MORNING ENTERPRISE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1911.



Newton Ashford was driving from Deepford to Little River when he discovered something unusual in the snow covered road. He pulled his horse to a standstill and jumped out of the cutter to examine the strange objects.

A pair of small black rubber boots sticking up out of the deep snow by the roadside indicated that a small boy might be at the other extremity. Newton pulled pullantly, to discover that there was nothing at the other end but snow. He also found out that the boots were new and were lined with warm red flannel.

When he resumed his ride the boots were tucked under his seat and he was mentally composing an advertisement to hang in the postoffice: "Found -A pair of new rubber boots. Owner can have same by proving property. Address Newton Ashford, Snow White Poultry Farm, Deepford."

Lucinda Melvin read the advertise ment in the Little River postoflice, and her smooth white brow clouded. "Oh,



"PERHAPS THESE WILL PIT."

dear! Just think of those boots being there, and I can't claim them because. I suppose, the finder, this Newton Ashford, is a gossipy old man, who will gabble about it until Aunt Ann hears about it. Bother!"

The postmaster thrust an inquiring face close to the stamp window. "Bother what, Cinda?" he asked jocosely. "You ain't lost any rubber boots, have you?"

"Of course not," denied Cinda with a guilty conscience. "I'd like our let ters, please, Mr. Fox." "No letters for you folks today," an-

nounced Mr. Fox. "How's Aunt "Very well-thank you," said Cinda

seats in Leterman's long stages, and as the runners would be placed usder them there was to be a long sleigh ride all the way to Deepford. How the ancient charlot of the Mel-

vins could make its way through the snow was a matter for conjecture. But Cinda, with the flerce pride of her race, set her red lips firmly, and every spare moment found her at the carringe house, rubbing and polishing and cleaning the old yellow coach. She brushed and beat the faded velvet lining of the once splendid vehicle, and she washed the windows and polished the brass lamps.

The Pundermans' party had been a long looked for event. Every year in February the whole Punderman famlly connection had gathered at the old homestead and given a neighborhood

party that included the inhabitants of two villages. Not to be included among the list of guests was not to be in "s'clety" as they recognized it in Deepford and Little River.

Of course the Melvins were among the elect, and each year they had sat sociably with their neighbors in the stage. Perhaps it was because Aunt Ann was growing old that she developed at this time several strong pecu liarities, one of which was her fear that she might lose her position in "s'ciety."

Cinda had tried to laugh her out of the notion, then coaxed, without avail. "Dear Aunt Ann," Cinda had remonstrated, "don't be foolish-as if it made any difference whether we go in the coach or afoot or in the stage. Our

neighbors like us for what we are, not for what our grandfathers were." But Aunt Ann had fallen into a tem-

per and shaken her ebony cane at her pretty grandniece and threatened to change her will if Cinda did not alter her democratic ways.

So Cinda had resolved to frown down any attempt at ridicule that the reproduction of the yellow coach might excite among their neighbors. If it pleased Aunt Ann to resurrect the coach and ride in it, then it was Cinda's part to uphold her in this resolve; hence her slight skirmish with the postmaster.

The night of the party was cold, with a deep layer of snow that had fallen two days before. The roads were broken, and sleighing was excellent. but the traveling for wheeled vehicles was hazardous.

A full moon was shining brightly as the yellow coach was dragged creakingly before the old colonial porch by two large white horses that Maggie's nephew had obtained from a local farmer for the purpose. Simmy himself sat on the driver's seat, his head proudly aloft under the weight of Colonel Melvin's old silk hat; otherwise he was a bundle of ragged over-

coats, topped by an ancient cloth cape also a relic of the deceased warrior. Maggie held a lamp aloft in the doorway as an excuse for seeing the ladies off. Cinda's clever fingers had made them very splendid indeed; Aunt Ann. as usual, in black velvet, with her huge mink cape over all, and Cinda herself, like a rosebud, in one of Aunt Ann's pink organdie gowns. From head to foot she was swathed in an old india Ann does too.

shawl, and only her bright head peeped out to occasionally survey her small white slippered feet. The coach rocked teeteringly down

the driveway and nearly careened as Simmy turned the horses into the dis yere's gwine to 1 reckor

be a ticklish ride," he muttered gloom-

in a eas' win'. I reckon I's gwine ter

smash ole Mis' Melvin an' Miss Cinda

befo' I gits through wid dis yere job.

Giddap, yo' ole twin snails! Whoa, dah!

I reckon yo' needn't hurry so fas' if

Just before they reached Deepford

the catastrophe which Cinda had been

fearing happened. All at once one of

the rear wheels collapsed, letting the

Cinda strove to reassure her.

young man ran out to render assist

yo's gwine lak dat!"

"It's wus'n runnin' down de bay

fly.

ance.

"I'm afarid you'll have to get out and let me drive you to the party," he said in response to Cinda's low voiced explanation. "unless-if you will come into the house a few minutes while I rouse a couple of my men we will place the body of your coach on runners, so you may get there after all." "That will place us under great obligation," said Aunt Ann with dignity. "If you will asist me to alight, sir, I will walt until you make the change. I do not fear the snow-I have on aretics. Cinda, my dear, I hope you have put on your rubber boots."

"I didn't, Aunt Ann," confessed Cinda. "I have nothing but these thin slippers on."

"Wait a moment, please." Newton rushed toward the house, while Aunt Ann took advantage of his absence to scold her pretty niece at considerable length. When he returned Newton was waving a small pair of rubber boots.

"Perhaps these will fit," he suggested, giving them to Aunt Ann. "I think they are little boy's boots. I found them in the snow."

Aunt Ann pushed the boots over Cinda's white slippers, and they fitted exactly, and with Newton's help they went to his bachelor abode and awaited the changing of their coach to a sleigh.

This accomplished, they learned that Mr. Ashford was going to the party. so Aunt Ann invited him to ride with them, and during the remainder of the journey they became acquainted.

Aunt Ann discovered that her husband's stepmother had been own sister to Newton's great-grandfather, and with this kinship established the young man felt emboldened to tell of his finding the rubber boots in the snow. Then Cinda related with many apologies to Aunt Ann, who considered her exceedingly careless, how she had gone forth that same day to walk in the snow with her new boots on, how the baker's dog had chased her with vicious leaps until she had desperately withdrawn her new boots and thrown them at him.

Of course the Pundermans' party was a great success. It always is. The yellow coach had appeared a most luxurious equipage smothered in several of Newton Ashford's buffalo robes, and Aunt Ann was assured that the pride of her house was still maintained.

Cinda danced with Newton Ashford so many times that both Little River and Deepford nodded their heads and said it looked as if Cinda Melvin had found somebody to suit her.

It all turned out as such a romance will end when there is a pumpkin yellow coach drawn by two white animals, a fairy godmother (Aunt Ann didn't know it, but that's what she was) inside with the prettiest girl you ever saw, named Cinda, and a little found perfect. Newton and Cinda were married, and the yellow coach was their wedding coach, and they were very happy indeed. Newton always calls her Cinderella. Some people don't understand why, but Cinda does, and so does Newton-and Aunt

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FRANK BUSCH OREGON CITY. OREGON



son's left and right hand head rockers? It was Johnson's left and right uppercuts that really beat Jeffries. The Johnson who met and defeated Jeffries would stow away Sammy Langford with his terrible left jab and heavy Fistiana Absorbed in Much uppercuts. Johnson is keenly disappointed be cause Carl Morris, the erstwhile white hope, was drubbed so soundly by the Pueblo fireman, Jim Flynn, in New York recently. It leaves the situation with regard to the heavyweight title practically unchanged and with no white man in sight who could hope to



MRS. BLOUNT GIVEN SURM Friende Give Delightful Entot ment in Her Honer. Mrs. A. W. Blount, of Gh was taken by surprise at her be Tuesday afternoon when seveni i her friends called with many

oted to a social time, and then

Present were Mrs. M. Kess Mrs. C. A. Baxter, Mrs. Bana ?

key, Mrs. J. Blount, Mrs. Rain Getchie, Mrs. Frank Oswald, Mr. C. Schmidt, Mrs. W. H. Calhis, F. W. E. Johnston Mrs. W. F. Schult

AMrs. Hendricks, Mrs. C. A. In

Wells, Mrs. William Goodwis, In H. Rockwell.

MRS. G. W. GRACE ENTERTAIN

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Landborn Honor Guests at Dinner. Mrs. G. W. Grace entertained

dinner at her home Tuesday erels in honor of Rev, and Mrs. J. R. Last

borough. The table was prettily to orated for the occasion and after the

Der was served the remainder of m evening was devoted to instrument and vocal music. Fresent wer in-and Mrs. J. R. Landsborough, M. M Mrs. Wolfer, Dr. and Mrs. M. G. Strickland and Miss Emma Dis-smith

Here is the Only

Wheeler Church, Mrs. L

Mrs. C. T. Toose, Mrs. P.

low, Mrs. T. E. Gault, Mrs. A. B

tending had a most enjoys

noon

Mrs.

Reed,

smith.



prepared to leave the office. "Ain't got over her queer streak yet, ch?"

"What queer'streak?" flashed Cinda. "Seems like I heard Mrs. Fox say thing about your Aunt Ann was going to git out the old family coach to ride to the Pundermans' party in. I told Eliza I guessed the hull contrivance would come to pieces like the one hoss shay in the pome." He chuckled mirthfully.

"You will have an opportunity of finding out," said Cinda haughtily as she walked out of the office.

"Wheecece!" whistled Mr. Fox amazedly. "What a long tail our cat's got! Talk about airs! I wonder what Eliza will say when she hears how Cinda ketched me up because I was joking about the old yellow coach her grandfather rode in!" All Little River heard what Mrs.

Fox thought about Cinda Melvin's broud airs.

Most of the villagers had engaged

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Talks. By EDWIN A. NYE

LUCKY OR PLUCKY? When diminutive, stub nosed. 111 headed Colonel Funston took the Twentieth Kansas regiment to the Presidio on its way to the Philippines the people of San Francisco poked fun at the "country Jakes" and their red beaded colonei.

body of the heavy vehicle sag peril-That was during the Spanish war. ously at that corner. The horses floundered about in the snow, pulled A few years later, when earthquake to and fro by the thoroughly frightenand fire ravaged that city, red headed ed Simmy, while Aunt Ann took it into Funston was the idol of Frisco. her head to break down and bewail the Fully 300,000 people were homeless fallen giories of the house of Melvin. Thieves preyed. Harpies stole from dead bodies. There was no authority The breakdown had occurred in front Men changed into woives. Anarchy of Newton Ashford's house, and the

reigned Then Funston and the soldiers.

The red beaded general ordered his nen to shoot the looters on sight. At the point of the bayonet he put men to work

Would the war department support him? Yes or no, Funston shut down lid of the hell that raged-and sat

on it. Suppose some punctilious West Point officer had been in command. He would not have dared take such authority without consulting Washington.

Well? In order to preserve appearances they put another officer over Funston -after the good work was done. But history can never rob the little brigadier of that supreme hour when he saved San Francisco from itself. All of which comes back in memory

when one reads an interview with a regular officer, who says Funston has "always been lucky." Lucky or plucky?

They also say in the army that he is a poser. But how could he help it if the correspondents pictured him swimming the Bagbag river with a rope in his teeth? They did not very much exaggerate.

Lucky or plucky? Down beneath the little swagger the Napoleonic Funston has both brains and bravery. He has proved that ever since he went down into Cuba to fight

with the insurgents. Lucky? He was lucky as Napoleon was lucky

and Charles Martel and Phil Sheridan. It makes one weary to read the periodical hints emanating from the regulars abount "lucky Funston." Let no American boy read the blog raphy of Frederick Funston to fortify a theory that men go upward means of luck.

An Official Mystery. Years ago, when Lord Anglesey was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he said once of the Irish secretary of that day. "Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I never mention the subject to him." Just how they transacted official business remains a mystery.

Mooted Question at Present.



Title Holder Taller, Heavier and Has Longer Reach-Then, Again, a Good Little Man Cannot Beat a Good Big Man

Can Sam Langford by any possible manner wrest the world's heavyweight title from Jack Johnson? This is the perplexing question that is wor rying the fighting fraternities on both continents. The plain fact that these black men so far overshadow their rivals at present that they are the only gladiators fit to battle for the title forces the issue.

Sifting it down finer, can a good little man beat a good big man? His-tory answers emphatically-no. Nevertheless in this particular case many close and smart students of the sport feel that precedent will be reversed.

All acknowledge that Jack Johnson is a great fighter, though skeptics claim that in beating Jeffries he licked only a shell of a great man. Every one who has seen Sam Langford at

full speed admits willingly that he is a wonderful fighter. Whether he can upset tradition and cold calculation is the burning sport question. Scanning the measurements of both men, figures favor Johnson greatly.

His height gives him an advantage of five and three-quarter inches. When facing a smaller man Johnson has only to throw his body back and the smaller man suffers great disadvan tage. Attacking a smaller rival, he towers over the latter and makes use ful advantage of his length. In agility he is no man's understudy, and for cleverness he stands supreme

If he and Langford meet in the mid die of a ring there will be a startling surprise for the spectators. Their first Impression will be, "How long can the little man stay?" Cold facts make it appear suicidal for Langford to battle

Johnson Should the pair clash Johnson's meth od of fighting would be the same as of old-feinting and then countering inside. Langford, fighting his regular battle, would keep bearing in, trying to land on the body. Can Johnson's clev-erness, jabbing and chopping keep the miniature fighting machine away from that center of attack? That is a question. Langford, built as be is, with all his massive strength stored within a small space, could assimilate terrible punishment before he would stop tearing after that vital part of Johnson's frame

Langford was outpointed by Joe Jeannette in New York recently. Jeannette's left hand jab slowed up Sammy considerably. This battle proved that any man with a good left joit can worry Langford. Now, if Jeannette with a light stab could slow up Langford what would a man like Johnson, who has a terrible jab, do to the Tar Baby? Then another thing-Langford is an

successfully cope with the champion. Flynn, undoubtedly a good fighter, is no match for Johnson. as was proved by their fight in San Francisco on Nov. 2. 1907, when Johnson knocked out Flynn in eleven rounds. Competent judges who saw that battle are on record as saying that Johnson could have turned the trick in three rounds

or even less had he so destred. Flynn a good little man, but Johnson is a good big man, and that tells the story.

There is no man in the ring today who could hope to defeat Johnson if the negro is anything like as good as when he fought Tommy Burns and Jim Jeffries. There is today no real

GOOD PLAYERS ARE SCARCE.

cout Lake of Boston Says He Looked Over Two Thousand This Year.

of the Boston American league nine, who recently attempted to secure young and promising material for the St. Louis American league team, says: "I have probably seen 2,000 players since I started out on my hunt in March, but of that number you could count the real good ones on the fin-

gers of your two hands. Then most of those who look ready to jump to the majors have strings attached, and you can't touch them."

Rowing Part of Wells' Training. Sculling in a double shell with Manager Maloney is a part of the work of Bombadler Wells, the English heavyweight pugilist, in training for his contest with Jack Johnson, to take place in London.

MRS. MAX BOLLACK **BRIDGE CLUB HOSTESS**

Mrs. Max Bollack entertained the Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Club at her home yesterday afternoon, th prizes being won by Mrs. W. E. Pratt. Mrs. J. H. Walker, and Mrs. A. A. Price. Mrs. Nieta Barlow Lawrence won the club prize. Refreshments were served. The rooms were prettily decorated with cut flowers. The next meeting of the club will be at the home of Mrs. C. H. Meissner.

the home of Mrs. C. H. Meissner. Those attending were Mrs. Neita Barlow Lawrence ,Mrs. W. E. Pratt, Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mrs. W. A. Shew-man, Mrs. C. H. Meissner, Mrs. E. P. Rands, Mrs. J. R. Humpbreys, Mrs. P. Rands, Mrs. J. R. Humpbreys, Mrs. J. N. Wisner, Mrs. M. D. Latourette, Mrs. H. S. Mount, Mrs. Lena Char-man, Mrs. C. D. Latourette, Mrs. Walter Wells, Mrs. O. W. Eastman, Mrs. C. W. Evans, Mrs. A. A. Price, Mrs. W. R. Logus, Mrs. W. S. U'Ren, Miss M. L. Holmes, Miss Nell Cau-field.

7, in the first game in the critical series for the 1911 pennant. The game went eleven innings, the Beavers scoring two the last time up. Seaton and Casleton both were hit

hard, 13 bingles being made off the delivery of the former and 14 off the The victory puts the Beavers latter. two points ahead of Vernon. Portland scored two in the first, one in the second, three in the second, one in the eighth and two in the eleventh. Vernon garnered one in the first, two in the fourth, one in the sixth, two in the seventh and one in the ninth. Portland made three errors and Ver-

non four. The results Wednesday follow: Pacific Coast League.

Portland 9, Vernon 7. Portland 9, Vernon 7 (11 innings.) Oakland 3, San Francisco 2. Los Angeles 6, Sacramento 4.

National League, New York 2, Brooklyn 0. Chicago 9, St. Louis 1. Boston 4-7, Philadelphia 3-1

American League Washington 4, Philadelphia 2. Cleveland 0-8, Detroit 2-6.

Boston 6, New York 4, St. Louis 2, Chicago 1, STANDING.

Pacific Coast. Portland **** *****.101 Vernon Sacramento 82

work

today.

.592 .526 103 102 449 445 Los Angeles 76 143 .402 Ware

Prisoner Cleans Streets Chief of Police Shaw Wednesday started Harry Clark, Sr., who is servng a jall sentence for drunkenness to cleaning the streets. Sixth street from Main to Water was clean ed and Tenth street will be cleaned



and second hand furniture of I kinds. Granite, glass and light had



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white hope.

Scout Fred Lake, former manager