of a friend to appreciate the virtues and encourage the object of love, rather than fill his mind with suspicions of his fellows and lead him to feel that he has no friends in the world. We all have defects and a true friend will warn of dangerous sins and immoralities, but he will do so in the spirit of love and not with the spirit of fault finding. "Love covereth a multitude of sins" and will forbear to condemn a brother hastily.

True Friendship Gives.

True friendship exists not so much for what it can receive as for what it can give. What the world needs today is for this spirit of sacrificial devotion of man to man, to become more and more universal. This is the goal of creation. God is the author of all love. Associations help in the formation of mutual friendship, but this heroic love, which leads men to volunteer the sacrifice of their lives for the good of humanity who have not yet become responsive to such service, is inspired only by the supreme example of such a sacrifice for the world which Jesus has made. Athelem is not a field where such love grows. It is a soil destructive of virtues which bless, and produces conditions which blights the happiness of society. Therefore cultivate personal relations with the God of love. By so doing the human heart can become the dwelling place of God and the world blessed with all virtue and good. He shuts himself away from God and a glorious destiny who shuts up his compassion from the heart of humanity.

STREETS FENCED; RIOT IS STARTED

(Continued from page 1.)

The latter was struck on the head and severely injured. Moore was also hurt. Bichner filed suit for damages against Moore the day following that on which the fight occurred, and the latter part of last week Moore sued Bichner for $50,000 damages alleging that the blow on his head had injured him permanently and threatened to impair his earning capacity. He said that he had been earning $25,000 a year.

It is evident that the company intends making a determined fight for the possession of the streets, and a lively session of court is expected today. At least one-third of the citizens are expected to be in attendance, and the cement company will have several of its representatives here. The fences were guarded Monday by men employed by the company.

"LIVE WIRES" TO START WORK TODAY

Pursuant to a call of President Hedges, the "Live Wires" of the Commercial club will meet today at noon to plan the work for the fall and winter. The members will meet at luncheon and arrange a schedule of work. Much good was accomplished last year by the "Live Wires" and it is expected that this branch of the Commercial club will meet with greater success in the coming campaign. All members are enthusiastic over the prospects.

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